

# THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XII, 18th Year

MONTREAL, January-February, 1940

No. 7



# Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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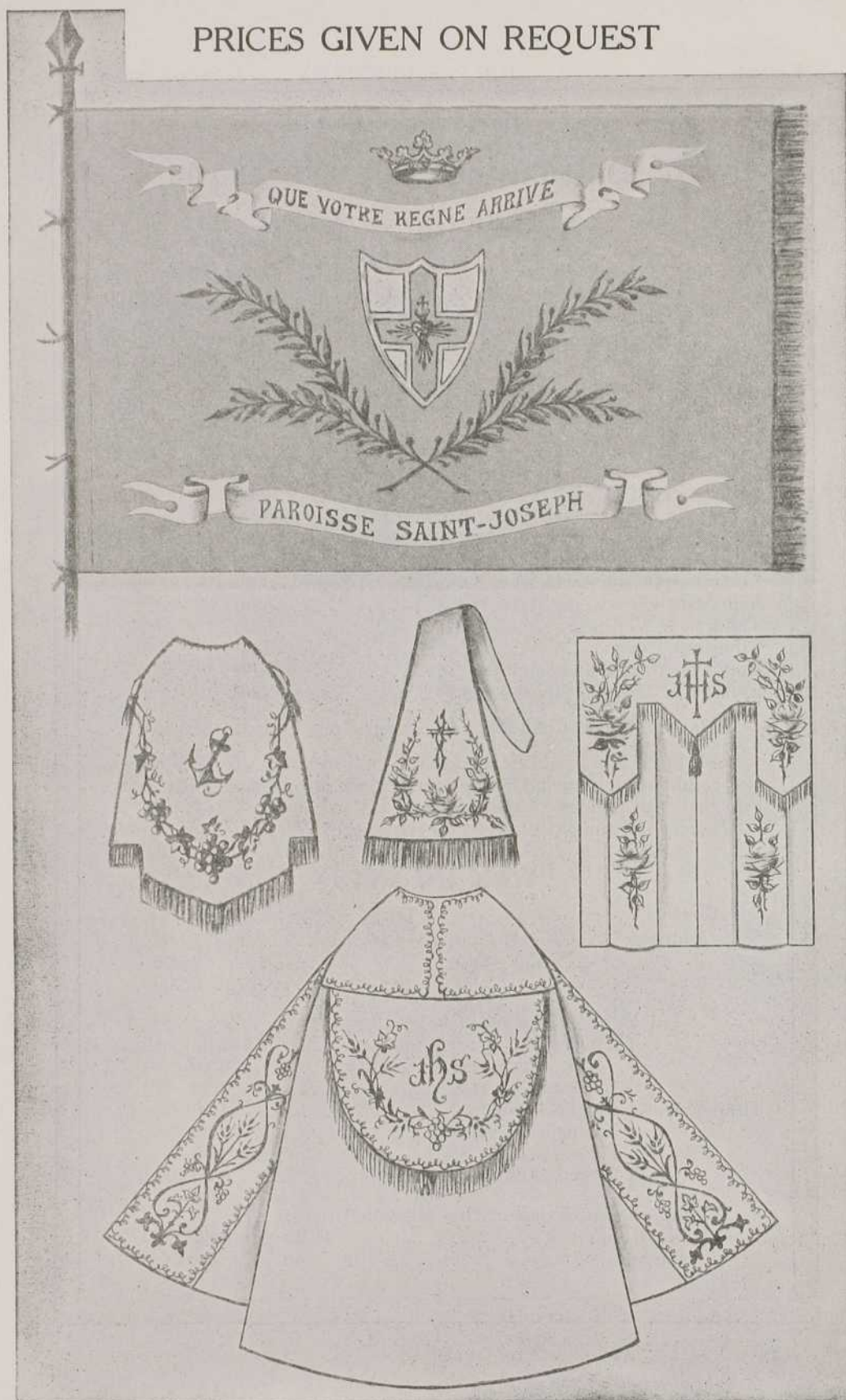
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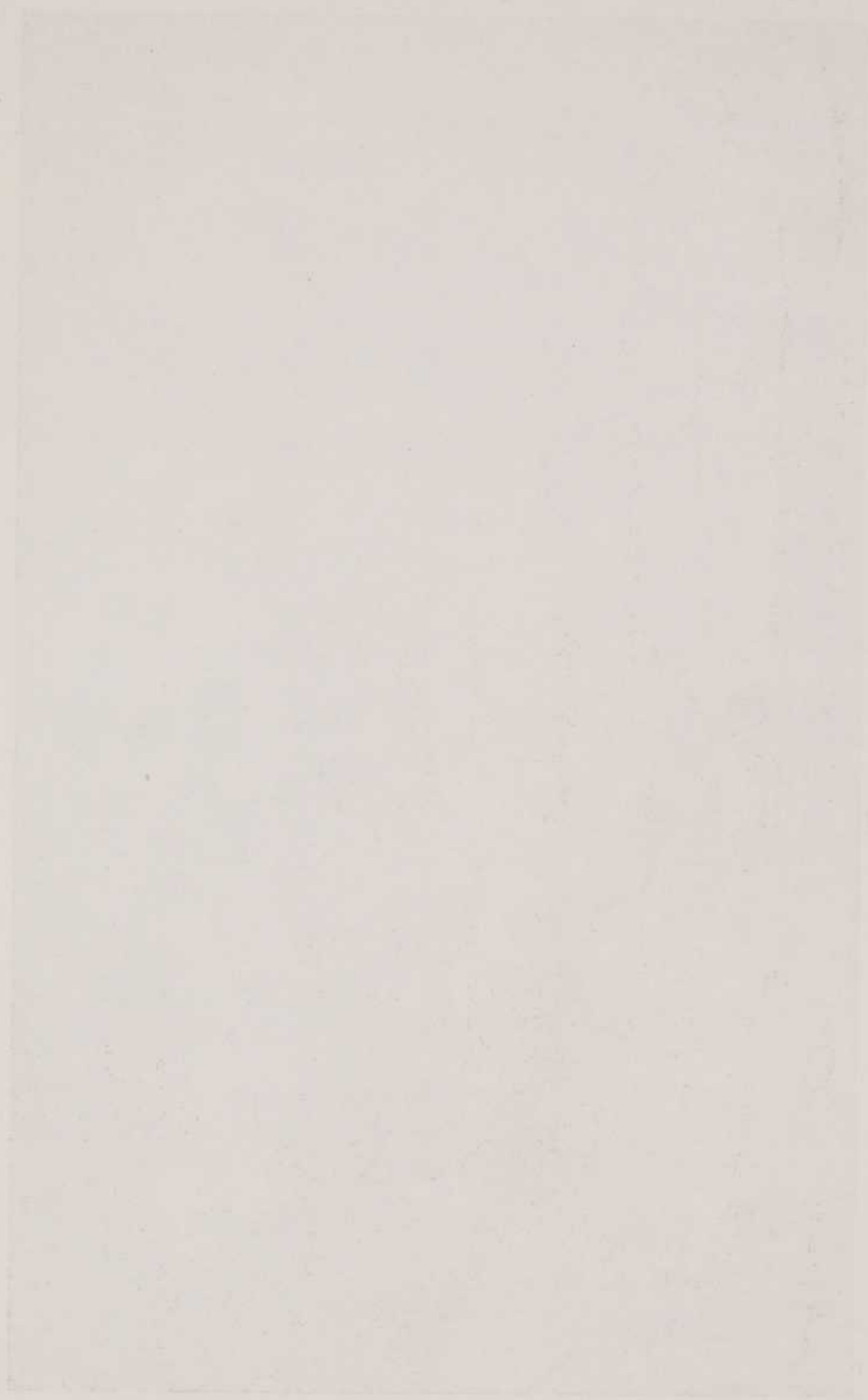
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

# THE PRECURSOR

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

*with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal*

Vol. XII, 18th Year

Montreal, January-February 1940

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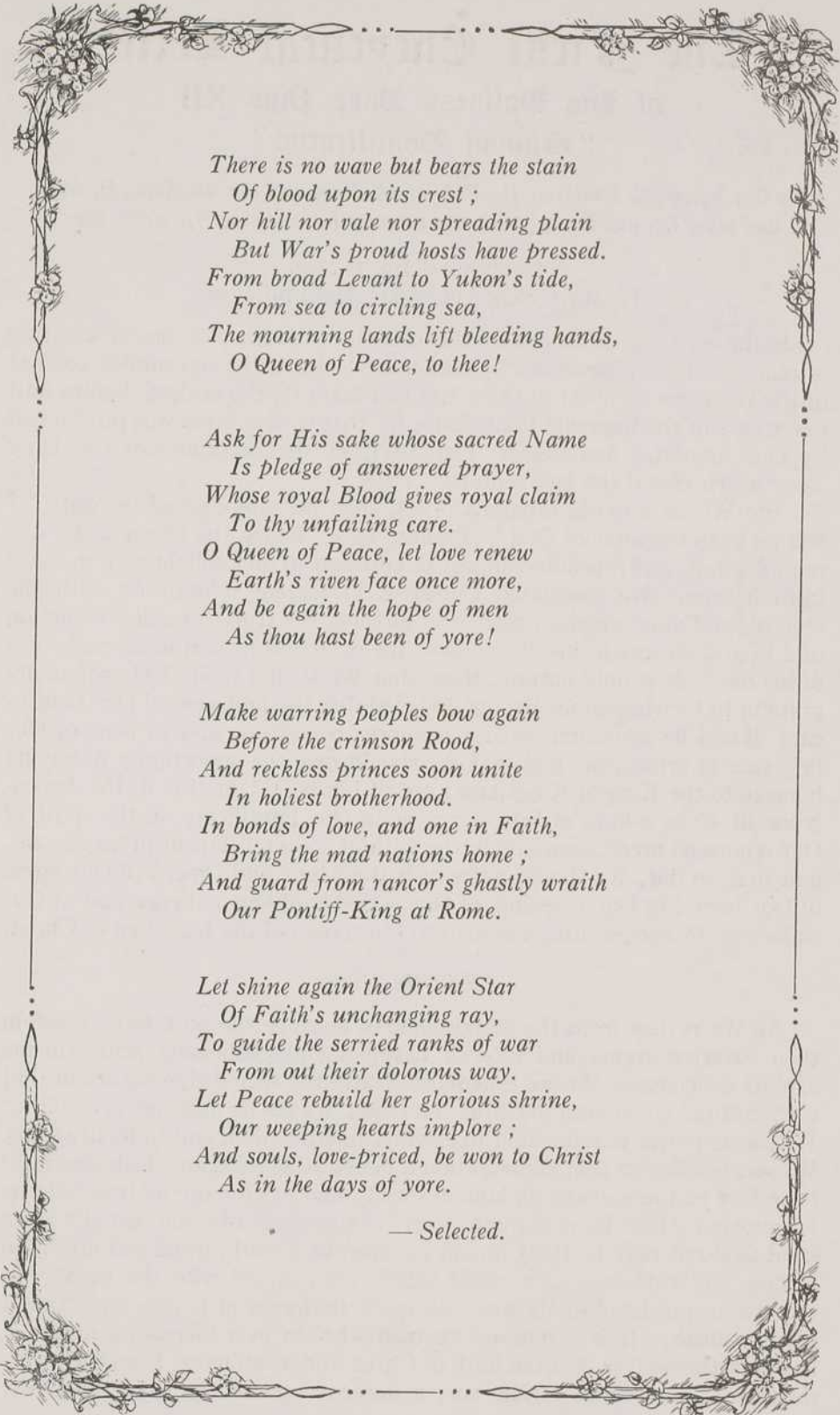
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## A Prayer for Peace

*What shall we ask, O Queen of Peace?  
What shall our pleadings be?  
What venturous voice can frame the prayer  
Our souls would send to thee?  
In midnight shades of pagan hate,  
The world lies hid once more ;  
Thou, only thou, canst save us now  
As thou didst save of yore.*

A decorative border of vines and flowers surrounds the text. The border is composed of a top and bottom horizontal section and two vertical sections on the left and right. The corners are adorned with clusters of flowers and leaves. The text is centered within this border.

*There is no wave but bears the stain  
Of blood upon its crest ;  
Nor hill nor vale nor spreading plain  
But War's proud hosts have pressed.  
From broad Levant to Yukon's tide,  
From sea to circling sea,  
The mourning lands lift bleeding hands,  
O Queen of Peace, to thee!*

*Ask for His sake whose sacred Name  
Is pledge of answered prayer,  
Whose royal Blood gives royal claim  
To thy unfailing care.  
O Queen of Peace, let love renew  
Earth's riven face once more,  
And be again the hope of men  
As thou hast been of yore!*

*Make warring peoples bow again  
Before the crimson Rood,  
And reckless princes soon unite  
In holiest brotherhood.  
In bonds of love, and one in Faith,  
Bring the mad nations home ;  
And guard from rancor's ghastly wraith  
Our Pontiff-King at Rome.*

*Let shine again the Orient Star  
Of Faith's unchanging ray,  
To guide the serried ranks of war  
From out their dolorous way.  
Let Peace rebuild her glorious shrine,  
Our weeping hearts implore ;  
And souls, love-priced, be won to Christ  
As in the days of yore.*

— Selected.

# The First Encyclical Letter

## of His Holiness Pope Pius XII

### "*Summi Pontificatus*"

*To Our Venerable Brethren, the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops  
and other Ordinaries in peace and communion with the Apostolic See :*

VENERABLE BRETHREN,  
HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDECTION:

In the very year which marks the fortieth anniversary of the consecration of mankind to our Redeemer's Most Sacred Heart, the inscrutable counsel of the Lord, for no merit of Ours, has laid upon Us the exalted dignity and grave care of the Supreme Pontificate; for that consecration was proclaimed by Our immortal predecessor, Leo XIII, at the beginning of the Holy Year which closed the last century.

And We, as a newly ordained priest, then just empowered to recite "I will go in to the altar of God" (Psalms, 42, 4), hailed the Encyclical "*Annum Sacrum*" with genuine approval, enthusiasm and delight as a message from heaven. We associated Ourselves in fervent admiration with the motives and aims which inspired and directed the truly providential action of a Pontiff so sure in his diagnosis of the open and hidden needs and sores of his day. It is only natural, then, that We should today feel profoundly grateful to Providence for having designed that the first year of Our Pontificate should be associated with a memory so precious and so dear of Our first year of priesthood, and that We should take the opportunity of paying homage to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords (I Timothy, 6, 15; Apocalypse 19, 6) as a kind of Introit prayer to Our Pontificate, in the spirit of Our renowned predecessor and in the faithful accomplishment of his designs, and that, in fine, We should make of it the Alpha and Omega of Our aims, of Our hopes, of Our teaching, of Our activity, of Our patience and of Our sufferings, by consecrating them all to the spread of the Kingdom of Christ.

#### *Christ the King*

As We review from the stand-point of eternity the past forty years in their exterior events and interior developments, balancing achievements against deficiencies, We see ever more clearly the sacred significance of that consecration of mankind to Christ the King; We see its inspiring symbolism; We see its power to refine and to elevate, to strengthen and to fortify souls. We see, besides, in that consecration a penetrating wisdom which sets itself to restore and to ennoble all human society and to promote its true welfare. It unfolds itself to Us ever more clearly as a message of comfort and a grace from God not only to His Church, but also to a world in all too dire need of help and guidance; to a world which, preoccupied with the worship of the ephemeral, has lost its way and spent its forces in a vain search after earthly ideals. It is a message to men who, in ever-increasing numbers, have cut themselves off from faith in Christ and, even more, from the recognition and observance of His law; a message opposed to that philosophy

of life for which the doctrine of love and renunciation preached in the Sermon on the Mount and the Divine act of love on the Cross seem to be a stumbling block and foolishness.

Even as the precursor of the Lord proclaimed one day to those who sought and questioned him: "Behold the lamb of God" (St. John I, 29), in order to warn them that the desired of the nations (cf Aggeus 2, 8) dwelt, though as yet unrecognized in their midst, so too the representative of Christ addressed his mighty cry of entreaty: "Behold your King" (St. John 19, 14) to the renegades, to the doubters, to the wavering, to the hesitant, who either refused to follow the glorious Redeemer, living ever and working in His Church, or followed Him with carelessness and sloth.

### *Contradiction in Our Time*

From the widening and deepening of devotion to the Divine Heart of the Redeemer, which had its splendid culmination in the consecration of humanity at the end of the last century, and further in the introduction, by Our immediate predecessor of happy memory, of the Feast of Christ the King, there have sprung up benefits beyond description for numberless souls — as the stream of the river which maketh the City of God joyful (Psalms, 45, 5). What age had greater need than ours of these benefits? What age has been, for all its technical and purely civic progress, more tormented than ours by spiritual emptiness and deep-felt interior poverty? May we not, perhaps, apply to it the prophetic words of the Apocalypse: "Thou sayest: I am rich, and made wealthy, and have need of nothing; and knowest not, that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." (Apocalypse 3, 17)?

Can there be, Venerable Brethren, a greater or more urgent duty than to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ (Ephesians 3, 8) to the men of our time? Can there be anything nobler than to unfurl the "Ensign of the King" before those who have followed and still follow a false standard, and to win back to the victorious banner of the Cross those who have abandoned it? What heart is not inflamed, is not swept forward to help at the sight of so many brothers and sisters, who misled by error, passion, temptation and prejudice, have strayed away from faith in the true God and have lost contact with the joyful and life-giving message of Christ?

### *Determined Resistance*

Who among "the Soldiers of Christ"—ecclesiastic or layman—does not feel himself incited and spurred on to a greater vigilance, to a more determined resistance, by the sight of the ever-increasing host of Christ's enemies; as he perceives the spokesmen of these tendencies deny or in practice neglect the vivifying truths and the values inherent in belief in God and in Christ; as he perceives them wantonly break the Tables of God's Commandments to substitute other tables and other standards stripped of the ethical content of the Revelation on Sinai, standards in which the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount and of the Cross has no place? Who could observe without profound grief the tragic harvest of such desertions

among those who in days of calm and security were numbered among the followers of Christ, but who — Christians unfortunately more in name than in fact — in the hour that called for endurance, for effort, for suffering, for a stout heart in face of hidden or open persecution, fell victims of cowardice, weakness, uncertainty; who, terror-stricken before the sacrifices entailed by a profession of their Christian Faith, could not steel themselves to drink the bitter chalice awaiting those faithful to Christ?

### *Thorough Revival*

In such dispositions of time and temperament, Venerable Brethren, may the approaching Feast of Christ the King, on which this, Our first Encyclical, will reach you, be a day of grace and of thorough renewal and revival in the spirit of the Kingdom of Christ. May it be the day when the consecration of the human race to the Divine Heart, which should be celebrated in a particularly solemn manner, will gather the faithful of all peoples and all nations around the throne of the Eternal King, in adoration and in reparation, to renew now and forever their oath of allegiance to Him and to His law of truth and of love.

