

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIII, 19th Year MONTREAL, January-February, 1941 No. 1

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

IN CANADA

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(Founded in 1902).

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

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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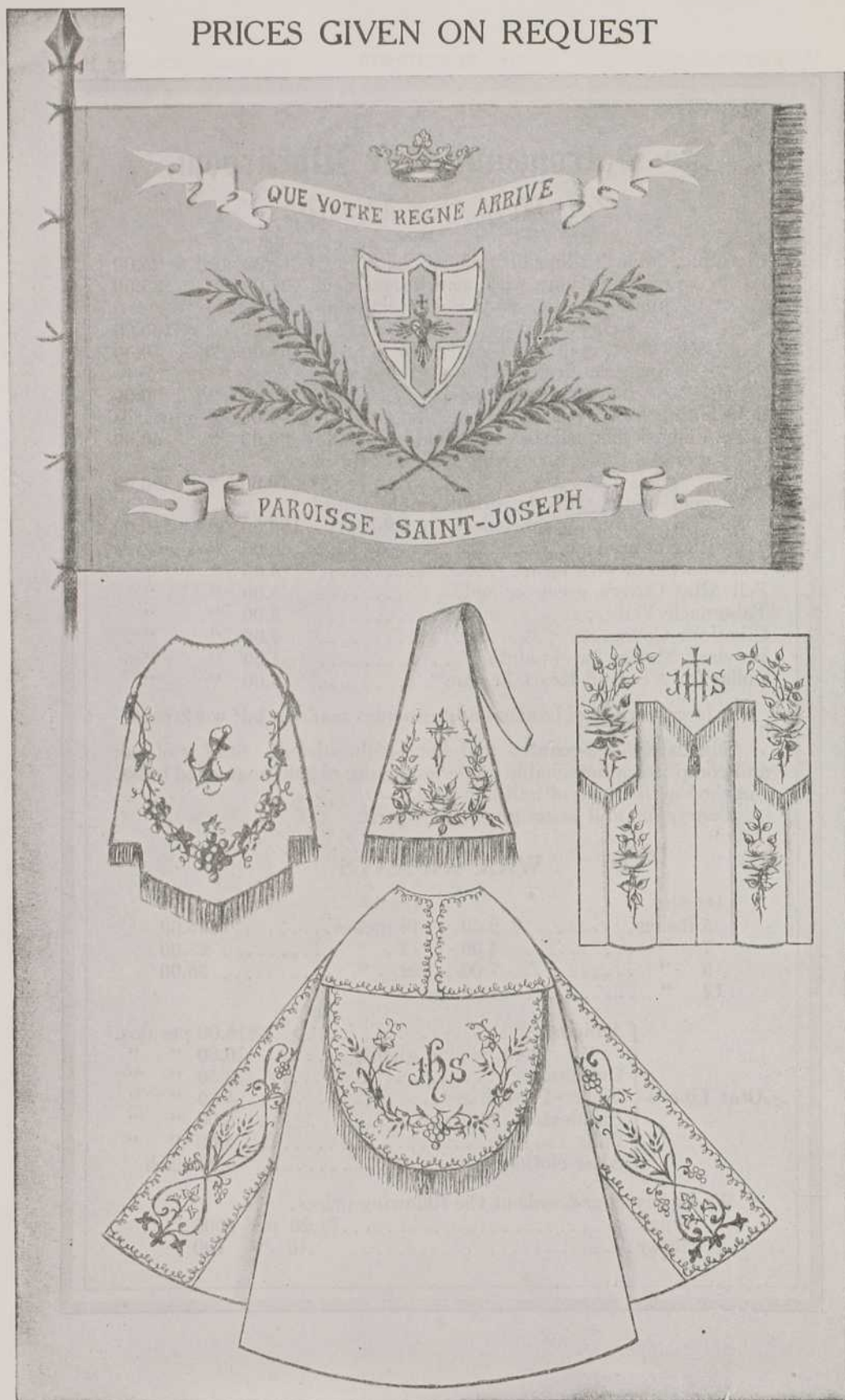
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THE PRECURSOR

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Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception

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Our Beloved Pontiff Pius XII

*the Representative of Jesus Christ on earth, the Depositary of the
Eternal Truths, the Guardian of Faith and Morals, the Infallible
Guide towards whom all minds and hearts should turn, so as not
to err from the paths of light and justice.*



At the Dawn of the New Year

*O Almighty God, our loving Father
to Thee*

*we consecrate this New Year
shrouded in threatening clouds.*

*Pour Thy Divine light and consolation
upon Thy Vicar,
our deeply afflicted Pontiff, Pius XII,
whose Flock is now being divided by the dreadful war.*

*Sanctify all the Pastors of the Church,
that their light may shine
for those who are battling in the darkness.*


*Have pity on all men, forgive them their offences,
which cry to Heaven for vengeance;
and in Thine infinite mercy,
shower Thy blessings upon them.*

*Grant them the grace of good will,
that they may once more enjoy
the peace sung by the Angels over the manger of Bethlehem.*

*Bless particularly our dear Benefactors,
for whom we implore Thy choicest favours.*

*Bless also, with profusion, our Friends
and all the Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR.*

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS
OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.





Little Jesus



*Every angel up in Heaven
Carols sweet the Saviour's birth ;
Chosen legions, swiftly flying,
Bear the tidings down to earth.*

*Every church and every chapel
Has its little crib to-day ;
Jesus lies again in manger,
As of old He sleeping lay.*

*Let us follow in the footsteps
Of adorers come to pray ;
Let us enter in, to visit
Jesus on His Natal Day.*

*Little Jesus lightly slumbers
 Wrapped in Mary's swaddling sheet ;
Mary, Joseph, Angels, shepherds
 Kneel in wonder round His feet.*

*Jesus, waking at our coming,
 Smiles a welcome to us all ;
Great and lowly, parents, children
 Press in closer at His call.*

*Little Jesus smiling whispers,
 Holding out His little arms,
Bidding each a loving welcome,
 Winning all with Baby charms.*

*Little Jesus whispers softly,
 Lisps His joy to see us here ;
" But come often ", He is pleading,
 " Visit Me throughout the year."*

— J. G. Redmond, C. SS. R.



The Teachings of Christmas

WHAT do we learn from the sweet Nativity of Jesus, the First-born of Mary and of God? The great Pope, Saint Leo, celebrates it in magnificent terms. Inspired by St. Paul and recapitulating tradition, he writes: "This Divine Nativity gives birth to the Christian people; the Head appears but to be incorporated with the members. Divine nature is so accessible in Him that everybody can enter and participate in it. This plenitude of eternal life which is in Him is going to flow upon whoever will sincerely wish it. Mary's marvelous and holy childbirth is to be extended everywhere and throughout all ages, the same Spirit that filled and fecundated this Virgin filling and fecundating the founts of that Baptism in which we are born to God. He who will be born thereof will be holy and will be called the Son of the Most High."

Not only, then, are we raised from our fall; but, at the same time, we are elevated to a Divine state. Not only do we cease being sinners, but we become saints before God. The race of Adam, guilty, but forgiven by virtue of the New Adam, will send up to God, from one extremity of the world to the other, this cry of honour, gratitude and confident supplication: "Our Father Who art in Heaven." We shall invoke God thus, on the same grounds as Jesus, in the Spirit of Jesus, and with the same assurance of being heard and favourably received. It is the sign of the New Covenant. It is ratified at Bethlehem, as soon as the Divine Child is born there. Grace flows in streams upon the earth; every soul can live both in this grace and by it. Peace binds us as a duty; piety becomes wisdom; and love is all the justice that God claims from us.

It follows from this mystery that, born to God in Christ, we should no longer live, as heretofore, like those that are but human. Everything in a child of God, his thoughts, his feelings, his tastes, his habits, his character and his works, should be Divine. St. Leo said so, too, and his words have been repeated throughout all centuries. "O Christian," he exclaimed, "recognize, then, your dignity; and, elevated henceforth to that sublimity which is the portion of Divine nature, do not degenerate, do not derogate, never return again to the follies of a life that God condemns and that you yourself have repudiated." Moreover, we are no longer going at random; God enlightens us sufficiently and opens wide enough for us the roads that lead to life. Jesus precedes us and guides us. He is the light; He is the way; He is the example. "Follow Me," He begins to say from the depths of His silence, "He who follows Me does not walk in darkness." He will repeat it later on, and very often. That is His whole morality and the secret of our perfection. Look again, however, look! Jesus, your God, your Master, your Example, is a child, a real child, innocent, simple, candid, docile. Do you believe yourselves to be among His followers if, as it is possible, you do not keep your hearts pure, if you are proud and haughty, if you are prudent even to craftiness and independent even to rebellion? O blessed Christian spirit of childhood, spirit of truth, uprightness, humility, meekness, obedience and self-surrender, how necessary you are and, yet,

how rare you are! You are the first state in which the Word made Flesh wishes to appear, the subject of the first lesson that He gives us, the grace which, before all others, issues from His holy Incarnation. "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." He tells us that in His Crib; later on, He will repeat it to the crowds assembled, so important does He consider it. I know of nothing that would be better to ask of the Infant Jesus; nothing, either, that He would be disposed to grant us more abundantly or more readily. But what virtue responds to this grace! What heroism to be really little in the evangelical sense, and what degree of holiness will be attained by him who, some day, be it but the one on which he will finish his life's task on earth, will resemble the Holy Child of Bethlehem beginning his human career!

You have seen His poverty: extreme, humiliating, painful. Do you hope to be among His disciples while desiring, pursuing, cherishing but luxury, comfort, self-indulgence and sensual pleasures? Bethlehem, Christ's primary school, is a school of mortification, of detachment, of spiritual poverty, of contempt of the world and the vain opinions of men. Although He does not yet speak, the Divine Child preaches; and the summary of His preaching is death to self and the sanctification of the soul by the practice of sacrifice.

This Divine Preacher, however, knows our weakness; sensitive and good, He pities it and is powerful in curing it. He speaks the truth. He promulgates the law and is the first to submit to it; but He grants an affluence of grace, which, mitigating everything and fortifying us, renders easy that which, at first, seemed impossible to us.

Jesus wishes to be born at Bethlehem; Bethlehem means "house of bread". What a revelation! What a pledge! What ground, consequently, for invincible confidence! Scarcely born, therefore, Jesus says to us: "I am the living bread which came down from Heaven. Those who ate the manna in the desert are dead; but those who will eat of this bread which I am and which I give, will live forever." My Word, My Sacrifice, My Sacraments, My Eucharist, especially, are My pre-eminent graces, the aliment of your virtues, the Divine blessing of your works, the secret of your victories, the maintenance of your progress, the sure means of your perseverance.

How right, then, was St. Paul, in writing to the faithful of Rome: "In giving you Christ, has not God given you all?" and to those of Corinth: "So rich are you, that nothing is wanting to you in any grace!"

Beloved Brethren, let us no longer complain. Complaints imply lack of faith and disregard which is not free from ingratitude. "A little Child is born to us; a Son has been given to us", the Son of God, the Son of man, the Son of Adam by Mary, whom He constitutes our Mother in choosing her to be His Own Mother. We have a Mediator, a Redeemer, a Doctor, a Saviour, ever living, ever loving, ever present, ever beneficent. "Rejoice, then," says the Apostle; "and, because the cause and substance of your joy is 'the Lord', Who 'does not change', rejoice always."

— Most Reverend L. C. GAY.

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)

SO, Venerable Brethren, it is indispensable for the existence of harmonious and lasting contacts and of fruitful relations, that the peoples recognize and observe these principles of international natural law which regulate their normal development and activity. Such principles demand respect for corresponding rights to independence, to life and to the possibility of continuous development in the paths of civilization; they demand, further, fidelity to compacts agreed upon and sanctioned in conformity with the principles of the law of nations.

The indispensable presupposition, without doubt, of all peaceful intercourse between nations, and the very soul of the juridical relations in force among them, is mutual trust; the expectation and conviction that each party will respect its plighted word; the certainty that both sides are convinced that "better is wisdom, than weapons of war" (Ecclesiastes 9, 18), and are ready to enter into discussion and to avoid recourse to force or to threats of force in case of delays, hindrances, changes or disputes, because all these things can be the result not of bad-will, but of changed circumstances and of genuine interests in conflict.

But on the other hand, to tear the law of nations from its anchor in Divine law, to base it on the autonomous will of States, is to dethrone that very law and deprive it of its noblest and strongest qualities. Thus it would stand abandoned to the fatal drive of private interest and collective selfishness exclusively intent on the assertion of its own rights and ignoring those of others.

Possible Modifications

Now, it is true that with the passage of time and the substantial change of circumstances, which were not and perhaps could not have been foreseen in the making of a treaty, such a treaty or some of its clauses can in fact become, or at least seem to become, unjust, impracticable or too burdensome for one of the parties. It is obvious that should such be the case, recourse should be had in good time to a frank discussion with a view to modifying the treaty or making another in its stead. But to consider treaties on principles as ephemeral and tacitly to assume the authority of rescinding them unilaterally when they are no longer to one's advantage, would be to abolish all mutual trust among States. In this way, natural order would be destroyed and there would be seen dug between different peoples and nations trenches of division impossible to refill.

Today, Venerable Brethren, all men are looking with terror into the abyss to which they have been brought by the errors and principles which we have mentioned, and by their practical consequences. Gone are the proud illusions of limitless progress. Should any still fail to grasp this fact, the tragic situation of today would rouse them with the prophet's cry: "Hear, ye deaf and ye blind, behold" (Isaiah 42, 28). What used to appear on the outside as order, was nothing but an invasion of disorder: confusion in the principles of moral life. These principles, once divorced from the majesty of the Divine law, have tainted every field of human activity.

But let us leave the past and turn our eyes toward that future which, according to the promises of the powerful ones of this world, is to consist, once the bloody conflicts of today have ceased, in a new order founded on justice and on prosperity. Will that future be really different; above all, will it be better? Will treaties of peace, will the new international order at the end of this war be animated by justice and by equity towards all, by that spirit which frees and pacifies? Or will there be a lamentable repetition of ancient and recent errors?

Justice vs. Violence

To hope for a decisive change exclusively from the shock of war and its final issue is idle, as experience shows. The hour of victory is an hour of external triumph for the party to whom victory falls, but it is in equal measure the hour of temptation. In this hour the angel of justice strives with the demons of violence; the heart of the victor all too easily is hardened; moderation and farseeing wisdom appear to him weakness; the excited passions of the people, often inflamed by the sacrifices and sufferings they have borne, obscure the vision even of responsible persons and make them inattentive to the warning voice of humanity and equity, which is overwhelmed or drowned in the inhuman cry, "Vae victis, woe to the conquered." There is danger lest settlements and decisions born in such conditions be nothing else than injustice under the cloak of justice.

No, Venerable Brethren, safety does not come to peoples from external means, from the sword, which can impose conditions of peace but does not create peace. Forces that are to renew the face of the earth should proceed from within, from the spirit.

Once the bitterness and the cruel strifes of the present have ceased, the new order of the world, or national and international life, must rest no longer on the quicksands of changeable and ephemeral standards that depend only on the selfish interests of groups and individuals. No, they must rest on the unshakable foundation, on the solid rock of natural law and of Divine Revelation. There the human legislator must attain to that balance, that keen sense of moral responsibility, without which it is easy to mistake the boundary between the legitimate use and the abuse of power. Thus only will his decisions have internal consistency, noble dignity and religious sanction, and be immune from the selfishness and passion.

(To be continued)

Eminent Visitors at the Chinese Hospital, Montreal

ON Sunday, December 1st, the Chinese Colony of Montreal was particularly honoured by the visit of His Excellency Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, and His Excellency Most Reverend Joseph Charbonneau, Archbishop of Montreal.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, a goodly number of Chinese, men and women, were present in the modest chapel of the Hospital, from which the Blessed Sacrament had been removed in awaiting the arrival of Their Excellencies, who soon entered to the sound of the joyful and pious strains of the organ.

