

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIII, 19th Year

MONTREAL, May-June, 1941

No. 3

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

IN CANADA

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

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

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

OUTREMONT, Que., 314 St. Catherine Road.

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Sewing-circles. Kindergarten.

CHINESE HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, 112 Lagauchetière St. West, Montreal,
(Founded in 1918).

Religious instruction for the Chinese.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception also visit Chinese patients in Catholic or Protestant hospitals, when requested to do so.

NOMINQUE, Que., (Bethany) (Founded in 1914).

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls.

RIMOUSKI, Que., St. Germain St., (Founded in 1918).

Apostolic School for Aspirants to the Missions. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Workroom for making Church Vestments. Sewing-circles for ladies and girls. Kindergarten. Private lessons in French, English, Music and Painting.

JOLIETTE, Que., 750 St. Louis St., (Founded in 1919).

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Workroom for making Church Vestments. Sewing-circles.

QUEBEC, 4 Simard St., (Founded in 1919).

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Recollections for girls. Sewing-circles. Private lessons in Painting.

VANCOUVER, B. C., 236 Campbell Ave., (Founded in 1921).

Oriental Hospital. Home and Dispensary for the Chinese. Private lessons in Language and Catechism for Chinese children and adults. Visits to Chinese families.

THREE RIVERS, Que., 466 Bonaventure St., (Founded in 1926.)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Sewing-circles for ladies and girls. Kindergarten.

QUEBEC, 651 St. Cyrille St., (Founded in 1928).

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Sewing-circles.

GRANBY, Que., 35 Dufferin St., (Founded in 1930).

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

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

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

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

The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls.

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Kindergarten.

ST. JOHNS, Que., 430 Champlain St., (Founded in 1935).

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.

(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

By Patronizing Our Workroom, You Help Our Missions.

Chasuble, damask silk, silk braid	\$ 17.00	and \$ 25.00
“ moire-antique, with beautiful emblem	25.00	“ 35.00
“ moire-antique, very richly embroidered in gold	75.00	“ 100.00
“ velvet, gold braid and emblem	35.00	“ 40.00
“ fine gold cloth, with or without very rich hand-embroidery	50.00	“ 90.00
Benediction Veil	7.00	“ upwards
Cope, damask silk, silk or gold braid	30.00	“ 50.00
“ moire-antique, very richly embroidered in gold	70.00	“ 90.00
“ gold cloth, with beautiful emblem and raised hand-embroidery in gold	100.00	“ 150.00
Alb with guipure lace	8.00	“ upwards
Linen surplices with lace	5.00	“ “
Felt Altar Covers, green or red	5.00	“ “
Tabernacle Veil	5.00	“ “
Ciborium Cover	4.00	“ “
Breviary Marks, hand-painted	1.00	“ “
Collar for “ Sacred Heart League ”	8.00	“ “

A large variety of banners and canopies made in our workroom.

Silk flags, hand-painted and hand-embroidered. Staff is of oak and comprises a detachable holder and lance of gold-enamelled brass. Finished with fringe of half-fine gold.

Description and prices given on request.

WAX INFANTS

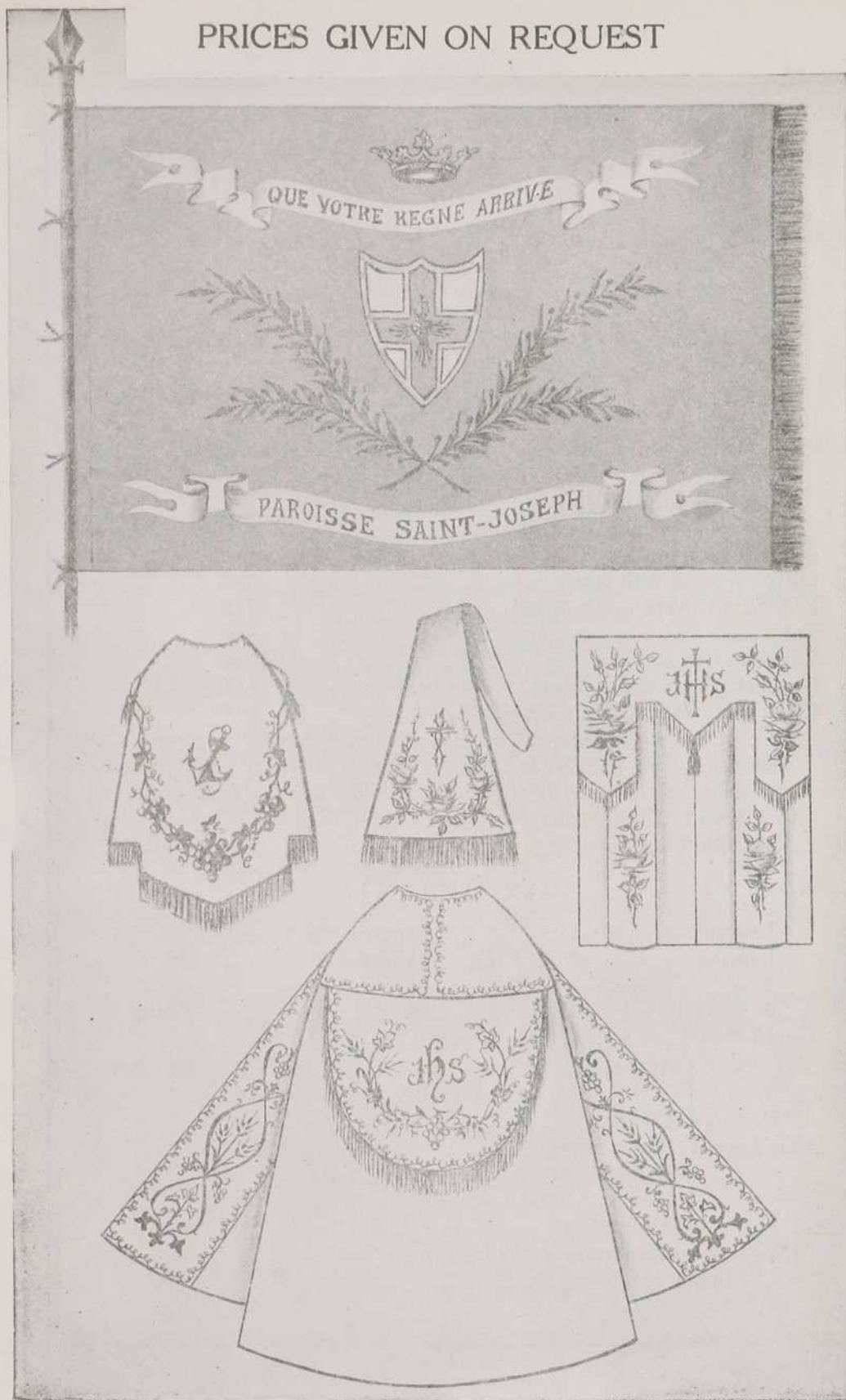
Length		Length	
5 inches	\$ 2.50	14 inches	\$16.00
7 “	4.00	17 “	25.00
9 “	7.00	22 “	35.00
12 “	14.00		

Altar Linens {	Amices	\$12.00 per doz.
	“ linen, second quality	10.80 “ “
	Corporals	8.50 “ “
	Finger-towels	4.50 “ “
	Purificators	5.00 “ “
	Palls	4.00 “ “
	Altar cloths	6.00 each

We supply *altar-breads* at the following prices:

Small	\$1.20 per 1000
Large40 “ 100

PRICES GIVEN ON REQUEST





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters

of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XIII, 19th Year

Montreal, May-June, 1941

No. 3

CONTENTS

Memorare.....	Mary C. McEnroe.....	126
Excellence of the Memorare.....	Abbe Ch. Rolland.....	127
Conversion of a Prisoner.....	Abbe Millot.....	131
Encyclical Letter "Summi Pontificatus" of His Holiness Pope Pius XII.....		133
Mission Intention.....	Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell.....	135
The Anchorite.....	James F. Mascari.....	136
A Heroic Maiden.....		137
A Modern Martyr.....	Very Rev. J. A. Walsh, M. Ap.....	143
Manna Hidden in the Cross.....		145
A Few Roses Scattered.....		147
Promises of the Sacred Heart to Saint Margaret Mary.....		148
Echoes from Our Missions.....		149
Novitiate Chronicles.....		173
The Children's Page.....		180
Thanksgivings — Petitions — Necrology.....		183

ILLUSTRATIONS

Chinese Children Praying for Our Benefactors.....		126
Our Queen and Mother.....		127
At the Rectory.....		137
At the Patient's Bedside.....		142
The Divine Betrothal.....		143
The Glorious Patroness of Missionaries.....		145
The Sacred Heart of Jesus.....		148
The Pearl River, Canton, China.....		152
The Women's Dress in the Philippines.....		153
Chinese Superstitions.....		156
His Excellency Bishop Lapierre with our Religious Community at Fakou.....		158
Young Chinese Christians.....		160
A Chinese Funeral in Manchukuo.....		161
The Superior General of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, at Koungtchouling, Manchukuo.....		163
The Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception of Vancouver.....		170
Children, The Friends of Jesus.....		181
Mary Immaculate and the Holy Eucharist.....		182



Memorare

*I ask you, Holy Mother,
And I know you'll hear me too;
For never was a sinner
Refused who fled to you.*

*Protect me from the tempter,
From sin and dark despair;
O Blessed Holy Mother,
Enfold me in your care.*

*I ask you to remember
My petitions great and small;
To guide my steps and actions,
And keep me from a fall.*

*I ask you, Holy Mother,
To guard my tongue each day;
To bless me every morning,
And teach me how to pray.*

*I ask the good Saint Joseph
To keep me at your side,
That Jesus, Mary, Joseph
May in my heart abide.*

— Mary C. McEnroe.

Excellency of the Memorare

ONE of the excellencies of this well-known prayer is found in the consideration of its author; he is no other than the pious and loving Saint Bernard, the most eloquent panegyrist of the glories of the Mother of God.

Not that Saint Bernard has composed it himself in its actual form, but the ideas, the tender sentiments, the very words, are extracts from his works, especially from his fourth sermon on the Assumption, a masterpiece of praise, confidence and love.

From the beautiful writings of our saintly abbot of Clairvaux another hand has compiled the present Memorare; and another Bernard, surnamed the "Poor Priest", likewise a great devotee of our Blessed Mother, who died in Paris in 1621, has made it popular the world over. This illustrious personage, a faithful friend of the needy and of the prisoners, after having passionately loved the world suddenly left it, and by the austerities of a new life atoned for the wanderings of his youth. In his humility he constantly refused the brilliant charges offered him. Permit us to reveal the touching simplicity of this servant of God. One day he was entreated by Cardinal Richelieu to express a wish. After having pondered a few moments, the "Poor Priest" exclaimed: "Monsignor, finally I have found a grace to ask of you, — when I accompany criminals to the scaffold to assist them in their last moments, the boards of the tumbril on which they are borne are so old that we are in constant dread of falling through the vehicle. May I ask, Monsignor, that these old boards be replaced by better ones?" We need not add that this humble request was granted without delay.

As we have said, this saintly priest had a burning zeal for the Blessed Virgin; to her he attributed his conversion. How he strived by every possible means to make her known and loved! All his confidence reposed in his Heavenly Mother, and in the Memorare he found a most beautiful way of telling her so. He had this, his favourite prayer, printed in several languages, and is believed to have distributed over two hundred thousand copies of it. How many times did not this gracious prayer issue forth from his lips for poor erring souls, whilst miracles of grace testified its efficacy!

Saint Francis of Sales had also experienced the great effects of the Memorare; daily he sent this filial message to the Queen of Heaven. How he loved to praise its wondrous power and recommend its recitation to the persons he directed! "I remember," says the Bishop of Belley, "that having learned it from him, I made it the inseparable companion of my life."

Ever since, the Memorare has become more and more popular, and pious souls are finding real consolation in repeating this ardent aspiration.

*
* * *

Confidence ever wins hearts. When someone confidently solicits our aid, were he our enemy, at once we are disarmed, we are subdued; we look

down with compassion and love, we forgive and forget. So powerful is it, that even the human heart is merciless towards those who repel or withstand it. Have you heard this little fact concerning the senators of the Areopagus? One of their colleagues had pushed aside a little bird that sought his protection after having escaped the hawk's talons. On hearing of such hard-heartedness our goodly men immediately banished him from their company.

And so is it with God. How our doubts and fears displease Him! Are they not a denial of His infinite power and goodness? But oh! on the other hand how our filial confidence wins His love!

And the heart of His gracious Mother, is it different from her Son's? Oh! no, she also stoops down to answer our every wish when it is borne on the wings of confidence.

As we know, the Memorare is above all the *prayer of confidence*. Is it not the cry of hope, the sublime formula of filial piety? The glorious titles we give to Mary, the pressing appeals we present to our loving Mother, the thoughts and sentiments, everything combines to make our prayer a cry of confidence. In a word, the Memorare is confidence in its most complete and persuasive form.

Confidence full of the most touching candour and simplicity, such as children have in their mother when soliciting a favour. "Remember, O most gracious Virgin," do we say to our powerful Queen. Does a mother forget her child? Is it possible that Mary should ignore anything that concerns our salvation? No, certainly not; but we pretend to ignore this, in order to touch her all the more.

Every time we say the Memorare to the Blessed Virgin we magnify her unfathomable clemency that is not restrained by time, space or circumstance. "Remember that it was never known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy aid and sought thy intercession, was left unaided. . . ." Some grow tired of granting favours, some have special protégés, but your maternal ears ever listen to requests, your compassionate heart is open to pity, your hand is extended to bestow without acception of persons. As the entire history of the Church attests, those deepest in misery and crime are not excluded from your motherly solicitude. Since the glorious day of your Assumption in Heaven, your universal ministry of grace has never ceased. Whoever cries to you in time of consolation or affliction, at home or before your altars, in travel or at rest, in the remotest deserts or in the crowded populace, on land or on sea, in the rage of tempests and on the rocky billows, in danger and persecution, is heard by you and receives the accomplishment of his desires. Remember, O Mother! I will be no exception! Your past favours confirm my assurance and embolden me to have recourse to you. You are always so good to everyone, how could you forget me?

Our confidence reposes on the firmest bases. In the Memorare we evoke the motives that render our assurance imperturbable. We remind Mary that she is kind and merciful, that she is a virgin, the Queen of virgins and consequently most sensitive and tender, that she is the Mother of the Word Incarnate, hence all-powerful and burning with the desire of applying the

merits of the Redeemer, that she is also our Mother, taking our interests at heart. One by one we extol the different titles of Mary, so consoling and encouraging; thus we stir our devotion and touch more surely her maternal heart.

Our confidence is penetrated with the most ardent love: not only do we come to Mary, but we run into her open arms, knowing full well that far from rejecting us she will give us the most sympathetic and affectionate welcome.

Our confidence is also accrued by the humble sentiments voiced in our prayer. Confidence wins the heart of God and of man because it implies faith in the power and condescension of the person addressed; also, and this is not the least important, because it is an avowal of our utter indigence and misery. Whilst pride and arrogance predispose against us, humility inclines towards us the benevolence of others. Have you noticed that in all the beautiful petitions addressed to Mary, the Church demands a humble acknowledgment of our distress? For instance, in the *Ave Maria*, we say "pray for us sinners," in the *Salve Regina*, "to thee we cry, weeping and mourning in this valley of tears," in the *Sub Tuum*, "despise not our prayers in our necessities." In the Memorare the sentiment of humility is linked to that of boundless confidence: we admit that we are miserable sinners, we bewail our malice, and only on bended knees dare we invoke our glorious Queen. So deeply do we feel our own unworthiness that we beseech her not to despise us, but hearken to our filial appeals and be propitious to her children.

Truly the Memorare is an admirable prayer. It is omnipotent on the heart of Mary. May we not add that it is the prayer of miracles?

*
* *

It would be easier to count the dazzling stars of the heavens than to estimate the infinite number of graces the Memorare has attracted upon earth. How many sinners has it not brought back to Christ, how many afflicted has it not consoled, and how many poor unfortunates has it not withdrawn from poverty and tribulation! Who can state the number of enterprises that have by it been brought to a successful outcome? How often has it not repelled the Spirit of darkness, solved our difficulties and dissipated our anguish, brought down upon body and soul blessings for time and eternity! Let us cite for our edification a few extracts from the Ecclesiastical Annals.

The venerable Father Bernard who has done so much to propagate this excellent prayer had in it, as we have already said, an unbounded confidence. He felt assured of the conversion of the most hardened sinners, when once he had persuaded them to recite it. We are told that having without success implored a notorious criminal to repeat the Memorare after him, the "Poor Priest" took a copy of the prayer and held it close to the man's lips, saying

out in indignation: "Well, you shall eat it, if you will not recite it!" The ruffian finally consented to say the Memorare. No sooner had he begun than moved by a sudden grace, he burst into tears, begged God's pardon, and died in admirable sentiments of contrition.

We all know that Saint Francis of Sales found relief in this prayer during a terrible temptation of despondency. He had been obsessed for one month by the presentiment that he would be damned, that his eternal destiny would be to hate and curse God along with the fallen angels. Such a horrible perspective tortured the pure and loving soul of the good Saint. He had lost all appetite, slept no more, and was on the verge of complete exhaustion. In this state he chanced one day to enter the church of Saint Stephen to pray. Noticing the prayer of Saint Bernard on a tablet near the statue of Our Blessed Lady, he fell on his knees and recited fervently the beautiful supplication. All of a sudden the awful temptation vanished; peace and a delicious calm were restored in his soul. He departed comforted and happy, filled with gratitude towards his Heavenly Advocate. Of all the favours obtained through the efficacy of the Memorare, this is assuredly one of the most marvelous.

Nowadays also, the prayer to the Blessed Mother continues to work wonders. Time would not suffice to enumerate them all. Let us mention but one, of which Father Lefebvre was an actual witness. The Memorare had become the theme of innumerable hymns, it was sung everywhere, in churches, homes, and even in cafes. At a reunion in Lyons a group of young persons, after several pieces of music of an altogether different style, had begun one of these hymns. The peaceful harmony of the inspired notes incited them on: their voices rose, melodious and full. Passers-by drew near to listen, but suddenly the altered voice and troubled countenance of the soloist threw them in astonishment. They saw him shed tears, then rush out of the gay meeting-place: another poor soul had been brought back from the path of sin, and had caused the Heavenly court to exult in great joy at his conversion. The grace of God lay hidden for him within the stanza:

"O Virgin at your feet, in misery
And bearing of my sins the heavy chain,
I kneel imploring pardon; just let me
Lift up my eyes and breathe your loving name,
Memorare!"

