

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIII, 19th Year

MONTREAL, July-August, 1911

No. 4

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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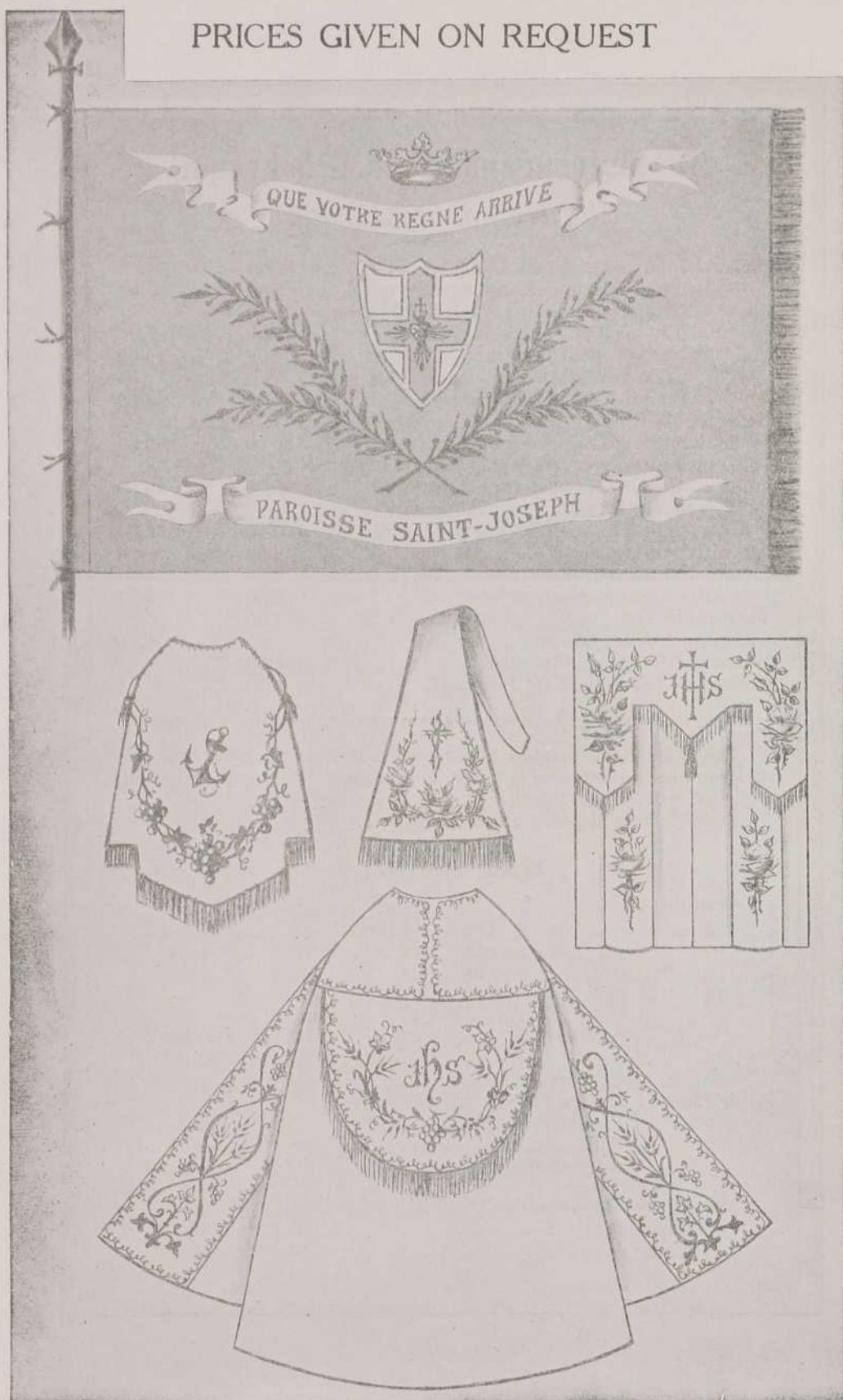
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

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Vol. XIII, 19th Year

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O Glorious St. Anne

*When in the calm of sweet twilight
O glorious Saint Anne
Your little daughter, Virgin fair
With you trod hand in hand,
When to caress this child of grace
Maternally, you bended down,
Shone there a ray of Heaven in
Her candid eyes of brown?*




*When to the Temple glad you led
This cherished child of God,
Within its portals there to guard
Her lily soul unsoiled,
Heard you, afar, His thrilling voice
That wrapt you in fond ecstasy —
When in His Father's Mansion, Christ
Would teach the Pharisee?*

*Since we are Mary's children all,
The brethren of her Child,
Our filial confidence in you,
Our trust is justified.
Then make our happy hearts e'er beat
In unison with yours above,
With Mary's and her blessed Son's ;
Teach us a life of Love!*

*The best of Mothers and the type
Of noble womanhood,
Grant that your virtues and your zeal
By all be understood ;
And grant in this our countryland
Each heart, each soul, each spirit too
Be firmly fixed in steadfast faith —
Be Christian through and through!*

— SELECTED.



Bouquet to St. Anne



T. JOHN DAMASCENE shows us, in one of his sermons, St. Anne leading a secluded life in the house of her husband during the years which preceded the birth of the Blessed Virgin. She had, in the farther end of the garden, a little hermitage where she often came to pray; but God did not answer immediately her petitions.

Years later, her request is granted; holding Mary by the hand she joyfully treads the paths of this garden where she has so often prayed and sighed; she is the happiest of mothers!

Consider attentively St. Anne with her little daughter, the Virgin Mary — What a gracious and touching spectacle! Joachim's spouse is the last of the illustrious women whose names are written in the Old Testament, the Sarahs, Rebeccas, Rachels, Judiths, Esthers; she possesses their great dignity and holiness. As she takes hold of Mary's hand, she transmits to her the blessing of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob; she bequeaths to her the hope of Israel. Mary is the first of the women of the New Testament. In her as in their source we find the virtues of the Agathas, Lucys, Cecilias, Agneses, and of all the spouses of Christ. St. Anne represents the Synagogue; she is at the decline of life and, stooping to seek who will replace her, she places her hand upon Mary who is her support, and who will perpetuate her family. Mary represents the Church; she receives from the Synagogue the law, the promises, the sacrifice — the mother and daughter fall into each other's arms in fond embrace.

— Abbé PERDREAU.

*
* * *

O good St. Anne, chosen by God to give to the world the Mother of the Word Incarnate, how worthy of veneration and love do you not appear to me as I consider your admirable virtues and incomparable merits! Your life has been one of suffering; but the chisel of trial engraved upon your soul most sublime traits and, detaching you from earthly affections, it has fashioned your heart for God alone.

When towards the end of your life the Lord finally answered your prayers by promising you the child you so much desired, heavenly consolations and unutterable joy flooded your soul.

Then, when the child made her appearance, marvelous with beauty and reflecting in her whole being the grace of her Immaculate Conception and the seal of the Blessed Trinity, how your motherly heart must have throbbed with joy and poured itself out in fervent hymns of gratitude! . . .

Yes, illustrious Saint, magnificent was the sunset of your life! It resembled those other sunsets which empurple the horizon and tinge the firmament with indescribable splendour.

But this radiant evening had to have its last sacrifice. Could it have been otherwise for your magnanimous soul, O glorious St. Anne? It is a

characteristic of sanctity to immolate oneself always more entirely. Your immolation, as all are aware of it, was heroic; it had for its object the incomparable child of whom you were the mother. Tearing yourself away from her perfect charms, from her fond caresses, and trampling upon your heart, you went forward generously, offering her to the Lord at the age of three, in the Temple of Jerusalem. Oh! how pleasing must have been that oblation of the mother and the child; but how heart-rending the return home without your little Mary! Moreover, how silent and lonely must have been that dwelling, recently so cheerful and still so full of the remembrance of the dear absent one. Yet, above this ocean of loneliness in which your soul was plunged, there floated a joy — the heavenly joy of sacrifice.