Following the illustrious Visitors were Monsignor Ed. Larochelle, Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary of Pont Viau; Monsignor H. Jeanotte, Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; Reverend M. J. Eugène Moreau, Provincial of the Sulpicians; Reverend M. J. Arthur Dubeau, P. S. S., Pastor of Notre Dame Parish; Reverend Father Albert Gariépy, former visitor of the Schools of Montreal; Reverend Father Tessier, the Delegate's Secretary; Reverend Father Caillé, Chaplain of the Chinese Colony; Dr. Pan, Secretary of Bishop Yu Pin, who came from New York for the occasion. In the assembly could also be seen a few representatives of the Provincial Parliament and a few friends and benefactors of the Chinese Work.

Dr. Wong Jockping read a welcome address after which the two little girls of the Treasurer of the Hospital: Mary and Nelly Chan, in Chinese costume, presented a graceful bouquet of roses to Their Excellencies.

Reverend Father Caillé interpreted in French Dr. W. Jockping's address and then thanked Archbishop Charbonneau for having kindly conducted the Pope's Representative to this portion of his large Diocese which, if it be the smallest, is not the least respectful nor the least submitted to the religious and civil laws. Then, addressing Bishop Antoniutti, he assured him that all the Chinese, although several are non-Catholics, greatly appreciate the interest His Excellency shows to their nation, and that they sincerely revere his authority. He entreatingly solicited the blessings and prayers of Their Excellencies, hoping these would be the seed of lasting conversions and firmer and more active faith for all the Chinese who, dispersed throughout the City, are surrounded by pernicious examples and deprived of spiritual help.

Our kind Delegate expressed the joy he felt at being in the midst of the dear Chinese whose manners he had become well acquainted with during the seven years he spent in China. He was then happy, he said, to devote himself to their compatriots, to cultivate their beautiful national virtues, and to have the rights of the Catholic Church triumph in their country,

while sharing the desires of His Holiness Pope Pius XI who had already considered the glorious past of this nation and its future as being so full of hope. He spoke to them of his faithful friend of the Orient the great Lo Pa Hong. Showing them the pectoral cross which Lo Pa Hong sent to him, after his sojourn in China, he quoted the following lines which this virtuous Christian had enclosed with the precious souvenir: "I am sending you this cross as a token of my gratitude, knowing well that when you will wear it on your heart, you will think of me and of mine and that you will pray for us all." "I am now united to you by bonds which nothing can sever," added this worthy Prelate, speaking to the sons of the Celestial Empire, "I am proud of the name your compatriots have given me and which has, so to say, clad me with a responsibility whose yoke is sweet to bear. They called me *Ang Tong Ti* which means Young man of peace."

The ceremony ended with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which was given by Father Moreau, P. S. S. On coming out of the chapel, His Excellency, the Delegate, addressed a few words to the Chinese Council; he afterwards went to the parlour to greet the Chinese ladies. Then, accompanied by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, who are the Directresses and Nurses of the Hospital, he made a short visit through the establishment. With the paternal kindness which is his characteristic, he rejoiced the poor patients and spoke ardent words of encouragement to the Sister-Infirmarians.

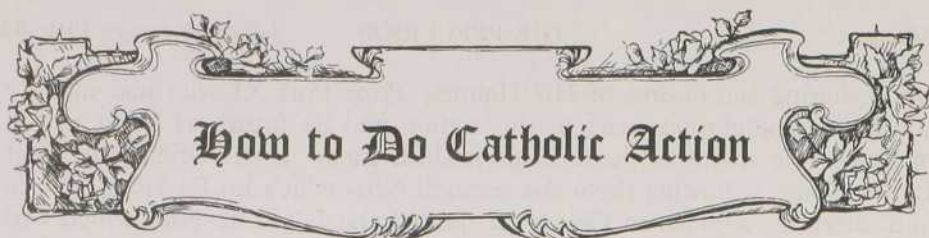
This eminent visit has left in the modest Hospital and Chapel at No. 112 Lagauchetière St. West, an everlasting remembrance and a perfume of happiness which will remain a long time.



The Profound Meaning of the Holy Eucharist

In our daily lives we need constant nourishment, else our strength would soon ebb away and we should die. Likewise we need to take some exercise every day, else our muscles would grow limp and weak. All this is especially true when we are still growing into manhood. Now the member of Christ is destined to grow in the Christ-life, together with his fellow members, even unto the full stature of Christ. His spiritual growth must continue until death. Hence, throughout his life he is in need of constant spiritual exercise and nourishment. Since the essence of the spiritual life is the giving of oneself unto the glory of God, the essential exercise of our spiritual powers is the offering of our entire selves to God. This is done in the most effective and perfect manner by active participation in the Eucharistic Sacrifice. In turn full participation in the latter includes partaking of the spiritual nourishment of the Eucharist, the Bread of Life that came down from heaven so that men might live by it.

— *Virgil Michel, O. S. B., Life in Christ.*



How to Do Catholic Action

"Imagine, my dear, I have just made a closed retreat."

"A closed retreat, you?..."

"Yes, you are surprised?"

"Indeed. Did you not tell me many a time that you would never make a retreat?"

"That is true, but I was taken by surprise... and now, I am delighted!"

"How is that?..."

"Oh! it is a long story. On Monday afternoon, last week, as I was preparing to go out, the door-bell rang. It was Mrs. X... whom I had not seen for a long time. Somewhat puzzled by this unexpected visit, I was wondering what could be her motive. I was not long in learning it. Mrs. X... immediately told me how perplexed she was. 'I organized a closed retreat,' she said, 'which is to begin this evening. Not without trouble had I succeeded in forming a nice group of ladies; and thinking everything was quite ready, I asked for a Retreat Master and reserved rooms; but yesterday, several of those I had invited withdrew their names. This failure distressed me greatly; but as I did not wish to cancel the retreat, I set to finding new recruits. Already, I have a few on whom I can count and I do not doubt that you will also give me your name.'"

"Oh! not mine," I replied, vexed at being called to fill a vacant place. "I do not care to make a retreat; and this invitation at the last minute!..."

"I had thought of you in the first place, knowing that you were freer than many others; but having heard of your dispositions regarding closed retreats, I did not dare to come and ask you... Yesterday evening, however, when in my disappointment I was wondering at which door I should knock, I thought of you and felt strongly impelled to come and see you. Since, I am convinced that God is awaiting you at this retreat and that if you refuse to come, you are failing to correspond to this great grace which is offered you."

"I cannot tell you what impression these words, pronounced with such kindness and persuasion, made on me. I was troubled, by the effect of some special grace, no doubt, and I felt inclined to give my consent at that very moment; but dissimulating my feelings, I answered that the thing was impossible for that same night, that I could not prepare in such a short time."

"'Do not let that be an objection,' exclaimed Mrs. X... 'The only things you need are a few articles for your toilet and the retreat lasts only three days. A quarter of an hour is sufficient to prepare; moreover, to accommodate you, I shall call for you with the car, at six o'clock.'"

"But where will you take me to?"

"To the Retreat House *Our Lady of the Holy Ghost*, Outremont, which is directed by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. I made my retreat there this year and was well satisfied. It was not my first retreat in that house, I had made one years ago. At that time, as the personnel of the Community was not numerous, these kind Sisters received retreatants in their Convent. I remember that the first retreat was held in June 1911; it was preached by Reverend Father J. A. Plamondon, S. J., and was attended by forty-two retreatants."

"Oh! yes, I know. The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception inaugurated the closed retreats for women in Canada. One of my friends made one at their Convent in 1920. Reverend Father J. Blain, S. J., was the Retreat Master and the number of retreatants exceeded forty."

"There must not have been much room."

"It seems that the Sisters gave their own places. But later on, the number of their subjects increasing, they had to discontinue the work at Outremont; however, they did not abandon it altogether for, in 1921, it was established in four other of their houses, newly founded: Nominingue, Rimouski, Quebec and Joliette. I happened to come across these details a few days ago."

"It seems to me they have closed retreats in Chicoutimi also."

Not only in Chicoutimi, but in St. Johns and Granby. The Retreat House of Chicoutimi is under the vocable of *Our Lady of the Missions*. Last year, when visiting a friend of mine, I was heartily invited to follow a retreat which was to be held there but I did not accept!... To be shut in during three days... keep silence all that time... have someone preaching to me from morning till night that I must change my way of living, presented no attraction for me at all...."

"I was like you recently, still. I dreaded those closed retreats, but now, I have a higher idea of them...."

"However, the fact is that when Mrs. X... had gone and I stopped to reflect on what had just happened, I said to myself: 'How silly I am to have accepted!...' and I looked for a pretext to rid myself of this obligation. However, the fear of afflicting by my refusal, good Mrs. X... finally made me decide to go and see what it was like, free to come home the next day. And it was in these dispositions I arrived at the Convent and seemed to enter on retreat. Although charmed by everything new that was going on and was said around me, I continued repeating to myself that I would not play this game more than one evening and one night."

"When it was time to go to bed, I took a notion to stay up and spend the time more pleasantly. Contrary to the rules I had just read, I began to smoke a cigarette, stretched in the rocking-chair and looking all around my little white room, which glittered with cleanliness. In the midst of the calm and pious silence of this secluded spot, my conscience became uneasy, a plague of regrets stirred in me...."

"All of a sudden, a light knock at the door was heard — quick, the cigarette in the waste-paper basket. It was a good little nun, with a kind and pleasing expression. She smiled amiably, did not upbraid me, but simply told me that she had been attracted by the odour of cigarette smoke. I was bold enough to declare that I had not been smoking... then, on seeing those limpid, penetrating eyes and her amiable insistence to have me admit my fault, I revealed everything.... I even spoke to her of my interior feelings and of my little griefs. On leaving me, she brought away my package of cigarettes I had consented to give her, that I might not yield to the temptation any more; and she promised to pray very much for me.

"I assisted at Mass the next day. My companions seemed so recollected that I was ashamed to find myself in their midst. I even felt the need of having my soul purified... but the very thought of Confession made me shudder, my self-love revolted and I became very uneasy.

"After breakfast, I hurried to my room to pack up my things and I was just coming out when I met the same good little Sister, who was so sympathetic that she persuaded me to stay for the 9 o'clock sermon. I went to it with a rather distracted mind; but, O marvel of grace attached to the word of God! Divine Mercy was awaiting me there. The Preacher spoke so forcibly and with such impressive eloquence of the truths of salvation that I resolved at once to embrace a new life and to go to confession that same day. I did so with much sorrow and tears. I confide these things to you, because you know me and are my friend.

"The following two days were spent on Mount Thabor, I may say; and, like St. Peter, I wished I had been able to eternize them... but, with my companions, I had to come down on the plain. However, I had changed.... Since, I find in my daily devotions, which I have so much neglected in the past, light and strength to do my duty for the love of God and the salvation of my soul.

"Among the resolutions I have taken, there is one I am pleased to publish; it is my resolution to make a closed retreat every year, to speak in favour of the work and to recruit retreatants. Now, you, my dear friend, are already found, and I trust you will be my first conquest."

"It is understood! I, also, shall go to the Retreat House 'Our Lady of the Holy Ghost'. The retreatants occupy the new wing, no doubt?..."

"All the rooms are in the fire-proof wing, and so are the parlours and the refectory; but the chapel, lecture-hall, and recreation-hall, are in the old Convent. The house is really well accommodated and very comfortable. The air is pure and, during the nice season, it is fragrant with the perfume of the flowers of the garden. The retreatants are allowed to go down on the grounds and pray at the oratories, especially at the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. They can hear the babble of the brook, which falls down in cascades from the mountain, and slips between the ridges of the property, adding to it a peculiar charm. This pretty stream is provided with a little bridge covered with ivy. One can sit there and contemplate nature."

"You seem delighted with everything you saw there."

"Indeed, I was delighted with everything... everything... except one little thing..."

"What was that?"

"The street cars on St. Catherine Road. There is a stop right in front of the Convent, which is very accommodating for the retreatants when they arrive and leave; but the noise bothered me the first night, when the agitation of my mind and the remorse of my conscience kept me awake; however, strange to say, the other two nights I did not hear them. The second night, as I was preparing to go to bed, one happened to pass and I said, in a bad humour: 'Will those street cars keep me awake all night again?' But then, after my conversion, I regretted my act of impatience, asked God to forgive me and offered Him my night's rest. I was rewarded, for I fell asleep almost as soon and did not wake up until morning."

"It was because you were very happy, no doubt!"

"Because my soul was at peace? Yes, I think so. Really, no one sleeps better than he who has a pure conscience and is abandoned to the Will of God."

"When will the next retreat take place?"

"There are regularly one or two retreats a week, for ladies or girls in specialized groups. I shall inquire and let you know the date of the one which suits you best."

"Thank you!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

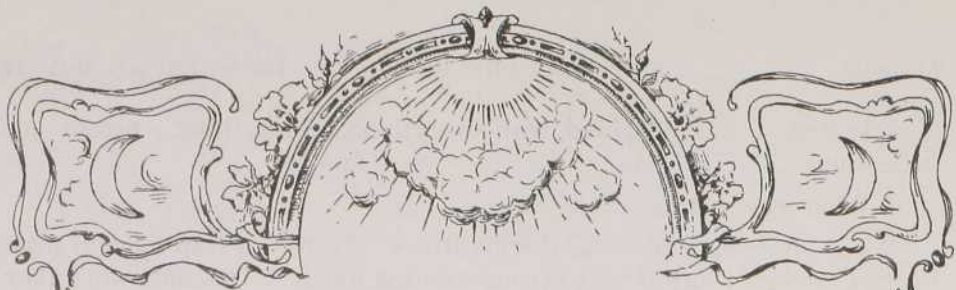
Retreat House dedicated to St. Bernadette, 430 Champlain St., St. Johns, Que.

Retreat House "Bethany", Nominigues, Labelle Co.

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

Let us hope that old-fashioned Catholic practices — for example, giving up smoking or doing without butter during Lent — will not be lightly laid aside. It is in such little acts that man rises above the beast and fosters his human heritage of a rational will.

— Father William Doyle, S. J.



Revelation



*Naught knew I, through the sun-bright day,
Of vast, white flaming stars and rolling worlds
That sweep through voids of black infinity —
Nor heard the music of soft moving winds
Until the day was hushed —
Until the sun sank down into the sea,
And tides of dusk rolled in upon the world —
Then lo! the flaming pageantry unfolds —
The wondrous, silent pageantry of night —
The great round Beacon of the silver moon
Pouring its splendour on the airy sea,
Where down the dark blue roadbeds of the night,
There drift the tiny lightship of the stars.*

*So too, Life's garish, sun-bright day,
Unmarred by storms, undarkened by the gloom,
Holds naught of wonder or of miracle —
Nay! — but when the tides of sorrow
Quench the light of day, and darkness falls —
Across the night there flame the lights of Heaven,
And in the hush I hear the Voice of God.*

— Robert J. Hearn, C. SS. R.



A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)



LITTLE later he writes to him on his vocation—"You tell me that your wishes, your tastes, a secret inspiration of grace, draw you strongly towards the priesthood. May God's Holy Name be praised! But if our Lord calls you, you must answer. One day little Samuel heard a voice crying out, 'Samuel! Samuel!' 'Here I am, Lord,' he replied. *Ecce ego, Domine, quia vocasti me.* Eusebius! you think our Lord has called you.

Well, then, you must answer like Samuel, 'Here I am, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? With the help of Thy grace I will do all that Thou dost appoint, and that grace I feel will not be wanting.'

"It is, then, on the 1st of October—the month dedicated to the angels—that you are to leave your country and your home and your beautiful valley, to go into a strange place. Courage! When one leaves anything for God He rewards us a hundredfold; He has said so Himself. But (you say) you are 'alone,' 'quite alone.' Oh, no, you are the child of our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother, the child of His Love, the sheep of His pasture; have confidence in God. Nevertheless, if there are times when your heart sinks within you, my dearest brother, go to the chapel, offer to our dear Lord your tears and your sacrifice, and then, alone before God, consecrate yourself anew without reserve to His service. Offer Him, to begin with, the trials of your college life; throw yourself like a boy into the arms of Mary, and believe me when I say you will never be forsaken.