A few moments later, he asked and received his pardon through the ministry of a Catholic priest.

Let us also recite that touching prayer so dear to Mary because it was first said by one of her most devoted clients, and because of the deep sentiments of humility, tenderness, and filial love with which it inspires us. Let us say it for ourselves and all those who are dear to us, when kneeling at Mary's altar. Let us say it for those who have strayed away from God, that our good Lord may withdraw them from the depths of iniquity. Let

us say it in joy and in sorrow, in peace and in agitation, in success and in misfortune, in health and in sickness. And the Virgin of Virgins, Mary the Mother of Christ and our own, Mary all-merciful and kind will heed our petitions, and will grant us favours and blessings! And we shall, in our turn, bear testimony to the truth of the assertion that "None invokes Mary in vain!"

— Abbe Ch. ROLLAND.

The Memorare

Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, and sought thy intercession, was left unaided. Inspired with this confidence, I fly unto thee, O Virgin of virgins, my Mother; to thee I come, before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy hear and answer me. Amen.

(300 days.)

Conversion of a Prisoner

A priest was returning from a jail-house in the city of Paris, when a guard accosted him. "Father, we have among our prisoners a man condemned to death. Several of your confrères have tried to speak to him, but he refuses. . . He is furious and would break his head against the bars if he was not locked up in a dungeon. Do you want to see him?"

"Certainly," replied the priest.

The guard led him through a dark underground passage-way, and unlocked the dungeon-gate. At the sight of a black cassock, the prisoner's eyes flashed, he vociferated: "Why on earth have you brought a priest? Have I not repeatedly said I would never confess? You get out!"

"Listen, my friend, you need not confess if you do not want to," replied the minister of God. "I have just come to spend a while with you, because you are alone, and must be so lonesome just by yourself."

"All right, then," rejoined the prisoner. "You seem to be an honest fellow, sit down there." And so speaking, he motioned the priest to accept a miserable stone-bench in a corner of the cell. Without awaiting a second invitation the priest accepted the proffered seat. The prisoner then began the story of his life; he was a young man of twenty-nine, born in a respectful family, but whose religious instruction had been completely neglected. Since the age of twelve, he had wandered far and wide, and had committed so many crimes that finally the death-sentence had been pronounced against him.

When the man had finished, the priest tried to have his story repeated under the form of confession. The prisoner soon discovered the stratagem, and an explosion of execrations arose to his lips. Nothing had been gained, except the man's promise to recite daily the Memorare.

The priest's visits grew frequent, but were unsuccessful. The unfortunate wretch felt his crimes were too great, and forgiveness impossible.

One day at length, the priest who had become his friend questioned him as he did in confession. The man became aware, and did not seem to mind.

When he had said all, the priest spoke: "You have just confessed, my boy. There remains for you but to repent of your sins." And helping the prisoner to his pallet, the priest called forth the blessing of God upon his bended head, implored him to detest his sins, when a deep sigh escaped from the prisoner's breast. . . . "Oh, yes, I am sorry! How good you are to me! You have freed my heart of a 400-pound weight!"

Then wiping his tear-filled eyes with the back of his hand: "How strange that I should weep," he said. "I have never done so before! Every time the sun arose and shone in my poor little glass-window, I used to say: 'It is perhaps the last time,' and yet I did not weep . . . but now! Oh! how good God is! What a beautiful religion you have! Had I known all this before, I would never have fallen so low. . . ."

Grasping the priest's cassock, he beckoned him to kneel, saying: "Let us pray together, for if I pray alone, how could God listen to a man like me?"

The good father knelt; both wept silently.

A few days later the unfortunate young man, resigned and repentant, mounted on the scaffold.

— *Abbé Millot.*



Kind words prepare men for conversion, they convert them, they sanctify them, they procure entrance for wholesome counsels into their souls; they blunt temptations, they dissolve the dangerous clouds of gloom and sadness, they are beforehand with evil, they exorcise the devil.

Sometimes the conversions they work are gradual and take time; but more often they are sudden, more often they are like instantaneous revelations from heaven, not only unravelling complicated misunderstandings, and softening the hardened conviction of years but giving a divine vocation to the soul.

Truly it would be worth going through fire and water to acquire the right to find the opportunity of saying kind words!

Surely, then, it gives life a peculiar character that it should be gifted with a power so great, even if the exercise of it were difficult and rare.

— *Father Faber.*

Tribute of Gratitude

On March 16th last, Monsignor Louis Alexandre Dubuc, Domestic Prelate and rector at St. John the Baptist Church, Montreal, was suddenly called to God at the age of seventy-five.

His funeral service was celebrated by His Excellency Archbishop Charbonneau of Montreal, in the presence of a large number of parishioners and several hundred members of the Clergy.

The deceased prelate was a friend and benefactor of the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception; these make it a duty to pray for his soul and will conserve the remembrance of his charitable kindness on their behalf.

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)

2,000 Years of Experience

These last are recognizing in the Catholic Church principles of belief and life that have stood the test of two thousand years; the strong cohesion of the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, which in union with the Successor of Peter spends itself in enlightening minds with the teaching of the Gospel, in guiding and sanctifying men, and which is generous in its material condescension towards all, but firm when, even at the cost of torments or martyrdom, it has to say: "Non licet; it is not allowed!"

And yet, Venerable Brethren, the teaching of Christ, which alone can furnish man with such solid bases of belief as will greatly enlarge his vision, and divinely dilate his heart and supply an efficacious remedy to the very grave difficulties of today — this and the activity of the Church in teaching and spreading that Doctrine, and in forming and modelling men's minds by its precepts, are at times an object of suspicion, as if they shook the foundations of civil authority or usurped its rights.

Against such suspicions We solemnly declare with Apostolic sincerity that — without prejudice to the declarations regarding the power of Christ and of His Church made by Our predecessor, Pius XI, of venerable memory, in his Encyclical "Quas Primas" of December 11, 1925 — any such aims are entirely alien to that same Church, which spreads its maternal arms towards this world not to dominate but to serve. She does not claim to take the place of other legitimate authorities in their proper spheres, but offers them her help after the example and in the spirit of her Divine Founder Who "went about doing good" (Acts 10, 38).

Respect for Authority

The Church preaches and inculcates obedience and respect for earthly authority which derives from God its whole origin and holds to the teaching of her Divine Master Who said: "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's" (St. Matthew 22, 21); she has no desire to usurp, and sings in the liturgy: "He takes away no earthly realms who gives us the celestial" (Hymn for Feast of Epiphany). She does not suppress human energies but lifts them up to all that is noble and generous and forms characters which do not compromise with conscience. Nor has she who civilizes the nations ever retarded the civil progress of mankind, at which on the contrary she is pleased and glad with a mother's pride. The end of her activity was admirably expressed by the Angels over the cradle of the Word

Incarnate, when they sang of glory to God and announced peace to men of good will: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will" (St. Luke 2, 14).

This peace, which the world cannot give, has been left as a heritage to His disciples by the Divine Redeemer Himself: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you" (St. John 14, 27); and thus following the sublime teaching of Christ, summed up by Himself in the two-fold precept of love of God and of the neighbor, millions of souls have reached, are reaching and shall reach peace. History, wisely called by a great Roman "The Teacher of Life," has proved for close on two thousand years how true is the word of Scripture that he will not have peace who resists God (cf. Job 9, 4). For Christ alone is the "Corner Stone" (Ephesians 2, 20) on which man and society can find stability and salvation.

On this Corner Stone the Church is built, and hence against her the adversary can never prevail: "The gates of hell shall not prevail" (St. Matthew 16, 18), nor can they ever weaken her; nay, rather, internal and external struggles tend to augment the force and multiply the laurels of her glorious victories.

In the Hour of Darkness

On the other hand, any other building which has not been founded solidly on the teaching of Christ rests on shifting sands and is destined to perish miserably (cf. St. Matthew 7, 26, 27).

Venerable Brethren, the hour when this Our first Encyclical reaches you is in many respects a real "Hour of Darkness" (cf. St. Luke 22, 53), in which the spirit of violence and of discord brings indescribable suffering on mankind. Do We need to give assurance that Our paternal heart is close to all Our children in compassionate love, and especially to the afflicted, the oppressed, the persecuted? The nations swept into the tragic whirlpool of war are perhaps as yet only at the "beginnings of sorrows" (St. Matthew 24, 8), but even now there reigns in thousands of families death and desolation, lamentation and misery. The blood of countless human beings, even non-combatants, raises a piteous dirge over a nation such as Our dear Poland, which, for its fidelity to the Church, for its services in the defense of Christian civilization, written in indelible characters in the annals of history, has a right to the generous and brotherly sympathy of the whole world, while it awaits, relying on the powerful intercession of Mary, Help of Christians, the hour of a resurrection in harmony with the principles of justice and true peace.

(To be continued)



To find peace again men must learn again what Christ and His Church have preached for centuries: make the sacrifice of one's aspirations and desires when they appear incompatible with the rights of others or with the collective interest.

—Rev. M. J. Ahern, S. J.

Mission Intention for the Month of May

"For the Conversion of the Confucianists."

The religion of China prior to the birth of Confucius had been one of nature worship. The existence of a Supreme Being was recognized but he was surrounded by a galaxy of lesser deities who dwelt in the mountains, rivers and constellations of the heavens. All were considered subservient to T'ien Ti, who knew all, saw all, ordained all, but all had to obtain their share of service and sacrifice. The retribution for wrong-doing took on physical form and illness, disaster, in many instances death itself, were but punishments of the All High for misdemeanors. Man had no participation in the divinity of the gods, although good living made it possible for him to enter a paradise replete with physical pleasures. In addition to this, it was believed that the happiness of the departed ones depended in large measure upon the right conduct of their relatives.

Building on the groundwork of China's nature worship the Sage superimposed his own philosophy. Thus we find Confucianism, divested of positive revelation, centered upon ancestor worship, which transcends every precept of belief. However, the intrinsic goodness of Confucius created in his mind the desire to inspire others with his love of righteousness. He urged therefore the adoption of four essential virtues: sincerity, benevolence, filial piety and propriety.

Faults in the Doctrine

These, while essentially good in themselves, may be considered merely natural virtues and the whole structure of Confucianism, in its final analysis, may be termed the textbook of behaviorism. It annotates, it dictates and it prescribes man's conduct under every circumstance, but it holds no premise with the spiritual side of man other than right living in order to insure ancestors' happiness. It offers no solace, no code of conduct, whereby the soul of man, his link with his Creator, may acquire merit for good conduct and prepare for an eternity of bliss with Him.

There can be no doubt of Confucius' love of virtue, his wisdom, his desire to lead others along the path of righteousness and tolerance. But his doctrines were based upon the fallacies of error rather than upon the solid groundwork of divine revelation and Eternal Truth. By elevating ancestor worship to the sublimation of a religion, the Sage closed the doors of China, in part at least to Christianity. Now Holy Mother the Church, revering and praying from Her foundation for the souls of those who have gone, offers Her Hand to welcome the three and one-half million followers of Confucius into the True Fold. It is to bring about this union that The Society for the Propagation of the Faith asks the prayers of the faithful during the coming month of May. Let us hope that the sincerity, benevolence, filial piety and propriety of China's Sage may become stepping-stones to a knowledge and love of the One, True God.

Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell.

A decorative border with floral motifs and scrollwork frames the entire page. At the top center, there is a small horizontal ornament consisting of a central diamond shape flanked by two small circles.

The Anchorite

*O twilight ! Blessed hour of peace
When all is quiet. And alone
I dream of One who lonely dwells
Within His tabernacle throne —
Forgotten.*

*The world seeks out its pleasure haunts,
And saunters madly on its way ;
It cares not if He lonely be ;
It cares not if it hears Him say : —
“ Forgotten.”*

*Yet why should I rail at the world
As did the pharisee of old ?
Have I not followed worldly ways,
And left You there in silence cold —
Forgotten ?*

*Yea, Lord, I too in days gone by,
Have left the path of Love and Thee ;
But take me now, with You alone,
That by the world I too may be —
Forgotten.*

— James F. Mascari.



A Heroic Young Maiden

"Father, I'm coming to see you about Gertrude. The dear child wishes to enter the Convent. . . to be a missionary."

"My congratulations, Madam!"

"Oh! Father, I would have preferred keeping her with me; she is so good. What a wonderful support she would have been for my old age; but since God is calling her to the Religious and missionary life, although it breaks my heart, I shall not prevent her from answering His call."

"Indeed, you must not. Parents should never oppose their children's vocation."

"It is not what my husband thinks. He will not hear of her entering the Convent. He flew into a rage last night when I spoke to him of her determination. After confiding her secret to me, Gertrude had begged me to tell her father about it as she did not feel she could do so herself. She



*Although it breaks my heart,
I shall not prevent her from answering His call...*

had even made up her mind to go without letting him know anything about it, and to write as soon as she would be there to inform him of the step she had taken; but as she is under age, I dissuaded her from doing that, preferring that she obtained his consent first. George always was very fond of Gertrude. She is the baby of the house and, besides, such a gifted child! He had been planning a brilliant marriage for her; already, his mind was set on an excellent young man, and he had even con-

ferred about the matter with the gentleman's father. You may fancy his disappointment when he heard of her request. Hasty as he is, he began storming against communities and Religion. I tried to reason him, but my efforts were vain and only contributed to make him believe I had had something to do with Gertrude's decision."

"Has George spoken to the child?"

"Not yet. She was not back from church this morning when he left for the office, and at dinner he was silent and gloomy; but I apprehend a scene for to-night. Gertrude is quite upset by her father's disposition, she loves him so much! It was she who asked me to come and see you for she hoped you could make him understand."

"The dear child! Her confidence in her Pastor deeply touches me. Indeed, if I can do anything for her I shall be very pleased. But George

is no longer that intimate friend, that edifying parishioner of old, you know. Since honour and fortune have come to him, he seems to have forgotten that he holds them from God, Who can take them away from him at any time. And like all those who forget the Sovereign Master, he is wandering in false and pernicious ideas. However, with the help of God, I shall try to meet him and chat with him on his daughter's vocation."

*
* * *

"I'm glad you came this way, Father, I wanted to tell you something."

"I haven't seen you for quite a while, George. Now, what's up?"

"How are you, Father?"

"Fine. And how are you? . . . You look tired. . ."

"Tired? . . . Yes, I haven't slept for several nights."

"Too much worry, no doubt? You are over head and ears in business so this cannot easily be helped."

"Oh! that's nothing. I haven't to complain about business worries. I don't mind them, they just add interest to affairs. But it is you priests who, with your mummeries and devotions win the hearts of our daughters."

"What do you mean? . . ."

"Well, Gertrude, my daughter, an accomplished child, full of promise, who has just ended her studies and on whom I am disposed to bestow such benefits—jewels and feasts—wishes to enter the Convent. I should have checked that assiduity in Church ceremonies and brought her to the moving-pictures and to balls where she would have known the world and learnt to appreciate her beauty and rare qualities. She seems to be totally unaware of all that and I fear it is too late now! . . . I brought her to the theatre two days ago, and she wept on her return. I had organized a magnificent party for yesterday evening, hoping she would display her charms and win the admiration of all, but what did she go and do? She met the son of Mr. X. . . who was full of attention for her and so amiable; but ah! . . . she broke my heart. She paid no attention whatever to his advances and, being unable to dissimulate the charms her apparel added to her beauty, apparel I had forced her to don, she strove to commit blunders and remained stupidly silent. I was raging; but it wasn't time to speak, so I summoned my patience. . . . However, I obliged her to sing and to play the piano and harp. She did it with so much success and yet so modestly that all were wrapt in wonder. My daughter then appeared to me as a superhuman creature. Did not her way of acting, so much opposed to that of the other girls present who only sought to be remarked, require extraordinary strength of soul? I said to myself: 'Evidently, her heart is won by another love and her mind is hungry for other food. . . ' Ah! Father, are you the one who has set my daughter's mind on the Convent?"

"Not at all. Gertrude never spoke to me of her aspirations."

"Never?"

"No, never! I can swear she never did."

"Then it would be the nuns where she studied who would have put that in her head? Ah! the vile wretches, they shall know what I think of them!"

"Your passion is leading you too far, my friend. Do not accuse these good Sisters without reason. Don't you know that each one's vocation comes from God, that the vocation to the Religious or Sacerdotal life is a calling which comes directly from Him and is often made very clear?"

"Do you think God minds about each one of us like that?"

"Indeed, He does. Father of the large human family, all-powerful, all-merciful, and infinitely loving, He sees to each one of His children's destiny. Has he not said in the Holy Scriptures: '*If a woman can forget her infant, yet will not I forget thee. . . . Behold, I have graven thee in my hands. . . .*'"

"So why are there so many unhappy creatures on earth, so many poor unfortunates? Does not a father seek the happiness of his children?"

"Different conditions have always existed in the world and it will be so till the end of time. '*For the poor you have always with you,*' declared the Lord. God wishes it to be thus; no doubt because it is better for the salvation of the ones and the others. He condemns the rich who are attached to the goods of this life and beatifies the poor in spirit; He calls the wealthy to assist the poor and the latter to serve the former. Father infinitely good, He desires our happiness, but our eternal happiness. He wishes for the salvation of all, but how many are unconcerned about their own salvation and live here below as if they were to remain here always; what a larger number still have never been brought to the light of truth, particularly the multitude of pagans. In His mercy, He calls generous souls to assist these unfortunate creatures, to work for their salvation by prayer, immolation, devotedness sometimes exercised to the degree of heroism, to the sacrifice of family, country, to the complete donation of self. . . ."

"Ah! ah! ah! . . . This nice sermon will not convert me. Never shall I allow my daughter to leave the house to shut herself up in a prison like those convents, and still less to leave her country to go and live with Indians. Is it not a crime that, on account of communities, so much human energy be lost, so many talents buried, such beauty hidden, and that the nation be deprived of so many homes? . . . It is a crime still greater for the country to allow its youth, its children to go and live at its expense in foreign lands, in order to serve other nations! . . . Ah! ah! ah! and what a scandal the communities give us! See how rich they are! Consider their vast and beautiful establishments, their large stretches of land. And at whose expense does this whole population live? At the poor people's expense!"

"George, my dear George, let me speak to you as in days of old, when we were friends and agreed so well together."