May it be for the faithful a day of grace, on which the fire that Our Lord came to cast upon the earth, will kindle with ever greater light and purity. May it be a day of grace for the lukewarm, for the weary, for the afflicted, that their heads, which have become faint, may give proofs of interior renewal and regeneration of spirit. May it be a day of grace also for those who have not known Christ or who have lost Him; a day when from millions of faithful hearts will rise to Heaven the prayer that "the Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world" (St. John 1, 9) may make clear to them the way of salvation, that His grace may stir in the "troubled heart" of the wanderers a homesickness for things eternal, a homesickness that impels them to return to Him, Who from His sorrowful throne of the Cross thirsts for their souls also and Who is consumed by a desire to become for them too "the Way, and the Truth and the Life" (St. John 14, 6).

### *Sense of Solidarity*

As, with a heart full of confidence and hope, We place this first Encyclical of Our Pontificate under the Seal of Christ the King, We feel entirely assured of the unanimous and enthusiastic approval of the whole flock of Christ. The difficulties, anxieties and trials of the present hour arouse, intensify and refine, to a degree rarely attained, the sense of solidarity in the Catholic family. They make all believers in God and in Christ share the consciousness of a common threat from a common danger. We witnessed a consoling and memorable display of this Catholic solidarity, greatly intensified in such difficult circumstances — the serried ranks, the assurance, the resolution, the will to win — in those days when, with faltering step but with confidence in God, We took possession of the chair left vacant by the death of Our great predecessor.

We cherish the memory of the many testimonies of filial attachment to the Church and to the Vicar of Christ, and of the ovation so genuine, so



DURING THE HOLY FATHER'S ADDRESS, AT THE CONSECRATION OF TWELVE  
MISSIONARY BISHOPS, ON OCTOBER 29, 1939.

enthusiastic, and so spontaneous accorded to Us on the occasion of Our election and coronation; and We gladly take this opportune occasion to address to you, Venerable Brethren, and to all who belong to the flock of the Lord, a word of sincere gratitude for that orderly manifestation of reverent love and of steadfast loyalty to the Papacy, in which one could see recognition of the God-given mission of the High Priest and of the Supreme Pastor.

For, We well know it, all those manifestations were not and could not have been addressed to Our poor person but to the singular and exalted office to which the Lord had raised Us. As though from that first moment We felt all the great weight of responsible cares inseparable from the supreme power given to Us by Divine Providence, it was a consolation to see that magnificent and tangible demonstration of the indissoluble unity of the Catholic Church rallying all the closer to the impregnable Rock of Peter, to form around it a wall and a bulwark as the enemies of Christ become bolder. This same manifestation of world-wide Catholic solidarity and of supernatural brotherhood of peoples around their Common Father, seemed to Us all the richer in fair hopes in view of the tragic circumstances, both material and spiritual, of the moment. That memory has continued to comfort Us also in the first months of Our Pontificate in which We have already witnessed the toil, the anxiety, and the trials with which the path of the Spouse of Christ across the world is strewn.

(To be continued)

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## A Memorable Event

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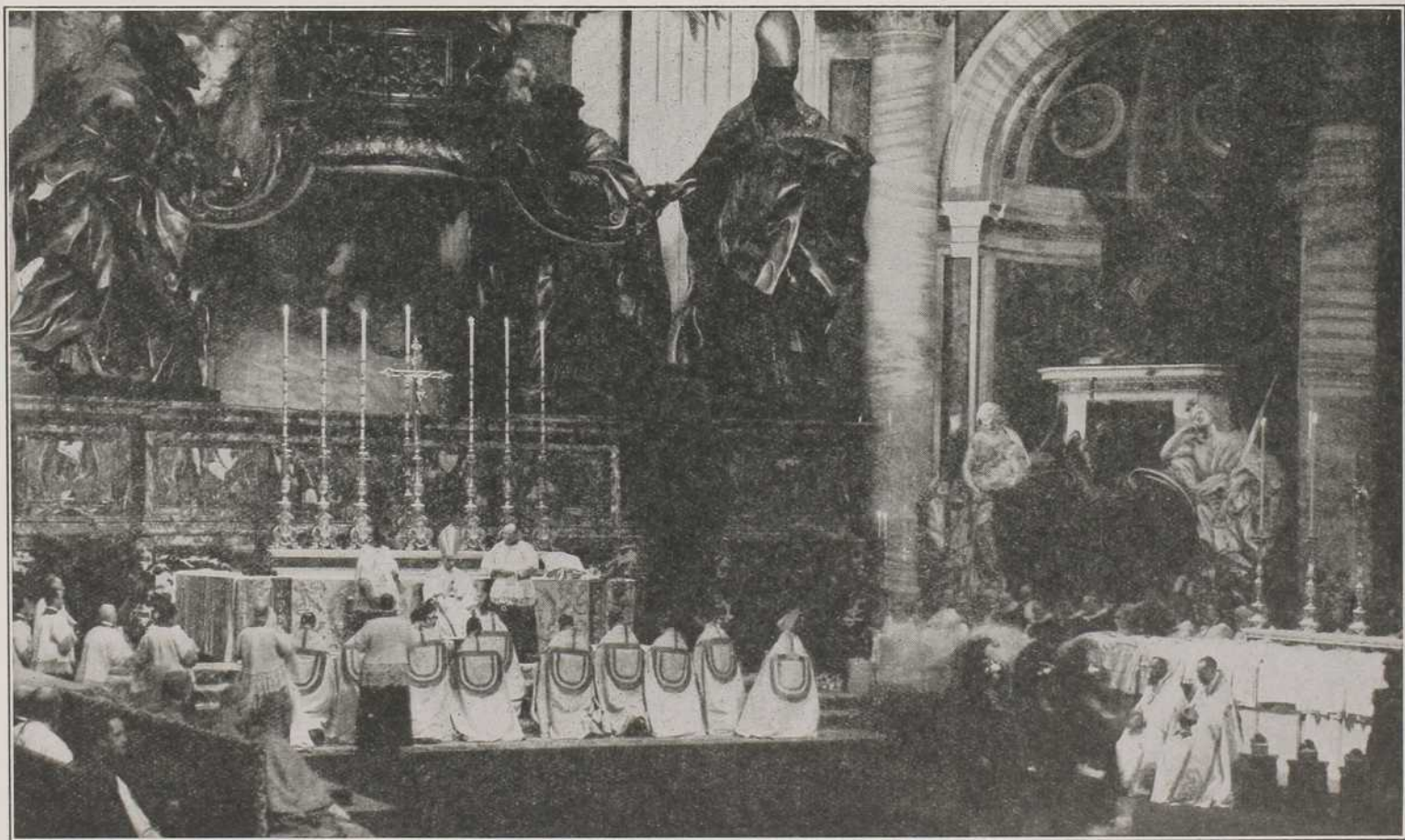
*The Consecration of Twelve Missionary Bishops in the Vatican Basilica  
on October 29, 1939.*

ON the Feast of Christ the King, the thoughts of Catholics throughout the whole world were turned towards the centre of Christianity, where the Supreme Pastor of Souls, Pius XII, gloriously reigning, assembled around St. Peter's Chair representatives of some of the most developed Catholic Missions, to confer upon them, in the name and with the authority of the Divine King, the episcopal dignity. This event, which is truly a memorable one in the annals of Catholic Missions, surpasses, by the number of those consecrated and the variety of races, the solemn consecrations performed at St. Peter's by the Sovereign Pontiff Pius XI.

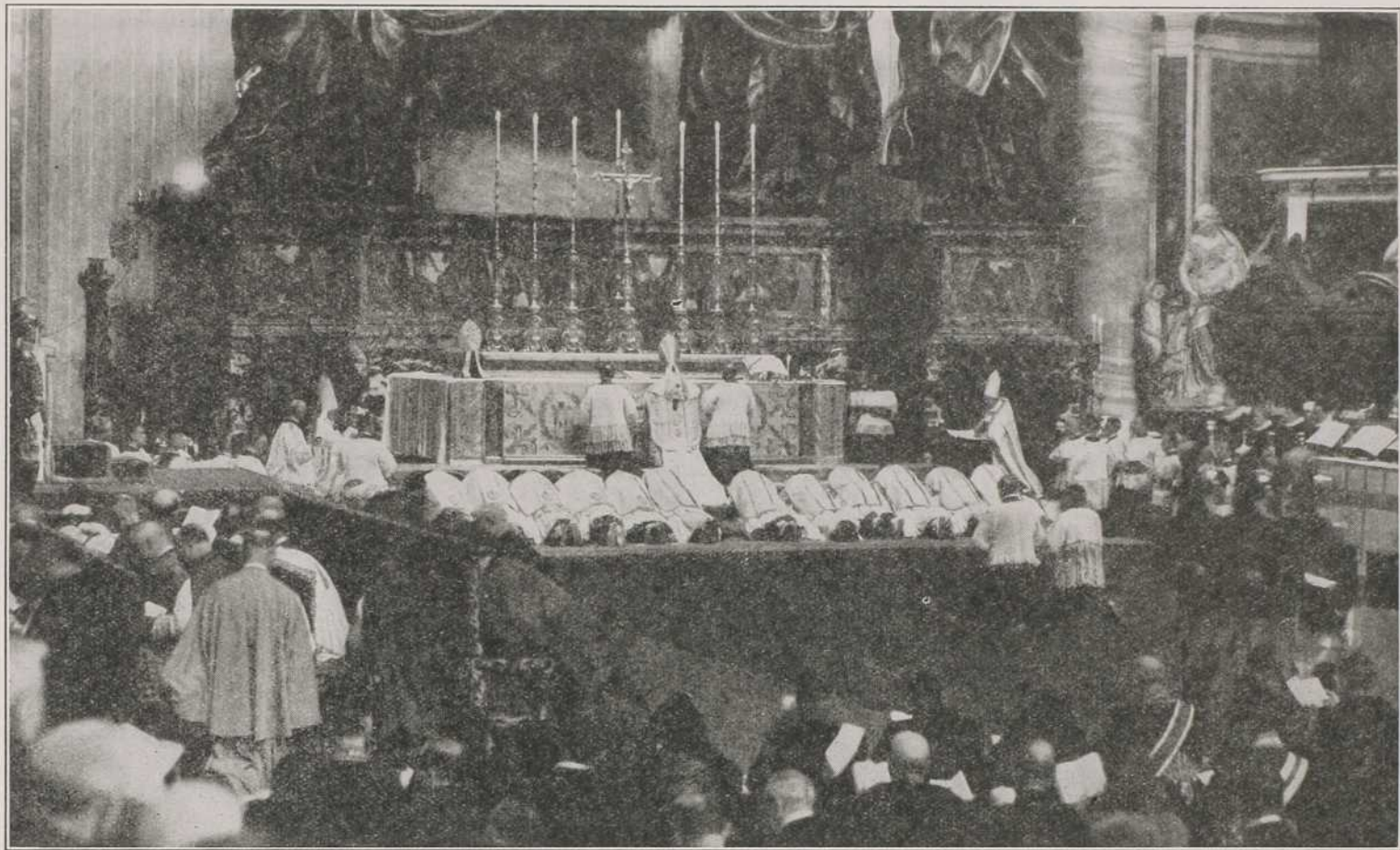
This grand manifestation displayed all the usual splendour of papal ceremonies in the Vatican Basilica.

The Holy Father delivered a discourse in which he recalled to the newly-consecrated their episcopal duties. He exalted the nations in which morals and justice predominate and tyranny is unknown.

"Most happy, then," he said, "are those States that establish laws



DURING THE EXAMINATION OF THE TWELVE MISSIONARY BISHOPS CONSECRATED BY PIUS XII, IN THE VATICAN BASILICA, ON OCTOBER 29, 1939.



THE TWELVE MISSIONARY BISHOPS PROSTRATED DURING THE SINGING OF THE LITANY OF THE SAINTS.

inspired by the doctrine of the Gospel and do not refuse to render public homage to the majesty of Christ the King.

"In these nations, in fact, the interests and mutual relations of the citizens are harmonized according to the rules of morals and justice; in them, tyranny is not known, nor is respect lacking towards the authorities: nor is that just liberty lacking which is due to the dignity of the human person.

"In these States, finally, in virtue of concord, their power grows and they accomplish great undertakings and every good thing receives an ever greater development."

The following day, in an audience which He accorded to the twelve new Bishops, the Sovereign Pontiff discussed with them the aim of the missionary work of the Church and requested them to transmit his paternal blessing to the peoples entrusted to their care. Then he bestowed upon each of them a pectoral cross bearing the effigy of St. Peter and the date of their consecration.

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## The Death of a Distinguished Benefactor

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On the 15th of November last, good Doctor H. Rupert Derome expired in the City of Montreal, after a short illness, at the age of fifty-eight.

No doubt, the Lord has given him a beautiful recompense, for he was a faithful and charitable servant.

Many must have benefited by the liberality of his compassionate and generous heart, but the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, especially, are greatly indebted to him.

An eminent physician and competent surgeon, he had lavished upon their Community, for nine years, always gratuitously, the science of his art and his assiduous devotedness.



They are greatly moved, therefore, by his departure, and they extend their profound sympathy to the afflicted family which he has left in such poignant grief.

With lively gratitude, they offer fervent prayers for the repose of the soul of this distinguished benefactor, imploring him to ask God that he may be replaced in his charity towards their Community.


The lamented deceased was also generously interested in the patients of the Chinese Hospital of Montreal, directed by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

He was in the full activity of his profession when the Lord called him. Leaving all immediately, he commended himself into God's Hands for the accomplishment of His adorable Will. His good works have now been presented to the Sovereign Judge and have been, no doubt, of great credit to him.

A good Christian life comprises many sacrifices, but how meritorious and consoling it is at the hour of death!



# Nazareth



*Oh, Mary, when Jesus was near thee,  
In little Nazareth town,  
Did you, in His baby curls then see  
The cruel thorny crown?*

*When you did, as a Mother knows,  
Your arms about Him twine,  
Did you not think of the cruel blows,  
He would suffer for mankind?*

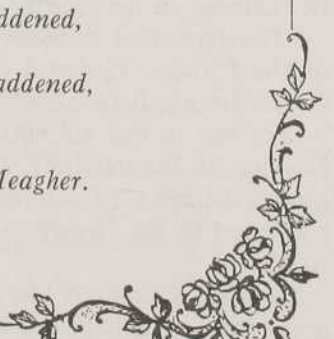
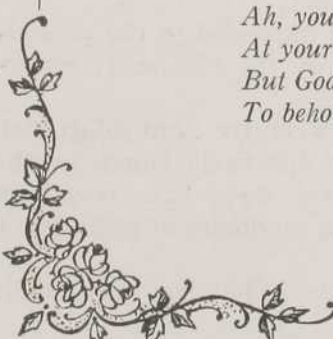
*When He joined His baby hands to pray,  
And closed His starry eyes,  
Did you not think of a future day,  
And an offered sacrifice?*

*When His baby feet were tired at night,  
And He sat down near to thee,  
Did you think of the awful sight,  
Those Feet nailed to a tree?*

*When Baby lips first spoke thy name,  
And "Mother" He loved to call,  
Did you then think, that love, the same,  
You'd give unto us all?*

*Ah, your Mother heart was saddened,  
At your Babe being sacrificed;  
But God's Mother would be gladdened,  
To behold the risen Christ.*

— K. P. Meagher.



## The Apostolic Day of the Former Retreatants of the Diocese of St. Hyacinthe

---

**O**N Sunday, October 8th, an Apostolic Day was held for the former retreatants of the Diocese of St. Hyacinthe, under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency Right Reverend Fabien Zoël Decelles.

Nearly all the parishes of the diocese responded to the invitation of Reverend Father Leo Larochelle, Director of Closed Retreats at Granby and zealous promoter of this Catholic movement.

The weather was most pleasant, and the stately maples, shaking their foliage, had spread a gold and scarlet carpet in the streets of the pretty little city, thus adding a poetical charm to this religious and apostolic festival, the second of its kind — a first Congress of former retreatants having been held at St. Hyacinthe last year.

A most interesting program was prepared for the occasion. At seven o'clock in the morning, about eighty ladies and girls, former retreatants of Granby, came to the chapel of the Retreat House dedicated to Mary Mediatrix, directed by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, to assist at the Mass celebrated by His Excellency Bishop Decelles.

At nine o'clock, nearly eight hundred ladies and girls assembled in the vast assembly-hall of Holy Family School, adjoining the Retreat House, for the first study session. Mrs. James Leddy expressed a cordial welcome to all those present. Then, the reports of the two diocesan Retreat Houses for ladies were read. Miss M. A. Lorange, president of the league of former retreatants of St. Hyacinthe, made known the activities of Villa St. Joan of Arc, and Miss Gertrude Ménard, those of the Retreat House Mary Mediatrix, of Granby.

They then proceeded to Holy Family Church for a Solemn High Mass celebrated by Reverend Father D. H. Breton, P. P., who had graciously put his beautiful church at their disposal. The sermon, delivered by His Excellency Bishop Decelles in precise terms and paternal accents, compared Divine Wisdom with worldly Wisdom, the former very little known nowadays, the latter tending to encroach upon all minds and leading to eternal perdition. As an excellent means of knowing the Wisdom that comes from God and the path that leads to it, the venerable Prelate mentioned the closed retreat, time of intense prayer and salutary reflections.

After the Holy Sacrifice, the doors of the hospitable Retreat House Mary Mediatrix were opened anew to receive the ladies and girls from outside of Granby. All the vacant rooms of the wing destined more especially for retreats had been transformed into dining-rooms, where more than two hundred meals were served by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. The great cordiality that prevailed made everybody feel quite at home. Dinner was followed by the visit of the house.



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN FRONT OF HOLY FAMILY CHURCH, GRANBY, ON THE OCCASION OF THE APOSTOLIC DAY  
OF THE FORMER RETREATANTS OF THE DIOCESE OF ST. HYACINTHE, OCTOBER 8, 1939.

The second study session, presided over by Reverend Father Breton, P.P., opened at half-past two. Present were Reverend Fathers Guillet, P. P., Belœil, Thérberge, P. P., Roxton Falls, and Hébert, O. P.; Reverend Fathers Larochelle and Longpré, Directors of the Retreat Houses for Ladies at St. Hyacinthe and Granby; the Reverend Sisters of the Presentation of Mary, Directresses of Villa St. Joan of Arc; Reverend Mother Marie Madeleine, Councillor General of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception; Reverend Sister Superior of the Retreat House Mary Mediatrix, Granby; Reverend Sister Superior of the Retreat House St. Bernadette, St. Johns, Que.; the Members of the leagues of former retreatants; the Presidents of various movements: Jocistes, Jécistes, Noëlites; and, still more numerous than in the forenoon, representatives of the different parishes of the diocese. The session began with a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, in order to implore Our Heavenly Mother's blessing upon the words of the lecturers.

