

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XII, 18th Year MONTREAL, November-December, 1940 No. 12

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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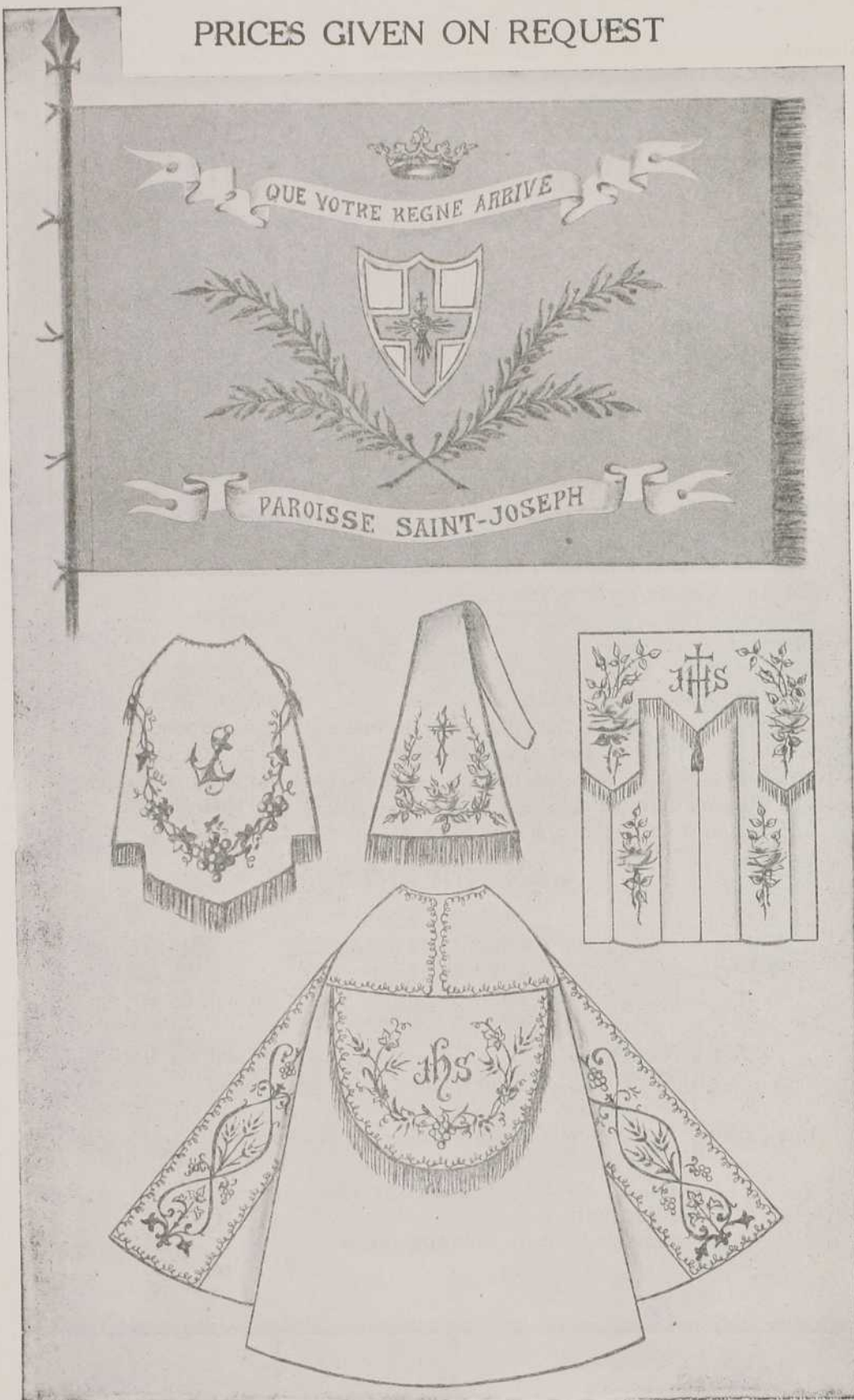
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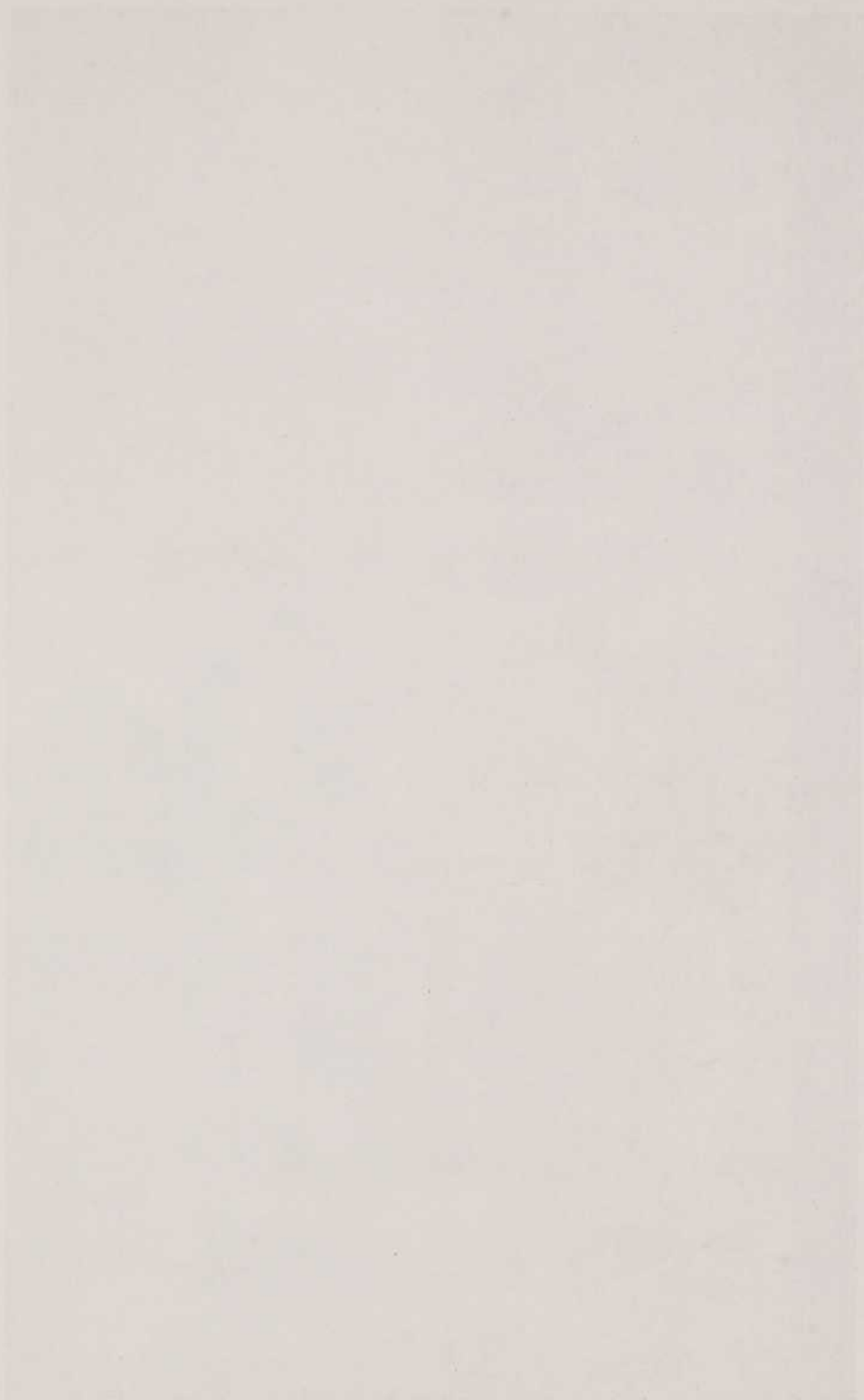
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THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
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Vol. XII, 18th Year

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The Master Among the Trees


*Amid the leaf's soliloquies,
The revery of the rill,
The Master walks among the trees
Within His pleasure still.*


*Within His wood the Master walks,
The primrose at His feet;
The murmurous maple to Him talks
In converse low and sweet.*

*By verdurous cloisters, cool and dim,
Through morning's dew He goes;
The linden lisps her love to Him,
The violets unclose.*

*The aspen trembles with delight
When she her Lord perceives;
The poplar thrills through all her height
And shakes her silvern leaves.*

*From glade to glade the thrush calls
Across the dewy ground,
And silence fills the intervals
More sweet than any sound.*





*So peaceful 'tis, so fraught with balm
So soothing to the soul,
'Tis sad to think beyond this calm
War's dreadful thunders roll;*

*That past this green and fragrant world,
So solemn, sweet and still,
The thunderbolts of death are hurl'd
By kings that hate and kill.*

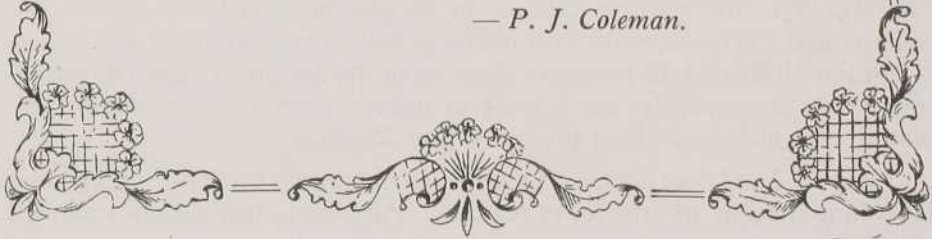
*Alas, forgetful of their Lord,
That men their hands imbrue
In brothers' blood, and with the sword
God's world of love undo!*

*Alas, that hell-begotten war
Should God's sweet earth deface,—
God's Edens green should waste and mar,
God's paradise displace!*

*Oh, that, beneath God's love divine,
From hatred men would cease,
And learn of murmurous oak and pine
How good and sweet is peace;*

*That men, benignant each to each,
Christ's brotherhood would prove,
And learn of whispering elm and beech
How beautiful is love!*

— P. J. Coleman.



Mary and the Souls in Purgatory

(Thoughts for the Month of November)



AMONG the titles with which Christian piety likes to greet the Queen of the universe, there is one that is most consoling to us and very dear to the Blessed Virgin; it is that of *Refuge of Sinners*.

Now, in Purgatory, also, there are sinners. But how worthy of consideration these sinners are! After the elect in Heaven, they are the chosen portion of the Lord's heritage. They have left the earth, in the love of God, free from mortal sin, and endowed with all the charms of sanctifying grace. They are living images of the Divinity, friends of God, temples of the Holy Ghost. They have, it is true, some debts to pay to Divine Justice for venial sins, or temporal punishment to suffer; but they are sure of their eternal happiness, which they must infallibly obtain after they are wholly pardoned and perfectly purified. Also, how Mary, loves these dear sinners, who are certainly elect! How she desires to introduce them into Heaven as soon as possible, so that they may glorify the Lord and enjoy inamissible felicity! How she endeavours to obtain pardon and mercy for them! How she works to purify them completely!

On the other hand, Mary is the Mother of Christians, Mother most admirable, Mother most amiable; and that is one of our most legitimate causes of joy. She watches over us with incredible solicitude, with zeal full of goodness, indulgence and devotedness, during our whole earthly pilgrimage. She sees in us cherished children that Jesus, her Divine Son, her first-born Son, bequeathed to her on Calvary. Is it possible that, during our mortal existence, she could be so devoted to us as to shield us from the least dangers, and that, after our death, when we shall be suffering most acute pains, when we shall be weeping and moaning bitterly in awaiting everlasting beatitude, when we shall need some one to console us, to help us, to deliver us, she would have no more sympathy for us, she would give us no sign of affection, she would treat us like strangers, like people unknown to her? No! No! that can not be. We feel it in our hearts, Mary loves us always. Her love is stronger than death; it follows us beyond the grave. She is still our Mother in Purgatory, the vestibule of Heaven, as she was in the valley of tears, this visible world. She is still our Mother, that is to say, she takes the greatest interest in us, she most ardently desires our welfare, and she endeavours with ineffable zeal to procure it for us. Mary is still the Mother of the prisoners moaning in the expiatory flames of Purgatory; and, consequently, she strives to deliver them from the fire of expiation and introduce them promptly into Paradise.

Mary, as Mother of God, is a Queen. Her empire is universal; it includes Heaven and earth and the lower regions. Purgatory, then, is not excluded

from her domination. Now, the precious privilege of a queen is to forgive. If Jesus holds the sword of justice, Mary's office is to exercise mercy; and her mercy, like God's, is as high as the heavens, as immense as the universe, as deep as hell. Victoriously, before Divine Justice, she pleads the cause of the prisoners of Purgatory and obtains splendid pardons for them, as for the sinners on earth. Not only is Mary merciful towards the dead, but it is also in behalf of Purgatory that she manifests her power in a very special manner; it is upon Purgatory that she showers the treasures of her goodness in greater abundance. Do not be surprised at that; nowhere else are there more sufferings than in Purgatory; nowhere else, more ardent prayers; nowhere else is there greater holiness, excepting in Paradise; nowhere else, more lively confidence; nowhere else is the merciful royalty of Mary better appreciated, better praised, better loved!

Listen to the Saints interpreting in this sense some beautiful passages from the Scriptures. They apply to Mary and, especially, to Mary, Protectress of the Souls in Purgatory, this decisive text: "In every nation, I have had the chief rule;" and this other one, which is so expressive: "I will penetrate to all the lower parts of the earth, and will behold all that sleep, and will enlighten all that hope in the Lord;" and this other very persuasive allegory: "I have walked in the waves of the sea," which St. Bernardine of Siena, after other eminent doctors, zealous panegyrists of the Blessed Virgin, explains thus: "It is to the august Queen of Heaven that these words of the Scriptures refer. She tramples the deep water, indicating likewise her power and her authority. This deep water is Purgatory, the sufferings of which are called *waves* because they are passing and are compared to the waves of the *sea* because they possess its bitterness. And Mary walks in these bitter waves; she goes to visit, console and deliver those who are being purified in them."

Listen to the Saints expressing their sentiments regarding the role of Mary and her salutary influence relative to Purgatory. "As soon as the name of Mary



The Blessed Virgin promised Pope John XXII that she would deliver from Purgatory the members of the Confraternity of the Holy Scapular as promptly as possible and, preferably, on the first Saturday after their death.

resounds in this abode of suffering," says St. Denys the Carthusian, it brings relief similar to that felt by a poor sick person on hearing words of consolation." — "Her prayers," says the learned Novarino, "are for the suffering souls like a refreshing dew, which falls on the flames and tempers their intolerable heat. But it is little for her heart to relieve and protect her children in Purgatory. Mary breaks their chains and becomes their liberator." Not less luminous and consoling are the words of the great St. Bernardine of Siena. "Since the day of her Assumption," he declares, "Mary has obtained the right of grace for all the souls detained in the prison of expiation; she was granted the privilege of delivering her faithful servants from the pains of Purgatory. She is clothed with sovereign power to exercise therein the ministry of charity. As all the graces which are granted to earth are solicited and distributed by her, so does she procure and countersign, so to say, the letters of deliverance for the Souls in Purgatory. For the members of the Church Suffering, as well as for those of the Church Militant, she is the mediatrix who conducts to Jesus."

But this is not enough. Here is a still more convincing testimony. It is that of the Blessed Virgin herself speaking to St. Bridget, as can be seen in the book containing the Revelations of this great contemplative: "I am," she said, "the Queen of Heaven and the Mother of Mercy, the joy of the just and the ladder of sinners. There is no pain in Purgatory which, by my help, does not become sweeter and easier to bear." And on another occasion she added: "I am the Mother of God, the Mother of all those who are in Purgatory, because all the pains inflicted on sinners for the expiation of their sins are allayed at my prayer." And Our Lord Himself speaking to Mary, said to her as is related by St. Bridget: "You are my mother and the consolation of all those who are in Purgatory!"

Lastly, listen to the testimony of the Church, the support and pillar of the truth, confirming the opinions of sound reason as well as the declarations and revelations of her saints regarding the point we are now treating. In her liturgical prayer of the daily Mass for the dead, she beseeches the clemency of the Sovereign Judge, Who bestows pardon and loves man's salvation; she asks that our brethren, kindred, and benefactors, may together enjoy everlasting happiness; and to obtain this grace, she knows no better means than to have recourse to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, *Beata Maria semper Virgine intercedente!* Therefore, Mary is solicitous about the Souls in Purgatory; therefore, she is qualified to intercede in their favour, and if she prays for them, they will be helped, they will be saved, because Mary's prayer is efficacious and is always answered, God wishing it thus to honour His Mother.

In fact, how many graces Mary procures the deceased! Consolation, diminution of pain, deliverance. She comes to the assistance of the dead by inciting the faithful to pray for them, by despatching heavenly messengers to them, by descending in person to this abode of suffering. All the Christians who are in Purgatory share in her kindness, but especially those who, on earth, have had a true devotion to her, or those whom her faithful servants

recommend to her. She makes them feel the ineffable influence of her kindness at every moment, but particularly on certain privileged days.

We see in the revelations of the Saints, that Saturday, which is the day consecrated to the most Blessed Virgin, is a feast-day in Purgatory. On that day, the loving Mother of Mercy visits and consoles her good servants in these dismal dungeons.