"You will have to choose a confessor, and for this you must pray earnestly to our Lord and His Mother to enlighten and guide you. Then, when you have chosen one, you must open your whole heart to him, not only in the confessional, but when you see him alone elsewhere; make him your friend and counsellor in all your little difficulties and sorrows, and tell him of your temptations and faults with thorough simplicity and openness. Then be guided by his advice, and follow it to the letter. This is the kind of spiritual direction necessary to one who seeks to advance towards perfection. Confide in him entirely, and be sure that he will keep all your little secrets as if they were told in the confessional. You are no longer a child, dear Eusebius, and you must begin to walk as one worthy of the mercies of God, and of His great designs in your behalf. Make a little book in which you can write your impressions and your religious feelings, now and then, putting down the date; you can dedicate it to our Lady. Some time later you will read them over again with pleasure, and they will serve to brace you up when days of heaviness and weariness overcome your courage."

(Theophane himself had this practice, but, unfortunately, when he was ill, he insisted on burning all that he had written.)

"I should like to think that you deprived yourself now and then of some indulgence to give to the poor. You ought not to run into great

expenses or attempt to imitate the luxurious habits of many of those around you. Remember your own simple home, and still more remember how many thousands there are who suffer for want of the very necessities of life. Above all, never forget that God is in everything, in little things as in great. He ought to be the one motive of your thoughts, words, and actions. Go often to confession, have great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and associate yourself as soon as you can with some congregation of our Lady. Oh, how happy I was when I first became a child of Mary! Go, then, dearest brother, and may the Angel of God guide your steps! A great future is before you! a grand vocation! Think of it well, anchored on the infinite mercy of God. . . . Perhaps you will hear a voice saying, 'Come with me,' and perhaps we shall find ourselves soldiers of the same regiment, travellers on the same road, bound for the same haven. May His Holy Will be done, and not ours. Strive to fulfil with diligence and joy the work of each day; be gay, *very* gay. The life of a true Christian should be a perpetual jubilee, a prelude to the festivals of eternity. . . ."

These letters abundantly show the anxious care and thought which Theophane bestowed on his brothers, who were the continual subject of his prayers, and when he became a priest, of his Masses likewise. On one occasion he wrote and told Eusebius that he was going to say Mass for him on the 1st of August, the Feast of St. Eusebius, when, from some unknown reason, he changed it to the *second* of the month. Now it happened on that very day that a thunderbolt struck the College of Montmorillon, and an electric spark fell on Eusebius, who was left for dead, and with great difficulty recovered. Eusebius always attributed this escape to the intervention of his brother, who at that very moment was offering up for him the Holy Sacrifice.

To his elder brother, Henry, Theophane writes in a different strain; but his letters are full of suggestive thoughts and beautifully expressed. On one occasion he writes, —

"I am not astonished that my loving old brother found poetry in my letters but I think that his own heart supplied it. Talking of poetry, do you not think that men have profaned it more than ever in these latter days? Poetry presupposes a soul lifted above the things of sense; it means the outpouring of a heart full of love for God and for our neighbor, keenly alive to the beauties of nature and of grace. The mysteries of Christianity and of the Blessed Eucharist are eminently fitted for a poet. So also are pure love, devotion, heroism, self-sacrifice, and the rest. But when I see men calling themselves poets, and abusing their gift by impure allusions, and sophistries, and vague aspirations after dreams which have no existence except in their morbid imaginations, I confess I have no patience with them. Poetry is not meant to be merely the exaltation and feeding of human passion by sensual indulgence. Yet three parts of the world call this poetry. Oh, let us draw our inspirations from purer sources! The literature of the day seems to me to run forever either in impure or rationalistic channels, so much so, that I dread lest we shall be all submerged in the foul tide! I try to think of the exile going back to his country. *He sees and thinks of*

nothing else. We are all exiles here below. Let us hasten on to our home in Heaven. . . . I am very much struck with the young men I have met here outside of the Seminary. They are such contradictory creatures. There is in them a great deal of pride with considerable generosity; a strong love of independence with a certain submission; much impurity with a vestige of better thoughts learned at a mother's knee; some courage and audacity, and yet more weakness and foolish yielding; an ardor for work by fits and starts, but usually inconceivable idleness; a desultory way of living and acting without aim or purpose; in fact, the old strife between the spirit of evil and the spirit of good. Still among these young men there are exceptions. I know some who are living in the world, in the very heart of great riches and luxury, and yet are humble, pious, devout, charitable, and reverent — seeking out the poor in their garrets, religious 'as a woman,' as the saying is. Their manners are simple and natural, for they are thoroughly in earnest. They are bright, amiable, and courteous, with faces which prepossess one at first sight. Their lives are spent in doing good. I don't mean to say that they don't commit faults sometimes, for human nature is weak; but their very failings increase their humility and make them lean more completely on the Divine mercy. God be praised! Such men are not very rare, though they do not show themselves much in the streets. There is another species, whom one sees all day long lounging at cafés or in ball-rooms, never by themselves. They are restless, walking in a wild sort of way, judging and criticizing everybody and everything. They neither respect nor esteem women. They want to know everything, hear everything, and see everything. They talk for the sake of talking, and their least sin is that of doing nothing. . . . Such young men swarm in the streets of Paris and their secret lives are more pitiable than their public ones. All young men, more or less, may rank in one or the other of these two classes. It does not cost more to side with the right, but then one must have a heart and reason calmly as to the object of life, — in a word, serve and love God.

"Good-bye, my dearest brother. Write to me soon again. Your letters do me so much good."

But it was to Mélanie that Theophane spoke all his most intimate thoughts and aspirations, poor Mélanie, who had never recovered from her brother's departure, and at last had become seriously ill. After a time she rallied, and then her brother (whom she called her "other half") wrote to her as follows: —

"My dearest Sister, — I am glad you have been ill, and I am very thankful you have recovered. To explain my first proposition, which will appear very extraordinary, I feel that you have had the opportunity to suffer something for the love of our Lord. Oh, I am quite sure you felt the advantages of your position! Sufferings are the money with which one buys Heaven; therefore, your fortune is already begun. As for me, I have not a penny. I am as poor as a church mouse. But I hope soon to go to California. Now do you understand my meaning? At any rate, you know how I love you."

(To be continued)

Love of the Cross



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

What is worth the love that has never been tried ? It is either shallow, fickle, or false; and the lightest wind of trial will make it vanish like smoke, change like the chameleon, disappear like the mirage.

Perhaps is it tender and feeble like the young tree, which the frost causes to droop, which the hand of a child can bend. Let there come a slight tribulation, it is chagrined, whimsical, inconstant.

Like gold which has not been refined in fire, like the diamond which has not been chiselled by the artist, it is filled with dross and imperfections.

Trial is the test of true love, the only love worthy of this name, which is, according to the Book of Wisdom, *as strong as death*. Trial rids it of its impurities, corrects its blemishes that is to say its susceptibility, its egoism, its jealousy, etc.... By it, he who loves becomes attached to the object loved, not on account of its

gifts, but for itself. He becomes willing to sacrifice everything and, when an occasion offers, does sacrifice what is dearest to him, in order to protect it from all harm, and to make it known and loved.

Christian friends, when we daily pray to God, we tell Him that we love Him, but are our words really sincere ?

Let us see how we behave in trials. How do we receive these good Crosses, destined by God to expiate our sins in this world and to merit for us eternal bliss ? How do we bear them ?

If we accept them with contempt or impatience, like an undeserved, tiresome burden, if we murmur and complain, no, we do not really love God, or if we love Him, our love is poor and deficient.

St. Theresa of the Child Jesus, in her precocious wisdom, had so well understood the importance of suffering to purify one's love, that she daily recited this sublime prayer: "O Jesus, Who art ineffable sweetness, turn for me into bitterness all the consolations of earth."

Was not St. John of the Cross penetrated with this same sentiment when he said: "If souls knew of what value are sufferings and mortifications to attain virtue, they would never seek consolation."

Let us listen to the meek St. Francis de Sales: "All the sufferings we may encounter disappear like the stars in the presence of the sun, when they are looked at through the Cross of Jesus Christ. What member would dare complain under such a suffering Head?"

And the eminent St. Augustine: "God created the human soul so noble, that all suffering that purifies it, all effort that ennobles it, makes it happy in making it better; the soul is happy only if it is good. Inasmuch as sacrifice takes it away from all selfish pleasures, always superficial and false, it inundates it with superior joys."

We are all called to walk in the footsteps of the saints who, themselves, have followed the Saint of saints, Our Lord Jesus Christ, the God-Man Who, carrying His cross, precedes all the elect in the path to Heaven which is indeed narrow, but how luminous!...

Let us therefore make a firm purpose to accept and bear with patience and resignation, even with gratitude and joy, all the difficulties and sorrows of life. Every day, let us renew our earnest efforts, and soon our love will become pure, strong, and enlightened.

Then, as the love of God will increase in our souls, so will the love of our neighbour develop therein. We shall no longer feel resentment at the sight of our dear neighbour's faults, but profound pity and immense charity. We shall wish him good and endeavour to do him good.

Our charity will also embrace all those who live outside the true Fold, particularly the heathens who have such need of our co-operation to arise from the darkness of paganism, where Satan and his adepts are striving relentlessly to keep them captive.

We shall pray for these unfortunate peoples begging God to send them a multitude of evangelical workers. We shall pray for the Missionaries who already, in too little numbers, are working for their salvation and we shall help them by our alms in their meritorious work of apostolate.



Dibine Assistance

The beauty of spiritual works is also enhanced by their liberty of action. The sea, the mountains, and the heavens have not the power to be other than they are created, but the virtuous soul is beautiful because it wills to be so.

The Lord has wrought marvels in the making of this great universe out of nothing, but the material world could offer Him no resistance. He works a far greater miracle in helping an intelligent creature to perform a virtuous act which he is at liberty not to perform. Although this act belongs to the creature who has freely accomplished it, nevertheless it comes from God, and is a manifest proof of His power, goodness and wisdom. It is the more so because this supernatural work is generally effected against a natural inclination.

“Holy Cross Burse”

for the support of a Missionary Sister

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

Offerings received for “Holy Cross Burse”

July-December 1939.....\$176.60			
January-February 1940.....	268.75	July-August	24.00
March-April	40.00	September-October	25.00
May-June	26.25	November-December	22.50

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

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



Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these three last have never converted anyone unless they were kind also. In short, kindness makes us as Gods to each other. Yet while it lifts us so high, it sweetly keeps us low. For the continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble.

— *Father Faber.*



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.

Kindly thank loving St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for the position she has obtained for my husband. Mrs. U. Dansereau, **Villeray**. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. Mrs. I. C., **Thetford Mines, Que.** — Lively gratitude to the Patroness of Missionaries for a grace obtained through her intercession. A Subscriber to **THE PRECURSOR, Beauceville, Que.** — Through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus I have obtained work of the Blessed Trinity. A thousand thanks! M. L. — Sincere thanks to the Little Flower of Carmel for a great favour obtained. Mrs. M., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks to St. Teresa of Lisieux for the great benefit with which I have been favoured. I beg her to continue protecting me and my family. A Subscriber to **THE PRECURSOR**. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. Anonymous. — Homage of gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a grace obtained through her intercession. M. A. S., **St. Ubald**.

The Charity of Christ in Canton, China

INSANE ASYLUM OF FONG TSUN



O the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Montreal the privilege of consoling Our Lord of the scorn He suffered at Herod's Palace. They make Him reparation in the seven hundred and forty insane, for the insult inflicted upon Him then. The courageous Sisters took the direction of the Asylum when the crisis was at its worst and adverse troops were invading the city of Canton. The whole personnel of the establishment had deserted the post. It was in the midst of the roaring of machine-guns and the horrors of fire and pillage that the Sisters began their work of charity. Their heroic bravery saved the Hospice from ruin. It is even said that, thanks to their intervention, thousands of kilograms of salt in the public storehouses were left for the poor people's needs.

The visit that we made to the Asylum on December 25, 1939, will ever remain vivid in our minds. To treat lepers, bathe and bandage their wounds, inhale their noisome breath, is rare heroism. Greater, if possible, is the heroism required to take care of the insane. Inasmuch as the soul surpasses the body, the treatment of mental diseases surpasses that of ordinary diseases. Thence the necessity of a strong soul, of a soul possessing rare benevolence. It is not less essential to have the heart and the lips of a mother, forgiving everything, a maternal heart, which might be compared to a cozy nest lined with down and tender grass. One must, so to say, pass and repass on hearts the hot iron of kindness which, alone, will attenuate, nay, remove all creases; which, restoring peace, calm, and realizing the wish of all, will bring them relief. Here, more than anywhere else, one must "comfort the broken hearts," and realize the program of the Apostle: "Weep with them that weep, rejoice with them that rejoice."

The heart cannot remain insensible when brought in contact with these human wrecks. There are some of all categories, the poor desperate victims of shocks caused by the bombardment, pillage, or conflagration; also, the victims of mental overwork.

One of these, a young lady of the Paris University, shouted her gratitude to the Sisters accompanying me, and greeted them from the far end of the hall. Another, a young man, thirty-five years old, ex-librarian of the Sun Yat Sen University, spends a long time outside on the door-step, his hands clasped and pointed heavenwards like another Samuel. A third one, burning with fever, whose hands had just been scalded, raised himself in his bed and repeated his thankfulness over and over again: "You're too good to me. I don't merit so much attention. You're loading me with

benefits! I beg your pardon; you're exaggerating for me!... You're so kind! Don't speak to me about God; in seeing you, it is God I see!" Not a word of complaint; only a hymn of thanks.

Ex ore infantium et lactentium perfecisti laudem. Not only the children, then, but the poor insane also, sing their praises to the Lord. May God be pleased with this homage of love; may He grant each of them the grace of Baptism!

On Christmas night, to the great joy of these poor unfortunates, the Infant Jesus was carried in triumphal procession on the grounds of the Asylum. May these boarders who are in their dotage be rewarded by a Heavenly welcome, for the welcome they extended to Him on earth.

In fact, by living in this atmosphere permeated with kindness, the patients gradually imbibe a colouring of charity. The transformation effected in them, somewhat insensibly, is manifested in lucid intervals. Although most of the employees are still pagans, they follow the persuasive example of the Sisters, and cooperate in the work of Christ.

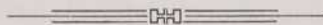
The radiation of their charity has extended not only to the surrounding pagan mass, but, moreover, to our separated brethren. The contact, which is necessary to receive assistance from the beneficent Associations: The Red Cross, the Committee for the Refugees, etc., has banished many prejudices as well as false conceptions concerning the activity of Catholic Missionaries.

The Directress of a large Protestant school, for instance, made the following reflection which says more than long discourses: "Sisters, you have no idea what good your acquaintance has done to my companion and myself! In seeing how you live, how you abandon yourselves to Divine Providence, how you are assisted by Heaven, we are incited to pray more, and to count on the help of God to edify and consolidate our works."

It is thus that our Religious radiate Christ and realize His Divine program: "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father Who is in Heaven."

— A. FABRE, *Miss. Ap., Canton.*

(Translated.)



The love of God reveals itself in the very simplest soul who resists His grace in nothing, as well as in the most sublime. Indeed, the characteristic of love being to humble itself, if all souls resembled those of the holy Doctors who have enlightened the Church, the good God would not seem to descend low enough in coming to them. But He has created the infant who knows nothing and can only wail; He has created the poor savage who has but the natural law for guidance, and it is even unto their hearts that He deigns to stoop.

— St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.



HONG KONG, CHINA

LABOURS AND CONSOLATIONS

The closing exercises of our Annual Retreat took place this morning, July 27th. These days of pious solitude brought to our souls graces of comfort and peace which we needed very badly in these troublous times.