Mrs. Magloire Marc-Aurèle, in a carefully prepared talk, spoke of the apostolate that a retreatant should exercise, by her religious life, in her home first of all, and then, in society. For more than twenty minutes, she interested the assembly by various practical hints as to how to revive in Christian families the happy, charming life of well-regulated households. Then, Reverend Father Larochelle proposed that suggestions be made immediately concerning the matter in question. One retreatant suggested family prayers as a means of attaining the end. Reverend Father also suggested the diffusion of illustrated catechisms in the families, so that the touching facts of the Gospel and Sacred History, precious stimulants in the practice of virtue, be more deeply impressed on the memories of young and old.

Miss Azilda Lapierre continued the subject by speaking of the apostolic life of a retreatant. How many ladies and girls must acknowledge that they take no part in Catholic Action, although the occasions of doing so are not lacking. Helping the poor, the sick, the ignorant, the afflicted, and parish works, are so many forms of apostolate, sometimes very meritorious because they are unpleasant.

Then, Miss Angéla Tétreault, of St. Hyacinthe, suggested the organization of specialized groups as a means of making Closed Retreats more fruitful. She pointed out that, if each movement, each profession, each trade, had its special and appropriate exercises, greater good would be derived from it.

After this interesting talk, all voices joined in a renewed supplication to the Blessed Virgin. Then, Miss A. Gingras, of Granby, appeared on the platform to show the utility of monthly recollections, which reveal the road already trodden in the spiritual life, the obstacles encountered, vanquished or not overcome; and whence is derived new strength to face the vicissitudes of life. She added that it was to be desired that the former retreatants might make it a point of honour to be faithful to these recollections. At the close of the talk, Reverend Father Hébert, O. P., suggested that the

expression "Monthly Recollection" be replaced by "Monthly Retreat", so that it might be well understood that these short exercises are a continuation of the Annual Retreat. Such was adopted.

Miss Irène Goyette, of the Committee of Noëlites of Granby, and Miss Cécile Cazeau, President of the J.O.C.F., then spoke of their respective associations.

Reverend Father Leo Larochelle, Director of Closed Retreats at Granby, in the name of the Organization, heartily thanked Reverend Father Breton, P. P., for having so extensively contributed to the success of the Apostolic Day; the Reverend Members of the Clergy, for having honoured and encouraged the study sessions with their presence; and the Speakers, for their carefully prepared talks. He then added a few words on the necessity of Closed Retreats and invited the ladies and girls to be faithful in making one every year.

Reverend Father Anselme Longpré presented the Retreat Paper, a review making known the activities of the three Retreat Houses of the diocese, and encouraged subscriptions to it.

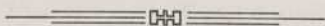
The session terminated with a last invocation to the Blessed Virgin.

After supper, taken at the Retreat House Mary Mediatrix amidst great joy and cordiality, all repaired to Notre Dame Church to assist at the Holy Hour, which was to bring this memorable day to a close. Reverend Father Pelletier, P. P., spared nothing to give the greatest possible solemnity to this closing exercise; and the vast nave of the magnificent temple could scarcely contain the crowds that thronged it.

Reverend Father Maurice Lamarche, S. J., in a very much appreciated sermon, developed this fundamental truth of Christianity: "We have been created to praise and serve God." By means of simple and concrete comparisons, he convinced his listeners of the necessity of living only for God's glory, of directing everything to this end, and of accomplishing only works that can help to attain it.

Then followed Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, during which the whole congregation remained prostrate in loving adoration before the golden Monstrance. All voices joined in singing the final hymn of praise: *Laudate Mariam*.

Our Apostolic Day, which has been crowned with perfect success, will we hope, with the blessing of Jesus and Mary, produce abundant and lasting fruits of sanctification and holy joy.



"Whatever you do," said St. Vincent de Paul, "think not of yourself but of God." In this spirit, St. Vincent preached and God spoke through him. In this spirit, if we listen, we shall hear the voice of God. Love God above all. Do not suffer any natural affection to keep you from listening to His voice. You can help your relatives best when you follow the call of God.



THE FUTURE BASILICA-CATHEDRAL OF MONCTON IN HONOUR OF OUR LADY OF THE ASSUMPTION, PATRONESS OFFICIALLY GIVEN BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS XI TO THE ACADIAN PEOPLE, ON JANUARY 19, 1938.

## A Thanksgiving Monument in Honour of Our Lady of the Assumption

The news of the construction of the Thanksgiving Monument has been received with enthusiasm in Acadia and with sincere sympathy in the Province of Quebec, in the United States and, even, in Europe.

Touching and abundant proofs of that have come to us from far and wide.

The parishioners of the Assumption of Moncton do not intend to exempt themselves from the obligation of building their cathedral; but a great number of priests and eminent men of Acadia thought it well to suggest to us to make an appeal to all the Acadians and their numerous friends, in order to construct something better than a mere cathedral. It is for this reason that we are soliciting contributions from all those who desire to see a shrine erected to Mary on the banks of the Petitcodiac, like Notre Dame of Montreal and Notre Dame of Quebec, on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The enterprise is launched... but it is of the greatest importance to maintain it. That

is why, at this time of the year, we are confidently renewing our appeal in the name of Our Lady of the Assumption.

We are begging, therefore, a stone, two stones, many stones, at \$5.00 each. Those who send us the price of a stone will have their names inscribed in the Golden Book of the Monument; besides, they will share in thirty Masses celebrated every month, and thousands of rosaries recited by the children of the archdiocese, until 1941 inclusively.

The deceased in whose names stones are donated will share in the same spiritual advantages.

All offerings are to be addressed to:

His Excellency Most Reverend L. J. A. Melanson,  
Archbishop of Moncton,

266 St. George St.,  
Moncton, N. B.

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God's fairest flower transplanted from His garden on earth to the Eden which is above, Mary yet sheds her fragrance over the whole earth, and it fills all the Church of God with sweetness. Her power amongst us is known, is visible, is felt in many mighty works done through her intercession; and we feel that but a thin veil separates us from her; we almost hear her loving voice; she brings heaven close to us indeed.

# A Modern Martyr

*Blessed Theophane Vénard*

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

(Continued)

These touching scenes were renewed very often in the course of the trying fortnight, especially towards evening, near the fireside after dinner, when there would often be a dead silence, the father contenting himself with pressing his son's hand and not daring to trust himself to speak. The future missionary would try to cheer them all by droll stories, or interest them in the countries he was so soon to visit. At last he excited them so much on the subject of China and the missions, that nothing would content Mélanie and her brothers but the thought of going too. They made a thousand little plans, in which each was to share in his labors. "And what is to become of me?" at last exclaimed their father, who had been silently listening to their fine projects. "Am I to be left like poor old Zebedee to mend my nets? Rather than that, I will go too." Indeed he several times told his son that nothing but his duty to his other children kept him back, adding that he had no longer anything else to bind him, and that all he asked of God was to be allowed time to launch his children in life, and then sing his "Nunc Dimittis."

So the days sped on, only too rapidly, and each evening became more sad as it grew nearer to the one which was to hear the last farewell. Poor Mélanie felt the strain especially, and every night would linger after the others to get the last kiss and the last word. There was always something more to say and the last night of all they made no attempt to retire. Mélanie had several little things to add to his outfit; and he sat watching her, saying as many loving things as his sad heart would allow. Ten years later, Theophane, then a Confessor for the Faith, remembered every single incident of that night, which consoled him even in the bottom of his cage. Only two days before his martyrdom, he wrote to his sister, "It was alone with you that I passed that delicious night of the 26th of February, 1851, that night at home which was the scene of our last interview on earth, spent in holy, helpful, consoling talk like that of St. Benedict and his sister."

The day of departure came at last. The whole family sought strength where alone it could be found, and received Holy Communion together. Theophane served the Mass with a rapt manner and expression, which made him look more like an angel than a man. Then came farewell visits to friends and relatives, when he tried to turn aside sorrowful thoughts and anticipations by a bright, gay manner, and occasional little jokes; yet he owned afterwards that he was nearly suffocated with sorrow. One visit cost him many tears, — it was to the churchyard, to the tomb of his mother, whom he had so idolized, and from whom he had been separated at the hour of her death, so that he had never had her dying blessing — to him a cause of eternal regret. He could scarcely tear himself away from those precious remains. And yet the thought of this visit was most consoling to him afterwards, and he always spoke of it with tears of gratitude.

The hour of departure was fixed for nine o'clock in the evening. Theophane had chosen that time to avoid a crowd of anxious and sympathizing friends; his brother and one old friend were to drive him to Parthenay, where he would take the night train. The family sat down to dinner earlier than usual, the good old pastor of the village having joined them; and Theophane, by almost superhuman efforts, succeeded in making the meal cheerful, almost gay. But a few words from his father towards the end brought back sad and sorrowful thoughts, and they all became more and more silent. The dinner was over and the time of departure was drawing nearer every moment. As usual they said the rosary together, then read a chapter from the Imitation, after which they knelt for evening prayers. No one had the courage to lead except Theophane himself, and as he went on the sobs and tears of his little audience became more pronounced. Whatever restraint we may put upon our feelings before men, the barrier breaks down when we find ourselves alone with God! Theophane with difficulty finished the prayer, and approaching his father, said, "The hour is come; we must part. My father, will you not bless your son, your poor little Theophane?" As he spoke, he threw himself at his father's feet, embracing his knees. The poor father lifted his eyes and his hands to Heaven, and with a broken voice, making the sign of the Cross on his child's head, said, "My dearest son, receive the blessing of your father, who offers you a willing sacrifice to our Lord. May you be blessed forever and forever, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!"

Then Theophane rising, knelt for a moment in the same way for the good old priest's blessing, and rapidly kissed his whole family, as he did each evening before going to bed; but this was for the last time! Henry went out to see if the carriage was ready. Eusebius threw himself into his brother's arms, sobbing as if his little heart would break. Mélanie, kissing him and crying "Only once more," fell back almost fainting on her chair. The poor father, still and immovable from excess of sorrow, leaned heavily on the arm of his old friend, the Curé.

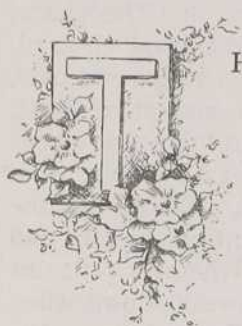
"Courage! let us be generous in our sacrifices!" murmured the poor missionary. He could bear no more. With one last kiss to his half-unconscious sister, he seized his cloak and hat, and rushed into the carriage. Then several friends and townspeople crowded round him, to shake hands for the last time. He wrung their hands, exclaiming "Good-bye! good-bye! we shall meet in our true home," and the carriage set off rapidly for Parthenay. The sacrifice was over, and M. Vénard, without wronging his other children, could say, "I have lost the fairest flower in my garden!" The delay at the moment of departure, though slight, made them miss the train at Parthenay by five minutes. This was a minor but very real trial to our poor Theophane, who longed for the final parting to be over. But there was no help for it, and so Theophane and Henry waited for the next train, which started at six o'clock in the morning. His brother remarked that when once settled in the railway carriage, Theophane looked away, and burying his face in his hands, cried bitterly and uncontrollably, to relieve the poor heart which had with such difficulty contained itself during the long ordeal.

*(To be continued)*

# A Spiritual Friendship

*St. Teresa of Lisieux and Blessed Theophane Vénard*

(Continued)



HE Carmelite and the Missionary used similar expressions in speaking of this littleness. While the former, with tear-filled eyes, thinking of Our Lord's tender love, exclaimed: "This is what He has done for me all the days of my life; He has completely hidden me under His Wing," the latter compared himself to a little chicken "sheltered under the wing of his Mother, Mary".

"I am," said Teresa, "but a poor little unfledged bird; all that I can do is to lift up my little wings — it is beyond my feeble power to soar."

"It is hard for the little one," said Theophane, "to see his brothers, happy birds, take their flight, while he himself is obliged to remain in the nest until his wings are grown."

"I am but a weak and helpless child," the Carmelite loved to repeat. "I am little and weak," the Missionary, also, often said.

Teresa willingly called herself "a little child". She asked to be called in Heaven "Little Thérèse".

A few days before his death, Theophane signed a letter to his bishop with the Annamite characters representing "Your little child, Ven".

Teresa and Theophane had the same expressions, because they had the same thoughts. Truly, Teresa could say: "*His thoughts are my thoughts*". But these "Little Ones" in their weakness possessed the audacity of the great and the strength of the mighty. The sentiment of their weakness, far from discouraging them, reassured them; they knew that the Lord is pleased with little ones.

"God's strength will help my weakness; the light of His grace, my inexperience," wrote Theophane; and again: "It is a great and difficult work, but I hope in Him Who is sending me, and I am confident."

In a hundred different ways, Teresa repeated this same thought and copied in her own handwriting the following lines written by Theophane: "Certainly God chooses the poor and weak things of this world to confound the mighty. I do not lean on my own strength, but on the strength of Him Who, by the Cross, has overcome the powers of death and hell."

Both of them embraced the Cross and derived their heroic courage from it. "Trials have matured and strengthened my soul, so that nothing on earth can make me grieve," Teresa acknowledged. "I feel that my own soul is strengthened by suffering, and that from one's very wounds arise great vigour, firmness, and courage," remarked Theophane. Thus, these two Children were adults, old people capable of the most grievous sufferings, the heaviest tasks, the greatest sacrifice: the daily sacrifice in the accomplishment of duty.

*Perfect fidelity to duty.* — "His life was not marked by anything extraordinary," said Teresa of Theophane. Their mode of living was extraordinary: both of them observed in a most unusual way "perfect fidelity to duty".

The reader will remember the call on Good Friday, when, to use Teresa's own expression, she heard the "distant murmur which announced the approach of the Bridegroom".

"Scarcely was my head laid on the pillow," she wrote, "when I felt a hot stream rise to my lips. I thought I was going to die, and my heart nearly broke with joy. But as I had already put out our lamp, I mortified my curiosity until the morning and slept in peace. At five o'clock, when it was time to get up, I remembered at once that I had some good news to learn, and going to the window, I found, as I had expected, that our handkerchief was soaked with blood."

"At the first sound of the bell," says the Saint's biography, "Teresa interrupted her writing in the middle of a word." "I have," stated her eldest sister, "a note from her which finishes thus: 'I am obliged to leave you. Nine o'clock is striking...' Seeing me, one day, noting a precious counsel after the bell had rung, she said to me: 'It would be better to lose that and perform an act of regularity. If we only knew the value of it...'"

Theophane was walking in the same path. Two of his confrères in the Seminary watched him attentively for the purpose of perceiving some defect with which to reproach him in reply to his fraternal monitions.

"For two weeks," related one of them, "we followed him constantly, examining all his actions and scrutinizing everything he said; but we could not find the least thing upon which to base the desired revenge. Finally, we were on the point of giving up, when one of us surprised him coming a little too quickly down the stairs to go to the chapel where his duties as sacristan called him suddenly and urgently."

Both Teresa and Theophane were heroic in their fidelity to duty. It was a principle with Teresa to go to the end of her strength before complaining. "I am still able to walk," she would say, "so I ought to be at my duty."

Theophane followed the same principle. As he was ill, the faithful who came in crowds to his confessional, felt that they should warn him of the danger to which he was exposing himself if he did not interrupt his ministry. "No, dear Friends," he replied, "I shall not do so. I shall continue the task begun. It would be a great joy for me to die in the confessional." In the middle of the persecution, while he was concealed in a convent in But-Dong, a poor man of the village, who was seriously ill, solicited his assistance. The Sisters, in order to avoid an almost certain arrest, did not transmit the dying man's request. Theophane, learning of the fact, was deeply grieved; he imposed a penance on the religious, saying: "Who, then, would have saved the soul of this poor invalid, if God had permitted him to die without the Sacraments? I should prefer to die than to let the sick leave this world without spiritual help."

Nothing could stop Teresa and Theophane in the accomplishment of duty, because they were serving a Father.

*Their love for their Father's children.* — Children in regard to the Father, Teresa and Theophane loved all the members of His family. "Charity should not remain enclosed in the depths of the heart," said Teresa; and both of them radiated it and extended it to all men, even to those who made them suffer.

Teresa reserved nothing for herself; she yielded to her neighbour "even her innermost thoughts, treasures that each one regards as personal property." She observed exactly the Lord's precept: "Give to every one that asketh thee; and him that taketh away from thee thy cloak, hinder not to take thy coat also;" and she explained: "Hinder not to take thy coat also, means to cede all our rights and consider ourselves as the servants and slaves of others"....

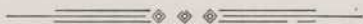
Charity led her, likewise, to effective purity, which disengages from the riches of the earth, as well as those of the mind and heart; it inclined her to love those who were naturally antipathetic to her, and made her extend her delicateness so far as to spare the flies that were tormenting her when she was sick in bed. "They are my only enemies," she said, "and, as God has commanded us to forgive our enemies, I am glad to have the occasion of doing so."

As for Theophane, he encountered real enemies among men, and he forgave them magnanimously.

One day, when his persecutors had sought him in vain in the Convent of the Sisters, he smilingly addressed the following rebuke to the Superior: "Why were you so stingy as to give nothing to these poor people who have uselessly taken so much trouble to beset us?" and two ingots of silver were sent to them.

He stripped himself of his garments for the poor and always wished to have an ample supply of clothes, "so that, finding himself in the occasion of giving them to the needy, he would still be able to dress himself decently." In 1858, he deprived himself of medicine and even food, in order to satisfy the needs of the starving. A religious found him in tears. "I am thinking," he said, "of the poor unfortunates that are oppressed with hunger. As I have no more money, I do not know how I shall be able to help them henceforth." In his prison, he sold his portion of rice for "an ingot and four decimes". He explained to the mandarin who asked him his reason for doing so: "I gave an ingot to the starving Christian prisoners; I spent two decimes to procure writing material; I gave the rest to the guards who take so much trouble for me." Now, we know quite well that "it was not always pleasant" with the guards in the prison; but the Lord had said: "Do good to those that persecute you; forgive your enemies; sell all that you have and give it to the poor."

(To be continued)



O admirable Mother, who can relate the wonderful ways of thy love for thy children! It were easier to count the stars of the firmament and the sands on the seashore!

St. John Eudes.

# The Science of the Cross



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

*What doth he know, that hath not been tried?* Little or nothing in the spiritual order. But he who has been visited by affliction and tried by temptation, he who has been humiliated by his own fragility, has, if he is a virtuous man, learned much about God and men.

*"Because thou wast acceptable to God, it was necessary that temptation should prove thee,"* said Raphael, the Archangel, to Tobias, who had become blind.

*"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"* exclaimed Job, the just, oppressed by bitter afflictions and cruelly forsaken, but divinely enlightened.

*"It is good for me that Thou hast humbled me,"* repeated the holy King David after his trial.