Thenceforth, for the generations to come, O blessed Anne, you became after your august Daughter, the most perfect model of Christian mothers.

— THE PRECURSOR.

*
* *

Mary is our great and universal Mediatrix with Jesus Christ, it is she who renders our prayers agreeable to Him and seconds them with her all-powerful intercession; it is she who opens the treasure-house of the merits of Jesus Christ when she will, and as she will, and in favour of whom she will. So that whoever merits Mary's favour is certain of having his name written in the book of the predestined, and this doctrine is held by all the saints. Now, who does not perceive that doing honour to her Mother is one of the surest ways of attracting the merciful eyes of our all-powerful Queen? The Holy Ghost tells us to honour our parents, since without them we should never have existed. This law concerns Mary the same as it concerns the other children of Adam: after God, it was to St. Joachim and St. Anne that she owed her existence, and what an existence! The happiest, the most glorious that can be conceived and one which will always remain unequalled. After her Divine Son, Mary fills the highest place in the universe and this happiness, I repeat, comes to her, after God, through St. Joachim and St. Anne. How deeply then must she love them and how gladly behold the honours paid them!

— A REDEMPTORIST FATHER.

*
* *

The ever blessed and beloved name of St. Anne has been transmitted to us only by tradition and by the gratitude of Christian nations. Notwithstanding this mysterious silence of Holy Writ, to conceive an idea of the grandeur of our Patroness, it will suffice to apply to her an infallible rule, — a measure pointed out by Wisdom itself, who has said: *By their fruits you shall know them.* If then you wish to appreciate the worth of St. Anne, see her fruit: The Lily Immaculate took its root in her heart and budded forth from her blood as from a most pure fountain; on that blessed land, in that celestial paradise sprang up the rod of Jesse, the tree which has given the Fruit of Life. It is her glory to have been *the Mother of Mary and the Grandmother of Jesus.*

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)

WHAT has already happened and is still happening, was presented, as it were, in a vision before Our eyes when, while still some hope was left, We left nothing undone in the form suggested to Us by Our Apostolic office and by the means at Our disposal, to prevent recourse to arms and to keep open the way to an understanding honorable to both parties. Convinced that the use of force on one side would be answered by recourse to arms on the other, We considered it a duty inseparable from Our Apostolic office and of Christian Charity to try every means to spare mankind and Christianity the horrors of a world conflagration, even at the risk of having Our intentions and Our aims misunderstood. Our advice, if heard with respect, was not however followed and while Our pastoral heart looks on with sorrow and foreboding, the Image of the Good Shepherd comes up before Our gaze, and it seems as though We ought to repeat to the world in His name: "If thou... hadst known... the things that are to thy peace; but now they are hidden from thy eyes" (St. Luke 19, 42).

Faithful Under Trial

In the midst of this world which today presents such a sharp contrast to "The Peace of Christ in the Reign of Christ," the Church and her faithful are in times and in years of trial such as have rarely been known in her history of struggle and suffering. But in such times especially, he who remains firm in his faith and strong at heart knows that Christ the King is never so near as in the hour of trial, which is the hour of fidelity. With a heart torn by the sufferings and afflictions of so many of her sons, but with the courage and the stability that come from the promises of Our Lord, the Spouse of Christ goes to meet the gathering storms. This she knows, that the truth which she preaches, the charity which she teaches and practises, will be the indispensable counsellors and aids to men of good will in the reconstruction of a new world based on justice and love, when mankind, weary from its course along the way of error, has tasted the bitter fruits of hate and violence.

In the meantime, however, Venerable Brethren, the world and all those who are stricken by the calamity of the war must know that the obligation of Christian love, the very foundation of the Kingdom of Christ, is not an empty word, but a living reality. A vast field opens up for Christian Charity

in all its forms. We have full confidence that all Our sons, especially those who are not being tried by the scourge of war, will be mindful in imitation of the Divine Samaritan, of all these who, as victims of the war, have a right to compassion and help.

The "Catholic Church, the City of God, whose King is Truth, whose law love and whose measure eternity" (St. Augustine, Ep. CXXXVIII Ad Marcellinum, C. 3, N. 17), preaching fearlessly the whole truth of Christ and toiling as the love of Christ demands with the zeal of a mother, stands as a blessed vision of peace above the storm of error and passion awaiting the moment when the all-powerful Hand of Christ the King shall quiet the tempest and banish the spirits of discord which have provoked it.

Trust in Almighty God

Whatever We can do to hasten the day when the dove of peace may find on this earth, submerged in a deluge of discord, somewhere to alight, We shall continue to do, trusting in those statesmen, who before the outbreak of war, nobly toiled to avert such a scourge from the peoples; trusting in the millions of souls of all countries and of every sphere, who call not for justice alone but for love and mercy; above all, trusting in God Almighty to Whom We daily address the prayer: "In the shadow of Thy wings will I hope, until iniquity pass away" (Psalms 56, 2).

God can do all things. As well as the happiness and the fortunes of nations, He holds in His hands human counsels and sweetly turns them in whatever direction He wills: even the obstacles are for His Omnipotence means to mould affairs and events and to direct minds and free wills to His all high purposes.

Pray then, Venerable Brethren, pray without ceasing; pray especially when you offer the Divine Sacrifice of Love. Do you, too, pray, you whose courageous profession of the faith entails today hard, painful and not rarely, heroic sacrifices; pray you, suffering and agonizing members of the Church, when Jesus comes to console and to heal your pains, and do not forget with the aid of a true spirit of mortification and worthy practice of penance to make your prayers more acceptable in the eyes of Him Who "lifteth up all that fall: and setteth up all that are cast down" (Psalms, 114, 14) that He in His mercy may shorten the days of trial and that thus the words of the Psalmist may be verified: "Then they cried to the Lord in their affliction: and He delivered them out of their distresses" (Psalms 106, 13).

Asks Children's Prayers

And you, white legions of children who are so loved and dear to Jesus, when you receive in Holy Communion the Bread of Life, raise up your simple and innocent prayers and unite them with those of the Universal Church. The Heart of Jesus, Who loves you, does not resist your suppliant innocence. Pray every one, pray uninterruptedly: "Pray without ceasing" (Thessalonians, 5, 17).

In this way you will put into practice the sublime precept of the Divine Master, the most sacred testament of His Heart, "That they all may be one" (St. John, 17, 21) that all may live in that unity of faith and of love, from which the world may know the power and efficacy of Christ's mission and of the work of His Church.

The early Church understood and practised this Divine Precept, and expressed it in a magnificent prayer; do you associate yourselves with those sentiments which answer so well to the necessities of the present hour: "Remember, O Lord, Thy Church, to free her from all evil and to perfect her in Thy love; and sanctify and collect her from the four winds into Thy Kingdom, which Thou has prepared for her, because Thine is the power, and the glory for ever" (Doctrine of the Twelve Apostles, C. 10).

In the confidence that God, the Author and Lover of Peace, will hear the supplications of the Church, We impart to you all as a pledge of the abundance of Divine Grace, from the fulness of Our paternal heart, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Castel Gandolfo, near Rome, on the twentieth day of October, in the year of Our Lord 1939, the first of Our Pontificate.

—PIUS PP. XII.

THE END

Place Your Hopes In Mary



"Raise your prayers and your praises to Mary who alone can use her intercession in this hour of sorrow and of fear," the Holy Father told pilgrims at a recent audience.

"We place our hopes in the mercy and protection of Mary at this time when angry clouds, the colour of death, mass over the earth," said His Holiness.

"God weighs the nations in the scales of justice and the interventions of the Queen of Peace alone can influence His heart.

"Grant that God, who commands the winds and the oceans, may also bring peace to this Tempest that shakes the hearts of men, and give us peace once more.

"And let us thank God, too, when the tempest ends."

Mission-Week Exhibit



THE Queen City of the Eastern Townships will be the scene of a memorable event during the coming month of July.