At the end of June, threatening rumours arrived on all sides. The wives and children of British subjects having been ordered to leave Hong Kong, we were to prepare to go, but negotiations were made with the Board of Health, and our services as nurses were accepted. To this end, Mrs. Large, a graduate-nurse, offered to come to our Convent to give us a training course in Home Nursing and First Aid. We have been following these courses since the beginning of the month and it is whole-heartedly that we are preparing to fulfil the task which will be assigned to us, should God permit that our city be attacked by the enemy.

On account of the actual situation most of the pupils of Tak Sun School left us before the end of the term. As for us, we are awaiting the coming events, confident in Divine Providence.

Twice, lately, the robbers set the whole convent in commotion. The first time, they entered the chapel after breaking the shutters and windows. It was about three o'clock in the morning and the house was in the most profound silence. The Sisters who were resting in the basement were the first to hear the unusual noise over their heads.

A search was made through the whole house but the undesirable visitors had evaded, carrying off nothing precious, although they had opened the cupboards of the sacristy.

A second time, the pillagers came and paid us a visit; but, this time also, we suffered no more than a fright. We feel the necessity of being on our guard and of placing our trust in the protection of our Holy Angels. The intruders seem to be fond of entering by the chapel, and this makes us fear a profanation of our Divine Guest.

Besides these alarming facts, consolations rejoice our missionary hearts. These are especially the Baptism and First Communion ceremonies of the children whom our Heavenly Mother sends us to conduct to Jesus.

On the 8th of May, two seven-year-old boys and a little girl of ten were invited, for the first time, to the Banquet of the Angels. Reverend Father



A number of pupils of Tak Sun School, Hong Kong, China.

Caruso, Pastor of our Parish, had the kindness of coming himself to preside at the ceremony. The singing was executed by some of the pupils of our private courses; it was very pious. The father of one of the First Communicants, a converted Protestant, was celebrating to-day, and with what grateful joy, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his abjuration and, at the same time, of his entrance into the Catholic Fold.

On May 19th, we had the happiness of seeing the Baptismal Waters flow on the brow of a moribund, the father of one of the teachers of Tak Sun School. At the outset of his illness, we made an attempt to save his pagan soul. Our first victory was to have him accept the Miraculous Medal. He became a member of the large Christian family the day previous to his happy death, under the name of Marie Joseph. On June 13th, a little boy of seven, whom we had prepared during two months, received Jesus for the first time, in our modest chapel. To our great joy, the mother of the child, who had not frequented the Sacraments for several years, returned on that day to the practice of the Christian Religion. We are all the more happy because this conversion is like a pledge of the perseverance of our First Communicant.

Under the auspices of the Sacred Heart, Friday, July 5th, Agnan, twelve-year-old girl, was baptized in Holy Rosary Church. This motherless child was greatly exposed in her district, when one of her relatives begged us to receive her as one of our helpers. Eager to win her soul to God, we accepted her, despite the fact that she was very young and that we were cramped for room. Father Angeli administered Baptism to her, and Mrs. Tai, a fervent parishioner, was her godmother.

The next day, six of the orphans received last spring were also admitted to the True Fold. What a joy for us to bring new lambs to the Divine Shepherd, and to extend, thereby, His Kingdom! But how numerous is the flock which is still grazing far from His Pasture!... This deep thought incites us to beg the Lord to multiply the apostles of the Gospel and to fecundate the labours of those who, in such little number, are working to extend His Kingdom throughout the world.

MANCHUKUO

*Extracts from a letter of Sister Madeleine Marie, Missionary
of the Immaculate Conception, to Reverend Mother Marie Joseph
of the Sacred Heart, Assistant General.*

Catholic Mission, Szepingkai, September 17, 1940.

VERY DEAR MOTHER,

Your happy little Sister is delighted to inform you of the pleasure that she is enjoying on mission, with our beloved Mother. Very often, this dear Mother speaks lengthily to us of our Venerable Foundress and all our good Mothers and Sisters at Cote des Neiges. We feel that she is continually with you in thought and affection; and, yet, our Sisters in the Missions feel that she is wholly with them. How we enjoy these sweet

moments! How we love to hear her speak of those who are so dear to us and to whom we are united by the bonds of such deep gratitude!

On the first of August last, our Mother kindly sent me to spend over two weeks at Pamientcheng, while she, accompanied by Sister Julienne du Saint Sacrement, visited the posts in the north. The interesting works of this mission: orphanage, home for the aged, and dispensary, and, still more, the incessant delicate attentions of our dear Sisters, made of my sojourn there something never to be forgotten.

I should never have thought that the orphans were so clever! It is astonishing to see the bigger ones, from ten to fifteen years old, preparing their meals, repairing their clothes, making their wadded garments and their shoes, keeping their house in order, etc. With solicitude and gravity seemingly beyond her age, each takes care of a little one of the orphanage.

I cannot pass over in silence the joy that it gave me to see some little girls clad in the dresses, aprons and rompers which were made by the ladies of the Sewing-Circle of Three Rivers, and which I recognized quite well. How these devoted helpers would have been compensated for the sacrifices that they have made, if they had seen the children's happiness and, especially, if they had witnessed the fervour with which all of them, even the little tots, two or three years old, join their hands and close their eyes to thank God for having given them such generous benefactresses!

Accompanying Sister St. Jean d'Ephèse and a native Virgin to visit a sick man, one day, I was sadly surprised to see him lying on boards in a shed, in the midst of all that is usually found in such a place. This man,

a morphinomaniac, affected with dysentery, was a cook, but he had been discharged by his employer at the first symptoms of the disease. Having no family, he had no place to resort to but the wayside. A charitable passer-by, learning that he had a niece in the city, had him transported to her place; but the father-in-law, the head of the family, not willing, for anything in the world, to give shelter to the poor fellow in the house, sent him off to the shed, and overwhelmed the daughter-in-law with insults and blows. The sick man was in a serious condition. Sister attended to him, while the native Virgin briefly explained to him the Christian Doctrine. He acknowledged that he knew our Holy Religion and expressed the desire to come to the Mission. His niece, in tears, begged us to grant him



VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL, SURROUNDED BY THE LITTLE ONES OF THE ORPHANAGE, PAMIENTCHENG, MANCHUKUO.

1. Béatrice LAREAU, Chambly.
2. Laurette MORAN, St. Boniface, Man.

the favour requested. The Reverend Pastor, informed of the fact, admitted the old man to the Home that very day; and, the following day, the Feast of the Assumption, he administered Baptism, Confirmation and Extreme Unction to him. After that, favoured, also, with the Indulgence *In articulo mortis*, this lucky soul, loaded with the graces so providentially received, went to enjoy the happiness of Heaven.

The same day, learning that a little girl who had been sheltered at the Mission for some time had just expired, we hastened to the Dispensary to empty a case of bottles, which was to serve for a coffin. Poor little child! a native Virgin had covered her with a quilt, while awaiting the arrival of



ORCHESTRA OF THE STUDENTS OF THE CATECHISTIC SCHOOL,
DIRECTED BY REVEREND FATHER D. BOUCHARD, P. M. E.

the case; but, from a distance, we could hear the flesh-flies buzzing around her remains. Uncovering her, we found her eyes, ears and nostrils, her half-opened mouth and all her sores, filled with maggot eggs, and that but two hours after her death! After wrapping her in paper, we laid her in the case, which the gardener, then, put into his wheel-barrow... What a heart-rending sight! Happily, this child's soul, regenerated a few days ago, is enjoying incomparable happiness! What a contrast with the loving attention lavished upon our dear departed ones in our native land! Yet, this little girl was privileged in dying at the Mission; elsewhere, she would have been thrown to the dogs.

Twice, we went to visit a Buddhistic pagoda. We did not see the bonzes accomplishing their devotions, as it was not the proper time; but we were greatly interested in looking at the monstrous idols inclosed in this temple. They are most grotesque. It is a wonder how people with a little common sense can take these monsters for gods!...

Returning from a picnic organized for the orphans, we had the pleasure of baptizing three dying babes, that seemed to be awaiting but their passports, to take their flight on high. Fifteen times during my stay at Pamietcheng, I had the inestimable happiness of pouring the Regenerating



THE VERY REVEREND MOTHER
SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE MISSION-
ARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION AND TWO LITTLE FIRST
COMMUNICANTS OF PAMIENTCHENG
MISSION, MANCHUKUO.

Waters. How small we feel we are in accomplishing such a great action! What sweet consolation it is for a heart that is eager to offer to God the greatest number of souls possible!

Leaving that post, I returned here with our beloved Mother, who was going to Koung-tchouling, and who kindly favoured me with the privilege of visiting this last-named Mission, also, a few days later.

On Tuesday, August 27th, when all our Sisters arrived at Szepingkai for the opening of the retreat, our dear Mother was there to receive them. We were thirty, but we did not feel too crowded; we thought only of the happiness of being reunited under our beloved Mother's protection, for these blessed days of recollection and spiritual renovation. What pleasant moments our dear Sisters were expecting to enjoy after the retreat; but God had decided otherwise, and He asked them to sacrifice them. Our Mother had to take to her bed, on account of illness.

We are now glad to see this dear Mother on the road to perfect recovery. The week that she intends to spend here still, will certainly give her renewed strength to continue her long journey without any other mishap. It is a grace that we are ardently soliciting, confident in the powerful mediation of our good Father, St. Joseph, whom we are invoking particularly for this intention.

Yesterday, the Chinese celebrated the Moon Festival. There was great rejoicing everywhere, for this feast of the eighth moon is almost as solemn as that of New Year's Day. On this occasion, as rarely happens, all the stores in the city were closed and, even, the hired carriages were not circulating; for whoever works on this day is very poorly esteemed by his compatriots. Mrs. Wang, the wife of the Christian doctor of the Mission, wishing to have us share in the national joy, brought us some nice little cakes called "moon cakes", which are special for that event.

To-morrow, the native Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary will celebrate the tenth anniversary of the foundation of their Community. We shall unite with them to sing the *Magnificat* of thanksgiving and beg the Divine Master to grant this young Congregation the grace of rapid development, for the extension of His Kingdom in this pagan land and the eternal happiness of the poor Manchoos.

In offering, each day, my humble supplications to Our Immaculate Patroness for our beloved Venerable Mother and for our whole Institute, I solicit for you, good Mother Assistant, besides many other graces, that of a prompt and complete recovery.

*Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters at Tchengkia-toen.***Sunday, March 3, 1940**

The Christian community of Tchengkia-toen was happy to group around its first Pastor, His Excellency Bishop Lapierre, who arrived at the Mission for his pastoral visit, yesterday.

After Mass, some forty Christians, old and young, received with the Sacrament of Confirmation the effusion of the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

With his ordinary zeal and charity, Bishop Lapierre spoke to his flock of the predilections of God for them, when thousands of their fellow-countrymen were still sitting in the darkness of paganism. Thence their obligation to pay their debt of gratitude to the Lord, by an exemplary conduct worthy of the great honour He has bestowed upon them. His Excellency afforded us the pleasant surprise of a spiritual lecture, which rekindled in our souls the fire of holy desires which should fill every Apostolic soul. With convinced and penetrating accents, he proposed to our imitation good St. Joseph, as the model of a laborious and humble life entirely devoted to the interests of Jesus and Mary. As ever, His Excellency's visit was marked with paternal kindness and sincere interest. A project particularly haunts his apostolic soul: the foundation of a work, for the assistance of the dying in their homes. Most consoling effects would certainly result from the realization of this project. It is not without attraction for our missionary hearts; besides, work does not frighten us; the more means we shall have to attain souls, the happier we shall be. We trust that Divine Providence will send us the necessary funds to realize our desires.

Wednesday, March 6

Good Mrs. Li is sleeping her last sleep. The painful illness from which she had been suffering for the past year, was the key which opened to her the Gate of Heaven. Although she lived close to the church, would she ever have really known the Catholic Religion without this trial, which made her solicit the care of the Sister-Nurses of the Mission? Discreetly, and counting only on Divine Grace, Sister spoke to her about God and His law of peace, of love and of hope. On the 11th of February last, she received Baptism. From that day, a change was noticed in the course of her disease. The excruciating pain which made her long for death, totally disappeared. She attributed this change to the Regenerating Sacrament. Four times during the last three weeks, the Bread of Angels came to fortify her soul and render it beautiful for Heaven.

As a token of sympathy towards this family, which is rather indifferent to our Holy Faith but which we would like to win, we go and recite the Beads near the corpse. On entering the house, there is an exchange of salutations; then Mr. Li has the mortuary-room evacuated, for it is filled with folks who, sitting on the *kang*, are chatting peacefully while enjoying a smoke and a cup of tea. Were it not for the body of the deceased, placed in the middle of the floor on a plank which is supported at one end by an

A LA MISSION DE TCHENGKIATOEN

1940

MANCHOUKOUO



*Le R. Père Orimet, M. S.,
la Très Rév. Mère
Marie de la Providence,
Supérieure Générale
des S. Missionnaires de
l'Immaculée Conception,
les religieuses du poste
et vierges indigènes.*



*Un
dispensaire*



*Une Soeur indigène
Notre-Dame du Très Saint Rosaire
catéchisant
une vieille catéchumène*

overturned basin, we would think we are entering a smoking-room rather than a mortuary-room, for we are almost stifled by the smoke. The teapots and cups are scattered on small tables. According to the custom, Mrs. Li is clad in her padded garments, which are hidden by a long blue silk dress. Her new shoes are ornamented with a yellow-paper flower. Her head is covered with a black silk veil, while her arms stretched on the side of her body are tied with a string. It is the ordinary way of exposing the dead before putting them in their coffin. That of Mrs. Li is at the door, the interior is being lined with wall-paper. When it will be ready, Mrs. Li will be placed in it and, with its closing, will begin the customary lamentations. As unbleached cotton is no more to be found in the stores, nowadays, the mourning clothes are necessarily simplified, the head-dress and sash are the only insignia, and they are made of common silk.

Thursday, March 7

Two of our Sisters from another post visiting Tchengkiao toen witnessed a heart-rending scene when getting off the train. The station was crowded with poor emigrants, who had left the regions devastated by the war or ruined by famine, and were going to the north of the country in the hopes of finding a means of living. The trains are overloaded with these wrecks of misfortune. A certain number have been stopping here for a few days, awaiting the chance to procure tickets, as only a limited number of these are sold at a time. Parcels and bales of all kinds were heaped up, here and there, in the station, and the families — men, women, and children — had grouped around their miserable belongings. A poor wretch could be seen stretched on the ground, his head resting on a bundle which served him for a pillow. Another one was devouring a bowl of *chou mi*. The mothers held their babies in their arms, while the older children, heedless as one is at that age, amused themselves with other little tots. The overheated cars, the fatigue of travelling, hunger, thirst, the anxiety about the future, oppressed these poor unfortunates. Some were even sick and, our Sisters regretted they had no medicine to give them. A station agent was really charitable towards these miserable persons. While his fellow-companions jostled them roughly and rudely, he had pity on them, going discreetly to the different groups, he chatted a few moments, showing interest to each one of them, inquiring about the sick, etc. On perceiving the Sisters, he went to meet them, elbowing his way through the crowd, and kindly asked them to come and see a man who had been ill for several days. Such charity on the part of a pagan was really touching and we beg God to reward this officer by granting him the inestimable gift of Faith.

Our Sisters had the privilege of pouring the Waters of Holy Baptism on the brow of a six-day-old baby, born in this same station. The mother who was burning with fever and had not been able to get a drink of water for a day and a half, asked them if they could not procure her a cup of hot water — hot water has to be bought here and she had not a penny.

How good it would be to relieve all these miseries that are not lessened by the supernatural consolations of our Holy Religion!

Thursday, March 14

In order to save the small quantity of petroleum our charitable neighbours procured us for the sanctuary lamps, we have been obliged lately to use an electric lamp for the night; but now, they have broken the circuit so we are quite perplexed.