"Speak, I am not preventing you."

"Well, let me tell you that if you do not return to better sentiments you are going astray. It is not worthy of a Christian to speak like that. You

frequent the godless, I suppose, and it is they who have instilled in your mind such perverse ideas. It is false to say that in communities energies and talents are lost; the subjects are employed according to their talents and health. Consider those priests and Sisters who are up before dawn and who, after having fulfilled the great duty of prayer, after having sought strength and light at the Source of perpetual energies, undertake their laborious day of which not one moment is lost — everything being so well regulated — and see them finish it at the foot of the altar. A prodigious sum of energy is spent in communities and blossoms in beautiful works of all kinds. But that there be hidden beauties, I admit, as all countenances reflecting a beautiful soul are beautiful."

"But what about all the homes of which the nation is deprived by communities? What about all these generations lost?..."

"Oh! my dear friend, what an outrage! Let us leave aside the great prerogatives of virginity and the glory it gives to God and consider what our fervent communities are for the state. They are like so many lightning-rods preventing the thunder-bolts of Heaven from crushing the country whose injustice and abominable crimes cry to God for vengeance. They are like so many mediatrixes drawing down Divine mercy upon sinners. It is then, Oh marvel! that those who have no children according to the flesh become, by grace, fathers and mothers of a multitude of souls; spiritual paternity and maternity which surpass nature's inasmuch as the soul surpasses the body. Let us consider now these fathers and mothers according to spirit: humble priests and devoted Sisters radiating charity throughout the world, receiving the orphans, the aged, spending their lives in caring for the sick, the agonizing, the convalescents, assisting the poor, the afflicted, the forsaken, or consecrating their lives to the important but difficult task of the formation and education of youth, etc. Let us see them, moreover, leaving in small groups for idolatrous countries where they will stoop over greater miseries, over deeper wounds. Ah! what an honour for the country and what a reward it will merit for having thus furnished evangelical workers to pagan nations and assisted them with its alms! God Himself will see to this reward as He Himself chastises those who close the Convents and disperse the Religious. Have we not had striking examples of this?... Has not such a country, guilty of similar deeds, seen its spiritual and temporal goods diminish and its population decrease on account of its barren hearths, and advance towards ruin?... Is it not terrible?..."

"I never suspected this."

"Have you at least visited the establishments of which you describe the vast proportions?"

"I haven't time."

"You should take the time. You would then see for yourself that when a hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, five hundred persons and even more, live under the same roof, large apartments are necessary to lodge such a personnel, as they are necessary for the operation of its multiple and various works carried on to earn a living and exercise its chari-

table enterprises. Ordinarily, everything is rather simple and poor in Convents, except the chapels, where it is commendable that art be allied with decorations to honour the God of majesty residing there. As far as the exterior is concerned, why should it be unsightly and dull? Is it not an honour for our cities and provinces that good taste be displayed with modest art? The authorities of our municipalities certainly are of this opinion. Besides, must not the architects and undertakers lay there a little of their renown? Indeed, and this also favours the country which justly glories in its men of art and science. Let me take your arm, dear friend, and we shall go together to visit one of these establishments near here."

"Oh! no, thank you, I'm too busy. And... what is the use? I admit that your words are sensible but I don't see things as you do... My heart has not changed."

"Well, my dear friend, do as you please... I shall beg God to open your eyes and change your heart..."

*
* *

"Tell me, Doctor, I wish to know... is there any more hope?"

"None... this chill has been mortal... It takes a miracle..."

"Work the miracle, Doctor. By all means, my daughter must be saved. I shall reward you generously."

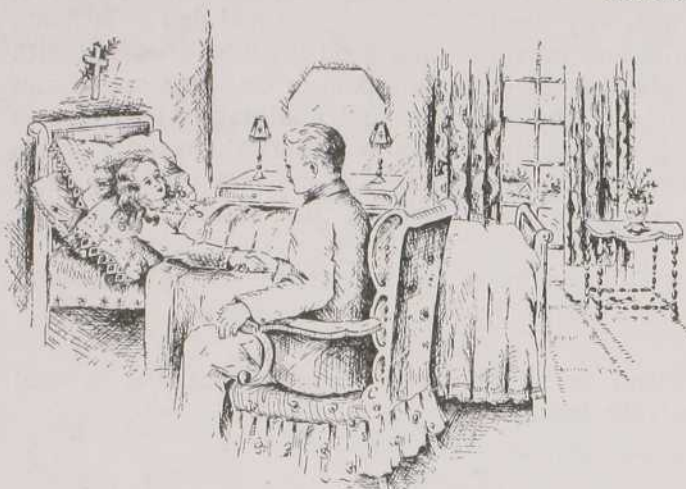
"Poor father, God alone can work this miracle."

"Alas!"

After bidding good-bye to the doctor, Mr. George X... fell into his arm-chair, his heart breaking with grief and remorse. "The chill has been mortal..." he repeated. And was it not his own fault if his beloved daughter was, at that moment, at the point of death... He could see her again at the ball where he had obliged her to wear such an apparel, charming, it is true, but much too light... He could see her again with her sweet sad air acquiescing simply and modestly to all the exigencies of circumstances, but seemingly unconcerned about the sentiments of admiration and flattery of which she was the object... Deceived he was now, in all his hopes regarding this tenderly loved child. He refused her to God and God was coming to take her away from him. A murmur against the Sovereign Master of life and death was about to escape his lips when someone making him a sign said: "Gertrude is calling you."

In one bound he was in the silent room where lay the sick child. Softly, he approached the bed of suffering, seized the delicate hand burning with fever, which was outstretched towards him and covered it with kisses and tears. Tears also dimmed the beautiful eyes of the young maiden and trickled down her purple cheeks, brilliant and pure like dew-drops glittering on a red rose. Her golden locks fell graciously over the white pillows. Never had she appeared so beautiful to her father who contemplated her a long time, mute with admiration and overwhelmed with grief. Finally,

breaking the silence of this sweet yet painful colloquy, he bent over the child and said:



Never had she appeared so beautiful...

"Gertrude, you called me?"

"Yes, father, I have a favour to ask you."

"What is it, dear? Speak... I can refuse you nothing."

"I made the sacrifice of my life to God, I am ready to go... but it seems to me that it depends on you if I am to live or to die."

"What do you mean?... I do not understand..."

"I mean that if you gave me irrevocably to Him, it seems this dear Master would grant me my recovery, that I may be able to accomplish my vow."

"Which vow?"

"I promised God I would consecrate myself to Him for life in a missionary community."

"Why did you act so imprudently?"

"I made that vow, dear papa, for your prompt and entire conversion and for the salvation of many souls."

Had a thunder-bolt suddenly fallen at his feet, Mr. X... would not have been more overwhelmed than he was by these simple words of his daughter. He nearly fainted, but with a supreme effort mastered his feelings so as not to cause any emotion to the dear patient. Then, with his head in his two hands, to dissimulate to the scrutinizing look of his daughter the violence of the struggle going on within his soul, he remained a long time in this attitude. Then also rang in his ears the grave words of his humble and saintly Pastor, his friend of old: "I shall beg God to open your eyes..."

During these moments of anguish, Gertrude whispered a fervent prayer begging the whole Heavenly Court to help her to triumph over her father's obstinacy.

Finally, as if coming out of a dream during which he had suffered dreadfully from a nightmare, Mr. X... raised his head; he bore a vague look and his features were sadly altered. "Well, let it be so," he exclaimed with that energy which was his characteristic, "I am vanquished!" Then looking deeply and lovingly into the wistful eyes that were fixed upon him, he said: "Gertrude, I give you to God irrevocably. May He grant you health and I promise to immediately let you accomplish your vow."

In the attractive chapel adorned as on great festivals, a white cortege of young virgins was advancing towards the sanctuary to the foot of the altar where the Bishop was preparing to betroth them to the King of Heaven.

Among the numerous assistance taking part in this imposing ceremony, which recalled to the fathers and mothers of the elect the sacrifice of Abraham, a man of high stature, of noble mien and energetic appearance, looking rather young, followed attentively one of the virgins he had recognized despite the veil which concealed her face beaming with happiness and health; he was the father of the happy aspirant whose name was to be proclaimed a few minutes later, Sister Gertrude of Jesus. A sweet and profound emotion had seized him and he could not retain his tears. . . tears of joy and gratitude, for Mr. X. . . was no longer the same man. For a year now, he had been looking at things in a different way and his heart was changed. . .



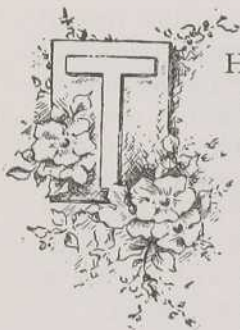
*A white cortege of young virgins
was advancing towards the sanctuary. . .*

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)



THE hour drew near when Theophane was to become a priest, and his zeal and fervor were redoubled. The atmosphere around him strengthened all these pious desires, and everything tended to help him onward in the path of perfection. In one of the corners of the garden at the Paris Foreign Mission House is a little oratory dedicated to Our Lady, and filled with candles and flowers. Every Saturday evening, and on all the vigils of her feasts, it is lighted, and the students go there to recite Litanies and sing hymns in her honor, after which follow the usual prayers at nine o'clock. But on leaving the chapel, and before retiring to his cell, each of the future missionaries goes to pay a little visit to the Hall of Martyrs, a large room in which are ranged along the wall not only relics of the confessors, but the instruments of their torture and pictures of their martyrdom. Everyone stays a few minutes here to pray in silence, and then to kiss the crucifix stained with the blood of Bishop Borié. Theophane used to spend every

spare moment in this room, and when the news came of the martyrdom of Father Schoeffler at Tong-king, he wrote to his sister, "Oh, if I might some day give my life like him for the Faith! I am not afraid of saying so to you, because I know your generosity and that you would not even wish to rob me of my crown. This Tong-king Mission is now the most enviable, for it is almost certain martyrdom.... Whatever happens, I know I may reckon on your prayers."

Every day he was getting more detached. Writing to the Bishop of Poitiers, he says, —

"Formerly, my Lord, I rejoiced in the thought of receiving at your hands the last great grace which God has deigned to bestow on me. But Divine Providence has ordered otherwise and disposed of my future. In the midst of my regrets I cannot help looking forward with joy. Yes, I own that every day I get more detached from France, even when France means to me Poitiers, and my tastes have become decidedly Chinese. I do not know what secret impulse makes me sympathize so warmly with people of another clime, be they Indians or Chinese. Some of my friends here declare I am growing like them, that I have a Chinese head, and Chinese eyes, and Chinese ways, in fact, that I am getting Chinese altogether. Do not think, however, that I have set my heart upon China. I have no other choice than the will of my superiors, that is, if they think me worthy of any mission at all, as I sometimes fear they will not. I shall always find myself too happy in the place where the Great Master will allow me to work for the welfare of my brethren and the Glory of His holy name."

Nevertheless, his superiors had no difficulty in recognizing the eminent merits of the young aspirant after foreign missions, in spite of the humility which induced him to throw a veil over all his actions; and so they hastened the time of his ordination (he was only twenty-two), and desired him to prepare himself for Trinity. He received the good news with a mixture of joy and fear, and writing to his Bishop exclaimed, —

"MY LORD, — Fruit which grows ripe before the proper time has no flavor; and here am I, a young and green fruit, which yet must be ripe in a month. In spite of this hot May sun, is it not too soon?... I never dreamt of being called to the priesthood before Christmas, but God has disposed things otherwise... 'Introibo ad altare Dei, ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam.' (I will go unto the Altar of God, to God who rejoiceth my youth.) Very soon, perhaps, another message will be brought to me, at the very thought of which my heart sings for joy. 'Pack your things, and start.' Yet when I look at myself, when I see the childish hands so soon to receive the holy oils; the feet, fresh from the playgrounds, which are to carry so far the gospel of truth and peace; my whole being, in fact, only just beginning to understand what life is, and yet so soon to teach men how to live, I can scarcely help laughing and yet crying. So mingled are my feelings and thoughts at this moment, that I can only hope in God, and beseech Him to give me strength, meekness, humility, prudence, knowledge, and charity. I trust in your Lordship's kindness that you will give me a place in your prayers, which will obtain for me the graces of which I stand so much in need."

(To be continued.)

Manna Hidden in the Cross



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

The crosses which strew our path resemble the sweet and tasteful almonds enclosed in a hard rough shell. As it is necessary to patiently break this shell to relish the almond, so, to enjoy the manna hidden in the Cross, is it necessary to overlook its disagreeable appearance and strive to comprehend its real value. How can we manage to do this? By patience, resignation, love of God, and the desire of acquiring merit for Heaven. It is not the task of a day, but with time and constant efforts, we shall certainly discover this precious manna of which no one can rob us.

What is this manna? It is the intimate peace and joy of the soul, that unalterable peace and joy which are founded on God. Oh delicious manna! Blessed are those who possess it! And to acquire it, how well worth while it is to bear one's daily crosses patiently, joyously, and for the love of God!...

Christian friends, we know that everybody, here below, has to suffer, although all of us have a vehement craving for happiness. This can easily be explained since God has created us for eternal happiness; thence, that innate thirst for happiness in all men. But God has created us free; that is, with the power of desiring or despising the felicity He has prepared for us. It is why the earth is like a place of trial, a transitory place to which we must not become attached; we are on earth like at the opening of two paths, one apparently narrow and austere, but strewn with sweet joys, and leading to eternal happiness; the other, wide and studded with flowers, charming in appearance, but distilling poison and covering the abyss of eternal death.

Trial, that precious gift, places us with our liberty in the presence of God, Who is ever looking down upon us and offering us His Grace. Happy are we, if adoring His loving Hand when it strikes, we kiss it and exalt it, asking God to grant us strength and courage. Then, not only shall we lighten the burden of trial, but we shall walk with giant strides in the path of Divine love and enrich our immortal crown with magnificent gems. Happy are we, moreover, if when treading the path of sin, trial attains us and, forcing us to reflect and humble ourselves, it incites us to abandon

our bad habits and embrace a holy life; but how unfortunate we are alas! if, letting ourselves be discouraged by the trial, we complain, murmur against God, or what is still worse, curse Him and turn away from Him; for we close before us the entrance to eternal happiness and amass over our heads burning coals.

Let us, therefore, not seek happiness or rest in the things of this world, we shall not find it; let us, on the contrary, take the path which leads to it and will open its doors to us when we have departed from this world — the path of duty and virtue. And by the loving acceptance of our daily sorrows, let us relish the manna which is hidden in the Cross, and is a foretaste of the eternal peace and joy of Heaven.

However, let us not keep this treasure selfishly, but rather share it with those relatives and friends who do not willingly bear their trials and afflictions. Let us bring this benefit to all the souls we can reach.

Especially, let us ask God to reveal it to those who are suffering without the hope of a future reward — the teeming millions of infidels who do not even know His Holy Name. Let us ask Him to increase the number of Apostles of the Gospel and, by our prayers and alms, let us assist those who are struggling and toiling in pagan fields.

Pope Urges Prayer for Peace

As the dangers of every sort which threaten so many nations become ever more appalling, we confidently express the wish that the Faithful raise their minds and hearts in prayer to Heaven, whence alone, in the midst of such profound mental perplexity and material disorder, can come the hope of a better day.

If our prayers and aspirations have not as yet had the result which we ardently desired, our trust in God must not be lessened on this account but we must all continue, with constant and persevering devotion, to be patient in tribulation, instant in prayer (Rom. XII., 12). The designs of God are hidden from us, but we are certain that, although innumerable and grave offenses call down the avenging justice of Heaven, the Lord is nevertheless the Father of Mercies and the God of All Comfort (II. Cor. 1, 3). And we know that His love and benevolence for us is boundless. But there is still another reason for our trust and hope, for we have at the throne of Almighty God the most amiable Mother of God and Our Mother, who, through her all-powerful intercession, can certainly obtain for us all favors that she asks of Him.

— *Pius XII.*

"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 1941.....	\$96.00
Year 1940.....	\$406.50	March-April.....	\$14.27

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

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



A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

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

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

I am acquitting myself of a promise in honour of the "Little Flower of Jesus" who has obtained a favour for me. One who has faith in St. Therese. **Anthony, R. I.** — Lively gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. I confide to her my children's vocation. **M. M. D., Goodwin, Ont.** — Sincere thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a cure obtained. **Mrs. M., Montreal.** — Kindly publish my lively gratitude to St. Teresa of Lisieux for the favours obtained through her intercession. **Mrs. O. H., Beauce Junction.** — I am pleased to publish my profound gratitude towards the Patroness of Missionaries, who has obtained my cure without my having to undergo a second operation deemed necessary by the doctors. The dear Saint has also cured my little girl who was suffering from violent earaches. My most heartfelt thanks to the dear "Scatterer of Roses"! **Mrs. L. C., Clérey.** — Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for favours obtained through her intercession. **Mrs. O. Gauthier.** — I am coming to acquit myself of a debt of gratitude towards St. Teresa of Lisieux who has spared me of an operation and obtained me the grace to be able to continue my daily work. **Miss A. P., Waterville, Compton Co.** — Sincere thanks to the Patroness of Missionaries for great favours obtained. **Miss M. Y. Bergeron, Heaslip, Ont.** — I wish to thank the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for the graces I have received through her intercession. I now request other favours. **O. Demers, La Corne.** — A thousand thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. **M. A. T., Richelieu.** — Heartfelt gratitude to St. Teresa of Lisieux for a benefit received through her intercession. **Mrs. A. L., Roberval.** — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for work obtained through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. **M. B.** — Homage of gratitude towards the "Little Flower of Carmel"! I beg her to continue protecting me. **M. S. L., Southbridge, Mass.** — A thousand thanks to St. Teresa for two great favours obtained. **Mrs. E. L., Hauteurs.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus in thanksgiving for a cure obtained. **Mrs. E. Marshall, Montreal.** — I heartily thank the little Patroness of Missionaries for the graces she has obtained for me and I beg her to obtain work for my husband. **H. N. P., Montreal.** — I am pleased to acquit myself of a promise in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus to thank her for a favour obtained through her intercession. **Mrs. W. B., Montreal.** — Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. **A. B., St. Hugues.** — Heartfelt thanks to St. Teresa of Lisieux for favours received through her intercession. **Mrs. F. Landry, Blue River.**

The Promises of Our Lord

*Made to Saint Margaret Mary for Souls Devoted
to His Sacred Heart*



1. "I will give them all the graces necessary in their state of life.

