

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XII, 18th Year

MONTREAL, May-June, 1940

No. 9

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

IN CANADA

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

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

NOVITIATE, Pont Viau (near Montreal), Laval Co.

OUTREMONT, Que., 314 St. Catherine Road.

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

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

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

GRANBY, Que., 279 Main St., (Founded in 1931).

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

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

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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Chasuble, damask silk, silk braid.....	\$ 17.00 and \$ 25.00	
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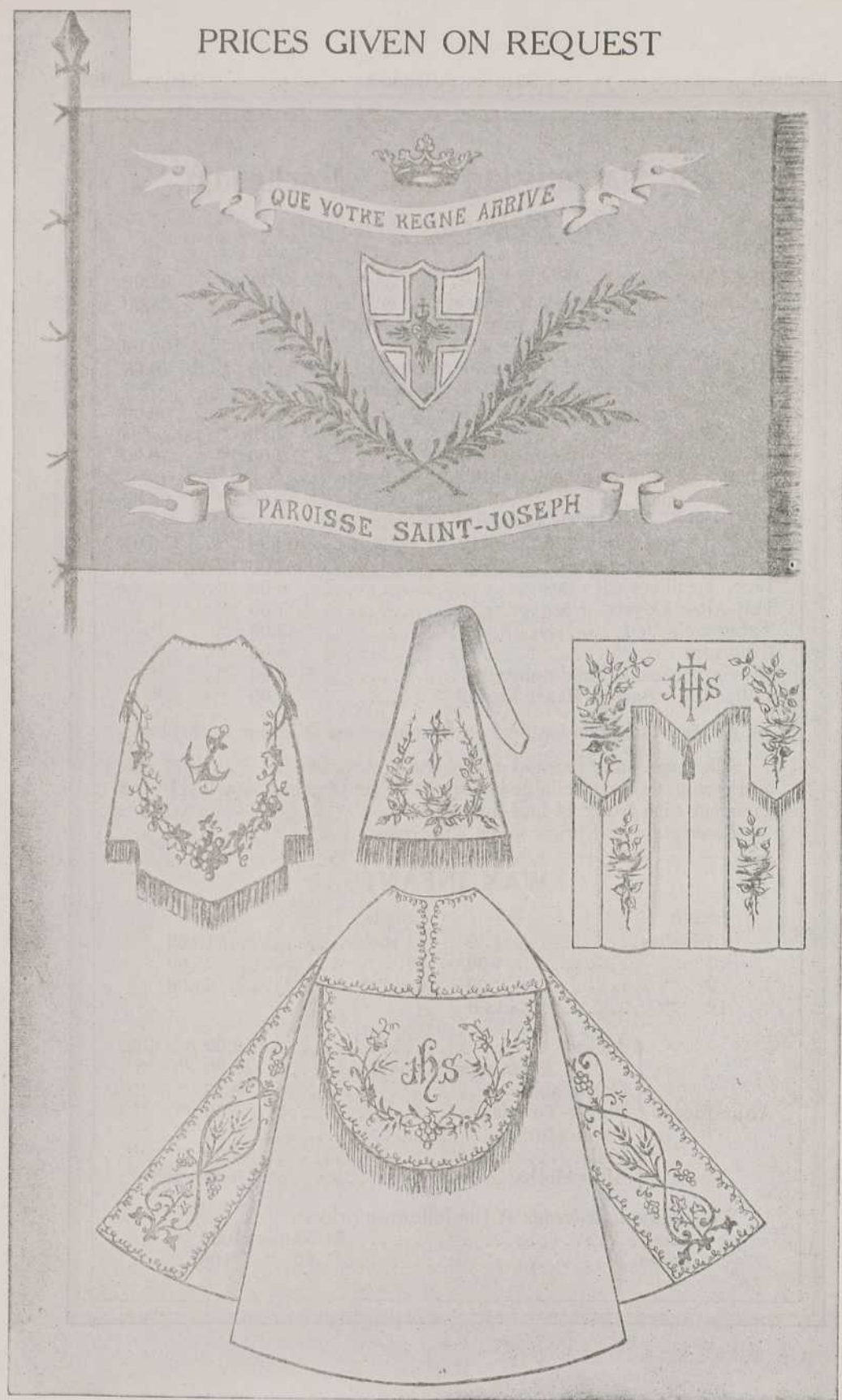
WAX INFANTS

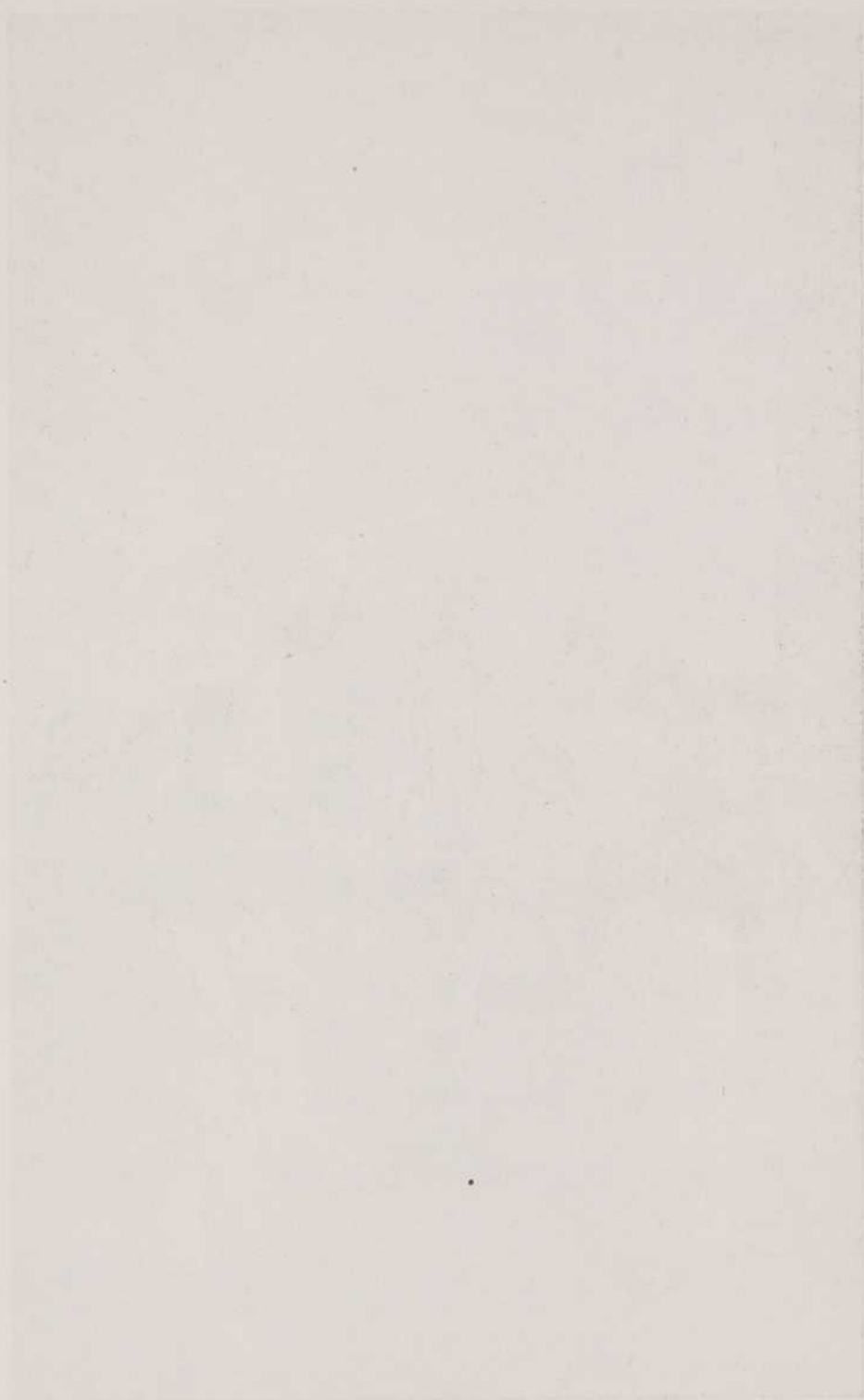
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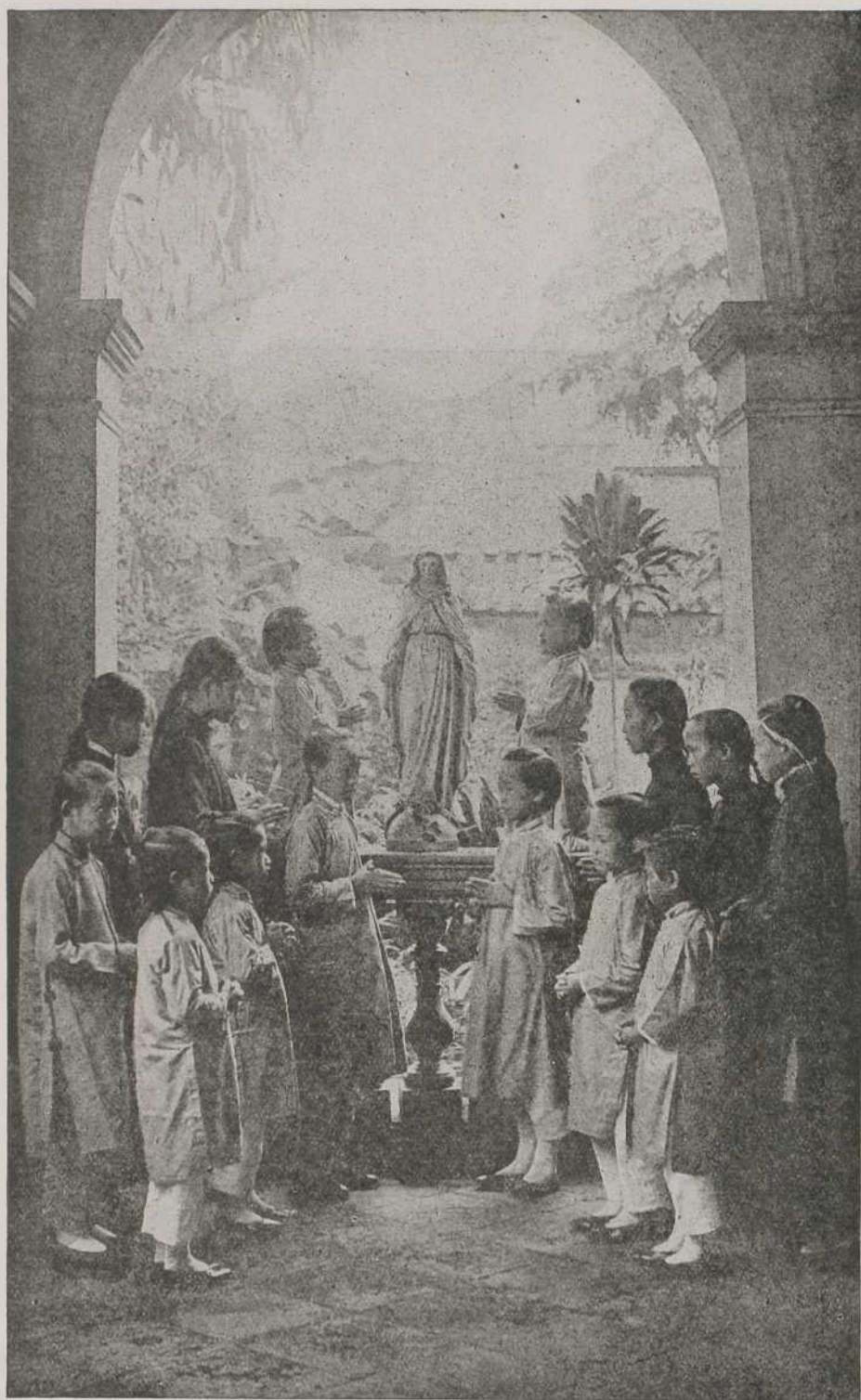
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Large.....	.40 “ 100

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

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of the Immaculate Conception

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The Gate of Heaven

*Queen and Mother! many hearts
Cast themselves before thy throne,
But we call ourselves by right
Very specially thine own.
O then be to each one here
The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.*

*We have pledged ourselves to fight
In the battles of thy Son,
We would pass by thee to Him
When the dusty fight is won.
Be to all enlisted here
The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.*

*Other hearts this home have loved,
Other feet its floors have trod.
One and all, oh! let them in
To the City of our God.
Be to all who entered here
The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.*

*And we too must pass away,
Others then shall take our place,
Kneel around thine image fair,
Look into thine up-turned face.
Be to all who enter here
The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.*

*When the midnight cry is heard,
Do not let us be too late,
Do not let thy children call,
"Open, open, Lord, Thy Gate."
But, because we loved thee here,
Let us in, O Mother dear.*

— Selected.

The Devotion of "The Three Hail Marys"



ALL the Saints have been remarkable for their devotion to the Angelic Salutation. St. Bernardine of Siena, with pious enthusiasm, wrote: "Each time that we greet Mary, she greets us in return, for she is perfectly graceful and courteous, and never fails to respond most affably to our salutations. If we greet her a thousand times a day, a thousand times does she benevolently return our greeting." St. Alphonsus Liguori called the *Ave* the delicious word of saints. He pronounced the *Ave Maria* with pleasure, recommended it in his preaching, and never recited it before his Office without weeping with joy and emotion. Whenever St. Catherine of Siena went up or down stairs, she repeated the Angelic Salutation. At the age of seven years, she recited the *Ave Maria* with so much fervour, that one could not hear her without being touched and even converted. Blessed John Baptist Vianney had a supreme resource for overcoming every obstacle and obtaining all that he desired: invoking the best of mothers in the *Ave Maria*.

We cannot do better than to imitate the saints. Let us love, recite and meditate the Angelic Salutation: it is our sweetest joy, it is our most powerful force. Let us be devoted to the Rosary, to the *Angelus* and, also, to the practice of "The Three Hail Marys". Let us consider with all the attention of our heart and mind this manner of honouring the Most Blessed Virgin. For several, it will be a capital resolution; for others, it will be a salutary renewal of fervour regarding Our Heavenly Mother. Let us demonstrate the nature and character of this beautiful devotion.

It is as simple as it is beautiful. It consists in saying, in the morning, three "Hail Marys" followed by this invocation: "O Mary, my good Mother, preserve me from mortal sin during this day", and an act of contrition recited with ardent love; and, in the evening, before retiring, three "Hail Marys", the invocation: "O Mary, my good Mother, preserve me from mortal sin during this night", and a sincere act of contrition.

But why the recitation of *three* "Hail Marys"? For most instructive and touching reasons: first of all, to honour the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity and thank Them for the ineffable privileges with which They have favoured Our August Queen, and especially for the unlimited power that Our Heavenly Father has communicated to her, the incomparable wisdom that the Word, become Her Son, has given to her, and the immense goodness and love with which the Holy Ghost, Her August Spouse, has filled her superabundantly; then, to recommend to Our Immaculate Mother our past, present and future, so that she may obtain the pardon of our faults, protect us at the present moment, and shower upon us her benefits, which will help us to merit Eternal Life. Besides, the *three* "Hail Marys" recall our three faculties, memory, intelligence and will, that we consecrate to

her, protesting that we wish unceasingly to remember her greatness and privileges, to study God's marvellous mercy in her regard, and to love her during our whole life. Finally, by the Angelic Salutation, *three* times repeated, we ask her to bless our thoughts, our sentiments and our actions, so that they may be good, honourable, virtuous and holy.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THIS DEVOTION

First of all, it is very old. It dates from the 13th century; for St. Anthony of Padua, who was born in 1195 and who died in 1231, recited "The Three Hail Marys" and earnestly recommended them to the faithful of his time.

This devotion is, also, very easy. One has not always time to recite the five decades of the beads, and still less, the fifteen decades of the Rosary accompanied by the consideration of the fifteen principal mysteries of the Saviour's life, death and glory; but who could allege lack of time to recite the Angelic Salutation three times in the morning and three times in the evening? Nobody, even among the most busy, the most tired and the most infirm. It is a devotion that every one can practise — the most popular devotion, to be sure.

But what must be said of its efficacy, its treasures of sanctification, and the incontestable assurance of salvation that it offers us? The Blessed Virgin promised St. Mechtilda that those who would be faithful to this devotion would obtain the incomparable grace of a happy death. How could it be otherwise? The Mother of God deigned say to St. Gertrude, St. Mechtilda's sister: "In your last moments, you will receive from me as many graces as you will have recited *Ave Marias*." Now, three *Ave Marias* recited regularly, morning and evening, make, in a year, more than two thousand — exactly, two thousand four hundred and ninety; in ten years, more than twenty thousand; in fifty years, more than a hundred thousand *Ave Marias*! How many graces for the hour of death! It is not surprising that persons who are in charge of souls see in those who are faithful to this devotion unmistakable signs of predestination. How many conversions are wrought by this means, how many cures granted by the Master of life and death!

St. Leonard of Port Maurice, of the Franciscan Order, one of the most renowned missionaries of modern times, recommended this devotion with apostolic zeal. He had the three "Hail Marys" recited morning and evening, sometimes to honour Mary's privileges in a general way, and sometimes to honour more especially her Immaculate Conception and virginal purity, requesting the grace to avoid mortal sin during the day and the night, or again, that of perfect purity and final perseverance.

Let it not be said: "We recite the three "Hail Marys" of the *Angelus*; it is the same." Not at all, for the intention and aim are entirely different. The three 'Hail Marys' of which we are speaking must be recited, first of all, to honour the privileges of the Blessed Virgin, or one of her privileges

in particular, and to obtain, by her intercession, a purely personal grace, such as perseverance in virtue or a happy death.