And it was, no doubt, after some humiliating failures, that the admirable Teresa of the Child Jesus wrote:

*"These lights on my own nothingness are of more good to my soul than lights on matters of Faith."* It was also, so it seems, a result of having been constantly crushed by sufferings, that this dear Saint made such rapid progress in perfection, received from God a premature wisdom and experienced such pure joys.

Trials, temptations and humiliations — the *Cross* — give us a knowledge of God, a knowledge of ourselves and a knowledge of men. They give us a knowledge of God, of His omnipotence, His mercy and His love. No one will understand better the Saviour's love and penetrate more deeply the mysteries of His birth, His life and His teachings, His passion and ignominious death, than he who has suffered much for His love. No one, either, will be more zealous for the salvation of souls.

They give us a knowledge of ourselves, teaching us by experience that we are nothing in ourselves and we can accomplish nothing without the grace of God; that all the internal good that we possess comes from Him; that all the eternal good — health, talents, honour, fortune — belongs to Him, and He can deprive us of it and restore it to us from one day to the next.

They give us a knowledge of men and teach us not to place our confidence in them, for they *change like the wind*, can accomplish no good by themselves, and are, in regard to us, but instruments in the Divine Hand. They teach us to pity their sufferings, relieve their afflictions and cure their ills. *No one hath so lively a feeling for the afflictions of others, as he who hath happened to suffer such like things.*

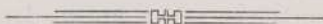
Christian Friends, be not, therefore, astonished when trials visit you, temptations try you, humiliations mortify you; when, in a word, the Cross, under various forms, weighs upon your shoulders. Say, rather, with the Author of the *Imitation*: "*This is a favour to thy friend, that he should suffer and be afflicted in this world for the love of Thee, how often soever, and by whomsoever Thou permittest it to fall upon him. Without Thy counsel and providence, and without cause, nothing is done upon earth.*"

Accept generously and patiently this good Cross which is presented to you; endeavour to love it, since it is for your greater good; offer all the merit of it to God. Little by little, you will become accustomed to its weight; soon, even, it will seem light and pleasant to you; then, after a short while, you will no longer desire to be relieved of it, because it will have become a source of consolations for you and an excellent opportunity of acquiring great merit for Heaven.

What you will then learn of the science of the Cross, discreetly communicate it to those around you, when you see them dejected by trials, complaining and murmuring like the pagans, who do not know God and have no hope in eternal life. You will thereby accomplish a most precious act of charity.

Think also of the unfortunate nations upon which the light of the Cross has not yet shone... unhappy nations, comprising more than a thousand millions of men, who are sitting in the shadows of paganism and superstition. Pray for them; beg the Divine Master to send them evangelical workers to bring them to the knowledge of the Truth.

Help by your prayers and alms the apostles of the Gospel, who are devoting themselves unreservedly to win these masses of infidels to the True Faith. Let no day pass without offering some prayers and sacrifices for them.



### *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.

# "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
September-October 1939.....	67.85
November-December 1939.....	27.50

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

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



# A Few Roses Scattered

*By the Little Sister of Missionaries...*

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

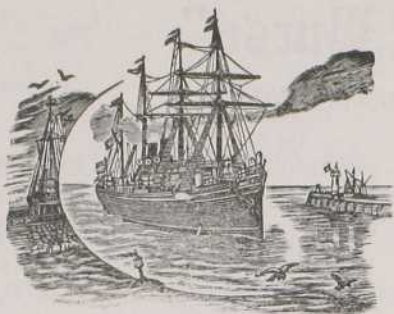
*St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.*

Please publish my thanks to St. Thérèse, the "Little Flower", for helping my throat. Many years ago, I lost control of the nerves of my throat and had great difficulty in swallowing without choking. I prayed the "Little Flower" to help me and promised publication. Thanks to her, my throat is now much better. — I wish to express my profound gratitude towards the Patroness of Missionaries for my cure. Mrs. Robert Massicotte, **Champlain**. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. A Subscriber, **Pike River**. — My profound gratitude to St. Teresa of Lisieux for a grace received. Miss Rachel Cantara, **St. Louis de Bonsecours**. — Lively gratitude to the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for the favour she has obtained for me. A. D., **Quebec**.



Though we must needs be pure indeed to appear in the presence of the God of all Holiness, yet I know too that He is infinitely just; and this justice which affrights so many souls is the ground of my joy and my confidence. Justice not merely exercises severity towards the offender; it moreover recognizes a right intention, and awards to virtue its recompense. I hope as much from the Justice of the good God as from His Mercy; it is because He is just, that "*He is compassionate and merciful, long-suffering and plenteous in mercy... As a father hath compassion on His children, so hath the Lord compassion on us!*" (Ps. CII, 8-14).

— *St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.*



## Diary of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

*who left for China, Manchukuo, Japan  
and Vancouver, on October 8, 1939, dedi-  
cated to their venerable Mother Foundress.*

FROM MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER

### Monday, October 9, 1939

It is no longer a dream, we begin to realize that we are really on the train which is carrying us towards our Promised Land...

The last words His Excellency Bishop Deschamps said to us when we went to the Archbishop's Palace on the eve of our departure, still linger in our minds and are for us a powerful stimulant: "Sisters, you are making a big sacrifice, but always remember that it is the only thing that counts."

In early childhood, our loving parents taught us this beautiful Christian prayer: "O my God, I give Thee my heart..., that no one else may possess it..." Many a time have we repeated it since; but, yesterday evening, more than ever before, we have been in the occasion of expressing it in deeds, as we felt the severing of the thousand ties which attached us to beloved persons and spots that we were leaving. Our dear mothers, whose hair is whitened by age, did not let themselves be outdone in the practice of what they had taught us of old. As for you, venerable Mother, your sacrifice is multiplied a hundredfold, in seeing your children leave, one after another! But your prayers and your maternal heart accompany us. We wish to remain quite close to you in spirit, to read in your deep gaze the affection you bear each one of us and to find therein an encouragement and a stimulant in our apostolate.

We left Bonaventure Station yesterday evening at twenty minutes past eight. When the train pulled out, Fathers Duplessis and Lachapelle favoured our group with a double blessing, while relatives and friends waved their last farewell.

Visible angels had carefully placed our valises and packages in our compartment without our having to see to anything; so we were able to say our night prayers and retire without delay. The liveliest joyfully climbed to the second story where they learnt this salutary lesson: "He who raises himself above others, will repent..."

This morning, although not yet rested from our fatigue, we were eager to see the break of morn: almost all of us had taken some time to go asleep as we were not used to the jolting of the locomotive.

In our coach there is a priest, a Grey Nun, a Little Daughter of St. Joseph, two women, and your seven daughters. The small table, placed between the benches and upon which we write our diary and take our meals

is very handy. The kind negro has even brought us a table-cloth for breakfast. Our neighbours, the two Sisters, came to chat with us a while.

In this peaceful atmosphere, we can have our spiritual exercises in common: reading, recitation of the Rosary, etc. We rang the Angelus with the tiny bell that we found in our valises. It disturbs no one and rejoices us. Our dear Sisters gave themselves much trouble to provide us with all that is necessary; they even prepared surprises for us despite their manifold occupations. How we thank them! They follow your example, venerable Mother, for we remember what kind solicitude you lavished upon those who went before us.

On our way, nothing very captivating has yet excited our admiration; here and there, a few lakes, rivers, modest steeples dominating thinly scattered villages of poor settlers. The scenery is rather monotonous for we have been travelling through a forest since morning. At a quarter past four, as the train stationed for a quarter of an hour at Hornepayne we went down to take a short walk which proved very refreshing and restful. We thanked the Lord for His kindness towards us and tried to make a fervent meditation singing in our hearts: "Oh! how good God is! How good He is!" Needless to say, we are happy to travel with our beloved Mother General; in her company we forget that at every moment, the distance separating us from our dear Mother House is increasing. It seems to us that we still possess you while we have her with us.

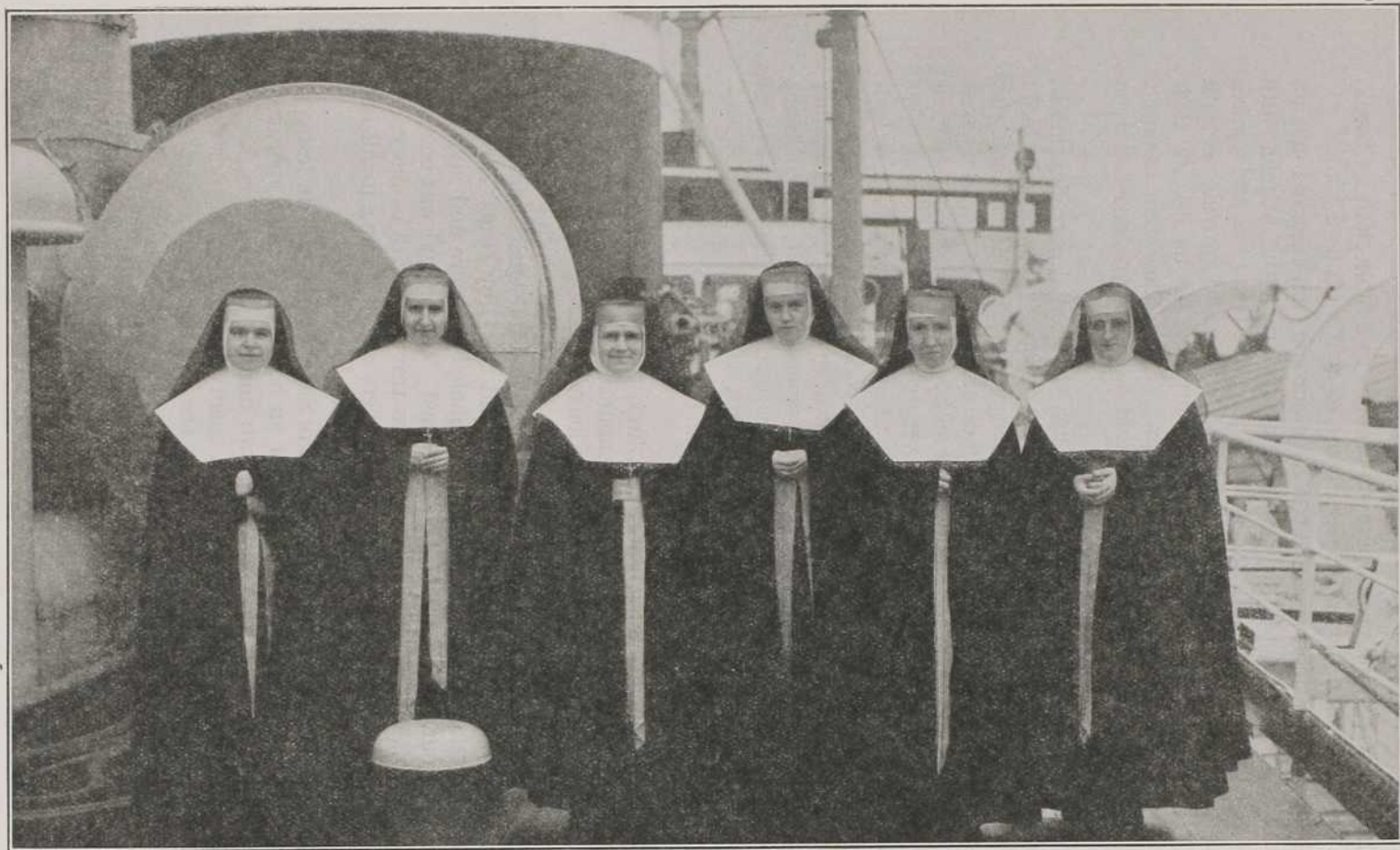
### **Tuesday, October 10**

Our rolling dwelling has transported us into the Province of Manitoba. The sun is radiant this morning and announces a beautiful day. Is it because, like ourselves, it has rested an hour longer in changing from Eastern time to Western? After breakfast, we were at Winnipeg, which is separated from St. Boniface by the Red River. It is somewhat like Quebec and Levis. From the station, we can see the Cathedral and the Grey Nuns' Hospital. We walked a little around the station and inhaled the pure and vivifying air during an hour. How much good it did us! The ground was covered with frost last night. The Grey Nun who was travelling with us has come to the term of her journey here. The travellers are beginning to fill our coach, so our baggage has to be put away under the benches.

At Winnipeg, an aunt and a few relatives of Sister Marguerite de Jésus<sup>(1)</sup> came to meet her and chatted with her for an hour. Yesterday morning, her two brothers from Ontario travelled two hundred miles to see her at North Bay. They boarded the train and spent two hours with our dear companion who was all the more pleased as she had not dared expect such a pleasant surprise.

We are now crossing the vast plains of Western Canada. We cannot admire the golden harvest whose majestic beauty has so often been described to us, as numerous reapers have already garnered it. Alas! in the immense field of souls, too often do ears fall and perish for want of reapers...

1. Emilia MARTIN, St. François d'Assise, Bonaventure Co., Que.



FIVE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION  
WHO LEFT FOR CHINA, MANCHUKUO AND JAPAN, ON THE 8TH OF OCTOBER LAST.

IN THE CENTRE: VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL, VISITING THE MISSION OF VANCOUVER; AT HER RIGHT: SISTER ST. CHARLES DE MILAN (JEANNE BOUCHARD, ST. ELOI, TEMISCOUATA CO.), SISTER DE LA NATIVITE DE JESUS (CECILE PAQUETTE, ST. ELZEAR, LAVAL CO.); AT HER LEFT: SISTER ST. COME (THERESE LALIBERTE, LOTBINIERE), SISTER AGNES DE JESUS (MARGARET SHERRY, MONTREAL), SISTER STE. EMERENTIENTINE (MARIE BERTHE FLEURENT, ST. GERMAIN DE GRANTHAM).

At Rivers, we got off the train for a quarter of an hour. Whenever the stops are long enough, our kind Mother has us walk outside for a change. At half past four the train entered Saskatchewan; the ground is becoming hilly as we advance and we are more violently shaken. The hours pass very quickly in our beloved Mother General's company. We greatly enjoy it and also profit by it, knowing well that these pleasant days will come to an end, like all earthly things. Your name is often on our lips during recreation; your travelling daughters retain pleasant and touching memories of you.

### Wednesday, October 11

We are constantly advancing and nearing the end of our journey. Having got off the train at Edmonton, this morning, we were hoping to find a Catholic church so as to be able to receive Holy Communion but we had to be contented with our desire. It is true that we are not passing through all the big centres; but, excepting at Winnipeg and St. Boniface, where the Sign of our Religion surmounted the belfries, we have seen no crosses.

After accomplishing our religious duties, we did honour to the breakfast — our walk in the open air had excited our appetite. The landscape became prettier as we advanced; in the distance we could see the Rockies disappearing in the clouds. At Hinton, we began to have a clear view of the giant mounts with their snowy summits, and their streams tumbling like cascades into the emerald lakes and rivers below. The good Lord sent us beautiful sunshine just as we were passing by these enchanting spots.

The train stopped at Jasper at twenty minutes to two, it stationed there a quarter of an hour and left at five minutes to one... For the third and last time, *we have become younger* since our departure from Montreal. Jasper is a pretty little tourist centre situated in the midst of the majestic Rockies. Our kind Mother gave us recreation that we might be able to admire the beauties of Nature at our ease. Besides, this afternoon is the last one during which we can fully enjoy her presence. The Immaculate Virgin, under whose protection we have placed our journey, has maternally watched over us and, to-morrow morning, we hope to be able to thank her in the chapel of our Convent in Vancouver.

### Thursday, October 12

*Deo Gratias!* At last, we are with our dear Sisters on the Coast. Sister Marie de la Visitation<sup>(1)</sup> and Sister Agnes of Jesus<sup>(2)</sup> were at the station to meet us. All the other Sisters were at the front door. Our Lord Himself was inviting us in the little chapel where we received Holy Communion. At nine o'clock, we took our breakfast and immediately after, we had recreation!...

Our Sisters are well and cheerful; they are engaged in a very beautiful work and they put their whole heart into it. The patients also seem quite

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1. Elise CROTEAU, St. Antoine de Tilly.

2. Margaret SHERRY, Montreal.

happy. The small, very small chapel is attractive; its statues, decorations, remind us of the Mother House. It does good to find in all our Houses, the same spirit, the same life of which you have traced out the furrow for us with such loving care and solicitude, venerable Mother. Your sufferings and your prayers are still a precious help to us. Thank you for bearing your cross so joyfully and with such loving resignation to the Holy Will of God.

### Saturday, October 14

This morning, all our actions are imbued with a certain solemnity, we feel that they are the last we are accomplishing on Canadian soil. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Rosary Devotions took place after Mass. Before leaving the chapel, Sister Agnes of Jesus<sup>(1)</sup>, the dear companion who will join us, knelt at Our Mother's side at the Communion railing, and recited, according to the custom, the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin, holding in her hand a lighted taper, symbol of the torch of faith which she is bringing to the poor lepers of Shek Lung.

After breakfast, the final preparations for the departure were terminated. The packages and valises were placed in a row along the passage; all was ready. At a quarter to twelve, united once again in the chapel, we listened, full of emotion to the "Farewell Hymn" imploring Our Heavenly Mother's blessing. It seemed to us like an echo from our dear Mother House at Cote des Neiges. The priest recited the *Itinerarium* (the Church's prayer for the beginning of a journey), blessed us, and intoned the *Ave Maris Stella*. The Chaplain then wished us a happy voyage, the palm of martyrs, the crown of virgins, the glory and the reward of the blessed.

Our steamer, the *Hie Maru* which was to set sail at twelve, was delayed to twenty-five minutes past three. This change permitted us to chat a little longer and to take dinner with the Community.

At the appointed hour, the cars of Mesdames Leblanc and Dery, and of Messrs. Wilkinson and McInnis conducted us to the quay. Our Mother and a few Sisters of Vancouver accompanied us.

Dear Mother was pleased to see her daughters' floating boarding-house and to ascertain once more the bountiful Providence of God towards them. There are three secular priests and a Franciscan Father on board. If we are not sea-sick, we shall be able to assist at many Masses.

The first formalities observed, our trunks were placed in our cabins and we went out on the deck with our Mother. The shrill sound of the whistle gave the signal of the separation. The emotion of our hearts which we had succeeded in repressing until that moment, betrayed us then... The little ceremony of multicoloured streamers which the departants throw to those who remain on the shore was omitted. Finally the whistle blew a second time, the foot-bridge was raised, the moorings loosed, and we intoned, with throats somewhat contracted, the *Ave Maris Stella* to place our voyage under the protection of the Star of the Sea. Our majestic ship moved out slowly.

1. Margaret SHERRY, Montreal.

Dear Mother General and the Sisters followed it to the extremity of the wharf. It put on speed and, very soon, we could no longer distinguish anything; but we have the consoling assurance that we shall soon see our kind Mother, since it is decided that she will visit all our missions before long. We wish to mention the exceptional happiness she experienced yesterday evening: she baptized a dying old man of the Oriental Hospital, giving him the names Joseph John. This news will rejoice you and it is our wish, as we terminate this first part of our diary.