Under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency Msgr. Desranleau, Bishop of the diocese, a large Missionary Exhibition, organized by the J. E. C. of St. Charles Borromée Seminary, will be held from July 13th to July 20th.

A Pontifical High Mass chanted by His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve will solemnly open this great apostolic manifestation; and on the following Sunday, His Excellency Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, will officiate in the closing ceremonies.

Magnificent booths have been set up at the Armoury, Belvedere Street, and will be put at the disposal of the forty Canadian Communities who have gladly accepted to co-operate in the great missionary demonstration. The Exhibition Hall will open to the guests of honour on Sunday, July 13th, at three o'clock in the afternoon; to the public, at half past seven in the evening. The visiting hours will be as follows: from nine to twelve every morning, from two to five in the afternoon, and from seven to half-past ten in the evening.

A special feature of this exposition will consist in lantern lectures given by the Missionaries in the afternoon for children and in the evening for adults.

Thus, as His Excellency Bishop Desranleau has remarked in a circular letter to the clergy of his diocese, "Without leaving home, without undertaking long and costly voyages, we shall know what is taking place in the icy regions of the North Pole, 'neath the blazing Equatorial fires, in flowery Japan, in the sandy deserts and the African jungle, in the tropical forests of India and the Indian Archipelago, and on Philippine soil. We shall come in closer contact with the different races of the world: the yellow, black, brown, red and white."

Acquiescing to the wishes of the venerable Pastor of the diocese, let us consider this apostolic display in the same light as our Holy Pontiff Pius XII who, like his predecessor the "Pope of the Missions," is forever concerned about the missionary problem. The astounding number of souls still sitting in the pitch darkness of paganism moves him to pity, and his unresting spirit ever searches a way to draw them out of the depths of their moral misery. If with our Supreme Pontiff we become conscious of the numerous evils afflicting our heathen brothers, and if with him, the Father of all, we have pity on these poor unfortunate souls, this Apostolic Week will have produced the desired fruits. More clearly shall we understand the duty incumbent on all Christians to lend a helping hand to the coming of Christ's Kingdom on earth. The Missionaries will not labour alone in the arduous task of eradicating paganism; — they give their lives; we shall give our prayers, our sacrifices and financial assistance. In return the Harvest Master will be liberal towards us for "He who helps the apostle has a right to the apostle's recompense!"



"How fortunate you are, Margaret, to take things just as they come along, without ever worrying or even appearing in the least provoked. . . ."

"Why don't you do the same?"

"Simply because I don't know how to go about it. . . You have the secret perhaps?"

"In fact, I have. . . ."

"What is it? . . . Tell me, please."

"It is to always look on the bright side of things."

"But what if they have no bright side?"

"Oh, they always have. . . the important point is to find it out!"

"Take for instance, the war actually carried on in Europe; do you maintain that it has its bright side?"

"The way I see it, this conflict is the punishment God inflicts upon humanity for its many crimes; it will eventually bring about the salvation of a great multitude. How many soldiers have been reconciled to God before venturing on the battlefield, who would otherwise have kept up disorderly lives, and perhaps have died impenitent! How many members of bereaved families have been brought back to the true Faith and to its pious practices! And these returns to God will become more sincere and durable as the punishment continues, growing more and more terrible, till at last the nations confounded in their arrogance and foolish ambition will prostrate themselves before the Almighty and acknowledge their misery: 'O Lord, we are as nothing before Thee, Who art the Sovereign Master of all things; with humble and contrite hearts, we implore Thy clemency; we look up to Thee for our daily sustenance.' Yes, if this war is an effect of the justice of God, it also is an evidence of His infinite mercy towards poor sinners. Now, should our own country be called on to play her part in the strife, we need not be surprised, for she is far from irreproachable in the eyes of the Most High. . . and lucky is she not to behold, as so many European countries, thousands of her innocent citizens shot down in cold blood!"

"Ah, dear friend, I do not see the war in this light, and how could I, when it has taken from me a beloved boy from whom I have had no tidings for the last few months? Moreover, think of the heavy debts contracted by the country; our children and grand children will probably not succeed in settling them. . . . It is fairly exasperating!"

"Why should you be exasperated, since that cannot alter the state of things? Would it not be better to practise patience and resignation, and thereby store up treasures of merit? I understand your son's departure has deeply grieved you, and for myself, I thank Heaven my Henry is too young to enroll. However, in my heart I have already sacrificed him to God for whatever good cause he may be called upon to defend, and I endeavour to make of him an energetic young man, ready, if need be, to stand up

for God and country. And as to the law of taxes, since neither you nor I can get out of it, why should we worry beyond measure? Let us rather submit to it without murmuring and for love of God, and be wise enough to economize for the years of unemployment and distress that will undoubtedly follow the great struggle."

"But where do you find all these good sentiments and your calm resignation, anyway? Why, they don't even dawn a moment on me!"

"Oh, that is my secret again!"

"Are you not going to tell me?"

"Certainly, but tell me first, have you heard of the closed retreat I made last year?"

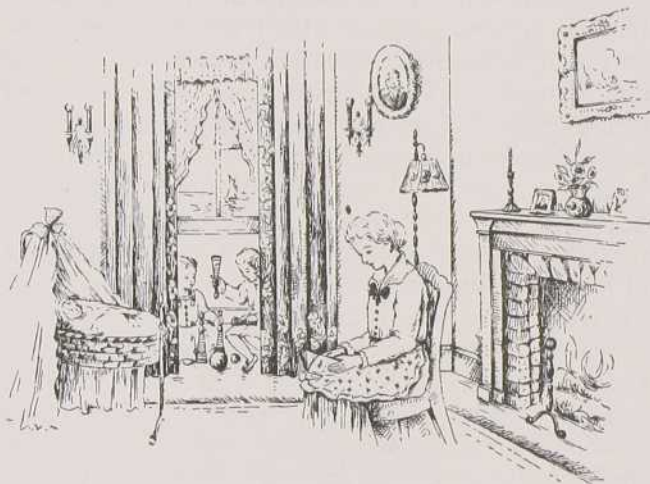
"No, I haven't."

"Well, during this retreat I resolved to make half an hour of meditation every day. An excellent book, containing a meditation for every day of the year, serves this purpose admirably well. It goes without saying that the first few weeks, this pious exercise brought certain difficulties, but I did not give it up for all that, and it now affords me much happiness and consolation."

"Would you tell me where you find time for meditation, with all your housework, and a family to look after?"

"Yes; this is how I manage: I retire sooner in the evening, rise up bright and early in the morning, and this is all the more beneficial to my health. After having said my prayers

which I am now careful never to omit, I hurry with the various morning occupations. Then, when Fred has gone to work and the children are at school, I get the dinner ready; and as soon as the baby takes his nap, I quietly go to my meditation, without for that losing sight of the twins hard at play in the next room. I couldn't tell you, dear friend, what help and light I gather from these moments of repose in God, and serious reflection upon the truths of our Holy Faith. My meditation thus helps me to accomplish each day's duty as it comes along. My husband is delighted with the order and regularity that reign in our little home, and since both have been brought about by my Retreat, he consents to my making one every year. He even intends — and this realizes my fondest wish — to follow next month, along with a friend of his, a Retreat to be preached at Villa Saint-Martin by Reverend Father D. . . ."



I quietly go to my meditation.

"And where have you made yours?"

"At the Retreat House 'Our Lady of the Holy Ghost,' in Outremont."

"Is that a Retreat House directed by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception?"

"It is; and I have been so pleased with everything, that I have made up my mind to return this year."

"How did you manage to leave the house? Who took care of the children?"

"As the Retreat was held from Saturday to Monday, and this last day was a legal holiday, my husband was at home for the three days; besides, Elizabeth, now sixteen years old, prepared meals and kept the children in good spirits. This year, my sister-in-law offered to come and keep house while I shall be away. I accepted, for I know how fond of her my husband and the children are. Now, what if you came with me?"

"Really, it would be a splendid idea. With my good old housekeeper at home I would have nothing to fret about; but to tell the truth, I don't even know in what a closed Retreat consists."