Others may say: "We recite the Rosary; is that not better?" Evidently, it is, but many persons cannot do so; and, then, these devotions complete each other. St. Alphonsus Liguori urged the children to recite the Rosary and, besides, the three "Hail Marys". This is the text of what he says in his *Glories of Mary* concerning the Angelic Salutation: "Let the first practice of this prayer be to recite three 'Hail Marys', morning and evening, on rising and retiring." It is as if he wished to say: "Recite all the prayers possible in honour of the August Virgin, but begin, first of all, by the recitation of three 'Hail Marys' to honour her privileges and merit her protection during life and at the hour of death."

If we thus protect our days and nights with the irresistible defence of the "Hail Mary", hell and its perversity, the devil and his agents, will be able to do us no harm. Under Mary's protection we shall walk, without accidents or misfortunes, in joy and peace, to the eternal possession of Paradise.

—Reverend Charles ROLLAND.

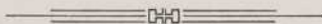


A Good Word

A few years ago, a gentleman, very respectable, according to the world, but, unfortunately, a stranger to all religious beliefs, happened to be with a group of ecclesiastics. During the conversation, he incidentally said: "How I wish I had Faith! But I do not believe, I cannot believe!" One of the priests present casually remarked: "Well, recite the Rosary", and the conversation turned to other subjects.

Three years later this same priest received a letter indited as follows: "Reverend Pastor, do you remember that, three years ago, at a meeting of ecclesiastics which you attended, I stated that I did not believe, adding that I desired very much to have Faith? You answered: 'Well, recite the Rosary'. Your words, 'recite the Rosary' which, at first, appeared very strange to me, never relinquished their hold on my memory. They were like an obsession. Little by little I became accustomed to hearing them in the depth of my heart. Finally these words became sweet to me, then precious, and I did recite the Rosary! To-day I have Faith, I am happy, and gladly do I acquit myself of all my Religious duties. It is to the Rosary, that wonderful practice in honour of the Blessed Virgin, that I owe my conversion!"

—Father MILLOT.



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 favour from this tender Mother.

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

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:*

(Continued)

Doctrinal Stand

A full statement of the doctrinal stand to be taken in face of the errors of today, if necessary, can be put off to another time unless there is disturbance by calamitous external events; for the moment We limit Ourselves to some fundamental observations.

The present age, Venerable Brethren, by adding new errors to the doctrinal aberrations of the past, has pushed these to extremes which lead inevitably to a drift towards chaos. Before all else, it is certain that the radical and ultimate cause of the evils which We deplore in modern society is the denial and rejection of a universal norm of morality as well for individual and social life as for international relations; We mean this disregard, so common nowadays, and the forgetfulness of the natural law itself which has its foundation in God, Almighty Creator and Father of all, supreme and absolute Lawgiver, all-wise and just Judge of human actions. When God is hated, every basis of morality is undermined; the voice of conscience is stilled or at any rate grows very faint, that voice which teaches even to the illiterate and to uncivilized tribes what is good and what is bad, what lawful, what forbidden, and makes men feel themselves responsible for their actions to a Supreme Judge.

The denial of the fundamentals of morality had its origin in Europe, in the abandonment of that Christian teaching of which the Chair of Peter is the depository and exponent. That teaching had once given spiritual cohesion to a Europe which, educated, ennobled and civilized by the Cross had reached such a degree of civil progress as to become the teacher of other peoples, of other continents. But, cut off from the infallible teaching authority of the Church, not a few separated brethren have gone so far as to overthrow the central dogma of Christianity, the Divinity of the Saviour, and have hastened thereby the progress of spiritual decay.

Loss of Moral Values

The Holy Gospel narrates that when Jesus was crucified "there was darkness over the whole earth" (Matthew 27, 45); a terrifying symbol of what happened and what still happens spiritually wherever incredulity, blind and proud of itself, has succeeded in excluding Christ from modern life, especially from public life, and has undermined faith in God as well as faith in Christ. The consequence is that the moral values by which in other times public and private conduct was gauged have fallen into disuse; and the much vaunted civilization of society, which has made ever more rapid

progress, withdrawing man, the family and the State from the beneficent and regenerating effects of the idea of God and the teaching of the Church, has caused to reappear, in regions in which for many centuries shone the splendors of Christian civilization, in a manner ever clearer, ever more distinct, ever more distressing, the signs of a corrupt and corrupting paganism: "There was darkness when they crucified Jesus" (Roman Breviary, Good Friday, Response Five).

Many, perhaps, while abandoning the teaching of Christ, were not fully conscious of being led astray by a mirage of glittering phrases, which proclaimed such estrangement as an escape from the slavery in which they were before held; nor did they then foresee the bitter consequences of bartering the truth that sets free, for error which enslaves. They did not realize that, in renouncing the infinitely wise and paternal laws of God, and the unifying and elevating doctrines of Christ's love, they were resigning themselves to the whim of a poor, fickle human wisdom; they spoke of progress, when they were going back; of being raised, when they grovelled; of arriving at man's estate, when they stooped to servility. They did not perceive the inability of all human effort to replace the law of Christ by anything equal to it; "they became vain in their thoughts." (Romans 1, 21).

Weakening of Faith

With the weakening of faith in God and in Jesus Christ and the darkening in men's minds of the light of moral principles, there disappeared the indispensable foundation of the stability and quiet of that internal and external, private and public order, which alone can support and safeguard the prosperity of States.

It is true that even when Europe had a cohesion of brotherhood through identical ideals gathered from Christian preaching, she was not free from divisions, convulsions and wars which laid her waste; but perhaps they never felt the intense pessimism of today as to the possibility of settling them, for they had then an effective moral sense of the just and of the unjust, of the lawful and of the unlawful, which, by restraining outbreaks of passion, left the way open to an honorable settlement. In Our days, on the contrary, dissensions come not only from the surge of rebellious passion, but also from a deep spiritual crisis which has overthrown the sound principles of private and public morality.

Among the many errors which derive from the poisoned source of religious and moral agnosticism, We would draw your attention, Venerable Brethren, to two in particular, as being those which more than others render almost impossible or at least precarious and uncertain, the peaceful intercourse of peoples.

The first of these pernicious errors, widespread today, is the forgetfulness of that law of human solidarity and charity which is dictated and imposed by our common origin and by the equality of rational nature in all men, to whatever people they belong, and by the redeeming Sacrifice offered by Jesus Christ on the Altar of the Cross to His Heavenly Father on behalf of sinful mankind.

(To be continued)

What is the Truth?

At that time, Jesus stood before Pilate in an attitude of humility and firmness.

"Thou art, then, a king?" asked the Roman Governor.

"Thou sayest that I am a king," replied Jesus. "For this was I born, and for this came I into the world: that I should give testimony to the Truth. Every one that is of the Truth heareth My Voice."

"What is the Truth?" continued Pilate; but, without awaiting the answer, he left the pretorium.

WHAT IS THE TRUTH?

At that time, the people of the whole world, excepting a small number of just persons, were submerged in error; they adored thousands of gods, but not the only True God; they sought happiness in honours, riches and pleasures; they were very deep in egoism and barbarism, and were, in short, far away from the end for which they had been created: to know, love and serve God here below, in order to be happy with Him forever in Heaven. They required an all-powerful liberator to draw them out of the shadows of death. God sent them Jesus, His Only-Begotten Son, Who came to give testimony to the Truth.

WHAT IS THE TRUTH?

That is what Pilate asked; but, inconsistent as he was, he did not await the answer. Many people still do likewise. They know that He Who said: "I am the Truth" taught the Truth and bequeathed it to His Church; that this Truth is contained in the Gospel and is announced by His ministers. Through guilty and baleful indolence, however, they do not take the trouble to learn it. They say: "We have not the time"; but do they reflect on the fact that, some day, they will have to take the time to die? No, doubtlessly, they do not... Do they think that their eternal happiness or suffering depends upon the good or the evil that they will have done? No, they do not think of that either... and their life is spent in error.

All of you who may happen to think and say: "On account of my many occupations and duties, I have not the time to attend to such things" — the only necessary ones, nevertheless,— tell me: Do you not take at least three days of vacation during the year? Well! come and spend three others

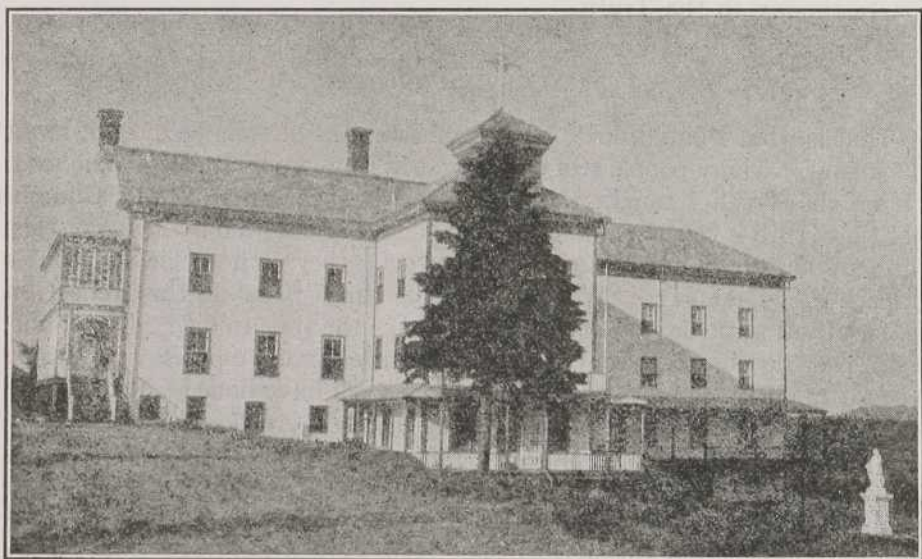
IN SEARCH OF THE TRUTH

Come and spend three days in the silence and recollection of a Closed Retreat. Come and put yourselves in the state of grace; then, humiliating yourselves, as is befitting the nothings that we are, implore the Divine



RETREAT HOUSE DEDICATED TO ST. BERNADETTE, ST. JOHNS, QUE., AND DIRECTED BY THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

SITUATED ON THE BANKS OF THE RICHELIEU RIVER, IN THE MIDST OF A PLEASANT GROVE, THIS RETREAT HOUSE OFFERS TO THE RETREATANTS ALL THE CHARMS OF A RESTFUL SOLITUDE.



THE RETREAT HOUSE "BETHANY", NOMININGUE, LABELLE CO., IN THE LAURENTIDES, INVITES LADIES AND YOUNG GIRLS TO COME AND SPEND A FEW DAYS, IN SILENCE AND PRAYER, FAR FROM THE TUMULT OF THE WORLD WHERE BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS, FERVENT ASPIRATIONS AND HIGH RESOLVES LEAD THEM TO GREATER AND BETTER THINGS.

QUITE CLOSE TO IT, HIDDEN IN THE WILD WOODS, AN ATTRACTIVE LITTLE CHAPEL DEDICATED TO OUR LADY OF LOURDES, OFFERS THEM THE OCCASION OF MAKING A PIOUS PILGRIMAGE.

Light; for the Truth is hidden from self-sufficient minds, but is manifested unveiled to pure and humble souls.

Come and spend three days in search of the Truth. It will be announced to you by a Retreat Master and will be found in the meditation of the *Holy Gospel*, the *Imitation of Christ*, and other little books placed purposely at your disposal. Come and listen to the Holy Ghost speaking quietly in the solitude and explaining the Holy Scriptures.

CLOSED RETREATS FOR LADIES AND GIRLS

There are always Closed Retreats for ladies and girls at the following Houses of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

Retreat House dedicated to Our Lady of the Holy Ghost, 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, Montreal.

Retreat House dedicated to Our Lady of the Cenacle, 651 St. Cyrille St., Quebec.

Retreat House dedicated to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, St. Jean Baptiste St., Rimouski.

Retreat House dedicated to Our Lady of the Missions, 61 Jacques Cartier St., Chicoutimi.

Retreat House dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, 100 St. Louis St., Joliette.

Retreat House dedicated to Mary Mediatrix, 35 Dufferin St., Granby.



Retreat House dedicated to St. Bernadette, 430 Champlain St., St. Johns, Que.

Retreat House "Bethany", Nominigue, Labelle Co.


For information, apply to the Superior of one of these Retreat Houses.



RETREAT HOUSE DEDICATED TO OUR LADY OF THE MISSIONS, 61 JACQUES CARTIER ST., CHICOUTIMI, QUE., WHERE LADIES AND YOUNG GIRLS RECEIVE A CORDIAL WELCOME.



Feast of the Sacred Heart

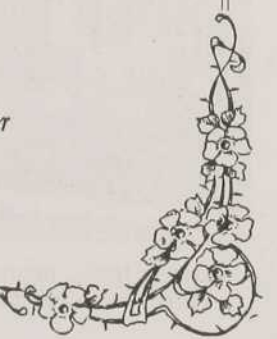





*Two lights on a lowly altar;
Two snowy cloths for a Feast;
Two vases of dying roses;
The morning comes from the east,
With a gleam for the folds of the vestments
And a grace for the face of the priest.*

*The sound of a low, sweet whisper
Floats over a little bread,
And trembles around a chalice,
And the priest bows down his head!
O'er a sign of white on the altar —
In the cup — o'er a sign of red.*

*As red as the red of roses,
As white as the white of snows!
But the red is a red of a surface
Beneath which a God's blood flows;
And the white is the white of a sunlight
Within which a God's flesh glows.*

*Ah! words of the olden Thursday!
Ye come from the far-away!
Ye bring us the Friday's victim
In His own love's olden way;
In the hand of the priest at the altar
His Heart finds a home each day.*





*The sight of a Host uplifted!
The silver-sound of a bell!
The gleam of a golden chalice.
Be glad, sad heart; 'tis well;
He made, and He keeps love's promise,
With thee all days to dwell.*

*From his hand to his lips that tremble,
From his lips to his heart a thrill,
Goes the little Host on its love-path,
Still doing the Father's will;
And over the rim of the chalice
The blood flows forth to fill.*

*The heart of the man anointed
With the waves of a wondrous grace;
A silence falls on the altar —
An awe on each bended face —
For the Heart that bled on Calvary
Still beats in the holy place.*

*The priest comes down to the railing
Where brows are bowed in prayer;
In the tender clasp of his fingers
A Host lies pure and fair,
And the hearts of Christ and the Christian
Meet there — and only there!*

*Oh! Love that is deep and deathless!
Oh! faith that is strong and grand!
Oh! hope that will shine forever,
O'er the wastes of a weary land!
Christ's Heart finds an earthly heaven
In the palm of the priest's pure hand.*

— Father Ryan.



A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)

To Eusebius he sends also a word of loving sympathy: "You cannot imagine the pleasure your letters have given me. I know well my poor little brother's tender, loving heart, but I rejoice that you have struggled against your sorrow, and not given way to it too much. You have thrown yourself into Mary's arms as a child into the arms of its mother. What a comfort it is to be able to do that in our moments of loneliness and desolation! Let Mary always be your refuge, my darling brother. The Blessed Virgin is much loved and honored in the Mission House here. When you have any little sorrow or trouble go simply to her, and ask her to offer it up for you to our dear Lord, and there leave it without any further care or preoccupation. Then you will have nothing to fear either from men or devils. You will walk quietly in the path of life until you come hopefully to that home for which we all sigh and where we wish to be!"

After what we have told our readers, it is not to be wondered at that Theophane not only won all hearts at the Seminary, but made rapid progress in the paths of perfection. His humility and simplicity concealed even from himself the beauty of his soul, but it could not be hidden from his superiors, and still less from his holy and wise director. Among the students, two, M. Dallet and M. Theurel, soon won a high place in his affections. But fearful lest the tie should become too human, they mutually agreed to tell each other their faults, and so to make their very intimacy a means of advancing more rapidly in their heaven-bound path. Theophane fulfilled this compact conscientiously, and it might have been thought almost severely, if his words had not been tempered by such extreme humility and sweetness as to disarm all inclination to wounded feeling. As far as he himself was concerned, he was his own severest accuser, and often his humility led him to exaggerate his short-comings to such an extent that he honestly believed himself utterly unfit for the apostolic life he had chosen and besought the prayers of all his friends for his conversion. He even had himself publicly recommended at Notre Dame des Victoires, and, writing to a lady who had been preparing various little things for his future chapel, he says, "I am not sure of being allowed to go. I feel myself so utterly unworthy! Not that my desire is altered; on the contrary, I am more firmly resolved than ever. But the decision does not rest with me. May His holy will be done! After all, if they think me unworthy of the missionary life, you must not be troubled; for it is not for me you have been working, but for God; and if I do not make use of your gifts, you will find no difficulty in placing them elsewhere. And, indeed, if I thought you were working for me, I should be in great distress to know how to repay you for your kindness and zeal. But, thank God, I know that it is for Him you labor — to Him that you have devoted your life. He reserves for you a glorious crown, and the brightest flower in that crown will be your co-operation in this work of

the foreign missions. Oh, what a joy would it be to me at that great day, when the prizes will be distributed by the hand of unerring Justice, if I might hear your name and your merit recognized and rewarded, and be permitted to sing 'Amen' to the solemn declaration which will admit you into the land of everlasting light and love — into the presence of our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and of His holy Mother, and of all His holy angels and saints!"

Theophane was to be ordained deacon at Christmas in 1851, and wrote with delight of the retreat which was to precede his ordination:—

"On Sunday evening next we go into retreat till the Saturday following, a holy and happy time of meditation and prayer, when we dwell under the shadow of the altar, free from cares and distractions, absorbed in God. Fancy a delicious day in spring, with a pure sky, all nature bursting forth into leaf and blossom, or the deep calm of a tomb... Ah, it is better than all this, for it is Heaven begun on earth, God communicating Himself to man, man raising and uniting himself to God! Ah, dear friend, what happiness He allows to His creatures!"