#### FROM VANCOUVER TO YOKOHAMA

##### Sunday, October 15

Our ship is under full sail! Three Masses were said this morning: the first by Reverend Father Provost, O. F. M.; the other two by Fathers of St. Columban, Irish religious who are going to Korea. Sister de la Nativité de Jésus<sup>(1)</sup> was unable to assist at them as she was already sea-sick; Sister Agnes of Jesus<sup>(2)</sup> followed the example of our dear elder Sister at the second Mass; the others were able to remain until the end. How impressive it is to have Mass on the ocean! The King of Heaven and earth deigns to come down at the voice of the priest, in a modest parlour very unworthy of Him, and become the food of humble missionaries! We constitute the whole congregation, although there are about a hundred passengers on board, besides the crew.

We are told that the sea is not quite calm; what shall become of us when it will be rough?... Each in turn, we have to assume the horizontal position. If we had undertaken the trip for mere pleasure, we should be quite deceived; but thank God, we had a nobler aim and we offer up all these little inconveniences for the benefit of souls.

##### Tuesday, October 17

We had no Masses yesterday, neither this morning. Apparently, the voyage will be a difficult one. The *Hie Maru* which appeared to us so imposing in the port of Vancouver loses much of its majesty in the midst of the gigantic waves which toss it about like a nutshell. We do not tire admiring the sea even when it is angry. The waves, pulverized by the shock of the vessel, produce the effect of a blizzard; they sometimes reach the third deck. At half-past five, the sun sinks into the abyss, leaving behind it an immense fiery glow which is reflected on the waters. In presence of such a grand spectacle, a cry arises from our hearts: "How powerful God is!" And that powerful God wishes us to call Him: Our Father!

##### Thursday, October 19

Beautiful snow comes to rejoice us to-day. It is probably the last we shall admire. The wind is so cold that Father Provost asserts that his ears

1. Cécile PAQUETTE, St. Elzéar, Laval Co., Que.

2. Margaret SHERRY, Montreal.

froze while he was walking up and down on the deck... The sea was calmer and our patients felt it; we spent part of the day breathing the saline air. A radiant sunshine gilded the vast stretch of waters. To render the evening recreation more pleasant, Sister Ste. Emérentienne<sup>(1)</sup>, Sister St. Charles de Milan<sup>(2)</sup> and Sister St. Côme<sup>(3)</sup> made a little concert which they had prepared in secret in their cabin, while their elder Sisters, in theirs, paid their tribute to the sea. We indeed spent a pleasant evening which did good to all... Welcome joy always! In the midst of our little colony, it reigns as queen and mistress!

### Sunday, October 22

It was possible for us to fulfil our Sunday duty and we had the pleasure of seeing a few Filipinos join us. These persons told us that they knew our Sisters of Manila. A Japanese officer seemed quite interested in the Holy Sacrifice, because he stayed in the passage looking on during the three Masses.

The Japanese appointed to serve the passengers are very courteous. Knowing that we are Catholics, the waiter offered us fish and vegetable-food on Friday.

At the table, at noon, several incidents excited hilarity: the dishes went flying around and the people could not hold to their seats; several forcibly went and sat on the floor. All of a sudden, our chairs refused us their service, but we succeeded in keeping on our feet. We laughed afterwards, but at the moment we only thought of protecting ourselves.

### Thursday, October 26

The sea is very calm, so much so, that we would think we are on dry land although our floating-house covers four hundred miles a day. The ocean wishes to make us forget its teasing of the first days. The weather resembles that of a beautiful day in September, in Canada. We shall soon be in the port of Yokohama. For twelve days we have seen but water and sky. We are longing to set foot on land; however, we are still far from the term of our voyage, except for dear Sister St. Côme<sup>(3)</sup> who is nearing the shores of Japan, her Promised Land. We shall be sorry to part with her, for we have enjoyed together fraternal and comforting happiness.

Every morning of this week we have been able to hear three Masses, a privilege which we greatly appreciated. The tiny bell that had been put in our valises served to announce the Real Presence. During these precious moments, we prayed for all the intentions of our spiritual and natural families and for our devoted benefactors.

We confide this second part of our diary to the first ship sailing to our dear Canada. Let these few lines repeat to you, venerable Mother, our grateful and filial affection which distance only increases.

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1. Marie Berthe FLEURENT, St. Germain de Grantham, Que.

2. Jeanne BOUCHARD, St. Eloi, Témiscouata Co.

3. Therese LALIBERTE, Lotbinière.



## CHINA

*Letter from Sister Marie de l'Espérance<sup>(1)</sup>, Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, in Canton, to her Superior General.*

*Insane Asylum, Fong Chuen, Canton,  
September 21, 1939.*

VERY DEAR MOTHER,

Truly, I am wondering if I shall not, according to Chinese fashion, be reputed to have a *very black heart*: I have been so long without writing since my arrival at Fong Chuen! I could be a better correspondent if I stayed here all the time; but, I am always coming and going. I have to spend some time in Canton and then, when I return, Sister Marie Céline<sup>(2)</sup> has to go and tend to other occupations.

Just at present, we must closely observe the reaction caused by the departure of several employees, whom we were compelled to dismiss, owing to a shortage of funds. The Chinese Government cannot furnish any money to the Asylum, and half of the patients are supported gratuitously. With a smaller number of employees, we hope to be able to carry on the work a little longer, perhaps until the day when Divine Providence will effectuate a change in the political situation.

Since our arrival at this establishment, October 19, 1938, nine hundred and thirty-one patients have been registered. Four hundred and sixteen have died and four hundred and twenty-six actually receive shelter. Two hundred and eight of these are men; the others, women. Out of the total number, one hundred and fifty adults were baptized at the point of death and one hundred and eighteen babies sent to our Foundling-Homes.

Two of the infirmarians died children of Holy Mother Church and in most consoling dispositions. Several catechumens are earnestly studying our Holy Religion; and every Sunday, good old Father Lao gives doctrinal

1. Aurea VANNARD, Montreal.

2. Gracia BLANCHET, Drummondville.

instruction to some forty patients and employees; so we hope to have a Baptism ceremony by next winter.

While devoting ourselves to the care of the insane, we ascertain, once more, how God is lavish of His mercies. We also sigh at times on seeing the good there is yet to be done and that we are forced to neglect on account of lack of funds and of the uncertainty of the present times.

The privilege of having near us, in the Tabernacle, the One to Whom we have consecrated our lives, helps us to find sweetness in the bitter part of the task... Our little white chapel, at the end of the veranda, is very attractive, although poor.

Let me relate to you a recent adventure which happened on June 28th to two of our employees of the Asylum, Mr. Yip and Mr. Ley. On going out for tea towards one o'clock, they were seized, at the corner of our wall, by four armed men who obliged them to follow them. When the group had gone a certain distance, the brigands bandaged the eyes of our employees



SISTER MARIE CELINA (GRACIA BLANCHET, DRUMMOND-VILLE), SISTER MARGUERITE MARIE (MARGUERITE LATOUR, MONTREAL) AND A GROUP OF DIRECTORS OF THE INSANE ASYLUM, CANTON.

SITTING: MR. YIP, A VICTIM OF THE BANDITS, LAST JUNE.

whom they brought down into the hold of a ship. Then they conducted them off the boat, chained them together by one foot and kept vigilant watch over them. Mr. Yip caught malaria and became very weak. After being detained for thirty-five days, he returned to us with heart trouble and in a very pitiful condition.

What happened here, during that time? A woman from the neighbourhood, who had witnessed the scene, came secretly and by a roundabout way to inform us of it. There was nothing else for us to do but to wait for news. At last, a letter came, then another, both signed by the victims who requested a ransom. The robbers did the same. They exacted seven thousand dollars for Mr. Ley, who is reputed to be very wealthy, and four thousand for Mr. Yip. The missive was signed *White Handkerchief* and indicated the

*Three Mountains*, place quite far from Canton, as the spot where the money was to be deposited. *White Handkerchief* would identify the robber — cashier for the occasion. There was some discussion which finally resulted in a diminution of the ransom to three hundred dollars. The amount was brought to the said *White Handkerchief* at the foot of the Three Mountains, and this is what he replied: "Since you have been able to find three hundred dollars in such a short time, you must have some more... The sum of three hundred dollars is not sufficient for us." The messenger returned home quite disconcerted.

The days wore on and, one evening, Mr. Yip sent us word that he was in the neighbourhood of the Asylum. In fact, we saw him arrive the next day, at early dawn. Had the robbers given up possession of their *booty*? Not at all. Two of the band had returned to claim the exacted ransoms from the parents of the captives. During their absence, the second victim escaped, but less debilitated than his companion as he had not had malaria. It is an adventure which cost its heroes dear, and long will it be remembered by them.

The men have been continuing the night watch since the robbers paid us a visit in January. We had another alarm in the beginning of July, so our guards are more vigilant than ever. Almost every night we hear gunshots; our neighbours are frequently attacked. However, we sleep better than in the past, and always entrust ourselves and our belongings to Our Heavenly Mother. She has so visibly protected us already!

May the Blessed Virgin, dear Mother, grant all that I request of her for you and our venerable Mother Foundress!

Your loving daughter,

Sister MARIE DE L'ESPERANCE, M. I. C.

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## MANCHUKUO

*Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Pamientcheng*

### FIRM IN HER FAITH

Mrs. Liou, a fervent Christian, was baptized five years ago with her seven children. Despite the vexations of her husband and her pagan neighbours, this brave woman remained firm in her belief and convictions. One day, when the functionaries went to her place to ask her to which religion she belonged, she answered proudly: "I am a Christian." They wished to write on the exterior doors of the yard the name of the Religion she practised; and, therefore, advised her to allow them to write "common religion" instead of "Christian Religion", for serious consequences might result from the inscription of the latter denomination. "I fear nothing," replied this worthy rival of Saints Felicitas and Perpetua, "I am a Catholic and, come what may, I will die a Catholic."



TWO LITTLE ONES  
OF THE PAMIENTCHENG ORPHANAGE.

#### AT THE ORPHANAGE

When she arrived at the Orphanage in 1934, Ts'ingtcheou, aged thirteen, was very shy and, at our approach, she fled, gesticulated or made faces at us. If you could but see her to-day, after four years' stay at the Mission! She is gay, industrious, and never so happy as when she can be of some help to the Sister in charge of the children. She has retained none of her former habits. For some time, she has been entrusted with the care of the babies' quarters. Immediately after breakfast she hastens to do the cleaning and to put everything in order. One morning, the Virgin Tchang, noticing how tidy the room was, praised the child before her companions. Ts'ingtcheou was abashed on

hearing the compliment, but her emotion did not last, and she continued her work with charming simplicity.

A Christian of Sinking came to see our orphans with the intention of adopting one. Our little three and four-year-old tots were brought to him. After a careful examination, his choice fell on the prettiest and cutest of the group: P'intche, with her black wavy hair, her big bright eyes and rosy cheeks! We felt sorry to have to part with her; but we were consoled by the thought that the little one would enjoy the affection of her adoptive parents and that she would also experience the sweetness of family joys. May the Immaculate Virgin ever protect her and, some day, unite her in Heaven to her sisters of the Orphanage!

On April 19th, we were grieved to lose one of our orphans, Lee Yuying, seventeen years old, who left us for Heaven. Received by the missionaries of Hwaite Sien when her father died, she entered the Apostolic School of Szepingkai a few years later, with the intention of passing from there to the Native Novitiate of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, but God was satisfied with her good desire. Tuberculosis soon obliged her to leave the dwelling she had chosen and she was welcomed at our Orphanage. From then on, her condition became worse and worse. The dear child was placed with another orphan, fifteen years old, who was affected with the same disease. The little room presented no other charm than the comforting and cheering rays which the sun poured forth profusely into it; but, Jesus, the Friend of the pure of heart, deigned to come there each morning.

Fifteen days before she died, Lee Yuying had the happiness of receiving Extreme Unction. How touching in its simplicity was this scene representing a missionary priest, who had come from the other end of the earth, to anoint the emaciated limbs of this humble child with the holy oil which was to open to her the gates of Heaven!

Peaceful and happy, our dear orphan winged her flight to the eternal mansions of Our Heavenly Father. Her little sisters of the Orphanage, after surrounding her body with lilies, breathed at her side the *Aves* of the Holy Rosary. Then arrived the red casket destined to enclose her mortal remains. According to a custom of the country, there were ugly pagan figures painted on the lid, but the Pastor had them concealed by a picture of the Blessed Virgin and a few pious inscriptions. Our lamented Lee Yuying was placed in her coffin and conveyed to the church for the funeral service. All our little ones accompanied the dear child to the cemetery where her body will await the great awakening of the Resurrection.

#### AT THE OLD FOLKS' HOME

An old man, eighty-four years of age, came and knocked at the door of the Home, one day; and this is what he said to us: "I had found a shelter in a wretched hut destined for beggars, in Szeping kai. There, several poor



OLD MEN OF THE HOME, PAMIENTCHENG, PREPARING KIAOTZE, MEAT PASTIES, OF WHICH THEY ARE VERY FOND.

SISTER ST. LAZARE (JULIETTE RAINVILLE, BEAUPORT), MISSIONARY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AND THE VIRGIN TCHANG.

men like myself were crowded one on top of the other on the *k'ang*, playing with their elbows and legs in order to make themselves a place. In that squalid cabin, the moral distress was still greater than the physical; and the remembrance of the Christian Religion, with which I had become acquainted when a child, filled my mind. I often said to myself: 'The Catholic Religion alone gives true happiness!' God came to my assistance in sending a missionary to visit our hovel. It was he who gave me the money necessary to come here."

A few hours later, the good old man was beaming with delight in his tidy clothes. He is now studying Catechism and learning the principal prayers, so as to receive Baptism soon. How privileged is this poor wretch!

Grandpa P'eng, an inmate of the Home for over three years now, has always been faithful in coming every day to the Dispensary to ask for some medicament to relieve his numerous ills. Contrary to his custom, one day he prolonged his visit. "Do you need anything else?" asked the Sister Infirmarian, quite puzzled. "Oh!" he replied, "if I had a little bit of sugar, it would do good to my stomach." His desire was immediately satisfied and, quite happy, the old man returned to the Home. This proves that our dear old people are not spoilt and that they very seldom have sweets on the table...

Report of the Dispensary of Pamientcheng for the year 1938:

Baptisms.....	80	Patients.....	20,830
Treatments.....	32,099	Dressings.....	8,104
Homes visited.....	414	Teeth extracted....	178
		Injectons.....	1,555
		Vaccinations.....	63

Report of the Dispensary of Pamientcheng, from January to April, 1939, inclusive:

Baptisms.....	26
Patients.....	6,726
Treatments.....	9,855
Dressings.....	3,386
Teeth extracted...	62
Homes visited...	208
Hypodermics.....	572

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*Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Tungleo*

**Friday, April 14, 1939**

A baby that was about to become the victim of cruel Chinese superstition was brought to us. A short time before its birth, the father had had a stroke of paralysis and his condition becoming worse with the arrival of the little one, the latter was held responsible for this misfortune. Two months later, the mother, in her turn, fell grievously ill, and misery soon reigned in the hearth. Reduced to this extremity, the parents consulted their neighbours who confirmed them in their opinion that the baby was the cause of all their evils. Besides, a sorceress explained that the child was possessed by an evil spirit; so, together, they concluded that the only means of putting an end to so many ills was to rid themselves of the unfortunate little creature. They were preparing to kill it, when some pagans who knew about the Catholic Mission were informed of the fact, and advised the parents to take it to us.

The fortunate little one was received with joy... When the Saving Waters will have flowed upon its brow, it will be brought to the Orphanage of Pamientcheng, where it will receive the tender care of adoptive mothers and will enjoy the benefits of Christian charity.



A GRAVE IN MANCHUKUO.

### Thursday, May 4

We were told how the accomplishment of certain superstitious rites resulted in the death of a pagan girl. Having lost her father, two years previously, she went to burn paper-money on his grave, on the anniversary of his death. When she reached the cemetery, she could not make out which of the many mounds covered the remains of her father; so, for fear of making a mistake and depriving him of the help she owed him, she decided to go and make her offering at the pagoda. After walking for a long time, she finally arrived at the Temple of Buddha. Prostrating herself before the ugly idol, she deposited on the ground her roll of paper-money and said the following prayer: "Buddha, I revere thee and I beg thee to forward this money to my

father who died two years ago, that he may be able to meet his numerous expenses in the prison to which death has conducted him... And thee, father, accept this money from the hands of thy daughter and, thereby, believe that she has not forgotten thee and that, consequently, thy spirit ought to leave her at peace and never reproach her for having lacked filial piety." As she finished these words, she set fire to the bundle of bills. Unfortunately, a spark flew on her garments without her noticing it, all absorbed that she was in perfectly accomplishing the usual rites; and, in a trice, the flames had enveloped her. After trying in vain to smother them, the young girl ran out of the pagoda; but that only made things worse, for the wind, while enlivening the fire, made a living torch of the poor victim... Passers-by came to her help. Alas! her garments, almost entirely consumed, disclosed the dreadful burns which covered her body! She was conducted to her mother's where she expired shortly afterwards in most horrible torments, repeating that her father, irritated at her not finding his tomb, was coming to punish her as she merited it. What a lamentable fate is that of these poor souls, victims of so many superstitions!

### Pentecost Sunday, May 28

How grand and consoling was the Feast of Pentecost at our dear Mission of Tungleao! An atmosphere of pious and peaceful joy pervaded the church, which was so tastefully and symbolically decorated. The attendance at Mass was quite numerous, as several Christians living at a distance had sought shelter at the Mission — the home of all — in order to be able to share the joy of this Feast, which was to be enhanced by the First Communion of eight new Christians, baptized the previous day. The happy neophytes,

four mothers and four young girls, find but the following words to express their happiness: "Our hearts are as light as birds... We feel an impression of security and peace which cannot be described!"

### Friday, June 2

This evening, when Sister Marie Mediatrix<sup>(1)</sup> returned from a visit to the sick, her heart was overflowing with happiness... with that ineffable happiness which every missionary experiences when, by the grace of God, he has had the privilege of opening Heaven to one more soul.

The newly-baptized person was a tuberculous woman whom Sister had been visiting for several days. To a neighbour who tried to console her in her long sufferings and urged her not to fear, the patient answered, pressing her miraculous medal to her heart: "Why should I fear, since my Heavenly Mother is with me?"

After having assisted her in her last moments, the Sister-Infirmarian had the consolation of seeing her expire peacefully and with that calm serenity which is the privilege of pure souls that die in the Faith.

### Wednesday, June 7

A few months ago, we welcomed to the Old Folks' Home, a deaf and dumb woman who is very jolly, despite her old age and infirmity.