"I shall tell you: it consists in three days of recollection and solitude, far from all preoccupations; the Retreat Master gives substantial instructions on the great truths of salvation, on our duties towards God, our neighbour, and ourselves. These instructions furnish retreatants with matter for serious reflection on past life, help them prepare well for confession, and move them to take practical resolutions for the future. The Retreat Master is always ready to throw light on doubts and difficulties, solve perplexing problems and give counsel and encouragement. The fact that several persons are gathered together for a common purpose creates an atmosphere of piety, and favours recollection and clearer insight in one's soul. As far as the material side is concerned, there is nothing to worry about; meals are taken in common in a large dining-room; food is abundant and varied; the bed-rooms, bright and tidy, are very comfortable: there is running water, a writing table, a praying-desk and a rocking chair in each of them. Spacious verandahs permit one to take in the fresh mountain air and admire the beautiful scenery all around. Three days thus vanish as a moment. . . ."

"When do you intend to make another?"

"Not before my husband's Retreat; and this means not before a month or two. Would that be suitable for you?"

"No, I prefer going now, for it is easier to leave the house, while in a month or two I shall be unable."

"Well then, it's very simple. Ask your admission right away. Two or three Retreats are given every week at the Retreat House 'Our Lady of the Holy Ghost.' If it will help, I am willing to see to everything for you."

"Oh! I certainly could not refuse."

"You may count upon me then."

"Ah, if this Retreat could only bring a bit of sunshine into my soul!"

"Why should it not? This sunshine in the soul, what is it but the quiet of a pure conscience, the satisfaction of having well done one's duty, the resignation in present trials kept up by the hope of a future reward? Is

not this sunshine also little acts of kindness for a neighbour, and the practice of the maxim 'All for God'? The Retreat will assuredly bring this sunshine if you are faithful to grace, take practical resolutions and live up to them. Yes, to live up to them, that is the difficult part which calls for effort, but the result of this effort will be the very joy for which you crave, it will be sunshine in the soul."

"But how could I ever keep resolutions? . . . I am so inconstant. . . so ungenerous. . . You will have to pray for me."

"Oh! yes, dear friend, and I will confide you in a very special manner to the Blessed Virgin. With such a good Mother all will be well. You would hardly believe the innumerable favours I have received since I have placed my hope and confidence in her."

"I am almost ashamed to admit that I have neglected devotion to the Blessed Virgin for several years past; I have given up the pious practices we were taught at Boarding-School. I answer the Rosary once in a while, but I find it monotonous, not to say tiresome."

"What are you saying? Why, the Rosary is the most beautiful of all prayers! It is so consoling to the weary soul, so rich in indulgences, and so fruitful because in it we meditate on the mysteries of our Holy Faith! If I were you, I would try this re-awakening of devotion to the Blessed Virgin as a Retreat resolution."

"I see that many things will need to be amended."

"Have no fear, though; everything will become easy with the help of Divine grace and the motherly assistance of the Queen of Heaven."

"May I count on your good prayers to obtain this grace and assistance?"

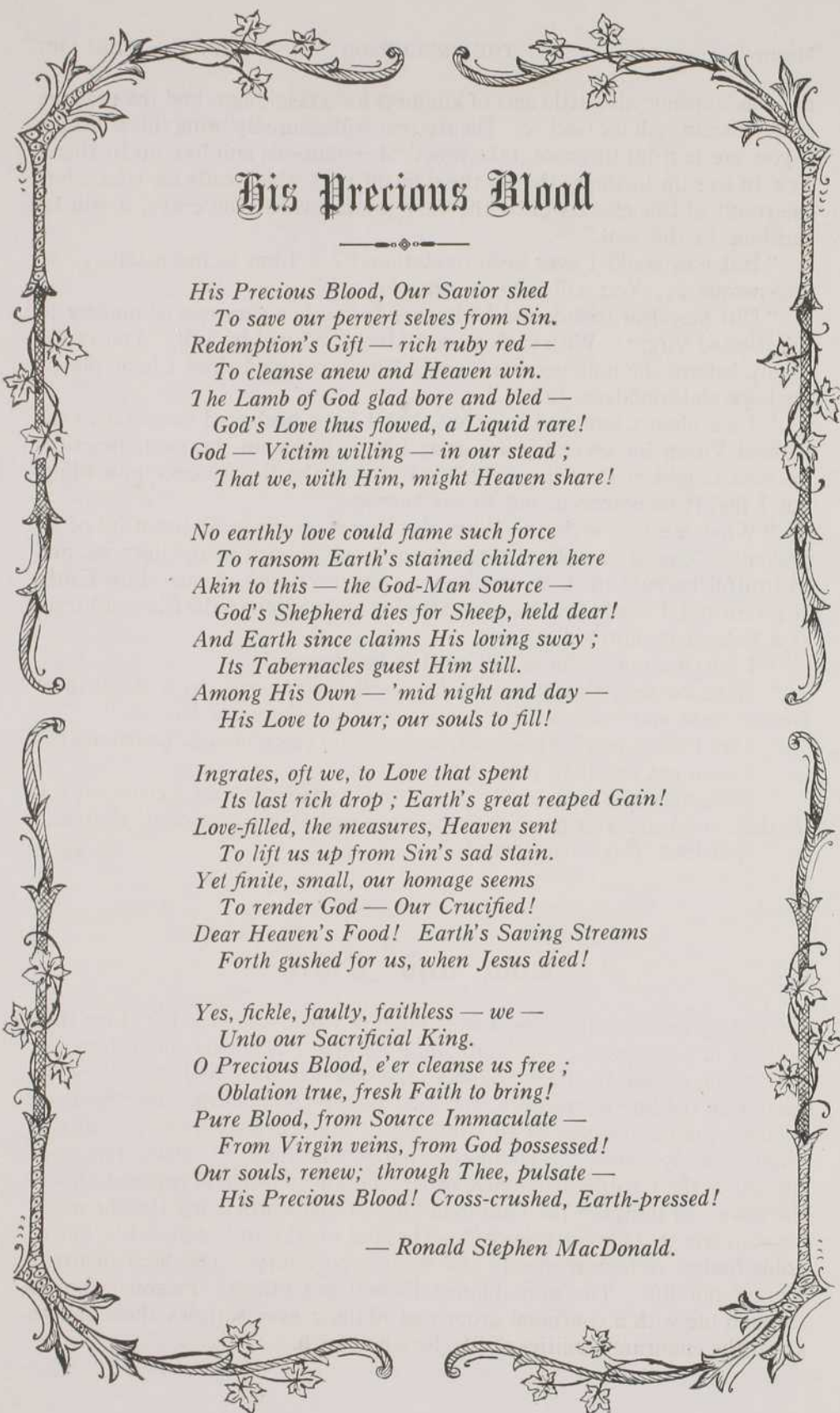
"I shall not forget to pray, I assure you."

"Well, since you have kindly offered to have me inscribed, I count on you for that, and I sincerely promise to make the best of my three days' Retreat."

"God bless you, dear friend!"

Lobe and Faith

Victory or defeat from the wordly point of view — what is it? Less than nothing in a few years. We know that life here was not meant to bring us everything we want. King Solomon, the wisest of men, had everything he wanted in the line of pleasure, comfort, power and wealth. But Solomon soon got tired and weary of all those things, and, then cried out "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity". To another nobly wise man, St. Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, God gave exile, scourging wreck and persecution and the loss of all things. Yet Paul found life so well worth living that he urged his converts to "always rejoice". The soul worthy to live finds life full of noble flashes, of high moments and deep opportunity. The hero distrusts himself not life. The saint blames himself not others. Persons who go through life with a continual grouch as nothing ever satisfies them fail to grasp the enduring qualities of life, love and faith.