Then came the ordination. He writes, "The ordination was very large, and all the different communities of Paris contributed some members. I found, kneeling side by side with me, Lazarists, Dominicans, Franciscans, Missionaries of the Holy Ghost, Irish, Negroes, etc. I knew none of them; but my heart went out to them with love and sympathy, for are we not children of the same Father, servants of the same Master, soldiers of the same King? The same object unites us; the same grace, in different degrees, was distributed to us; the same God gave Himself to us; and we invoked the same Queen, Mary, Mother of the Saviour of the world. And then, as brothers, we gave one another the kiss of peace. Oh, how happy I was!"

Theophane had a special devotion to church music, especially to the old hymns and canticles. He wrote of them as follows:—

"The hymns of the Church have always had a peculiar charm for me, and the more I hear them the more I long to hear, and the oftener I sing them the oftener I like to sing, for they are the voice of man in his exile, and the voice of the Church, praying, hoping, loving. Would that my countrymen would go back to the good old days of a purer and stronger faith, and not be ashamed to sing together the songs of their forefathers! Now they care only for political or revolutionary ditties; a malediction on those who have swept away the faith and the hope of our people, who have robbed them of their peace and their tranquillity! France used to be so calm and happy. But, no; we will curse no one. Only, may God have mercy on us all!"

(To be continued)



Everything in the Church that lasts and endures must be built upon sacrifice. All her great undertakings are founded on the little and many sacrifices of her children. This is the secret and abiding power of her charitable ministrations.

—G. Daly, C. SS. R.

A Spiritual Friendship

St. Teresa of Lisieux and Blessed Theophane Vénard

(Continued)



TERESA had the presentiment that in Heaven she would still enjoy the pure pleasures of friendship. "There, we shall find, I am sure, delightful and surprising sympathies... Oh! how I long to be in that Kingdom of Love!" In this land of exile, too, she already rejoiced in the thought of meeting her Heavenly friend. "It is he who is calling me," she repeated with emotion, feeling, in the depths of her heart that her request was granted:

"O were I like thee but a fresh blooming flower,
That Jesus would cull with the Springtime anear!
Descend from thy Heaven at my last longed-for hour,
Descend, I beseech thee, O Martyr most dear."

And she desired to "soar with the souls that would form her eternal cortege".

In the evening of September 30, 1897, he who had taken "his place in the ranks of the thousands killed for the holy name of Jesus" came to meet his little sister of Carmel and accompany her to "the Father's House", "a Palace sparkling with gold and gems", which was thenceforth their "true home", "*Beata Pacis Visio*", as Theophane had called it when singing about it.

Together, "in the plenitude of love and peace", according to their own words, Teresa and Theophane "see beauties that the eye has never seen, hear harmonies that the ear has never heard, and enjoy a happiness which it has never entered into the heart even to conceive". Together, they communicate "in the eternal embrace of the All-Merciful Love".

It was of this communion without end that Teresa was thinking, after receiving Our Eucharistic Lord in the "*Santa Casa*" of Loretto, when she said, "What will be our joy when we communicate eternally in the dwelling of the King of Heaven? It will be undimmed by the grief of parting, and will know no end."

Teresa and Theophane are forever with Mary, "more Mother than Queen". It is in her heart that is wrought this sublime marvel of the divine fraternity, according to Theophane's expression.

They are on that account none the less thoughtful of those whom they left in "this land of exile". To a religious who had done her a slight favour, Teresa expressed her gratitude to her thus: "Mother, I will repay you in Heaven!" Just before her death, she repeated to her eldest sister: "In Heaven, I shall obtain many graces for those who have done good to me." Theophane, for his part, told his friends that he would meet them again in Mary's presence. Writing to his father, sister and brothers, he said: "If I obtain the grace of martyrdom, oh! then still more shall I have you in remembrance!" He promised his bishop to greet Our Lady for him. "I will say this also from you: *Ave Maria*." To the Sisters of the Monastery of But-Dong, to his catechists and several Christians, he invariably repeated:

"When I shall be in Paradise, I will not forget to pray for you." To one of his judges who had just pronounced his death-sentence and who begged him not to take vengeance on him, Theophane replied: "Do not fear for that; not only shall I not take vengeance on you for your judgment, but, besides, I shall intercede for you."

Thus, Teresa and Theophane promised to continue their universal charity by "spending their Heaven in doing good upon earth".

In Heaven, Theophane keeps that "Catholic spirit" which he acquired at the Seminary of the Rue du Bac and of which he spoke when he wrote: "Above all, or rather, all that is desired of us is that we be thoroughly Catholic." He manifests particular affection, however, for the Church of Tonkin. Explaining, one day, the martyrs' role in Heaven, he said: "They are, no doubt, the protectors of the Missions that have given them to the Kingdom of Heaven; their blood, shed for the good cause, is most influential with God."

Teresa, also, is very influential in Heaven. She remains a true daughter of the Church. Her glory is always "the radiance that streams from the queenly brow of her Mother, the Church". Heaven is for her, according to her own nice expression, "the time of conquests". Teresa has become Theophane, that is "manifestation of God".

Theophane, like Teresa, intends to remain "a missionary till the consummation of time". Together, they are "strewing flowers" to help "the priests, the missionaries, the whole Church".

Paul DESTOMBES, *Miss. ap.*

(The end.)

The Death of a Friend and Benefactor

On the 29th of February last, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception lost a devoted friend and benefactor in the person of Very Reverend Canon Pierre Déziel Labrèche, Pastor of Notre Dame Auxiliatrice Parish, St. Johns, Quebec, whom the Lord called to Himself in his seventy-fifth year to give him the reward promised to the good and faithful servant.

The lamented deceased had always manifested deep sympathy for the Community, sympathy which increased after a niece that was dear to him came to take the habit of the Daughters of the Immaculate and went, a few years later, to labour in the distant fields of the apostolate.

When His Excellency Most Reverend A. Forget, Bishop of St. Johns, deigned to admit the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception to his episcopal city, Divine Providence willed that their residence be established in Notre Dame Auxiliatrice Parish. Thenceforth, until his death, good Father Labrèche did not cease to lavish his delicate attentions and charity upon the new House dedicated to St. Bernadette.

Consequently, the entire Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, and the aforesaid House, especially, make it their duty to pray for the soul of the venerable deceased and will retain a perpetual remembrance of his benefits.

Crosses, Little and Big



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

Among the "crosses" strewn along our path in life — troubles and trials and afflictions — there are, as is the case with everything to be found here below, little ones and big ones, light ones and heavy ones. Which are the most valuable in regard to our soul's sanctification, our eternal merit?

The biggest and the heaviest; so, some declare. Apparently, perhaps; but, in reality, the heavy crosses usually derive their excellency from the lighter ones.

Has not the Divine Master said: *"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is greater; and he that is unjust in that which is little, is unjust also in that which is greater"?*

Penetrated with this thought, St. Francis Xavier, surcharged with work and overwhelmed with sufferings, wrote to the young Jesuits studying at Coimbra who had begged to be permitted to share in the Missionary's

apostolic labours: *"I highly approve of your zeal, Brothers, but be not deceived; no one can excel in great matters who has not first excelled in lesser ones."*

Meditating on this subject, a pious author wrote: *"No one on earth knows how much glory can be given to God on a certain occasion by a single act of fidelity to grace, or, on the contrary, how much good can be hindered or how many disasters caused by resistance to grace, or by a simple negligence."*

This fidelity to grace cannot exist without self-denial; and is not self-denial a splinter of a cross? *"If any man will come after Me,"* said Our Lord, *"let him deny Himself and take up his cross daily..."*

We have no idea of the value of the little contradictions which we encounter and which require an act of virtue of us. Patiently and, even, cheerfully accepted for the love of God, these tiny crosses may be the occasion of precious Divine favours and very great merit. In any case, the strength and virtue that they communicate to the soul prepare it wonderfully to accept generously and, sometimes, heroically the heavy crosses from which no life, however short it may be, is exempted here below.

Christian Friends, do we understand well the excellency of our little daily crosses? Do we endeavour to accept them, not for a natural motive,

but solely for God and for the purpose of acquiring eternal merit, which alone will follow us beyond the grave?

Considering so many persons embittered by suffering, so many others in a state akin to despair, can it not be inferred that few understand the benefit of trials, practise Christian resignation and self-denial, and are aware of the excellency of little crosses with regard to big ones.

While those who yield to all their whims and fancies show a still greater lack of energy in difficulties and afflictions, others, who make of their little troubles so many acts of virtue, prove to be superior to nature in the big ones; and, on issuing from the trial, as from a salutary bath, they are stronger and more courageous, and have a better knowledge of God and of men.

If you must acknowledge having been weak and negligent in the past, profit by these reflections for the future.

Happy are you to know that when you bear your cross properly, you walk in the footsteps of the Son of God, Who, in order to save the world and give us an example, advanced in the narrow path of self-denial, bearing throughout His whole existence a cross whose weight could be sustained only by a Man God; and Who, by word and gesture, invited us to follow Him... even to Calvary, where, through excess of love for us, He wished to immolate Himself.

Yes, happy are you to know and appreciate these sublime truths; but how many there are around you, even, who, understanding nothing at all in them, avoid the cross through fear of self-denial! Furthermore, how many there are in distant lands who have no notion whatever of the Cross. Lift up your eyes and see, beyond the seas, those multitudes, more than a thousand millions of men, that are still plunged in the darkness of paganism, that is to say, in the greatest moral sufferings.

Christian Friends, what can you do to help to enlighten these unfortunates with the light of Faith and the knowledge of the Cross?

1. You can offer to God fervent prayers for their conversion and salvation; and, in order that your prayers may be more pleasing to Him, you can accompany them with sacrifices.

2. You can help, by your alms, the missionaries who, having heard the Master's Call: "Go and teach all nations...", have left all that was dearest to them here below and have gone to bring the holy teachings of the Gospel to those unhappy peoples.

3. You can encourage missionary vocations and, if you have the means to do so, you can adopt one of these future apostles, or provide for one of those who are toiling in the mission fields.



To believe that God exists and is our Father is the substantial creed which promotes us to feel towards Him as loving children, perfectly confident of His mercy, love and justice. When that realization has found its place in the heart and mind of man nothing can shake him, neither poverty, illness nor any of the other ills of life. That is faith in God.

— Cardinal O'Connell.

"Holy Cross Burse"

for the support of a Missionary Sister

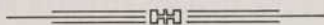
A burse is a sum of money the interest of which forms a perpetual income for the support of a missionary. The religious whose upkeep is assured by the foundation of a burse becomes for life the missionary of the donor and his representative among the poor infidels. Founders of burses participate in all 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-December 1939.....	\$176.60	
January-February 1940.....	\$268.75	March-April 1940.....\$40.00

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

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



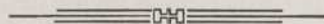
A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

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

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Thanksgiving to the "Little Flower of Jesus" for a favour obtained through her intercession. One who has belief in the "Little Flower", **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. **R. L., Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a position obtained. **Mrs. G. A., Concord, N. H.** — Heartfelt thanks to St. Teresa for a favour received through her intercession. **J. A. P., Terrebonne.** — I thank the Patroness of Missionaries for two graces obtained through her intercession. **R. Robinson.** — Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of Lisieux for a complete cure. **Mrs. L. T., Shawinigan.** — Gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a cure obtained. **Mrs. A. M., St. Paul de Joliette.** — Sincere thanks to the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for benefit received. **Mrs. M., Montreal.** — Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a grace obtained through her intercession. **Mrs. F. D., Verdun.** — Gratitude for favour received through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. **Miss Eva Aumais, Montreal.** — Thanksgiving to the "Little Flower of Carmel" for a benefit received. **Mrs. J. B. R., New Bedford, Mass.** — Token of gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for her protection in a special circumstance. **Mrs. B. C., Verdun.** — Kindly help me to thank the Patroness of Missionaries for having granted my prayers. **Mrs. H. C., Fort Kent, Me.** — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for the favours she has granted me during the year. **M. J. L., Indian Orchard, Mass.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, for a grace received through her intercession. **A. Guérin, Montreal.** — A thousand thanks to the dear "Scatterer of Roses", for a favour obtained through her powerful intercession. **Mrs. E. L.** — Thanksgiving for a grace obtained through St. Teresa. **Mrs. E. L., L'Orignal, Ont.**



O Mary, if I were Queen of Heaven and thou wert Thérèse, I fain would
be Thérèse to see thee Queen of Heaven!

— St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus.



CHINA

*Letter from the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
at the Lazaretto of Shek Lung, to their Superior General.*

St. Joseph's Lazaretto, February 1, 1940.

BELOVED MOTHER,

Misery reigns supreme on our poor Island! The time to make our provision of rice for our eight hundred patients is approaching, and we are wondering where we shall find the money to pay for it. The few dollars we have on hand can lose their value one day or another, as a monetary crisis is presently raging. The five and ten dollar bills have not been accepted for several months now. They will probably regain their current value; but, in the meantime, even the well-to-do suffer from hunger. For our part, we rely on our loving Father, St. Joseph, whose protection we have oftentimes felt.

Our lepers' menu is not complicated; it consists of a small quantity of rice and vegetables. Pork, fish, oil, and even salt, which constituted their ordinary fare, being sold at exorbitant prices, are luxuries to-day.

There has been a dearth of wood for several months. Our patients are reduced to the alternative of cooking their rice with dried grass.

One day, the Sister in charge of the kitchen, quite upset despite her lively faith, went up to Sister Superior ⁽¹⁾ and said: "Really, Sister Superior, to cook food, one must have fire, and I have no more wood!" In reply, Sister Superior took a picture of St. Joseph and went and pinned it on the wood-box, saying: "Ask St. Joseph to bring you wood, and rice also, for I have no more money to buy some." Oh! beneficence of our kind Father! A few days later, we received a provision of wood. Moreover, our great Purveyor had had the precaution of inspiring the sawing and cutting of this wood to the right proportions.

Having providentially received an alms, Sister Superior was able to purchase fifty dresses for our leprous neophytes; but we still have seven hundred and fifty patients to clothe. Among them, numerous are those

1. Sister AGNES OF JESUS (Margaret Sherry, Montreal).

who have but the one garment they usually wear. When it requires washing — which should be every day, during the warm season — the owner must have recourse to the charity of one of his companions. While the latter does the laundering, the former wraps himself up in his quilt, and remains in bed till his garment comes back to him.

Formerly, each leper received two suits a year; but, since the beginning of this terrible war, we have been unable to give more than one, for we were



SISTER ST. FRANÇOIS D'ASSISE (CLARA HEBERT, MONTREAL), WHO HAS BEEN TAKING CARE OF THE LEPERS SINCE 1913. SHE IS ACCOMPANIED BY A FEW OF THE PATIENTS WHO ARE CALLED RED-CROSS MEMBERS, AND ARE CLAD IN GARMENTS RECEIVED FROM OUR CANADIAN BENEFACTORS.

robbed of our supply, when the bandits ransacked our attic, last year. Since then, it has been impossible to get others. During this period of severe cold, some have only thin cotton trousers. One of these poor unfortunates, shivering with the cold, went to Sister St. François d'Assise⁽¹⁾ and said: "Sister, I'm freezing to death!" How heart-rending it was for Sister to be obliged to answer: "My poor friend, we must be patient, the linen-room is empty!"

In the midst of such distress, we wish we were able to cry to all those upon whom God has lavished temporal blessings: "Dear friends, you who are so warmly clad in your soft woolen garments, remember your poor leper brothers, who are shivering in their only pair of cotton trousers! Come and comfort these suffering members of Christ; He Himself will repay you!"

Besides the misfortune of dearth, the bandits are an incessant cause of anguish for us. At every moment, they announce their approach by detonations of rifles and machine-guns. We have nothing to do then, but to close our shutters to deaden the sound of the balls whizzing through the air, and to commend ourselves into the hands of God Who, up to now, has visibly protected us.

1. Clara Hebert, Montreal.

Even yesterday, six surly-looking fellows, whose wrists were loaded with bracelets and fingers covered with rings, came to our door and asked to see the *doctor*. "The *doctor* is ill," answered Sister St. Raphael⁽¹⁾, really troubled by this importunate visit. "Don't fear," said one of the men, "I've a furuncle on my chest, and I'd like to show it to the *doctor*." To put an end to this conversation, Sister hastened to pour a certain solution into a large bottle, which she gave to the would-be patient, saying: "Wash your furuncle with this remedy, and it will soon disappear."

"What a big bottle!" exclaimed the fellow, as he turned to go away. "My but that Sister has a big heart!"

Trips to Canton are becoming more and more difficult. The trains have not been running for over a month now; and we cannot think of going by water, there being too many pirates just now. Some of our Sisters made a few trips by the truck which conveys the Japanese soldiers; but, each time, they had to have a permit, and much time and trouble were required to obtain it.

Sister Superior⁽²⁾ and Sister St. François d'Assise⁽³⁾, who had gone to Canton while the trains were still running, were obliged to return on a little Japanese ferry-boat, which runs, as well as it can, between Canton and Shek Lung. Needless to say, the trip was fatiguing, for it lasted all night;



THE LEPERS BAPTIZED ON JANUARY 6, 1940.

IN THE CENTRE: REVEREND FATHER TCHEUNG; TO THE LEFT: SISTER AGNES OF JESUS (MARGARET SHERRY, MONTREAL), SUPERIOR OF THE LAZARETTO, SHEK LUNG; TO THE RIGHT: SISTER ST. RAPHAEL (MALVINA BIRON, COTEAU LANDING), HOSPITALLER AT THE LAZARETTO FOR THE PAST TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

and the poor Sisters had nothing to sit on, but their heels. Besides, the air was heavy with smoke. This trip, which formerly took but an hour, now takes a whole day.