By virtue of the privilege of the *Bulla Sabbatine*, all those who have worn the scapular and fulfilled certain conditions are delivered from the expiatory flames on the first Saturday following their death. Here is what the venerable Sister Paule de Ste. Thérèse of the Dominican Order relates, concerning this. One Saturday, rapt in ecstasy and transported into Purgatory, she was all surprised to find it transformed into what resembled a paradise of delight, for the habitual darkness was replaced by a dazzling light. As she was asking the reason for this change, she perceived Mary, surrounded by an infinite number of angels who were being commanded to go and deliver the souls that had been specially devoted to her, and to conduct them to Heaven.

If this is what happens on ordinary Saturdays, we cannot doubt that it is thus when, during the liturgical year, we celebrate some of the glorious anniversaries of the Mother of God. The feasts of Mary thus become the feasts of Purgatory. This is particularly true of the Feast of the Assumption. St. Peter Damian says that every year, on this feast, the Blessed Virgin delivers several thousands of souls. Here is the miraculous vision he relates on this subject.

It was a pious custom of the Roman people to visit the churches with a lighted taper, during the night preceding the Feast of the Assumption. Now, one year, a noble lady was kneeling in the Basilica of *Ara Cæli*, at the Capitol. To her great surprise, she perceived in front of her, a woman whom she had well known and who had died during the year. She waited for her at the church door, anxious to clear up this mystery; as soon as she saw her come out, she took her by the arm and, drawing her apart, she said: "Are you not Marozia, my godmother?" — "Yes, I am," answered the apparition. "Eh! how is it that you are among the living, since you died almost a year ago?" — "Until this day, I was in a terrible fire on account of the numerous sins of vanity I committed in my youth; but, on this grand solemnity, the Queen of Heaven came down in the midst of the flames of Purgatory and delivered me as well as a great number of souls, that we may enter Heaven on the day of her Assumption. She does this every year, and the number of souls that she has released to-day, is as considerable as that of the people of Rome. Because of this, to-night, we betake ourselves to the sanctuaries dedicated to Mary. You see only me, but we are a great multitude." Noticing that this lady was stupefied and seemed to doubt, the apparition added: "To prove that what I say is true, know that you yourself will die in a year, on the Feast of the Assumption. If you outlive that time, consider all this as an illusion." St. Peter Damian adds that this lady spent the year doing good works, in preparation for death; and, in fact, she died on the day of the Assumption, as it had been predicted.

A great number of writers, amongst others, St. Alphonsus of Liguori, confirm this pious belief, which is founded on a number of particular revelations. It is why, at Rome, the Church of St. Mary in *Montorio*, which is the seat of the Arch-confraternity for the Souls in Purgatory, is placed under the vocable of the Assumption.

This consoling proposition, that "Mary is the consoler, the protectress and the most powerful and loving Queen of Purgatory", is therefore absolutely certain. Let us then pray for our dear deceased. And by an ever-increasing filial devotion, let us merit to share in the suffrages of the Blessed Virgin when our career here below will have come to an end, when our soul will be separated from our body to enter the mysterious regions of the other life. For she is clement to all the deceased, she is especially merciful to all those who honoured and served her during their life here below.

— Father Charles ROLLAND.

(Translated)

What is Life?

ST. Vincent of Lerins saw in the ripples of a brook flowing from its source and going on forever, an image of the fleeting moments of life that pass away, never to return. Alas! who has not said, at one time or other, on thinking of the brevity of man's days: What is life?

When recalling our happy childhood, when trampling once again the verdant lawn where we frolicked in days of yore, when seeing in spirit the countryside where we enjoyed such pleasant sports, have we not the impression that these moments are very close to us? Thus will it be when, on our death-bed; we shall, in a glimpse, see our whole life. What will it seem to us, if not a dream, a light and passing shadow?

"What is your life", says St. James, the Apostle, "*It is a vapour which appeareth for a little while, and afterwards shall vanish away.*" Are you not senseless, you who say: To-day or to-morrow we shall go to such a city; we shall negotiate during a year and acquire great wealth. Can you even tell what will happen to-morrow?

And if this very night, you were stretched on your death-bed, and that God gave you time to think of your past life, would you find that it has lasted very long, I do not say in comparing it with eternity which is so close at hand, but in looking at it in itself? Strange to say, the shortness of life, the rapidity of our days, are truths we commonly admit and highly proclaim; and our conduct, nevertheless, would make one think that we do not believe them at all. In fact, do we not live as if we were convinced that we shall always remain on earth?... Look around and see the multitude of men, even those who have the Faith; consider your own self and tell us if we are not right?

There are many persons who frequently think of the shortness of life; but this thought, which God has destined to bear such abundant fruits, is unfruitful for them. Far from profiting by it, in fact, they hasten to chase it away just as soon as it comes to their minds and they strive to replace it by more cheerful and frivolous thoughts. Really, is not this a folly similar to that of senseless persons, who would dance over a volcano open under their feet and ready to engulf them.

(Lives of Saints.)

Let Us Think of Death

It is a strange weakness of the human mind that death is never present to it, although it evidently manifests itself on all sides, under a thousand different forms. All one hears at funerals are words of astonishment that that mortal is dead. Each one recalls how long it is since he spoke to him last, and what the deceased said to him; and all of sudden he is dead. "Such is man!" does one exclaim and he who says this is a man, and this same man, forgetful of his destiny, does not apply this reflection to himself. Or if he forms some petty resolution to prepare himself for death, he soon chases away this gloomy thought; and I can say that the mortals are not less careful to bury the thought of death than to bury the dead themselves.

Man is very little, and all that ends is little. I enter life, condemned to leave it. I come to mould myself into a character, I come to show myself like the rest, then I will have to disappear. I see some pass in front of me, others will see me pass before them, the latter will present the same spectacle to their successors, and will finally confound themselves in nothingness.

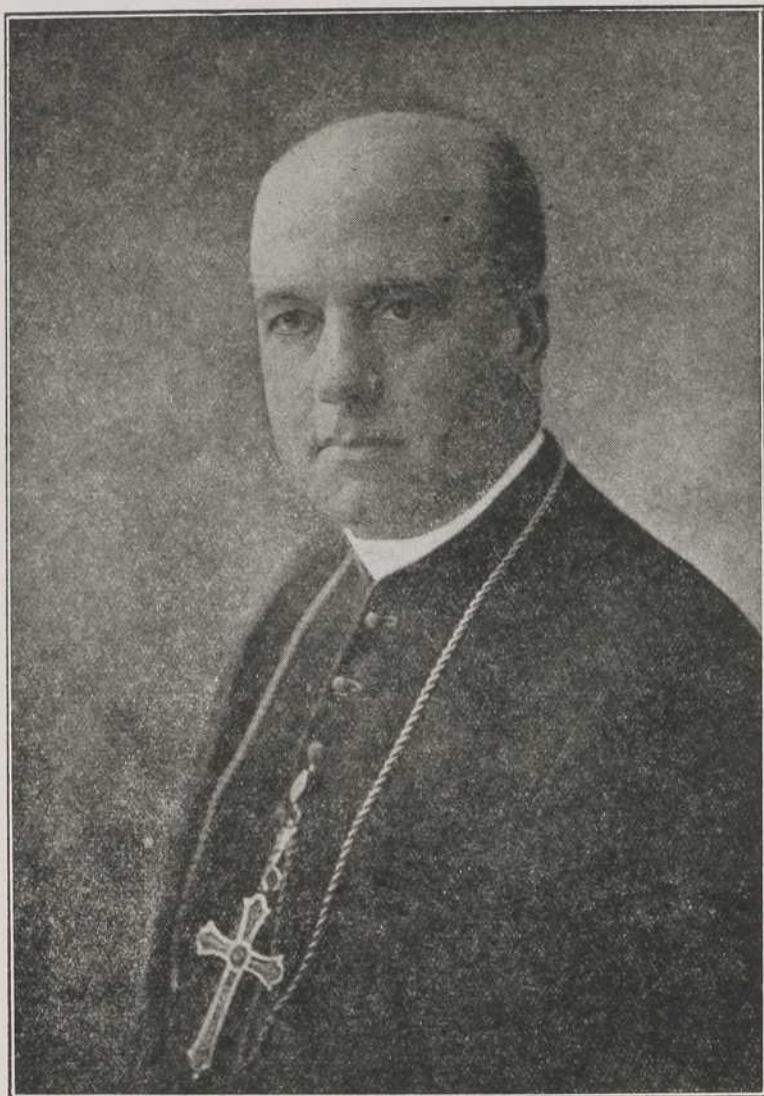
Well, my soul, is this life such a great thing?...

My God, I firmly resolve in Thy presence, to think of death every day, at least on retiring and on rising.

— BOSSUET.

Preparing for Christmas

We should not fail to keep in mind that our Christmas joys and our Christmas graces will be commensurate with the preparation we have made for that great day. It is easy to understand why men filled with the spirit of the world, when they come to the church on Christmas morn, should remain unmoved, untouched, by the condescensions of the Divine Infant in the manger. They may perhaps feel a sentimental pleasure in coming out to the first Mass, said before the break of day, or in the beautiful Christmas carols sung by youthful voices. But when they stand before the Crib, they seem to be blind, deaf and dumb. Though the Christ Child holds out His tiny hands to them appealingly, they fail to understand. And the reason for all this is that, engrossed with earthly interests, they have allowed Advent to pass without pausing to consider the great things impending.



His Excellency Most Reverend Georges Gauthier

ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL

WHOM GOD HAS CALLED TO HIMSELF

Three times, in less than a year, the Church of Montreal has been grieved by the death of one of her Pastors.

On September 20, 1939, Most Reverend Paul Bruchési was called to his eternal reward. On June 23rd, Most Reverend E. A. Deschamps, Auxiliary Bishop, ended his laborious career and on the 31st of August last, the Diocese was suddenly deprived of its Most Reverend Archbishop.

The latter, whose health was greatly impaired, fell on the field of action. His faithful flock, mourning his loss, deposited on his coffin with the homage of their veneration, their ardent prayers for the repose of his soul.

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)

A Time of Hardship



TRUE courage and a heroism worthy in its degree of admiration and respect, are often necessary to support the hardships of life, the daily weight of misery, growing want and restrictions on a scale never before experienced, whose reason and necessity are not always apparent. Whoever has the care of souls and can search hearts, knows the hidden tears of mothers, the resigned sorrow of so many fathers, the countless bitternesses of which no statistics tell nor can tell. He sees with sad eyes the mass of sufferings ever on the increase; he knows how the powers of disorder and destruction stand on the alert ready to make use of all these things for their dark designs. No one of good-will and vision will think of refusing the State, in the exceptional conditions of the world of today, correspondingly wider and exceptional rights to meet the popular needs. But even in such emergencies, the moral law, established by God, demands that the lawfulness of each such measure and its real necessity be scrutinized with the greatest rigor according to the standards of the common good.

In any case, the more burdensome the material sacrifices demanded of the individual and the family by the States, the more must the rights of conscience be to it sacred and inviolable. Goods, blood it can demand; but the soul redeemed by God, never. The charge laid by God on parents to provide for the material and spiritual good of their offspring and to procure for them a suitable training saturated with the true spirit of religion, cannot be wrested from them without grave violation of their rights.

Undoubtedly, that formation should aim as well at the preparation of youth to fulfill with intelligent understanding and pride those offices of a noble patriotism which give to one's earthly fatherland all due measure of love, self-devotion and service. But, on the other hand, a formation which forgot or, worse still, deliberately neglected to direct the eyes and hearts of youth to the heavenly country would be an injustice to youth, an injustice against the inalienable duties and rights of the Christian family and an excess to which a check must be opposed, in the interests even of the people and of the State itself.

Crime of High Treason

Such an education might seem perhaps to the rulers responsible for it, a source of increased strength and vigor; it would be, in fact, the opposite, as sad experience would prove. The crime of high treason against the "King

of Kings and Lord of Lords " (I, Timothy 6, 15; Apocalypse 19, 6) perpetrated by an education that is either indifferent or opposed to Christianity, the reversal of "Suffer the little children to come unto me" (St. Matthew 19, 14), would bear most bitter fruits. On the contrary, the State which lifts anxiety from the bleeding and torn hearts of fathers and mothers and restores their rights, only promotes its own internal peace and lays foundations of a happy future for the country. The souls of children given to their parents by God and consecrated in Baptism with the royal character of Christ, are a sacred charge over which watches the jealous love of God. The same Christ Who pronounced the words "Suffer little children to come unto me" has threatened, for all His mercy and goodness, with fearful evils, those who give scandal to those so dear to His heart.

Now what scandal is more permanently harmful to generation after generation, than a formation of youth which is misdirected towards a goal that alienates from Christ "the Way and the Truth and the Life" and leads to open or hidden apostasy from Christ? That Christ from Whom they want to alienate the youthful generations of the present day and of the future, is the same Christ Who has received from His Eternal Father all power in Heaven and on earth. He holds in His omnipotent Hand the destiny of States, of peoples and of nations. His it is to shorten or prolong life: His to grant increase, prosperity and greatness. Of all that exists on the face of the earth, the soul alone has deathless life. A system of education that should not respect the sacred precincts of the Christian family, protected by God's holy law, that should attack its foundations, bar to the young the way to Christ, to the Saviour's fountains of life and joy (c. f. Isaiah 12, 3), that should consider apostasy from Christ and the Church as a proof of fidelity to the people or a particular class' word: "They that depart from thee, shall be written in the earth" (Jeremiah 17, 13).

The idea which credits the State with unlimited authority is not simply an error harmful to the internal life of nations, to their prosperity, and to the larger and well-ordered increase in their well-being, but likewise it injures the relations between peoples, for it breaks the unity of supra-national society, robs the law of nations of its foundation and vigor, leads to violation of others' rights and impedes agreement and peaceful intercourse.

Bound by Reciprocal Ties

A disposition, in fact, of the divinely-sanctioned natural order divides the human race into social groups, nations or States, which are mutually independent in organization and in the direction of their internal life. But for all that, the human race is bound together by reciprocal ties, moral and juridical, into a great commonwealth directed to the good of all nations and ruled by special laws which protect its unity and promote its prosperity.

Now no one can fail to see how the claim to absolute autonomy for the State stands in open opposition to this natural way that is inherent in many — nay, denies it utterly — and therefore leaves the stability of international relations at the mercy of the will of rulers, while it destroys the possibility of true union and fruitful collaboration directed to the general good.

(To be continued)



To Our Lady of Peace



*Dark is the sea, and rough the swelling billow;
The wind is calling from the fearful deep.
Ave Maria, through the clouds we see thee;
What though the tempest rage, thou dost not sleep.*

*Star of the Sea,
And Star of our devotion,
Safe keep our loved ones,—
Safe on the ocean.*

*Wild is the world, and mad its frightful temper;
The battle surges, strown the fields with slain.
Give we our sons to thee in trust, O Mother!
Thine be their souls, that they may take no stain.*

*Lady of Peace,
And Queen of our devotion,
Safe keep our loved ones
Amid war's commotion.*

*Ave Maria! Queen of Peace, we hail thee!
Speed to our aid, hasten the dawn of peace,
That we may see, by thy great intercession,
The hosts of death depart and warring cease.*

*Lady of Help,
And Queen of Consolation,
Safe keep our loved ones,—
Safe keep our nation.*

— Caroline E. MacGill.



A Sincere Friend

"Good morning, Peter!"

"Ah! it's you, Paul! How are you? I have not seen you for a long time... not since you have moved."

"In fact, not since I'm staying in the X section, on X Street...."

"Quite near the Lodge?"

"You know?"

"I know... but I do not know... never shall I cross the threshold of a Freemason Lodge."

"Still...."

"It seems, Paul, that you frequent the place...."

"Who told you so?"

"Oh! never mind.... But don't you know that you are taking a bad road?"

"You're joking.... It's a benevolent association."

"Benevolent association! You're very simple!.... You must be with the beginners to speak thus."

"I was favoured ever since I entered...."

"You obtained a position, a lucrative, an honourable position, but at what cost?.... Believe me, Friend, of what profit will this honour, this fortune be to you, if you are in Hell for all Eternity?"

"How strange that you should speak to me like that!"

"I'm acting as a friend, your best friend. We have known each other too long for me not to read a little in your soul. Tell me, are you not unhappy? Do you not feel secret remorse, have you not founded fears?.... I have known you to be so kind, so loyal, so pious, so much like your dear old mother.... By the way, I met your mother lately, she is worried about you.... She seems to be unaware of your joining the Freemasons, but she is very anxious about you.... I think she has a foreboding and soon, no doubt, she will know all. A mother, you know, guesses everything.... To hear that you have become a Freemason will make her die of grief."

"Poor mother!..."

"Have pity on her, have pity on your soul! Leave that society without delay. It has but wicked, secret plots."

"I can't...."

"You can, to-day, but who knows if you will be able to do so to-morrow? It may then be too late!"

"O Lord! I shudder at the very thought!..."

"Your eternal salvation is at stake, think of it!"

"But what will become of me?"

"You will lose your position, but God will not abandon you if you place your trust in Him, He is the Master."

"I don't dare.... I am afraid."

"Dare, do not fear."

"I haven't the strength to do so.... I cannot possibly do it...."

"Come with me.... We are just in front of the Church.... Let us go in for a visit. We shall ask forgiveness, light and strength to Almighty God, and beg the protection of the Blessed Virgin."