His Precious Blood

*His Precious Blood, Our Savior shed
To save our pervert selves from Sin.
Redemption's Gift — rich ruby red —
To cleanse anew and Heaven win.
The Lamb of God glad bore and bled —
God's Love thus flowed, a Liquid rare!
God — Victim willing — in our stead;
That we, with Him, might Heaven share!*

*No earthly love could flame such force
To ransom Earth's stained children here
Akin to this — the God-Man Source —
God's Shepherd dies for Sheep, held dear!
And Earth since claims His loving sway;
Its Tabernacles guest Him still.
Among His Own — 'mid night and day —
His Love to pour; our souls to fill!*

*Ingrates, oft we, to Love that spent
Its last rich drop; Earth's great reaped Gain!
Love-filled, the measures, Heaven sent
To lift us up from Sin's sad stain.
Yet finite, small, our homage seems
To render God — Our Crucified!
Dear Heaven's Food! Earth's Saving Streams
Forth gushed for us, when Jesus died!*

*Yes, fickle, faulty, faithless — we —
Unto our Sacrificial King.
O Precious Blood, e'er cleanse us free;
Oblation true, fresh Faith to bring!
Pure Blood, from Source Immaculate —
From Virgin veins, from God possessed!
Our souls, renew; through Thee, pulsate —
His Precious Blood! Cross-crushed, Earth-pressed!*

— Ronald Stephen MacDonald.

Blessed State!

WHO can reveal the treasures of joy inclosed in this simple expression: the state of grace? To resemble the angels, to have God in ourselves! To Suffer for Him, if we suffer; to feel that He consoles us, if we weep; to have Him at our bedside, if we are ill; to go to Heaven, if we die.

Pleasures beget disgust and lassitude; pride leaves a deep void in the heart; all human happiness, even the purest, loses at length its first inebriating perfumes. In man's union with God, however, there are joys incessantly renewed; it is a boundless ocean, it is space unlimited by any horizon.

If God had shown Adam the terrestrial paradise and Adam had refused to cross the threshold of it, he would not have been more senseless than the Christian who persists in remaining at the door of this paradise of souls.

Those who have never come out of it bear on their countenances the serenity of the angels. Those who have returned therein after straying for a long time, leap forward with hymns and cries of triumph. It is the exile breathing his native air; it is the captive bird restored to liberty and light.

The state of grace is not only happiness, it is also beauty. The souls stamped with this mark recognize, love and admire one another. The interior regard rests with greater charm upon the soul united to God than does the bodily eye upon the splendours of the creation.

He who has not in himself this divine harmony, grace, cannot fully enjoy the beauties of nature. This infinitely sweet accord between the exterior and the interior does not exist for him. If, in his youthful days, he has felt his brow touched by the inspiration of poetry, soon will he fall back upon himself, sad and disenchanted; soon will he have exhausted this cup of enthusiasm in which no beverage from above has been mingled.

Oh! to love Thee, My God, to love Thee, in looking at the sky, the trees and the hills! To see Thee through everything, to hear Thy Name in each passing sound and to sing a more beautiful hymn to Thee in our hearts!

— Marie JENNA.



Votive Lights in Honour of the Blessed Virgin

In the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

To comply with the desire of several pious persons devoted to the Blessed Virgin, we are pleased to quote the prices of lamps and candles that may be burned at Mary's shrine in our modest chapel at the Mother House, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Côte des Neiges, Montreal, in thanksgiving or to obtain some favour from this tender Mother.

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

Our Lady of Schools

The devotion to Our Lady of Schools was born in fair France, Mary's own Kingdom. While ill-omened laws were being framed to ruin Christian education, a poor *Curé* of La Roche, a village in the department of Yonne, thinking of the love fifteen centuries old that Mary had shown for his beloved and unfortunate country, created the devotion to Our Lady of Schools. That was in 1894. The Archbishop of Sens and many other bishops at once granted him their approval. Help and encouragement came from all sides, even from Canada, whose primate, His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, was numbered among his signal benefactors.

All went well, till the day when the sanctuary of Our Lady of Schools, built by the founder himself at La Roche, opened its doors to immense crowds of French students. The Government at once coldly decreed that the building be closed, and so sternly persecuted the whole effort of the little institution that its founder soon died of a broken heart.

The whole work thus fell, with its head under the blows of modern free thought. But the Blessed Virgin, who had inspired it, is strong as an army in battle array, and what died over there in its own land of miracles, she raised to life here, in this other land of her temporal kingdom. Our Lady does not wish that the providential work of Our Lady of Schools fade away and die here. . . and many a Canadian institution has taken it up with enthusiasm.

"Look, and copy the model shown to you", is the thought that rises in our soul as we consider *Our Lady of Schools*. Mary shows us Jesus, that He may flood our souls with supernatural light, even while we study that faint reflection called Human Science. For Jesus is the Splendour of the Father; He is the Light that shines upon every man coming into the world; He is that divine Truth, Beauty and Goodness whence flow the drops of truth, beauty and goodness that God has sprinkled upon this world. Now, Jesus is hidden under the rind of every science. Let us then discover Him by going, in everything, from laws and principles, to first causes and thus up to the Infinite. For the Infinite is He. Having adored Him, we shall find ourselves stronger, more enlightened.

Mary shows us Jesus, that we ourselves may show Him to souls. Did not a pagan writer say: "Every science separated from justice and truth is but tending to wrong-doing, and not true wisdom". But we have better than the wisdom of Plato to convince us; we have Divine Wisdom which warns us that the natural effect of science is to nourish pride, and that pride is the source of all evil. We have, moreover, the experience of the past centuries to show us that the best instructed child may be at the same time the most inclined to evil. We have the example of countries that have doubled, quadrupled the budget of education and have seen juvenile crime grow in proportion, wherever Jesus Christ had lost His place in the schools.

We shall be faithful, therefore, to make Him reign in our heart and in our life, that He may from thence truly reign in our schools. We shall grow every day in the knowledge of God and of our Saviour, Jesus Christ; and thus, for the glory of Our Lady of Schools, for the honour of Holy Church and for the salvation of our Country, accomplish our duty as Catholic Students.

PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF SCHOOLS

O Immaculate Virgin, invoked by young students under the Name of OUR LADY OF SCHOOLS, we choose thee for our Patroness and our beloved Queen. Preserve our school life from all that might hinder our intellectual, moral or religious training. Teach us to walk in the footsteps of Jesus, our Divine Brother, by practising the special virtues of youth: charity, obedience, purity, love of study and sacrifice, Christian and all-conquering joy. Our Lady of Schools, shelter us under thy maternal protection, in order that thy sweet Jesus may ever be the Light of our minds and the Love of our hearts.

Amen.

Imprimatur:

J. C. CHAUMONT, P. A., V. G.,
Director of Catholic Action.

Montreal, October 7, 1938.

Feast of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)



SEVERE illness prostrated him for a time, but his courage and cheerfulness never deserted him; and in spite of his sufferings, which were very great, his gaiety and patience astonished his companions, who vied with one another as to who should wait upon him and do little things for him. He wrote gaily after his recovery, "I have a new body altogether, which as I am going into a new country, will be very useful, and I hope we shall agree perfectly. It is a pity that I can't get a new spirit and a new heart, and then I should be altogether a new man. Pray that I may be thus transformed on the day of my ordination." He recovered sufficiently to be ordained on the 5th of June and said his first Mass the next day,—Trinity Sunday. He writes home on this occasion to his father, "My dearest Father,—Send me your blessing. I said my first Mass to-day. Oh, what a glorious day for me! True, I cannot yet meditate very well — my head is still weak and I can scarcely realize the awful mysteries of which I have become, as it were, a participator. But I feel a great peace, and am very happy. You will share in my joy, which is a family one. Would that you could have been with me on this day! But God ordered it otherwise. May we be strengthened in faith and hope; at least we shall be united in prayer."

The new missionary was at length a priest. His departure could not be long delayed, and the announcement was made to him only three days after his ordination. He gave notice to his relatives that his destination was not yet fixed, nor the actual day of farewell, but that they must be prepared for a speedy summons. He told them that he had been promised a month's notice, and added, "Dearest friends, — Courage and faith! God watches over us, and the Blessed Virgin is our protector."