Shortly after her arrival, a pagan family sent us a letter addressed thus: "To the spiritual Buddha of the Catholic Mission". They requested information concerning this person we had received, and whom they believed to be a relative of theirs, adding that they would be pleased to defray some of her expenses. Moreover, they demanded a portrait to identify our protégée. The latter therefore had the good fortune of being photographed, and that is a great honour for a Manchu!



MRS. TCHAO, A DEAF-MUTE,  
GIVEN HOSPITALITY IN THE HOME  
AT TUNGLEAO.

Our dear old women of the Home have some difficulty in freeing themselves of their superstitious beliefs. Their adhesion to Christianity does not, by the fact, deliver them from the tyranny of this yoke. To-day, one of them was busy in the garden when, all of a sudden, the distant sound of the rolling thunder reached her. She left her work on the spot and, with a swiftness which astounded us, ran to the Home, seized a broom and began vigorously dusting the *k'ang* (heated brick bed), the furniture and the other things in the house. Puzzled, we asked her what was the matter, as the rooms required no cleaning at that hour of the day. Astonished at our question, she replied: "Don't you hear the thunder?"

1. Marie Aline MALOUIN, Quebec.

"Yes, but how can the thunder have anything to do with your cleaning?" we insisted.

"Oh! it has very much to do with it; for, if at the first sound of thunder that you hear in the year you don't hurry and sweep the house, your rooms will be infested with swarms of mosquitoes and injurious insects. It is to preserve you from such a plague that I am doing this."

After presenting our most convincing arguments to show her how ridiculous are such beliefs, she finished by putting her broom aside; but she went off shaking her head and deploring our utter heedlessness to preserve ourselves from calamities.

### **Saturday, June 10**

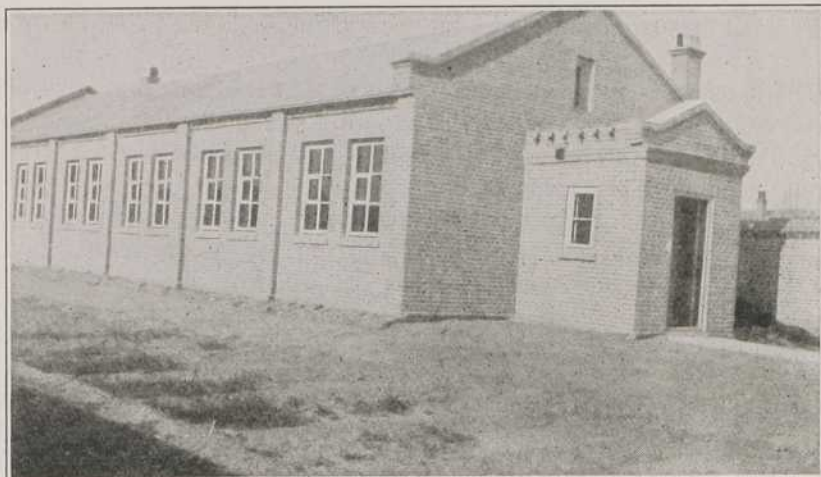
Two days ago, we had the happiness ever new of pouring the Regenerating Waters on the brow of a fourteen-year-old girl. Belonging to a pagan family, she was going to die without having ever heard anything about the true God, when this loving Master inspired a Christian of the neighbourhood to come and inform us of the fact. The latter also went to see the child's parents and suggested to call for the "Catholic Doctor". They gladly accepted this suggestion and as soon as we had spoken to the girl about the Sacrament of Baptism, she asked to be made a child of Holy Mother Church.

We returned to see her to-day. She greeted us with joy, telling us how happy she was to be a Christian. While speaking to her, we perceived, attached to her garments, an amulet which her parents had persuaded her to wear. We remarked to her that a Christian should not keep these superstitious objects. She took it off immediately and offered it to us, saying: "I am not sorry to give it to you, since I must no longer believe in its supposed curative properties."

The amulet consisted of a triangular piece of red cotton containing a scrap of paper folded in the form of a triangle and upon which a grotesque devilish figure had been scribbled. At the three angles of the cotton had been placed a new needle destined to prick the devil — cause of the child's illness — so that, becoming tired of being always under the point of the needles, he would finish by going away and, thus, deliver the patient of her illness. The little parcel also contained a grain of rice destined to sustain the evil spirit during its journey, when it would be pleased to depart.

### **Saturday, June 17**

A short time ago, one of the little pupils attending the Catechism class, having understood that Buddha was not the true God, burned, on his return home, all the images of false divinities that were exposed in the house. The courageous child continued his work of apostolate, wishing, especially, to do away with a bronze statue of Buddha throning on the shelf of the gods before which incense was burnt. As he could not succeed in winning his parents to destroy it, our young catechumen decided to take it down himself. What was not our surprise, this morning, to see him enter the church with the statue tied to his waist and hidden under his garments. After Mass, he brought it triumphantly to us, saying: "Here, at last, I



DISPENSARY OF TUNG LEAO, MANCHUKUO.

am bringing you the famous idol! There are no more pictures of the devil, at home. Papa and mamma will most probably beat me, but I don't mind!"

A few minutes later, the parents arrived at the Mission to inquire about the child, and about the idol, especially. As we tried to make them understand the falseness of their beliefs, they answered: "We know that Buddha is not the true God; but if we do not continue adoring him, the spirits may punish us." In fact, in these pagan countries, the devil, by all kinds of means, often troubles and torments those who wish to shake his tyrannical yoke. We therefore reassured these brave folks, promising them the protection of Our Heavenly Queen and a thousand blessings upon their family, if they sincerely sought the truth. So, they consented to part with their false gods and accepted the proposition that was made to them to study the Catholic Religion.

### **Wednesday, June 21**

The Chinese are celebrating to-day, one of the four principal lunar festivals of the year. For the occasion, every family buys slimy rice cookies wrapped in the leaves of a certain plant. This practice is kept in order to perpetuate a historical fact related as follows: One of the first emperors of China, wishing to impose upon his subjects severe laws to suppress deplorable abuses, was persecuted and finally precipitated into the sea. Immediately after, however, the people were horrified at the thought of the crime they had committed; and to attenuate its consequences and manifest their sorrow, they threw into the sea a number of rice cookies wrapped up in leaves, that the fishes might feed upon them and not devour the body of their sovereign. It is in memory of this "reparation" that each year, rice cookies are to be found on every Chinese table.

At present, we are heating our kitchen stove with "balls", two or three inches in diameter, which are made of coal dust sifted with earth. After having been saturated with oil, so as to form a stiff dough, this fuel, when dry, can be utilized.

## JAPAN

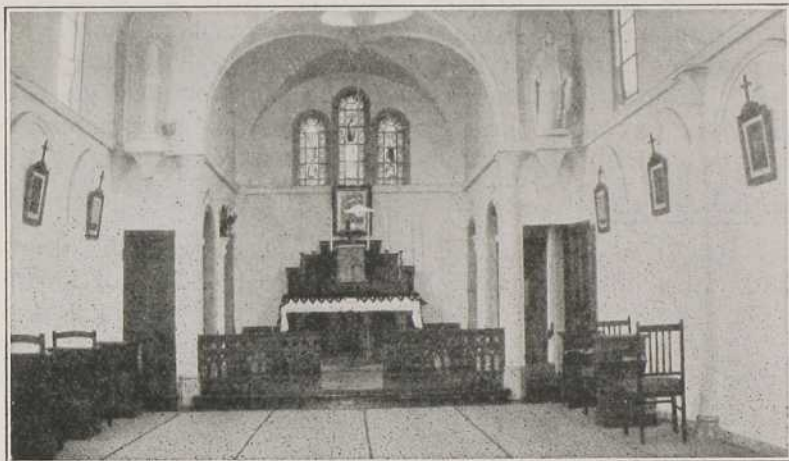
### Thursday, April 6

All over Japan, to-day, seventy thousand Buddhistic temples are holding a special service in honour of the manes of the horses that were killed at war. At this new kind of funeral, besides the ritual prayers, poems are read and speeches delivered in honour of those called the silent warriors.

With what absurdities does not paganism inspire its adepts!

### Monday, April 10

We had the visit of three young girls whose lives are not all sunshine... The poor children live together in a would-be orphanage in the south of Japan. In reality, they were stolen, or sold by unnatural parents when still young. They are allowed but two meals a day and are treated very rudely. Their masters oblige them to travel through all the cities of Japan selling



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH, KORIYAMA, JAPAN.

soap, naphthaline and Japanese paint-brushes at extravagant prices. One of them carries on her back a one-year-old baby which will follow her in all her peregrinations until it is able to exercise this gipsy trade itself.

These young girls having stopped at our convent a few years ago, the Sisters spoke to them about God, the Blessed Virgin, and the happiness reserved for us in the other world. Since then, they return every year for a provision of medals, pictures and consoling words. They do not ask us to buy their goods, but come only to *ogamu* (adore) in the chapel, and hear speak of our Religion. They prostrate themselves before the altar; then, turning towards the statue of the Blessed Virgin, they stretch out their arms to her, saying: "*Seibo Maria tasukete kudasai* (Holy Mother Mary, save us)".

Doubtless, Our Mother of Mercy will help them, she who never abandons those who implore her help.

### Tuesday, April 25

We accompanied the pupils of our Kindergarten to the temple of *Hachiman* (god of the war) to pay homage to the spirits of the soldiers who died on the battle-field last fall. Their number exceeds ten thousand, we are told.

In conformity with the declarations of the Japanese government and the directions received from Rome, we must consider the worship practised in the *jinja* (Shintoist temples) as a patriotic act and not as a religious one. On the 8th of February, this year, the Prime Minister, addressing the Commission appointed to study the project of law concerning Religious Associations, made the following important declaration: "The Religion of the gods (Shintoism) being the religion of the country, must be observed with absolute respect; however, it is not, properly speaking, a religion; it is transcendent to all religions and therefore, cannot be treated as a religion."

For this reason we must take part in all the patriotic demonstrations with our pupils. All the school children of the city, assembled in the immense courtyard of the temple, make a profound bow to the souls of the dead soldiers that are supposed to have been divinized by a special ceremony, which took place on Sunday evening, in the large Yasukuni temple of Kyoto. The spirits of the heroes were then declared *kami* (gods) by the ritualist of the Imperial Court. Even His Majesty the Emperor must go to the renowned temple to recite official prayers. The whole nation must honour the brave, by a minute of silence, at half-past ten this morning.

### Wednesday, May 10

Sister Agnes d'Assise<sup>(1)</sup> and Sister Marie Alida<sup>(2)</sup> went to Shirawaka — Reverend Father Laporte's post. The only Christian head of a family in the district had just died and the Pastor wished to give him a very nice funeral, that the pagans might be impressed by it. Our Sisters saw to the preparation of all that was necessary at the church and they also helped in the singing.

On their return from the cemetery, upon the Pastor's request, Sister Marie Alida gave to the deceased man's wife, who is cook at the presbytery, a few hints on Canadian cooking.

### Saturday, May 20

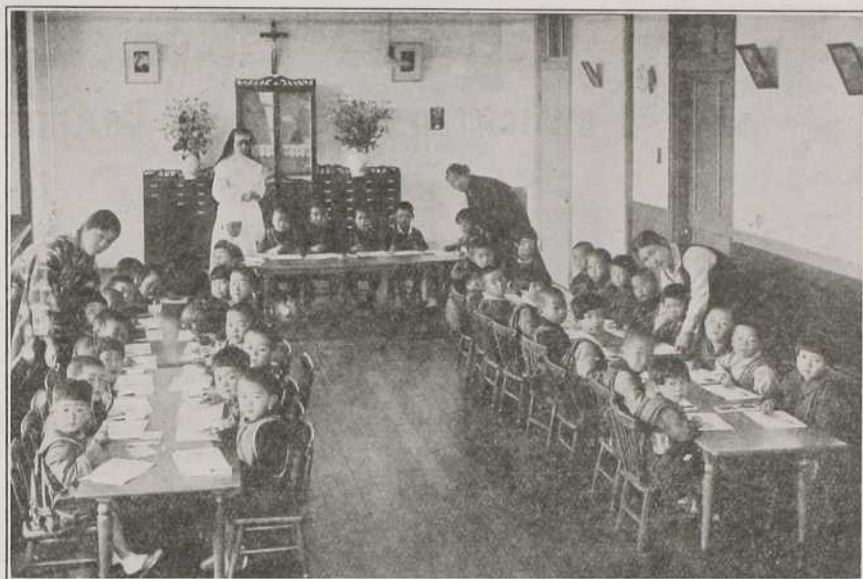
We have been informed of the death of Mr. Matsuyama, who directed a Kindergarten — the only one in the city apart from ours. A simple professor at first, Mr. Matsuyama taught in a primary school, then he launched several philanthropic enterprises and established the first Kindergarten in Koriyama some thirty years ago. Over three thousand children had attended his school, and gratifications were awarded to him by several persons of renown in Japan, for his long years of social service.

According to the customs of the country, two of us had to go and offer our sympathy to the family in mourning. After making the three profound prostrations to the relatives and friends and addressing them with the formulas used on similar circumstances: "*O kinodoku sama* (it is poison for

1. Lucienne RENAUD, Montreal.

2. Rose-Aimée DEMERS, Quebec

your noble heart)", we went and paid our respects to the ashes of the deceased, which were enclosed in a tiny box. In front of this box was the Buddhistic tablet bearing the heavenly name of the dead man, and a lacquered tray containing a Japanese meal: rice, raw fish, green vegetables and



KINDERGARTEN CLASS DIRECTED BY THE MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, KORIYAMA, JAPAN.

cakes made with sweet kidney-bean flour. A Japanese custom obliged us to remain there a few minutes, in silence, with our heads inclined.

The obsequies took place this afternoon at a Buddhistic temple. Our Japanese helpers went to represent our school. At funerals, in Japan, before putting the coffin into the grave, it is customary that all the friends and acquaintances read a few eulogistic sentences to the deceased person. The telegrams of sympathy are also read.

### **Sunday, May 21**

His Excellency Bishop Lemieux came to pay us a visit. Knowing that the Pastor of the little post of Shirawaka was very tired, he sent him to Sendai for a rest, and he travelled six hours by train to go and replace him for Sunday Mass and bring comfort to the poor widow of whom we have spoken above.

His Excellency arrived unexpectedly at Shirawaka, so he had to find all that was necessary to prepare a bed for himself. "Father told me," His Excellency related with his ordinary simplicity, "that there were bed clothes in the trunk in the corner of the room. After searching a while, I finished by finding sheets and quilts; but it was not an easy task, as I had no light and it was already late."

His Excellency urged us to go and visit Shirawaka, where there is much good to be done, so he says.



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

Friday, September 8

On the evening of the Feast of the Nativity of Mary, we were quite unable to express the delightful emotions which we had enjoyed beside Our Heavenly Mother's cradle...

We were not less incapable of acknowledging the profound joy that we felt on receiving and acclaiming our good Mother here below, our Reverend Mother Superior General.

We had been expecting her since Sunday, but this delay had not in the least diminished our filial ardour; on the contrary, the fact of having been restrained for six days had only increased and vivified it, so it seemed.

What have we said? Six days? Was it not six long years since the Dove-cot had re-echoed the joyous accents of a festival in honour of the beloved Mother of our big religious family? The cruel illness of our Venerable Mother Foundress had deprived us of that happiness. But, as Heaven, in response, no doubt, to the prayers and merits of our venerable and dear invalid, had given us another Mother, so good and so like the first one, we retaliated and gave vent to our affection and gratitude.

That is what the eldest of the Novitiate expressed to our dear Mother in a short and touching address this afternoon, at the close of a little intimate entertainment. At the same time, a bouquet of flowers was presented. This was a symbol of the mystical flowers of prayers, virtues, love and gratitude, which we had cultivated in our hearts in anticipation of this beautiful day.

This last number on the program had been preceded by songs, a recitation, piano and violin selections, and a drama in three acts entitled: "God Wills It" — an episode of the seventh crusade full of love for Christ and ardent patriotism.

Gathered around our beloved Mother in our hall, this evening, we admired the respect and love, as well as the pleasure, with which she spoke of our venerable Mother Foundress, related to us a few incidents of her life and told us about her virtues.

Oh! how grateful must we not be to God for having given us such Mothers! How we would like to be their faithful imitators and heirs to their spirit,

so that, realizing the final wish expressed in the cantata that we sang this afternoon, we may be their crown of glory in Heaven and, with them at the feet of Our Immaculate Mother, sing eternal hymns of thanksgiving!

### **Thursday, September 21**

We have been notified of the death of our venerable Archbishop, His Excellency Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi.

If the whole Archdiocese of Montreal is in mourning, our religious family is particularly sorrow-stricken at this grievous loss; for we know — our Superiors have so often told us — that Archbishop Bruchesi was truly a Father to our Community. It was he who, at the feet of His Holiness Pius X, in 1904, pleaded the cause of the nascent Institute; and he constantly upheld our venerable Mother Foundress in the difficulties of the first years of the foundation.

We are not qualified to recall the benefits of this good Pastor; but our chronicles must re-echo faintly, at least, the sentiments that his death excites in our hearts. The novices of old were the object of his paternal benevolence; those of to-day have been grieved by his long martyrdom and offer for him their humble suffrages; those of the future will revere his memory, which, constantly revived by lively gratitude, will endure forever in our Institute.

### **Monday, September 25**

As the funeral of His Excellency Archbishop Bruchesi took place to-day, a Requiem Mass was sung in our chapel for the repose of his soul.

In token of our filial piety and profound gratitude, we most fervently offered the Divine Victim for his intentions.

### **Tuesday, September 26**

The ground was covered with hoar frost this morning. While storing our vegetables safe away from the inclemency of autumn, we felt ourselves pressed to thank Heaven for having rendered our labour so fruitful. The spring, so late and cold, had made us apprehend a meagre harvest; but God set His Hand to it, and the sun and rain, wisely distributed by this Divine Hand, repaired everything.

The fruits of the earth are due to God's paternal love. We return Him thanks for them in our own name and in the name of all those upon whom He lavishes them and who never think of thanking Him.

### **Thursday, September 28**

We shall have, no doubt, some more nice weather; but, certainly, it is not warm just now.

At noon, Mother Mistress had the kindness to provide us with comfortable woolen hoods. To those who have not yet the regulation capes, she offered a whole assortment of winter coats, of various kinds and colours and, needless to say, not of the "latest style"; but that did not bother us at all. The very short ones, and the very tall, and those that are... rather stout, were

obliged to choose cautiously; as for the others, the choice was quickly made... and here we are ready to face the cold and the storms.

### Sunday, October 1

Midst the sadness and sufferings which oppress the world, the Solemnity of the Most Holy Rosary, at the dawn of this month dedicated to Our Lady, has appeared like a ray of hope.

Speaking to us in the name of the Blessed Virgin, pious voices said in a touching hymn: "Take my all-powerful Rosary in hand; with it, you will always be victorious."