2. "I will establish peace in their houses.

3. "I will comfort them in all their afflictions.

4. "I will be their secure refuge during life, and above all in death.

5. "I will bestow a large blessing upon all their undertakings.

6. "Sinners shall find in My Heart the source and the infinite ocean of mercy.

7. "Tepid souls shall grow fervent.

8. "Fervent souls shall quickly mount to high perfection.

9. "I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honoured.

10. "I will give to priests the gift of touching the most hardened hearts.

11. "Those who shall promote this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be blotted out.

12. "I promise thee in the excessive mercy of My Heart that My all-powerful love will grant to all those who communicate on the First Friday in nine consecutive months the grace of final penitence; they shall not die in My disgrace nor without receiving their Sacraments; My Divine Heart shall be their safe refuge in this last moment."



It is most fitting that Catholics should by a great spirit of faith and holiness make reparation for the depravity of views and actions and show publicly that nothing is dearer to them than the glory of God and the religion of their fathers. Let those especially who are more strictly bound to God, those who live in religion, rouse themselves more generously to charity and strive to propitiate the divine Majesty by their humble prayers, their voluntary sacrifices and the offering of themselves.

— *Pope Leo XIII.*



Letter from Sister Madeleine Marie, Missionary of the Immaculate Conception, to her venerable Mother Foundress, her Mothers and Sisters at the Mother House.

Manila, January 22nd, 1941.

VENERABLE MOTHER,

VERY DEAR MOTHERS AND SISTERS,

The church solemnities assume a peculiar charm here in the missions; still fascinated by their singular allurements I long to impart to you my joy, not knowing how to confine it all within me. Oh! how beautiful is the life of a missionary!

My last letter, bearing to you, good Mothers, messages of gratitude and love, and deep affection to all my dear Sisters, was written at Tsungming, I believe. On leaving that mission we were detained almost a week in Shanghai in order to accomplish certain formalities concerning our trip to Hong Kong; during that time we stayed with the good Sisters of Charity. How cordial a welcome we received amongst them! Their pious little chapel, "Chapel of the Miraculous Medal," resembles in many ways the humble sanctuaries of our dear Institute.

We visited with deep interest a vast establishment owned by the French Jesuits in Zi-ka-wei, near Shanghai. The orphans both young and old, protégés of these charitable Fathers, are occupied in book-binding, glass-manufacturing, painting, or carpentry. Veritable masterpieces are executed here.

The different works of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, namely: native novitiate, foundling-home, orphanage, etc., also greatly captivated our interest.

Our trip to Hong Kong was made in two days on the Empress of Russia. With exceeding difficulty our Sisters had procured us a permission to reside a fortnight in their Mission. On the morrow of our arrival, our good Mother visited Mathilda Hospital where several of our Sisters have already been treated; truly, it is the Providence of Missionaries. This building is erected on the summit of a mountain about two thousand feet above sea-level. The ascent is made by electric cars up to a certain point, then jinrikishas take us to our destination. What a magnificent scenery is afforded us from such a height! Before us appears the beautiful town of Kowloon,

to the left the busy port of Hong Kong, and to the right, between a few wooded islets, a village of barques rocking gently on the waves.

Shortly before the time allotted for our stay in Hong Kong had elapsed, the Pearl River which, for more than three months, had been closed to navigation, opened anew and once more ships and boats glided freely over its glassy surface. Sister Agnes of Jesus⁽¹⁾ and Sister de l'Ange Gardien⁽²⁾, withheld in the English colony since August, were thus allowed to return to the Lazaretto in Shek Lung. They brought back with them our very dear Mother whom I had the happiness of accompanying. On the seventh of December the four of us were on board the Shwogane Maru en route to Canton.

Our dear Mother has told you that we celebrated the feast of the Immaculate Conception on sea in sight of Canton. Unable to assist at the beautiful ceremonies which year by year highly proclaim our love for our Heavenly Patroness, we must admit nevertheless, that the renewing of our sacred engagements, the singing of our beautiful hymn, "Daughter of the King" and also of the Rosary, the pleasant entertainments with our loving Mother, etc., all these have given us intimate joys which will be forever engraved in our memories. A delightful surprise awaited us the following day when Sister Marie Immaculée⁽³⁾ and Sister Marie Céline⁽⁴⁾ came to us on a yacht, eager to know if our beloved Mother was on board. But hardly had a few words been exchanged that the police were at the pursuit of our two law-breakers, for the boat was quarantined.

Only on the thirteenth of December did the powerful Shwogane Maru weigh anchor, allowing our dear Missionary Sisters of Canton at last to greet their loving Mother with expressions of the most filial affection. After such long years of separation, truly it was a joy above all joys to meet again. How many glorious memories revived before us, affectionate reminiscences where predominated the loving thought of our venerable Mother Foundress!

On the nineteenth of December we visited the Asylum at Fong Tsun which lies on the other bank of the Pearl River. Shaded by a row of thick trees, the surroundings of the Hospital are most attractive. The doctor, infirmarians, nurses, and all the employees of the establishment welcomed our Mother on her arrival. We visited the unfortunate victims in the afternoon. Indeed, here is a pitiful sight to behold! In the evening a dramatic and comical little concert gathered together all the inmates of the Asylum. The celebration was a real success. In remembrance of her visit to Fong Tsun our beloved Mother was presented a spiritual bouquet in ivory on which is engraved in Chinese characters "A million 'Thanks be to God'." In the morning all voices united to sing High Mass: a remarkably touching scene, for most of the singers are pagans.

We heard Midnight Mass in Canton. What supreme happiness filled our souls during that Holy Night! Thirty orphans and one of the teachers made their First Communion. The singing of Noel! Noel! from a chorus of

1. Marguerite SHERRY, Montreal.

2. Elzire GAMACHE, St. Jean Port Joli.

3. Alice VANCHESTEIN, St. Michel de Napierville.

4. Gracia BLANCHET, Drummondville.

juvenile voices was simply delightful! Christmas being the patronal feast of our Sister de la Nativite de Jesus⁽¹⁾, at present very ill, the children proceeded one by one to wish her a happy feast. In the evening our dear Mother distributed a few religious souvenirs to the little ones and to the old women of the Asylum. All hearts were brimming with joy. The next day she visited the Foundling-Home of Our Lady of Providence. The oldest orphans, dressed in pink, stood in order up the stairway leading to the Convent. What a pleasing spectacle! The forenoon was spent in visiting the little Chinese babies that were awaiting the moment marked for their flight to a Happier Land. What delicate care is given to these privileged babies whilst thousands of others are utterly forsaken by their parents!

A few steps away rises the little hillside known as the "White Cloud" where two of our Sisters, Sister Saint Jean l'Evangéliste⁽²⁾ and Sister Saint Joseph⁽³⁾ lie buried. By their side we made our spiritual exercises at noon; silently we deposed a prayer of gratitude and love over the graves of our pioneer Sisters.

Returning to Canton, we crossed the sombre débris of that bombarded city: entire sections are nothing more than a heap of ruins. Misery reigns everywhere! Countless beggars wander along the streets where poor women are scrupulously dusting flour bags in order to make a meagre biscuit; here and there hungry children pick up a few grains of rice whilst others are gathering papers and branches to keep up the home fire; tatterdemalions are seeking anxiously to discover on dumps something that might still be of use to them. As time goes on, parents are giving away their children in greater numbers for they cannot procure them a living. Our dear Mother was thus able to baptize over a hundred of these poor babies while she was in Canton.

The day before New Year's Sister Agnes of Jesus⁽⁴⁾ and Sister Saint Francois d'Assise⁽⁵⁾ were taking us to the Lazaretto of Shek Lung. Here, communications are extremely difficult. We went as far as Shek Tan by train, where we crossed on foot a roughly-constructed bridge replacing a modern one which the Chinese themselves have bombarded before the Japanese invasion. With a special permission we were then allowed a ride on the Japanese soldiers' truck, which runs on the railroad track. Should I call it a ride? However, after twenty minutes or so of this unusual jolting, we got off before a broken bridge, this time to embark into a Chinese boat which attained Shek Lung in an hour and a half. Having left Canton at eight o'clock in the morning it was now half past two in the afternoon; previously, this same trip was accomplished in two hours. All the lepers had been informed that our Mother would probably not be able to visit their poor little island, lest their joyous preparations should draw the attention of the bandits who dwell in the neighbourhood and await a favourable moment

1. Cécile PAQUETTE, St. Elzear, Laval Co.

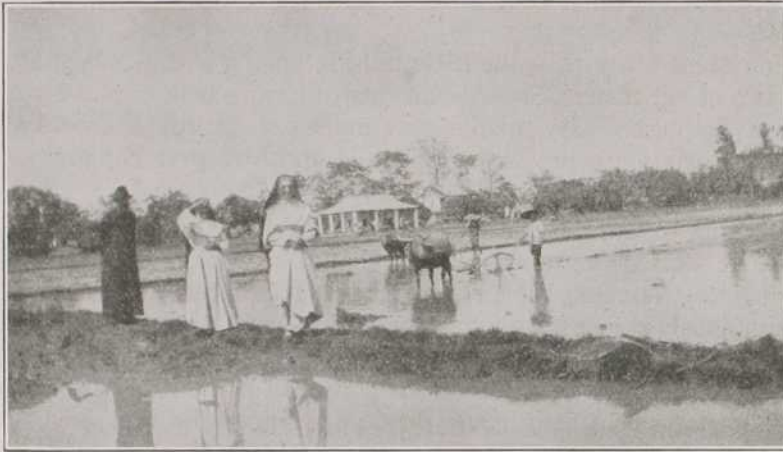
2. Rachel LALUMIERE, Montreal, deceased in Canton, February 13, 1912.

3. Emilda CHARBONNEAU, Ottawa, deceased in Canton, May 23, 1926.

4. Marguerite SHERRY, Montreal.

5. Clara HEBERT, Montreal.

to recommence their merciless pillage. Our arrival at the Lazaretto was therefore very quiet. Can you imagine the joy experienced by Sister Saint François d'Assise and Sister Marie Bernadette⁽¹⁾ who had not seen our good Mother for twenty-seven years? Shortly after we were assisting at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel of the leprous women. How our hearts overflowed with gratitude in remembering the graces showered on us by Divine Providence during the year about to be recorded in the Book of Life! The Holy Hour spent at midnight in the poor chapel of the Convent was singularly beautiful and will never be forgotten. After hav-



ON THE BANK OF THE PEARL RIVER

ing offered our loving wishes to our Heavenly Master and to our Immaculate Mother, our thoughts were with you, venerable Mother, and with you all, dear Mothers and Sisters. . . .

In the forenoon the lepers, both men and women, came in groups to present their New Year wishes to our good Mother and to their devoted infirmarians. Then they proceeded to dart firecrackers thereby manifesting their extreme satisfaction. The next day the leprous women executed a pretty little play followed by an address and singing in French; the children succeeded in charming us by their gymnastic exercises; on seeing this the men would not let themselves be surpassed, and quickly improvised the most pleasant little reception.

Although chaulmoogra-oil injections bring about a considerable improvement, the horrible disease does not fail to work the most disastrous ravages on some of its victims. In spite of their sufferings all the lepers have smiling faces, betraying the peace that inundates their soul. The chapel of the women being close to the Convent, each morning about half past four, while we were still resting, we could hear the voices of these unfortunate creatures praising their Heavenly Mother. The Island of Shek Lung has been surnamed "The Isle of Prayer and of Joy" — nothing could be more

1. Alma LEGER, Green-Valley, Ont.



PHILIPPINE GIRLS IN THEIR NATIONAL COSTUME

exact, for the atmosphere of the Lazaretto is impregnated with the perfume of those two sublime virtues.

Noises coming from all sides were beginning to alarm us; our beloved Mother was obliged to shorten her stay in the South in order to ascertain her safe return to the mainland. On the eve of Epiphany we were therefore leaving Shek Lung for Canton. Our dear Sisters of that Mission were filled with delight on realizing that their beloved Visitor would be with them for several days more; but their happiness was of short duration for on the eleventh we were informed that the Pearl River was about to be closed anew to navigation and that it was safer for us to leave the next morning in order to make sure of a boat for Manila. How remarkably touching that this river having been closed for

three months should be opened long enough to allow our Mother to visit her loving daughters! Indeed here is one of the myriad delicacies with which Divine Providence favoured her during her long journey.

There being no boat going directly to Hong Kong, we sailed on the "Kayser Maru" as far as Macao, where we had the pleasure of seeing Reverend Mother Louis Agnes, F. M. M., aunt of our dear Mother Marie du Bon Conseil; we conversed with her a long while.

On the evening of the thirteenth the "Kin Shan" took us on board and we were at Hong Kong early the next morning. On the seventeenth we were sailing for Manila on a steamer of the Dutch Line. The sea being quite calm we had a delightful crossing. On nearing the Philippine Islands we were greatly amused by a number of flying-fish, performing a hundred and one dexterous feats. On the nineteenth, at about half past twelve at noon, we were in Manila, but multiple formalities detained us on board the ship till a quarter past four. Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ and Sister Marie Angelina⁽²⁾ were at the wharf. Shortly after, our Philippine family, at the

1. Sister ST. PIERRE CLAVER, (Adée Hébert, Montreal).

2. Marie Anne DONAVAN, Glen-Roy, Ont.

entrance of the Immaculate Conception Academy, was exulting in transports of joy.

The temperature here corresponds to that of July in Canada; and it is, we are told, the coolest time of the year. What then, are the summers?

Although the Convent is situated in a Chinese section things differ altogether from what we have seen in China. The houses are built on a different style; the vehicles are similar to the hooded carriages of olden times and have two wheels only; cars and omnibuses, the latter being drawn by ponies, furnish the other means of conveyance.

The national dress, ordinarily of the most gaudy colours, is very pretty. The women's organdy sleeves resemble much the wings of a butterfly. The men wear pink, yellow, or red silk shirts falling loosely over the trousers.

I would have more interesting facts to relate, but my letter is already long; I will write again soon.

Our dear Mother is longing to return to you. One month more, and she will be sailing towards our dear Canada, there to find you all around our venerable Mother, in our peaceful haven at Cote des Neiges.

Your affectionate and grateful little Sister,

SISTER MADELEINE MARIE (1), M. I. C.

*
* *

MANCHUKUO

Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Fakou.

Tuesday, July 16

After having heard Mass, we went to the home of a Christian woman who is neglectful of her religious duties and is sick, we are told. A quarter of an hour's walk takes us to Mrs. Wang's; she is suffering from malaria, and confided to us that someone had advised her to go into the forest to offer incense to the gods if she wished to obtain her recovery. We told her that, being a Catholic, she could not do that and we seized the opportunity to give her a good Catechism lesson. We urged her to place all her trust in the only true God and to come to the Mission where she will be able to get efficacious remedies.

On our way, we stopped to see a little sick girl. We found her lying on the *kang* (heated brick bed) with her face turned towards the wall. She had not taken any food for several days. She is not baptized but we hope to see her become a child of God before long.

We also paid a visit to a septuagenarian, who is not a Christian yet, but has spent some time at the Catechumenate. While inquiring about her health we perceived a little girl squatted under a work-bench. We

1. Madeleine LORANGER, Westmount.

called her, and as she drew near, we seemed to recognize a Christian child that had been sold to a pagan last year. Her mother having died a few years ago, her father, poor and sickly, had decided to sell her to have a little money. We asked the child several questions, which she answered well. Big tears trickled down her cheeks as she confided to us that her step-father ill-treated her very often. "Would you like to come and stay at the Mission?" we asked. Casting a sidelong look at the grandmother her voice trembled as she answered, "Yes". We entrusted this little lamb to the protection of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, assured that she will soon enjoy a happier life.

Continuing on our route, we stopped to see two other pagan families that had already heard about our Holy Religion. They promised to come and study the Doctrine soon.

It was eleven o'clock when we returned; we spent the rest of the forenoon at the Dispensary, treating a few patients.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, we were called to see an actor, sixteen years old, who is seriously ill. The thermometer marked 105 degrees and the patient was very agitated although perfectly conscious. We spoke to him about God in spite of the parents' opposition, and we promised to return to visit him.

The "doctor" was requested again at four o'clock. It was a young woman who came and got us for her step-mother, seventy-five years old. On seeing us appear in the door, the good old lady joyfully exclaimed: "At last, Doctor, you're coming to save my soul, be welcome! I've been desiring this for a long time, how happy I am!" and the moribund showed herself ready to do everything we asked her.

We returned to the Convent with hearts overflowing with gratitude towards our loving Master, Who spared us such a consolation for the end of this day, for we hoped to send the priest soon, to provide this patient with the passport which gives free access to the Kingdom of Eternal Happiness.

Monday, August 12

For five days, we have been rising and retiring to the sound of music and wailings. Mr. P'eng, our neighbour, a fervent Buddhist, died almost suddenly last Wednesday. According to pagan custom, his children hired women to weep and moan, and bonzes to make music and pray. Plaintive melodies, therefore, follow litanies, which are interrupted by banquets attended by all the relatives, friends and acquaintances.

Not the least detail of all the funeral rites and ceremonies is omitted. We see the crossing of the bridge, which is intended to help the deceased to traverse the infernal regions without hindrance. This bridge, three or four feet high, made of boards decorated with paper of many colours, is erected in the street. At a fixed hour, the seven sons in mourning, led by the chief bonze casting spells, and preceded by two paper manikins, cross the bridge, make a prostration; then, rise and prostrate themselves once

more. During that time, the daughters-in-law burn paper in the street. The fact that these ceremonies are performed very seriously lead us to believe that our neighbours are really fervent in their sect and make us regret that they are not Christians. We beg the Holy Ghost to reveal to them the right path, the road to true life.

Tuesday, August 20

On the fifteenth of the seventh moon, the lantern procession, a vestige of an ancient tradition, took place. Formerly, a huge paper dragon or a paper



MINIATURES AND DECORATIONS ADORNING THE DWELLING OF A WEALTHY CHINESE ON THE OCCASION OF A DEATH.

boat was carried to bring good luck; to-day, enormous lanterns are carried instead, followed by a big caldron containing fire furnished with grains of cotton, which are deposited in little piles all along the route. Some say that this fire is placed at the disposal of the devils to warm their hands; others, that it is to hinder these evil spirits from reincarnating themselves in these places.