The two friends entered.... At the foot of the Tabernacle, Paul, touched by grace, reflected, humbled himself, and prayed.... In front of the image of Our Lady of Mercy he knelt and wept bitterly.... When he stood up, he was a new man, converted!...

Peter had found his friend of old.



The Sign of the Cross in a Masonic Lodge

Father Jandel, the illustrious General of the Dominicans, had preached at Lyons on the power of the Sign of the Cross. On coming out of the Cathedral he was accosted by a man who said to him:

Sir, do you believe all you have taught us?"

"Sir, I teach only what I believe. The power of the Sign of our Salvation is acknowledged by the Church, it is indubitable."

"Is that so?" replied the interlocutor astonished, "well I am a Freemason and I have not the Faith; but because I am greatly surprised at what you have preached, I propose to put the Sign of the Cross to a test. Every evening, we assemble on such a street at such a number. The devil himself comes to preside at our meetings. Come with me this evening, if you wish, we shall stay at the door of the hall; you will make the Sign of the Cross upon the assembly, and I shall see if what you have said is true."

"I believe in the power of the Sign of the Cross," answered Father Jandel, "but I am not allowed to tempt God or to expose my Faith to rash trials. Give me three days to reflect."

"When you are ready to try your Faith, I am at your orders," said the Freemason, and he gave his address to the Dominican.

Father Jandel immediately went to see Archbishop de Bonald and asked him if the honour of Religion was not at stake if he refused the challenge. The Archbishop assembled a few theologians and discussed a long time with them the *pros* and *cons* of the undertaking.

Finally, all agreed that Father Jandel should accept. The Archbishop blessing him said: "Go, my son, and may God be with you."

Forty-eight hours still remained before the meeting; he spent these praying and mortifying himself. He recommended himself to the prayers of his friends; and, towards the evening of the appointed day, he came and knocked at the Freemason's door. He was expected. Nothing could reveal that he was a religious, for he was dressed as a layman and had hidden his large cross inside his coat.

They left for the lodge, and soon reached a large hall luxuriously furnished and so brilliantly lighted, that on entering it, all eyes are dazzled. They waited at the door. Little by little the hall was filled and by the time the devil showed up, nearly all the seats were occupied.

"There he is!" said the introducer to Father Jandel. Immediately taking out his crucifix, the religious raised it and traced over the assembly a large Sign of the Cross. A thunder stroke would not have had a more unexpected result. The lights went out, the seats were overturned and all the assistants fled....

The Freemason dragged Father Jandel away, and when they were very far, without being able to explain how they had escaped the darkness and confusion, Satan's adept fell at the feet of the priest saying:

"I believe, I believe! Pray for me, convert me, instruct me!"

(*Life of the Very Reverend Father Alexander-Vincent Jandel, 1810-1872*, by H. M. Cormier, O. P.)
Semaine Religieuse de Quebec.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)

CHAPTER VI.

Last Days in Paris — The Departure.

We are tempted to give one or two more extracts from Theophane Vénard's letters to his family during the remainder of his stay at the Paris Foreign Mission House; for these letters are so full of counsel, especially those to his younger brother, that we have felt they might be of equal value to others in a like position.

Eusebius had just entered the Preparatory Seminary at Montmorillon; he was fifteen, and had a strong desire to become a priest. Under these circumstances he writes to Theophane for advice; and the elder brother answers as follows:—

“ My dear Eusebius, — You are now of an age to choose your future career, an age when people begin to think, and when certain convictions form themselves in their minds and influence their conduct. In your intercourse with men, you will encounter much prejudice, many strange ideas, and perversions of the truth; for their minds have wandered from the good old paths; and society in Europe has become thoroughly corrupt. I do not mean to say that there were not plenty of bad people in old times, as there are now, for man is ever the same. But formerly there were certain social bases and landmarks which none but the very vicious overstepped. For religion was the foundation of society and God gives life to nations as well as to individuals. Now all these safeguards are removed or ignored, but you will understand this better by and by.

“ Well, you are asking yourself what is to be your future? Pray, simply, humbly, and fervently, to know God's will, and your path will be made clear. Then you will follow the inspiration which Divine mercy has put into your heart. Sometimes a person says, ‘ I will be a priest,’ or ‘ a soldier,’ or ‘ a landed proprietor,’ and then he adds, ‘ Oh, such and such studies are not necessary for this or that profession!’ This is the reasoning of pure idlers. Then others go on about piety: ‘ Piety! it is only good for priests and nuns. God does not expect so much of us!’ (*How do you know?*) These are the arguments of cold and calculating natures. Now what I want you to say to yourself is, ‘ I am, first of all, a man, a reasonable being, created to know, love, serve, and glorify God. I come from God. I go to God. I belong to God. My body is His. My mind is His. My heart is His. I shall be judged according to my works and to the way I have corresponded to the grace given me. Well, then, God helping me, I will use this body, this mind, and this heart, as much as I possibly can for His greater glory, honor, and love.’

"My dear Eusebius, life well employed consists in this — *a faithful correspondence to grace, and a good use of the talents given*. There is no other religion than this, and the rule of life is the same for all.

" 'But,' you ask, 'what does God ask of me?' Humility, prayer, obedience to His Divine commands and to the voice of our mother the Church, and an entire abandonment of ourselves to His Divine Providence. You answer,— 'But many men do not reason like this.'

"To God alone it pertaineth to judge of others. We have only to look to ourselves. For the moment, what you have to do is — study with all your might to make use of the advantages which God has put in your way, and which you owe, under Him, to the generous love of our dear father. Work not to gain honor and distinction but to please God. He who does not work for God, works for the devil and for his friend, the world. God is represented on earth by His Holy, Catholic, Roman, and Apostolic Church. She is the City of God, whose citizens we are, no matter in what corner of the earth our lot may be cast. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the chief of this city; but we shall not see this clearly until the consummation of all things. The Pope and the Bishops are His representatives on earth, and have a permanent and infallible authority to which we must submit, and in which we must believe, as in Jesus Christ Himself. He who is not with them is against them. The Catholic Church on earth is termed *Militant* — that is, she is perpetually at war with Satan and the world. Ever since her birth she has been attacked on every side. Your business must be to fight for her, and under her banner, taking the saints as your protectors and guides.... Do not let yourself give way to vexation at little troubles and cares. Banish the idea that such and such things bore you. We have to learn very early to live amidst constant contradictions and mortifications of our natural tastes and inclinations. But it is this which trains us and makes us good soldiers of the Cross, and the soul is thereby raised and purified. It is a trite saying that there is no heaven without a cloud and that you mustn't expect anything to be perfect in this life, but what I want you to do is to bear everything cheerfully and gaily, to rejoice even in vexations; and if you can't be bright naturally, strive to be bright in and for God.... Be agreeable in conversation, good-humored and merry, full of cheerfulness and fun, and not brooding on disagreeables. And now you will say I have preached enough, and so I will only add, having laid down certain great principles for your life, forward! Don't be afraid of being laughed at. You will crown all by keeping up the tender love of a little child for the Blessed Virgin and a confiding trust in your Guardian Angel."



How often does it happen in the ordinary relations of life, that the affection of one who is devoted to us, if that affection resides in the heart of one who is pure and good, nerves us to resist the tendencies to evil and strengthens us to continue firm in the path of honour and rectitude!

—Rev. Ed. Leen, C. S. Sp.

The Combat in the Cross



To obtain a victory, the soldier must contend in battle; to win the prize of science, the student must make an effort; to garner a rich harvest, the farmer must not be sparing of his trouble; thus it is for the man who wishes to possess the crown of virtues, never will he attain the perfection of patience, of charity, of humility, of temperance, etc., if he does not firmly resolve to deny himself and carry his Cross each day after Jesus.

It is this self-denial that St. Francis de Sales calls the "spiritual combat" and that the poet was contemplating when he said: "Life is a combat, the palm of which is in Heaven."

He who wishes, therefore, to become a perfect Christian and win, not only the palm of salvation but, also, the crown of virtues, must enter courageously in the path of self-denial, which is naught else than the army of those who combat according to the

words of Our Lord: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away."

For this, it is not necessary to accomplish brilliant deeds. What has St. Teresa of the Child Jesus done to attain so high a degree of holiness? Nothing else except the humble duties of her state in life, but these she accomplished very faithfully, with much purity of intention, for God alone. Every day she strove to offer to her Heavenly Father the "flowers of sacrifice" she encountered on her way: "mystical roses" which she culled on the "thorns" of self-denial. In brief, she valiantly fought the battle in the Cross.

Her Crosses, for the greater part, were interior; but if they were not apparent, they were none the less heavy. She always bore them with patience, without murmuring, without complaining, for the love of God and the conversion of souls.

Christian friends, we who understand the nothingness of earthly things and sincerely wish to acquire the eternal ones, let us not seek afar off, vain theories of sanctity. Sanctity is the prize of struggle against self, by the loving acceptance of one's daily Cross: Cross of illness, of work, of poverty,

of trials in friendship, of misfortunes, of humiliations, of fatigue, of annoyance, of difficulties, of disturbances, etc., etc.

Let us, therefore, have a holy hatred for ourselves, take up arms against our defects, our love of ease, our inconstancy, etc. The first assaults will be violent, dreadful perhaps, but if we keep on struggling, we shall surely be victorious. The enemy will gradually grow weaker; we shall become stronger and soon gain the mastery.

Then, we shall understand that the conquest of self is worth more than the conquest of the world; then, we shall enjoy peace of heart and inward happiness and, at the same time, acquire the crown of virtues and immortal glory. Then, love of self will be replaced by love of God and of neighbour; suffering will become sweet to us, according to these words of Saint Augustine: "He who loves suffers not; and if he suffers, he loves his suffering."

When we shall have acquired the experience of this sublime truth, let us not keep it selfishly, but rather, let us radiate it. So many of our friends and persons whom we know, dread or shun the Cross and yet, how they thirst for peace and true joy! Should an opportunity offer, let us try to make them love the Cross, showing them its merit and benefits; we shall thereby accomplish an excellent spiritual work of charity.

LET US NOT FORGET...

And let us not forget the multitude of infidels who are still sitting in the darkness of paganism. Let us, by our prayers, hasten the arrival of zealous missionaries in their midst, missionaries who will teach them, with the knowledge of God and of eternal happiness, the enlightening doctrine of the Cross. Let us assist by our alms these messengers of the Gospel, who are in such need of our help to spread the Kingdom of God in these heathen countries.



To Assure Your Eternal Salvation

Fear the association of those who do not love Mary.

Dread the religious books which do not contain the name of Mary.

Shun the places where Mary is outraged.

Where Mary is absent, Satan is at home; where Mary is present, he can do nothing. This august Virgin is more powerful in his presence than an army set in array; her very name makes him shudder.

Whoever you may be, a sinner rooted in crime, a lukewarm and indolent soul which God is about to vomit out of his mouth, a fearful and timorous soul, to assure your salvation, have recourse to Mary, invoke Mary, love Mary!...

True holiness is to be found in meeting the daily and hourly little crosses, humanly inglorious perhaps, but divinely destined for our sanctification.

— *Father William Doyle, S. J.*

“Holy Cross Burse”

for the support of a Missionary Sister

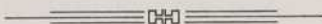
A burse is a sum of money the interest of which forms a perpetual income for the support of a missionary. The religious whose upkeep is assured by the foundation of a burse becomes for life the missionary of the donor and his representative among the poor infidels. Founders of burses participate in all 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	May-June 1940.....	\$26.25
January-February 1940.....	268.75	July-August 1940.....	24.00
March-April 1940.....	40.00	September-October 1940.....	25.00

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.

Lively gratitude to the Blessed Trinity for work obtained through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus after having promised to publish. M. B. — My profound gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for the special protection she has granted me. Mrs. L. M., **Montreal**. — Sincere thanks to the dear Scatterer of Roses for favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. L. T., **Hebertville Station**. — I have obtained precious favours through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. My most heartfelt thanks to her. Miss E. B., **Brownsburg**. — I am coming to acquit myself of a debt of gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a benefit received through her intercession. I beg her protection for my son who is out of work. Mrs. P. B., **Quebec**. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. Mrs. W. B., **Montreal**. — I owe very grateful thanks to the little “Flower of Carmel” for a favour she has obtained for me. Mrs. H. L., **Lauzon West**. — Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for graces received through her intercession. Miss D. T., **Richelieu**. — Thanksgiving to the Patroness of Missionaries for the success of important affairs. May the dear Saint continue protecting us. Mrs. A. B., **Como**. — I thank St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for having hearkened to my prayers. C. C., **Thetford Mines, Que.**



I feel that my mission is soon to begin — my mission to make others love God as I love Him... to teach souls my *little way*... I will spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth... No, there can be no rest for me until the end of the world. But when the Angel shall have said: “Time is no more!” then shall I rest, then I shall be able to rejoice, because the number of the elect will be complete.

— *St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.*

A Work of Salvation

THE LAZARETTO OF SHEK LUNG, CHINA



JESUS, *vermis et non homo*, worm and no man; Jesus, the outcast of the people, banished from the city like an unclean leper to be crucified; Jesus is sheltered, cared for and rehabilitated in the eight hundred and eighty-eight lepers of Shek Lung. It is a whole legion of unfortunates who, within thirty years, have been admitted to the flock of Christ in order to attain, at last, the Heavenly City. These poor creatures, who are cruelly suppressed by fire, poison and bullets, or are buried alive; these ex-

communicates, for whom relations between son and father, father and son, no longer exist, for whom the most intimate family ties are broken, who, banished from the ancestral sepulchre, are buried backwards on the mountain, have made for themselves a new family, a new village, a new society: the fathers and mothers have found children again; and the children, parents.

That is why the memory of Reverend Father Conrardy, the principal founder of St. Joseph's Lazaretto, Shek Lung, will endure forever. "*In memoria æterna justus... Beati mortui...* Happy are they who die in the Lord. They are now resting from their labours, but their work accompanies them." While celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, good Father Conrardy did not dare chase away the hen setting under his altar. He thought that it would be doing an injustice to Christ, Whose solicitude he wished to imitate, protecting his numerous lepers like little chickens under his wings. He wished to live with them, to be cared for and served by them. He refused to leave his humble cabin for a new habitation, which he considered too sumptuous. Already sixty years old, becoming all things to all men, he learnt Chinese. He died a victim of the disease. His bones are now resting in the Lazaretto cemetery. They are the foundation of the edifice.

This edifice is founded, also, on the bones of Venerable Father Chau, the beloved patriarch, the gentle and firm peace-maker, who, to the very end, gave admirable instructions to his people daily. He was the Shepherd King in every sense of the word; knowing his sheep as well as a shepherd could know them, and loving them with his whole heart, he was known and loved by them. He realized, as much as could be realized, the ideal proclaimed by the Divine Shepherd, Our Lord: know his sheep and be known by them, as the Heavenly Father knows His Only Son, as this Son knows His Father, the Father and the Son having an equal and mutual love for Each Other. Wealthy and eminent pagans admired his devotedness. A thousand dollars a month would not have been too much to pay for it; and it was gratis! He died, as did the patriarchs, solemnly receiving the last Sacraments in presence of all his people, blessing them as Jacob blest his children. The tears of his surviving sons were a worthy tribute of gratitude to him on his death-bed.

May the remains of Reverend Father Clément Pradel rest some day beside those of Fathers Chau and Conrardy. He, too, died for his people, black sheep according to the world, but pleasing to the Heart of God. Too short was his government, but rich were the fruits that it produced. "*Dispersit dedit pauperibus... justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi*". In order to prepare a reception for a distinguished benefactor of the lepers, he acted for a moment as carpenter, stage-builder, in the place of these unskilful cripples. While in transpiration, as a result of this unaccustomed work, he took an attack of bronchitis, which caused his death.

Sister Tsé devoted the twenty-five years of her religious life to the lepers. To them, she left her blessed remains; and to her native Community, her example of the purest heroism. Washing the lepers' feet, binding up their sores, she was anointing the Feet of Christ Himself; assisting them in their last moments, she was helping Christ Himself to die well; burying them, it was Mary herself burying Her Divine Son.

After the commemoration of the dead, we must make mention of the living: Reverend Father, now Bishop, Deswazière, Father Conrardy's successor; Reverend Father Marsigny; and all the Chinese or foreign confrères who have been pleased to help them in their ministry. From his bed of pain, Reverend Father Marsigny, now laid up, at Shameen, with sores and hemiplegia, unites his sufferings to those of his protégés and friends of Shek Lung. With them, he is filling up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, for the salvation of the lepers not yet converted.

The Lazaretto of Shek Lung, is it not, indeed, like a vast altar, the prolongation of Calvary's? Christ offers Himself there in person in a double chapel. He offers Himself like a sweet-smelling incense on as many sick-beds as there are lepers. Shek Lung is an immense censer, set with as many



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: REVEREND FATHER CONRARDY, OF THE FOREIGN MISSION SEMINARY OF PARIS, FOUNDER OF THE LAZARETTO OF SHEK LUNG; REVEREND FATHER FOURQUET, M. E., TO-DAY BISHOP OF CANTON; THE FORMER VICE-ROY OF CANTON AND REVEREND FATHER GERVAIX, M. E.