If we have little vexations to put up with, God sends us ample compensations, which make us forget many things. On the morning of December

1. Malvina BIRON, Coteau Landing, Que.

2. Margaret SHERRY, Montreal.

3. Clara Hebert, Montreal.

8th, during Mass, we had the happiness of renewing our vows. Immediately after this touching ceremony, three little five-year-old tots, a boy and two little girls, descendants of lepers, made their first Communion. One of them, little Mary, had been brought to us by her grandmother, five years ago. We, finding the child healthy-looking, had persuaded the grandmother to keep her three months longer, promising her a remuneration. Thinking our proposition had really been accepted, we let our little one go, after baptizing her. A leper woman, better aware of the Chinese customs than we were, followed the old woman at a distance and, on seeing her lay her burden on the water's edge, she hastened to go for the baby. She asked us to allow her to foster it and, more humane than the child's own mother, she did so well that Mary is now a good little Christian.

Frances, our other little First Communicant, was born of pagan parents. She had the misfortune of losing her little brother and that was enough to settle her fate. Was she not the cause of his death? The parents therefore decided to get rid of her without delay, and she was brought to us. According to our opinion, this frail little creature was soon to take her flight to Heaven, so our first care was to baptize her; but, unsearchable are God's ways! The delicate flower became inured to the inclemency of her miserable existence, and she is now blooming in the garden of the Church.

In the afternoon, twenty young leper girls were received Children of Mary. The ceremony, differing from that of our native country, lasted an hour, and deeply impressed all our patients. Several young girls who had hesitated to ask their admission for this first reception, now ardently request it. The sodalists greatly edify us by the fervour with which they recite their Office, and we are pleased to think that they will draw blessings not only upon the Lazaretto, but also upon our Institute and all our benefactors.



SISTER ST. RAPHAEL (MALVINA BIRON, COTEAU LANDING) AND THE THREE LITTLE FIRST COMMUNICANTS MARY, FRANCES, AND JOHN, BAPTIZED ON DECEMBER 8, 1939.

On January 6th, eighteen leper women and thirty-nine leper men received the Sacrament of Baptism. The youngest neophyte is fourteen years old, and the oldest, eighty-four. On the days preceding her Baptism, it was touching to see this great-grandmother, in the rear of the church, half kneeling, with her elbows resting on a prie-dieu, a catechism in hand and her eyes fixed on the Tabernacle. She seemed to implore the help of the Divine Master, so that her poor old memory might retain the truths she had to learn. Even last year, this octogenarian had been seen tilling the ground with her son in order to obtain vegetables.

Among the men, one of the new Christians is a soldier, who is not affected with leprosy, but who came to stay here with all his family,

at the beginning of the war. He was baptized with the oldest of his children, a little three-year-old boy. The mother's admission into the Church was postponed because she was not sufficiently instructed. The baby, who was baptized some time ago, when in danger of death, has suddenly recovered. This cure certainly had something to do with the parents' conversion.

We thought it more prudent to sacrifice Midnight Mass again this year, the neighbourhood being infested with robbers. This morning, two low Masses were celebrated in the women's chapel, and one in the men's.

We spent the last half-hour of the year 1939 and the first of the new year in our little chapel, after having carefully closed the shutters so as not to attract the robbers' attention. We could almost think ourselves in the early days of the Church, when the Christians were obliged to hide themselves in the catacombs to celebrate their feasts...

In spite of ourselves, we greatly apprehended this coming year. Yet a month has already elapsed and the Lord has watched over us up to the present day. Why should we dread the future? Will not His paternal solicitude follow us ever?...

We solicit the help of your fervent prayers, dear Mother, and remain perfectly confident that God, in His infinite goodness, will not fail us.

YOUR LOVING DAUGHTERS OF THE LAZARETTO.



SISTER ST. FRANCOIS D'ASSISE (CLARA HEBERT, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, IN THE COMPANY OF THE OCTOGENARIAN AND THE YOUNGEST OF THE GROUP OF LEPERS BAPTIZED ON JANUARY 6th.

The events that are paralyzing the world in our time ought to be interpreted by us as a great and insistent call to missionary zeal. The sound of guns will not cease to reverberate throughout the nations until the message of the Prince of Peace has permeated the hearts of all and silenced the clash of arms by the universally accepted appeal to reason and justice.

Who Could Give One?

If someone owned a microscope and was not using it, what a charitable deed he would accomplish in giving it to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception!

Many of these Sisters have to take up special medical courses for the care of the sick in Mission fields — the treating and healing of the body being a most efficacious means of conquering the soul. A microscope would therefore be a great help to them in their studies.

Whoever possesses one and is willing to part with it, could give it to these Missionaries for the love of God, and God will reward him for his good deed.

MANCHUKUO

Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Taonan.

VISITING THE SICK

Thursday, April 6, 1939

The morning dawned bright and fair, and the radiant sun poured its beneficent rays upon the vast plain spreading around the Mission. This was indeed ideal weather for long tours.

Four persons were already at the Dispensary when we arrived. They were awaiting the Sister-Nurse to conduct her to their homes, where, so they said, there were several patients requiring medical care. In a trice, the emergency kit was filled with medicaments, and carried to the vehicle. We took our seats in the cabriolet drawn by two lanky horses, and off we went!

Our first visit was to a woman of seventy-two, who suffered from a voluminous carbuncle. While dressing it carefully, we said a few words about God. Then we drove Southward to see a young tuberculous woman. The latter was expecting us and longing to hear us speak of Heaven. "Do you think I still have a long time to suffer?" she asked confidently. "You may go and see God on Easter," we replied. "Oh! how happy I am!" she exclaimed. Her face brightened up, revealing the inexpressible joy which filled her soul at the thought of soon going to Heaven.

We had to leave this patient to hasten to the assistance of a poor pagan who, for the past month, had been staying with Protestants. He was at death's door and spent days and nights without rest, because he had much trouble to breathe. Despair was threatening to get the better of him. While preparing him a comforting potion, we spoke to him about our loving Saviour, Who deigned to become man like us. He listened attentively, and then asked: "What must I do to become a Christian?" We briefly explained to him the principal truths of our Holy Religion; and, after giving him a Miraculous Medal, we left, promising to return the next day.

Our fourth visit was to an asthmatic, living at twelve *li* from the city. The road traced through the fields was traversed by deep ruts which rendered the journey very difficult. However, we finally reached our destination. Besides the patient we were expecting to find, several others had assembled, in order to profit by our passage. We gave medical care to all, and were then invited to go and see a poor woman, who lived quite near, so we were told. She was supposed to be in such a pitiful condition that her husband had already made arrangements to buy her coffin. We immediately acquiesced; this was a pagan soul, and we did not want it to be lost.

We therefore left on our fifth call. The scenery was very much the same everywhere: a vast plain stretching farther than the eye could reach and limited by the pale blue horizon. After an hour's jolting we asked our driver if we were near. "There are certainly three more villages to cross," he answered. We continued scattering "Aves" on this road where, perhaps, no Catholic Missionary had ever passed before. Finally we came to the

end of our journey. The congealed river extended its bridge of glittering blue ice before us. The horses hesitated for a moment; then, in one bound, they reached the other side and stopped in front of a Chinese farm.

And the sick woman? She was not in imminent danger; however her days were numbered. A serous fluid having accumulated under the epidermis, she had been unable to lie down for the past two months. We tapped her and this having greatly relieved her, she could not find words to express her gratitude. Such a case would have required unceasing care, but, to our deep regret, we could not give it. We left her in Our Lady's keeping, and took the road to the Convent.

A few moments' rest and fodder had renewed our horses' vigour, so much so, that at half-past four, we were at the gates of the city. As the Dispensary was closed, we visited a number of families of the neighbourhood. An old woman, suffering from bronchitis, gave us a very cordial welcome. "I was expecting you," she said, "I was afraid something would hinder your coming." We gave her some medicine and encouraged her a little. Then off we went again, at the full gallop of our horses. Suddenly, we heard a man shouting: "Sister, will you come in? I was just about to go for you, that you might come and see a very sick baby." The child was dying. Quickly we administered the supreme remedy: the Baptismal Waters, which opened to it the gates of Heaven.

A soldier, captain in the army, then came up to us, saying: "What luck to meet you here! For several days I have been thinking of asking you to come and see my child. I will take you with me now." We found a little three-year-old boy, wasted with tuberculosis. The Regenerating Waters made of him an heir to Heaven.

On our way back, we also treated the son of a school-examiner; besides, a short visit brought comfort to a poor old woman, baptized two days ago, who will soon be leaving for a better world.

It was exactly six o'clock when we entered the Mission. All the Christians were assembled at the church for the Hour of Adoration. We lay our day's fatigue and consolations at the feet of Our Eucharistic Lord, begging Him to render them fruitful for His glory.

A CHARITABLE PAGAN

Tuesday, May 2

Among the pagans are often to be found good souls, generous and loving hearts.

A heathen woman who, for several months, has been daily conducting her little girl to the Dispensary, remarked that for the past few days, the old men of the Home had no one to do their cooking, the cook being ill. "What," she said, moved to pity, "the Catholic Mission has been gratuitously feeding and clothing my compatriots for several years, and I would do nothing for them?" She went to the Home and diligently prepared a good supper for the poor old men, astounded by such an act of charity on the part of a stranger. We cherish the hope that God will soon reward this

generous woman, by bringing her to the knowledge of the true Faith. She is an upright soul, seeking the truth. May Our Immaculate Mother guide her footsteps in the true path!

AT THE DISPENSARY

Tuesday, May 16

With the heat come infantile dysentery and diarrhea, which cause great ravages; however, this misfortune becomes a blessing for several little victims! Their mammas take them to the Dispensary to have them treated, and as we cannot always cure their bodies, we do not lose the opportunity of opening the gates of Heaven to them, by Holy Baptism.

A little five-year-old child was brought to us from Paitchengtze, by its parents. The little one had several ills which endangered its life: pneumonia, conjunctivitis, dysentery, impetigo. The doctor and Sister-Nurses absolutely wished to save it, so no trouble was spared. The parents, deeply touched by this devotedness, speak of embracing the Catholic Religion. How well rewarded our efforts would be!

"COME TO MY HOME..."

Monday, May 22

Twelve persons were at the Dispensary door this morning, when the Sister-Nurse arrived. "Come to my home," said one. "No, come to mine," said another. "I am here since five o'clock," said a third one. "I live right near here," exclaimed a fourth, etc., etc.

"I shall go to each of your homes," answered Sister, to settle the question. "But, I cannot go to every one of them at the same time. I shall visit the nearest ones first, and then, the farthest." Everybody seemed satisfied, and we left, the fine weather greatly facilitating the journey.

Twenty-five visits were made to-day. An adult and two little children received their passport for Heaven, and the good seed was discreetly scattered in several souls.

HATS IN MANCHUKUO

Hats are not worn by women and girls in Manchukuo, so the pupils feel quite embarrassed when they have to wear the one which forms part of the uniform in the Institution. When they meet us on the street, or elsewhere, quickly, they take it off and bow to us. It always amuses us!...

AN UNEXPECTED CONVERSION

Thursday, June 29

We were inquiring to-day about a paralytic whom we had already visited.

"He will die very soon," were we told.

We decided to go and see him without delay.

"You are going to see him, but he is beginning to smell bad!"

"That does not make any difference, we wish to save his soul."

We entered a Buddhistic family whose members are reputed to be firmly attached to their false beliefs; so we feared to meet with difficulties.

The patient was at the point of death. He was lying on the ground, and the big green flies buzzing around him seemed to wish to hasten his end. Nevertheless, his mind was perfectly lucid.

"If you were a Christian," we ventured to say, "all the sufferings you are enduring would be changed into gold to buy the happiness of Heaven."

"I have been longing to become a Christian, for a very long time," answered the dying man; "formerly, when I was at Paitchengtze, I studied the Catechism but I was not baptized then, because I had to go away to earn my living."

"If you wish to be baptized," we added, "we shall ask the Missionary to come this evening."

"It's alright, Sister," he replied, "let him come as soon as he can."

Reverend Father Lamothe went to see the moribund who, quite happy at having received the Sacrament of Baptism, eagerly awaited the moment of his meeting with God.

Contrary to all expectations, the rest of the family did not manifest the least dissatisfaction. Would it be that the Grace of God has touched them?

THE WIFE OF A BONZE

Saturday, July 29

About ten days ago, a young woman called for us and, amidst sobs, begged us to save her life. Her husband, a bonze of the ancient type, was seated in a corner of the room, smiling awkwardly. He seemed to be very little concerned about the condition of his wife. The patient being grievously ill, we broached the "great question" immediately. "Well," she said, "I wish to become a Christian, tell me what I must do."

"For the moment, you are too sick to recite long prayers," we said, "just say: 'God of Heaven, have mercy on me, save me!'" With lively faith, the patient repeated the suggested invocation.

A few days later, as she became worse, we gave her a Miraculous Medal; and, to our great surprise, this morning, we heard her exclaim: "I am cured! I am cured!... Yesterday," she continued, "I had a wonderful dream. A woman came and consoled me and told me that my time of suffering had come to an end, and that I would recover without having to take any medicine. When I awoke, I was really cured."

In fact, we ascertained that the illness had disappeared, the patient's temperature was normal and she could eat without feeling the heartburns which had made her suffer so much. "If she is perfectly cured," said the bonze, laughing, "your God is certainly powerful, for I thought she would never recover. I had prepared everything for her burial. As soon as she is well enough to walk, she will go and study your Religion."

Let us hope that the moment of grace will soon arrive for the bonze also, and we shall have the happiness of having killed two birds with one stone!...

A PERIOD OF DEARTH

Friday, October 20

Winter is upon us and we apprehend its severity, as fuel is very scarce this year. It is not easy to buy wood; there is none to be had on the market, and the few loads that are brought from the country are sold at exorbitant prices. As far as heating is concerned, several Chinese families are in dire distress. To remedy this evil, we try to make the best of everything. The dry roots and shrubs of the garden are pulled up and serve for the heating of the kitchen-stove and the Chinese beds. For a few days we had nothing but dried leaves as fuel, at the Mission.

Reverend Father Baron finally succeeded in procuring a few bags of coal, or rather coal dust which burns only after it has been wet with cold water.

We were informed that there is no more sorghum (the Manchu bread) in the city. A few days ago, it was sold at ninety cents, and now, we cannot get any, even for one dollar. The last crop has been consumed. What will become of the poor who live from hand to mouth? They will have to be satisfied with millet, or Indian meal, as long as there is some to be found. Petroleum has also disappeared from the market and so has *teou yeou*, a local oil extracted from beans, and generally used in cooking.

We have not had a bite of meat for a week. Our dear Sister who is in charge of the kitchen, Sister St. Elizabeth⁽¹⁾, must work wonders to provide our little Community with somewhat substantial food. There is not one spoonful of lard in the pantry. Fortunately we still have a little butter left, but we must use it very sparingly, for it is sold at a dollar eighty a pound. Honour is paid to potato pies; the crust which has not had a touch of lard offers some resistance at first, but we can soon manage it well enough!... We are careful not to complain about these little privations, when we see so many poor unfortunates reduced to a much more painful destitution and lacking the consolations of our Holy Faith to assuage their misery. God has never failed us and we abandon ourselves into His Hands!

Report of the Dispensaries of Taonan for the year 1939:

Western Dispensary

Baptisms of children.....	368	Baptisms of adults.....	22
Patients.....	35,717	Treatments.....	41,328
Teeth extracted..	233	Dressings.....	11,418
Homes visited...	3,699	Injections.....	8,122
Small-pox (Vaccination).....	451		

Eastern Dispensary

Baptisms of children.....	206	Baptisms of adults.....	8
Patients.....	17,594	Treatments.....	23,047
Teeth extracted..	110	Dressings.....	7,255
Homes visited...	249	Injections.....	1,937
Small-pox (Vaccination).....	186		

1. Blanche MENARD, Ste. Elisabeth de Joliette.

*Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Fakou.***Sunday, May 21, 1939**

After High Mass, our Reverend Pastor proposed that we profit by the mild weather to take our pupils for a picnic on the mountain.

At half-past twelve, our happy little troop set out for Lao Hou Fong Keou, a small village situated at five *li* from the Mission. We crossed fields and valleys, filling our lungs with the pure air of the country. Calm and peace reigned everywhere. The green meadows bespangled with innumerable flowerets, contrasted strangely with the filthy streets and earthen walls of the city which we had left behind. In the midst of this cheerful and still Nature, where the chirping of insects, the singing of birds, and the merry prattle of our little girls were the sole disturbances, our hearts spontaneously soared to the Divine Maker of all things beautiful.

At two o'clock, we reached the welcoming groves. The children enjoyed themselves to the utmost, under the watch of two Native Sisters, while we repaired to a quiet spot to make our Spiritual Exercises.

Walking and laughing sharpen the appetite, therefore, the "starving" group joyfully greeted the news that it was lunch time. Two big trees, lately felled, served as benches for the oldest, while the youngest sat, in Chinese fashion, on the grass.

Soon, our dear pupils resumed their jumping, running and singing; the mountains re-echoed with all the songs of their repertoire. Consequently, thirst was soon felt, and many asked permission to return to the hospitable well, for a refreshing drink. Kind ladies lent them some cups, and, as in days of old, at Jacob's well, conversation opened on things of the other Life; all that our children knew of apologetics was exposed with the greatest simplicity. These brave pagan women listened with interest; some even mentioned that they would come shortly to the Mission, to study the Catholic Doctrine.

On their return, our future alpinists, in search of new adventures, expressed their eager desire to visit the pagoda commanding the neighbouring mountain. The ascension along the rugged paths which lead to it, took us nearly one hour. How heart-breaking it is for us, Christians and Missionaries, to see the incense rising in spirals before numerous idols, real diabolical horrors, while it would be so gladdening to behold on that lofty peak, the august Sign of our Redemption!

The descent was rapid, and at six o'clock, when the joyous voice of the Angelus invited us to hail our Queen, we were at a step or two from the city. Shortly after, we arrived at the Mission and assured our Reverend Pastor, who inquired about our pleasure-trip, that all had passed an agreeable day.