Thursday, September 12

On September 2nd, Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, accompanied by Sister Lou, a native religious of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, went to the home of Mrs. Tchao, whom she knew to be ill. As the mother-in-law is not very sympathetic towards us, Sister Superior feared that she would not permit them to enter the house. Sister Lou said to her then: "Leave it to

me; we shall be made quite welcome and shall be able to go even to the sick woman." Arrived in the yard, she called to the lady in Chinese fashion: "Lao Tchao, I would like to buy some tomatoes." The old lady was not able to express all the regret that she felt at not having any; and, when the conversation began to slacken a little, our native Sister, seeing two or three thin chickens, expressed the desire to buy them, alleging that, elsewhere, she feared contagious diseases, but that she was convinced that these had none. Flattered at being shown so much confidence, the mother-in-law became little by little milder and finished by speaking of the

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

invalid. Sister Nurse was, therefore, presented to the latter, and full permission was granted her to speak to her about religion. Two days later, Mrs. Tchao sent her little girl to inquire the date of the opening of the Catechism Courses and begged Sister Nurse to go to see her. To-day, by a miracle of grace, Mrs. Tchao receives, at her request, the Sacrament of Regeneration from the hands of Reverend Father Gauvin.

Friday, October 18

On perceiving Mr. Tchang, a twenty-four-year-old invalid, whom we visited for the first time, we were quickly aware of the gravity of his condition. Several neglected sores had become infected and caused blood-poisoning. After listening to our few explanations of the Christian Doctrine, our patient earnestly requested Baptism. All the members of the family are very sympathetic towards us. The loss of this, the eldest son is a great trial for them, but they are consoled at the thought that he will be happy after death. Reverend Father Gilbert has been notified and is going this evening to administer to him the Sacraments of Baptism and Extreme Unction. Returning to the Convent, we recommended him to our dear Heavenly Mother and thanked her for making use of us to bring about the salvation of this soul.

Monday, November 18

We have been informed of the death of a little eight-year-old invalid that we have been visiting for some weeks. She had, first of all, typhus; then, when she was beginning to improve, a pimple that she had on the gum became infected. The disease made rapid progress, despite the numerous Chinese doctors that attended her. When we were called, the caries of the upper jaw being already advanced, our best remedies could not get the mastery over the gangrene which pursued its course. The child was pitiful to see: waste flesh hung from her upper lip and her nose had almost entirely disappeared. Seeing her sad condition, the family had resolved to get rid of her, and it was only upon our repeated exhortations that the unfortunate child was not thrown to be devoured alive by the dogs. Very intelligent, she quickly understood the truths of our holy Religion and desired to be baptized. The pagan parents, believing it to be a superstitious ceremony like those performed by the bonzes, consented to the priest's coming to administer to her the Sacrament of Regeneration. This disease, which the family considered as coming from the devil and which rendered its victim an object of repulsion, was the key that opened for her the portals of Eternal Happiness.

Sunday, December 8

On this beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception, we offered to the most pure Virgin eighteen little children, in order that she may protect their innocence and lead them safely through all the dangers that they will encounter in their pagan environment.

Among our Christian pupils over twelve years old, we chose these eighteen to begin a society of the Children of Mary. The ceremony, being the first of its kind in Manchuria, was held in the church. It began with the singing of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, followed by an allocution by Reverend Father Rector; then the aspirants, kneeling at the Communion-railing, recited their Act of Consecration and received their medals, which they kissed. After another hymn to the Immaculate Virgin, they returned home, preciously bringing their candles with them as souvenirs and regretting that the pagan midst in which they live does not permit them to wear visibly their insignia, emblematical of the offering that they have made of themselves to their Heavenly Mother.



THE RELIGIOUS PERSONNEL OF FAKOU, MANCHUKUO, AND
HIS EXCELLENCY BISHOP LAPIERRE, ON A VISIT AT THE MISSION.

Friday, December 20

For the purpose of becoming more familiar with the Chinese language, we assist at the Catechism lesson given to the catechumens each evening by the native religious. It is interesting to hear the ingenuous answers of these persons, the majority of whom are quite old. One, eighty years old, no longer remembering which Person of the Blessed Trinity came upon earth, pointed to the Crucifix. This old woman has such good intentions that the priest will certainly be lenient for her Catechism examination. She came to the Dispensary a few months ago. As she looked so benevolent, we asked her if she would not like to become a Christian. Having received an affirmative answer, we went to remind her of her promise, at the opening of the Catechumenate. She had not forgotten. "Yes, I am going to the Catholic Mission to save my soul," she said. "If my children do not want to be saved, it is not my fault; as for me, I want to be baptized, in order to go to Heaven."

When the Religious Catechist explains contrition, Grandmother Pouo, baptized over a year ago and kept at the Mission on account of her great poverty, says that, each time she goes to confession, she always has perfect

contrition, because she is sorry for her sins and tells God that she loves Him above all things.

God must certainly smile at the ingenuous prayers of these big children, who cannot fail to console Him for the indifference of so many others.

Thursday, December 26

Last Saturday, Mrs. Lee, one of our fervent catechumens studying at home, being seriously ill, sent for us. She told us that, during the night, she had believed that she was dying and she was deeply grieved to think that she was not yet baptized. "Oh! beg the priest to come to-day," she earnestly said. After repeating to her the principal truths of our holy Religion, that she already knew, we went to notify the Missionary Father, who administered Baptism to her the same evening.

Visiting our patient the following day, we found her beaming with happiness. She was aware of the gravity of her condition and asked us what she should do to die like a Christian.

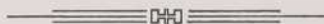
Scarcely was the Dispensary open this morning, when the twelve-year-old Lee boy came to beg us to go in haste to his mother. We left immediately and arrived at the moment of the agony. The dying woman's sight was already dim, but she still seemed to understand and vainly endeavoured to speak. Remaining near her to pray, we suggested a few invocations to her; then, little by little, she ceased breathing, and her newly regenerated soul took its flight towards her Creator.

Report of Fakou Mission for the year 1940:

Boarding-School Pupils.....58 Orphans.....28

Dispensary :

Baptisms of children.....59 Baptisms of adults.....2
Consultations....25,668 Treatments....33,321 Dressings.....5,659
Injections.....4,727 Teeth extracted 491 Homes visited....1,033
Anti-opium treatments.....120 Vaccinations.....240



There is a spiritual lesson for us, in that exquisite little scene of Jesus sitting down and watching the people putting their offerings into the temple-chests. He made no comment on the many generous donors who came; but when a poor widow came with her two farthings—surely the Master was waiting for her—He called His disciples to teach them a new principle of valuation, as applicable to the spiritual as the material life. The widow's contribution was the highest in God's sight, because "she of her want cast in all she had, even her whole living." (S. Mark 12. 44) Jesus is still sitting nigh and watching as we make our offerings. We may not be able to pray or do much, but if we in our want cast in all we have, even our whole living, if what little we give is given wholeheartedly, we need not fear the judgement of Him who cherishes the mites of the weak.

— *Father William Doyle, S. J.*

*Gleanings from the Diary of the Missionary Sisters of the
Immaculate Conception, Kountgchouling.*



THREE YOUNG CHRISTIAN CHINESE.

On March 31st, our Mission had the pleasure of acclaiming its revered Pastor, His Excellency Bishop Lapierre, who was coming to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. In the impressive ceremony held at two o'clock in the afternoon, thirty new Christians received with fervour the effusion of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, thus becoming full-fledged soldiers in the militia of Christ. His Excellency ended his allocution by recalling

to the congregation their duty of prayer. "Just as food is indispensable to maintain bodily health and vigour," he said, "so is prayer necessary to conserve and augment the life of our soul."

His Excellency honoured us with a visit to our modest home. "Be smiling always, however difficult the task you have to master," was his parting recommendation; "that is the secret of being happy, and at the same time the most powerful auxiliary in the winning of souls. Scatter smiles everywhere about you, and you shall reap happiness."

The catechist at He Lin Tze, transferred to Fan Kia Touen upon the opening of that mission, had complained to his Pastor that the Christians of this new post were unfaithful to their religious obligations. A few weeks later the priest, wishing to ascertain what good work had been accomplished, announced that he would visit the Mission in the near future. In the fervent catechist's estimation, his flock did not respond satisfactorily to his summons, and unwilling to *lose face*, he invited parishioners of He Lin Tze to assist; the priest was thus able to communicate at least fifteen persons: this being an event without precedent in the new mission. He was much amused however, when he learnt that half of these pious Christians had come from the catechist's former post.

Throughout the summer months dysentery and enteritis wrought ravages in Kountgchouling; as a result we have registered many Baptisms both in the Dispensary and in our visits to the homes of the afflicted. Each day were brought to us from near and far, little children tormented with a burning fever and at the point of death, even though they had been sick for only a few days. Many were only awaiting their passport to leave us for Heaven. Some families have lost two and even three children in the course of one month.

The dreaded plague having also made a few victims in the Capital, severe measures were taken to stamp out the disease. Persons were absolutely forbidden to penetrate into the city without wearing a protecting-cap, and having previously been given injections.

One day, a Chinese woman came in great haste and asked us to visit her neighbour who was dying. Knowing that her recovery was impossible,

the young woman's family took no care of her; they allowed us, however, to spend some time with the poor victim who gladly listened to the catechist's exhortations. Extremely feeble and unable to utter a word, she had to be replaced by her husband who recited the invocations suggested. Seeing her good dispositions, we immediately administered private Baptism.

In the evening we called once more upon our neophyte; on entering into the yard, we were astonished to find her in a coffin out in the open air; drawing nearer, we saw that she was still alive and recognized us perfectly well, attempting a feeble smile to express her gratitude. A few moments before, she had suffered a fainting-spell and her family had hurriedly placed her in the bier, so that she would not die on the *kang*, lest she should take



CHINESE FUNERAL IN MANCHUKUO.

it with her after death. Care had also been taken to place two small biscuits upon her breast, that she might not come and annoy her relatives later on. Without a word, we pushed the miserable biscuits aside, where they fell amongst the stones in the bottom of the coffin. The mother was in the house, and according to the custom, lamenting bitterly. Seeing the attention we bestowed on her daughter, she begged us to cure her, that the latter and all the family might become Christians. She said that her daughter had eaten on that very morning, ten sticks of sweetened ice, and as many peaches as she had wanted. Hearing this, the poor husband brought another peach, that his dying wife might taste of it; she was able to swallow a small portion of the fruit, and drank a little water. Never before had we assisted at a similar repast in a coffin. . . . Before leaving, we persuaded her to throw herself into the arms of the Blessed Virgin, who, we felt, would not delay to usher this newly-purified soul into the Heavenly Palace.

We learned on the morrow that she had died towards morning, after having passed the long night in the open air. What a miserable lot! Fortunately, the soul of this young woman had been regenerated.

A few days later, we had been saddened by repeated unsuccessful visits

to a dying soldier, a passionate smoker of opium, when someone came and asked "the doctor" to go and see a child on the brink of death. The Waters of Baptism were immediately poured upon the forehead of the little babe that winged its flight to Heaven without delay.

Scarcely had we administered Baptism when we were informed of good old Mr. Chang's serious illness. Here again the implacable Reaper was but awaiting a sign from the Master to strike the fatal blow. Our patient seemed very well disposed, and this merited him the grace of Baptism.

Three days later, a messenger brought the news that good Mr. Chang had left this miserable world; he is most probably already in the delights of Paradise, while our wretched soldier, always postponing to the morrow his reconciliation, has died impenitent.

Military exercises held in the city render our visits to the sick very difficult. When least expected the shrill sound of the siren warns us that all circulation in the streets is prohibited, until another signal removes the interdiction. By fair means or foul, one is compelled to remain where the signal found him. Police-officers see to the execution of orders, woe to him who does not heed the law! This sometimes happens even to our guides, and as a result, the Sister-Infirmarian has to take the hundred steps while awaiting to resume the journey.

Monday, August 19th was a radiant day for us. Very early, we were announced the visit of our beloved Mother Superior General, who will be accompanied by Sister Julienne du Saint Sacrement⁽¹⁾.

We gave the finishing touch to our little home to make it as attractive as possible, then awaited, with emotion difficult to express, the arrival of our dear guest. At length, here she is, with the pleasant smile ever on her lips; it reminds us of that other Mother, riveted to a bed of suffering, who would have loved so much to visit her Daughters in pagan lands.

After our filial greetings, we inquire about venerable Mother Foundress, who must find interminable the long months separating her from the return of her faithful companion.

Mother seemed pleased with her tour on Manchukuoan soil. The Vicariate of Szepingkai numbers over 13,000 Catholics, while in 1929 it numbered but 2,000. Various movements have been organized and are quite progressive. We solicit the prayers and generous support of our compatriots in America, that these movements may continue and become more and more flourishing, all to the greater glory of God.

Every recreation found us reunited around our loving Mother, listening avidly to her maternal counsels that we desire to engrave deeply in our hearts.

Our dear Visitor was already leaving us on the 27th; her visit, according to us, had been much too short, but we shall keep of it a lasting remembrance.

The 3rd of October took on a real missionary aspect in Koungtchouling this year. During Holy Mass, our modest church decorated with natural flowers, the priest's vestments, those of our great feasts, appropriate hymns

1. Beatrice LAREAU, Chambly.

in Chinese, invited us to rejoice and praise our glorious patroness, Saint Theresa of the Child Jesus. Our voices arose in supplication to her, soliciting for the world in misery, and especially for our dear Manchukuoan province, an abundant shower of roses. We felt on that very day the powerful effect of her protection, for we were given the joy of bringing two stray lambs into the True Fold.

The previous day we had been asked to visit a sick person outside the city, but considering the late hour and the distance to cover, had postponed our trip to the morrow. Early the next morning, Sister Ste. Catherine d'Alexandrie⁽¹⁾ and Sister Marie Thérèse⁽²⁾ set out, confiding the success of their enterprise to the "Little Saint" of the day. The weather was ideal. The soft rays of the sun shone on the immense fields of grain stretching out before us as far as the eye could see, reminding us of that other harvest of souls, much greater than the former, to which we have been called. Fervent thanksgivings arose from our grateful hearts towards the good Master Who accepts our cooperation in this noble apostleship.

Arrived at our destination, we saw a young girl in the early twenties afflicted with tuberculosis and having probably but a few weeks to live. We procured some relief to her poor emaciated body, and also poured into her soul a few words of Divine consolation.

On the *kang* opposite, a dying octogenarian asked our ministry. This unfortunate man, the grandfather of one of our patients, inquired in a resigned and calm tone, how long his exile would last. As his last moments were fast drawing near, we explained to him the principal truths of our Holy Faith, and without delay he expressed the desire to receive the Sacrament of Baptism. While being signed with the seal of Regeneration he received the name of Joseph, and his granddaughter, that of Theresa; then having left our two new recruits in our Immaculate Patroness's custody, we were about to return, when we noticed the majority of the villagers assembled in the yard, claiming "the doctor's" care. We took advantage of the occasion to glide in every soul a few words of God; these poor pagans thus received, along with medicine and ointments, a few rays of Divine light.

Everyone having been ministered to, we retraced our steps, our hearts filled with the happiness of having won two souls to God, and praying Saint



VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL, SISTER LAZARE DE BETHANIE (JOSEPHINE COUTURIER, PIOPOLIS, COMPTON CO.), SISTER STE. CATHERINE D'ALEXANDRIE (CATHERINE LEBEL, ST. EPIPHANE), SISTER ST. CHARLES DE MILAN (JEANNE BOUCHARD, ST. ELOI, TEMISCOUATA CO.), MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, KOUNGTCHOUING, AND WANG MALIA, RELIGIOUS OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

1. Catherine LEBEL, Ste. Epiphane, Rimouski Co.

2. Marie Therese Roux, Montreal.

Theresa that the little seed dropped in each soul that had come in contact with her humble Missionaries, might germinate and bring forth fruit.

Before the end of the year we were able to gather five beautiful sheaves in our loved Mission-field. We hastened to offer them to the Divine Little Infant of the Crib. Among these was our good grandpa Kang, sheltered in the Refuge for almost two years, and who, despite his good will, was unable to learn his small catechism. During the ceremony of Baptism, he would invariably answer, to all the questions of the priest: "*Oua sin Tien Tchou*", (I believe in God). Finally the sponsor had to intervene. . . .

Report of the Dispensary of Koungtchouling for the year 1940:

Infant Baptisms.....	105	Adult Baptisms.....	31
Treatments.....	24,407	Dressings.....	3,217
Injections.....	2,903	Vaccinations.....	248
Patients.....	12,616	Teeth extracted.....	18
Homes visited.....	1,493	Anti-opium treatments.....	19

*
* * *

VANCOUVER

STEALERS OF PARADISE

During the past year of 1940 our Hospital for Oriental patients has several times been visited by the Angel of Death.

On the 4th of January our good Wong Sing, baptized scarcely two months previously, left us for a happier home. During his last illness, unspeakable sufferings were his lot, and at the same time, the means of enriching his celestial crown with many precious jewels. He died peacefully in Christ, purified by the last Sacraments and comforted by the prayers of our Holy Mother Church.

Four days later, Patrick N'g Yock commended his soul into the hands of his Creator. Afflicted with a throat-cancer, he found the long hours of suffering interminable, and only the thought of the happiness Heaven reserved for him could make him submit to the Divine Will and alleviate his crucifying pains. Patrick N'g Yock was a fervent Catholic; he greatly edified his fellow-patients by his frequent Signs of the Cross. He also had a deep veneration for the Miraculous Medal. Doubtless the God of Mercies had cast upon this privileged soul a glance of predilection, for it was a providential incident that opened to him the doors of our haven. He had been sheltered for the past few years in a Protestant refuge, when one morning he astounded all the inmates by his piercing cries and lamentations. Finally, no longer welcome because of his importunacy, he was brought here. To his great joy Baptism was immediately administered to him; this re-established peace within his soul, and his dispositions, until his death, were most edifying and exemplary.

Shortly afterwards a whitened old patient passed into the Great Beyond with a smile on his lips. A few minutes before, Sister had offered him tea, but he shook his head and pointed with his hand towards Heaven, a ray of supernatural contentment illuminating his pale face. Then his eyes closed to the things of earth and opened to life everlasting.