Good St. Joseph comes to our help this afternoon. Through the benevolent influence of a Christian, Reverend Father Berichon was given a can of petroleum, and we have been promised one for ourselves in a few days. Thanks to our Heavenly Provider!

Monday, April 1

The beneficial spring sun is gradually rendering the weather milder. The winter has been neither very long nor very cold but, on account of the financial crisis, consequence of the war, the poor have suffered more than ever, perhaps. Fuel and clothing being very high, many of the poor people have passed the season in the house, shivering by the fireless *kang*. In families somewhat large, where there is but one wage-earner, the whole day's salary goes to the buying of fuel for the day. With the fine weather, the question of heating being suppressed, the poor suffering from the cold are at least relieved.

Sunday, May 12

A poor beggar, rejected by his own because he was dangerously ill, was lying in the sun, on the side of the road, waiting till death came to put an end to his sufferings, when a carter took pity on him and brought him to the Mission. The poor man spent only one night here, but what a precious one it was! It decided his eternal fate and placed him among the blessed in Heaven.

As for the charitable Samaritan who conducted him to God's inn, he is already rewarded, for Divine Grace inspiring him, he has come to-day to have himself and his family inscribed as catechumens.

Saturday, July 13

It was six o'clock this evening when our beloved Mother General arrived at Tchengkiatoen. Her presence on Oriental land had been announced to us on the 1st of May. Our joy was at its height! To Our Divine Lord and the Immaculate Virgin we voiced our gratitude by singing the *Magnificat* at



VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, BAPTIZING A DYING CHILD, DURING HER VISIT AT TCHENGKIATOEN, MANCHUKUO.

the chapel, then we gave audible expression to the happiness which filled our hearts. While supper was being prepared, our dear Mother visited the house and, finally, she took with us her first agape at the little Mission of Leao Yuan, now Tchengkiaoten. As usual we kept perfect silence but we were anxious to express the happiness and gratitude with which our hearts were overflowing.

Sunday, July 14

We executed, this morning, a modest program in honour of our Reverend Mother. The native virgins, the teachers, and the helpers of the Missions then came to greet her and offer her their gifts — five pairs of tiny embroidered shoes, two black satin cushions artistically ornamented. These presents are the fruit of numerous hours of work done in spare moments. The great pains they took to succeed were appreciated by our beloved Visitor.

A visit to the Missionary Fathers, then to the School and, already, night was upon us. Thanks to the plan traced by Mother, to respond to the legitimate curiosity of her daughters on the Missions, we visited the new Mother House of Cote des Neiges, during recreation. After we had gone through all the stories of the house, we made our way to the little grove, pausing piously at each oratory. If we ever cross the seas to fly to "Home sweet Home", and if our memory is faithful, we shall soon be initiated, so abundant have been the explanations given to us by our interesting guide!

Monday, July 22

Would that it were given to us, like Joshua, to stop the sun in its course, that we might be able to keep our dear Mother with us a little longer. It seems that we have profited by all the moments she spent in our midst, but how short they have been!

Before leaving us, Mother had the happiness of administering Baptism for the third time at Tchengkiaoten. Reverend Father Ouimet, informed that a child had just been thrown on a heap of ruins, told this to Sister Ste. Rosalie⁽¹⁾, who hastened to the spot with the helper of the Dispensary. Used to the customs of her people, the Chinese girl was not long in finding among the debris, the bundle she was seeking. Quickly, the child was taken out. It gave no signs of life, but the body was still warm. Sister Ste. Rosalie christened it conditionally and brought it to the Dispensary, where Father Ouimet completed the ceremonies of Solemn Baptism. Our dear Mother who was called, was greatly touched by the respect with which the priest treated the tiny body badly clad and all soiled with dust and mud. Every word was pronounced, every ceremony accomplished with that piety and that faith which make one see but the temple of the Holy Ghost under such miserable appearances.

Among the patients present at the Dispensary at that moment, was a child doomed to die. With emotion, Mother poured on its brow the Saving Waters which made of it an elect of Paradise. After the midday Spiritual

1. Ursule CHARETTE, Three Rivers.

Exercises, we grouped under the elm of the garden to hear the last motherly counsels, which we shall keep in our hearts as a bouquet whose perfume will embalm our missionary life.

We dreaded the parting hour, but it was not too sad; the farewell was not final, it is true, as those among us who will be going to Szepingkai for their retreat will have the happiness of seeing our beloved Visitor again. The others will go and see her at the station, when she will be on her way to the Missions of the North. Praised be the Lord, Who has realized the wishes we had cherished for such a long time, and Who favoured us with such pleasant days in our dear Mother's company!



VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL, AND SISTER STE. ROSALIE (URSULE CHARETTE, THREE RIVERS) LOOKING AT A POOR LITTLE CREATURE THROWN ON A HEAP OF RUBBISH.

Report of the Dispensary of Tchengkiaotoen from January, 1940, to August inclusive:

Infant Baptisms...	139	Adult Baptisms...	9	Patients.....	21,994
Treatments.....	49,782	Dressings.....	2,945	Teeth extracted.	268
Homes visited....	613	Injections.....	1,692	Vaccinations...	84

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Letter from the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Taonan, to their Sisters at the Mother House.

Taonan, August 22, 1940.

DEAR SISTERS,

For five months already, the cozy nest of Cote des Neiges has been deprived of its beloved Mother General; and we, your Sisters of the distant Missions, are enjoying her dear presence.

Our venerable Visitor arrived at Taonan on the 1st of August, around five o'clock, with Sister Julienne du St. Sacrement⁽¹⁾. We had grouped at

1. Béatrice LAREAU, Chambly.

the Mission gate to welcome her. An inexpressible emotion was felt as she drew near; is it not very impressive to meet again after a separation of five, seven, and even eleven years?

After having sung the *Magnificat* of our gratitude at the chapel, we followed our dear Mother to the community hall to greet her.

As you know, our Sister-Nurses ordinarily spend their whole days treating the sick at the Dispensary, so you can imagine they wished for a little holiday to fully enjoy the passage of our Mother. God deigned to grant their legitimate desire, by sending a heavy rain which, making the roads impassable, obliged the patients to stay at home during two days.

The 4th being a Sunday, we all were able to remain in the company of the one who is so dear to us; and except for a visit to the native Sisters, we were together all day long enjoying our happiness.

The weather being favourable again, each one had to return to her post the next day, but how cheerfully she resumed her task!... Joy had given her wings, so to say!

On the 7th, our beloved Mother accompanied Sister St. Denis⁽¹⁾ in her visits to the homes. Two young girls and their hunchbacked brother, children of Mr. Tsi, the ex-prefect, especially interested her. The girls are preparing to receive Baptism and profited by the passage of the Sister-Nurse to recite their Catechism lesson. They are now Christians and bear the names of Martha and Mary.

It is with joy and gratitude that, in union with our beloved Mother, we celebrated the Profession anniversary of venerable Mother Foundress. How good it was to hear speak of the one to whom, after God, we owe the privilege of being Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception. In the course of the afternoon, Mother went to the Eastern Dispensary, where she had the happiness of baptizing a little Joseph, Peter, Guy.

On the 9th, the eighteen pupils of the Boarding-School, who had entered that day, invited our dear Visitor to assist at a little entertainment. All were very charming, excusing themselves for not having had time to prepare a grander reception.

And on the 10th... the parting hour had already come!... We wished we had been able to stop the sun in its course, to prolong these last moments with our



SISTER ST. PIERRE DE LA CROIX (SIDONIA ROUSSEL, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, TREATING A POOR FELLOW SUFFERING FROM A CANCER IN THE RIGHT EYE, AT THE DISPENSARY, TAONAN, MANCHUKUO.

1. Anne Marie DUBE, St. Denis, Kamouraska Co.



THE PUPILS OF THE BOARDING-SCHOOL OF TAONAN, MANCHUKUO, ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL. IN THE CENTRE: REVEREND FATHER M. BEDARD, M. E.



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AND RELIGIOUS OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY, TAONAN, MANCHUKUO, ASSEMBLED ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL.

Seated from left to right: SISTER MARIE DES CINQ PLAIES (BLANCHE DION, MONTRÉAL); TCHANG SUZANNA; VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL; LEOU PAULA; SISTER JULIENNE DU SAINT SACREMENT (BÉATRICE LAREAU, CHAMBLY).

Standing: SISTER STE. ELIZABETH (BLANCHE MENARD, STE. ELIZABETH); SISTER MARIE THERESE (MARIE THERESE ROUX, MONTREAL); SISTER ST. DENIS (ANNE MARIE DUBE, ST. DENIS DE KAMOURASKA); TCHAO MARGUERITE; SISTER STE. ANGELE DE FOLIGNO (ANGELE BENOIT, THREE RIVERS); SISTER MARIE EMMANUEL (BERTHE CREVIER, STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE); SISTER MARIE GERMAINE (GERMAINE GRAVEL, ST. PROSPER, CHAMPLAIN CO.).

Mother! Finally, we had to make our sacrifice... Gathered round the Tabernacle, we said our *Fiat* to the God Who can remain continually with His children. A last farewell, and the carriage moved rapidly away... We gazed in that direction till our dear Mother could no longer be seen. In thought, we accompany her throughout her visit to the other Missions.

A word now, about our Chinese, for whose salvation we have gladly left our homes and loved ones.

A young man was dying of typhoid fever. His father and mother, whose eyes were red and inflamed for having wept unceasingly during four days, were redoubling their care to prevent death from taking away their only son, the sole support of their old age. A neighbour who had spoken to them of the "Doctor" of the Mission, was begged to come for us. An amusing as well as ridiculous spectacle was witnessed by the Sister-Infirmarian at her arrival. The patient, who was lying on his back, had a big frog on his uncovered chest and was holding it by one leg, while his wife was pulling at another. The poor little animal seemed to be scared. "I do not like to treat patients in such company," said Sister. "Send that little frog back to its pond..." On hearing this, the master of the house excused himself, saying that this means had been suggested to him as an infallible remedy.

When Sister St. Denis⁽¹⁾ returned to see this patient the next day, she profited by his short lucid intervals to instruct him in the principal truths of our Holy Religion, and as he nodded assent when she proposed to baptize him, she poured the Saving Waters upon his brow.

Contrary to our expectation, this man is on the path of recovery. He and his parents thank the Lord of Heaven, and all wish to be Christians.

Mary Tch'ao, a twelve-year-old girl who was baptized but did not practise, has just been the object of the merciful goodness of God. Her mother, a fallen-away Christian leading a disorderly life, is actually living in a Southern city to which she had fled to give way more freely to vagabondage. She left her husband, an honest pagan, two sons and two daughters, one of whom, Mary, fell ill shortly after. Her father, in the hope of curing her, conducted her to the Dispensary. The best of care was given her as well as good counsels and encouragement, but soon, her strength failing her, she was no longer able to come to the Dispensary and, as we had not been invited, we did not like to go and visit her. The catechist we sent was very well received. And the child, won by the tokens of sympathy of which she was the object, consented to return to the God of her Baptism. Her father allowed the priest to bring her Holy Viaticum. A few days later, she expired in the best of dispositions. The conversion of this little girl brought about that of her sister and of one of her brothers. We cherish the hope that she will also win over to God her father and eldest brother.

Pagan politeness forbids the presence of doctors at the death of their patients. Being destined to cure illnesses, they would be insulted if they

1. Anne Marie DUBE, St. Denis, Kamouraska Co.



THE PUPILS OF THE BOARDING-SCHOOL, TAONAN, MANCHUKUO, ASSEMBLED TO ENTERTAIN REVEREND FATHER BARON BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR SZEPINGKAI MISSION.

IN THE CENTRE: REVEREND FATHER BARON, M. E. *ON HIS RIGHT:* REVEREND FATHERS M. BEDARD AND G. VAILLANCOURT. *ON HIS LEFT:* SISTER STE. ANGELE DE FOLIGNO (ANGELE BENOIT, THREE RIVERS), MISSIONARY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION; SISTER TCHAO MARGUERITE, OF THE SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

were invited to visit the moribunds. Thus, one morning, the Sister-Nurse having gone to visit a sick man, she was not allowed to enter the house; the step-mother, who was waiting at the door for the patient's last gasp, was making her signs to go away. We sometimes hear reflections like the following: "Such a doctor cursed a whole family and its neighbourhood because he had been called to visit a dying person. Another one made off at full speed, as soon as he noticed that the case was a hopeless one."

Our good catechumens, many of whom are quite old, sometimes have a bad memory which favours little the study of Catechism. "I," was saying Mrs. No, "am no good at learning things; I study one word and keep repeating it all day and part of the night, and if I fall asleep, I've forgotten it when I wake up." "Oh! that is nothing," replied a companion trying to encourage her, "I couldn't remember a thing, either, in the beginning, but finally, I managed to learn all my prayers." Mrs. Ting, who was listening to all this, smiled mischievously: "I am luckier than you are," she said, "I was baptized and made my First Communion, and it didn't cost me an effort...." As the others were looking at her with astonishment, she replied: "I received Baptism at the point of death... Now that I am better, I'll do like you, and I'll bring my daughters-in-law, for I think it is a good thing to be a Christian."

How sad is the fate of our Christians who are living in the midst of pagans! A poor woman who had been ill four months with ulcers all over her body, and who had no one to sympathize with her in her sufferings, had but one longing: to die so as to be delivered from her troubles. Called to



THE MODEST CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, TAONAN, MANCHUKUO.

visit this afflicted woman, we found her weeping bitterly. "Have pity on me," she said, "I can't bear my sufferings any longer. Will it soon be the end?" After having auscultated her, we spoke to her of the happiness of the elect and of the immense treasures her present sufferings would merit her. She listened with eagerness, and her grateful look expressed joy, hope, and confidence. "Since it is like that," she said, perfectly resigned, "I'm glad to suffer and I want to endure my troubles with patience, as long as God wishes."

If we followed our fancy, we would fill many pages more, for manifold are the various incidents in our Missionary life; but our leisure moments are very few, we must sacrifice to duty, the pleasure of chatting longer.

We solicit, dear Sisters, the fraternal help of your fervent prayers, which will enable us to do good work in the field of the Lord. During the day, at the dear abode of Cote des Neiges, continue scattering your *Ave Marias*, that the Immaculate Virgin may grant us an abundant harvest of souls, on Manchu territory.

YOUR LOVING SISTERS OF TAONAN.

Report of the Dispensaries of Taonan from January to August, 1940, inclusive:

Eastern Dispensary

Baptisms of Children.....	110	Patients.....	11,201
Treatments.....	13,457	Dressings.....	2,909
Homes visited.....	109	Teeth extracted....	84
		Injections.....	1,846
		Vaccinations.....	188

Western Dispensary

Infant Baptisms..	293	Adult Baptisms...	12	Patients.....	27,697
Treatments.....	28,283	Dressings.....	6,431	Teeth extracted.	270
Homes visited....	2,790	Injections.....	7,176	Vaccinations....	429



MISSION INTENTION FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY 1941

"For the Conversion of Those Who Still Embrace Primitive Religions"

Every rational creature, learned or ignorant, humble or mighty, knowingly or sub-consciously acknowledges the existence of a Supreme Being from Whom all things proceed. True some blatantly proclaim their theories of evolution but eventually they reach the "beginning" where nothing existed but the Infinite Power of the Creator. Since religion—the acknowledgement and adoration of God—is essentially a part of man's life, Holy Mother the Church begs the prayers of the faithful during the month of February "for the conversion of those who still embrace primitive religions".

—Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell.

Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Tungleao

AT THE DISPENSARY

On Wednesday, January 3rd, the Dispensary opened its doors, which had been closed the two preceding days. The Chinese were quite astonished to see that our New Year's celebrations had lasted such a short time. Most of them are convinced that unless a whole month be consecrated to feasting and rest, the New Year has not been welcomed properly.