The missions of his two friends, Fr. Dallet and Fr. Theurel, were already fixed; the latter was bound for Tong-king, the former for India. Fr. Dallet embarked in the middle of the month of August, and this was the first break in the chain which united these faithful friends.

But the summons for Theophane Vénard was not long delayed, and a letter dated the 13th of September announced his speedy departure to his family.

"MY DEAREST FATHER, MELANIE, HENRY, AND EUSEBIUS, — Once more let us say together, 'God's holy name be praised!' About a month ago five of my fellow-students received a notice to hold themselves in readiness for departure. I was left behind until my health should be fully regained. I could not help grieving very much, but let that pass, for time presses. One of the five, who had been compelled to return home for family affairs, did not come back on the day fixed. I have been, consequently, appointed to replace him. I am therefore going to leave you at once, my dearest ones,

and to wish you good-bye until our reunion in Heaven. I shall not remain even this week in Paris; Friday will probably be my last day on the soil of France, as we are to embark at Antwerp."

The 19th of September was to be the day of departure, and in the morning Theophane sent a farewell line to each member of his family.

"MY DEAREST AND MUCH-LOVED FATHER, — To-day I leave France. I must send you my last farewell; we start at seven o'clock. On Monday we are to embark from Antwerp; Tuesday morning we set sail. Dearest father, good-bye. My departure I know will be a sorrow to you; to me also the separation is very hard to bear. But courage! Life on earth passes so quickly and death will reunite us so soon; for death to a Christian is life, a life of eternal happiness in the bosom of our God, in company with His angels and His saints. *Au revoir*, then, dearest father; the way is short, and the end is blessed. Good-bye, I embrace you with all my heart."

"MY MUCH-LOVED SISTER, MY OWN LITTLE MELANIE, — Good-bye. I feel it very much that I am not able to write you a good long letter. It is positive suffering to me, for we have so many, many things to say to each other, but I have scarcely a moment. I shall never forget you or our happy childhood together, or our family gatherings and home joys. By and by we shall all be reunited. I go with a heavy heart and eyes full of tears, but we must pray together, the one for the other, and bear the pain of parting bravely. God bless you. My paper must convey my last kiss to my darling sister."

"Good-bye, my dear, good Henry. Your last letter gave me so much pleasure. Oh, no, my heart is not made of stone; on the contrary, just now it melts like wax. But we shall meet again. I am going to talk of our Father who is in Heaven, and make Him known to our brothers who as yet know Him not, and perhaps I shall be first at the tryst. Pray for me. Prayer alone can soften bitterness and assuage sorrow. And I, do you think I can ever forget you? Good-bye. Let us have courage in this life and fight our battles bravely. I love you with all my heart."

"Good-bye, my poor little Eusebius. We are about to be separated but we shall be more and more closely united in thought and prayer. We must all walk straight heavenwards, no matter how rough the way. Happy those who get there first! My colleagues and I start under the best auspices, for only yesterday we heard of a fresh martyrdom in Tong-king and it is for that mission we are bound. Good-bye! I kiss you on both cheeks. Once more, good-bye!"

Then came the usual ceremony of departure. The departing missionaries entered the chapel after evening prayers and knelt on the altar steps. Behind them knelt the directors of the Seminary with the student body, as well as the friends and relatives who came to see the young apostles for the last time. Theophane's relatives were not of the number. After the prayers a short meditation was given, and the assistants sat down, the five missionaries alone remaining on the altar step standing, while one of the directors, lately returned from a foreign mission, made a short but touching address. Then the five young apostles approached the altar, and when close to the tabernacle turned to their brethren, who, leaving their places, went one by one, to

kiss the feet of those who were so soon to be our Lord's heralds, while the choir intoned the anthem, "*Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!*" *How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings.*

A little episode followed, which was well described at the time by an eminent Catholic writer.

"From the midst of the crowd of visitors an old man came forward, walking with some difficulty, and assisted by one of the directors of the Seminary. An inexpressible emotion was felt throughout the chapel, and the voices of the choir faltered as they watched him slowly advancing up the aisle towards the altar. He kissed the feet of the four first missionaries, but when he came to the fifth, the young man, as if instinctively, bent forward and tried to prevent him. But the poor old man knelt, or rather prostrated himself before him, and not only pressed his lips to his feet, but his face and his forehead, so that his soft white hair covered them as with a veil; and then a sigh burst from his heart, which was more like a sob, a sigh which was heard all over the building, and at which everybody was moved to tears; while the poor son himself (for it was his father) became whiter than a sheet. Yet this was the second son which this new Abraham had sacrificed to God, and it was the last!... They assisted the old man to rise, and he with difficulty returned to his place. The sympathy of all present was evident, while the choir, which in the excitement had paused for a moment, intoned the '*Laudate pueri Dominum*'."

After this touching ceremony, the missionaries themselves gave the kiss of peace to their brethren and friends, and then followed the "*Hymn of Departure*", by M. Dallet.

(To be continued)

The Captive of St. Helena

Napoleon the First, captive at St. Helena, affected with a grievous and incurable disease, applied himself seriously then to his religious duties.

"I was born in the Catholic Religion," he repeatedly said; "I wish to fulfil the duties that it imposes and receive all the consolations that it offers me during the last days of my life."

He gave orders to his chaplain, Reverend Father Vignali, not to leave him for a single instant. On April 29th, he asked him to accomplish for him all the functions of his sacred ministry; then, having made his confession with humility and faith, he received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction and spent the whole night in prayer and acts of piety.

Some time after, he had the Blessed Sacrament exposed in a chapel near his room; and the Forty Hours' Devotion was offered for him. Moreover, he requested his chaplain to celebrate the Mass for him every day until his death.

"When I shall have breathed my last," he added, "you will lay me out and you will not cease praying until after the interment."

On May 3rd, Napoleon received Holy Viaticum for the second time; then, he joined his hands, saying: "My God!"

The first time, he had said to General Montholon, the faithful companion of his captivity: "General, I have fulfilled all my duties; I am happy and I wish you the same happiness at your death. What consoles me in my last moments, it is to have re-established the Catholic Religion in France; for *without the Religion, what would become of men?*"

The Greatest Victory



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

Praised is the dauntless and irreproachable soldier who combats valiantly for his country's safety; praised, also, is the savant who, struggling with science, extorts from it new secrets for the benefit of humanity; honoured is the elected one who has all the votes in his favour.

Certainly, such victories are glorious and praiseworthy; but they are of a lower order, because they are terrestrial and ephemeral. There is a victory of a superior order, incomparably more admirable and enviable than the preceding ones; one, which the world does not exalt, which it appreciates little or not at all because it does not understand it, but which God takes upon Himself to glorify eternally: it is... the victory over one's self.

Often, one that would be ready to sacrifice joyfully his life for his country proves himself to be weak and cowardly before passion. It is because

there are in us two persons, so to speak: one, that commands good in the name of common sense, of conscience, of the law of God; the other, that solicits evil in the name of comfort, of sensual inclination, of diabolic instigations. The latter, which is called "self", is the enemy that we must combat until death, in order to win the greatest and most glorious of victories, to be as happy here below as it is possible to be in this world, to merit everlasting glory, to become simply a saint. It is the combat against "self" that has made all the saints. The conquest of sanctity is, therefore, more important than that of all the kingdoms of the earth, of all human sciences, of all friendships and of all worldly honours. It is, besides, as much superior to them as the supernatural surpasses the natural, as the soul surpasses the body, as eternity surpasses time.