Tuesday, June 13

We baptized three young children, and an elderly lady, to whom a martyr of the Boxers' Persecution had formerly spoken of our Holy Religion, but whose exhortations had remained fruitless till now.

The Evil Spirit had had a strong hold on that poor pagan and had often communicated with her. Yet she had never consented to become a sorceress. "I prefer to endure the blows of your anger rather than embrace such a profession," would she say to the Devil. As a result the Tyrant did not spare her; misfortune pursued her all her life. Yet, our infinitely merciful Lord was awaiting her at the eleventh hour. As soon as we had spoken to her about the one and only Master, the Sovereign of all things, she manifested the desire to be baptized. In a short time, her pure soul will behold the One Whom, so late she has learnt to love.

Monday, August 14

For over a month, we have lived under a serene sky, the beautiful Oriental sky, which no cloud overcast, and where shone a scorching sun, blanching all by its heat and threatening to destroy the crops that foreseeing man had sown.

The Buddhists, in their attempt to avert the disaster, paid frequent visits to the pagoda, burnt incense, went without a hat or parasol, and practised abstinence. A willow-twigg had been placed in the water *k'ang* in front of the door of each home, and every one entering the house had to perform aspersions.

The Japanese, for their part, lighted fires on the mountain, with the hope that the flames, reaching the clouds, would pierce them and thus bring about the much desired rainfall.

The Mohammedans, to conciliate heaven, prayed and fasted, like Moses on the mountain.

After each sect had vainly exhausted all its plans, our Reverend Pastor, yesterday, prescribed three days of public prayers, in order to beg the Master of all things to protect the harvests and ward off famine. After High Mass, a procession, with singing of the Litanies and recitation of the liturgical prayers for the above-mentioned intentions, was held within the Mission. At twelve o'clock followed the Way of the Cross, and, at night, an Hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. Faith and confidence filled the hearts of the numerous assistants. On the very first day, the Great God of the Christians deigned to answer the prayers of His beloved children: during the night, there fell an abundant and fruitful rain. Thanks be to God, Who has thus manifested His almighty power in our favour!

Saturday, August 26

The church-bells have been silent for two months now; and, if the convent-bell is allowed to ring, it is only on condition that just one muffled sound be heard. All these precautions have to be taken on account of the soldiers' frequent aerial exercises. It has been requested that the country be as silent as possible.

If this is a trick invented by the Devil to hinder the Christians from coming to church, his artifice has met with failure, for the faithful attending the religious services are as numerous as before.

Tuesday, September 19

Flour is becoming very scarce. There is but one market where it can be bought, and all we can get is a pound or two on the fifteenth of each month. Such a small quantity can certainly not be called inexhaustible wealth, especially if we consider that there are six of us at the Mission, and that we must have bread for a whole month. But God, in His paternal bounty, supplied us with what was lacking, in a very unexpected manner. The Mayor's wife, who comes to the Mission every day for her supply of grapes, expressed the desire to have bread, and as there is no baker in Fakou, she asked if we would not make it for her. Upon our answer that it was impossible to procure flour, she promised to provide us with some, on condition that we consent to bake her bread. Needless to say, we soon came to an agreement. Who will fail to see, in that little incident, the loving Providence of God, Who is ever solicitous that we should want for nothing, and employs every means of providing for the sustenance of His Missionaries.

Monday, November 6

Sister Marthe-de-Jesus⁽¹⁾, was the witness of a strange pagan superstition. Accompanied by a young Manchu girl, she was going to town to make different purchases, when she met an apparently young woman, who had her hair and clothes all in disorder, and was pacing the street while muttering strange words, and holding in one hand a bowl and a child's garment.

The explanation of such a peculiar way of acting is the following: the mother, whose child was seriously ill, believed that its spirit had fled; she was, therefore, wandering through the streets, practising incantations, to recall it and force it to retake the apparel which she carried under her arm; after that, she was to return home.

Poor mother! It was heart-rending to see her in such a state of despair! If she knew the gift of God, of the God of all consolations, how much sweeter would be her lot, in spite of this misfortune!

Friday, November 10

Last Tuesday, Mrs. Lin, mother of three of our boarders, expired peacefully in the Lord. We took occasion of this death to give our pupils a few lessons on Christian practices, which are much less known here than the pagan customs. Preparing a Spiritual Bouquet and fulfilling its obligations was something new to them, yet, we hope that this will make them understand that it is more advantageous to pray for the dead than to burn paper for them. Church decorations for the Funeral Service were hurriedly made; black and yellow banners with sentences in Chinese characters of various colours. The high and side altars were covered with black, bearing laurel leaves and yellow crosses as designs. Viewed from near, the whole seemed quite poor, for it was all in paper, but from far, the effect was rather good. A solemn Service, with deacon and sub-deacon, was sung, thanks to the benevolent co-operation of Reverend Father Cossette, Pastor of the neighbouring post.

1. Antoinette DESJARDINS, Montreal.

The pious mother's last outgoing had been to the church to receive Holy Communion with her daughters, but now, unfortunately, the hugeness of her coffin prevented the entrance of the corpse for the Funeral Service. Let us hope that the door of Heaven is wider, and that she will cross its threshold without delay!

Wednesday, November 22

In spite of the advanced season, several new recruits, nearly all from the same village, arrived this week at the girls' Catechumenate and Boarding-School. It was Mr. Tcheou, father of our little propagandist, Tcheou Fong Yen, who sent them. This kindly old man devotes all his time and strength to the Propagation of the Faith, although he has been a Catholic for a few years only. His desire is to maintain a catechism school in his village at his own expense. For this purpose, he sends one of his daughters-in-law to study at Pamientcheng, and his own wife mends the children's clothes while their mother, the future catechist, is learning the Doctrine.

If each village possessed one Christian with such a lively faith, the face of Manchukuo would soon be transformed. But, this exception, by the fact that it is so seldom met with, is all the more precious. It seems that the brave man wants to make up for the time when, ignorant of God, he practised diverse superstitions. His example is now followed by a good number of his compatriots who have faith in his uprightness. Every Sunday, after High Mass, he assembles the children confided to his care, and gives them good counsels, concerning the respect due to superiors and the conformity to God's will. Would that numerous helpers like him were sent to assist the Missionaries!

Report of the Mission of Fakou for the year 1939:

Orphans.....31 Boarders.....28

Dispensary:

Baptisms of children	73	Baptisms of adults	7	Patients.....	29,068
Treatments.....	43,483	Dressings.....	6,189	Teeth extracted.	595
Injections.....	3,231	Vaccinations....	236	Homes visited..	633

Wednesday, January 10, 1940

The children's retreat, begun on the morning of January 8th, ended to-day with a solemn High Mass. A retreat was a novelty for these youngsters, who thought such a thing was solely for the Priests and the Sisters. Our eighty boys and girls passed these days very devoutly. May they be for our Youth, the dawn of a new life, rich in good examples and zeal for the conversion of the pagans surrounding them! Numerous are those souls who owe their Baptism to some child's simple exhortation. "One day," relates Reverend Father Cossette, "I was called to the bedside of a dying pagan boy. 'I want to die a Christian,' said he, 'baptize me'. 'But,' did I reply, with surprise, 'whence do you know our Religion, you have



A GROUP OF PUPILS ON RETREAT, FAKOU, MANCHUKUO, JANUARY 9, 1940.

1st ROW: REVEREND FATHERS E. GILBERT AND H. GAUVIN, P. M. E.; TO THE LEFT: SISTER MARIE DU PERPETUEL SECOURS (FLORINE MORIN, MONTREAL) AND SISTER MARTHE DE JESUS (ANTOINETTE DESJARDINS, MONTREAL); TO THE RIGHT: SISTER PAUL MALEA, NATIVE SISTER, AND SISTER MARIE ALICE (MARIE ALICE LADOUCEUR, ST. GENEVIEVE, JACQUES CARTIER CO.).

never studied the Doctrine?' 'True,' he answered, 'but I have a little Christian friend who spoke to me of God and took me to church on feast days. Oh! how beautiful it is at the Mission! Tell me, Father, in Heaven, is it as beautiful?' "

Monday, January 15

At three o'clock this afternoon, we were called to the bedside of a consumptive, thirty years of age, who had come occasionally to the Dispensary. After having ascertained the seriousness of his state, we broached the important question of eternal salvation. As we asked him: "Do you believe in God?" the dying man, who had been unable to speak for quite a while, opened his eyes and, to the great surprise of his surroundings, said very audibly: "I believe in God, and want to be baptized." His relatives objected that there was time enough to talk about that; we thought otherwise, and without delay, warned Reverend Father Gauvin, who immediately went to baptize him. Half an hour later Mr. Tchao was dead. Our joy and gratitude cannot find words to extol the marvellous power of Divine Grace!

We treated, at the Dispensary, a sexagenarian whose sister had been a martyr of the Boxers' Persecution. He was accompanied by his wife. Our Sister-Nurse believed it was a good occasion to exhort them to become Christians, but Miss Han, our interpreter for many years, was of a different opinion. "They will never consent," said she, "they were too terrified

during the persecution." Sister, while working, recommended them to the Blessed Virgin, and, very simply, said: "You are getting old, how nice it would be for you to become Christians!" "It is our ardent desire," at once answered the husband. Surprised, but happy to have discovered such good dispositions, Sister invited them to come and study the Doctrine after the Chinese New Year. "Not only the two of us shall come," he replied, "but also our young daughter, who is finishing her studies and wants to embrace your Religion."

Once again we admired the infinite mercy of God Who allows His poor creatures to co-operate with Him in the salvation of numerous souls.

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*Letter from the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
in Leaoyuansien, Manchukuo, to their Sisters at the Mother House.*

Leaoyuansien, January, 1940.

DEAR SISTERS,

With the New Year came the richly detailed and interesting letters from our different Houses. During this time of conflict, tidings are rare, yet, we are always longing to hear about all that concerns our dear Institute in each of its establishments.

Along with the report of the Dispensary for the year 1939, we thought of sending you a few details on our life at Leaoyuansien.

Last Fall, we were cherishing the hope of having our dear Mother in our midst for some time; great was our disappointment on learning that her trip had been postponed. Autumn, in Manchukuo, is the fairest of all seasons, by far preferable to spring, which is rather dreary and unpleasant: sand storms blind us, and carry importunate little grains into our houses; we can scarcely help from crunching some when eating our soup. These atmospheric disturbances are attributed to the proximity of the Gobi Desert.

In January, winter began to make us feel its inclemencies. At that time, we received the visit of inquisitors, who wished to know how many stoves we had in our Convent. The quantity of coal allowed us is proportioned to their number. The sale of fuel and of flour is controlled by the civil authorities; cards are distributed indicating the exact number of pounds of flour and tons of coal, which the merchant has a right to sell to his customers. On his New Year's visit, Father Bérichon humorously remarked: "Let us wish one another flour and coal!" That is surely practical philosophy during this period of dearth. Besides being scarce, the coal is of inferior quality; to be more exact, we should call it coal dust. With it is made patent fuel, to which, happily enough for us, our large Russian oven accommodates itself easily. More time than genius is required to prepare this fuel. Water is thrown on the dust, which forms compact blocks, susceptible of being chopped like wood. In order to limit the number of occupied rooms, we have transformed the Community into a dormitory,

where a stove between the walls simultaneously warms this apartment and the adjoining one — our former parlour, now serving as a Community hall. That is where we pass the most pleasant recreations. In Manchukuo, the mid-day sun is so hot that, even in winter, when its rays penetrate into our houses, we can go without fire.

Our time is spent in dispensary work and visits to the sick. Good is being done, and the number of Christians is increasing every year, yet not without deceptions and sufferings, condition inherent to all fruitful apostolate. Reverend Father Bérichon, Pastor, has won the sympathy of all by his charitable zeal.

A few days ago, Reverend Father Ouimet baptized six persons, among whom were three orphans of the Mission. We are enclosing their photograph. The following day, the six made their First Communion.

We really hope our beloved Mother will come next summer, as she promised. When travelling from one post to another, she will be able to admire the vast fields of wheat, buckwheat, barley and rye which, at that time appear like a shoreless lake of verdure undulating in the wind. Farming implements here are very rude; the punishment imposed by God on fallen man, still weighs very heavily on the poor Manchu peasant, who labours hard for a bare living.

Awakening spring brings its rejoicings; the people go herb-gathering, just as in Canada we go strawberry picking. The tender leaves of the native elm are very highly esteemed. They are used for salad or prepared with



SISTER ST. EUGENE (DIANA CHAINE, ARTHABASKA), SISTER MARIE DU CRUCIFIX (EVA TESSIER, ST. BONAVENTURE, YAMASKA CO.), MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LEAOYUANSIEN, MANCHUKUO; TWO NATIVE VIRGINS OF THE MISSION AND THREE NEWLY-BAPTIZED ORPHANS.

pungent sauce and *t'ooiou* oil. The cap of verdure covering the elm at the end of April, is not only its foliage but also its seed, which supplies a much appreciated dish. A fortnight later, when it has reached maturity, it assumes a yellowish tinge, and is then dispersed by the wind.

Your most affectionate Sisters,

THE FIVE OF LEAOYUANSIEN.

Report of the Dispensary of Leaoyuansien for the year 1939:

Baptisms of children	225	Baptisms of adults	12	Patients	31,876
Treatments	48,207	Dressings	4,081	Teeth extracted	588
Homes visited	339	Injections	2,259	Vaccinations	106

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Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Koungtchouling.

CHINESE SUPERSTITION

Mrs. Lin who, according to the neighbours' report, died at twelve o'clock, returned to life this afternoon. All her relatives were terror-stricken. They have since been trying, by every means possible to make her die again. One of their attempts consisted in putting a weight on her chest! But why did they act like that? Was it because they did not like Mrs. Lin? No, she was loved and esteemed by all; this was done merely through superstition. According to them, when the body of the young woman was brought back from the hospital, it must have grazed either a dog, a cat, or some other animal, and its soul incarnated itself into the supposed deceased. This explains why signs of life given by a person who has been in a coma — condition which is generally considered as death — inspire such great fear. This superstitious belief also accounts for the inhumanity with which the dying are treated.

How often have we not seen moribunds, clad in their wadded garments — in summer as well as in winter — already placed in their coffins, outside, near the house, and suffering from all the inclemencies of the weather, while awaiting death. If some are unconscious at that moment, others are fully aware of all that is going on around them, as can be seen by the story of a sick man whom one of our Catechists was instructing. The latter, on hearing that his pupil had died, hastened to his home; and, finding the coffin already closed, inquired of the afflicted family, at what time the patient had expired. As they were giving him the details of his last moments, the Catechist heard a muffled voice, saying: "No, I am not dead!" It was that of the supposed deceased. "Do you wish to be baptized?" asked the Catechist. "Yes, I wish to be baptized," feebly answered the unfortunate prisoner. The coffin was unnailed and the Sacrament of Regeneration administered to the poor victim who, peacefully commended his soul into the hands of God, two hours later.

A CHINESE CUSTOM

One day, when visiting the sick, we noticed some sixty little bags of blood hanging on stands. Having inquired about the use of these, we were told that swine's blood, thus exposed to the sun, turned into powder, and that this was then used as colouring matter for coffins.

Coffins are either black, white, or another colour, according to one's fancy, but the Manchus generally choose red ones. However, they consider more the quality of the wood than the colour.

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At the Dispensary, we treated a young girl who was suffering from dropsy and heart-trouble. At her very first visit, we saw that she could not live much longer, so we broached the subject of Religion; but she was too ill to grasp the meaning of such profound truths. We understood that it was better for us to begin by treating her body, if we wished to attain her soul. A few tappings relieved her. The momentary improvement brought hope to the heart of the young girl. We seized this opportunity to resume our lessons of Doctrine. One day, as we asked her if her father would consent to her being baptized, the uncle who was with her, did not give her time to say a word, but replied immediately: "Baptize her as soon as you can, *doctor*, so that God may receive her in Heaven when she dies." We had not suspected that the seed of truth was also bearing fruit in this man's soul. "Very well," we answered, "but, we must have the father's consent before accomplishing this solemn act." "It is not necessary," said he, "for I am the *l'ang kia* (head of the house), so, if I am willing that she be baptized, everybody will be satisfied; likewise, if I become a Catholic, the whole family will follow my example."

In Oriental families, it is the great-grandfather or the grandfather who is the head of the household, which comprises the sons, grandsons, and often, great-grandsons, with their wives and children. It is the *l'ang kia* who sees to all the affairs of the family. If the grandfathers are dead, the eldest of the sons is named *l'ang kia* and, consequently, settles all the difficulties of the household, that is, those of his brothers, his sisters-in-law and their children. It is he who judges which of the sons has the greatest aptitudes for learning, either among his own children or among those of his brothers. It is not rare, especially when a family's income is small, and that it is impossible to give a reasonable instruction to all, to see uncles working to pay for the education of their nephews, whom they put on the same footing as their own sons, while their daughters remain altogether ignorant, for lack of financial resources. When a man has no sons, all his fortune, however great it may be, goes to his nephews, while his daughters do not inherit a penny.

The above explanation makes us understand why our young patient did not need her father's consent, when her uncle had given his. She received Baptism with great fervour and, shortly afterwards, was admitted

to the Eucharistic Banquet, a privilege which she enjoyed several times before dying. Her improvement was but temporary, the cruel disease from which she was suffering conducted her to the grave, but her soul now enjoys eternal bliss.

Report of the Dispensary of Koungtchouling for the year 1939:

Baptisms of children	47	Baptisms of adults	7	Patients	13,861
Treatments	31,653	Dressings	2,886	Teeth extracted	15
Injections	2,006	Vaccinations	234	Homes visited	742

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JAPAN

Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Wakamatsu.

Thursday, March 23, 1939

This morning we had the pleasure of awarding Kindergarten diplomas to forty-two of our little pupils.