On the 5th, we had the happiness of offering to the Sacred Heart of Jesus the first souls destined to make up our apostolic sheaf for the year 1940 — a beggar woman christened at the point of death, and a dying child. During the Holy Hour, the Christian children sang Chinese hymns with a success which went beyond our expectation. Very often, when we think we have instilled a few notions of singing into our good Chinese, they will sing a whole verse discordantly and are all surprised to hear us tell them, "Be careful, you are out of tune!" However, as the children are full of good will and like singing, we hope that they will become "tolerable little singers".

At the Dispensary, we sometimes witness scenes which leave us filled with admiration for the marvels that grace works in the pagan souls that are faithful to its inspirations.

One day, a patient was looking attentively at a crucifix hanging on the wall, and she seemed absorbed in profound thought. "Do you know what that is?" we asked her. "Oh! yes," she answered, "it is the souvenir of the Master of Heaven Who came down upon earth to expiate our sins, to die on the cross to spare us from the eternal sufferings we merit, and to open to us the gates of Heaven. I know the Holy Religion of Christ; the Native Virgins and the Christians of my neighbourhood have taught me a number of things concerning the Catholic Doctrine I admire and wish to study. It is especially the *image of sorrow* (Chinese expression by which the crucifix is designated) which attracts me and astonishes me. I could spend hours looking at it; the more I look at it, the more I understand what I am — a poor sinner — and the better I feel what great love has prompted God to die for us."

"Do you remember having treated my big boy at the Dispensary?" asked, another day, Mrs. Lee, who was soliciting admission to the Catechumenate. "He was suffering from a violent earache and came for his treatment every evening after school. Each time, you spoke to him about the Catholic Doctrine and, on his return home, he told me everything. This interested me very much, especially what he said about the Mother of God; for, being Protestants, we had never heard about the Blessed Virgin. In time, I was better informed; and, at last, convinced that the Catholic Religion is the true path that leads to Heaven, I am determined to embrace it and am coming to study it to receive Baptism and secure my eternal salvation."

Since Manchuria has fallen into the hands of the Japanese, opium has gradually become scarcer in the country and, actually, it is very difficult to procure this narcotic, but passion does not give way so easily. The opium-eaters are therefore in the obligation of abandoning their vicious habit or of letting themselves die; this last alternative is often chosen by the poor who are ashamed to have recourse to those who could assist them. Those who follow the treatment are completely cured in the end. A good number come each in turn to our Dispensary, and Sister Eustelle de l'Eucharistie⁽¹⁾ who has charge of them is winning fame by her skill as well as by her remedies.

These treatments afford us the opportunity of coming in contact with all the classes of society. A few persons, on witnessing our divers works of charity, are quite surprised and declare that they had a different idea concerning us. Several like to listen to the explanation of the Doctrine given by the catechists, and tell us that they sincerely wish to become Christians.

HERE AND THERE

The calls to visit the homes are more and more numerous. Sometimes five or six vehicles are at the door at the same time, waiting for the "doctor", while in the dispensary, each tries his best to have the Sister go to his place first.

Several speak to us of their previous disposition towards the Catholic Mission. A woman was telling us recently that, up to a short time past, she would have preferred to die rather than take our medicine; but, she hastened to add, "it is different now, your visits rejoice me greatly. I felt at ease the first time I spoke to you and, thanks to your good care, the pain from which I was suffering for a long time has partly disappeared."

Another young woman who, in spite of herself, had had relations with the Catholic Mission, told us how surprised she was on finding here such kindness and devotedness. "Really, up to a few days ago," she said, "the mere name of 'Catholic Mission' awakened in me a mysterious and indescribable fear, which I could not overcome.... It was the same thing when I had to pass in front of your gate, there was nothing I dreaded more than having to enter on your grounds."

We have no trouble in persuading these brave people that such dispositions are inspired by the Prince of darkness, who tries by every means possible to keep them away from the Mission and to prevent them from coming in contact with the Missionaries, who devote their lives to destroy his tyrannical reign and to snatch souls from his clutches.

On January 17th, a young woman, victim of pagan superstitions, called us to her bedside. Her step-father died one month after her wedding, and

1. Eustelle SAMSON, Lauzon.

this gave rise to deplorable comments on the part of her husband's parents and friends. According to an ancient tradition, this death was attributed to the entrance of the young wife into the family and was considered as an evil omen. Being unable to justify the accusations which weighed heavily upon her, the unhappy woman, who was but eighteen years old, became sick. We treated her and consoled her the best we could, urging her to trust in our common Father, Who is in Heaven and Who does not turn a deaf ear to the prayers of His creatures. However, this mishap will poison, so to say, the life of this young person, like that of so many of her compatriots, for she will be blamed each time a vexation or difficulty will trouble the peace of the family.

One very cold morning, the "doctor" was called on a visit several *li* from the Mission. Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ left with a native virgin, although the prospects of this outing, in such weather, were not very favourable. Moreover, the driver warned them that he could not bring them to destination, because no vehicle was allowed to cross a certain pass, which he mentioned. Therefore, having reached it, they had to walk about one *li* with a valise heavy with remedies. The two Missionaries resolutely proceeded towards the dwelling; was not a soul awaiting them there?

When they had reached destination, they found a man so sick, that they had no hopes of curing him, or even of prolonging his life a few hours. After having relieved him a little, they spoke to him about Heaven, about the beauty, the hope, and the Divine consolations of Christian Faith. Fortunately, the seed of Eternal life fell in well-prepared ground and, Divine grace fecundating it, the dying man requested Baptism. The Saving Waters flowed upon his brow, to the joy of all the Blessed in Heaven, and to that, also, of the humble Missionaries whom God had deigned to choose as His instruments for this work of mercy. Towards evening, we were informed of his death, that is, of his entrance into the abode of Eternal bliss.

Some time ago, we garnered the fruit of long years of labour. Mrs. Leang, whom we had several times invited to embrace Christianity, finally opened her eyes to the light of Faith and renounced her Buddhas.

This lady, who had been sick several days, called all the doctors of the city, one after another; but as she was getting worse, she asked for the "Doctor" of the Catholic Mission. It was there that God, in His infinite mercy, was awaiting her. Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, after urgently exhorting her, received full authority to take down all the idols in the house. Moreover, the patient and her husband asked for a Miraculous Medal, that they might be protected from the assaults of the infernal enemy, who would not fail to try to take possession of the domain from which he had been chased away.

A young man of seventeen had been suffering, for some time, from violent headaches. The Chinese doctors, after giving him all kinds of narcotics, declared that he was incurable. The distressed parents made a final effort to save him by coming to get us. At our first visit, finding him

1. Sister St. MATHIAS (Ida Vincent, Gananoque, Ont.).

unconscious and agitated, we confided him to the Blessed Virgin and gave him a Miraculous Medal.

The next day, the patient having regained consciousness and seemingly suffering less, the parents were very happy and called us once more to his bedside. His health sensibly improved, but he was not yet out of danger. We profited by his lucid intervals to speak to him of God, of Heaven, and of the necessity of Baptism.

A few days later, when making our daily visits, we found him prepared to receive the Regenerating Sacrament. With joy we sent for one of the



VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL, AND THE LITTLE COMMUNITY OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, TUNGLEAO, MANCHUKUO. NATIVE SISTERS AND SOME ORPHANS OF THE MISSION.

priests, who administered it to him, for it was possible that death would not delay to put an end to his excruciating pain.

It came three days later and, to our great consolation, the father of the deceased asked that he be buried in blessed ground. Consoling event, which makes us hope that, one day, he and his family will also have the happiness of dying Christian.

A poor man, suffering from heart trouble, came to the Dispensary one morning. He was in such a pitiful state, that the Sister-Nurse was touched with compassion on seeing him and told him that, in the future, he would not need to disturb himself, the "Doctor" would go and see him at his home. The next day, as Sister was visiting the sick with a native virgin, she went as it had been agreed upon, to the dwelling of this new patient. He was so touched by her condescension, that he did not know how to express his gratitude. The native virgin told him that we were the messengers of the true God, and that it was He Who had inspired us to assist him. She then urged him to confide in this loving Master. It was sufficient to

win him entirely to our Holy Faith; thus, charity soon won this upright soul.

A bonzess invited us to go to the pagoda to visit the chief of the bonzes, who was sick. Sister Marie Médiatrice⁽¹⁾ accepted her invitation and went with a virgin catechist. After she had given the necessary care to the patient, the bonzesses grouped around her, and begged her to visit the different pagodas. What ugly-looking idols she saw! Here, the god of rain; there, the god of riches; a little farther, the god invoked in time of sickness, etc., etc.... When the visitors had seen everything, they smilingly said to one of the bonzesses who has been frequenting the Dispensary for several years: "Do you sincerely believe that these inanimate statues hear your prayers and help you?" — "Yes, I believe that," she said to them, "but I know that the God you serve is also very powerful." After that, the Sisters said a few persuasive words, then withdrew very amiably, leaving to Divine Grace the conversion of these fervent Buddhists.

"I WAS WITHOUT SHELTER AND YOU RECEIVED ME..."

Most of the unfortunate and abandoned patients of the Mission come here to prepare for their last journey.

A tuberculous young mother from a neighbouring suburb, had come with her two children of six and eight to live in the city, so as to have herself treated; but her illness aggravating very rapidly and death becoming imminent, the people who had given her hospitality refused to let her die in their house, and compelled her to return home. On seeing this, we invited her to come and stay at the Mission, hoping to instruct her in our Holy Religion and provide her with a passport for Heaven. The proposition was joyfully accepted, and the patient arrived full of confidence that the Blessed Virgin, of whom we had spoken to her many a time, would work the miracle so much desired.

A week later she received Baptism. The heavenly joy which filled her soul was reflected on her countenance and, thenceforth, she spoke only of Heaven. "How happy I am," she unceasingly repeated, "I am the child of God, therefore, I am going to Heaven."

On April 17th, it was Wang Madeleine, a young lady, twenty years old, who was dying quite near here. This child was one of ours, so to say, for she had spent two years and a half at the Novitiate of the Congregation of the Native Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. Her health did not permit her to persevere, but she remained several years in the service of the Missionaries after that, and, finally, she returned home. Seeing herself about to die, she regretted being far away from the Mission and manifested the desire to be brought here. As she had received Extreme Unction, our Reverend Pastor offered to bring her Holy Communion as often as she could receive it and this was a real joy to her. Her last act on earth was a preparation for the Banquet Jesus destined her for that same day.

1. Marie Aline MALOUIN, Quebec.

A young man, who was no longer able to walk on account of a purulent ulcer he had on his foot, was brought to us by his aged father, who had placed him on his back. Both of them were reduced to extreme poverty. Having formerly kept a little vegetable store which gave them a modest income, they were obliged to abandon it; one, because his pain had become intolerable and the other to take care of his unfortunate son. Both were given a charitable hospitality at the Mission which not only procured them shelter and food but, moreover, all the care and remedies necessary as well as the religious instruction which was to pour light in their soul and bring them to the supreme grace of regeneration.

A seventy-four-year-old man arrived here this morning. His nervous and rapid gait almost made us guess that he came from Peking.... But what was his occupation there?... He taught the circus actors the art of painting their faces. His demeanor revealed how skilfully he could vary the expression of his countenance.

Having heard that we received the aged and the sick, here, and that we took great care of them, he decided to try and have himself treated for a serious heart disease from which he was suffering. He set out and gave his last pennies, to reach, according to his expression, our little corner of blessed land. On his arrival, he made up a nice story — the salvation of his soul alone determined him to come, although we could easily discover the real motive of his act. We confided him without delay to a catechist who was to instruct him, for time was pressing... his life was hanging only by a thread.



Next after His Heavenly Father there was no one whom Our Lord venerated and loved as He loved and venerated His Blessed Mother. But the example of Jesus Christ is the law of our life. We are bound to imitate it; we are bound to be like Him.

— Cardinal Manning.



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



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Sunday, August 25

A pleasant ramble along the river bank opened our evening recess; the peaceful and sheltered lane holds such a fascination when the weather is fine! We even strolled as far as the grotto of Lourdes to whisper our evensong to Mary. But, suddenly it was announced that we were all to assemble in the Novitiate Hall. Would it be some kind of a surprise? Our previsions were soon to be realized. A lively duet hailed our return, and our young Sisters, the Postulants, who had already invaded the Hall, presented the items of the proposed entertainment. Needless to say, this program was met with a storm of cheers. Music, songs, recitations, charades, each in turn contributed to recreate or edify us, and to give food for thought, for the whole was not lacking in short moral lessons, which were profitable to all present. In a word, we spent a most pleasant evening. It was brought to a close by a cordial "Thank You" to our dear little Sisters and to the organizers, a "Thank You" jovially amplified into a vibrant "Come Again!"

Wednesday, August 28

A letter from our good Mother General, actually in Manchukuo, once again came to rejoice and stimulate the youthful inhabitants of the Novitiate. Delighted beyond description, we ignored all about us and our thoughts wandered along pleasant paths as we imagined we were in the land of our dreams, following our Mother step by step and sharing all her joys. But, soon, alas! we had to struggle back to stern reality, and we awoke to find ourselves at the Novitiate and in Canada, yet burning with an intense desire to go and devote our lives in the beloved Mission-land.

Saturday, August 31

With deep regret we learned, this evening, of the death of our venerable Archbishop, His Excellency Most Reverend George Gauthier. For the third time in less than a year the Archdiocese of Montreal has been grieved by the loss of one of its Pastors. The views of God are unfathomable, yet we must adore them with loving submission! In union with the faithful flock, we laid on this new grave our humble suffrages, entreating the Master to grant without delay to His valiant servant the magnificent reward promised to those who have fought the good fight.

Wednesday, September 4

Nine o'clock! The regulation-bell, silent at this hour since the beginning of the summer holidays, has, this morning, resumed its former duty of convoking us to our respective classrooms. The call was answered with enthusiasm, for all were eager to sit once more behind a desk and work to enrich their store of knowledge. A Missionary has to be learned in so many ways, we are often told, in order to cope successfully with the manifold exigencies of the far away Missions.

In addition to the ordinary lessons in English and French, which usually provide ample scope for mental gymnastics, we shall have special practical courses during this coming semester. These will certainly not be lacking in interest and usefulness.

We ardently desire to repay the devotedness of our kind Mistresses by our earnest application to study. In order to take full advantage of this rare opportunity of acquiring new knowledge, we implored the blessing of our Immaculate Mother whom we love to invoke as Our Lady of the Holy Ghost and Our Lady of Good Studies.

Saturday, September 7

Mystery seems to float over the Postulants' domain. What can these unusual preparatives, this mysterious and suppressed air of expectancy mean? But patience, recreation-time will probably reveal the secret. It did... and what exclamations of surprise resulted from the disclosure! An excursion to the Mother House has been planned for this afternoon. Oh! what an excellent idea! What lucky Sisters! We envy them not only a little! They will have the happiness of seeing our venerable Mother Foundress.... But then, we are pleased with their contentment and good fortune, and also very anxious to hear the forthcoming report of such a delightful trip. They will leave with our good Mother St. Jean François Régis, our Mistress, and a few professed Sisters.

Unable to enjoy the same privilege, we, nevertheless, received some compensation in the form of a holiday. We profited by this time of relaxation, and so intently did we work and converse, that we failed to notice the planning and plotting of our kind Superiors. At three o'clock, we were invited to direct our steps towards our "realm of pleasance", the hospitable grove, where a real surprise — a generous lunch — awaited us. We thoroughly enjoyed this treat under the eye of the Blessed Virgin, while our happy countenances expressed to her the gratitude welling from the depths of our hearts for the favours of all kinds which she unceasingly bestows upon her children.

Lively games made the usually silent grove resound with merry voices and gay laughter till the hour of our rendezvous at the foot of the altar for meditation and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We were at a loss to suitably express our gratitude to our good Sister Superior and our devoted Mistresses for all their benevolent attentions and surprises, always so pleasing!

Monday, September 8

At early dawn, we sang the praises of Mary, whose Nativity the Church was celebrating to-day, and we filially offered her our homages, just as we delighted in presenting our best wishes to our dear mothers on their birthdays.