POOR LEPERS OF SHEK LUNG, CHINA, AND ONE OF THEIR SISTER-NURSES: SISTER ST. RAPHAEL (MALVINA BIRON, COTEAU LANDING), MISSIONARY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

incense sticks as it contains sufferers. To a person without faith, the stench of the bodies may be repugnant; the souls, however, exhale a perfume of sandal-wood, the sweet odour of Christ.

And it is the Priests of Christ, it is, also, His servants, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Montreal, who are the ministers of the censer; it is they who make it exhale the fragrance of resignation and prayer. During the last thirty years, these apostles of charity have seen hundreds, thousands of ardent lamps extinguished here below, consumed by the horrible disease of leprosy; they have mingled the perfume and nutritive oil of fervent love. How many purulent sores — their number is known to the angels, only — cared for,

cured, by the hands of these virgins of Christ! How many overwhelming afflictions relieved, disheartened souls encouraged and sweet consolations administered by these modest, yet zealous, workers among those whom they never call more appropriately nor more willingly than by the name "our children" — the thousands of lepers transformed by the grace of Jesus Christ!

From the time of Reverend Fathers Conrardy, Chau and Deswazière, Shek Lung had truly become the house of prayer. Throughout the whole day, its occupants succeeded one another in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. Frequent Communion was in honour, the more robust lepers carrying the cripples to the railing. The Isle of the Blessed Sacrament, is it not the title that could have been given to the Lazaretto of Shek Lung? No other place in Canton Mission and in the whole province, perhaps, where the Corpus Christi processions were more solemn. There, they were preceded by months of preparation. There was the greatest emulation in the pavilions as to who would paint best the discs in honour of Christ the King; who would adorn them with the most beautiful flowers, with the most brilliant pearls; who would decorate His sanctuary most splendidly; who would erect the most magnificent triumphal arches.

The inmates at Shek Lung being from every social sphere, artists were not lacking among them. There were painters and calligraphists; there were

also, and especially, expert actors. Is not every Chinese naturally a comedian? The Lazaretto had, then, its entertainments, and most successful ones. Skilful in art, they also, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception gave the delicate finishing touches to the preparation; and the feast of the Child Jesus or of Christ the King, the Director's birthday, or some illustrious person's visit, was worthily celebrated.

Better still, the devotedness of the Priests and Sisters was contagious, and the lepers, serving one another fraternally, had constituted a Red Cross Society. Those who were less infirm cared for, anointed, those who were more so.

May the Lazaretto of Shek Lung ever remain the temple of Christian Doctrine and of prayer, the isle of the Most Blessed Sacrament, the fief of Christ the King, the censer of Christ, the isle of diversion and holy joy, the isle of welcome and of the most fraternal hospitality, the best parish of the Vicariate! May peace once restored, order, tranquillity and mutual assistance reign there as they did in better days!

For, it must be said, alas! the scourge of war — and what a terrible one! — has fallen upon this fortunate island. In order to avoid the aeroplane bombs, thousands of refugees had come to camp near the pavilions: there they were, parents, children and, sometimes, all their belongings, too. The aerial observers took them for a camp of skirmishers. Bombs were dropped on November 21, 1938; dead and wounded abounded. The Sisters of Shek Lung devoted themselves unreservedly to the rescue work, as those of Canton had done at Shek Shat.

It was but the beginning of their troubles. Some guards duly discharged, a still greater number of ungrateful refugees, bandits tempted by the allurements of valuable prey, resolved to pillage the Lazaretto and the people crowded around it. The defenders of the refuge, chosen from among the lepers, could not withstand the assault of the machine-guns; and the pillage continued for several days, several hours daily. On December 8, 1939, Reverend Father Marsigny, with a revolver behind his head, was raised from his couch; his bed-clothes were removed, and a frock-coat, stolen from the servants, was thrown upon him.

The Sisters, also, had the revolver aimed at the heart and head. They were stripped of their veils and guimpes, their beads, crucifixes, medals and rings. Nothing could have grieved them more than to be thus divested of their insignia of spouses of Christ. Their house, too, was despoiled of all its contents: sewing-machine, garments, bed-clothes; their library was emptied into the bandits' baskets. Even their most intimate letters and retreat note-books became the prey of the pillagers. "Straw!" St. Thomas Aquinas would have said, "Charity alone counts and is immortal." Even for the most detached religious, it remains, nevertheless, opportune to keep saying the prayer: "*Terrena, Domine, mitigantes desideria, discamus amare celestia*".

When the torment was over, the dear Sisters remained resolutely at their post. Devoted Father Narbais, their benevolent procurator and their intermediary with the Red Cross Committee, Father Narbais, who was to

pay for his devotedness to the good work by a subsequent pillage and a week's captivity, was then their support and consolation. "Go, if you wish, Sisters; I remain; I would die, rather; desert, never!" And the shepherdesses of God remained more firmly attached to their frightened flock, threatened with flight and dispersion. They had suffered revenge and outrage for Christ. Some of the pillagers had called them by name. And they continued to return good for evil, to realize the Apostle's *Vince in bono malum*; they rejoiced, if not in having given their lives for their protégés, in having, at least, drunk of the bitter cup of ingratitude. The *filios enutrivit, ipsi vero spreverunt me* had been realized for them.

After many months, they are still in danger, in need, also. How often, in order to procure the most indispensable things for their "children", do they have to make the trip from Shek Lung to Canton and return by a route which, at certain times, is infested with brigands, for whom everything is alluring prey! These valiant women traverse the villages which have become the haunts of the robbers, keeping their hearts raised towards Heaven and holding in their hands laden with heavy burdens, the dear rosary, their sure passport in these excursions of pure charity. May their afflictions, their anxieties, their continual state of alarm, be a pledge of perfect order in better days which will have come at last!

Alfred FABRE, P. M. E., Paris.

(Translated)



Prayer is the sword that pierces the heart of God and lets flow His love and mercy.

—Pius XII.



We can help the Poor Souls in many ways. By praying for them, by gaining indulgences for them, by having Masses offered for them. Into that desert of Purgatory, our prayers drop like soft summer rains on the parched thirsty souls.



Votive Lights in Honour of the Blessed Virgin



*In the chapel of the Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception*

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

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



MANCHUKUO

*Gleanings from the Diary of the Missionary Sisters of the
Immaculate Conception, in Szepingkai*

Wednesday, May 1, 1940

The bell is ringing at an unusual hour, what can it mean?... In haste we proceed to the Community-Hall and perceive Sister Superior, radiant with joy, holding a letter in her hand. One same thought crosses our minds: it must be Mother General announcing her coming. In fact, as the missive is read to us, we see our ardent wishes become a reality and all hearts are filled with gladness. Hearty exclamations express the joy of several, while tears of happiness glitter in the eyes of the others.

Sunday, May 12, Pentecost

We gather in spirit, around our venerable Mother Foundress on this great anniversary, which is her patronal feast. How delightful it would be for us to be able to voice our wishes. We offer God the merit of our long separation, begging Him, in return, to shower upon her His choicest favours.

The chimes of the Cathedral convoked all the Christians to the Eucharistic Banquet, this morning. Mass was celebrated with pomp by His Excellency Bishop Lapierre. The Chinese Seminarians are nowise inferior to the Canadians for the perfect accomplishment of the rites of the religious ceremonies.

The splendour of the Feast was enhanced by the presence in the sanctuary, of His Excellency Bishop Jenssens, Vicar Apostolic of Jehol, who delivered the sermon in the language of the Country. The whole congregation listened with attention to the eloquent preacher.

After Mass we were honoured with a visit from Their Excellencies, who deigned to speak to us during a few moments and give us their blessing.

In the course of the afternoon a group of very distinguished Japanese Christians came and paid us a visit. A light repast was offered them, as several were still fasting, having received Holy Communion during High Mass.

Wednesday, May 15

The economical crisis which is a result of the war, obliges the people to be more moderate in their wishes.

We remark that the young girls attending our Apostolic School,* strive very ingeniously to reduce the expenses of their clothing to the minimum. They spend the hours of recreation repairing their shoes, or making new ones with velvet or cotton, for the leather shoes are sold at exorbitant prices. The soles of these shoes made by our pupils consist of old pieces of cloth joined together with cloth-paste. When this *ko-pa* is dry, it is cut out in the shape desired, and two or three folds are stitched together with hemp-thread which has previously been twisted.

Sunday, May 26

The mail has brought us a very sweet message: a letter from our beloved Mother Superior General, actually in Japan, announcing the date of her arrival in our midst. It is not a dream... no, it is a reality! On the 14th or 15th of June, our Mother, whom we are so anxious to see, will be with us!

Tuesday, June 11

We have the pleasure of receiving two Antonian Sisters of Mary, the first of their Congregation who came to the Missions four years ago, and who are called back to Canada. These two Missionaries will leave Kobe on the 28th of June. Joyously do they return to their homeland, but they cherish the hope of coming back again to their field of apostolate.

Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ and Sister Julianne du St. Sacrament⁽²⁾ leave for Dairen in order to meet our beloved Mother General, who will be arriving on the boat to-morrow morning. An incomparable joy, more easily felt than expressed, fills our hearts at the thought of the happy event awaiting us to-morrow. Diligently, each one lends a hand to the last preparations and strives to give a festive appearance to our modest dwelling.

Saturday, June 15

Yesterday, a telegram announced us the arrival of Mother General for four o'clock this afternoon. Like children deprived of the presence of their mother for a long time, we donned our best clothes, awaiting our beloved Visitor. We grouped at the front door and scanned the route... Finally, a vehicle was perceived advancing in the distance and soon we could distinguish two white guimpes... Was it really our Mother?... Not yet, but her companion, Sister Madeleine Marie⁽³⁾, whom we welcomed with fraternal affection. A few moments elapsed and our Mother hastened towards her children. Deep emotion was depicted on all countenances as she approached. Voices trembled as affectionate greetings were exchanged. What touching

1. Agnes LAVALLEE, Winnipeg.

2. Béatrice LAREAU, Chambly.

3. Madeleine LORANGER, Westmount.

and happy moments! We entered the chapel to sing our gratitude and then proceeded to the Community-Hall, to enjoy more intimately our ineffable happiness.

Sunday, June 16

As soon as the holiday began, we gathered around our dear Mother, who spoke to us of venerable Mother Foundress, of our dear Mothers and Sisters of Canada. We had the illusion of being at Cote des Neiges and, with what keen interest did we not follow our dear Mother, for a visit through the house!

In the course of the forenoon, Reverend Brother Paquette, C. S. V., brother of our dear Mother, came to take a few snapshots, which will be precious souvenirs for himself and his loved ones.

In the evening, we executed a short program in honour of our beloved Visitor who, indulgent, as is her wont, showed herself deeply touched by our modest endeavours.

Sunday, June 23

This evening, the native Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, claim the honour of offering their welcome wishes to Very Reverend Mother. All the professed Sisters, the novices, the postulants and the pupils of the Apostolic School, assembled in the Reception Room. The program opened up with a piano duet followed by a French cantata in which the Chinese Sisters proclaimed with enthusiasm the innumerable benefits of God. A pretty little play, "The Virgin's Spindle", was a success; then a short



THE COMMUNITY OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SZEPINGKAI, MANCHUKUO, DURING THE RECENT VISIT OF THEIR REVEREND AND BELOVED MOTHER GENERAL.

comedy excited general hilarity. An address, read in French by a native professed Sister, expressed the wishes of all. Here are a few excerpts in which one can easily recognize the Chinese style.

"VERY REVEREND MOTHER,

"On this day, the humble Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary are grouped together in a joyous assembly, to welcome Venerable Mother General. We have long been looking forward to your luminous arrival in our poor country; but, we can now say that our happiness is not little on seeing, with our own eyes, the all-loving Mother General and on offering her our wishes. Although very thin, these are inspired by very profound sentiments.

"Reverend and noble Mother, our Community has received from you not few benefits. You have given us good Superiors who, day and night, teach us to practise virtue and to save souls....

"Since the foundation of our Congregation, ten years ago, we have received so many favours that we cannot reckon up the number of them.

"We shall, to-day, make special mention of the one you have granted us by willingly crossing 'a thousand mountains and ten thousand rivers' to come and see us.

"What we most regret, is that we do not know the language of your noble Country, and can therefore express but very badly a few words of thanks. We shall not speak any longer, to-day. May God reward you for all your kindnesses, by showering upon you many blessings and much happiness...."

The Sisters then offered Mother a magnificent spiritual bouquet, treasure of many Communion and prayers. The list of them is delicately embroidered on white satin.

After the entertainment our kind Mother distributed medals blessed by our Holy Father the Pope. To receive this gift all extended both hands, according to Oriental etiquette.

Monday, June 24, Feast of St. John the Baptist

Under the protection of the loving Patron of the French-Canadians, the Antonian Sisters of Mary leave for Canada. After many good wishes we accompany them to the station, assuring them that our humble prayers will escort them throughout their voyage.

Our beloved Mother is already leaving for Fakou. The thought of the happiness that our Sisters of that Mission will enjoy, somewhat consoles us of her departure. Besides, are we not privileged, since we shall have the pleasure of seeing her again on her return from the different posts of Manchukuo?

Thursday, July 26

Our little hive is merry, to-day: the bees are buzzing with joy and activity. At nine o'clock the doors are opened and a swarm of cheerful workers fly towards the Seminary, whose personnel is on vacation. What a beautiful



THE NATIVE SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY, SZEPINGKAI, MANCHUKUO, ASSEMBLED ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE VERY REVEREND MOTHER SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.



VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, VISITING THE GOOD OLD WOMEN OF THE HOME, MANCHUKUO. TO HER RIGHT: SISTER JULIENNE DU ST. SACREMENT (BEATRICE LAREAU, CHAMBLY); TO HER LEFT: SISTER DU ST. CŒUR DE MARIE (AGNES LAVALLEE, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA).

day we shall pass, thanks to the paternal solicitude of our revered Pastor, His Excellency Bishop Lapierre, who is affording us the pleasure of this agreeable picnic!...

We first of all greet the Virgin of Lourdes who, from the farther end of the garden, smiles at her children. We afterwards admire the vast fields of vegetables which are full of promise for the coming fall. How pretty also are the flowerets of various shapes and colours, which bespangle the verdant carpet of the grounds! For those to whom a long contemplation of nature presents less attraction, there are diverse amusements: games, music, singing, etc. Everybody is in glee and soon it is time for lunch. Tables are set and a varied menu excites the appetite of each and everyone. All the dainties remind us of a loving father who spares nothing to please his children.

Dinner is followed by Spiritual Reading, and the recitation of the Rosary; the merry babble then recommences and is kept on until supper, which is taken on the green lawn. Grace after meals being recited, we put our baskets in order, and repair to the grotto to sing the *Magnificat* of our gratitude and an evening hymn to our Blessed Lady.

What a happy day! It has made us forget the cares of school-days and the worries of missionary life! Thanks to those who have contributed to render it so pleasant!

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* *

Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Fakou

MISSIONARY JOYS AND CONSOLATIONS

Wednesday, March 27

St. Joseph grants us the happiness ever new, of contributing to the salvation of a soul. This morning, we are visiting for the second time, a woman seriously affected with heart trouble. A neighbour, fervent Christian, to whom we had confided her, prepared the way, and the patient is very well disposed. We briefly explain to her the principal mysteries of our Holy Religion and, this afternoon, Reverend Father Gauvin baptizes and anoints her. Mrs. Fou, now possessing a good passport, may leave for the other world.

Thursday, April 4

It is seven o'clock in the evening! Mr. Peng, our third neighbour, is at the door and looks quite anxious. "A lady who wishes to have her child treated, has been staying at my home for several days," he says, "so as to be closer to the Mission. The little one seems much worse, to-night. Could the *doctor* come and see him?" Although we do not usually go out so late, we comply with this brave man's desire, convinced that there is a soul to be saved. In fact, we find a dying child suffering from serious pneumonia. Besides other care, we discreetly pour upon his brow the Waters which will purify his soul of the stain of original sin and open to him the gates of Heaven.

Mission de Fakou Manchoukouo

Année 1940



Missionnaires de l'Immaculée Conception
et religieuses indigènes



S. Ste-Anne
(M. Louise Bosselin)
St-Sophie, St-Mégantic,
S. Marie-de-l'Assomption
(Alice Larouche) de
Sweetzburg, P.Q.
avec leurs aides
au dispensaire.

S. Marie-Alice
(M. Alice Lacombe)
de Ste-Benoît-de-J.-C.
avec ses élèves de chant
avant son départ
pour la mission de
Pai Tcheng Tse.



S. Marthe-de-Jésus (Antoinette Desjardins) de Montréal,
avec quatre des plus ferventes chrétiennes de Fakou.

Wednesday, April 10

On our way to the Dispensary, this morning, we met a man who asked us to go and visit his brother, very sick. A few minutes later, we were at the bedside of Mr. Lee, a fifty-four-year-old tuberculous, whose moments are numbered. While preparing a few remedies, we inquired if the patient had already heard of the Catholic Religion. We were told that he had formerly studied Protestantism but had never been baptized. In a few words, we explained to the patient, whose mind was perfectly lucid, the principal truths of our Holy Faith; we then asked him if he believed in God and wished to be baptized. The dying man who, according to the folk of the house, had not said a word since several days, answered very distinctly: "Yes, I wish to be baptized." There was no time to lose, for he was in a cold perspiration, the approach of death benumbed his limbs and his breathing was growing shorter every minute, so we hastened to christen him. As we exhorted him to regret the faults of his life, enumerating the principal sins pagans may commit, his wife said to us: "He never did that, he always was good and honest." We admire the mercy of our dear Saviour who has wished to reward this upright soul by permitting that we be there to assist him in his last moments.