The parents were present at the distribution which was presided over by Reverend Father Kainuma who, after addressing a few words of congratulation to the little tots, urged them to be faithful to their duties of



SISTER STE. ANGELE DE MERICI (MARIE JEANNE L'HEUREUX, LORETTEVILLE) AND A GROUP OF THE KINDERGARTEN ORCHESTRA, WAKAMATSU, JAPAN.

school-life. Two men of the City Hall, Mr. Shoji, President of the Works of Charity, and Mr. Ito, Representative of the Public Instruction, honoured us with their presence. It was the first time that the latter entered our convent, and we are inclined to think that he was favourably impressed.

He manifested great interest in our work and gave us unequivocal proofs of his benevolence. Whether it was due to prejudice or to malevolent reports, this man had been for some time under the impression that our principal aim was espionage. After the entertainment, as he was invited to take a cup of tea with Reverend Father Kainuma, he profited by the occasion to question him on certain points of Religion; he even gladly accepted the invitation extended to him to go to the Mission.

Easter Sunday, April 9

In union with our good Christians, we assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and then, according to the custom of this country, we took part in the traditional family banquet. Reverend Father Okubo, a boy of the Parish, was seated beside the Reverend Pastor. The death of Mrs. Okubo, his mother, had reunited all the members of this venerable family. One of the sons, actually on the Korean war-front, even obtained a two weeks' holiday to come and assist at his mother's funeral. This proves how all here, including the pagan military authorities, are scrupulously faithful to the worship due to deceased parents.

This afternoon, a pleasant surprise was awaiting our sixty little pupils who attend Catechism class. Immediately after the lesson, all were invited to take part in one of those lotteries in which the happy winners are as numerous as the assistants. We then conducted our little crowd to the chapel for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Several had been to a similar ceremony before; but those who were assisting for the first time were very much interested in what they saw. We begged our Eucharistic Lord to bless all these little souls, and to grant them the gift of Faith.

Wednesday, April 25

During the past few days, people have been coming from all directions to admire the cherry-blossoms which adorn the old fortress of Wakamatsu and its surroundings. In this season of the year, even though the work be pressing, there is not one Japanese who fails to find a minute to go for a walk, or better still, to take a light repast under the *sakuras* in blossom. This forenoon, we conducted our little tots of the Kindergarten to the beautiful spot. We had the impression of walking under clouds of pale pink flowers. The willows with their light green foliage, the pines, a shade darker, the tall cedars, several centuries old, the few maples, here and there, with their nascent scarlet leaves, the shrubs of *yamabuki*, with their golden stars, all contributed to make of this enchanting spot, a tableau capable of inspiring even the least enthusiastic artist. Crowds were beginning to throng the avenues as we left. Days later, the beauties which God has so profusely scattered there, still flashed upon our inward eye.

Sunday, April 30

Every Sunday, for the past few weeks, we have had the pleasant surprise of seeing among the pupils of our Catechism class, two little boys, whose



ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE KINDERGARTEN THE LITTLE JAPS BOW TO THEIR TEACHER.

THE PUPILS, HERE, ARE DRESSED IN EUROPEAN FASHION BUT WEAR THE GETA, JAPANESE SLIPPERS NOW TOLERATED WITH THE EUROPEAN COSTUME.



SISTER DE L'ENFANT JESUS (FLORENTINE DANSEREAU, VERCHERES), SISTER STE. JUSTINE (CLEONA ROBITAILLE, GLENADA) AND SISTER ST. FRANÇOIS DE SALES (GEORGINE LATOUR, MONTREAL), TAKING THE PUPILS OF THE KINDERGARTEN FOR A WALK UNDER THE CHERRY-TREES IN BLOSSOM, WAKAMATSU, JAPAN.

THE MOTHERS ACCOMPANY THEIR CHILDREN.

parents were formerly opposed to Catholicism. The elder was to come to the Kindergarten; but, fearing that we should teach him the Doctrine, the parents kept him at home. Nevertheless, they confided the younger one to us, but on the express condition that not one word of Religion be spoken to him. Instructions were carried out scrupulously, yet not without regret; and, behold, these two little fellows presently in elementary grade, now come to us every Sunday, with their parents' approbation. As we had doubts concerning this permission, we asked the younger child: "Does your father know that you come to Catechism class?" "Yes, of course," he replied, "Papa said it was alright to come." We are thankful to God, for is not this incident a presage of future conversions?

Thursday, May 4

With the month of May comes sowing-time. A good gardener, and all his family, came to dig our garden and trace the furrows in which we have copiously scattered Canadian seed. Sweet-corn and string-beans occupy a chosen plot, and to-day, turnip-seed is being confided to the soil. During recreation, while we were busy at this work, a police-officer arrived and seemed very interested. After watching us a while, he made known the aim of his call, and to be polite, offered to help us; but we, graciously declining the offer, invited him to enter the parlour, where he certainly felt more at ease than he would have in the garden, had he been obliged to handle the spade. He had come to have us fill out forms, in order that we might obtain the residence certificats, which all strangers living in Japan, must be able to show upon request. These formalities are very annoying; but the kindness of the authorities makes things much easier.

Friday, May 5

A package, sent by the family of our former Japanese language teacher, contained a pleasant surprise: voluminous *take no ko* (bamboo-sprouts). In this season, they are a luxury, to which we would never have thought of treating ourselves; but, very often are we the object of the delicate attentions of Divine Providence. The sight of the *take no ko* recalled pleasant memories to those among us who have already been in the Southern part of Japan. In the hot regions, the bamboo-sprouts form part of the daily menu. An old missionary was relating that in a family where he lodged, he had some with his rice, three times a day for several weeks; and he jokingly added that he finished by believing that he was eating asparagus.

Wednesday, May 17

This day having been chosen for the pupils' promenade, we made the necessary preparations, and at ten o'clock, we were on our way to Otsukayama — a hill at an hour's walk from here. According to the custom, the parents accompanied their children. It is always a great pleasure for our little tots to see their mothers take part in their promenade and watch their games. Besides, they know quite well that in the lunch-box are hidden delicacies, which they will relish under the big trees.

Despite the clouds which made us apprehend a shower, we were favoured with ideal weather and every one was delighted with so splendid a day. A profusion of vivid red azaleas bedecked the knoll, rendering it very attractive. We gathered as many as our arms could hold, to adorn our chapel. It was indeed very pleasant to wend our way through the shrubs and despoil them of their scarlet riches.

The pupils being free to choose their homeward route, we waited till all had left with their parents, and we slowly returned to the Convent, while reciting our beads. Having reached the foot of the hill, we knocked at the door of a little cottage to ask for a drink of water. A grandmother amiably complied with our desire. While refreshing ourselves, we noticed in the farther end of the room, a person of a sickly appearance. "This person is ill?" we asked the old lady. "Yes," she replied, "she has been in bed for a long time." Then, in a confident tone, she added: "Would you not have something that could relieve her?" We had no medicine with us, but we assured her that we would return to see her and that, in the meantime, we would pray God to cure her. "Whom will you pray?" she eagerly inquired. Evidently, it was the first time that the name of God was pronounced in that dwelling. We gave her a few explanations of Christian Doctrine, which she seemed to receive with an unbiased mind, and we withdrew, happy at having had the opportunity of sowing the divine seed in that upright soul.

Sunday, June 11

We set out to visit the lady of the hamlet of Otsukayama. A bitter disappointment awaited us: there was only a young man at the house. He was busy cultivating flowers. To our questions he answered dryly: "There is no sick person here." His unwillingness did not permit us to insist; so, excusing ourselves politely, we continued our way, pretending we had made a mistake; however, we were convinced that it was at this house that we had stopped on May 17th. We knocked at another dwelling and were told that, in fact, the person in question did live there, but that she had recovered since our visit. Just at that moment we saw the latter, who was just returning from the city with her little boy, so we went to meet her. On recognizing us, the young woman was quite pleased and heartily thanked us for having gone to such trouble for her. We gave her a Miraculous Medal, and said a few words of the power and loving kindness of the Blessed Virgin. Our presence in this remote part of the village soon attracted the attention of the children. Some twenty curious little ones ran up to us, for they had never seen Sisters before. A little four-year-old girl, unable to approach, began to cry as loud as she could, and did not cease till her mother, taking her in her arms, brought her near us. May our Heavenly Mother make known her Divine Son to the good people of this region.

Friday, July 7

The Japanese celebrated to-day the second anniversary of the beginning of the war. Military demonstrations took place on the grounds of the ancient fortress of our city, while the children of the schools went to the

temple for pagan ceremonies. We conducted our pupils to the chapel, where they prayed for the fifty thousand Japanese soldiers who died for the country during the past two years. We invited them to pray also for the cessation of the war.

Thursday, July 27

Very great was our joy this week, on seeing one of our fondest desires realized. For a long time we had been thinking how nice it would be to have a closed retreat at our Convent, and we were wondering if it would be possible to implant in the Missions, a work so dear to our venerable Mother Foundress, so rich in graces of sanctification, and so highly appreciated by fervent souls in Christian countries. It seemed to us that the situation of the Convent, lost in the mountains of Aizu, was an obstacle; yet, the hot springs of Higashi attracting hundreds of visitors to our city, why should an appeal to souls eager for recollection and solitude have remained unanswered? Thanks to His Excellency Bishop Lemieux, our revered Pastor, who himself deigned to announce the projected work to the missionaries of the diocese, thanks also to the encouragement of His Excellency Archbishop Doi, of Tokyo, our project was crowned with success.

Not being specially organized for this work, we transformed the children's large hall into a dormitory, with *tatami* (straw mats), while the wide veranda of the second floor temporarily took the aspect of a refectory. Our different apartments were also put at the retreatants' disposal.

The first retreat began on Sunday last, July 23rd, under the prudent direction of Reverend Father Sawade, and it ended this morning. For special reasons, a few ladies and young girls were unable to follow all the exercises; but all manifested great fervour and faithfully followed the regulations.

After having sung a last hymn to the Blessed Virgin, our happy retreatants left, their hearts overflowing with joy, and promised to return next year with new recruits.

Monday, August 28

Precursive signs of autumn have been felt Saturday morning and last night — sudden earthquakes, always causing terror, although they are expected at the approach of September. Instead of rocking us as they ordinarily do, they manifested themselves this time by violent shocks, something like an expansion and bursting of the earth. These seismic disturbances, we are told, are more dangerous.

Monday, September 11

We have inaugurated a new course for the teaching of European cooking. While affording us financial help, these lessons will contribute to make known our works, and will keep us in touch with the families.

Twenty-eight persons responded to our invitation. Among them we were pleased to see the mothers of a few of our little pupils, as well as several



THE FIRST RETREATANTS OF THE CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WAKAMATSU, JAPAN.

IN THE CENTRE: REVEREND FATHER SAWADE, RETREAT MASTER; TO THE RIGHT: SISTER DE L'ENFANT JESUS (FLORENTINE DANSEREAU, VERCHERES), SISTER ST. FRANÇOIS DE SALES (GEORGINE LATOUR, MONTREAL); TO THE LEFT: SISTER STE. ROSE DE VITERBE (ANNETTE TOURIGNY, THREE RIVERS), SISTER STE. JUSTINE (CLEONA ROBITAILLE, GLENADA), SISTER STE. ANGELE DE MERICI (MARIE JEANNE L'HEUREUX, LORETTEVILLE).



THE LADIES AND YOUNG GIRLS WHO FOLLOW THE COURSES OF EUROPEAN COOKING GIVEN BY THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WAKAMATSU, JAPAN, ARE TAKING HOME A TRIAL PORTION OF THE EXPERIMENTAL DISHES.

SISTER STE. ANGELE DE MERICI, SISTER DE L'ENFANT JESUS AND SISTER STE. JUSTINE ACCOMPANY THEM TO THE DOOR.

ladies who follow our private courses. All seemed interested in the first lesson that was given to-day. The two teachers of our Kindergarten are a precious help to us. They are very devoted, and clever at translating the recipes; they are also good at cooking. After this practical lesson, the various experimental dishes were distributed to the assistants.

Sunday, October 1

At the beginning of last month, a circular, issued by the governmental authorities of Japan, stipulated that the first day of each month should be consecrated to prayer, penance and good works. Throughout the Empire, large posters were affixed to the public buildings and especially to stations, urging the people to abstain from *sake* (rice wine), tobacco, etc., on that day. Such a measure, taken by pagan authorities, gives us to think that the Christian spirit is imperceptibly infiltrating into the hearts of those who dictated it, for it is in perfect harmony with Catholic principles.

Tuesday, November 3

Several times already, we have had the occasion of going to the casern with our little pupils and a group of Christian ladies, to offer *Imon bokuro* (bags of sweets), flowers or other dainties to the wounded soldiers. Each visit has received a most benevolent greeting on the part of the military authorities.

To-day, it was to give these unfortunate soldiers a few hours of recreation that we conducted our pupils to the Military Hospital.

Thanks to the obliging kindness of Reverend Father Kainuma and his devoted catechist, Mr. Tanaka, who gladly saw to the required official formalities, all was organized, and we had nothing else to do but to see to the carrying out of the program. It being the feast of *Meiji setsu*, a hymn in honour of the immortal Meiji opened the entertainment. Then, in an allocution inspired by his priestly zeal, the Reverend Pastor developed, with perfect simplicity and ease, this text of the Holy Scriptures: "Not in bread alone doth man live." It was the first time, no doubt, that the name of God resounded in the large hall of the Hospital, and for the numerous soldiers present, this was a doctrine altogether new; but it was received in respectful silence and was applauded.

The smallest pupil of the Kindergarten, a four-year-old tot, then came and presented the oldest soldier with a five dollar bill, the fruit of the pupils' savings and also of their sacrifices, for this amount had been partly deducted from the sum destined for their toys. Each had gladly consented to be deprived of a part of his toys, this year, in favour of the *heitai san* (soldiers), and this act of generosity and patriotism deeply touched the valiant defenders of the country. Five little girls, wearing a special costume, offered bouquets of flowers in token of gratitude. Then, with animation, all executed gymnastics, dialogue, singing, etc. If we judge by the hearty peals of laughter of the assistance, our aim was fully attained: rejoice the poor patients, while scattering a few words about God in this pagan hospital.



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Monday, January 1, 1940

The silent wintry night, having run half its course, was about to witness the sinking of Old 1939 into eternity, and the peeping of its substitute, Young 1940, above the world's horizon. Were we to spend in sleep these final and most solemn moments? Certainly not!... The bell tinkled; we rose hastily and proceeded to the chapel, where our Divine Guest awaited us. In union with our Adorable Saviour, offering His three hundred and sixty five days of Eucharistic life spent in our tabernacles, we entrusted to our Heavenly Father the year which He had permitted us to pass under His roof. And now, how confident we feel, after having thus begun the new year at the feet of the Sovereign Master, of Him Who wishes to abide with us forever!

After a few hours of rest we returned to our pious sanctuary, where Reverend Father A. Thiboutot, brother of one of the novices, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

After breakfast, Mother St. Jean François Régis convened all the professed Sisters, and read to them the New Year's letter of our Reverend Mother Superior General, while we, assembled in the Novitiate Hall eagerly waited to hear it.

In these times of war, of disunion and hatred, our dear Mother speaks to us of peace, concord, union, mutual forbearance and love, as being so many pledges of true happiness. This happiness was subsequently experienced as we, like little sisters, exchanged our most sincere wishes while giving to one another the fraternal embrace.

And then, all to the telephone! Was it not necessary that we make our New Year's call to our dear Mother? Mother St. Jean François Régis spoke in our name while we, crowded very near, repeated with all the strength of our filial affection: "Happy New Year, Mother!" To this wish were added others, numerous and ardent, for our venerable Mother Foundress, for the Mothers of the Council, and for all our Sisters on Cote des Neiges Road. Then, from our hearts broke forth, sincere and vibrant, the so sweet word of gratitude which the discreet wire transmitted to the maternal ear: "Thank you, Mother!"

Great animation reigned in and around the parlours this afternoon; the little novices have not been forgotten by their loved ones, nor have they forgotten their dear families.

As darkness fell fast from the wings of night, we reflected that the end of the dawning year would come with the same disconcerting rapidity. "1940" presently offers us three hundred and sixty-six white pages to be filled with good deeds, virtues and merits. Let us therefore set to work with all our hearts, in order to embellish these pages with a poem of love and fidelity, written in letters of gold, and all to the honour and glory of Our Heavenly Father!

Saturday, January 6

Would it be that, during their walk on the starlit Arabian waste, the three Wise Men have followed a charitable impulse, and taken up the task of postmen? At any rate we received a good number of letters from our elder Sisters. We were delighting in the reading of these fraternal missives, always too brief to satisfy us, when, at about one o'clock, the following telephone message caused a general commotion: "Our venerable Mother Foundress has been at death's door since morning. She is not yet out of danger but, at least, she has somewhat revived, after having been several hours without giving the least sign of life."

Mother St. Jean François Régis, left immediately for the Mother House. And we, in our anguish, had recourse to the Blessed Virgin, our Refuge in all our sufferings. Once again, she deigned to yield to our entreaties. Our venerable patient, in spite of her extreme weakness, has passed through this perilous stage of her illness. This evening, she perfectly recognized the privileged Sisters admitted to her bedside and, as usual, had a kind smile for each of them.

Such reassuring news, received just before evening prayer, contributed greatly to our night's restful slumber.

Wednesday, January 10

A slight change in our program was heartily welcomed by all. After working during the first part of our recreation, we shall go out and play for the last twenty minutes, before the recitation of the Rosary. Thus shall be supplied the deficiency of open-air exercise which the care of the garden, flower-beds and grass-plots affords us in summer. Concern for our well-being has been the motive of this innovation. Our devoted Mistresses hope, thereby, to avert colds and grippe of the winter season. Needless to say, we profited by these moments of relaxation in a most conscientious manner.

Tuesday, January 16

This forenoon, Reverend Father Charbonneau, recently appointed Pastor of St. Christopher's Parish, Pont Viau, came and paid us a visit.