Towards the end of January the condition of our new protégée, Yamamoto, grew alarming. As she barely understood English, our little Japanese maid was questioned in her native tongue by Sister St. Marc⁽¹⁾, concerning herself and her family. In the afternoon, seeing that the end was fast drawing near, Sister touched the "Great Question". "You are suffering very much; would you not like to become a child of God?" At the word "suffering" the heart of the dying lass opened to confidence. "Oh! yes, I suffer much; baptize me, Sister." She bent her head, pushed aside her dark locks, and was marked in the Regenerating Waters with the seal of the elect, and received the names of Mary Theresa. Our loving Saviour presently claimed her pure and innocent young soul.

In the course of the following months, we gave the great Passport to several other "stealers of Paradise". Sometimes we gave them hospitality for a few days, often for an hour or so, in our modest refuge when they would leave us for Heaven.

Louie Hong was dying and Baptism had not been administered him. Our Sister-Infirmarian confidently resolved to broach the subject of paramount importance. But the dying man refused to listen. Sister turned away sadly when of a sudden she had a bright inspiration. Showing her silver crucifix to the patient, she whispered: "Louie, would you not like to be baptized and become a child of God like me?" "Yes, like you," he replied, opening his eyes, "like you, for you are so good to me..." Half an hour later, Louie Hong was baptized and given the name of Joseph. That evening happiness reigned supreme in the hearts of the new convert and of his humble nursing Sister. Three days later, Louie Joseph left us for Heaven. A few hours before his death he beckoned Sister to look at the image of Our Lady of Lourdes, suspended above his bed. Perhaps had it become in his eyes more than an image. The expression of supernatural joy shining on his face made us suspect that Heaven was already open to that pagan of yesterday.

While keeping night-watch in one of our sick-rooms, Sister Ste. Hélène⁽²⁾ had the consolation of pouring the Saving Waters upon the brow of a little Japanese girl named Adachi. "She had caused me much anxiety throughout the night," related Sister the next morning, "and several times I had tiptoed over to her bed, praying our Blessed Mother to aid me in fulfilling my mission in behalf of that soul. Towards morning, she became very feeble, her hands were ice-cold, while her face was covered with perspiration. 'She is dying', I said to myself, and drawing close to her, I whispered, 'My poor child, you are very ill, perhaps you will die soon.' 'Sister,' replied the agonizing

1. Alida TALBOT, Cacouna.

2. Hélène HEBERT, Notre Dame de Napierville.

little patient, in a very low voice, 'I am better this morning, I have slept, I feel stronger.' 'Oh! no, you are not stronger, look, your hands are ice-cold.' 'But, Sister, I am so hot.' In fact, the perspiration that covers the brow of the dying marked her only too well with the fatal stigmata. I continued 'If you were to die in that state, you wouldn't go to Heaven.' 'I wouldn't go to Heaven?' she inquired in surprise. 'No, because you have not received Baptism.' I then briefly explained the principal truths of our holy Faith, and asked her if she believed and desired to be baptized. A radiant smile lit up her face. 'Yes, Sister, baptize me.' After having her repeat a few invocations, I poured the Saving Waters upon her brow, giving her the name of Mary and that of a loved sister, Evangeline. A few minutes later, her pure soul winged its flight to Heaven. How shall I express my gratitude towards the Immaculate Queen for making me share her glorious mission in saving one more pagan soul? Profound joy filled my heart, a portion of the joy which is undoubtedly the reward of this new angel of God. . . ."

CONQUESTS OF GRACE

Has anyone of you made the acquaintance of our good "Stalin"? He¹ is a Russian Communist, you will perhaps think, when you notice his name. Wrong! Stalin is simply one of our Japanese patients, broad-faced, with prominent features and a well-developed beard. Our tubercular patients have gratified him with the illustrious nickname he now bears; let us add that it is wholly unmerited for he has become a fervent Catholic and may well be proposed as a model. For some time past, grace had been struggling in his upright soul avid of truth and of God. Having searched much, he gradually became convinced that only the Catholic Religion would give him what he had vainly sought elsewhere. But his poor nature rebelled and time fled. . . Finally, grace triumphed. He asked Sister Marie des Archanges⁽¹⁾, who had lent him a book on the Holy Rosary, to give him prayer-beads and teach him to recite the Aves. "I have read in your book that a young girl had been cured by the Rosary; I desire so much to get well also. But, will my prayers be agreeable to God, since I am not baptized?" "Certainly," replied Sister, "but they would be much more so, if you were a child of God." At these words, his countenance fell, but he immediately spoke with energy: "Sister, I love God and I believe, baptize me!" Blessed are the humble and upright, to whom the good and merciful Saviour always reveals Himself!

A Japanese disciple of Buddha, Madam Susiki, had long resisted our friendly advances; the attentions and acts of charity of the Sisters contributed but to augment her antipathy and bitterness towards our Holy Faith. All through the night, the agonizing woman had obstinately refused the grace of Baptism, while by her bedside the Sister-Infirmarian fingered her Rosary. The devil was undoubtedly congratulating himself on this

1. Germaine NOISEUX, Montreal.

most probable victory, but he had played his last card, for in the ways of God, success is never so near as when everything seems the most desperate. The moment had come for Divine Mercy to operate.

Madam Susiki did not die; her physical condition even visibly improved, but the terrible scourge of tuberculosis continued its work. The conversion and holy death of another inmate were the prelude to her own. From that moment she grew calm and patient, listened with fervour to lessons on Catholic Doctrine, and finally asked to be baptized. Just to look at her peaceful and radiant face sufficed to convince us of the great joy which had descended into her soul along with the grace of regeneration. On the morrow she made her First Communion and was anointed. "I am pure, now," she would say, "pure even to my feet, for the priest has traced unctions upon them. I long to die and be with God. Yesterday, after Baptism, I thought my soul would fly to Heaven without delay, and I am still waiting. . . Oh! but I long to die. . . ." Such sentiments in souls, yesterday plunged in the darkness of paganism, stir our admiration at the marvelous effects of Divine Grace. . . .

The Gospel relates that Jesus one day healed two blind beggars; assuredly the jubilation in the hearts of these unfortunate companions and of their relatives was great. Something similar took place in our humble refuge when Minoru and Yoshiro, Japanese boys of seventeen and twenty-three, were made children of Heaven. Blind to the truths of our Faith, beggars of earthly happiness, they opened their eyes to the light of the Gospel and became heirs to the Kingdom of God. . . and our hearts beat for very joy. Yoshiro, the first to receive Baptism, was named Joseph James. The priest then came up to Minoru and inquired what name he had decided on. "I want to be named Saint Joseph." That exclamation provoked a smile on every face, but the dear boy was not mistaken, for he soon was numbered amongst the elect in Paradise.

A few days before his Baptism, poor Minoru was considering his pale and emaciated fingers. . . and his eyes filled with tears. The Sister-Infirmarian had asked him if he agreed to leave the large sick-room for a smaller one. Oh, the terrible small ward! It was not unknown to him, so many had been taken there before him, and they had not come back; all hope was then gone! At length, he offered up his sacrifice, and said between his sobs, "Sister, you may change my bed; I know I will never get any better." She then spoke to him of the beautiful Heaven that would be opened to him by Baptism.

When his poor pagan soul had been regenerated and the new Joseph had made his First Communion, he confided to the Sister-Infirmarian that "he feared death no more, for Jesus was now in his heart." His mother, although still a pagan, shared his happiness, assuring him that he had been privileged. Dear Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, always resourceful in means of consoling her dying protégés, had procured him a pretty little cake iced in rose

1. Sister MARIE DE LA VISITATION (Elise Croteau, St. Antoine de Tilly).

and white. This delicate attention touched him greatly; he ate of it, then sent the rest to his friend in the large ward. "Tell him, Sister, that I am so happy! I send him my feastday cake and pray for him."

The mercy of God is unfathomable; we are lost in admiration at its marvelous operations. One day, a Chinese who had all the symptoms of tuberculosis arrived at our dispensary. The woman catechist, confident that he would be another candidate for Heaven, met him in the waiting-room and offered him a catechism. "Read that to pass away the time," she suggested. After having turned over the pages of the book, he exclaimed: "Ah! it is a Catholic book. I am a Catholic, my parents had me baptized. My Christian name is George; our parish church was the Cathedral of Canton. When I arrived in Canada, some twenty years ago, knowing neither priest nor church, I abandoned the practice of my religion, but I believe in God yet." Admitted among our patients, the man soon grew seriously ill, and death becoming imminent we did not await his baptismal certificate from Canton, but proceeded to give him conditional Baptism, after which he received Holy Communion and was anointed. His joy was unspeakable and transfigured his pain-drawn face. He died peacefully, a few moments after. Lucky George! to whom does he owe the great privilege of having found his Lord again? Above all to the boundless mercy of the Divine Saviour, but may we not suppose, also to the hidden sacrifices and supplications of a holy soul immolating itself somewhere in the wide world? . . .

On the seventh of April, the Good Shepherd brought into His Fold a stray lamb whom He had sought amidst pricking briars, and who was dying of the unforgiving disease, tuberculosis; he was Raymond Hoy. Without his knowing it, the shadow of death had crept upon the unfortunate victim, and he still refused the assistance of a priest. Seeing his hours were numbered, we renewed our urgent requests to which he finally responded, and the Regenerating Waters marked him with the seal of Redemption.

These Baptisms *in articulo mortis* hold something impressive and solemn; with what happiness do they not fill our hearts! Are they not witnesses to the infinite mercy of our Divine Lord?

FERVOUR AND SIMPLICITY OF OUR PATIENTS

The majority of our Orientals are just grown-up children whose ingenuous fervour must certainly rejoice Heaven. One day, Soo Tcheung was saying to our Catechist: "You know, I pray mostly all the time." "What prayers do you say?" "I take my crucifix, salute it, and then I pray: *Bon Tin Tu Kao* (God of the Catholics) please help me, I am ill and I suffer. *Tin Tu Kao* and *Seng Mo* (Blessed Virgin) pardon me, but I'd like to smoke, it isn't long since I'm a Catholic, and I haven't yet been able to break up that habit, but you know I love you, please excuse me and answer my prayers."

Lee Yune, a labourer of the last hour, was surprised one night in the attitude of prayer, his joined hands pressing his crucifix. . . he was doubtless

making up for lost time. "Tell me, Peter," spoke Sister Marie de la Présentation⁽¹⁾, what are you saying to God?" "I do not know how to pray, for I am but a poor old Chinese, so I take my crucifix and kiss it, asking good *Jezo* to help me." So simple an act of love must assuredly have won the approving smile of God!

Wong Hong is frequently seen at the clinic; his leg, covered with purulent sores, necessitates numerous dressings and minute care. Sister Marie de Béthanie⁽²⁾ invariably attaches a Miraculous Medal to the gauze bandage covering his sore leg. He heartily approves her delicate attention with a smile, and takes a very special care of the precious talisman. Although he has been coming to our clinic for almost a year, he has never lost his beloved medal, and to it he attributes the notable improvement in his physical condition. One day, our Sister occupied elsewhere, had asked the Nurse to dress Wong Hong's leg. Hardly had she finished, when the patient began to murmur, and in a Chinese-English jargon, tried to make himself understood. The Nurse, fearing an error on her account, asked Sister to intervene. "Tell me," began the former, "is there anything wrong?" After having considered the dressing, she gathered that one thing alone was lacking, the medal! Our good man, overjoyed at the recovery of his treasure, turned his steps homeward after having prodigally bestowed his most reverential salutations.

A EUCHARISTIC TRIUMPH

Civil authorities have permitted for the first time the holding of processions of the Blessed Sacrament in the central part of the city. Favoured with ideal weather, ours was held on Sunday, May 26th, in the afternoon, with all the splendour and pomp with which the Catholic Church honours the Divine Prisoner of our altars.

An immense crowd of people, several classes of body-guards, such as soldiers, aviators, etc., accompanied the pious defiling, while a great number of spectators, mostly Protestants, were grouped around the wayside altar near which had been installed several loud-speakers. It was with touching fervour that our Christians recited the *Pater* and the *Ave*, and sang the sacred hymns *Panis Angelicus*, *O Salutaris*, and *Tantum Ergo*. Reverend Father Monaghan, O. M. I., preached on the mystery of the love of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist. Alluding to present-day international dilemmas, he explained that hatred, war, and division existed, because Christ and His Sacrament of Love had been banished from society. "As long as peace and love are not sought at this inexhaustible fount," he continued, "vainly shall we assemble to deliberate over means of conjuring so many calamities." His Excellency Archbishop Duke also gave a short sermon, following which he granted the Papal blessing. This procession closed the Diocesan Eucharistic Congress.

1. Berthe SURPRENANT, Swanton, Vt.

2. Berthe PICHE, St. Basile, Portneuf Co.



THE COMMUNITY OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
VANCOUVER
ON THE OCCASION OF THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THEIR SISTER MARIE DE L'EPIPHANIE
(MAY MOQUIN, EASTMAN, QUE.)

FAMILY JOYS

On July 2nd, our little Community celebrated the patronal feast of dear Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, and the Silver Jubilee of dear Sister Marie de l'Epiphanie⁽²⁾.

During Holy Mass our happy jubilarian renewed her Religious Vows. This act, notwithstanding its simplicity, had taken on a character of sublimity and solemnity. Before breakfast, while our little choir sang the *Veni Sponsa Christi*, Sister Superior placed upon Sister's head the crown of silver lilies, symbolizing the immortal crown that our Heavenly Mother will award us on the day of our eternal alliance.

At half-past nine, after the recitation of a part of our Rosary, our joyous holiday opened. . . and fled on wings.

To crown this intimate and pious celebration, Our Lord deigned to impart us another missionary joy. At four o'clock a dying Chinese was brought to us; he was Soo Ping, one of our former patients. He had been admitted into our Hospital in March last, while he seemed to have but a breath of life remaining. He had received Baptism and the priest had anointed him. The doctor had declared after a scrupulous examination that our man was not tuberculous, even if seriously ill. For that reason, he had been taken to another hospital, unhappily a Protestant one. We had visited him quite often since then, and each time had been edified at

1. Sister MARIE DE LA VISITATION (Elise Croteau, St. Antoine de Tilly).

2. May MOQUIN, Eastman, Que.

his faith and piety. "When I get better," he would say, "I will have a candle burn before Jesus." Towards the end of June, we had lost track of him, for he had left that hospital, and we did not know whither he had gone. How explain his sudden return on the feast of the Visitation? In Heaven only shall we know, for our poor Chinese moribund was unable to speak. A celestial joy radiated on his face while he received Absolution and the Sacrament of the dying. He died that very night, while we were singing to our Heavenly Mother the *Magnificat* that closes all our family rejoicings.

GOOD SAINT JOSEPH, GIVE US A HOME

At midnight on August 21st, a sinister cracking awoke the echoes of our house, while an avalanche of lime and mortar fell in one of our dormitories where three Sisters slept.

Luckily, our victims emerged safe and sound from the mass of débris, but this incident caused us to renew our entreaties, that our father and protector, good Saint Joseph, filled with compassion for us, might build us a more spacious and solid hospital.

During October and November, our wards were full; some of our patients had to seek a place in the corridors. We were even compelled to refuse a Japanese paralytic woman, not having rooming-space for her. May Heaven heed our prayers, and give us means of enlarging our walls! Would not the realization of this project contribute entirely to the glory of God? . . .

AN ILLUSTRIOUS VISITOR AT OUR HOSPITAL

His Excellency, Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, honoured our modest hospital with a visit on September 24th. As we were yet under the charm and edification that had caused the recital of his missionary labours in the far North, we were happy to record the joyous event in our annals.

Our distinguished Visitor was accompanied by our Chaplain, Rev. Fr. Lamontagne, Rev. Fr. Miles, Rector of the Cathedral, Rev. Fr. Floyd, Secretary to Archbishop Duke, and Rev. Fr. Clinton. After having ascertained that we were all French-Canadians, His Excellency addressed us in our maternal tongue. "Sisters, do good by your charity. Charity is warmth, it conquers souls. The missionary-priest preaches the word of God, prepares the way, but oftener it is the Sister who converts by her kind charity. Rejoice, not only for having been called to the sublime vocation of apostleship, but also for being able to minister even here unto pagan souls, for you have here your own China and Japan. Stay and devote yourselves where God has placed you. Only under this condition will you do good. Keep up the good spirit of your Community, a spirit profoundly religious."

Despite the late hour, His Excellency deigned to bless every one of our patients. We shall long remember the precious visit that has afforded us so much happiness and spiritual consolation.

*Report of the Oriental Hospital of Vancouver
for the year 1940 :*

Adult Baptisms.....	69	Fluoroscopes.....	1,167
Infant Baptism.....	1	Laboratory tests.....	2,013
First Communion.....	4	Dressings.....	1,351
Holy Communion.....	83	Injections.....	2,354
Extreme Unction administered...	23	Various treatments.....	13,211
Homes visited.....	237	Medications.....	32,927
Radiographs.....	302	Patients registered.....	192

Report of our Chinese Clinic for the year 1940 :

Number of patients treated.....	905	Physical examinations.....	127
Medications.....	752	X-Rays.....	31
Dressings.....	86	Prophylactic treatments.....	157

MONTREAL

*Report of the Dispensary of the Montreal Chinese Hospital
for the year 1940 :*

Baptisms.....	32	Prescriptions filled.....	2,048
First Communion.....	1	Dressings.....	1,698
Confirmations.....	2	Electric Treatments.....	222
Extreme Unction.....	1	X-Rays.....	10
Patients registered.....	94	Injections.....	2,212
Patients received at the Dis-		Operations.....	4
pensary.....	1,531	Deaths.....	17
Days in the Hospital.....	2,036	Visits to Homes and Hospitals.	99



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 NOVIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Wednesday, December 25

The first Christmas greetings heard to-day were those of the angels and the shepherds who, passing through our dormitories awakened — with very little effort, we indeed assure you — every Novice and Postulant.

As the shepherds of Bethlehem, in days of yore, immediately answered the angel's invitation, so did we lose no time in going to the chapel to kneel at the feet of the Divine Babe. Deep emotions stirred our souls as we beheld His eyes full of tenderness and His little arms outstretched to us. Our hearts were won, and we consecrated them to Him forever.

We were present at the three Masses, a High Mass and two Low ones. In this hour of plenty, we certainly did not forget our beloved parents and all those so dear to us. The sweet-toned Christmas hymns did not fail to bring back pleasant memories of childhood days.

Divine Providence Who dispenses all things had provided us with a delightful repast of which we partook with a heart filled with gratitude. Then each and everyone silently regained her little cell.

No doubt, the angels and shepherds of the night remained in the neighbourhood for, again this morning, their melodious voices, accompanied by violins and bells awoke us, by their hymns heralding the birth of the Saviour of mankind.