Saturday, April 13

The day before yesterday, it was a one-year-old baby that we had the happiness of christening. To-day, a woman brings us her little girl, six years old, suffering from tuberculous osteitis, and begs us to baptize her. This request, on the part of a pagan, surprises us, but we learn that she has often heard about the Catholic Doctrine from an employee of the Mission, and is convinced that Baptism will bring happiness to her child. As the latter is not in imminent danger we postpone the Baptism Ceremony, making up our minds to keep close watch on the child so as to have the Sacrament administered to her, when there is no more hope of recovery.

Monday, April 15

Yesterday, at supper-time, a young girl came and begged us to go and visit her aunt who lives five *li* from here. We complied with her desire and found Mrs. Tseou, catechumen, seriously ill. After giving her medical care, we had her repeat acts of Faith and of love of God, and we urged her to make acts of desire for Baptism, in case she should become worse during the night; then we returned to the Convent entrusting our dear patient to the Blessed Virgin.

This morning, it was scarcely eight o'clock when we were asked to return to see Mrs. Tseou who, so it seemed, was about to die. We informed Father Gauvin and left immediately, begging our Blessed Lady to grant us the grace to arrive on time. The patient's condition had become worse, and everything was ready for her burial. We questioned her to see if she was conscious, and we judged, by the signs she made with her head and eyes, that her mind was still perfectly lucid. We hastened to recall to her the principal mysteries of our Religion, which she already knew, and excited



EXCELLENT CHRISTIAN WOMAN
OF FAKOU AND THE LITTLE ORPHAN
SHE HAS ADOPTED.

her to contrition for her sins. Scarcely had we finished giving her care when Father Gauvin arrived to administer to her the Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation and Extreme Unction. A few moments later her purified soul winged its flight to Heaven. Thanks to the Blessed Virgin!

Thursday, May 2

A young tuberculous girl who had been at the Mission for some time, profited by the Feast of the Ascension to go and join the angels. Baptized recently, she always gave signs of perfect resignation in her sufferings. Despite her weakness she vied with a good old septuagenarian in the study of her catechism, and they mutually exhorted each other to hope and patience. They had made a pact together: the one who would die first would come and meet the other at her departure from this world. The grandmother died a few days before the Ascension, and she must have come to greet her young companion at the Gate of Heaven.

God certainly welcomed with pleasure these valiant Christians who were sorry to have known Him so late.

Saturday, May 11

We assisted at the Funeral Service of Mrs. Ts'in, an octogenarian Christian. For the first time in Fakou, the Christians, in processional order, carried the cross through the streets of the city. The son of the deceased, director of the Telegraph Office, did not fear to show that he was a Christian; he was anxious to have everything in meeting with his rank and fortune and conformed himself to all the rites of our Holy Religion. Despite the constant coming and going of his pagan friends and subordinates, he invited the Christians, several times, to go and pray for the repose of the soul of his dear mother.

The Reverend Pastor, Reverend Fathers Gauvin and Desroches, our Sisters with their pupils, the Christians and catechumens, went to meet the body at the house. On their return, having passed through almost all the streets of the city, the forty pall-bearers felt somewhat tired. The hearse being unknown in Manchukuo, an enormous stretcher on which the huge coffin has been placed, was used. After the Funeral Service the body was carried in the same manner, a mile and a half outside the city. The ceremonies terminated, Mr. Ts'in, Jr. invited all the assistants to a banquet. During the five days Mrs. Ts'in was exposed, the table was spread continually. According to a Manchu custom, the older and the richer the deceased is,

the longer he is kept. A poor person would have been buried an hour or two after his death.

POOR LITTLE ONES !

Monday, June 10

Almost every day new babies are brought to us. As these innocent little creatures are threatened to be thrown away, we hasten to receive them, but the great difficulty lies in finding nurses for them, and moreover these must be paid six dollars a month. The fabric used to make garments for these little ones is sold at an exorbitant price. Sixty and seventy cents a foot. To answer all these needs we would certainly need a pocket-book better furnished than ours.

Recently, we confided one of these little unfortunates to a catechumen who, since then, comes every day to give us news of the child and ask for something. Cleanliness is not one of her outstanding qualities. One day, when we wished to give her a few pennies for her trouble, she refused, saying that she had not washed her once!...

To-day begins the festival of summer. The pagodas are overflowing with folks who wish to be cured of their infirmities. Those who have sores prepare cataplasms which they place on the statue of Buddha, exactly where they themselves feel pain; the lame give him a stick, etc. The result of this, so they say, is the cure of their infirmities. Towards evening, Buddha really looks like a cripple. How many will be cured?... Poor afflicted souls! Why have they not recourse to the God-Friend, Who has taken upon Himself all the sufferings of humanity in order to cure them!

A COMFORTING VISIT

Monday, June 24

On the 5th of May last, we were informed that our Reverend Mother Superior General was in Japan and that we would receive her precious visit in a few weeks. With fervour, we have begged the Star of the Sea to keep her from all harm and to bring her very quickly to our little nest, which we intend to render very cosy with filial affection.

Since, we have followed her step by step, so to say. On June 15th, she trampled Manchu soil for the first time, and this afternoon, we received the news that she would be in our midst this evening.

Here and there, each one hurries to give the house a festive appearance and to be free at the arrival of the autobus. Oftentimes a glance is cast in the direction of the door and windows; the autobus, a little late, arrives at last. We are happy to find our dear Mother in much better health than when most of us left the Mother House. The questions about Venerable Mother Foundress, our Sisters of the Mother House and the different Missions are numerous, and night comes only too rapidly to interrupt such sweet moments.

Monday, July 1

This morning, a brave man living twelve *li* from here, comes to beg the *doctor* to go and see his wife, who is suffering very much. After finding out

that his wagon is comfortable enough, we expose the case to our dear Mother, who consents to undertake the trip with Sister Superior.⁽¹⁾

Our two travellers have soon reached their destination, for the roads are good and the weather ideal. At the house, they find a young woman affected with malaria, and two sick babies. While the Sister-Nurse sees to the patients, Mother can examine at leisure the interior of this rich Chinese dwelling, where cleanliness seems to be unknown.

On their return, when going through a village situated five *li* from Fakou, they are stopped by a young boy who asks them to come and see his mother. This family is poor, but the house is very tidy; besides the mother, two other patients are shown to them. Finally, a third family requests their care for a sick baby. This time, they are at the house of rich opium-smokers and they can see luxury allied with filth. All inquire about the name and the age of the new *doctor*, who does not speak their language but who, by her kind smile, wins their sympathy. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon, they cross the threshold of the Convent.

Wednesday, July 3

Over a week has gone by since Reverend Mother General arrived in our midst; it seems to us that she has been here since yesterday only and, already, the hour of her departure is about to strike....

These days have been resplendent with joy but to-day a feeling of sadness permeates the atmosphere; we stifle our grief on thinking of the happiness Mother's presence will bring to another Convent of the daughters of the Immaculate Virgin for is not our Sisters' happiness our own?...

Yesterday evening, in a little recreational entertainment, we tried to tell Mother our heartfelt thanks and filial affection. She was very pleased and asked us, according to the desire of Venerable Mother Foundress, to always sing the *Magnificat* at the closing of our little entertainments; as gratitude towards our Lord must ever find place in our hearts.

The pupils also wished to have us hear a few pieces of their repertoire, among which was a pious hymn to Mary, which they sing in French every night after prayers. These dear children rejoice with us, for they were as anxious as we were to see the Mother of whom we had been speaking to them for such a long time.

Mother said she enjoyed her sojourn here. The visit of the parts of the house where our different works are carried on, as well as that of the out-houses, interested her very much. Our pretty little church won all her admiration; the luxuriant vegetation charmed her and she deigned to take interest in everyone and everything. All who met her have but one word to express their feelings and, despite the difference of language which does not permit to converse freely, they exclaim, "What kindness!"

Notwithstanding the disturbances of all kinds entailed by the works, we have tried to profit by this beneficent visit as much as possible, and we hope that its fruits will be lasting in our souls.

1. Sister STE. ANNE (Marie Louise Gosselin, Ste. Sophie, Megantic Co.)

Missionary gleanings from Pamientcheng

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR

On the eighth day of the twelfth lunar month, the good pagan families very scrupulously place on the table the eight traditional dishes.

A few days before, the streets and shops of the city are crowded with people who have come from the neighbouring hamlets and the more distant villages, to do their New Year's shopping. They buy pictures of *Tchao lasye* (god of the household), of *Ts'ai chen* (god of riches) etc. then joss-sticks, shoes and garments, vermicelli, different pastries and even a few luxuries, fruits, candy, or imported toys.

Each has the precaution of procuring for himself what is called here *Tchao lasye t'ang* (sugar of god Tchao), a stick of taffy covered with sesame seed. This dainty has a special utility. On the 23rd day of the last lunar month, the pagans believe that the god of the household returns to heaven to make a report of all he has seen and heard in the course of the year. Before burning the symbolic image on that evening, each family offers a few sticks of taffy to the god, that his lips may remain stuck together and that he may thus be unable to make unfavourable reports.

On returning home, everybody hastens to see to the last preparations for the New Year. Their fattened animals are to be killed, the different cookies and cakes which ancestral tradition prescribe to eat on certain days, prepared. Everything will have to be ready long before the *Kouo nien* (New Year), and then will begin the long period of leisure which lasts almost a month, and during which all work is forbidden.

FOOD AND FUEL

Since spring, not only has the price of the food doubled and quadrupled but it is excessively difficult to procure flour, sugar and rice. It is even foreseen that sorghum, the staple food of our Manchus, will soon be reduced to a fixed ration.

It is the same thing for fuel. As far as we are concerned, it is only by dint of repeated requests that we managed to get our supply of coal; and if we got our wood at a reasonable price, it is thanks to a stranger who accompanied us when we went to buy it. We pensively directed our steps towards the market — often the merchants raise the prices for foreigners; a brave man came to us just as we began discussing with a seller. "Try to be a bit human," he said to the latter, "these persons know the value of wood and are ready to give a reasonable price, but they do not intend to lose their time discussing." To a second merchant he said, "They treat all your sick people for nothing and do not shrink from the most repellent wounds; now that they come and buy wood you are asking them an exorbitant price, is that just?" And our charitable guide escorted us from wagon to wagon until we had our whole supply of wood. It is Divine Providence, no doubt, that has come to our help through the medium of this man.

MOVING DAY IN THE ORIENT

The thirteenth day of the second lunar month is a lucky day for moving; it corresponds to the first of May in Montreal.

When going to visit the homes, we meet vehicles drawn by oxen and loaded with furniture, clothing, etc., in the midst of which the children have been placed. The men carry, in baskets or cans, the rest of their belongings which could not be put in the vehicles for lack of place. These are mostly earthen-ware, wood, joss-sticks, empty bottles, etc. The women walk near the wagons or come in a second wheelbarrow. Entire families transport their things thus, to a distance of fifteen, twenty *li*, and even farther, to settle down in a new mud-walled home quite similar to the one they have left, but where they hope to find better living conditions.

OLD MEN AT THE HOME

What marvellous changes the charity of Christ has effected in the poor old men who, but yesterday, were still pagans! Grandpa Tchao, more than seventy years old, is confined to bed. One of his companions, Mr. P'eng, a cripple himself, becomes his infirmarian. One morning, however, the latter is disheartened; his patient having scolded all night, he is out of patience and does not want to take care of him any longer. "Come along, Grandpa," said Sister, "you must be more charitable than that. Besides, you know that God will not fail to reward you, one day." "Sister, you can have all the merit," he quickly replied. "But if you refuse to help your companion, are you not afraid that nobody will be willing to take care of you when you are sick?..." The brave man is won and, for the love of God, so he says, he resumes his charitable office.

An interesting personage is our good Mr. Ou. The head of a numerous family of Christians, he had the misfortune of apostatizing several years ago. Won over by grace, he returned to his religious practices last year, and ever since, he attends Mass regularly and receives the Sacraments frequently. On entering the old men's ward, we immediately recognize his place by a little white cross he has made with chips of wood, and which he adorns every day with flowers that he himself has culled. Always content, always cheerful, he willingly acquits himself of the little tasks we confide him.

On February 19th, seven old men, all very miserable-looking, came to seek shelter at the Home. The day after, Reverend Father Bouchard brought us another poor wretch whom he found on the street, dying of hunger and cold. The good care that we gave him revived him a little; but after having learnt to love God, he soon went to see Him in Heaven.

It is with touching serenity that our dear old people await the supreme hour. They peacefully fall asleep in the arms of their Father Whom, to their great regret, they have known so late in life.

FLOWERETS OF THE ORPHANAGE

The Divine Gleaner came to cull a little floweret in the garden of the Orphanage and transplanted it in the parterre of Heaven. It is little

Koeitch'oen, four years old, who astonished us by her tenacity and amused us by her pranks.

One day, it was time for the Catechism lesson and all the little tots were grouped around Sister Superior. After prayer, began the explanation of the truths of Faith. "How many Gods are there?" "One." "How many persons in God?" "Three persons..." and the lesson went on... Suddenly the teacher asked, "There are three Gods, are there not?" All answered with indignation: "There is but one God!" Sister Superior insists, and the smallest ones are caught in the trap, but Koeitch'oen remains firm in her affirmation. "No, Sister, there is but one God!"

One evening, one of the helpers had put a cup of milk to warm on the stove. Returning a few minutes after, she found it empty. Great was her stupefaction, for at this hour all the little ones were in bed and supposed to be sound asleep. However, she approached the *kang* to make sure that all the little eyes were closed tight. Soon she noticed that Koeitch'oen's sleep was not profound. She called the child, who immediately began to cry out: "It is not I who drank the milk!" "But, my dear, your face and your soiled dress belie what you say... How did you manage to grasp the cup on a stove much higher than yourself?..." Advancing on tip toe, Koeitch'oen stretches her arm with infinite precaution and seizes the empty cup... "This is how I did it," she said.

At the end of June we received a pretty little baby-girl a few days old, full of life and health. She belonged to a rich family and could have been loved and pampered if, unfortunately, she had not been born with a tooth. Her pagan parents concluded from the fact that she would one day bite her mother, that is to say, that she would be for her a cause of suffering. Consequently, the best thing to do was to get rid of her. Fortunately, instead of being thrown into a sewer, the dear little one was brought to the Catholic Mission which, we hope, will be for her the road to Eternal Life.

Men Siao yu, the eldest of our orphans returned home. Great has been the emotion of her companions at the moment of her departure. More than one little heart was grieved, and many tears were shed. These poor children, so soon deprived of motherly affection, love one another very dearly. Shortly after she had gone all wished to write to Men Siao yu to tell her their grief at having lost her, and declare that their friendship and remembrance would last forever. One sent her her photo, the other expressed most delicate sentiments: "We love you very much, do not forget us. Oh! come and see us soon, otherwise we shall think that you have forgotten us."

AN EXTRAORDINARY VISIT

On the evening of July 22nd, our Convent was in jubilation.... Our Reverend and Beloved Mother General, so long expected by her missionary daughters, arrived at Pamientcheng.

We conducted her, first of all, to the chapel to greet our Lord and sing a fervent *Magnificat*. Our dear Mother then repaired to the Community-



AT THE DISPENSARY OF PAMIENTCHENG, MANCHUKUO, SISTER ST. JEAN D'E-PHESE (LAURETTE MORAN, ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA) PREPARING TO GIVE AN INTRA-VENOUS INJECTION TO A PATIENT.

Hall where we could finally give vent to our joy! How can we express the happiness which filled our hearts!...

In the evening, Mother visited the Orphanage, and on the following day, she went to the Dispensary where she provided a little Albertine with a passport for Heaven. Since her arrival at our Mission, this dear Mother has had the happiness of baptizing nine little ones, who are already singing on high the praises of God, and will certainly constitute themselves her protectors for the rest of her journey.

Our hearts are full to overflowing with joy and gratitude to the good God for all that He has done for us, and we beg Him to bless our beloved Superiors, who lavish upon us such generous devotedness.

Report of the Mission of Pamientcheng for the year 1939:

Dispensary :

Infant Baptisms.....	205	Treatments.....	38,853	Patients.....	25,820
Adult Baptisms.....	10	Teeth extracted....	206	Dressings.....	9,649
Homes visited.....	610	Injections.....	1,691	Vaccinations...	83

Orphanage :

Children received...	83	Children sheltered...	24	Children dead.....	28
Children out to nurse.....	11	Children resigned to adoptive parents	6		

Home :

Number of old men at the Home.....	30
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*Extracts from a letter of Very Reverend Mother Marie de la Providence,
Superior General, visiting our foreign Missions.*

Pamientcheng, July 26, 1940.

VENERABLE MOTHER,
VERY DEAR MOTHERS AND SISTERS,

The good news received from Venerable Mother rejoices me greatly, and I render thanks to God for it! How good it will be to see her, and you all, once again! Still, there are many months more before this happens....

I am writing while waiting to go to Mass, nine o'clock, Sunday. The Novitiate is already plunged in the profound silence of retreat, since, in Montreal, it is now seven o'clock, Saturday night. Each day, I shall pray the Holy Ghost and Our Immaculate Mother to multiply a hundredfold the graces of these Holy Exercises and, on the day of the Mystical Espousals, I shall kneel, in spirit, near the happy elect and the new fiancées of Jesus. My remembrance follows each and every one of you, step by step.