What is very encouraging for us is that we are all called to this conquest and it depends upon each one of us to realize it. It is to all, that Our Lord has said: "*Be perfect, as your Heavenly Father Himself is perfect*" and "*If any man will come after Me,*" that is to say, in the path of sanctity, "*let him deny himself*"; it is the combat against self, "*and take up his cross daily and follow Me.*"

Christian Friends, we know that there is but one way to sanctity and immortal glory: it is the way of renouncement and war against one's self. To give us example, Our Lord precedes us therein, carrying His Cross and inviting us to follow Him. Let us not resist His Divine offers; let us hasten valiantly after Him. The first steps will be an effort to us; but let us be persevering and, soon, we shall experience the truth of these words of the Author of the Imitation of Christ: "*In the Cross is infusion of Heavenly sweetness.*" St. Augustine enjoyed these Divine consolations when he said to those who pitied him in his rigorous penance: "*These tears which you see me shedding are sweeter to me than all the pleasures that I have enjoyed in the world.*"

Practically, "to deny one's self", "to die to one's self" means to accomplish faithfully, everywhere and in all things, one's obligations as a Christian and the duties of one's state in life; to accept and endure resignedly and uncomplainingly the heavy trials like the daily contradictions; and, from time to time, according to the inspirations of grace, to sacrifice one's comforts and tastes, to deprive one's self of certain lawful pleasures and honest satisfactions, to retrench a few superfluities, to humiliate one's self sometimes willingly, etc. All that, for the love of God, in order to save one's soul and increase its merits, in order to win the greatest and most glorious of victories, the only one that will be eternally rewarded and glorified.

Our conduct in this respect will exert a favourable influence upon all those around us; it will edify them and incline them to good, for example always draws. Then, as occasion offers, why not insinuate discreetly to people who are not aware of it, the moral strength that renouncement procures and the consolation that it affords. We shall accomplish a fruitful and meritorious apostolate in that way; and why not, by our desires and prayers, by the help we give to the Missions, extend this apostolate to all those who are suffering without the hope of a future reward, without the consolations of the Faith, especially the multitude of pagans? . . .



I desire, therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be made for all men. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God, Our Saviour, Who will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.

— Saint PAUL.

*
* * *

The hidden little sacrifice of the petty joys and comforts of this world is the greatest of all sacrifices, when it is sustained and renewed with the heart's full consent.

— Louis VEUILLLOT.

"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
May-June 1941.....	\$14.25		

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.



Do not be astonished, do not complain and, above all, do not be in any way discouraged, if God sends you many afflictions and tribulations; believe, rather, that He acts likewise in your regard in order to afford you the occasion of increasing your love for Him and your merits.

— Rev. Father B. VERCROYSE, S. J.



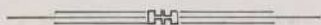
Within Everybody's Reach

There is a kind of martyrdom within every Christian's reach: it consists in receiving with patience all the trials, all the crosses to which it pleases God to submit us. It is a mistake to think that crosses are misfortunes and adversities; they can, on the contrary, be very advantageous to us, if we know how to profit by them. Crosses are an excellent remedy; but we can, by our impatience and murmuring, change this remedy into poison.

You suffer almost all the afflictions that the Saints endured, but do you derive the same advantage from them? It was, however, by the good use that they made of these afflictions, that they attained an eminent perfection. How many of the wicked will have suffered in this world as much as the greatest Saints! The same persecutions, the same labours, the same sufferings; but they will not have had the same motives or the same patience, and that is everything. What benefit have you reaped from your crosses? Have you, by holy resignation, made of them a means of expiation before God? While the Israelites drew clear water from the streams of Egypt, the Egyptians drew from them but blood and death.

How do you receive the crosses that the Hand of God sends you? These crosses, that are usually considered as signs of Divine wrath, are, on the contrary, more often, signal tokens of His goodness. Receive them, therefore, with patience, meekness and resignation, and even with joy, in acquittance of the penance that you have to do in order to save yourself. It is by accepting in this spirit all that you have to endure in your family, in your employment, in your state of life, that you will go to Heaven. It is in this way that a great many Saints have attained the eminent perfection which has made them objects of our admiration and has won Eternal Happiness for them.

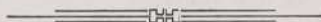
— LIVES OF THE SAINTS.



Kindness is the overflowing of self upon others. We put others in the place of self. We treat them as we would wish to be treated ourselves. We change places with them. For the time self is another, and others are self. Our self-love takes the shape of complacency in unselfishness.

We cannot speak of the virtues without thinking of God. What would the overflow of self upon others be in Him, the Everblessed and Eternal? It was the act of creation. Creation was Divine kindness. From it, as from a fountain, flow the possibilities, the powers, the blessings, of all created kindness. This is an honourable genealogy for kindness.

— *Father Faber.*



A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

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

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained through her intercession. Anonymous. — I am coming to acquit myself of a promise made in honour of the Patroness of the Missions to obtain a cure. Mrs. E. H., **St. Joseph d'Alma**. — Lively gratitude towards the dear "Scatterer of Roses"! One of the members of my family has obtained work through her intercession. A friend, **Warren**. — Heartfelt thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour received through her intercession. I solicit her protection as I am an orphan. Miss A. C., **Washington, D. C.** — Grateful thanks for a favour received through the "Little Flower of Carmel". Miss A. P., **New Bedford, Mass.** — Homage of gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus! Anonymous. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of Lisieux for a favour obtained. G. Gascon, **Montreal**. — I wish to publish my gratitude towards St. Teresa for a grace received through her intercession. Mrs. R. F., **Central Falls**. — Heartfelt thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for the favours she has obtained for me. Mrs. H. L., **Lauzon Ouest**. — Kindly help me to thank the Patroness of Missionaries for a grace received through her intercession. A Subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. — Lively gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for work obtained. M. B. — Gratitude towards St. Teresa for a favour received. Mrs. U. Dansereau, **Montreal**. — A thousand thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for favours she has obtained for me. Mrs. A. C., **Adams, Mass.** — Heartfelt thanks to the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for her constant protection. A fervent friend of St. Teresa. — Heartfelt thanks for a cure obtained. M. J. O.



MANCHUKUO

Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Szepingkai

Saturday, August 31, 1940

For the past six days the floodgates of Heaven have seemed to be open; heavy clouds propelled by the wind came and burst over our heads; however, this gloomy weather has not altered the joy of the Novitiate of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. To-day being Bishop Lapierre's anniversary, the hive was buzzing with activity: all lent a helping hand for the last preparations of the reception which was to be held in his honour this afternoon; everyone was eager to make it a success.

The solemn moment came at last, and joyful notes expressing the sentiments which filled all hearts, greeted the arrival of the revered Prelate. The principal play, "The Price of a Cup of Cold Water", executed by the postulants and a few apostolic aspirants was very impressive; its moral lesson set off the sublimity of Christian charity.

As a token of their filial gratitude, the professed Sisters presented to their kind Pastor three pretty green satin cushions and an ornament for a prie-Dieu — the whole artistically embroidered. His Excellency thanked his dear children and expressed the wish that their number keep on increasing. Before taking his leave he granted them a holiday in the form of a picnic — this is really worth two ordinary holidays! . . .

Wednesday, August 7

Our Dispensary, almost deserted since the beginning of the month on account of the heavy rain, has opened its doors anew to-day. Apart from the numerous patients coming from a great distance, the bright sunny day brought us three little children who were but awaiting Baptism to wing their flight to the Abode of the Blessed.

Thursday, August 8

This date, ever memorable in the Annals of our Institute, marks the Profession anniversary of our venerable Mother Foundress. Each Sister

offered for this beloved Mother's intentions her modest bouquet of prayers enriched with the daily sacrifices of her missionary life in pagan lands.

The personnel of the native Novitiate found the day appropriate to take the holiday granted by our worthy Pastor. As everybody was of the same opinion and the weather ideal, the program of the day was soon traced out. His Excellency proposed an excursion to the city park, in order to excite the appetite, and the suggestion was greeted with enthusiasm. Groups were organized and, at nine o'clock, the joyful bands set out. After half an hour's walk, the term of our expedition was reached and all feasted their eyes on the magnificent parterres bespangled with flowers of all kinds; but what the Sisters particularly admired were the birds of remarkable beauty to which they gave the name of "Our Lady's Birds" on account of their pretty azure plumage. After having seen all the attractions of this park, the cheerful tourists returned to the Mission where tables had been set in the yard and a tempting luncheon prepared for them; the whole seasoned with laughter and flashes of wit was greatly enjoyed by old and young.