What marvels, indeed, can be wrought with this invincible arm, when it is skilfully wielded. Forward, then! The extension of God's Kingdom by the Rosary! Peace by the Rosary!

### Tuesday, October 3

We have celebrated the feast of our illustrious Patroness, Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, with the simple little means at our disposal, but with ardent love. This simplicity, besides, can but have pleased her who has so well preached it by word and example.

We extolled her virtues and her glory, begged her assistance, and decorated her statues; then, many times during the holiday that we have enjoyed in her honour, her sweet name was repeated with admiration, gratitude and confidence.

The day was spent in humble occupations. We had a mending-bee in the forenoon; and, in the afternoon, we undertook to wash the windows of the fourth story.

The autobiography of St. Teresa shows us this holy Carmelite of Lisieux sewing, also, and cleaning the monastery windows; and was it not in the performance of these modest tasks, that she attained such a high degree of holiness?

"Everything is great to great souls," our good Mistresses love to repeat to us; and, again, quite recently, our attention was called to a striking example of that in the Life of St. Charles Garnier, which we are reading in the refectory. This valiant apostle, at a sign from his Superior, would leave a fruitful ministry and apostolic work, in which he excelled, to roam through the woods during whole days in search of a few bunches of wild grapes, with which to make the wine for the Mass. Obedience was his chosen "work": it merited for him the palm of martyrdom.

If, now, in our efforts to attain holiness, we "look for knots in a bulrush", it will not be because we have not been warned against it, nor because we have no models to imitate. Let us follow, then, the examples that the latter have given us by their submission and fidelity in little things, and let us walk in the path of simplicity and love trodden by her whom His Holiness Pius XI has given us for Patroness.

Was it a favour of this amiable little Saint? Yesterday evening, having only artificial flowers with which to adorn the chapel, the sacristans made

the remark, that the Little Flower ought to send them some natural roses; and, quite unexpectedly, they received a beautiful bouquet of them. We like to consider this incident as a pledge of the benevolence with which the powerful Wonder-Worker of Lisieux has received the more important requests, that we have made to her during the novena preparatory to her feast.

### **Sunday, October 8**

Our dear Lord imposed a big sacrifice upon us last Thursday. We were to receive our Sisters destined for the distant Missions; but, some ten cases of grippe having broken out among us, the proposed visit was prudently cancelled, in order not to expose our dear departing missionaries to the contagion, nor permit the ugly microbe to follow them and learn the way to the Mother House.

We keenly felt the privation of this pleasure, and so did our elder Sisters, we imagine, who are leaving this evening without having returned to see the cradle of their religious life. But did our venerable Mother Foundress not often tell us that there are no sacrifices without graces, and no graces without sacrifices? May the one that we have just been obliged to make, be, therefore, fruitful in blessings of all kinds for our travellers during their long voyage, which is more perilous in time of war than at any other period. We affectionately follow them in thought to the train which is to bear them away, to bid them good-bye and offer to Reverend Mother Superior General, who is accompanying them as far as Vancouver, our most filial wishes for a safe journey and a prompt return.

### **Tuesday, October 10**

The malignant grippe, which was desirous of taking up quarters in our Infirmary, has had to acknowledge itself vanquished by the good care lavished upon those affected with it, and has had to relinquish its pretensions. Its victims, now enjoying convalescence, are eager to return to the common life.

There is nothing sad about our white infirmary. Provided with many big windows, through which the sun, when he daigns to shine, is invited to cast floods of light, it is truly cheerful and inviting. Communicating with the chapel and overlooking the sanctuary, it affords its occupants proximity to the Holy Tabernacle, and is, for that reason, universally appreciated.

One day, recently, our noon recreation was devoted to gathering a large number of cattails in a neighbouring swamp; then, we undertook to rid the pasture-land of the thistles, that had become too numerous for our good cattle.

There was, also, the provision of apples to be culled, in order to assure them a long life; that made a merry bee for us. It was then the pumpkins' turn; these, also, were examined very carefully.

Each season brings us new occupations which are always welcome to us, for we have learnt to find true and solid joy in work.

**Wednesday, October 18**

Mother Mistress distributed miraculous medals to us this evening; there was one for each of us; and they came from our venerable Mother Foundress.

Precious jewels would seem worthless compared with this heavenly talisman; and we are as happy as queens to receive it. Token of the all-powerful protection of Our Immaculate Mother, it will remind us, also, that we have, at Cote des Neiges, another good and loving Mother, who, in her sick-room, thinks of us and prays for us.

**Thursday, October 19**

After exercising the meritorious apostolate of suffering for many a long month, dear Sister St. Césaire expired this morning at Nominingue. Several weeks ago, her condition having become alarming, she was recommended to the prayers of the Community; and, since then, we have not ceased to beg Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin to help her.

Our lamented Sister had, last September, the happiness of seeing for the last time her former Novice Mistress and she promised her that, from the heights of Heaven, which she felt very near at hand, she would graciously hear the requests that would be made to her. Relying on her promise, we shall not fail to beg her to intercede for her little Sister Novices, that they may persevere in their fervour.

**Thursday, October 26**

Reverend Mother Superior General has returned from Vancouver. We rejoice at her safe arrival inasmuch as we shared the happiness that this maternal visit afforded our dear Sisters out there. Oh! yes, what great happiness they must have had! The pleasure, the real, profound joy, that pervades the Dove-cot when Our Mother comes, gives us an idea of it. But the distance, the long years of separation, the isolation from all the other houses of our Institute, are certainly so many factors which have multiplied thousands and thousands of times all that our young experience can imagine. Some day, perhaps, far from our native land, we, too, shall enjoy these delicious family emotions; and how sweet they will be to us, since they already seem so enviable to us!

**Thursday, November 2**

The chapel, which was decorated for All Saints' Day with beautiful crowns, lights and flowers, and resounded with joyful hymns, has assumed a funereal aspect, to-day. The main altar is draped with purple. Our hearts, too, are in mourning and filled with the thought of our dear departed ones. The organ was not silent, however, and there was singing; after two Low Masses, we had a High Mass. It is that, as Msgr. Gaume says somewhere, "Catholicism sings always. It sings its joys and its sorrows; its fears and its most rigorous expiations. It sings even death and the mysteries of the grave. It sings always, because it loves always, and its love is immortal."

**Friday, November 3**

We were very much tempted, to-day, to tease the Sister in charge of the regulation bell. Listen why...

Our dormitories, all white and blue, were enveloped in profound sleep, when, all of a sudden, a novice awoke with a start, seized the alarm-clock on her washstand and nervously consulted it. It indicated twenty-five past two; but, haunted by the fear that, perhaps, it had "forgotten" to ring at five o'clock, Sister thought it was ten past five, and was up at a bound. The mocking moon was the sole witness of the scene; but, soon, the bell was pealing and we were all up. We had ardently responded to the *Benedicamus Domino*; nevertheless, our eyes were very heavy and, despite energetic ablutions with cold water, we were still drowsy. And Lady Moon laughed at this second scene...

We were preparing to go down to the chapel; some of us who had certain duties to perform, were already at work: lighting the fire, setting the tables for breakfast, etc. The Sisters who went to the stable and hen-house found something strange about the animals; the milk-pails were not as full as usual; the cocks were all timid-looking — they that had often awakened us too early this summer, were surely dreading our vengeance... The error was at last discovered, and we were bidden to go back to bed. But, before closing our eyes, we could see the silver moon casting a sarcastic glance upon our dormitories, which had become dark and silent again.

This little nocturnal adventure has been the occasion of serious reflections. We had retired thinking of death, which was to be the subject of our meditation, this morning. How, then, can we not remark: "Will not the great eternal awakening ring, likewise, sooner than we expect it? And that one will be irrevocable!"

Besides these practical applications, our narrative has an epilogue. To her great satisfaction, the Sister in charge of the regulation bell has been provided with a clock having phosphorescent figures, and she has taken the resolution to look at it twice before giving the signal for rising.

**Sunday, November 5**

The sky is overcast... And we were intending to go to contemplate the marvels of the starry firmament, this evening! For want of something better, we studied them on cosmographic maps. A little deceived at first, we were then captivated by the simple description of the planets, constellations, nebulae, etc., and by the consideration of the incommensurable proportions of these heavenly bodies, represented by tiny black dots.

Next Sunday, if the sky is clear, we are decided to go to recognize them, set like brilliant pearls in the boundless blue.



Many men live as if they had no souls. In their traffic of this life they scheme as if they were to live forever. In their preparation for death they trifle as if there were no life beyond the grave.

—Cardinal Manning.

## In Loving Memory of Dear Sister St. Césaire

*who died at Nominigüe, October 19, 1939.*

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On February 12, 1905, the home of Mr. Napoléon Ouimet and his wife, née Marie Anne Chamberland, of St. Césaire de Rouville, was blessed with a little one, that was named Marie Clara Germaine in Baptism. The parents thought, at first, that God had but lent them the frail little creature; but, after many months, she finished by becoming acclimatized on earth and grew up full of life.

Speaking of her childhood, our lamented companion related the following incident, which she always recalled with gratitude. "When, about five years old," she said, "I had begun to attend school, I took the notion, one morning, to remain at home, so as to be able to play more at ease. I confided my desire to Mama, who told me to speak of it to Papa. I went immediately to my dear father, who replied to my request by a decided *no*. The lesson, though short, was well understood, for never again did I think of renewing such a request, despite my young age and the longing that I had sometimes to satisfy my attraction for amusements."

At Christmas, that same year, little Germaine received Our Eucharistic Lord for the first time. It was, however, on the occasion of her consecration to the Blessed Virgin, at the Convent of the Reverend Sisters of the Presentation, of St. Césaire, that the Immaculate Queen of Virgins gave her the first call to the religious life.

A providential coincidence having put the young lady in relation with a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, the future missionary's vocation was determined; and, from that day forth, she cherished an ardent desire to embrace the missionary career, which seemed to her the most enviable of all. It was a long time, however, before she definitely abandoned the world. "It seemed impossible for me," she said, "to leave my parents, relatives and friends, and my home, that I so dearly loved and where I had everything in abundance; but a voice stronger than nature's incessantly repeated to me: 'Yes, it is possible.' Finally, no longer able to live in such indecision, I resolved to declare to my family, in December, 1927, my intention to enter the Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. 'You are not happy here?' said Papa. 'What is wanting?' This dear father, no doubt to try my constancy, made me wait a while longer."

Finally, on March 1, 1928, Miss Ouimet became a postulant of the Immaculate Conception. In the midst of her companions, she led the joyful and modest life of the missionary aspirants, until September 8, 1930, when she made profession in the chapel of our Novitiate, at Pont Viau. Shortly afterwards, she went to the Mother House, where she remained until Febru-

ary 15, 1936. It was then that, the merciless disease of tuberculosis of the lungs revealing its threatening symptoms, Sister St. Césaire had to be taken to Nominigüe, where the climate of the Laurentides often cures diseases of this kind.

Naturally very ardent, our dear companion had built upon a long apostolic career. During the first two years of her illness, she awaited her recovery with confidence; but, when she was given to understand that her trouble was incurable, she instinctively shuddered. The dear invalid seemed to cling to life. "No," she said, "I cannot die now; I am too young and I have not yet done anything for God."

The sudden death of one of her companions, last November, was a revelation to her; and, for the first time, she was ready to face death calmly. With the help of grace, she resolutely made the sacrifice of her life; and her oblation was irrevocable. The fear of death, which had seemed innate in her, was replaced by trustful self-surrender. A serene and, sometimes, expansive joy took possession of her. God granted her then the grace that our Venerable Mother Foundress has solicited for each of her Daughters: that of living and dying joyfully.

"I am not anxious for either the past or the future," she confided to her Superieure, "I am happy to live peacefully in the present. I desire neither life nor death; I wish only God's Holy Will and I surrender myself unreservedly to it. I do not think that I shall be loaded with merits when I arrive in Heaven; but, since God chooses to take me as I am, I commend myself into His merciful Arms." During the last months of her life, no complaint escaped her; she let herself be conducted and handled like a little child.

According to the testimony of the Sisters who approached her during her illness, she was especially edifying by her delicate discretion and charity during conversations. She missed no opportunity to defend others; her attention on this point was extreme.

On certain days, when the desire for the distant missions was uppermost in her soul, the dear invalid would say with her feeble, yet expressive, voice: "It is an enormous sacrifice to die at the age of thirty-four, after having such an ardent desire to expend my life in the missions!" God, Whose ways are not ours, had decreed Sister St. Césaire's field of apostolate to be a humble infirmary and her conquering arm, the obscure immolation of a long illness.

Towards the end of last summer, our dear companion received very devoutly the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Reverend Father S. Noiseux, Pastor of Nominigüe, by his devotedness and priestly experience, helped our beloved Sister to pass serenely and meritoriously the difficult phase of her illness and the still more dreadful one of her last moments.

On September 14th last, Reverend Mother General went to bring maternal and consoling encouragement to her dear Daughter. The little invalid heartily enjoyed her visit and expressed several times how happy and grateful she was to die a Missionary of the Immaculate Conception.

The supreme call was to come only on October 19th. In the forenoon, Sister had a weak spell. Reverend Father J. Dupont, the curate, who was at our Convent to distribute Holy Communion to the sick Sisters, was called to her bedside. He gave her Extreme Unction and the Indulgence *in articulo mortis*. Then, seeing that she was quickly diminishing, the little Community, encircling her bed, began the prayers for the dying. At that part which invites the soul to leave the earth: "In the name of the holy Virgins, etc.", Sister opened her eyes, gazed calmly above and breathed her last. It was a quarter past seven. The joy that was reflected in her countenance at that moment inclined us to think that our dear companion had a glimpse of Paradise. With her soul quite recently purified, she left the earth to throw herself into the Arms of God, Whom she was pleased to call "her good Papa". Such was the consoling assurance that Reverend Father Noiseux, P. P., gave us after her holy death. "This little Sister has gone straight to Heaven," he said.

The Funeral Service was sung in the church of Nominingue, on Saturday, October 21st, in presence of the following: Mr. and Mrs. Ouimet, the parents of our dear deceased, and several other members of her family; our sympathetic neighbours, the Reverend Sisters of the Holy Cross and their pupils; and a good number of the parishioners of Nominingue. Reverend Father Noiseux, P. P., officiated at the Service. The remains were accompanied to the cemetery by Reverend Fathers J. Dupont, curate, and Boyer, C. S. C., and the good Sisters of the Holy Cross, who wished to give us this last token of fraternal sympathy.

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### The Value of Time

"Time is worth what Heaven is worth," says St. Bernard. Nothing is more true, because not only will no one attain Heaven without having passed through the trials of time, but he will only obtain it, according to the Divine promises, as the reward of the good use of time. This eternal reward can depend upon a single moment well employed. Witness the good thief: his life had been a bad one; he was on the point of death. In that awful moment, enlightened by grace, he humbly acknowledged his sins and implored mercy from Our Divine Saviour. Immediately, Heaven was promised to him; Jesus said to him: "This day, thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." (St. Luke, 23: 43).

What estimate ought we not then to make of the time which is given to us, since the good employment of it can merit for us the eternal possession of Heaven and each well-employed moment can merit for us a new degree of glory and happiness in Heaven?

God bestows His gifts and graces upon us in torrents; but time, He gives us only drop by drop: no one ever received two instants of it at once. And how people waste this precious time! They spend it in trifles; they study how to get rid of it; they use it to offend God and bring upon themselves eternal misery.

—B. Vercruysse, S. J.



## *The Children's Page*

DEAR CHILDREN,

Our temperament, ideas, etc. are influenced, so it seems, by the variations of the weather, the peculiarities of the seasons. There is no doubt about that.

Thus, when I chat about the warm rays of the sun, myriad melodies and all kinds of pleasant things, the orb of day is high in the firmament, I am rejoiced by the warbling of birds and the chirping of insects, and charmed by the pretty flowers that deck the fields and woods... It is summer-time. But, when the leaves have fallen lifeless in the woods and are buried deep under the snow, when the long bare branches of the trees are glistening with icicles, when the birds and insects with their merry songs have fled before the biting blasts, when all nature, silent and frigid, is enveloped in its long winter sleep, your Great Friend, dear Children, becomes pensive.

Of the fallen leaf no longer to be seen, of the bird that has flown, he inquires: "Where are you?..." and the buried leaf replies: "I have returned to the earth whence I came." But the bird, flying 'neath other skies, answers triumphantly: "Thanks to my wings, I have betaken myself to warmer climes."

### WINGS!

Oh! what a great advantage it is to have wings!... Wings to fly from one place to another, to bear us towards those whom we love!... Wings to fly far from the earth in times of sorrow, to soar towards the sun, penetrate the clouds and attain God's realms beyond the skies!...

My body cannot have wings. Like the fallen leaves, it must return to the earth whence it came. There it will remain, dust and ashes, until the resounding trumpets will call forth from the bowels of the earth all the human beings enclosed therein from the beginning to the end of time. Thus it is said in the Holy Scriptures: "The Son of man shall send His angels with a trumpet, and a great voice: and they shall gather together His elect, from the four winds, from the farthest parts of the heavens to the utmost bounds of them."

It is then that the Sign of the Redemption, the Cross, will appear in the heavens, all men will be judged, the wicked will be precipitated into the depths, and the just with their bodies glorified like Our Lord's, will enter into the Eternal Kingdom. "Christ's resurrection is the model of ours," says St. Paul.

At that moment, and forever, my body will have wings — it will be

endowed with the preternatural quality of agility which will enable it to move with the rapidity of thought —, but, until that time, it cannot have any.

And my soul?... Ah! my soul, yes, it can have wings, and beautiful, and long, and broad ones!...

Thus, in thought, I can betake myself from one place to another, I can fly towards those that I love, and roam far away from the earth, through the fathomless skies, to the very feet of God! But, in order to be able to soar so high, my soul must not be bound to earth by sin, or by any human affection which has not its source in God. The sentiment which animates it must be ardent; and the more this sentiment, which is called love, is pure and vehement, the more beautiful and powerful will be its wings, the more direct and higher will they fly!

Soar, my Soul, soar to the realms above;  
Seek ever more the Kingdom of Love.  
Fight the good fight: breaking every tie,  
Hasten thy flight — happiness is nigh.

#### TRUE HAPPINESS

All human beings desire happiness... they hunger and thirst after it, and seek to acquire it. It is not surprising, since we have been made for happiness. Has not God created us to know, love and serve Him here on earth and to be happy with Him forever in Heaven? It is He Who has given us this thirst for happiness, this inclination towards our eternal bliss. Here below, even, we can be happy, we can have a foretaste of our future felicity; but how many, alas! seek happiness there where it is not! They believe it to be disguised in wealth, honours, pleasures; and they work, sometimes, very hard and for a long time, to attain possession of these false treasures. Scarcely have they obtained them, when they discover in them but void, illusion, disenchantment and disgust.