I have administered twelve Baptisms, already. To the first little girl I gave the names of my three mothers: Mary, Delia and Celanire; to the second, Marie Laurence; on the 22nd, a little Marie Madeleine, then, Marie Albertine, Marie Anna, Marie Eugenie, Marie Angelina, Marie Marthe, each one will recognize her godchild.... One is always deeply moved on pouring the Regenerating Waters on these little brows. I think I was never so profoundly touched as on the morning of the 22nd, at Leao Yuan. In haste, someone comes to tell us that a little child has been thrown away not far from the Mission-Compound; Sister St. Rosalie⁽¹⁾ accompanied by a helper from the Dispensary, runs to the bundle which she sees lying on the ground, and opening the straw wrapper which encloses the infant still warm, she christens it giving it the names of Delia-Anna, and then carries her precious burden to the Dispensary where she places it on the table. The priest, already there, administers Solemn Baptism to the child and confers upon it the Sacrament of Confirmation. I could not repress my tears on seeing the priest treat with such respect this poor little creature all covered with mud, and bestow upon it all the benefits of our Holy Religion. What awakening for this little soul!

Another little girl, five years old, was given, almost dying, to the Mission. She received, besides Baptism and Confirmation, Holy Eucharist and the *honours of a burial*. I saw her in an old box, which served as a coffin, on the floor in the rear of the church; the cover, not nailed and badly adjusted, permitted us to see the poor child; she was exactly in the same position as when she died, her head turned to one side, her mouth open, her face still expressing pain, her neck covered with sores. The box being too short, her legs had been cramped up. Her corpse was indeed a very pitiful sight, but at least it will not be thrown to the dogs, and her purified soul is now enjoying eternal happiness. At Szepingkai, our Sisters had been called to the bedside of a little boy of about the same age; he asked his brother a little older than himself: "When they'll have thrown me to the dogs, tell me, will you ever

1. Ursule CHARETTE, Three Rivers.

think of me?" Receiving no answer, he asked the same thing to his mother with no more success. Our Sisters assured him that, being baptized, he would not be thrown to the dogs, that his body would be carried to the Church in order that prayers may be recited upon it, and that he would then be buried; this consoled the mother and the child.

You cannot imagine how the people, here, are deprived of everything. Misery reigns in their houses and hygiene seems to be unknown. In many places, the hen broods on the *kang* (bed) or right beside it.

When we are on the steps of the churches we would think ourselves in a real pigeonry. At Tungleao particularly, more than two hundred pigeons have taken up their abode in the bell-tower; as gun-shooting is forbidden, they live in perfect peace. They cling to the walls of the tower, the best they can, and pass the night there; it is very interesting to watch them arrive in the evening and dispute for the best places, the first are served the best, these lodge in the dentils of the base. I admit that they gave me distractions during prayer.

Sunday, July 7th, while at church for Communion, there was a copious and heavy fall of rain in Tungleao. We had to go back to the Convent for breakfast, before High Mass, but it was not very inviting — a little chap, who had gone to get his father's straw coat, had water up to his knees. However, we decided to start, choosing the shallower places, but nevertheless, we had water above our ankles, and even though we had umbrellas our veils and guimpes were drenched. We put on dry garments, and at nine o'clock, four Sisters started for Mass in spite of the flood. Soon, two of them had to return for they were soaked. Obligated to stay at the Convent, we followed from our chapel, the Mass that was being celebrated at the church, the latter being only at a five minutes' walk from our house.

The photo, herewith, shows clearly what kind of carriage we usually take. When we are four, two sit on the back seat while the two others must sit facing them on a board eight inches wide. Being so close to one another the latter are obliged to put one leg on the foot-board.

I would have much more to tell you, but I do not want to chat too long for the Sisters are waiting for me; nine or ten days in every convent are very quickly passed. Here is my itinerary: I arrived at Szeping kai on June 15th; at Fakou, on the 24th; at Tungleao, on the 4th of July; at Leao Yuan, on the 13th; at Pamientcheng, on the 22nd; I shall leave for Taonan on August 1st; for Paitchengtze on the 10th; for Koungtchouling, on the 20th; I shall return to Szeping kai on the 29th for the retreat. I shall most probably pass by Peking to go to Süchow, the trip is shorter and it will cost less. I expect to be there around the 15th of September. I will then go to Tsungming and I hope to be at Hong Kong by the end of October.

I must leave you now. To each, I say "Au revoir" and embrace Venerable Mother with love and respect. I wish health to all our sick Sisters as well as to all the others.

May Our Immaculate Mother bestow upon you her choicest blessings.

Your mother who loves you always more,

Sister MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, M. I. C.



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Sunday, June 16

What a happy day for our filial piety! It was a day long anticipated, a day of gratitude because the personnel of the house united to acclaim our good Mother St. Jean François Régis who, for many years, has been the guiding star of the Novitiate. Although her presence is necessary at the Mother House, she ever remains its guardian angel. We always went to her with the greatest confidence, assured to find in her motherly heart encouragement, enlightening, and advice, to persevere in our so beautiful vocation.

To-day, it is true, we have not had the pleasure of having our dear Mother in our midst, but she has promised to come to-morrow without fail. Needless to say, our whole day was offered for her intentions, and numerous ardent petitions were sent up to the good Master and the Immaculate Virgin for her, through the intercession of her holy Patron.

Monday, June 17

The Novitiate was all agog this morning. Was it not a presage that the eagerly expected visitor would soon arrive? At about nine-thirty, the regulation bell, answering a summons at the door, greeted with a loud and joyous peal the Mother we were impatiently awaiting. Everyone hastened to answer the call. Most cordial were the words of welcome.

A surprise also contributed to increase our happiness: three of our Sisters recently arrived from China accompanied Mother St. Jean François Régis. We need not state that we received them with great pleasure.

Merry moments were spent in visiting the house, the garden, the cemetery, all things quite new to our Sisters from the Far East, at least to those who had been living there for several years.

At the midday recess, we all gathered under the tall trees of the grove and, as in days gone by, we cheerfully crowded round our good Mother. After conversing for some time, we listened with lively interest to the diary of our Reverend Mother Superior General and the other Sisters en route to China and Japan. In a word, we passed a most pleasant recess stamped with religious intimacy.

During the afternoon, a few Novices secretly busied themselves with the final preparations for the play which was to be presented in honour of our

dear Mother. In our eager desire to express all the grateful sentiments of our young hearts, and in order to climax all our efforts, we borrowed from heaven its most precious treasure, the child Jesus, and from the earth its most exquisite flower, the rose.

At a quarter to seven all the personnel was invited to the reception hall. Our dear Mother presently entered, followed by the Sisters from China, while violin and piano played a concert-ouverture by Bizet.

The main play, entitled "The Roses Shall Bloom Again", pictured the city of Rome in all its pagan splendour. There, we witnessed the struggles of a young Christian whose lovable disposition had won the friendship of the Empress. Soon the unfortunate, perverted by one of her aunts who dreamt of nothing but money and honours, went so far as to apostatize. But her young sister, a slave, succeeded in convincing her that the path of true repentance leads to the re-opened gate of Heaven, after the loss of innocence has closed it. Touched by grace as well as by the example of her sister who was martyred for her Faith, she loudly forswore the pagan exigencies, and was put to death. Thus, the spotless rose, withered by contact with the deadly breath of a corrupt world, bloomed anew under the executioner's sword, and the angels hastened to cull and transplant it in the parterre of the Divine Gardener.

In the last play, the Child Jesus was seen coming towards a group of little girls who were seeking flowers for their beloved Mother. He brought from the heavenly conservatories a magnificent bouquet of the flowers which had blossomed especially for the feast of St. Jean François Régis.

Our good Mother, after having accepted the floral offering presented by the Divine Child, gave Him many messages... which greatly interested us. She asked Him to request of His Blessed Mother very special graces which will make of us fervent novices, holy religious, and true missionaries.

Then, turning to us, she added, alluding to the scenes just enacted for our edification: "With this aim in view, always choose the roses bearing thorns. If these prick, hurt, wound your hearts at times, be of good cheer, in spite of everything. At present you may not understand their usefulness, but later on in life, you will; and then you will exclaim, 'Blessed thorns!' Then you will thank the good God Who has not spared you slight vexations. Strive also to live a humble and hidden life. We must always try to do good, to spread happiness, while remaining, as much as possible, in the shade, desirous to please God alone."

These precious counsels impressed themselves in our souls beyond all forgetting, for we knew that the faithful acquisition of the virtues here commended meant the secret of true happiness and a rich harvest of merits.

In the elaborate bouquet of our little Jesus we have concealed a hundred and one good wishes and expressions of our gratitude and filial attachment, and we are confident that our Mother will discover and accept them, along with the countless spiritual flowers offered on her behalf.

Soon the bell summoned us to evening prayer; it is the voice of God: therefore, we quickly answered the call, while all hearts, overflowing with gratitude, sang a hymn of thanksgiving to God for His manifold favours.

Tuesday, June 18

Our dear Sisters lately arrived from China delighted us by a talk on the Missions, dealing especially with the Lazaretto of Shek Lung and the Foundling-Home of Canton, which have been the seat of ever so many pathetic scenes. They told us about the good which these unhappy events had allowed them to accomplish. They related several adventures in which they had had to play a part, and also spoke to us of the Oriental customs, and of the Chinese government. Every fact interested us to the utmost, and contributed greatly to stimulate our zeal and our desire to be, some day, bearers of the "Glad Tidings".

Our Sisters concluded by emphasizing what virtues were to be aimed at by those who wished to become real missionaries: self-denial, self-forgetfulness, ranked first and foremost; without these no good can be wrought in pagan lands.

Our dear visitors left after dinner, but we live in the hope of seeing them again soon.

These last two days have passed as do all pleasant things, that is, far too quickly, but they brought us so much happiness that our hearts can utter but one word: "Thank you!"

Sunday, June 23

The Novices were taking their evening recess when the telephone, sounding its peremptory summons, announced the visit of four Japanese priests. In a few minutes, we assembled in the reception hall, where our callers presently entered. They were accompanied by Mgr. Larochelle, Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary, and by two Canadian priests. Two of the Japanese priests had recently been ordained in Quebec.

After a few words of introduction, Mgr. Larochelle asked one of the visitors to make known his impressions as a new priest. In a well-spoken French, the young apostle narrated the joys of his ordination and of his first Mass. He also spoke of his native land, asked us to pray for the success of his future apostolate, and ended by giving us a missionary holiday.

A second priest expressed, in his native tongue, his happiness at having been called to the priesthood, stated how he was edified by the conduct of the Canadian Catholics, and announced his coming departure for Japan,—all of which was interpreted to us by Reverend Father Sarazin.

Monday, June 24

If the little Novices of the Immaculate Virgin have a missionary heart, they remain, nevertheless, true patriots. Far from being incompatible, these two sentiments seem to be intensified by mutual contact. It was our intimate conviction as we celebrated the feast of St. John the Baptist with as much piety as joyous animation.

Our chapel was bedecked for the circumstance. The graceful maple leaf must have expressed — at least, it is our belief — in its own way, the wishes and petitions we presented to God on this day, for our dear country.

During the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, hymns of praise were sung to Our Lady of Canada, and to the Precursor.

We then entered upon a great holiday; but, as the news of the war tended to cast a tinge of sadness over the present hour, we cancelled, for this year, the traditional pageant, which is ordinarily one of the important features of this jolly feast. An impromptu play replaced the parade and was a most agreeable pastime. Songs and charades were part of the program. The first riddle, acted by the Novices, gave us to guess the name "La Dauversière". Each syllable was concealed in either a Canadian song or an event of our national history, such as: the family of Louis Hébert hard at work breaking land, the heroic deed of Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, the landing in Canada of La Dauversière accompanied by three hospital Sisters.

Then came the Postulants' turn. No sooner had the whole of the charade been presented — St. John as a child in the midst of the Holy Family — than the word "Precursor", name of the hero of to-day's feast, was easily guessed.

We then heartily thanked the organizers and all those who had contributed to the evening's entertainment, and closed this intimate reunion with a song to Our Lady of Canada.

Wednesday, July 24

Oh! What a pleasant surprise awaited us at our midday recess! — a letter from our good Mother Superior General, actually in the distant mission-field. What overwhelming joy, what lively interest animated us as we perused it!

Deprived, as we are, of her beneficial visits, this welcome letter was somewhat like a compensation, and we can hardly find words to express all our filial gratitude to our dear traveller.

It is with great pleasure that we print herein, this letter which so well reveals how all the novices and postulants may lay claim to a good share of our Mother's loving heart, and how they are ever the object of her kind solicitude.

On board the S. S. Nekka Maru, June 12, 1940.

To the Dear Novices and Postulants of Pont Viau.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I was at Koriyama when your good letters reached me. All of them caused me great delight and I thank you from my heart.

I wish to tell you immediately that I rely upon your ardent prayers, — does not God always hearken to the pleas of children? — and on the treasures accumulating in the "sacrifice-boxes" placed at the feet of the Blessed Virgin and of the Child Jesus.

My Dearest Daughters, how you would spare no pains to be generous, if only you could see the millions of pagans who, like us, enjoy the myriad gifts of a God they neither know nor love! Oh! would that it were given

us to understand the inestimable favours bestowed upon us, privileged children of good Christian families, and, which is more, future apostles called to the most sublime of all vocations! My Dear Children, make haste to become saints, missionaries in the full sense of the word; allow your good Mistresses to mould you according to Divine Will; be obedient, always; learn to work, to master all kinds of tasks, in order to better serve the cause of the Master and that of souls, when your turn comes to be sent "to the front".

In the meantime, save a countless number of souls by your purity of intention, and by offering, for their salvation, your prayers, studies, labours, joys and sacrifices. Deposited in the bank of our Immaculate Mother, all things are transformed into precious funds for the ransom of souls.

You perhaps expect news of our voyage? But, time is wanting and I would not be able to enter into great details. Moreover, I am sure that Mother St. Jean François Régis transmits all tidings to you, for she never forgets her children of Pont Viau.

Japan is already far behind us, and to-morrow morning, at 8 o'clock, we shall land at Dairen; you can easily imagine what will be the joy of our dear Sisters, of those, especially, who have left the Mother House fifteen years ago.

In union with us, heartily thank our good Father St. Joseph; it is not in vain that he has been chosen as our Pilot. The weather is always exceptionally fine and we are making the best of trips. The whole cloudless vault of heaven, and the sea in which it is reflected, are of a beautiful azure tint, and the mountains we could see this morning, still wrapped in drifting veils of mist, also appeared blue — it was magnificent!

I must leave you now, my Dear Children, but I carry each and every one of you in my heart.

Imitate the young Virgin of the Temple, your Model; like her, love the good God and serve Him generously.

Your Mother who loves you with all her heart,

Sister MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE.

We thanked Divine Providence Who paternally watches over our dear travellers, and we renewed our resolutions of fervour to obtain that He may continue to do so till they return.

Friday, July 26

It is the Feast of Good St. Anne, as we usually call her. Two of our special titles incite us to have a tender devotion to this august Patron: that of Daughters of the Immaculate Conception, and that of little Fiancées of Jesus. Do not these give us permission to use the sweet name of "Grand-mother" when addressing her? Inwardly, we like to invoke her under that appellation which leads us to confidence.

Pious hymns were sung in honour of Good St. Anne, during Holy Mass, and we again congratulated her on her happiness, by praising the Blessed Virgin, her beloved Daughter, in the recitation of the Rosary.

We profited by this feast to ask for an abundance of graces on behalf of our dear Institute and our ever-loved families.

Saturday, July 27

Great animation reigned in the house to-day. Over one hundred and fifty professed Sisters, from the Mother House and our different Houses of the Province, arrived for the Annual Retreat. The Master of the vineyard has convened His workers to "come apart into a desert place to rest awhile" in order that they might re-create their spiritual vigour and fit themselves to resume the labour awaiting them. Besides, is it not the example He Himself gave during His public life?

A holiday, on such an occasion, was perfectly suitable. We all the more enjoyed it knowing that during eight days we would be buried in the solitude of quiet prayer.

The pleasure of seeing one another again, caused all countenances to beam with happiness, thus eloquently displaying the fraternal union and charity linking all the members of our dear religious family.

Sunday, August 4

Already we are come to the last day of the Holy Exercises! Indeed, they have passed far too rapidly for our liking!

Reverend Father Schelpe, S. J., was the Retreat Master. In a very concrete and most attractive manner he pictured for us the many beautiful scenes to be found in the Gospel, and made us fully grasp their touching moral and practical truths, which could not fail to enlighten us. After such days of plenty, when our souls have been enkindled to the white heat of generous self-sacrifice, would it be possible to remain indifferent and ungenerous? To-day, we entrusted to the Blessed Virgin the firm resolves sprung from the beneficial influence of these blessed days.

Monday, August 5

The sky was overcast this morning, and the day had its own chill greyish tinge which no beams of the rising sun seemed to be able to pierce and warm and colour. But, no cloudiness marred the vision of the jubilant souls hailing the dawn of this never-to-be-forgotten day of profession.