We were pleased to meet him, and he seemed happy to come and devote himself in the portion of the Lord's Vineyard confided to his care. He is determined to do all in his power to carry out the good work begun by Reverend Father Derome, his mourned predecessor.

On his request, we promised to increase our zeal for the sanctification of all his parishioners. We also offered him our most respectful wishes for

happiness and for a long and fruitful apostolate in St. Christopher's Parish.

Monday, January 22

Our devotion to the Passion of Our Lord was particularly revived by the touching lecture, given to us by Reverend Father Roy, Josephite, on the Holy Shroud of Turin. Lantern slides illustrated the interesting details concerning this precious relic. On it could be read, so to speak, the story of the dreadful torments endured for us by Our Adorable Saviour. The wounds of the Scourging, of the Crowning of thorns, and of the Crucifixion are imprinted on it, and, after so many centuries, it has been possible, thanks to the discoveries of photography, to bring to light the true features of the God made Man. This pious entertainment was for us an eloquent appeal to generosity, and to the love of the Cross for the sake of Him Who carried it in our name.

Sunday, January 28

This evening, our elder Sisters, the Novices who are finishing their period of probation, tried as best they could, to express their gratitude to our kind Mistresses, who have guided their first steps in the Religious life. A little entertainment revealed the emotions of their hearts during these last moments. In the opening number, they sang loudly their thanks, their hopes, their desires of apostolate, their ever increasing love for our Heavenly Patron, the Immaculate Virgin; but soon the voices assumed a sorrowful tone: the time had come to bid Farewell to the dear Novitiate. "To depart is always to die a little"—the poet's words really found their full significance on this occasion. However, this sad thought was quickly banished, for true courage must not allow itself to be cast down. Then, they reproduced, in a diverting scene, all the signal exploits—pious, edifying or droll—which had marked their two years' probation. Another short play inspired practical reflections on the spirit of sacrifice. This pleasant entertainment was brought to a close by the presentation of a precious Spiritual Bouquet offered by the future professed Sisters, in homage of gratitude.

Thursday, February 1

Our Immaculate Mother opened wide the doors of her abode to receive twenty-five new little sisters, whom the "*sequare me*" of our Lord called to join our ranks. We were happy to make their acquaintance this evening. We extended them a hearty welcome, and wished them perseverance, in spite of the slight ennui which, like cockle-sprigs, may try, in the beginning, to harm the good grain of firm resolutions. We pray our good Mother in Heaven, that she may immediately make them participants of the happiness to be found in God's service, and that she herself may become their beloved parents' consolation.

Friday, February 2

Once again, doors and hearts were opened wide; but to-day, it was to greet a whole swarm of professed Sisters from the Mother House and our other houses of the Province. To these Missionaries, the Master has said,

just as of old, to the Apostles returning from their fatiguing journeys: "Come apart, into a desert place, and rest a little." How beneficial and peaceful is that atmosphere of silence and retreat! How restful and salutary for the soul! Eight days of solitude, of prayer, of closer union with Jesus! Is not this like a sojourn on Mount Thabor? How each and every one appreciates this annual rendezvous, and answers with eagerness to the Master's invitation!

Reverend Father Le Lannic, Eudist, will distribute to us, during these days of blessings, the manna of divine teachings.

Sunday, February 11

To-day, a heavenly felicity, more intense, even, than that of the preceding days permeated the atmosphere of the Novitiate, and a note of gratitude predominated in all our prayers and hymns. The feast of the Immaculate Virgin's smile to Bernadette was at the same time the great day of Mystical Espousals for many of us. On such a solemn occasion, the sombre quadregesimal ornaments of our chapel have been replaced by the beautiful colours of the Blessed Virgin.

Firstly, the young professed Sisters renewed their Holy Vows, during the Mass, celebrated by Right Reverend Monsignor Edgar Larochelle. Then, at nine thirty, was held the private ceremony of First Profession. Fourteen of our little Sisters had the signal privilege of becoming the Spouses of Jesus. With great delight, they received, in addition to the black veil, the silver Crucifix and the Rosary, outward signs of their appertenance to Jesus and Mary, and powerful weapons in the hands of those whose lives are vowed to apostolic conquests.

In the afternoon, His Excellency Most Reverend Joseph H. Prud'homme honoured us by presiding at the ceremony, during which our professed Sisters made their Perpetual Vows, and a group of postulants received the Holy Habit. Numerous relatives and friends also attended. Reverend Father André Guay, O. M. I., in his allocution, spoke to us of the apparitions of Our Lady at Lourdes, and made the application of the heavenly message to the Religious Life.

Twenty-two postulants, convened to the Divine Betrothals, then came forward to receive the white livery of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception.

These were: Miss Thérèse Danis, Montreal (Sister Marie Olivine); Miss Marguerite Goebel, St. Boniface, Man. (Sister St. William); Miss Rose Blanche Noel, Lauzon (Sister St. Rémi de France); Miss Thérèse Langevin, Louiseville (Sister Marie Raymond); Miss Madeleine Leduc, Montreal (Sister Paul du Sauveur); Miss Marguerite Paradis, Beauport (Sister St. Raoul); Miss Rita Provost, Ste. Thérèse de Blainville (Sister Germaine de Jésus); Miss Ruth Bégin, St. Louis de Pintendre (Sister Rachel Marie); Miss Hélène Ledoux, Spencer, Mass. (Sister Hélène de Jésus); Miss Marie Paule Bouchard, St. Joachim (Sister St. Donat); Miss Elise Croteau, Montreal (Sister Ste. Honorine); Miss Marthe Laurin, Beauharnois (Sister Marthe du Rédempteur); Miss Marthe Gosselin, St. Gervais, Bellechasse Co. (Sister Marie Emile); Miss Marie Marthe Terrien, Ottawa (Sister Marie

Délia); Miss Cécile Chartier, Quebec (Sister Marie Aimé); Miss Alice Bacon, Joliette (Sister Jeanne Alice); Miss Cécile Demers, Rapide de l'Original, Labelle Co. (Sister Cécile de Milan); Miss Mariette Bouillé, Cap de la Madeleine (Sister Marie Odette); Miss Rolande Langevin, Quebec (Sister Marie Corinne); Miss Françoise Beaubien, Quebec (Sister Françoise Romaine); Miss Eva Marier, Quebec (Sister Marie Laura); Miss Georgette Pressé, Ste. Emilie, Lotbinière Co. (Sister Louis Marie).

Great was their happiness, yet, still more privileged were those who, irrevocably united to the Spouse of Virgins, received, as a pledge of their promise, the ring of fidelity. Their felicity, which can somewhat be imagined, makes us look forward with increased ardour to the day, a thousand times blessed, on which we also shall be united to Jesus.

These privileged ones were: Sister Jeanne de Domrémy (Jeanne-d'Arc Michaud, St. André de Kamouraska); Sister St. Pierre Nolasque (Fernande Saint-Pierre, Manseau, Nicolet Co.); Sister Ste. Hélène (Hélène Hébert, Notre Dame de Pierreville, Yamaska Co.); Sister Marie Hermine (Véronique Bernatchez, Pont Rouge, Portneuf Co.); Sister Françoise du Carmel (Madeleine Coursol, Montreal); Sister Irène de Jésus (Irène Trudelle, St. Narcisse, Champlain Co.); Sister St. André Avellin (Réjane Gaudet, Joliette); Sister St. Alphonse de Liguori (Simone Lebœuf, Ste. Philomène de Lotbinière); Sister Thérèse de la Trinité (Marie Thérèse Beaudin, Montréal); Sister Ste. Aline (Aline Ratel, L'Epiphanie); Sister St. François de Paule (Marie Thérèse Laperrière, Quebec); Sister Ste. Eugénie (Cécile Miller, Quebec); Sister Marie Théophane (Marguerite Dumont, Rivière du Loup); Sister St. Delphis (Clara Bergeron, Sturgeon Falls, Ont.); Sister Louise de France (Jeanne Jacques, St. Joseph de Beauce); Sister Marie Hector (Cécile Dumas, Rivière Bleue, Témiscouata).

Present in the sanctuary were: Right Reverend Monsignor Edgar Larochelle, P. A., Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary; Reverend Fathers Olivier H. Beaulieu, S. J.; Ls-Philippe Gauvreau, C. S. V.; Ambroise, O. M. C.; Alexander Paradis, P. M. E.; Laurent Nicole, St. Raphael de Bellechasse; Reverend Brothers Conrad, C. S. C.; Athanase, F. E. C., Mont St. Louis; L. P. Laurin, O. P. B., Ottawa; Joachim, O. M. C.; Laval Laurent, O. F. M.

After this touching ceremony, Jesus blessed us from His golden ostensorium, while all hearts acclaimed His bounties in the *Quid Retribuam Domino*, and the Hymn of Thanksgiving, *Te Deum Laudamus*. At this moment we were carried away on the wings of thought to Koriyama, Japan, where Sister St. Côte (Thérèse Laliberté, Lotbinière) and Sister Marie Alida (Rose Aimée Demers, Quebec), also had the happiness of making their Perpetual Vows.

The elect of the day then had the pleasure of seeing their dear relatives and friends.

After these had left, the Novitiate still resounded with many cheerful and pious melodies, the rhythm of which was marked by silver chimes. Dear Sister Marie Eugénie⁽¹⁾, one of the pioneers of this domain, was celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of her Religious Profession.

1. Octavie Roberge Sanford Me.

She had renewed her Oath of fidelity in the morning; and, at supper-time, while the Sisters intoned the *Veni Sponsa Christi*, she was crowned with a wreath of silver lilies, by our beloved Mother, whom we were so pleased to have in our midst. This dear Mother also crowned each of the newly-professed Sisters with white lilies.

In the evening, we performed a little play in honour of our happy jubilarian. The program opened by a duet, and in a joyful cantata, we expressed our sisterly wishes. Then followed a very symbolical drama entitled, *The Ratified Oath*.

At the close of so beautiful a day, to proclaim the favours of God and the kindnesses of Mary, we could find no purer nor more powerful accents than the inspired words of the *Magnificat*. Therefore we sang it with all our hearts. May the Immaculate Virgin, in answer to our wishes and prayers, smile down protectingly upon us as she did, several years ago, upon her humble servant Bernadette.

Tuesday, February 20

We just received the news of the death of our dear Sister St. Clément (Juliette Maltais, Sacré Cœur, Saguenay Co.), one of our good workers in Manchukuo. Untimely deaths always surprise; such was the case to-day, for our lamented deceased was in the prime of life, and in the sixth year of her Religious Profession. We must adoringly submit to the Will of the Sovereign Master, Who, in His own time, deprives the harvest of its most laborious reapers, of them who hold the richest promises of gathering heavy sheaves for the heavenly granaries. But, if the earthly day of this ardent apostle was abridged, will her work be less fruitful in Heaven?...

We are anxious to receive the particulars of the sickness and last moments of our dear departed one. Yet, we like to imagine that she very confidently drew nigh the Eternal Portals, where our Merciful Saviour, and His Holy Mother, were waiting to introduce her into their beautiful Kingdom, which she herself had opened to so many pagans.

Sunday, March 3

Laetare Sunday, which is comparable to a refreshing halt in the middle of Lent, tinges with rose the mourning of the Church, and somehow, seems to prelude the Paschal solemnities.

It was for us the day of our monthly retreat. The holy exercises helped to intensify the spiritual blissfulness which must fill the souls of those imbued with the liturgical spirit.

But, there is a time for prayer, and a time for play. Therefore, after the hours of serious meditation, little novices, with beaming faces, hastened from every corner of the house, to the Novitiate Hall. They seemed to suspect that the postulants were preparing a surprise for them. Oh! those novices, how clever they are when it comes to guessing their younger Sisters' secret plans! Is it not because they have already trodden the same path?...

The clock struck seven. Suddenly a whole flight of sparrows invaded the room. Soon, the piano resounded with vibrant chords, voices modulated

gay refrains, screens opened and closed, and our little Sisters succeeded one another on the scene, executing with amiable simplicity, the role assigned to them for the evening entertainment. All of them contributed to spread mirth, animation and joy, that sincere, serene and communicative joy, which must be one of the characteristics of a true missionary.

Thursday, March 7

Yesterday evening, our dear Mother called to remind us of the ever pleasant duty of devoting this whole day to thanksgiving, in commemoration of the incomparable favour granted to us on this date seven years ago: the final approbation of our Constitutions.

To-day, therefore, hymns of gratitude ascend towards Heaven from our modest sanctuary, which is adorned as for the greatest feasts.

When transmitting her message, last night, our Mother had added: "Do not forget to take a good holiday." A round of applause had greeted this maternal ordinance, and we can say that we have obeyed to the letter. Joy is so easily allied to gratitude!

May Holy Mother Church, now and always, find in her humble missionaries, children worthy of the great privilege she has bestowed upon them, by placing them, in a special manner, under her maternal protection.

Tuesday, March 12

For the second time within a month, Death has visited the gardens of the Immaculate Virgin; stooping over a desired lily, detaching it from its stem, it winged its way to the world beyond, leaving us grief-stricken, yet absorbed in salutary and profound reflections on the mysteries of this transitory life, and on those, still more incomprehensible, of the life without end awaiting us after our brief pilgrimage here below.

It is our dear Sister St. Jude (Antoinette Leveillé, Ste. Anne des Plaines), who has thus been snatched away from our sisterly love. She expired peacefully at our convent of Nominingue, where she had been resting for some months.

O God! how unfathomable are Thy ways! The whole world white already to harvest, petitions for labourers, and we beg Thee to send numerous and zealous reapers. But lo! those who, after considering the vastness of Thy fields, had so spontaneously offered themselves, are suddenly carried off, at the hour, at the age when they were capable of producing their greatest yields! Why, O Lord? Ah! it is because Thy views are not our views. The sacrifice of an apostolic life full of promise, is sometimes just as fruitful as the hardships endured during many years of incessant labour. We have but to adore, and submit to Thy command, O Sovereign Master!

Upon the request of her family, the mortal remains of our dear Sister St. Jude were transported to our Novitiate, where the Funeral Service was celebrated by her cousin, Father J. M. Vezeau, Ste. Clotilde Parish, Montreal. Our beloved deceased now rests in the shadow of the majestic white cross, which is itself shadowed by the blessed walls that sheltered her Religious childhood.



The Children's Page

DEAR CHILDREN,

The soft coo of the turtle-dove has broken the wintry silence... The earth has awakened, full of life, of freshness and of hope; the woods have revived; the brooklets have resumed their pleasant babble; the fresh breeze has come with its caressing, fragrant breath; the young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth; and from the neighbouring bower can be heard the warbling of birds and the chirping of insects; here and there, flowers have blossomed, charming and graceful, like sweet smiles... It is Springtime, gay Springtime!...

Let us hail with delight the fair season given to us by God,

For it is God Who bedecks Nature,
When melt the snows and silv'ry frosts;
The Hand of God scatters the verdure,
The lilacs and forget-me-nots.

THE HAND OF GOD

Happy is he, dear Children, who sees the Hand of God in each and every incident of his life! What tender emotions, what exquisite joys fill his soul at the sight of the marvels of Creation; what consolations he finds in all the events, happy or unhappy, which strew his path here below!

The Divine Hand is the Hand of Him Who made the world out of nothing, engraving upon it His greatness, His power, His bounty, His beauty. It is the Hand of Him Who constantly rules and upholds it; the Hand of the Heavenly Father, Who has given us life, Who loves us infinitely, ministers to all our needs, and desires our eternal happiness; a Hand that does but good or that permits and sends trials and sufferings only for the welfare of His children.

Sometimes, grown-up people wrongly complain or become upset when things do not go exactly as they desire; yet, they seem to love God. If they would only stop to consider His Divine Hand in each happening, how wise, how patient, how compliant they would become, and what countless merits they would amass for Heaven!

Very wrongly also, many persons imagine that an immense distance lies between God and them, and that He does not see nor hear them. God, dear Children, is everywhere. He is in Heaven, the throne of His glory; He is in each and every spot of this vast universe, which He has created and which subsists in Him. That boundless space surrounding the earth and studded with a prodigious number of stars, which, so the learned astronomers

tell us, are as many suns accompanied by gravitating planets similar to our own earth, that space, I say, whose expanse and depth defy all human calculations, God fills it. Now, we live in that space; therefore we live, and move, and are in God, just as a fish exists, lives, and dies in the water that surrounds and sustains it. There are no opaque bodies for His divine eye, which penetrates Heaven and Hell, and the innermost recesses of the human heart; there is no distance for His hearing, which perceives our most intimate sighs; there is no limit to His knowledge, which numbers exactly the hairs of our head, the sands of the shore, the atoms of the air; which reads our most secret thoughts, our best concealed sentiments.

— And His Hand?

— His Hand is constantly at work. In the universe it governs the motion of the heavenly bodies, regulates the seasons, masters the winds, decorates the heavens, wings the storms, stills the tempests, multiplies the seeds and makes them germinate, perfumes the flowers, matures the harvests, creates living beings and provides them with sustenance; but all these natural feats, though of infinite greatness and of infinite perfection, are eclipsed by the magnificence of the supernatural wonders wrought by the Divine Hand in a faithful soul. These wonders are so extraordinary that they cannot be seen with bodily eyes; therefore, will they be, throughout all eternity, a source of joys, never exhausted and ever new!

In order that this felicity may be yours, dear Children, try to make it a habit, from now on, to see the action of the Hand of God in all the details of your everyday life, and of furthering it with all your might. For instance, if, for the sake of duty, and to please your dear parents, you have worked assiduously in class to obtain an Honourable Mention, or a promised reward, and you fail in your attempt, do not complain, nor envy the fortunate winner, but say: "My God, Thou hast undoubtedly permitted this failure that I may become more humble. I thank Thee for it." If a playmate insults you, do not try to revenge, but, lifting your heart to your Heavenly Father, say: "Kind Father, Thou hast permitted this incident that I may become more patient, I thank Thee for it." But now, you have the occasion of rendering a service to this companion. A voice interiorly urges you to offer yourself. Do so, without hesitation, saying: "Father in Heaven, it is for Thy love that I am mortifying myself and doing this act of Charity." A favour is granted, a kindness showed, do not fail to thank God; you will thus do homage to Him Who has willed that such things be so.