Your Great Friend, also, dear Children, desired happiness. He sought it and, thank God, he has found it!... First of all, he discovered the principles of it: he meditated these and, then, endeavoured to put them into practice, at the cost of many an effort, many an attempt, many a day... But, now, he is enjoying his victory; he feels very happy, as happy as it is possible to be here below. The little troubles to be found in every life are not lacking in his, but they make no impression on him. "Crosses", even, under various forms come to him, but they contribute to increase his happiness.

Your Great Friend would like to obtain happiness for you, dear Children, but your personal efforts are necessary for that... Seek, then, first of all, the principles of it... Where?

Your Great Friend found them in two little books, which are available to all: the *Holy Gospels* and the *Imitation of Christ*. Seek them with attention and perseverance... and, when you will have found them, see how you can put them into practice.

#### LOVE ONE ANOTHER

It is all very well to make ourselves happy; but that is not all... we must endeavour to make others happy. Then only shall we accomplish the whole

law and the perfection comprised in the great commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and thy neighbour as thyself for the love of God."

It is not said: "Thou shalt love thyself," for love of self is innate in man; it dominates him and monopolizes his heart, if habitual violence is not opposed to it.

Love your neighbour as yourself means to wish him and do to him, whenever you have the opportunity of doing so, all the good that you would wish others to do to you, and to spare him all the evil that you would wish others to spare you.

Without the love of God, there is no real love of our neighbour, no charity towards him; but, with love, everything is possible. "Love makes everything easy," says a pious author. Example:

Two little girls of four were playing together. One was a French Canadian who did not know a word of English; the other was English and could not speak a word of French. However, they were getting along wonderfully together.

A lady who was watching them, asked: "What are you doing there, Children?"

To this question in English, the little English-speaking child answered: "We are playing."

"How can you play together, since you do not understand each other?" continued the former.

"We do understand each other," replied the little girl.

"But you do not know French and your little playmate does not speak English," remarked the lady.

"That is true, but we understand each other just the same," insisted the little one.

"How is that? Can you explain it to me?" she inquired, quite puzzled.

Taking her companion's hand, the tiny tot, with an angelic expression in her clear, innocent eyes, gave her interlocutor this wise explanation: "It is because we love each other!..."

#### THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT

Before leaving you, dear Children, I should like to say a word to you about the Holy Season of Lent.

"But," you will, perhaps, say, "Lent is not for us; we are not old enough to fast."

No, you are not obliged to fast. Nevertheless, you must do some penance, for has not Our Lord said: "Except you do penance, you shall all likewise perish"; and, by *all*, does He not mean children as well as grown-up people? Yes, we are all sinners; and, after the loss of baptismal innocence, there is no other road to Heaven but that of penance. We are all, then, obliged to do penance, and a penance proportioned to the number and gravity of our sins. We are obliged to do it at all times, but especially in the holy time of Lent; and all of us, whatever may be our age or our strength, we can all do penance one way or another.

Now, how can children do penance?

Oh! there are so many ways, that it would be impossible to mention them all... Besides, it is not necessary to mention them all — children are always so ingenious in finding ways and means, when they want to do something! Of course, they cannot fast like grown-up people, nor can they sacrifice their night's rest to hours of prayer and hard labour, as did the Fathers of the desert in their vigils; they cannot, either, like these holy penitents, inflict upon themselves corporal mortifications. And yet, they can do all that in a way adapted to their age and strength.

Yes, indeed, dear Children, you can imitate grown-up people in their fast, by depriving yourselves of sweets and dainties; by eating, without a murmur, the food that is served to you, whether it pleases you or not, etc., etc. You can imitate the vigils, prayers and hard labour of the holy Penitents, by rising early in the morning and assisting at daily Mass; by being ever faithful in reciting your morning and evening prayers; by helping your dear Parents in their household tasks; and by being assiduous in your studies.

And the mortification of the Hermits, how can you practise it?... By every evil thought that you suppress; by every idle word that you refuse to speak; by every little sacrifice that you must make in order to be good, faithful to your duties, obedient to your parents and teachers, and kind and charitable to your companions... Then, there are all the little aches and pains and disappointments which, if suffered with patience and in silence, would be most precious acts of penance.

Sacrifices — that means mortification and penance — are to be encountered at every moment of the day. Make as many as you can, and you will see how happy you will be, at Easter, for having done so.

This little poem, which I have just read and shall transcribe for you, will, perhaps, encourage you.

*Your Great Friend,*

THE PRECURSOR.

### **Lenten Promises**

"I'll mind the baby!" said frolicsome Nannie;

"I'll cut the kindling!" said lazy John;

"I'll help with the dishes!" said frivolous Fanny;

"We'll *all* be good!" said every one.

"I'll *never* be saucy!" said hotheaded Harry;

"I'll eat no sweetmeats!" said greedy Jim;

"I'll try to be useful!" said silent Carry;

"I'll do what I can!" said thoughtful Tim.

All through Lent they tended the baby,

Cut the kindling, and kept things trim;

Nor scolded nor quarrelled nor tasted candy,—

Silent Carry and thoughtful Tim.

— *H. Willis.*

# 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 SUZ.

I render a special homage of gratitude to Our Lady for a favour received. Miss N. R., **Bryson, Que.** — Thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes for two favours. Miss H. M., **Montreal.** — I thank Our Blessed Mother with all my heart for a great favour, and I ask her maternal protection for myself, my husband, and children, in the future. A Subscriber, **Kirkland Lake, Ont.** — I have obtained a favour in regard to my work and thank the Blessed Virgin for it, hoping that she will now help my husband, that he may find a position. Mrs. J. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a great favour obtained. Mrs. M. Ducie, **Montreal.** — Thanks to the Immaculate Conception for many favours obtained through her wonderful protection of our home. Lifelong client. — I have obtained a great grace. Please continue praying for my daughter that she may have better health and secure a position. Mrs. R. G., **Marlboro, Mass.** — My favour has been granted. Please help me with your prayers for another request which I know God will grant me through His Blessed Mother. Mrs. L., **St. L., Holyoke, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Remember my family in all your prayers. Mrs. L. D., **North Malden, Ont.** — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin from the bottom of my heart, for through her intercession, my work has been made easier. I also wish you to pray for a special intention of mine. Mr. A. G., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Kindly help me to thank the Blessed Virgin for having obtained work for me. Please continue praying that it may be a steady position, and that my wife may have good health. R. S., **Massena, N. Y.** — About a year ago, I wrote and asked for prayers in order to find work. I have been employed in the shops for eight months now and wish to express my most heartfelt gratitude to the Blessed Virgin. A. J. C., **Southbridge, Mass.** — I am grateful to Our Blessed Mother for a favour received. Mrs. J. S., **Whitinsville, Mass.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. I request another one. Mrs. A. B., **Collinsville, Mass.** — I am happy to acquit myself of my promise, for I have obtained the favour I was asking for through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. I am asking you to please pray for my wife who is in poor health. Mr. L. L. — About two weeks ago, I made a wish which has been granted, and I thank the Blessed Virgin from the bottom of my heart. A. J. C., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Mrs. J. D., **North Adams, Mass.** — I have obtained a favour through the intercession of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. Pray for my intentions. Mrs. P. D., **Kirkland Lake, Ont.** — A special favour was granted me. Please remember me in your daily prayers. Miss J. P., **Anthony, R. I.** — My petitions were granted and I am truly grateful. Please continue praying for my intentions. Mrs. J. A. K., **Dover Foxcroft, Me.** — Many thanks from the bottom of my heart, to the Blessed Virgin Mary, for the favours I have received. I hope you will remember my grandchild in your prayers, so that he may enjoy good health hereafter. Mrs. C. B. W., **Rumford, Me.** — Thanksgiving to Our Lady for a favour received. I humbly ask for prayers for myself, for my father and my family in general. Mrs. A. A., **Timmins, Ont.** — I wrote asking you to join me in making two Novenas for special favours. One of them was granted at the end of last year, and the other, this year. I am pleased to acquit myself of my promise. Mrs. A. MacF., **South Braintree, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favours received. Please continue praying, that I may obtain another favour. Miss R. S., **Limestone, Me.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin, I have obtained a cure. Mrs. E. R. M., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for my brother's cure. Miss M. L. B., **Quebec.** — I wish to express my profound gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for her special protection. G. R. — I am coming to thank the Blessed Virgin for a favour she has obtained for me. D. L., **Newton Falls, Ont.** — I have obtained a good result through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. I thank Our Heavenly Mother and beg her to obtain for me better health. Mrs. E. L., **Sabattus, Me.** — Thanksgiving to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother for protection at work. Mrs. L. A. L., **Northbridge, Mass.** — Thanks to Our Heavenly Mother, my daughter has obtained her diploma. Mrs. O. B., **Lac-au-Saumon.** — Thanks to the protection of the Blessed Virgin, my nephew has found work. A thousand thanks! Miss O. P., **Montreal.** — I am pleased to acquit myself of a promise in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Miss M. A. L. — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained through her intercession. M. A. L., **Central Falls.** — Lively gratitude to the Immaculate Virgin for the grace of a good position she has granted me. Miss A. L., **Chicopee Falls, Mass.** — I have obtained the favour I was requesting. I beg you to thank the Blessed Virgin with me. Mrs. E. C., **Sorel.** — I thank the Blessed Virgin for the great

grace she has granted me. Anonymous, **Ville Emard**. — Kindly thank the Blessed Virgin who has hearkened to my prayers. Mrs. S. G., **St. Hyacinthe**. — Sincere thanks for a favour obtained. I request other graces. Mrs. J. R., **Cote St. Paul**. — I asked you to make a Novena to the Sacred Heart for my intention. My request was granted last week. Heartfelt thanks to the Loving Heart of Jesus. Mrs. J. B. D., **North Malden, Ont.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained from the Sacred Heart. M. G., **Westmount**. — Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Virgin for three favours received. A. L., **Westmount**. — I am pleased to tell you that I have obtained a great favour from the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. Miss L. B., **Aubrey**.

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."

Would you please make a novena, that I may obtain a good position in the near future. Also pray that a friend of mine may get a better position. We would like you to pray for our intentions in general. A Subscriber, **Sutton**. — Would you please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin, that our daughter's arm may be cured. A Subscriber, **Fitchburg, Mass.** — Please make a Novena in honour of the Most Immaculate Mother for my father who is very sick. Miss S. K., **Renfrew, Ont.** — Will you please pray, that I may obtain a special favour. Miss E. McC., **Larder Lake, Ont.** — I would like you to pray, that I may get work, as I have no one to depend upon and I am very miserable. Mr. E. P., **Springfield, Vt.** — Would you kindly pray for my intentions. Mrs. M. P., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Please pray for my two sons, that they may find work and that they may live holy lives. Mrs. J. D., **Easthampton, Mass.** — Again I am asking a request for my granddaughter, that she may find a position, as she has graduated and seems quite anxious to get work. Mrs. C. E. R., **Sutton, Que.** — Please pray, that I may obtain special favours. Mrs. B. H. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Please pray for my boy who has a weak eye, that it may become stronger, as he wishes to become a priest and his father is a convert. An old Subscriber. — Would you kindly pray for my sister. After being well for two months, she has had two bad spells in two weeks. I am pleased to tell you that my arm is getting along fine. We both have great faith in the Blessed Virgin and the Miraculous Medal. Mrs. A. D., **Millbury, Mass.** — Will you make a special Novena, or pray to the Blessed Virgin, that I may obtain work in the City, very soon. Miss M. R., **Bryson, Que.** — Kindly have votive candles burn at the Shrine of the Blessed Virgin for two special intentions. Mr. M. J. B., **Pineville, N. B.** — Will you please say a special prayer that I may be cured of spells I get, also, that I may obtain a steady position and be successful in my work. Miss H. C. B., **Somerville, Mass.** — Kindly remember my intentions in your prayers. Miss H. M., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my intentions. — Would you please make a Novena for my mother that her nerves may get better if it be God's Will. Mrs. L. DeB., **Blenheim, Ont.** — Will you please pray to the Blessed Virgin for a special intention of my father and brother. Miss K. K., **Montreal**. — Please pray to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for me. I am asking for a very special favour for my husband. Mrs. J. S. M., **Montreal**. — Kindly publish my requests in THE PRECURSOR: 1. Spiritual help. 2. Protection and help financially. Henrietta McD. — Will you please offer up a prayer for two special requests. Also pray that my dear relatives may overcome financial difficulties. E. A. D. — Kindly publish my thanksgiving, as I have obtained a great favour through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. A. P., **St. Alban, Vt.** — Will you kindly join me in a Novena for a special intention. Also pray for my health. Mrs. L. F., **South Brewer, Me.** — I request the Blessed Virgin's help, as I am feeling very bad and something affects me very much. Mrs. A. B., **Skowhegan, Me.** — I will ask you to pray for me, as I have a great favour to obtain. Miss A. B., **Rouyn, Que.** — Will you kindly make a Novena for three special intentions, which will mean a great deal to our family. A Subscriber, **Sutton, Que.** — I beg the Immaculate Conception to help my husband and myself in our struggles to maintain our home. I beg her to increase our business or else make a change for the best. Please make a Novena to Our Blessed Mother, that we may clear all our bills. A Subscriber. — Kindly make another Novena to the Blessed Virgin for my son. He has something wrong with his stomach and is very nervous at times. He cannot work very hard because he often takes weak spells.

Mrs. C. W. B., **Blackville, N. B.** — Please begin a Novena to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal and our Mother of Perpetual Help for several favours: courage, health, success in an undertaking, in order to pay overdue debts, and a position for my son. A Subscriber, **Kirkland Lake, Ont.** — Will you please pray for my husband that he may get better. Mrs. M. K., **Renfrew, Ont.** — Please pray for me, that I may obtain the grace I am asking. Mrs. B. H. C., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Please pray that I may find a position soon. Miss M. T., **Montreal.** — I beg the Immaculate Conception to cure me or, at least, to give me resignation in my sufferings. L. L. — Kindly pray for my brother who is sick and implore the protection of the Blessed Virgin for my family. Y. D. — A person very dear to me is grievously ill and is afraid to die. Please pray for him. Mrs. T. B., **Guigues.** — I ask for health, that I may be able to continue my work. L. D., **Salem, Mass.** — Health for my husband. Mrs. R. B., **St. Liguori.** — My husband is paralysed and cannot even eat alone, kindly pray for his cure. Mrs. H. G., **St. Agatha, Me.** — I am ill and I fear to lose my memory. Please pray for me. Mrs. N. C., — I have lost my husband and am ill and in trouble. Kindly pray for me. Mrs. C. F., **Indian Orchard.** — Kindly pray for my intentions. Miss D. T., **Woonsocket, R. I.**

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

Reverend Father Thomas W. O'Reilly, St. Mary's Hospital, **Montreal**; Reverend Father J. H. Fréchette, P. P., **St. Claire de Dorchester**; Reverend Father G. Germain, P. P., **St. Denis de Kamouraska**; Reverend Sister Charles Edward, Sisters of the Holy Family, **Sherbrooke**; Mr. Joseph Bellavance, **Rimouski**, father of our Sister Thérèse de Jésus; Mrs. Victor Germain, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister Marie de l'Incarnation; Mr. Joseph Desaulniers, **Shawinigan Falls**, father of our Sister Marie Louise de Jésus; Mrs. Georges Larouche, **Nashua, N. H.**, mother of our Sister Imelda de Jésus; Mrs. Cyprien Fleurent, **St. Germain de Grantham**, mother of our Sister Ste. Emérentienne; Messrs. Ch. Antoine and Ph. Auguste Jacques, **St. Joseph de Beauce**, brothers of our Sister Louise de France; Mrs. Ernest Beauchemin, **Roxton Falls**, sister of our Sister Leon Marie, Novice; Mr. Lorenzo Bouillé, **Cap de la Madeleine**, father of our Sister Bouillé, postulant; Mrs. Arsène Fyfe, **St. Constant**, grandmother of our Sisters Ste. Constance and Ste. Bernadette; Mrs. Jos. Vallières, **Thetford Mines, P. Q.**; Doctor Rupert Derome, **Montreal**; Mr. James Bossie, **Fort Kent, Me.**; Mr. J. Murphy, **Montreal**; Mr. Charles Haynes, **Montreal**; Mrs. Arthur Daigle, **Lewiston, Me.**; Miss Alice Solman, **Fort Fairfield, Me.**; Miss Mary M. Shanks, **Smith Falls, Ont.**; Mr. John McGrath, **Biddford, Me.**; Mr. John Murphy, **Biddeford, Me.**; Mrs. Jane Ropple, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. Edward Keough, **Fournier, Ont.**; Mrs. Mary Croak, **Montreal**; Mr. J. O. Bousquet, **Montreal**; Mr. Edward Kelly, **Point St. Charles**; Miss Alice O'Reilly, **Westmount**; Mr. Francis Burke, **Quebec**; Mr. W. Redmond, **Quebec**; Mrs. Sarah Cullen, **Montreal**; Mrs. Anna Sirois, **Westbrook, Me.**; Mrs. A. Grégoire, **Beaconsfield**; Mrs. Marie Thibodeau, **Rumford, Me.**; Mrs. James Coleman, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mrs. Sarah Pashby, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. James McKenna, **St. Janvier**; Mrs. Mary R. Teehan, **Arlington, Mass.**; Mr. George LeSage, **Everett, Mass.**; Mrs. Helen O'Donoghue, **Arlington, Mass.**; Mr. Edward O'Donoghue, **Arlington, Mass.**; Mr. Dolphis Thibault, **Woonsocket, R. I.**; Mrs. Cyrus Ordway, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mr. Thompson D. Wilbur, **West Pembroke, Me.**; Miss Mary L. Wilbur, **Washington**; Mr. Michael S. Donahue, **Presqu'Isle, Me.**; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crawford, **Littleton, Me.**; Mr. James Crawford, **Littleton, Me.**; Mr. Walter J. Keating, **Houlton, Me.**

## Please Help the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

*By procuring work for them.*

THE Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have a workroom in which are made church vestments and altar linens, the profit from which is destined to support their Mother House and Novitiate.

Missionaries must train for several years before being able to commence their apostolic work in foreign fields.

The articles mentioned on the page entitled "By Patronizing our Workroom", may be procured, on reasonable terms, at the workroom of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Montreal, Que.

We paint to order, spiritual bouquets, calendars with pictures of Our Lady, the Holy Family, the Little Flower, St. Bernadette Soubirous, and mission scenes, First Communion and Confirmation badges, scapulars, *Agnus Deis*, cushions, etc.

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Procure for the Missions.

# Benefactors of the Society

of the

## Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

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

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

4. — For the same intentions, the members of the Community make, every day, the Guard of Honour to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The Guard of Honour is also made at the Shek Lung Lazaretto. There, the poor leper women, in successive groups of fifteen, continue the Rosary for the intentions of the Society's Benefactors.

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

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

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