Our chapel was looking its loveliest. The fresh flowers and the lamps of soft Marian colours which surrounded the statue of the Immaculate Virgin, seemed to have given relief to her smile. From above, it is not to be doubted, this Holy Virgin of virgins looked down with a loving eye on our Novitiate, for was she not the Queen of the ceremonies about to take place. It is she who presents to Jesus the earnest young hearts she herself has prepared for the divine Espousals.

This happiness, so eagerly desired, was destined to be shared by several among us, and each assistant united with the "chosen ones" to sing the praises of the Lord.

Firstly, the Sisters making Temporary Vows renewed their holy engagements before the Host of their Communion. What heart-stirring moments were these!

At nine-thirty, in sweet religious intimacy, First Vows were received by the Retreat Master. The "Seniors" of the Novitiate, who have completed the two years of probation, advanced into the sanctuary and spoke the words which bind their souls by the golden chain of triple Vows, and make of them Brides of Jesus their Saviour. They then received the black Veil, the Cross and the Rosary, symbolic armour of the apostle called to divine conquests. The happiness thrilling their souls was reflected on their countenances and proved without doubt the justness of the Master's words: "My yoke is sweet and my burden light." It was the beginning of the hundredfold promised here below to those who, wishing to follow Him, have left father, mother, and all they hold most dear.

In the afternoon numerous relatives and friends attended the Clothing and Final Profession ceremonies. Mgr. Chaumont, Vicar-General, officiated. Reverend Father Schelpe, S. J., addressed the audience. In a concise manner, he enumerated a few of the advantages of religious life for both the privileged souls and the parents who then have their good share of sacrifices to offer up to God.

Twenty-three Postulants then advanced. After having expressed their desire to persevere in their beautiful vocation, they received the white Habit of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. These were: Miss Rachel Bouchard, Quebec (Sister Ste. Céline); Miss Yselle Giguère, Gardner, Mass. (Sister Ste. Alberte); Miss Georgette Durand, St. Damien de Brandon (Sister Louise du Rosaire); Miss Micheline Lefort, Ottawa (Sister St. Paul d'Antioche); Miss Gemma Gagnon, Beauport, Quebec (Sister Ste. Gemma); Miss Bergerette Emond, Quebec (Sister Ste. Véronique); Miss Jeanne Brassard, Montreal (Sister Marie Jeanne); Miss Thérèse Gouin, Montreal (Sister Thérèse Marguerite); Miss Simone Lafontaine, Belœil (Sister St. Wilfrid); Miss Thérèse Talbot, St. Lucien de Drummond (Sister Thérèse de France); Miss Desneiges Brault, Morinville, Alberta (Sister Angèle du Sacré Cœur); Miss Anne Marie Larocque, Rawdon, Montcalm Co. (Sister Marie Aline); Miss Jeanne Pelletier, L'Islet (Sister St. Maxime); Miss Lucienne Bourgie, Montreal (Sister St. Guy); Miss Mariette Toupin, Montreal (Sister Anne des Anges); Miss Rosette Labrosse, Montreal (Sister Marie Annette); Miss Jacqueline Lalonde, St. Hyacinthe (Sister Marie Stéphanie); Miss Paule Charpentier, Drummondville (Sister Paul de Damas); Miss Rachel Guillette, Iberville (Sister Marie Elise); Miss Simone St. Amand, St. Aimé de Richelieu (Sister Ste. Elodie); Miss Noella Morneau, Quebec (Sister St. Jean de Dieu); Miss Thérèse Tourigny, Ste. Eulalie de Nicolet (Sister Ste. Eulalie); Miss Laurence Forest, St. Paul de Joliette (Sister Gabriel de l'Immaculée).

At long last, the hour of the final oblation had struck for seven happy Sisters: Sister Laurent Marie (Aline Létourneau, Trois Rivières); Sister Marie Cécilia (Cécile Legault, St. Vincent de Paul); Sister Madeleine de la Passion (Madeleine Blais, Quebec); Sister St. Robert (Marguerite Hétu,

St. Sulpice, Assomption); Sister Marie de Liguori (Juliette Girard, Chicoutimi); Sister St. Eusèbe (Marie Fugère, Montreal); Sister Marie Hortense Pauline Pigeon, Montreal).

Kneeling at the foot of the altar, they sealed the renovation of their Vows with the definitive "for ever", which binds them irrevocably to the love and service of Christ, to the Spouse of Virgins. Then, exulting with joy, they came forward to receive the gold ring, outward token of their final oblation; and, at that moment, broke forth from their hearts the hymn of thanks *Quid Retribuam Domino*. Yes! "What shall I render unto the Lord for all the things that He hath rendered unto me?" For, when summing up, is not the giving of our all a very little gift, when, in return, we possess the King of Heaven, Love Eternal, and His immortal promises?

We begged our Immaculate Mother to thank the good God on our behalf, and to obtain that, some day, we also may enjoy the same signal favours.

Were present in the sanctuary: Reverend Fathers Ernest Poirier, P. P., St. Lucien de Drummond; P. E. Lassonde, P. P., St. Patrice de Tingwick; Marie Eugène Labrosse, P. S. S.; René Girard, S. J.; Pierre Gouin, S. J.; Arthur Sasseville, S. J.; Henri Gauthier, P. B.; Alex. Paradis, P. M. E.; Wilfrid Rioux, P. M. E.; Normand Guillette and Robert Saint-Amand, St. Hyacinthe; C. Bonin, Joliette Seminary; Bernard Guindon, Odina Poirier, eccl.; Reverend Brothers Pavinus, Cléophas, Félix-Valois Morneau, Marcel Morneau, O. S. J. D.

This impressive ceremony ended with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; we are sure that the Lord scattered His choicest blessings upon all those assembled before His Holy Presence.

The happy Sisters then enjoyed the presence of their parents. And when the supper-bell rang, they whispered a cheerful "Au revoir, till to-morrow", for, indeed, the morrow is part of the nuptial feast.

As is the custom in our Institute, the crowning of the perpetually-professed Sisters preceded the evening meal. Our good Mother Ste. Marie Madeleine, in the name and stead of our Mother Superior General, (whom our dear Mother-Assistant, being bed-ridden, could not replace) laid a wreath of white lilies on the head of each Sister, whilst the choir sang the *Veni Sponsa Christi*, both the singing and gestures were symbolisms which betokened the divine predilections and eternal remunerations.

Such a well-spent day caused every heart to overflow with gratitude, and the dominance of this sentiment made us untiringly repeat: *Magnificat! Magnificat!*

Thursday, August 8

This morning, the High Mass marked the opening of the Forty Hours' Devotion in our chapel. Our eager wish is that, during this time of reparation our souls be as so many ardent lamps burning before our Eucharistic King, and our hearts as so many flowers exhaling their fragrance to the greater glory of our Adorable Guest. These symbols which profusely bedecked the altar offered their tribute of praise, we may say; to it we added the homage of our whole being. In so doing, we presented to our Dear

Saviour, our desires, our resolves to love Him for all those who offend Him, to atone for the profanations, the forgetfulness, the indifference, which so deeply pain His Loving Heart. In the daytime and at night, while making the Guard of Honour, and during the Holy Hours which united us each evening, at chapel, prayers, hymns, and acts of reparation for these intentions, succeeded one another.

Moreover, this day coincided with the profession anniversary of our venerable Mother Foundress. Needless to say, it was a day marked with the imprint of gratitude. We profited by the passage of these streams of spiritual plenty to request most precious favours for the beloved Mother to whom we owe much of our present happiness. The gleam of golden lights and the perfume of exquisite flowers which surrounded the Blessed Sacrament recalled to us the ingenious zeal of our venerable Mother for the ornamentation of the House of God.

It was also with joy and enthusiasm that we welcomed the thirty new little Sisters, whom the Immaculate Virgin has, this day, sent to re-enforce the Aviary. The loving look of predilection cast at them and at us by the Good Master, Who has beckoned to us all and assembled us in the same vineyard, has already created in our hearts that sisterly love which made us cordially greet each one of them, this evening.

We pray ardently that the Good Lord keep, from now on, in His "Garden of delights" these young souls desirous to labour for His glory, and that our Heavenly Mother give them a foretaste of the precious favours she has in store for them during their religious life.

Wednesday, August 14

We gladly welcomed to our chapel, this afternoon, a group of little girls from St. Christopher's Parish. This meeting was held on the occasion of a Marian day organized by a devoted ecclesiastic of the Foreign Mission Seminary. The day was spent in the open, under the supervision of a few Sisters of the Presentation of Mary, and certainly could not have a more befitting close than this pious stop at the feet of our Eucharistic Lord. During Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which the young scholars themselves sang beautiful hymns, we prayed that Jesus, the Friend of children grant to all an intense love for His Mother, a true filial devotion, capable of drawing down upon their whole lives graces of special protection.

Thursday, August 15

This evening our good Mistress assigned to us, little novices, our office for the coming semester — a change always necessitated by the departure of the newly-professed Sisters. Then, one and all hastened to take information relative to the new tasks in order that the work be done properly. Every Sister was satisfied with her office, for, obedience is a guarantee of God's Will; and His numberless graces to accomplish it await her there. Consequently, we were determined to fulfil this duty with all the perfection humanly possible, with the sole aim of pleasing God and of sanctifying ourselves according to His views on us.

These resolves were entrusted to the humble Virgin of Nazareth. We asked her to always help us in the faithful accomplishment of our daily duty, and to be our charitable teacher, just as she is our model.

Saturday, August 17

A pious and touching little ceremony ended this day, eve of the Solemnity of the Assumption.

At seven-thirty, in the Novitiate-Hall, the new Postulants took their places in front of the Statue of the Immaculate Virgin. Our good Mistress then urged us to incessantly bear in mind the greatness of our missionary vocation and the necessity of being faithful, even to the minutest details. "For", said she, "nothing is trifling in the service of God; we give more greatness to our actions by putting more love into them, and our happiness will always be proportional to our fervour and generosity. A never-failing method of treading the road of duty is to walk with one hand in that of the Blessed Virgin, and the other in those of the Mothers who take her place here below."

These salutary exhortations were deeply engraved on our memory and we determined to apply them to our everyday life.

The Postulants then advanced to receive the black veil and the blue belt, which will ever remind them of the apparel of our Immaculate Mother. Having donned these, they knelt before her statue, and we united with them to recite the touching consecration: "My Queen! my Mother! I give myself entirely to Thee...." The ceremony was brought to a close by the pious singing of a hymn to Our Lady.

There being a few minutes left before evening prayer, a *Deo Gratias* was given us. We took advantage of it to offer our best wishes for perseverance and happiness to our dear younger Sisters. How transformed they were under their new insignia!

May our Immaculate Mother bless each and every one of them and realize their noble ideal of becoming missionaries in the truest sense of the word!

Sunday, August 18

This day was doubly dear to us, because two first-class feasts were commemorated. United with Holy Mother Church and all the Saints in Heaven, we rejoiced at the glorious Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. And, as this Solemnity coincided with the fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost, called "Sunday of Providence", we celebrated, at the same time, the patronal feast of our dear Mother Superior General.

Our homages to our glorified Queen, and our requests on behalf of the Mother who, here below, guides our happy barque, were, in concert, wafted to Heaven. It was understood that our Mass and Communion, as well as all our prayers, were for her intentions.

To our deep regret, we could not have our dear Mother in our midst, and personally express to her our sentiments of filial love and our gratitude

by a reception, as we usually did; but we will certainly not forget to do so when she returns.

As for to-day, we enjoyed the holiday granted in consideration of these two feasts. Time and again we repeated invocations to Our Lady of Providence, imploring her to bless our dear Mother's apostolate during her long travel, and to constantly remain her Star and her sweet Providence.

Saturday, September 28

The supreme *Veni Sponsa Christi* has sounded for our dear Sister St. Aimé. Although we had been informed, yesterday, that she had taken quite a turn for the worse, we were very much surprised, this morning, to learn that her eager soul had winged its flight towards the Master Who called her from Above. Her peaceful death was an echo of her life.

In 1930, Sister St. Aimé, née Annette Allard, of Ste. Elisabeth, Joliette, entered our Community, where an elder sister had preceded her. She pronounced her First Vows two and a half years later.

Since then, she had remained at the Mother House but, two years previous to her death, she left the nest of Côte des Neiges Road for the Chinese Hospital.

Our dear Sister suffered from heart trouble, and it is after a peracute attack, at about nine o'clock, last evening, that she commended her pure soul into the hands of her Creator.

This morning, her remains were brought to our Novitiate, where she rests in her modest coffin under the eye of the Immaculate Virgin.

Along with the family of our dear deceased, Novices and Postulants replaced one another to recite the *Ave Maria* of the Rosary that she has repeated time without number during her religious life.

The Funeral Service will be sung by Reverend Father M. Lamarche, curate at Ste. Elisabeth, on Monday morning, in the Chapel of the Novitiate.

Guard of Honour to the Blessed Virgin

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

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

In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, an instruction on the prerogatives of the Mother of God is given, after which there is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.



The Children's Page

MY DEAR CHILDREN

From the depth of my solitude, I hear, in the distance, a great clamour of plaintive voices... voices of men, of women, of children.... Their mournful accents penetrate into the inmost recesses of my soul, but do not interfere with the peace of my beatitude.

By the way, did you know that your Great Friend lived in a solitude? Oh! yes, he inhabits the vastest, the most attractive and most respected solitude; sometimes he sits in the cool shades of a merry grove admiring the charming beauties of nature and listening to the songs of the birds or, according to his fancy, he walks in the meadows covered with flowers; sometimes he delights watching the gay brooklet or contemplating the splendour of the broad sea; other times he measures, from the summit of a mount, the extent of the work of creation. Many a time, although not a sound escapes his lips, he converses with the Master or the Mistress of this secluded place, or with their servants; and these delightful colloquies afford him great happiness.... Where do you think my solitude is, then?

— You have guessed correctly. It is all interior, built in my heart. It is pleasant because God is always there, by His grace, because the Blessed Virgin, the angels and the Saints are also frequently present by their inspirations. It is vast, because it contains the world.

— The world!... what is meant by this?

— Later, you will understand — Let us go on.... It is respected, because no mortal may penetrate into it without my consent, for I hold its key.

Dear Children, you might perhaps believe that your Great Friend has very few occupations. On the contrary, he has very many; but everywhere he goes he carries with him his solitude and, whatever he does, thinks, or says, he accomplishes all in the peace of his beatitude.

— Incomprehensible!...

— No, my Children, not incomprehensible. It is no doubt, because you judge the thing as St. Theresa of the Child Jesus did when she was eight years old. You certainly must have read somewhere that Theresa, at that age, already had a keen desire for solitude — desire that was shared by her little cousin, Marie.

The Little Flower writes in her biography, "At my uncle's house we often played at being two austere hermits, with only a poor hut, a little patch of corn, and a garden in which to grow a few vegetables. We arranged that while one was attending to active duties the other engaged in prayer, and

thus the hours went by in an unbroken contemplation of divine things. All was gone through in silence with religious gravity and decorum. The make-believe continued even in the street. There the two hermits would say the Rosary, using their fingers to count on, so as not to display their devotion before those who might scoff. One day, however, the hermit Thérèse forgot herself, and made a great sign of the Cross before eating a cake given her for lunch, with the result that some wordly folk smiled.

"The desire of always doing the same thing sometimes carried us too far. One evening on our way home from school at the Abbey, we bethought ourselves of imitating the modesty of the hermits. 'Lead me', I said to Marie, 'I am going to shut my eyes.' 'So am I,' came the answer.

"Keeping to the pavement, we had nothing to fear from the passing vehicles and for a brief space all went well. But presently we fell over and upset some boxes that stood at the door of a shop. Out rushed the angry shop-keeper to pick up his goods while the would-be hermits, scrambling to their feet, made off at full speed. Their eyes wide open and their ears could not shut themselves to the reproaches of Jeanne, the maid, who seemed quite as much vexed as the shopman."

Theresa was then only eight years of age, but at fifteen, when she had entered the Carmel and had become the Spouse of Jesus, very quickly did she understand which solitude her soul needed and, immediately, she built it in her heart. To this end, she energetically broke the bonds that kept it open to creatures and she shut herself up with her Divine Spouse to live of love, confidence, and immolation, to work for the salvation of souls; but this, you understand it well, did not prevent her from attending to her occupations.

O dear solitude
In one's heart, you are found.
Your sweet quietude
Brings happiness, profound.

So, from the depth of my solitude, I hear, in the distance, a great clamour of plaintive voices... voices of men, of women and of children... and their mournful accents penetrate into the inmost recesses of my soul.

— Why?

— Because these voices express an infinity of physical and moral sufferings: first, physical suffer-



"Marie and Thérèse played at being two austere hermits..."

ings, which are more numerous and more intense than ever, since the war makes such ravage among men; second, moral sufferings, which are the cause of floods of tears. Oh! how I wish I could alleviate all these sufferings, dry all these tears!... For this, sin would have to be extirpated from the world, for suffering entered the world with sin, and it is sin that maintains it there and makes it overflow inasmuch as itself overflows. Let us take away sin from the world and this valley of tears will become a valley of joy. Trial, sent by God, and necessary to salvation, will no longer be painful.

— But how can this be brought about?