Pious meditations united us, in spirit, around the cradle of this blessed Child, where numberless stimulating examples of virtue are offered to the contemplation of little Novices. May we rivet our eyes on this heavenly Model, in view of attaining the full realization of God's designs on us.

Saturday, September 14

This forenoon, we had the honour and pleasure of hearing a distinguished speaker, His Excellency Bishop J. Prud'homme.

Let us state, firstly, that the joy radiating from every countenance made our eminent visitor utter a remark which will remain as a practical "reflector" enabling us to scrutinize certain sides of our moral physiognomy. "Joy", said he, "is the remembrance of God; sadness, the remembrance of one's self." A concise thought containing much wisdom; one which we shall bear in mind and from which we shall derive great benefit.

His Excellency eloquently described a few facts about the extraordinary life of Teresa Newman, the celebrated German stigmatist.

Our eminent speaker fixed our attention on the "actual" rôle of this chosen soul, a rôle to be summed up in these words: "It is to affirm to the face of a world imbued with materialism and sensualism, that the supernatural really exists; that Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word, lived in our midst, suffered and died on the Cross for us; that He continues through the medium of the Holy Church, His work of enlightenment and love."

Such a pious conference bade fair to yield abundant fruit. It made us understand the paramount importance of suffering, and its necessity in the divine plan of Redemption. It enkindled our love for our dear Saviour, and was a powerful incentive to generosity.

Thursday, September 26

This morning, Mass was celebrated by the brother of one of the Novices, Father Beaulieu, of the Foreign Mission Seminary, who will soon sail for Manchukuo, his future field of apostolate.

The touching missionary hymns sung during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass petitioned our beloved Queen of the Missions in his behalf. May she steer over life's seas the barque of this valiant apostle and ever remain his powerful auxiliary!

When taking his leave, the new priest encouraged us to strive on towards our missionary ideal which is also his; and, in closing, he proposed an interchange of prayers.

Tuesday, October 1

October, the month of manifold blessings, was hailed with joy, and found us all resolved to spend it with renewed fervour. For, is it not specially consecrated to Mary, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, who has many a

time proved to our land of exile that the devotion of the Rosary is most pleasing to her, and compels her, so to say, to shower her merciful favours upon us?

In common exultation, we greeted her, this morning by our most beautiful hymns. We shall continue doing so, this month, by the recitation of our *Aves*, which shall be as a starry crown lovingly offered to her.

Hail! Holy Virgin, receive these garlands of praise with the wish that you may be known and honored from pole to pole, since your reign un-failingly brings about that of Jesus!

Deign also to hear the pressing entreaties which storm heaven for a prompt and just peace. Have pity on all sufferers, hearken to their prayers and be their salvation.

Thursday, October 3

Everyone was in high spirits to-day, as we celebrated the feast of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, the amiable Patroness of Missionaries.

During Mass, our hymns entreated her to let fall a shower of roses and heavenly favours on our own Canadian shore.

In the course of the day, while our hands were engaged in light tasks, we reflected on the virtues of our beloved little Saint and on the many graces obtained through her intercession.

We had the impression that she was in our midst; has she not promised to return after her death to make the world love the good God? And, moreover, would she not be quite "at home" in the company of Missionaries and Novices? We truly believed it, and this thought increased our confidence in her.

Especially to-day, we prayed that she help us follow her *little way* of childlike simplicity and love, and that she give us her heaven-scaling ardors that we may always please Jesus by the loving acceptance of the many little sacrifices encountered during life.

By a very providential coincidence, we received, this afternoon, a precious relic of our dear Patron. This exquisite attention brought great joy to all, and made us utter a most sincere "Thank you" to the generous donor.

Sunday, October 20

If the apostolic spirit impregnates, so to speak, every single moment of our lives, how much more intense it was on this day specially dedicated to the Missions and chosen by Holy Mother Church as the Sunday of the Propagation of the Faith. And this regulation concerns us, not only as future Missionaries, but also as followers of Christ. It is a strict duty resulting from the glorious titles of believers and of Christians. The name "apostle" may have three different meanings. It may be applied to those who "pray," to those who "give", to those who "give themselves". Evidently the first is within the power of everybody.

With the Divine Redeemer we lifted up our eyes and saw the immense countries white already to harvest; and the grief formerly manifested by His aching Heart, had its repercussion in our soul, to-day. "The harvest is great — over a thousand millions of pagans — but the labourers are few".

Oh! how that poignant thought stirred in our hearts the ardent desire to perseveringly follow our beautiful vocation. We petitioned the Master to send forth countless labourers, and to grant us an unstinted and ever-increasing zeal. We will strive to save a countless number of souls, to be apostles who pray, who do not haggle over sacrifices; thus we shall be preparing to be apostles who will later give their all in the Mission-field!

Sunday, October 27

"Speak, command, reign!" Such were the opening words of the triumphant refrain which lead each decade of the Rosary. For, to-day, the whole Church joins in chorus, as it were, to celebrate the festival of the Kingship of Jesus Christ.

On great solemnities a joyous *Deo Gratias* is always perfectly suitable. When this favour was granted us, the enlivening conversation and the many games contributed to spread general animation.

At Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Act of Consecration to our Divine King was read. With all our hearts, we stressed these last words: "And grant that over the whole earth, from pole to pole, may resound the words, 'Praise be to the Divine Heart through which was brought to us salvation; glory and honour be to It for ever' ". Yes, indeed, may He rule over all people, over all nations, to sanctify them, to pacify them!

Friday, November 1

To-day, the Feast of All Saints, we united our voices to the great heavenly choirs to extol the Most High by celebrating their triumph.

Our sanctuary, adorned with spreading palms and with wreaths of different symbolic shades, was like a bit of heaven and reminded us, in its own way, that "the laurels belong to the victor". While we are still here below, fighting the hard struggles, awaiting the promised reward, the comforting thought of heaven must be our incentive force: such was our request to the holy souls as we congratulated them on their constancy and victory.

After reciting the first part of the Rosary, we entered upon our holiday. All were eager to proclaim the name of their Patron; for it is a custom among us to take as our Protector for the year, the Saint whose name comes first to our mind when we awaken. St. Joseph, St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, St. Francis Xavier, St. Ignatius of Loyola, have adopted several *protégées*. As for the others, there was a most interesting diversity....

Till three o'clock we enjoyed a merry recess in honour of the Blessed. These moments of light-heartedness were then followed by a strange melancholic hush inspired by the remembrance of the departed.

Perfect silence reigned in the house till the day after All Souls' Day, in order to favour the indulgenced visits applicable to the relief of the suffering Souls in Purgatory.

Thus is the consoling dogma of the Communion of Saints put into practice. Great was our emulation, for we were eager to hasten the release of the greatest number of souls possible from the dungeons of God's justice, so that they may, without delay, join the celestial choirs who sing eternally, in one mighty chorus, the praises of Almighty God.



The Children's Page

DEAR CHILDREN,

I had thought of inviting you for a pleasant outing on the snow-covered roads, where the eye can embrace a vast expanse, where you can watch the sun scatter billions of diamonds on the earth robed in bridal white, where the branches and boughs are all laden with gems where, in a word, one can admire at leisure, the beauties of the winter season.

After this enchanting contemplation when the soul, without effort, rises to the Creator of such marvels, what could be more natural for children and their Great Friend, than sports over the deep and untrodden snow, where the keen bracing breeze sends warm streams of life through their veins and makes their cheeks glow with the flush of perfect health. How tempting then is the lunch they carry in their pockets... and, besides, how pleasant to chat together about the joys that Winter brings, particularly the joys of Christmas and of the New Year....

Lo, the bright New Year appeareth!
Children give it welcome now;
For it bears the Name of Jesus
Blazoned on its breast and brow.
In His name and with His blessing,
Hark, this message it imparts:
"Children, keep the Name of Jesus
All your days within your hearts!"

I had thought... but now, I have changed my mind. I am just coming in from a visit to a Prisoner and it is of Him I would like to speak to you. This loving Prisoner, august and spotless, has been a captive for two thousand years now... and will be so until the end of the world. Do you understand Whom I mean?...

Jesus?

Yes, Jesus of the Tabernacle. Is not this Tabernacle whose door is always locked, a prison for the Son of God, Who is equal to His Father, King of Heaven and earth, all-powerful, immense, and Who conceals in His mind infinite creations? And is He not a Prisoner since He is confined therein? He never comes out of it but well guarded.

Oh! dear Children, yes, Jesus is a prisoner, but He is voluntarily so... through love... His humble abode is a furnace of love and His guards are guards of love.

Before dying on the Cross for the redemption of the world which He effected by offering His sufferings and merits to satisfy for the justice of God irritated by the sins of man, He accomplished the great marvel of the Eucharist, so as to constantly remain with us to be our life, our light and our strength, realizing His word: "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." And that, because He loves us and wishes to make us happy, according to this other word: "My delights are to be with the children of men."

But what does Jesus receive from man in return for such love? Forgetfulness, indifference, ingratitude, contempt. How sad it is! Poor Jesus, how little He is understood by His creatures!...

However, there is a small number of souls who render Him love for love and are devoted to Him. Oh! how happy these souls are, and what divine favours do they not receive from Him!

I wish, dear Children, that you were all of this little number, but this is up to you, it depends on your assiduity to visit Him in the Tabernacle. Oh! if frequently you sacrifice a game or an outing, to go and kneel at the foot of the altar and, there, in the profound silence and calm of the lonely chapel, you said to Him like little Samuel of old: "Speak Lord for Thy servant heareth," you would hear His sweet voice in the depths of your heart and you would be filled with joy. Jesus would also help you to understand many things, He would make you feel hungry for Holy Communion and, by the efficacy of this Sacrament, you would become strong to practise virtue and keep unsullied your robe of innocence, which makes you resemble the angels, but which many children lose, so soon, alas!

No doubt, that to receive Communion often, every day, if possible, you will have to make sacrifices, deny yourselves, but how well rewarded will your sacrifices be! Thus you will prove your love to Jesus, for he who does not renounce himself does not love.

It is on account of this lack of abnegation that so many persons remain indifferent to Holy Eucharist. They would have to disturb themselves to go to church, and be watchful to avoid evil, but they do not. It is why their soul suffers and languishes on the road of life, because it is deprived of its Divine Food.

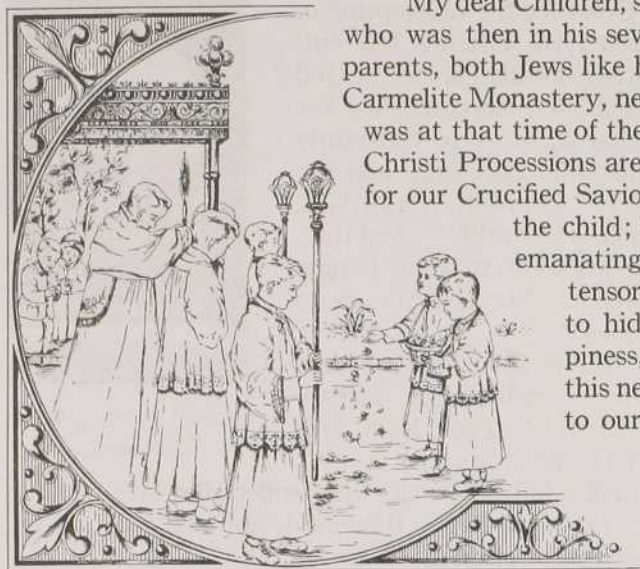
Oh! dear Children, never rank among these indifferent, these ungrateful Christians. May it never be said that your soul is dying of hunger beside the Source of Life.

It is what Reverend Father Hermann, Jewish convert who became a Carmelite Monk, recommended his children when he spoke to them of the Blessed Eucharist.

One day as he was preaching to children in the city of Lyons, he related to them the beautiful fact that follows, to make them better appreciate the great grace they received in being born in the Catholic Church.



*Yes, Jesus is a
Prisoner...*



*It was at that time of the year when
the Corpus Christi Processions are held. . .*

"My dear Children, six years ago, a little child who was then in his seventh year came with his parents, both Jews like himself, to see me at the Carmelite Monastery, near the city of Agen. It was at that time of the year when the Corpus Christi Processions are held. Profound horror for our Crucified Saviour had been inspired to the child; however, Divine Grace, emanating profusely from the Ostensorium where Jesus deigns to hide Himself for our happiness, became victorious of this new soul, so unaccustomed to our mysteries; it attracted this young heart to the love of Jesus with such vehemence and yet with such ineffable sweetness, that the child believed in the Real Presence in the

Sacrament of His love, before knowing any other truths of our Holy Religion. And, by dint of prayers and supplications, he obtained the signal favour of donning the ornaments of one of these choir boys who, during the processions of the Blessed Sacrament, scatter flowers on the path of Jesus. Overflowing with joy and heavenly consolation after having performed this angelic function, he ran to his father. 'Oh! father,' he said, 'what happiness! Do you know? I have just thrown flowers to God.' In the mouth of this little Jewish child, it was a profession of faith altogether new.... The father, fearing that this only son on whom was centered all his affection, might be influenced to change religion, henceforth watched him with more vigilance and wished to return with him to Paris, where his home was; but, before the departure, a victorious shaft coming from the Heart of the Eucharistic King had struck, pierced, almost overthrown the young mother and made her a Christian. Then, in the profound mystery of a silent night, she had received Baptism and Holy Eucharist from the hands of her own brother who was a priest. The following day, the Bishop gave her the Sacrament of Confirmation. Nothing was known of this pious secret, and the family took the route to Paris unaware of the fact that there was a Christian in their midst.

"George — it was the child's name — could not forget the holy impressions these Christian feasts had made upon his soul; he often spoke to his mother about them. He questioned her, and she, happy to see the seed of light, sown in his soul by Divine Grace, germinate, gladly developed in that mind eager to be enlightened, the knowledge of the God of love, of that dear Jesus, Who had wished to be born of a daughter of Jacob and become man to save the sheep of Israel....

"From that moment, in fact, his young intelligence and ardent heart

was no longer occupied but with the thought and remembrance of that little Host which had wounded him with love; and, every evening, after having made sure that his father was asleep, he opened his eyes and prayed a long time to the Child Jesus and he studied his Catechism. 'O Jesus,' would he say, 'when will my fast end? When will I be able to receive Thee in Holy Communion and press Thee to my heart?' What preoccupied him very much, was the change he had remarked in his mother since that journey to the South; he noticed she was different, she had stricter principles and tastes, and one day he said: 'Swear that you are not baptized, or I will believe that you are.' The mother embarrassed, knew not what to answer. 'Ah! mamma,' he replied, 'I see it very well. You are already a Christian and I hope that the good Jesus will soon unite me to you. I forgive you for having preceded me; but, at least, have you waited for me to make your First Communion?' And the mother whose heart thrilled with emotion where joy was mingled with fear, dared to confide to her son that she received her Saviour almost each morning.... The child burst into tears and, throwing his arms around his mother's neck: 'Oh! Why did you not wait for me?' he sobbed. 'At least, allow me to keep very close to you when Jesus will be in your heart, that I may respectfully kiss that Divine and so loving Child. . . . O beloved Mother, I pray, keep me something of your Communion, the next time; a mother willingly shares her food with her child...' And the young child would draw close to his mother and respectfully kiss her garments near her heart....

"This desire, this ardour, my dear Children, lasted four long years. It would be impossible to tell what sacrifices, what efforts this poor child had to make to conciliate the obedience he owed his father with his lively faith and to describe his sole preoccupation to become Christian, to learn to know, love and serve Jesus Christ. It was a long martyrdom, a martyrdom of love for the Blessed Eucharist!...