Still under the delightful impressions of the blessed night, we repaired to the chapel for morning prayer and meditation. Then followed breakfast after which we all united in sweet and religious intimacy. If the Christmas feasts spent in the midst of our dear families have left us a remembrance never to be forgotten, those experienced in Religion also bear a particular mark, so to speak.

A lavishly decorated Christmas tree, gift of a generous benefactor, occupied a corner of the Novitiate Hall and gave rise to many an exclamation of surprise.

Our eyes glittered with joy as we discovered, near the charming Infant Jesus that attracted our attention, a big basket containing letters from our dear relatives and from "Home sweet Home". Needless to say, it did not take long to distribute them; and each little Sister became more or less

oblivious of everything around her as she allied the happiness of her loved ones with the charms and sweetness of the religious festivals.

Songs, music, games of all kinds rendered the day very pleasant; and, when night approached, as we whispered a gay "till to-morrow", one thought lingered in our grateful hearts: "We thank Thee, O Lord, we thank Thee for all Thy bounties!"

Tuesday, December 31

As life goes on and the years slip into eternity, we might compare them to a wonderful Rosary, slowly gliding between our fingers, each new year bringing its own series of mysteries, its hymns of praise, of thanksgiving to be rendered unto the Lord.

Yet how we would love to linger on the last bead, for on this day, two sentiments above all others, occupy our thoughts and serve to dictate our duties to us: that of gratitude for the countless favours bestowed upon us by the Infinite Kindness during the course of this whole year; that of reparation for our forgetfulness, our shortcomings, our lack of generosity in God's service.

To-night, according to a touching custom, we went down to the chapel at eleven thirty, so as to spend the last instants of the passing year at the feet of Our Eucharistic Friend. Then was the time most opportune to chant the *Te Deum* and the *Miserere*, interpreters of our heartfelt sentiments.

As the clock striking its twelve clear notes broke the profound silence, our souls, always turned towards our Heavenly Father, repeated the sublime demands of the *Pater*, these demands taking the character of sincere wishes at the opening of the New Year. Our Immaculate Mother in turn received our wishes as we paraphrased the *Ave Maria*.

After having thus somewhat satisfied our filial piety we dared ask for our own gifts. We prayed God to bless us and all those to whom we owe a debt of gratitude, whether for spiritual or temporal favours: our Superiors, our beloved parents, all those dear to us.

The touching hymn: "My God, deign to bless the New Year" then loudly expressed the prayers each one had interiorly formulated. The Holy Hour was then brought to a close by a fervent *Magnificat* and we left the chapel with the happy thought that our first visit on the morrow would be to the Guest of our Tabernacle, to our Divine Fiancé.

Wednesday, January 1, 1941

Just as in days of yore this first day of the New Year used to group us around our dear parents, so, this morning, it united us around our kind Mother-Mistress for the interchange of hearty wishes. Those expressed by her love and solicitude were most precious to us and if, with God's grace and our earnest efforts, they are realized, we shall surely make great strides on the road to perfection and that is our ideal.

While everywhere on the globe people eagerly listen to the messages and wishes coming to them over the radio, we were all ears to listen to a

much desired letter whose every word sank deep in our minds and left an indelible trace. This letter came from far away China; it had been written by a beloved Mother; need we say that it brought joy and comfort to all? . . .

After having received a first blessing this morning from Reverend Father Poitevin, of the Foreign Mission Seminary, we were imparted a second one a little later. At ten o'clock we assembled in the reception hall where Monsignor Laroche, Superior of the Seminary offered us his New Year's wishes.

He gave us many paternal exhortations one of which was that we should purchase by an intense fervour the grace of being one day chosen to reinforce the ranks of those apostles who are already toiling in the mission-fields. These precious teachings we stored in our memories as we formed the resolution of putting them into practice. Then we knelt under the blessing hand of our visitor.

In the afternoon we were enriched with a third blessing: that of our chaplain, Reverend Father Forcier, who came for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The whole day was spent in enlivening recreation. While some enjoyed to the full the presence of their dear parents, others attempted to exhaust the repertoire of old Christmas songs. But, above all, we delighted in the reading of the letters from our different Missions, whether of the Province or of the Orient: China, Japan, the Philippine Islands.

Thursday, January 2

Nine o'clock! There was a look of excited hope on every countenance and all eyes turned towards the bell which ordinarily announces the great holidays. Happily its vibrant and joyous voice soon resounded throughout the House and we all cheerfully answered "*Deo Gratias*".

Were the little Novices to remain quietly cooped in during the whole of this ideal day, as though they were attending a distribution of prizes? Of course not! The day after New Year's is about the only day consecrated to sliding. Quickly we wrapped ourselves up very snugly and like a brave caravan, we ventured across the great white desert which separated us from the hill. A few hours of such light-hearted play in the open is invigorating and will help us to prepare for the unstinted labour we dream of sharing one day in the field afar. Our desire is to spend all our strength for the salvation of the poor pagans, still sitting in the darkness. May we bring them all to the Light of the World!

Monday, January 6, 1941

The Epiphany is one of our great missionary feasts. We celebrate it with joy and gratitude, first of all in memory of our vocation to the Faith which is recalled to us on this day by the manifestation of Jesus to the Gentiles in the person of the Magi, and in memory also of our privileged call to the Apostolate, prefigured, we may say, by the mission of the Holy Kings, since they were the first to spread the "good tidings".

As for them, a happy star — that of Divine inspiration — has shone for us and led us to the dwelling of Jesus and Mary. More favoured than these Princes of the Orient, we are allowed to remain in this blessed abode. Such a privilege enlivens our desire to become more and more worthy of the One Who has deigned to call us and is constantly soliciting tokens of our love and gratitude.

May these glorious Models obtain for us that spontaneous generosity which characterized them, that simple and strong faith which made them recognize the Saviour of the World in a feeble child whose lowly birth was capable of disconcerting men of such noble origin; so that later on, if we come in contact with the utter misery engendered by paganism, their example will remind us to consider only the image of God in every soul, whatever be its exterior appearance.

This pleasant holiday came at the proper time to allow us to finish reading the letters from our different missions. In each one we seemed to discover this invitation: "Come, Sisters, make haste! The work is more and more pressing and the labourers are few!" Oh! dear veteran Sisters, how anxious we are to see our wings grow strong to go and rejoin you!

On this day, we also were faithful to another little custom, that of choosing the mission for which we wish to offer a good share of our prayers and sacrifices. Each one was welcome and its very name will stimulate our zeal.

Sunday, January 12

When after two years and a half spent at the Novitiate, we recall the benefits received, the multiple kindnesses bestowed upon us, our hearts overflow with gratitude. Inspired with this sweet sentiment, the novices who are about to make profession organized a little entertainment for this evening.

Our younger Sisters, the Postulants, who had the splendid idea of joining them, presented us an enigma whose final scene excited general hilarity. It represented our beloved Mother Superior General's arrival from the foreign missions.

The curtain was then drawn for the four scenes of the word *Magnificat* in which the future professed Sisters expressed their profound gratitude and their determination to put into practice the solid principles of the spiritual life they were taught during the days of their noviceship.

After addressing a few words of encouragement to the authors of the pleasant entertainment, dear Mother St. Jean François Régis exhorted us to continue enjoying ourselves in that manner during the holiday recreations, so as to keep up in our Community the beneficent family spirit which ought to be one of its characteristics.

Saturday, February 1

Every day we beg God to send evangelical workers to His harvest, so we were happy, to-day, to receive in our midst the new little Sisters who have been the object of God's loving kindness.

To the Master's chosen ones we extended a hearty "welcome" and wished them to appreciate more and more the grace of this Divine call. We also hope they will soon overcome the loneliness one cannot help feeling in a change of life, even if it is to be transplanted in a broader and more sunny hothouse. May Our Immaculate Mother also shower her most comforting blessings upon the loved ones they have left behind!

Sunday, February 2

The day on which begins the annual retreat may well be called a rallying day, for a goodly number of professed Sisters from the Mother House and from the different points of the province come to profit by the important exercises.

Until the bell rang to plunge us in profound silence for eight days, there was fraternal and joyful chatting. It ceased when the Master invited us to the chapel for the first instruction.

As a fervent Novena to the Holy Ghost had preluded these days of grace, we were confident that the Sanctifier of souls had prepared our hearts to receive the seed of truth and that He would, by His Divine influence, cause it to fructify and yield abundantly.

Sunday, February 9

According to the recommendation of His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve and the Civil Authorities of the Province, we sang, to-day, the special Mass for peace. May Christ, Our Saviour, become our intercessor and repeat to the God of mercies His beseeching plea: "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

Monday, February 10

The retreat is already nearing its end. We would be tempted to say we are sorry, so sweet has been that intimacy with Jesus, afforded us by these days of pious solitude. But, it is time to come down from the mountain, to return to everyday life; meditation must have fanned the fire of our love for God; the passive disposition of the soul must be made active if the fervour of our resolutions are to bear fruit. Reverend Father Turcotte, O. P., our Retreat Master, showed us in persuasive terms the austere beauty of the Religious life and the means of attaining the degree of perfection expected of us by God, the Church, and souls.

Tuesday, February 11

The feast of the Immaculate Virgin's Smile glowed with magnificent splendour. For several it was a day of exceptional joy, consecrated as it was by the Lord's Divine condescension.

This forenoon, nineteen novices took their Holy Vows and signed, so to say, their donation, by exchanging the white veil of the novices for the

black veil of profession. After receiving the silver crucifix which they so gladly wear, the Spouses of Christ were given a Rosary, visible token of their devotion to Mary.

The joys of this holocaust as well as the Sisters' gratitude towards God Who deigned receive it, found their expression in a vibrant *Te Deum* sung by all with deep fervour.

A good number of relatives and friends had assembled in our chapel for the ceremony which took place at half past two. It was enhanced by the presence of His Excellency Bishop J. Prud'homme and was presided over by Reverend Father Jalbert, S. M. M., Provincial.

Were present also: Reverend Father Armand Desgagné, P. P., Chaplain of the Orphanage of Chicoutimi; Reverend Emile Fréchette, P. S. S.; Reverend Fathers Edouard Martineau, C. S. V.; J. O. Cholette, C. S. V.; Alphonse Ouimet, S. S. S.; C. E. Poirier, S. S. S.; Leo Lomme, P. M. E., Chaplain of the Novitiate; Elias Gagnon, Chicoutimi; P. Damien Robert; Roland Roch, P. M. E.; Dominique Desjardins, curate of Vankleek Hill, Ont.; J. Henri Lauzon; Jacques de Charette, S. M. E.; Maurice Côté, S. M. E.; Reverend Brothers Henri Brunelle, O. M. I.; Maurice Leblanc, O. M. I., and Marie Paul, F. E. C.

Reverend Father Turcotte, O. P., Retreat Master, delivered a soul-stirring sermon on the Religious life. Immediately afterwards, the postulants, kneeling at the foot of the altar, expressed their desire to be admitted to the Novitiate of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception.

The Officiating Priest blessed the white livery they donned while the choir sang a beautiful hymn. On her return, each new novice was given the name she will henceforth bear: Miss Lucienne Fillion, Kénogami (Sister Louis Marie); Miss Marie Jeanne Fortin, St. Octave de Métis, Matane (Sister Alphonse Marie); Miss Gemma Vaillancourt, Quebec (Sister Gemma Galgani); Miss Rose-Anna Breton, St. Evariste (Sister St. Evariste); Miss Gemma Normand, Trois Saumons de l'Islet (Sister Ste. Antoinette); Miss Marguerite Bessette, Montreal (Sister François de la Passion); Miss Evelyn O'Neill, Le Pont de Quebec (Sister Ste. Alexandrine); Miss Carmen Gagnon, Chicoutimi (Sister Ste. Joséphine); Miss Carmelle Délisle, Cap Santé (Sister Jeanne de Lorraine); Miss Cécile Rousseau, Granby (Sister Jean des Oliviers); Miss Bérangère Cadieux, Montreal (Sister Joseph du Sauveur); Miss Laurette Lapointe, Jonquièrre (Sister St. Dominique); Miss Carmen Langlois, Villeroy, Lotbinière Co. (Sister Marie de l'Eucharistie); Miss Simone Bédard, Bonfield, Ont. (Sister Jean Marie); Miss Marie Paule Gaudreau, Rimouski (Sister Marie Edwidge); Miss Gilberte Brochu, St. Henri de Levis (Sister Colette de Jésus); Miss Gabrielle Chalut, Montreal (Sister Florence du Sacré Cœur); Miss Gilberte Coallier, Montreal (Sister Ste. Gilberte); Miss Claire Lacombe, Montreal (Sister Françoise de Lisieux); Miss Claire Audy, Three Rivers (Sister Marie Claire); Miss Noella Roy, Ste. Jeanne D'Arc, Matapédia (Sister Jeanne de la Visitation); Miss Marie Josephe Desrochers, St. Roch de l'Achigan (Sister Marie Flore).

More solemn oblations followed. Twelve of our elder Sisters advanced and consecrated themselves irrevocably to the Lord. With what heavenly

joy their souls were flooded as the ring of fidelity was slipped on their finger, signifying that their union with the Spouse of Virgins assumed, to-day, its eternal character!

These privileged ones were: Sister Ste. Rita (Rita Legrand, St. Philippe de Laprairie); Sister Suzanne de Jésus (Suzanne Longtin, Montreal); Sister Marie Albertine (Jacqueline Blondin, Longueuil); Sister Joseph de la Providence (Angèle Rondeau, Ste. Elisabeth de Warwick); Sister Marie Florida (Clara Leblanc, Glen Robertson, Ont.); Sister Marie Luce (Jeanne d'Arc Jalbert, Chicoutimi); Sister St. Grégoire de Nazianze (Rita Martel, Vankleek Hill, Ont.); Sister Jeanne Françoise (Jeanne d'Arc Desrochers, Quebec); Sister Thérèse du St. Sacrement (Thérèse Guénette, l'Orignal, Ont.); Sister Marie Lucile (Léa L'Ecuyer, Montreal); Sister Marie Antoinette (Isabelle Michaud, Notre Dame de Rimouski); Sister Pauline Marie (Rita Leblanc, Jonquière).

During Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, how lovingly Jesus must have smiled at all these souls who, to answer His call, left what they held most dear! And with what kindness must He not have blessed their pious parents who, by a Christian education led them to their beautiful vocation and offered them so generously to Him to-day!

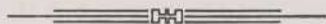
Wednesday, February 12

Most of the Sisters who had come for their retreat, have returned to their respective missions. How empty the house seems!

A touching and symbolical ceremony characterized our last reunion at the chapel on the evening of this beautiful day. One of the perpetually professed Sisters who had remained in our midst deposited her crown of lilies at the feet of the Immaculate Virgin, while in a touching hymn, the choir begged Our Lady to accept her entire donation and that crown which she hopes will be returned to her in Heaven.

We trust that from On High, Mary responded by a maternal smile. Her white statue with its brilliant halo seemed to acquiesce to the privileged Sister's request.

Penetrated with joy on thinking how privileged we are to belong to God and to live under the banner of the Immaculate Virgin, we went to take our night's rest, repeating in our hearts these words of the prophet king: "Better is one day in thy courts above thousands." (Ps. LXXXIV, 11)



Jesus wills that we give alms to Him as to one poor and needy. He puts Himself as it were at our mercy; He will take nothing but what we give Him from our heart, and the very least trifle is precious in His sight. He stretches forth His Hand, this sweet Saviour, to receive of us a little love, so that in the radiant day of Judgment He may be able to address to us those ineffable words: "*Come, ye blessed of My Father; for I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in; sick and you visited Me; I was in prison, and you came to Me.*" (Matt., XXV, 34-36.)

—St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.



The Children's Page

DEAR CHILDREN,

Since our last interview, many things have happened. . . The earth has thrown off its ermine cloak to don its fresh, sweet-scented spring attire; the little birds, guided by the zephyr, have come again to enliven our groves, roofs and bushes; the streams have resumed their sweet songs through the gladsome meadows, under the azure sky; thousands of other voices have risen from the heart of nature, proclaiming Him Who creates everything and bestows in profusion life and fecundity.

Glory to Thee, Creator dear
Of Heaven and earth;
O may the king of this our sphere
Extol Thy worth!

The king of our sphere. . . who do you think it is, dear Children? . . . None other but man, made to the image and likeness of God; the sole created being capable of aspiring and rising, though imperfectly, to the knowledge and love of the Creator and His works, of consecrating to Him or refusing Him his heart; the only creature destined to live eternally. But what does man, or rather, what do men do, to acknowledge God's benefits in their regard? There are some, but few, who adore Him, love Him and serve Him with their whole heart. How many others — legions of them — who serve Him negligently or not at all, who have no solicitude whatever for their soul's salvation, who are not touched by either Heaven or Hell, who are attached to earthly things as if they were to possess them forever. . . They know that Jesus, the Son of God, is present in the Tabernacle, awaiting their homage and offering them His grace; but they do not go to visit Him or, if they do go sometimes, it is without faith and love, to do like the others. Then, if they are there present in body, they are not in spirit; and, for Jesus, it is as if they were not there at all. . . Oh! what a pity it is to see how the churches are sometimes deserted, how Jesus is alone. . . forgotten!

Do you know what a little sunbeam is said to have heard one day in a church? You do not know? . . . Well then, listen. . . it is the sunbeam that is speaking:

"I am but a little sunbeam, always gay, always smiling, somewhat indiscreet, for I slip through key-holes and penetrate everywhere, bestowing upon men the gift which consoles and rejoices them.

"One day, nevertheless, I was sad, Oh! very sad. I had entered a church through a stained-glass window. After embellishing the blue mantles and red dresses of the saints, I was amusing myself sprinkling the flag-stones with golden spangles and sparkling enamel, when I heard a plaintive voice saying: 'Always alone!'

"Whence did it come? I clung to each of the statues, one after another. I encircled each one with a golden crown set with sapphires, garnets and emeralds. In vain, did I caress them to extort from them their secret; they remained dumb and rigid like sphinxes, and the voice repeated again: 'Always alone!'

"With a thrill, I turned towards the Blessed Virgin. I had heard preachers say that she was the Mother of Sorrows. Was it not she who was complaining? Her lips, however, remained closed. I was much puzzled and very sad when the complaint resounded once more.