— I have already invited to the conquest of the world, each one of you, and the grown-ups who, by their purity, confidence and love, are willing to become as children. It is a conquest by far different from that coveted by the conquerors of our day, who dispute the possession of the continents and the seas. To these, I repeat the words of Our Lord, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?" But it is a conquest entirely spiritual, a conquest of souls, that is, victory over sin.

Hand in hand, we have formed a chain around the globe of the earth and have shot, on the sinners, the arrows of our prayers, sacrifices and frequent Communions, but to-day, I am coming to renew your enthusiasm and offer you another means of sustaining it.

— What is this means?...

— Well, I see that you will not succeed in finding it. This means is... to keep the world in your heart.

— How can you do that?

— Here is an example: Let us suppose you have a toy which is the object of all your attention, because you are very fond of it. What relation is there between this toy and yourself? Only a very strong feeling of love which renders it so attractive that all your thoughts are centered on it. Let someone *try* to take it away from you... you are all upset. Let someone *take* it away from you... you are heart-broken. This toy, therefore, holds a big place in your heart! You keep it therein is it not true?

Thus, I wish you to keep the world in your heart, that is, the globe of the earth, with its innumerable sinners, with its billion of pagans to be won over to God; with Jesus, its Saviour, offering Himself unceasingly on different points of the universe, that, often, during the day, you may offer Him and His infinite merits to His Heavenly Father for the salvation of the world; with its just and faithful souls who keep watch round the Tabernacle, that you may frequently unite with them to render your prayers, sacrifices, Masses and Communions more efficacious, remembering that union is strength; with its vast solitudes, that you may come and rest from the turmoil of life, admire the beauties of nature, converse intimately with God, that you may, as St. Theresa of the Child Jesus did, meditate on the means of becoming virtuous children and of working as much as possible for the salvation of souls.

THE SALVATION OF SOULS

The salvation of souls, dear Children, should be the principal occupation of every true Christian; still more should it be the passion of those who have the cure of souls, fathers, mothers, priests, religious, pontiffs of Holy Church and, above all, the Sovereign Pontiff, our Holy Father the Pope. Oh! what a signal proof of his passion for souls did not Pope Pius XI give, when he exclaimed, "In truth, as long as Divine Providence will give me a minute of life, this portion of our Apostolic duty will be the object of our anxious and constant preoccupation. How often, at the thought of the billion of pagans, our spirit knows no rest.—We seem to hear this urgent appeal: "Cry out, do not cease, let your voice resound like a trumpet."

His worthy successor, Pius XII, not less zealous, suffers intensely on account of the calamities which assail a great portion of his flock and compromise its eternal salvation. Several times, already, his voice has been heard throughout the universe, voice of a wise Pastor, of a tender and devoted Pastor, who cherishes his sheep, shows them the way to good pastures and guards them against the wolves.... And we know that for the conversion of the world and the return of peace, he practises austere penance, that, night and day, he addresses to Heaven ardent supplications to appease the wrath of God kindled by the innumerable crimes man has committed and still commits every day.

Are not these great examples, dear Children, a precious encouragement to be ever more devoted for the salvation of the pagans and sinners?... Is it not very encouraging, also, to think that when we are working for the salvation of souls, we are procuring the glory of God and when we are procuring the glory of God, we are preparing our own eternal crown?

I am leaving you, dear Children, to these reflections.

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR

The December Mission Intention

"for all works which help the missions"

It is the universal character of the mission apostolate rather than any particular phase of it which is stressed in the mission intention released by the Holy See for the prayerful intercession of the faithful during the month of December. And just what are the "works which help the missions"? First of all must be listed vocations, particularly at the present time when totalitarianism has decreed that warfare must become the avocation of our youth for the coming years. Yet Christ's call to service brooks no denial and the needed courage and perseverance for those who answer it can be obtained only by our prayers. With the subject of vocations naturally comes the closely allied necessity of remembering the various religious communities which send their young men and women to the missions. They, too, require our prayers as do the different collecting agencies which enlist spiritual and material help for the continuance and furtherance of their works.

—Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell.

League of Prayers and Sacrifices



ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

For the extinction of anti-religious societies

The Associates should, each day, recite one Hail Mary.

Three times the invocation: "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to Thee."

The prayer of His Holiness Leo XIII, in honour of Saint Michael the Archangel.

And impose upon themselves a daily sacrifice.

The Associates should also wear the Miraculous Medal.

PRAYER TO SAINT MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL

St. Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle; be our protection against the malice and snares of the devil. Rebuke him O God, we humbly pray; and do thou, O prince of the heavenly host, by the divine power, thrust into hell Satan and the other evil spirits who roam through the world seeking the ruin of souls.

Amen.

Seen and approved March 12, 1924.

(100 days indulgence)

† L. N. Card. BEGIN, Archbp. of Quebec.

All Can Pray

Prayer is a "familiar intercourse" between the soul and God. It is so because it is the expression of love. On one side is our poor, lukewarm love; on the other the boundless perfect love of God. Our prayer may be cramped and feeble because of the inadequacy of our love and the rest of our imperfections; but the infinite love of God places no impediments to hinder our approach.

■ As a mother stands eagerly, with her arms wide open, waiting for her little child to learn to walk the few steps which will bring him to her, so does God wait for us as we approach Him in prayer. In Him there is complete understanding, because He knows the secrets of our hearts more intimately than we ourselves do; for our weakness and foolishness He has no contempt, and for our sins His pardon is offered more swiftly than we can turn and seek it.

Keep clearly in your mind, then, that primarily prayer is an exercise of love, whereby the loving soul approaches nearer and nearer to the object of its love, which is God, growing thereby in grace and in the knowledge of God, which is eternal life.

Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin

for favours obtained

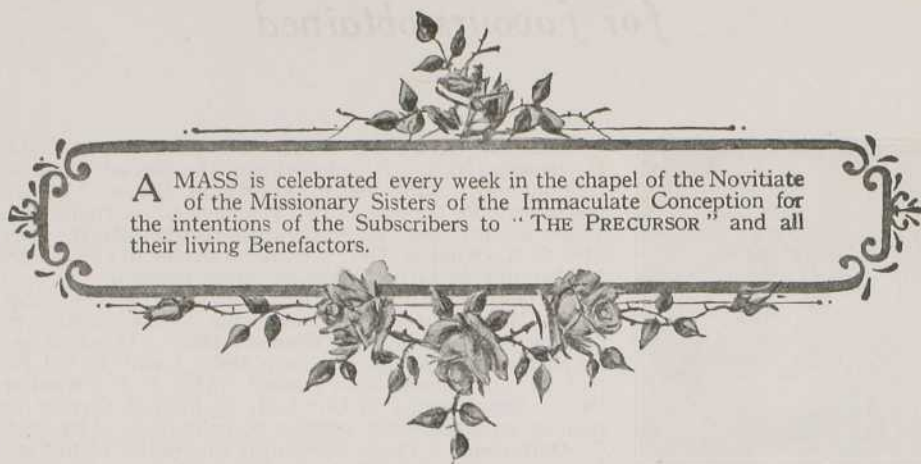


"O MARY, the entire universe would perish before you refuse your assistance to those who, with all their heart, implore your help and protection."

BL. HENRY SUZO.

Heartfelt thanks for favours obtained. Mrs. A. M., **Hectanooga, N. S.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for cure obtained. Mrs. Joseph Doherty, **St. Gilles**. — I thank you heartily for the prayers that you made to the Immaculate Virgin for my son. He obtained a position shortly after. Mrs. C. A., **Windsor, Ont.** — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother and the Little Flower for favour received. Miss. G. A. C., **Lewiston, Me.** — Gratitude for favour received. Mr. A. L., **Windsor, Ont.** — Thanksgiving for satisfactory arrangements. Miss E. L., **Windsor, Ont.** — Thanking you for all the prayers that you have said. I wish to tell you that all our requests were granted. Mrs. L. C., **Windsor, Ont.** — Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Prompt Succour for position obtained, after promise of publishing. Mrs. J. S. G., **Outremont**. — Please publish my sincere thanks to Mary Immaculate for favours obtained through her intercession. Mrs. R. T. Rondel, **Crystal Falls**. — Thanksgiving to Mary for favour received. Anonymous, **Ste. Anne des Plaines**. — Lively gratitude for cure obtained. Mrs. Napoleon Roy, **Granby**. — Homage of gratitude for the success of a serious operation. Mrs. G. L., **St. John**. — Thanks to Mary, my Heavenly Mother, for grace received through her intercession. I fulfil my promise by having it published and again beg her aid for a son neglectful of his religious duties. A Subscriber. — A thousand thanks to Heaven for protection in my work and for her powerful intercession in regard to the position of my husband. Mrs. H. L., **Northbridge, Mass.** — I heartily thank the Blessed Virgin for a grace obtained and solicit another favour through her intercession. Mrs. M. M., **Fort Kent, Me.** — Please thank the Blessed Virgin for favour received; I beg her to grant me another great grace. Anonymous, **St. Alban**. — Thanksgiving for favour received after promise of publication. One interested in your missions. **Plessisville**. — Thanksgiving for grace obtained. Mr. and Mrs. A. D. — Thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for her protection. M. B. G., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks for favour obtained. A Subscriber, **St. Joseph de Sorel**. — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for favour obtained. I pray her to please continue her maternal protection. A. L., **Montreal**. — Profound gratitude to Mary for the special protection of our family. Mrs. E. D. — Thanksgiving for favour obtained. Mrs. N. B. **Warwick**. — Lively gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for the marvellous change in the conduct of my two sons. Mrs. P. A. G., **Worcester, Mass.** — I acquit myself of a promise in thanksgiving for favour obtained. Miss H. L., **Drummond**. — Gratitude to Our Immaculate Mother for favour received; we beg her to continue to protect us. Mrs. M. M., **Rosemont**. — Thanksgiving for benefits received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. L. D., **Notre Dame de Grace, Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for favours received. Miss R. B., **St. Joseph de Beauce**. — The Blessed Virgin deigned to obtain me a great grace; I thank her with all my heart. Mrs. N. A., **Chicopee, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour long desired. Anonymous, **Drummondville**. — Thanksgiving for the success of an important business affair. Mrs. P. J., **St. Tite, Lavolette Co.** — Heartfelt thanksgiving to Our Immaculate Mother for the success of a grave operation and the recovery of health. Miss M. B. L., **St. Hedwidge**. — Sincere thanks for favour received. A Subscriber, **St. Rose**. — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for favour received. Mrs. E. S., **Montreal**. — I acquit myself of a promise made in honour of the Blessed Virgin for favour received. G. A., **Montreal**. — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin for grace obtained after promise of publication. B. Dandure. — Thanksgiving to Our Heavenly Mother for favour obtained. Mrs. J. D. C., **Drummondville**. — Great thanks to the Blessed Virgin for favour received. Mrs. H. B., **Duparquet**. — The Blessed Virgin obtained a position for my son, please help me thank Her. Mrs. E. L., **Verdun**. — Lively gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for grace received. Mrs. J. B. H., **Ste. Therese**. — Sincere thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for favours obtained. I particularly recommend her the conversion of my son and also the recovery of a person's health. Mrs. C. A. G., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for an improvement in the health of my daughter; I pray her to cure her completely. Mrs. P. R., **Montreal**. — Most lively thanks to Our Immaculate Mother for benefits received. Mrs. R. A. L., **Sanford, Me.** — I acquit myself of a debt of gratitude towards the Immaculate

Virgin for favour received. Mrs. W. L., **Montreal**. — Lively gratitude for favour obtained Mr. and Mrs. A. Tetrault, **Maisonneuve**. — Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Anthony for the renting of a house after promise of publishing.



Petitions

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

Please pray for my son who is in the Hospital. Mrs. E. C., **Verdun**. — My husband has been out of work for the past four months. Would you be good enough to pray for me. Mrs. F. D., **Montreal**. — Please pray for our special intentions, particularly in regard to my brother's throat. Miss G. A. C. — Please pray to Our Blessed Mother, that I may receive the special favour which I am asking of her, before the end of next month. Miss R. B. — Please have a Novena said at once if possible, I am very worried, I need help for my husband. We are in trouble, please pray for us. Mrs. R. T., **Notre Dame de Grace, Montreal**. — Please pray that my mother may be cured of her arthritis. C. T., **Ludlow, Mass.** — Please say a prayer for me. Mrs. J. W., **Brunswick, Me.** — Will you kindly make a Novena, that I may receive a great favour. Miss M. B., **Sutton, Que.** — Please do not forget and pray for me. Mrs. B., **Fall River, Mass.** — I ask you very earnestly to make a Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for the complete restauration of my health. Miss M. McD., **Chatham, N. B.** — Would you kindly pray for my special intention. Miss R. C. — I would like you to remember me in your prayers to the Blessed Virgin. A. H. M., **Montreal**. — Will you please pray for my recovery. Mrs. J. H., **Waterville, Me.** — Would you kindly pray to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal for the cure of my grandson. Mrs. F. H., **Millbury, Mass.** — Will you please pray for our safety. M. H., **Johnstone, Scotland**. — Would you please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin and the Sacred Heart of Jesus for myself and for two special favours. Mrs. E. J. V., **Linwood, Ont.** — I would be very grateful if you would pray for my two sons who are in trouble. Mrs. R. D., **Limestone, Me.** — A mother begs the Blessed Virgin to obtain for her the cure of her little girl. Mrs. A. T., **Shawinigan**. — Please remember a special intention of mine. A Subscriber. — Would you kindly make a Novena for the return of my brother. A Subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. — A person suffering from rheumatism is requesting prayers for her cure. Mrs. O. B., **Shawinigan**. — Kindly remember me in your prayers. I need Our Lady's help. G. M. — Please pray, that my husband may obtain the position he desires. Mrs. A. P., **Montreal**. — With confidence I am coming to request the help of the Blessed Virgin to correct myself of a bad habit I have contracted forty-five years ago. Anonymous. — Will you please say a prayer to the Immaculate Virgin that my husband may obtain a permanent position. Mrs. A. B. — I request prayers for three special intentions. A Subscriber. — Please pray for my mother's cure. Mrs. L. L. — When praying to the Blessed Virgin, kindly remember my husband, that he may be cured of stomach trouble. Mrs. D. Prince. — I am asking Our Heavenly Mother to give us health, success in our undertakings and other graces. Mrs. R. T. — Health, courage, and the sale of a property. M. F. C.,

St. Antoine. — Kindly pray that my husband may stop drinking, I am discouraged. A Subscriber. — Please pray for the conversion of a father and his sons. Miss M. B. — I would like you to pray for all my intentions. Mrs. A. H. B. — Will you please pray for my married son, that he may obtain a permanent position. An afflicted mother. — A mother requests the conversion of her son. A Subscriber, **Montreal.** — Would you kindly pray for a brother of mine who has had very much trouble with his little commerce for the past eight years. Anonymous. — Ardent supplications to the Blessed Virgin for the settling of a very important and delicate affair. A Subscriber. — I have recourse to Mary, to obtain two great favours. Mrs. R. C. — Beg Our dear Lord to grant me health and work. Miss A. G., **Montreal.** — Prayers please, for all my family and especially for my son, that he may be faithful to his duty. Mrs. C. L. — Good health and a position for my brother. Miss D. R., **Viauville.** — Will you please make a Novena for me, that I may recover my hearing. Mrs. C. C., **Petit Rocher Nord, N. B.** — May the Blessed Virgin help us to find work. Mrs. J. L., **Biddeford, Me.** — Please pray for me. Mrs. G. C., **Drummondville.** — Will you kindly pray for my special intentions. Mrs. L., **St. Lambert.** — Two great favours are requested of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. H. C., **Verdun.** — I am a widow with eight children. Please pray for me. Mrs. J. P. P. C. — Please pray for a young man suffering from kidney trouble and for the father of a family who is without work. D. M. — Kindly have a remembrance in your prayers for all my family but especially for my sons. Mrs. C. E. L.



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

Right Reverend Monsignor Jean Baptiste Labossière, P. D., **St. Joseph's Parish, Salem, Mass.**; Reverend Father Lonergan, P. P., **Lowell, Mass.**; Reverend Sister Marie de Liguori, née Varin, Sister of the Holy Cross; Mrs. Felix Ouellette, **Beauport**, mother of our Sister Marie de la Résurrection; Mr. William Sauvé, **Montreal**, father of our Sisters Thérèse d'Avila and St. Bernard; Mrs. Magloire Ménard, **Ste. Elisabeth de Joliette**, grandmother of our Sister Ste. Elisabeth; Mrs. Basil Carrière, **Hammond, Ont.**, grandmother of our Sister Gabriel de l'Annonciation; Mrs. J. H. Brassard, **Jonquière**, grandmother of our Sister Pauline Marie; Mrs. Jules B. Garant, **Quebec**, grandmother of our Sister Françoise Romaine, novice; Mrs. E. Mac Gillvray **St. Polycarpe, Que.**; Mrs. John Fahey, **Grand River**; Mrs. Antonio Desjardins, **Montreal**; Mrs. John Graham, **Outremont**; Mr. John Boduch, **Ludlow, Mass.**; Mrs. Michael Burns, **Dresden, Ont.**; Mrs. Elizabeth Modler, **Montreal**; Mrs. Margaret Kenny, **Orono, Me.**; Mrs. Edna Wallace, **Orono, Me.**; Mrs. John Monahan, **Sussex, N. B.**; Mrs. Exilia Lafrance, **Norway, Me.**; Miss Mary Cagney, **Montreal**.

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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.