By this perfect conformity to the Will of God, your soul, dear Children, will soon be adorned with virtues and merits, like the diamond which, a rough stone at first, becomes beautiful and precious as the artist's hand cuts it, or, like the rosebush, which produces the most magnificent flowers, after it has undergone an apparently merciless pruning.

FLOWERS

With Spring, dear Children, the flowers re-appear on our earth, and with them, the month so beautiful, called, in certain countries, the month of flowers: the beautiful month of May, dedicated to our Heavenly Queen.

Everywhere, during this blessed month, the Christians, devoted to this august Sovereign, bedeck her altars with the season's most fragrant blooms, while prayers and hymns ascend to her maternal heart.

Dear Children, you also must play your part in this harmonious concert of praise to our Heavenly Mother. You must be most faithful to lay at her feet your daily bouquet of flowers, and to express to her, in a special manner, your love and gratitude, by invoking her more frequently, especially by the recitation of the *Ave Maria*, that mystical flower so pleasing to her.

Thus you will deserve the favours of this loving Queen. The following story clearly shows how she rewards her faithful servants: —

"Antonio had had a pious mother who taught him, on her knees, to say the *Ave Maria*. While he cared for his flock, he often went to pray in an oratory dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, but no longer frequented.

"One day, he distinctly heard Mary saying to him: 'Antonio, I want you to crown me.' The young shepherd at once set to gathering flowers; and, having braided a garland, he deposited it on the head of the statue of Our Lady. The next day, the child was very sad, when he saw that the wreath had all withered.

"Winter was approaching; where could flowers be found? Once again he heard the heavenly voice, saying: 'Antonio, I want you to crown me.' He sought in vain for a single bloom; suddenly, he recalled that he had seen all kinds of *diadems* in a merchant's shop, in the neighbouring city. He hastened thither, related his story, but... he had no money... The child's artlessness and piety inspired confidence to the merchant's wife, who gave him a little silver circlet, bearing a flower-like ornament. Very delighted, the boy was about to leave, when a lady, richly attired, entered the store. On learning the cause of the child's happiness, she said to him: 'Choose the most beautiful, I shall pay for it.' Antonio, beside himself with joy, selected a splendid golden crown set with precious stones. Then, he rushed back to his little sanctuary and, persuaded that nothing more pleasing could be offered to his amiable Sovereign, he triumphantly lay the crown on the Madonna's head.

"But, Mary's voice made itself heard once more: 'Antonio, I thank you; yet, this is not the crown I wish.'

On hearing this sad revelation, the young shepherd wept bitterly; and, falling on his knees before the statue, he begged: 'My good Mother, won't you tell me what crown you desire?' 'You have heard about my faithful servant Dominic,' answered the statue, 'Well, go to him; he



Dear Mother, won't you tell me what crown you desire...



"*Fra Rosario*," said Our Blessed Lady,
"do you recognize these crowns?..."

will teach you.'

"Saint Dominic was already preaching the Devotion of the Holy Rosary. One day, being extremely tired, he was praying in a lonely spot, when a poorly

clad youth came up to him; it was Antonio. Dominic listened while he related the favours of Mary, and the message which she had given him. Then, he explained to him the Devotion of the *Rosary*. De-

lighted to know this excellent means of honouring his Mother, and won over by the kindness of the Saint, Antonio expressed the desire to enter his Order. Dominic readily admitted him and gave him the name *Fra Rosario*, as was becoming to a true child of the Rosary.

"Since then, the young lay brother never ceased reciting his beads, whenever his duties permitted. Even during the night, he would continue to wreath his mystical *crowns* for the Queen of all Saints; crowns such as she loved, crowns which time could not alter.

"He lived in the Order up to a very old age; and, on his death-bed, he still held between his toil-worn fingers the Rosary, with which he had so often crowned his beloved Queen. It was then that Mary appeared to him, crowned with a triple chaplet of roses, *white, red and yellow*, casting a marvellous light. 'Fra Rosario', asked the Heavenly Mother, 'do you recognize these garlands? You have placed them on my head. You have crowned me on earth according to my desires; come you now, I shall crown you in Heaven with a diadem of immortal glory.' At that moment, the dying monk, still clasping his beads, stretched out his arms; as he uttered the first words of the Angel's Salutation, '*Ave Maria!*' he expired peacefully, and his soul winged its flight to Heaven. The following night, a very holy religious saw him, seated on a splendid throne, and heard the Angels' chorus singing: 'Behold the reward of those who, during their life, have often crowned their Queen with the mystical roses of the Holy Rosary!'"

Dear Children, imitate young Antonio in his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and you will merit a reward similar to his, when your soul passes from this world to Life Eternal.

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.



If he who prays does not deserve to be heard, the merits of Mary, to whom he commends himself, will cause him to be heard. —*St. Anselm*.

Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin

for favours obtained



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

BL. HENRY SUZO.

About eight weeks ago I wrote to you, asking you to pray that I might rent an apartment in our humble house or home. My prayers were answered. The next day an applicant came and stayed seven weeks. I am thankful, if it was only for a short stay; and I am writing now for the same request, that if it is God's Holy Will, we may have a permanent tenant. Mrs. E. McM., **Marlboro, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to Our Lady. Miss M. H., **Johnstone.** — I am very thankful for having found work, at last. Please pray for all my intentions. Mr. C. C., **Madison, Me.** — Thanksgiving for favours received. Mrs. L. C. B., **Three Rivers, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for the help I received from Our Lady of Lourdes. I made a Novena for my granddaughter's child, asking for help to have a mark removed from her face. We got so much help, that I want to thank Our Blessed Mother and have it published. There is still a scar, but I think it will soon fade. Mrs. M. A. Hamilton, **Springfield, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Now, I would like you to pray that my husband may get work. Mrs. L. F. St. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — I am grateful to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained, and I beg her to keep on protecting us. Mrs. A. B., **Collinsville, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Please continue praying, that my husband may keep his position. Mrs. L. D., **North Malden, Ont.** — Thanksgiving to Our Holy Mother for answering my request. Please publish that my husband received steady work the same day I asked Our Blessed Mother's help. I would like you to pray for a special intention of mine. Mrs. P. E. C., **Renfrew, Ont.** — I have received a great favour from Our Immaculate Mother, and thank her most sincerely. I am praying daily for two intentions very dear to my heart. May I beg an intention in your prayers for these. Miss M. C., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Mrs. E. T. D., **Temiskaming, Que.** — Please publish my thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother and St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for the favour which has been granted to me. My father, who died recently, had the grace of a happy death, with all the Sacraments, and I was able to reach home and be with him during his last hours. May I request prayers for the repose of his soul. Mrs. Albert M. Callnan, **Houlton, Me.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favours received. Twelve months ago my husband was very ill with pneumonia. He was so sick that the doctor could not tell one way or another. I prayed to the Blessed Mother with the help of my children; and, that very day, the doctor called me on the telephone and told me that my husband was better. Oh! thanks a million times to my good and Blessed Mother! I know she, and the good Sacred Heart, heard my prayers. Will you please have this published. I'm the mother of eight little children and we all wish to thank the Blessed Mother and the Sacred Heart and the Little Flower of Jesus. Mrs. Timothy C. Riley, **So. Portland, Me.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Mrs. O. G., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal for a favour received. Will you please have a special Novena made for me, that Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal may cure my mother from her illness, that my brother and his wife may obtain work, and for another special intention. Miss N. M. B., **Lewiston, Me.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Will you please pray for two intentions of mine. Mrs. H. G. M., **Norwich, Conn.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph for a favour obtained on the seventh day of my Novena. May I ask for more prayers for two special favours. Mrs. K. G., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a special favour obtained. May Our Blessed Lady protect my child. Mrs. M. D., **Port Menier.** — Thanksgiving for work obtained. Mrs. R. B., **Verdun.** — I am pleased to acquit myself of a debt of gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for success in important examinations. Miss C. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Homage of gratitude for favours obtained through the intercession of Mary Immaculate. A Subscriber. — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. E. B., **Bristol, Conn.** — Thanksgiving for favour obtained. G. T., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for graces received. I request other favours. Mrs. A. A., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving for favour received. Mrs. R. F., **Ste. Anne des Plaines.** — Heartfelt thanks for a favour obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. J. F. B. — We thank the Blessed Virgin for her maternal protection. Mary and Teresa R., **Montreal.** — Sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a cure obtained. Mrs. U. L. G., **Three Rivers.** — Lively gratitude to Mary Immaculate for a favour received. Mrs. T. Q., **Three Rivers.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. F. D., **Verdun.** — Thanksgiving for favours

received through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus and Mother Marie Ste. Cécile de Rome. Mrs. H. J. G., **Williamstown, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for favours received. Please pray for my intentions. A most grateful client. — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph for a grace obtained through their powerful intercession. I request your prayers for a special intention. A Subscriber, **Chute Rouge.**

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

Petitions

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

Will you please make a Novena for me at Mary's Shrine, that my special intentions may be granted soon. A reader of THE PRECURSOR. — Will you please pray for the following intentions: that we may have a good home in a short time, so that my daughters may be able to stay with me; that my husband may get the position we have in view; that I may recover my health. Mrs. E. P., **Limestone, Me.** — I have been ill for a long while, and I am not going to the Hospital for an operation. Please pray to the Blessed Virgin for my complete recovery. J. K. — Please make a Novena to Our Mother of the Miraculous Medal that I may get back the use of my left arm. Mrs. M. J., **Indian Orchard.** — I am writing to ask for prayers for my niece and myself. Mrs. T. C., **Belleville, Ont.** — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin for my husband who is sick in the Hospital. Mrs. A. P., **Ville St. Pierre.** — Kindly make a special Novena to the Blessed Virgin for my son. Mrs. N. P., **Killaloe, Ont.** — Kindly pray for me that I may obtain health and other favours. Mrs. J. C., **Montreal.** — Please make a Novena for release from severe pain, and improvement in my health. Mr. P. W., **North Bay.** — Please pray to Our Lady of Sorrows for special intentions. M. G., **Biddeford, Me.** — We would like you to make a Novena for our little grand-daughter. Mrs. D. P., **Portland, Me.** — As a subscriber to THE PRECURSOR, may I request you to join me in a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for a special favour for my son. Mrs. W. J. T., **Kenogami, Que.** — Please pray for my intentions. Mr. P. I. D., **East Millinocket, Me.** — Would you please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin, so that I may obtain two very special favours. Mrs. J. W. McC., **Ludlow, Mass.** — May I ask your prayers, that I may overcome my nervousness and enjoy better health to bring up my family. Mrs. L. H., **Springfield, Mass.** — Will you please offer up a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for my son, that he may obtain the position he is trying to get. Please publish my request. Mrs. Giblin, **Montreal.** — Kindly pray for my sister, that she may regain her health. Mrs. A. L., **Millbury, Mass.** — Please pray for us that we may obtain two special favours if it is the Holy Will of God. Mrs. L. DeF., **St. Johnsbury.** — Please pray that my husband and I become reconciled and live a happier life. Please pray also for his conversion and that things will get better. I have a cross to bear, may God help me to carry it. — Will you please pray for a special intention of mine, — that the rash on my little baby's face, head and neck may disappear and not prove serious. Mrs. G. M. M., **Pittsfield, Mass.** — Please pray that I may obtain a spiritual favour, that my wife and I may have better health; and, kindly recommend all our other intentions to the Immaculate Conception. P. H. C., **Worcester, Mass.** — Will you please pray so that my husband may find work, he has been unemployed for six weeks. Mrs. R. D., **Millbury, Mass.** — I hope you will help me to pray to Our Blessed Mother, that I may regain my health. Mrs. C. A., **Merlin, Ont.** — Will you please pray for my mother that she may recover her health without having to undergo an operation. Miss M. H., **Millbury, Mass.** — I beg the Immaculate Conception to help my husband and myself in two special requests. First, to sell our home to a good advantage, as it is more than our present circumstances can afford. Second, if it is God's Holy Will, to give us both better health. Mrs. Frank R. Verrill., **Mechanic Falls, Me.** — Kindly have a Novena of lights burn at Mary's shrine, that I may obtain a special favour through our loving Mother's intercession. Please pray also, that we may be successful in all our undertakings. A Subscriber in need. **Ste. Sophie.** — Please pray that I may obtain a special favour. A Subscriber. — Would you make a Novena, that my little boy may be cured without an operation. Mrs. J. D., **St. Giles, Que.** — Please begin a Novena to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, that my daughter and three sons may obtain steady employment; that they may live good Christian lives; that I may be successful in my present position; that we may enjoy good health, and for all our other intentions. Mrs. A. D., **Kirkland Lake, Ont.** — Would you please make a Novena for a very special intention. A Subscriber. — My mother is sick since last fall and does not seem to be getting better. Please

pray to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal that she may recover her health. Pray also for my dad's health. Miss M. C., **Poultney, Vt.** — Please make a Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help that I may regain my health. Mrs. D. M. C., **Webster, Mass.** — Kindly pray for my recovery, and for my husband's intentions. Mrs. N. V., **Spencer, Mass.** — Please make a Novena to Our Blessed Mother, as the favour I have been asking has not yet been received. Miss R. B., **Skowhegan, Me.** — I am still unemployed, and beg to be remembered in your prayers. Miss M. T., **Montreal.** — Will you please pray that I may obtain the same position I had last summer or that I may find work elsewhere, and as soon as possible. I also request your prayers for two special intentions. A Friend, **Bryson, Que.** — Please make a Novena for my daughter as she is going to be operated on. Mrs. C. L., **Montreal.** — I beg the assistance of your prayers for two cures, a vocation, and two important favours. Anonymous. — Kindly have a special intention in your prayers for a person who is abandoning his religion. Miss M. V. L. — A cure and work. Mrs. A. L., **Montreal.** — Kindly offer up special prayers for the conversion of several persons, the recovery of my health and the sale of a property. Mrs. S. M. — I would like you to pray for my family. A mother. — Please pray for my nephew's cure, for the father of a family and for my recovery. M. A. D., **New Bedford.** — Kindly pray for me, that I may obtain the great favours I have been asking for six years. Anonymous. — Will you please pray for me, that I may obtain the position I am asking. P. R. T., **Amqui.** — I am requesting the help of your prayers, that my husband may keep the position he has at present. A Subscriber. — Kindly ask Our Lady to grant us courage in our trials. Mr. and Mrs. W. T., **Biddeford.** — Health for my brother and myself. Miss X., **Marlboro, Mass.** — I am requesting prayers for a special intention. Mrs. G. D., **Gamelin.** — Please pray for a special intention. A Subscriber. — The conversion of two brothers. One who has grief. — Will you please make a Novena that I may obtain a grace. Anonymous, **Verdun.** — Would you kindly make a Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, that she may grant me courage and success in an undertaking. Mrs. E. A. D., **Temiskaming, Que.**

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

Very Reverend Canon P. D., Labrèche, Pastor of N.-D.-Auxiliatrice, **St. Johns Que.**; Reverend Father G. A. Fonrouge, P. P., **Chambly Bassin**; Reverend Father E. Cloutier, P. P., **Ancienne Lorette**; Reverend Father Bisson, P. P., **Spencer, Mass.**; Reverend Father A. Cloutier, **St. Rose**; Reverend Sister St. Jude, Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception; Reverend Sister Victorien, Sister of Providence, **Montreal**; Mr. Pierre Tétreault, **St. Antoine Abbé**, brother of our venerable Mother Foundress, Mother Marie du St. Esprit; Mrs. Aimé Hébert, **Montreal**, mother of our Sisters St. Pierre Claver and St. François d'Assise; Mr. J. A. Guibault, **Sorel**, father of our Sister Blanche de Castille; Mrs. Joseph Desrosiers, **Joliette**, sister of our Sister St. Barthélemi; Mr. Raoul de Grandpré, **West Charleston, Vt.**, brother of our Sister Ste. Lucille; Mrs. Alphy Cheff, **Pain Court, Ont.**; grandmother of our Sister Joseph Marie; Mrs. Mary O'Mara, **Montreal**; Mr. Henry Sears, **Outremont**; Mrs. Amelia Armstrong, **Montreal**; Mrs. Charles Phaneuf, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mrs. D. A. McDonald, **Montreal**; Mr. Richard Hogan, **Montreal**; Mrs. Mary Thompson, **New Bedford, Mass.**; Mr. Howard Benoit, **Verdun**; Mrs. Pierre Chicoine, **Orleans, Vt.**; Mr. James P. Denning, **Debec, N. B.**; Mrs. Frank Power, **Point St. Charles**; Mr. John Maloney, **Point St. Charles**; Mrs. Annie Tracey, **Point St. Charles**; Miss Susan Dalton, **St. Thomas, Ont.**; Mrs. U. A. Pomerleau, **Manchester, N. H.**; Mrs. John F. Alexander, **Montreal**; Mr. J. W. Leckie, **Englehart, Ont.**

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

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

Lazaretto.

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

Procure and School.

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

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

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1934).

Training of native virgin-catechists. Dispensary.

IN MANCHUKUO, VIA JAPAN

LEAOYUANSIEN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1927).

Dispensary.

PAMIENCHENG, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1929).

Dispensary. Orphanage. School.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1930).

Dispensary. School.

TAONAN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

Dispensary. Boarding-School.

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

TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1932).

Dispensary. School.

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

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KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1933).

Dispensary.

IN JAPAN

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

Kindergarten.

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

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IN ITALY

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

Procure for the Missions.

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

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

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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