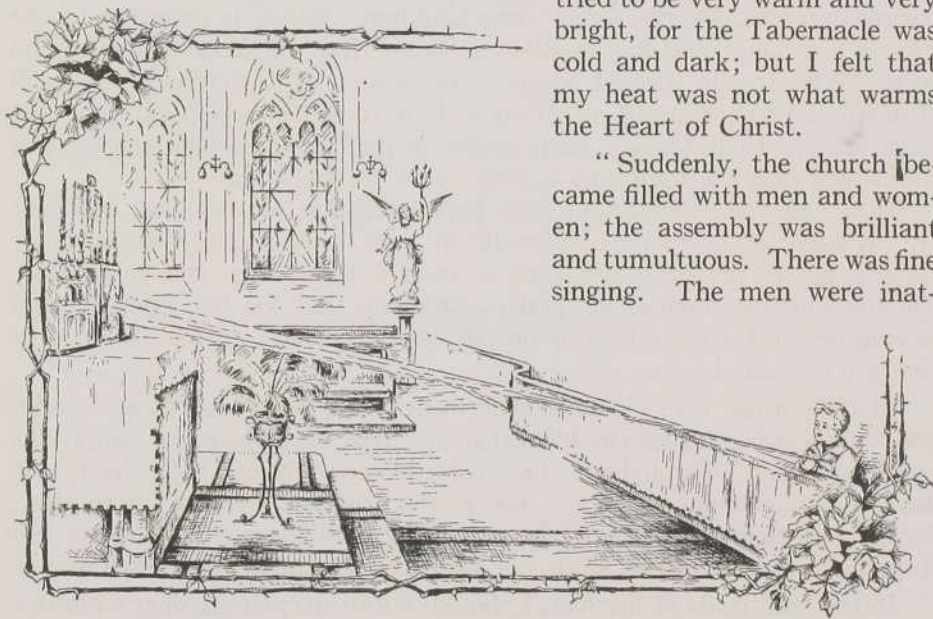
"I addressed myself to St. Joseph and whispered in his ear: 'Tell me who is thus complaining, in order that I may go and console him. I am supposed to succeed pretty well at that. Is it not said that a sunbeam is, of all things, that which rejoices?'

"St. Joseph smiled and pointed to the altar. Once again, I heard the voice; it came from the Tabernacle. I quite understood. A world of sorrow, contempt, disdain, unappreciated love was revealed to me in that complaint uttered by the Heavenly Prisoner. As, long ago, the sun, my father, was darkened on seeing the King of nature suffer, I, too, almost fainted, on hearing Him saying: 'Always alone!'

"I was about to withdraw, through respect, when Jesus said to me: 'Sunbeam, dear little creature, stay here so that I may not be alone!'

I tried to be very warm and very bright, for the Tabernacle was cold and dark; but I felt that my heat was not what warms the Heart of Christ.

"Suddenly, the church became filled with men and women; the assembly was brilliant and tumultuous. There was fine singing. The men were inat-



Oh! how bright and beautiful was that ray from a pure heart!...



*The Blessed Eucharist, even,
is a gift from Mary...*

tentive, the women were whispering; and Jesus again said: 'Always alone!'

"After the ceremony, a child entered and knelt down before the altar. From his heart, a ray of love darted towards the Heart of Jesus. Oh! how bright and beautiful was that ray from a pure heart! I, sunbeam, I understood that I was cold in comparison to him, and I quietly withdrew from the chapel, where Jesus, smiling, was no longer alone."

You see, dear Children, how we are really present before Jesus in the Tabernacle, it is by our fervent love for Him, by our attention in adoring Him, speaking to Him, listening to Him...

Take, therefore, the good habit of being recollected when going to the church, so as not to enter distracted; then, at the foot of the altar, after your act of adoration, speak to Jesus like a little child talking to his father.

It is simplicity, abandon, confident love, that Jesus likes.

If possible, never pass a church without stopping to visit Him, Who dwells there day and night to receive you. Fidelity to this practice will draw many graces upon you and will preserve you from numerous faults during your life. Do not forget, dear Children, that it is devotion to the Blessed Eucharist and to the Blessed Virgin that will keep you pure and good. Why to the Blessed Virgin? Because it is through her that all Heavenly favours come to us. God wills it thus. The Blessed Eucharist even, is a gift from Mary. Jesus hidden in the Sacred Host is the Babe of Bethlehem that the Immaculate Virgin gave to the world.

How can you maintain in your heart devotion to this dear Mother? By invoking her every day, especially in your troubles and difficulties; by begging her to prepare your heart to receive Jesus when you go to Holy Communion; by singing her praises, thanking her for her bounties and paying her still greater honour on her feast-days and during the months that are dedicated to her.

Merry spring, with its enchanting beauty, its perfumes, flowers, songs and smiles, brings again the blessed month dear to children of Mary, the month of May. Throughout the whole universe, during these thirty-one days, more particular homage is paid to the Queen of Heaven, by adorning her altars with fresh flowers of the season, by kneeling in crowds at her feet to proclaim her greatness, exalt her benefits and implore her assistance.

In this multitude at her feet, I should like to see you all, dear Children, with folded hands and hearts raised towards our Heavenly Mother. For

those who go to school, boarders in colleges or convents, it is quite easy, May Devotions being held there in common; but you, my little Friends, who are prevented from going to the church for this pious exercise, why do you not erect a little oratory in one of the rooms of your home? In this oratory, you would place a statuette of the Blessed Virgin, which you would adorn with flowers and before which you would come to pray each day with your little brothers and sisters... why not with your father and mother, too?...

Oh! what pleasure this act of piety would give to the Sovereign of Heaven and earth, what happiness and blessings it would draw upon yourselves and your families! How rejoicing it would be, also, to

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.

Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained

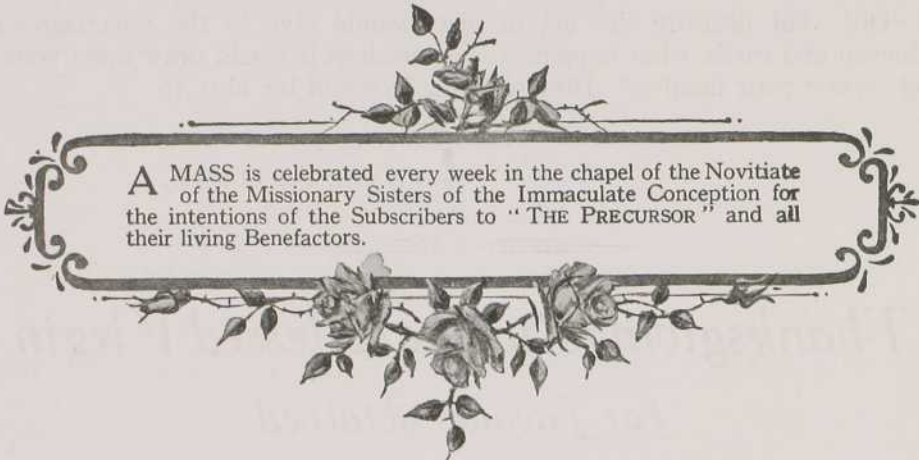


"O MARY, the entire universe would perish before you refuse your assistance to those who, with all their heart, implore your help and protection."

BL. HENRY SUZO.

Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. I would like you to pray for my husband, that he may find a steady position and that I may have better health. Mrs. R. J. C., **Caribou, Me.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin, I have obtained my cure. Please remember me and my husband in your prayers. Mrs. W. M., **Verdun.** — I received my special favour the day after I wrote to you. My most heartfelt thanks to Our Lady. Mrs. A. C., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to our Blessed Mother for the cure of a sick baby. Mr. and Mrs. V. O'N., **Noranda, Que.** — Grateful thanks to the Immaculate Virgin, I have obtained a favour. Will you please pray for my wife who is to be operated on this morning. L. L., **Ludlow, Mass.** — Thanks to the Novena my father is doing well at his business. Would you please pray to the Sacred Heart, that my mother will get more work. L. S., **Marlboro, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Please pray for me as I am going blind. Mrs. J. C., **Taunton, Mass.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin, my daughter has regained her health. Please pray for my husband and myself that we may both have better health. Mrs. G. B., **Penn, N. Dak.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in thanksgiving for my baby's cure. Mrs. L. P. Ross, **Cap de la Madeleine.** — Sincere thanks to the Immaculate Virgin for the cure of a child. Mrs. L. D., **Granby.** — Heartfelt thanks to our Blessed Lady for a great favour obtained. G. B., **Montreal.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in honour of the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. J. C. — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a position obtained after promise to have the favour published. Anonymous. — Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. G. B., **Verdun.** — Homage of gratitude to Mary Immaculate for a benefit received. A Subscriber, **Verdun.** — Sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin for a position obtained after promising to have it published. Mrs. J. B., **Joliette.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a position obtained. Mrs. P. E. B., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a position obtained. Mrs. B. V., **Verdun.** — Kindly help me to thank the Blessed Virgin for her loving protection in a special occasion. Please ask her to continue assisting me. A Subscriber. — Lively gratitude for favours received. Anonymous. — Homage of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained in behalf of my child. Mrs. E. O. A., **Inkerman, N. B.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise

in honour of the Blessed Virgin to thank her for a favour obtained. One who enjoys **THE PRECURSOR**. — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for the cure of my legs. Mrs. L. L., **Malartic**. — Kindly publish my sincere thanks to Mary Immaculate for a great favour obtained through her intercession. I request of her my daughter's recovery and other graces. A Subscriber. — Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Lourdes for my sister's perseverance in her vocation. A Religious, **Joliette**. — Sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin for my cure. Mrs. A. B., **Grande Baie**. — Homage of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for favours received through her intercession. Mr. A. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in thanksgiving for a favour received. Mrs. J. A. J., **St. Jerome**. — Heartfelt thanks for a favour obtained. Mrs. R. L., **Lagacéville**.



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

Petitions

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

Will you please pray for my special intention. Mrs. A. C., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Would you kindly pray for my mother and myself, we have been badly hurt in an accident and are suffering quite a lot since. Miss P. W., **Millbury, Mass.** — Would you be so kind as to say a very special prayer for me, that I may obtain work and for all my other intentions. Miss M. T., **Montreal**. — Pray for my peace of mind. — Please pray for all my intentions. Mrs. K. S., **Brasher Falls**. — Would you please remember me in your prayers, that my coming marriage may be a happy one and for other special favours. I have much faith and confidence in the Blessed Virgin, "the Refuge of Sinners". Miss M. B. L. — Will you please pray with me for a very special favour. Our Blessed Mother has always heard my prayers, and I am sure she will ask her Son to grant my request, if it is His will. Miss H. McG., **Windsor, Ont.** — Please pray that I may be cured. Miss M. A. D., **Worcester, Mass.** — Please remember my special intentions in your prayers. Miss R. C., **St. Thomas, Ont.** — Please pray that the pain in my head may disappear. Mrs. D. Z., **Rumford, Me.** — Kindly make a Novena that I may sell my house and obtain another special favour. A Subscriber. — Will you kindly make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for a boy who lives with us. Mrs. C. M. V. — May our dear Mother in Heaven help us. M. J. O'C., **Windsor, Ont.** — Will you please pray that we can sell some property this month. Kindly remember also my family. Mrs. Wm. B., **Windsor, Ont.** — Would you kindly say a few more prayers for my complete recovery. A. L., **Windsor, Ont.** — Please pray for my permanent recovery and for other special favours. L. P., **Windsor, Ont.** — Please pray for me, that I may have better health and that my brother may go to Church. J. B. — Will you please remember me in your prayers. I have an infected throat which is healing very slowly, please ask the Blessed Virgin to help me soon. Mrs. W. L. R., **Worcester, Mass.** — Please pray the Blessed Virgin Mary for my health and also for my brother who does not go to Church and is always drinking. G. L. — Will you kindly make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for my special intention, and also remember this intention in your Masses and prayers. Mrs. J. H. D., **Ridgetown, Ont.** — I would be very grateful if you would pray for my complete recovery. Mrs. H. M., **Millbury, Mass.** — Would you please make a Novena for my husband who is sick and for two other favours.

Mrs. A. W., **New Liskeard, Ont.** — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin that I may receive a favour I have been asking for years. Mrs. E. F. — Please pray that I will get better of a pain in my side. M. O'M., **Watford, Ont.** — Would you join with me in prayer that I may receive two special favours soon. L. O'L., **Port Lambton, Ont.** — Please pray for my son that he may give up drinking and go regularly to Holy Mass and the Sacraments. A Subscriber. — I request a few prayers for the hour of my death. Mrs. B. McM., **Ste. Marthe.** — Please pray that I may be granted my request. Mrs. P. C., **Westmount.** — Please pray for my loving brother who is in the N. B. Ranger Regiment, and also for my family. Miss L. L.G., **Grenville, Westmount.** — Kindly pray for me that I may get better soon. S. K., **Granton, Ont.** — The mother of a family wishes to obtain a great favour through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. O. F., **Val-Brillant.** — I recommend to you my spiritual and temporal intentions. Mrs. L., **Montreal.** — Will you please pray, that my nephew may obtain a good position. Miss O. P., **Montreal.** — Prayers please, my son is a drunkard and is threatened to lose his position. A Subscriber. — I would like you to pray for a child who is very hard to manage and causes me much grief. An afflicted mother. — Please pray for my daughter's recovery; she is very nervous. A Subscriber. — Would you kindly pray for a special intention. Mrs. M. G., **Montreal.** — Kindly help me to pray for a very special favour. B. M. — Would you please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for a special intention of mine. Anonymous.



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



NECROLOGY

Right Reverend Monsignor Louis A. Dubuc, P. D., V. F., Pastor of St. Jean Baptiste Parish, **Montreal**; Reverend Father Joseph C. Jetté, P. P., St. Edouard, **Montreal**; Reverend Father E. Maurais, P. P., **Ancienne Lorette**; Reverend Sister Marie de la Paix, Sister Marie de la Garde, Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception; Reverend Sister Marie de Ste. Cécile des Anges, Sister of the Holy Cross; Reverend Sister Paul du Sacré Cœur, Sister of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary; Mrs. Honoré Deschênes, **Levis**, mother of our Sister Ste. Juliette; Mrs. Patrick Forest, **St. Paul de Joliette**, mother of our Sisters Ste. Catherine de Sienne and Gabriel de l'Immaculée, novice; Mr. Louis Dumais, **Ste. Luce**, brother of our Sister St. Vincent de Paul; Mrs. Leduc, **Bécancour**, grandmother of our Sister Paul du Sauveur, novice; Miss Elizabeth Morgan, **Montreal**; Miss Laura Thompson, **Viauville**; Mr. J. B. Higgins, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. John Egan, **Point St. Charles**; Mr. Thomas Leduc, **Vankleek Hill**; Mr. E. Gauthro, **Verdun**; Mrs. C. Rockwood, **Verdun**; Mr. Max Donatelli, **Montreal**; Mrs. A. M. Kane, **Batiscan**; Mr. Leo Dionne, **Verdun**; Mr. Patrick Hevey, **Ireland**; Mrs. Charles Galarneau, **Montreal**; Mrs. M. Bailey, **Verdun**; Mr. Richard Ford, **Verdun**; Mr. James Higgins, **Hudson, Mass.**; Mrs. Margaret Manion, **Verdun**; Mr. William Sullivan, **Boston**; Mr. T. Kenny, **Verdun**; Mr. George Cumming, **Verdun**.

Please Help the
Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception

By procuring work for them.

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

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

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

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

We also make wax infants for Christmas Cribs, all sizes.

Chinese embroidery and lace are on sale. The work is done by our Chinese orphans. By encouraging these sales you co-operate in the salvation of many young pagan girls who, while earning their living in Catholic workshops, receive at the same time the light of Faith.

Practical Means

of helping the Missionary Sisters of the
Immaculate Conception

By contributing alms for :

The chapel at the Mother House	
The erection of Chapels in mission lands	
Annual supply for the sanctuary lamp in our convents in Canada and in mission lands	\$ 25.00
Foundation of a Burse for the support of a Missionary Sister	1,000.00
Annual support of a maiden catechist	50.00
Annual support and education of an orphan	40.00
Foundation of a crib — in perpetuity	200.00
Annual care of a leper	60.00
Monthly upkeep of a crib	5.00
Ransom of a baby likely to live	5.00
Ransom of a dying baby25
Monthly support of a Missionary Sister	10.00
Monthly support of a novice preparing for the Mis- sions	10.00
Annual subscription to THE PRECURSOR	1.00

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE PRECURSOR

THE PRECURSOR *appears every second month.*

The subscription, which is \$1.00 a year, is payable in advance.

Address : 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges,
Montreal, Que., Canada.

Subscription for life: \$20.00

★★★

A missionary must not be alone in spending his energies.
All Christians must unite and help him in his work by their
prayers and alms.

Kindly patronize our advertisers and mention "The Precursor"

FOR ALL SILVER



SILVO

LIQUID

Silver Polish

Birks
Ecclesiastical
Ware

HENRY BIRKS
PHILLIPS SQUARE

6 SONS LIMITED
MONTREAL



Catalogue on request

FROST STEEL and WIRE CO., Ltd.
1105 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal

SPACE TO LET

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Co.

of Canada, Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

2875 CENTRE STREET

MONTREAL, QUE.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

"The Heart of Fine Baking"

SOLD BY GROCERS FROM COAST TO COAST

Buy from **D. FURLONG, JR.**

BUTCHER and LICENSED GROCER
5385 GATINEAU COTE DES NEIGES

High Class Meats and Poultry. Fresh Fish, Fruits and Vegetables.
PROMPT ATTENTION AND DELIVERY. TEL. AT 1108

As a means of helping our Missions

Please send us your cancelled postage stamps.

Any quantity will always be accepted with heartfelt gratitude.

THE MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

2900 St. Catherine Road,

Cote des Neiges, Montreal, Que.

IN CHINA

CANTON, Holy Childhood Home, P. O. Box 93, (Founded in 1909).

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

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

Lazaretto.

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

Procure and School.

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

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

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1934).

Training of native virgin-catechists. Dispensary.

IN MANCHUKUO, VIA JAPAN

TCHENG KIA T'OEN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1927).

Dispensary.

PAMIENCHENG, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1929).

Dispensary. Orphanage. School.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1930).

Dispensary. School

TAONAN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

Dispensary. Boarding-School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

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

TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1932).

Dispensary. School.

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

Dispensary

KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1933).

Dispensary.

IN JAPAN

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

Kindergarten.

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

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.