"Well, dear Children, perhaps have you never reflected how privileged you were to be born of Catholic parents, to receive Baptism at birth, in a city like Lyons, where the light of Religion shines with such splendour; perhaps have you never thanked Jesus Christ for having made you children of His Church even before your reason was opened to light... for having admitted you to the Banquet of His love without your meeting with any obstacles but rather with holy encouragement.... See that poor child, at the age of eleven, he assists at a Solemn First Communion ceremony in his parish.... He knows Jesus, he loves Jesus, he longs for nothing but Jesus!... His little heart is burning with thirst for Jesus.... He sees all his childhood companions and friends legitimately approach the Holy Table and, can you picture him hiding in an obscure corner of the church, restraining his tears and casting upon all these happy children glances of inconsolable and holy jealousy!... Never, dear Children, have you felt that envy! Never has this treasure, the dear Jesus, been refused to you. You cannot understand what it is to desire Holy Communion when one is yet a Jew or a pagan, but determined to belong to Jesus! No, never have you endured a similar torment of love!... But woe to you, dear Children, if the facility with which these

treasures of grace and salvation are distributed to you made you appreciate them less! Woe to you if you were ungrateful or even indifferent for this benefit which surpasses all the other benefits of God!

"A few months after this parish feast, the mother wrote to me that she could no longer resist the tears of her son who threatened to go and ask Baptism to the first priest he could soften by his fate and that he had learnt that he had the necessary dispositions to receive it. All the difficulties of his position with his beloved father for whom the hour of faith in Jesus Christ had not yet struck, and who made use of all his authority to prevent his son from becoming a Christian, were weighed. But the love of Jesus Christ was the stronger, and it was decided that I would come to Paris in secret. Oh! had you seen that child when he entered the chapel with his mother! She was trembling in the fear that she might be caught escaping the father's supervision. Oh! had you seen little George kneel down, calm, happy, strong in his resolution, his face beaming with holy joy! Oh! had you heard the answers he gave me in this solemn interrogatory. 'What are you asking, my child?'—'Baptism.'—'But do you know that to-morrow, perhaps, you will be compelled to enter the synagogue in order to participate in an abolished worship?'—'Do not fear, uncle, I abjure Judaism.'—'But if with threats, they obliged you to trample the Crucifix in hatred for our Holy Religion?'—'Do not be afraid, uncle, I would die rather. However,' added he, 'if they tied my feet and hands and if, despite my cries, my protestations and resistance, they brought me to the synagogue and placed my feet on the image of the Crucifix, would there be apostasy, if my will resisted?'—'No, child, the will alone constitutes a sin.'—'Well, I request Baptism. Please do grant it to me!'

"The ceremony continued in the midst of the deepest emotion of the assistants. After Baptism came Holy Mass and once I had received my God with transports of gratitude, I turned around and showed the happy child the object of all his wishes. Never did a more touching spectacle strike the eyes of Christian Faith!... Kneeling between his mother and godmother, he aspired in a divine kiss and received in his heart this dear Child Jesus Who was coming to bring him Heaven. Nothing troubled his happiness, not even the fear of being surprised by his father.... A few weeks later, on All Saints' Day, he received Communion again and with the same joy; then came the time of trial."

It is getting late, dear Children, I must leave you. The story of little George is not finished but I shall continue it the next time. In the meantime, strive to imitate the faith and the love of this good little boy for the Blessed Eucharist.

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.



During your works and studies, you can lift your hearts to God; and if you direct everything to the divine service, everything is prayer.

— *Father William Doyle, S.J.*

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.

Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin Mary for the many prayers answered. Please remember my very special intentions in your prayers. Mrs. L. D., **North Malden, Ont.** — Thanksgiving to our Blessed Mother for a favour received through her intercession. Mrs. H. G. M., **Norwich, Conn.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained several months ago. I also have two more favours to ask the Blessed Virgin, so would you kindly pray for me. Miss A. K., **Chicopee Falls, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin, my brother has recovered from an operation and is getting along nicely. Miss G. C., **Lewiston, Me.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Queen of the most Holy Rosary for favour received. Miss M. C. McHugh, **Woodslee, Ont.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favour received. Mrs. E. G., **Dracut, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to our Lady of Perpetual Help for favour obtained. Miss M. P., **Marlboro, Mass.** — I feel a slight improvement in my condition; I attribute this to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Miss M. McD., **Chatham, N. B.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin, my husband has obtained work. Will you please pray for me to succeed in the future. Mrs. C. K., **Millbury, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Miss M. H., **Millbury, Mass.** — My husband did find work. Sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Will you please pray for his health now, he is sick all the time. I would like you to pray for my son, also, that he may find a position and be able to help us. Mrs. G. C., **Brunswick, Me.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. I also wish you to pray for a special intention of mine. Mrs. W. J. B., **Plympton, N. S.** — Sometime ago I was granted a certain favour. Please help me to thank the Blessed Virgin. Will you please pray for me. Mrs. E. B., **Lewiston, Me.** — Thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, my brother and brother-in-law have obtained work. Miss P. B., **South Berwick, Me.** — My heartfelt thanks to Our dear Lady of the Sacred Heart for many great favours I have received. Mrs. M. D., **Montreal.** — My sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin for the cure of my granddaughter. Mrs. C. E. R., **Sutton, Que.** — Through the intercession of Our Lady, I have already received one great favour. Please publish my thanks. Miss I. K., **Montreal.** — I invoked Our Lady to help me and she has done so wonderfully. Please help me to thank her and continue praying for me, that I may not feel so nervous. Miss M. H., **Johnstone, Scotland.** — I am happy to tell you that my husband's leg has greatly improved and I am sure that it will soon be completely cured. Heartfelt thanks to the Immaculate Virgin. Mrs. W. B., **Montreal.** — I underwent a serious operation and came through safely. I thank God and good St. Anne. Mrs. H. G., **Douglastown, Que.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received through the intercession of St. Jude and St. Ansgar. Miss K. M., **Van-couver, B. C.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained through St. Teresa and the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. J. G., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Lourdes for a favour obtained. Mrs. G. L., **Lewiston, Me.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a grace obtained through her intercession. A Subscriber, **Cabano.** — Lively gratitude to our Heavenly Mother for a benefit she has bestowed upon me. Mrs. J. G., **St. Ludger.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a great favour obtained through her intercession. Mr. L. R., **Joliette.** — Sincere thanks to the Holy Mother of God for a cure obtained. Mrs. G. L., **St. Madeleine, St. Hyacinthe Co.** — Grateful thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a cure obtained after having promised to publish. Mrs. A. S., **Westmount.** — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a grace obtained. I request this dear Mother's protection for my daughter and love of work for my son. A Subscriber, **St. Barthélemy.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Mrs. R. M., **St. Rock de l'Achigan.** — Thanksgiving for favour obtained. Mrs. J. D., **St. Philippe.** — Thanksgiving for a cure and other favours. Mrs. J. B. M., **St. Luc.** — I thank the Blessed Virgin for a cure obtained through her intercession. Mr. Fr. B., **St. Narcisse.** — A cure obtained. Mrs. Y. R., **St. George.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in thanksgiving for a great favour obtained. Mrs. A. A., **St. George.** — Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother for a favour received. Mrs. H. E. T., **St. Stanislaus.** — Lively gratitude to our Heavenly Mother for a benefit received. A Subscriber, **l'Isle-Verte.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. M. S., **Montreal.** — Sincere thanks for a benefit which has been granted to me. Mrs. F. T., **Salem, Mass.** — Kindly publish my cure obtained after wearing the Miraculous Medal. Lively gratitude to Mary Immaculate!

Mrs. N. T., **Montreal**. — Thanks to our Heavenly Mother for work obtained. Mrs. A. G., **Shawinigan**. — I am acquitting myself of a promise in honour of the Blessed Virgin and heartily thank this kind Mother. Mrs. H. M., **Montreal**. — Homage of gratitude to the Immaculate Virgin. Miss O. Brien, **Montreal**. — I sincerely thank the Blessed Virgin for a favour she has obtained for me. Mrs. D., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a benefit received through her intercession. Mrs. A. D., **Breakeyville**. — I am pleased to acquit myself of a promise in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Anonymous. — Great favour obtained through Our Blessed Mother's intercession. Kindly pray for my health. A. M. — Thanks for a great cure obtained. Mrs. J. B., **Lac-des-Aigles**.

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

Petitions

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

Would you make a Novena to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin, that my brother-in-law may be cured of his shortness of breath and be able to obtain sleep. Please pray also for two other favours. E. A., A Subscriber, **Montreal**. — There are a few favours I wish to receive, would you please pray for me. Mr. L. de S., **Montreal**. — Please pray for me because I am a woman with very poor health and my husband has very little work. Mrs. J. G., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Being a subscriber to THE PRECURSOR, may I ask you to pray for four of my intentions. Mrs. J. J. G., **Northwood, Ont.** — Would you kindly pray for the following intentions: that we may prosper financially; that the family get well; that my daughter may collect her wages; that my daughter may make a happy and prosperous marriage soon. Mrs. C. J., **Salem, Mass.** — I have so many favours I wish to obtain for my family and myself; please remember me in your prayers to Our Immaculate Mother. Miss M. M., **Montreal**. — I am writing to ask some prayers. Please remember us in your Novena, and ask Our Lady to obtain us work and money, for we have prayed so long and yet we are so distressed. Mrs. A. C., **Verdun, Que.** — Kindly pray for a special intention of mine. — I ask you very earnestly to make a Novena as soon as possible for two special favours. Miss E. L., **Montreal**. — Will you please have a Novena for a person who is lying in bed in a cast and is suffering very much. Miss M. T. D., **Seaforth, Ont.** — I am coming to ask you to pray for me that I may obtain work in my line. Miss I. K., **Montreal**. — Will you kindly start a Novena to the Blessed Virgin that I may obtain a permanent position so as not to have to give up my house. Please pray for a very special intention also. Mrs. J. K., **Verdun**. — I am pleading for prayers for my son who is in trouble. A broken-hearted Mother, **Verdun, Que.** — Will you please pray for my husband, that he may stop drinking and lead a better life. A friend, **Otterville, Ont.** — Please pray for my girls. Mrs. N. McG., **Everett, Mass.** — Would you kindly remember my little brother in your numerous novenas. He is expecting a new position and his greatest desire is to get it very soon. Miss I. G. R., **Andover, Mass.** — Will you please pray to our Blessed Mother for two special intentions. Mrs. A. D., **Marlboro, Mass.** — Please pray for our little girl that she may be cured without an operation; that my husband may find a position and that I may find a way to earn money; times are very hard here. Mrs. F. McL., **Houlton, Me.** — An afflicted mother requests special prayers for her son's recovery. A Subscriber, **Batiscan**. — I have been suffering from many troubles for the past three years. Kindly pray for me. Mrs. M. G., **Portland, Me.** — Will you kindly pray for me that I may get work. Mr. J. G., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Will you please make a Novena for me to Our Blessed Mother in Heaven, that I may obtain employment. Miss I. M. K., **Montreal**. — Please pray that my husband may obtain steady employment. May the Blessed Virgin watch over my three brothers who are in the war with the Canadian Air Force. Mrs. M., **Windsor, Ont.** — Kindly pray for protection and good health for our family, and for all our other intentions. — Please say a little prayer for me. Mrs. R. D., **Britton**. — Kindly pray for me, that I may obtain a position. Mrs. R. P. A., **Van Buren, Me.** — I would like you to pray for my family and myself. Mrs. S. L., **Waterville, Me.** — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin for special intentions. Miss B. C., **Plympton, N. S.** — Please make a Novena in honour of Our Blessed Mother, that my mother may have a successful operation and speedy recovery. Mrs. R. B. — Will you ask Our Blessed Mother a position

as stenographer for my daughter. Mrs. A. C. Timmins — My health is somewhat better, but I would appreciate your burning a few candles in my intentions, so that I may feel even better. Please continue to pray for my husband, so that his condition will improve and that he will be able to continue his daily task. Mrs. R. D., Millbury, Mass. — I would like you to pray that I will get a good position. Miss O'M., Watford. — I will ask your prayers for myself and family. Mrs. M. M., Wingle, Ont. — Please make a Novena at once for our intentions. Mrs. T. J. F., McAlpine, Ont. — Will you please pray that I may get a position before long. Mr. J. G., Skowhegan, Me. — Please pray to our dear Blessed Mother to grant me two very special spiritual favours. — Will you kindly start a Novena to Our Blessed Mother and good St. Ann, that my two daughters may get a good position and that they may keep away from bad company. A Subscriber, Kirkland Lake, Ont. — Kindly make a Novena to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin that I may obtain a special favour, that my husband will be promoted and for another favour also. Mrs. I. M., Tilbury, Ont. — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin that I may obtain health for my daughter. A Subscriber, St. Thècle. — I am requesting your prayers for a special intention. Mrs. E. St-A., St. Narcisse. — May the Blessed Virgin grant better health to my husband. I also request of her a special favour. Mrs. A. B., St. Tite. — A sick mother is requesting prayers for her recovery. Mrs. E. C., St. Tite. — Please pray for special intentions. Mrs. P. G., St. Tite. — I am asking the Blessed Virgin to help us to sell a farm. A Subscriber, Biddeford, Me. — Please pray for my husband, that he may obtain a permanent position. Mrs. E. B., Montreal.

A MASS is celebrated every week in the chapel of the Novitiate of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the deceased Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all deceased Benefactors.



NECROLOGY

Reverend Father E. Gélinas, P. P., South Porcupine, Ont.; Reverend Brother Gaston Chamard, O. M. I., Ottawa; Mr. Antoine Leblanc, Glen Robertson, Ont., father of our Sisters Marie Antoine and Marie Florida; Mrs. Albina Jodry, Point St. Charles, Montreal, sister of our Sister Claire de Jésus; Miss Gabrielle Frenette, G. N., St. Jean l'Evangéliste, Bonaventure Co., sister of our Sisters St. Michel Archange and Marie de la Salette; Mr. Gérard Demers, Laprairie, brother of our Sister St. François de Borgia, novice; Mrs. L. E. Fortier, Montreal; Mrs. Joseph Lebeau, Farnham, Que.; Mrs. Gordon C. Irwin, Siscoe, Que.; Miss Lillian Larkin, Kirkland Lake, Ont.; Miss Noella McClish, Quebec; Mr. John Power, Quebec; Mr. F. X. Dorais, Athelstan, Que.; Mrs. M. McEniry, Montreal West; Mrs. L. N. Timmins, Montreal; Mrs. Rose Boylan, Lunenburg Co., N. S.; Mr. Harry O'Leary, Beverly, Mass.; Mrs. Alexis Ducharme, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Christine Dillon, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. John Hoolahan, Notre Dame de Grâce; Mr. Francis Gilmore, Notre Dame de Grâce; Mrs. Charles Jackson, Keystown, Sask.; Miss Aletha Thompson, Brigham; Mr. and Mrs. John Farrell, West Shefford, Que.; Mrs. O. Franketti, Timmins, Ont.; Mrs. Marg. Spencer, Timmins, Ont.; Mr. Ernest Stevens, Montreal; Miss Mary Egan, Kingston, Ont.; Mrs. Frank Eug. Dowd, Montreal; Mr. Peter Brady, Montreal; Mrs. Daniel Kiernan, Notre Dame de Grâce; Mr. H. A. Springle, Oka, Que.; Mrs. John Sheridan, St. Amand, Que.; Mr. Alexander Irving, Matapédia; Mr. George Kiernan, Roxton Pond, Que.; Mr. J. P. Cleary, St. Joachim, Que.; Mr. Peter Carey, Marlboro, Mass.; Mr. Joseph Levasseur, Danvers, Mass.; Mr. Adélard Dutil, Salem, Mass.; Miss Mary Cagney, Montreal; Mrs. Elizabeth Carroll, St. Columban, Que.; Miss Helen MacDonald, East Millinocket, Me.

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Dispensary. School.

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TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1932).

Dispensary. School.

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

Dispensary.

KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1933).

Dispensary.

IN JAPAN

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

Kindergarten.

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

Kindergarten.

IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, 287 Tayuman St., (Founded in 1921).

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

IN ITALY

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

Procure for the Missions.

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

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

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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