Games were organized for the afternoon and prizes awarded to the most dexterous; then on the evening of this beautiful day, the happy little Sisters thanked with effusion the promoters of this incomparable holiday which was brought to a close by an evening hymn to Our Lady, sung in Chinese.

Wednesday, September 18

In one of our expeditions, we met a funeral procession. The sobriety of the cortege proved that the deceased belonged to a poor family. A few

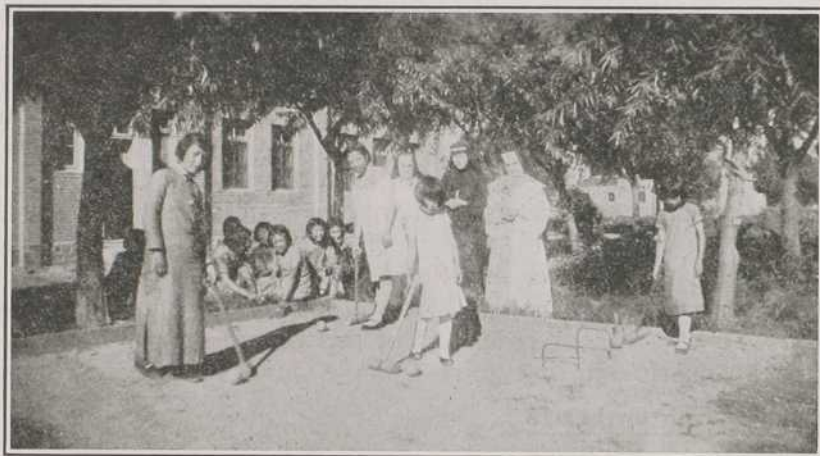


MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AND NATIVE SISTERS
OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY, SZEPIKGAI.

musicians preceded the coffin to which had been attached a little cock; to it belonged the privilege of conducting the soul towards the abode of happiness. After the burial, the fowl was given to the graveyard-keeper who relished the treat.

Friday, October 18

The Divine seed does not take long to bear fruit when it falls in souls prepared by the Grace of God; we realized this on visiting Pee K'oo, a small



RECREATION AT THE BOARDING-SCHOOL, SZEPINGKAI; THE PUPILS WITH THEIR TEACHERS, SISTER MARIE CELINE (REGINA BELIVEAU, ST. PAUL DE CHESTER) AND SISTER PIERRE-JULIEN (JEANNETTE TREMBLAY, ST. FULGENCE).

village a few *li* from the Mission. A good woman who had called for us gave us a most hearty welcome. "I took a Chinese potion several days ago," she said, "and that medicine still burns my stomach. If you cure me, I shall go and study the Catholic Doctrine at your convent; I have been wishing to go for a long time. My sister and grandmother are Christians and I love to hear them talk of religion; I, also, wish to learn how to pray." — "To become a Catholic," answered the Sister Nurse, "you will have to burn that picture of Buddha and the other papers that are there on the wall." The husband hesitated a little; then, with determination he proceeded to pulling down the picture and all the superstitious signs which, until then, had been in honour and he threw them into the fire before our eyes. We praised his heroic generosity and assured him that God would reward him. On our way back, we begged the Divine Master to keep these two souls of good will in their present disposition and to hasten their entrance into the True Fold.

Monday, October 21

Among the patients of the Dispensary there was an old man — a real walking skeleton — covered with rags. Having asked him a few questions we received the following information: He was eighty years old and was

living with his *ta ko* (big brother) whose age he did not know. A few months ago, the latter having fallen seriously ill, the two brothers got together to buy a coffin. Contrary to all expectation, the patient recovered; but do you think the coffin was to be useless? Indeed not! Fearing they would not have any money to buy one when the fatal day would come, they had this one placed on the *kang* (heated brick bed) and used it as a clothes-box, pantry, shoe-case, etc.; in a word it became a piece of furniture while awaiting the death of one of them.

Thursday, October 24

For the fifth time, we visited the Tchao family in the *ma tch fang tze* (big yard) exclusively reserved to a number of coolies of the city. This corner is a real haunt of misery. In several huts we find men, animals, and chickens living together in perfect harmony. Such is the case with the Tchao. There are pigs, hens, ducks and a horse in the front room; then, a small door leads to the second room, darker and narrower than the first, where we find the mother with her young baby fifteen days old. At birth the child's grandmother ate the ungular phalanx of its little finger and thus caused an infection. But why such cruelty? . . . Well, this baby was the fourth to be born in that family and the first three having died, they believed this one would be saved on this condition only. Having made a slight incision in the baby's hand, we asked the grandmother to burn the tampons



VEGETABLE MERCHANTS COMING TO OFFER THEIR PRODUCTS.

soiled by the operation. She immediately picked them up with care and, wrapping them in paper, hid them in a hole in the wall, saying: "This is the baby's and as it is not yet one month old, we must not throw away anything that belongs to it, for such an act would bring it bad luck. What a strange superstition! . . .

Saturday, December 14

One of our Sisters accompanied by a native Sister, returned from a trip to Fakou, bringing with her two new recruits for the Home. Father Gil-

bert, Pastor of that post, had asked her to conduct these two poor women to Szepingkai, explaining that he had found them in his apostolic journeyings. One, eighty years of age, has her legs and feet covered with purulent sores; the other, two years younger, has a terrible ulcer in her face — result of a fall on glowing embers. The horrid aspect of this unfortunate woman who is almost blind, inspires repulsion to all around her and the children run away at her approach. On hearing that the Catholic Mission offered to receive them and take care of them, both were glad to exchange their village and hovel for a comfortable home.

However, the trip in the company of these two old grannies was not without incident. "Neither the one nor the other had boarded a train before," related Sister. "They could not walk without a guide and insisted on carrying their poor belongings themselves, as these were the only treasure they possessed in the world. It was not easy to make them take the autobus, but we finally succeeded. Having somewhat recovered from her emotion, one of them called out to us, very anxiously: 'I have neither my pipe, nor my fan, nor my fly-swatter. Is it possible that I should have forgotten all that? . . .' We reassured her and arrived at the station without any further incident. There, one of them having lost her shoe requested it with more energy than we could have deemed her capable of. 'They will crush it on me,' she cried, 'and they are my nice shoes with flowers, those I wear only on great occasions.' The shoe was picked up undamaged and her fears were calmed. The crowd watched our every movement. When, at last, we were seated in the station waiting for the train that was to come in two hours later, the people made a ring around us and the questions began to come from all sides. 'How are you related to these women?' — 'We are not related to them, but Christian charity commands us to treat them as we would our own mothers for they are poor and forsaken.' — 'Where are you taking them to?' — 'Who will take care of them?' — 'What can you expect in return for your devotedness?' In answering all these questions we were able to expose the beauty and grandeur of our Holy Religion.

"The train arrived at last; we tried to go up the first, but the sight of the long stairway made us fear we would not arrive on time. One of the conductors seeing our perplexity ordered a boy to take one of the old women on his back. Although this is a common occurrence here, the latter hesitated; but on a second summons he took the heavy burden upon his shoulders and acquitted himself faithfully of his task; when we boarded the train, good old granny was comfortably seated on her bench.

"After we were off the train, we placed them in a vehicle, asking the driver to be very careful in rough passages as these two old women were sick and infirm. 'Who are they,' he inquired, 'for you to take such good care of them?' — 'They are poor and forsaken creatures we are taking to the Old Folks' Home at the Catholic Mission.' — 'Oh! I see,' he replied, 'I heard about your religion and its works before, but I realize now that what I was told is true.'

"Once we had reached the Mission, our two companions got out of the vehicle and sat down on the ground declaring they would go no farther;

so the door-keeper and an employee who was working in the yard took them on their backs."

It is in this manner that the charity of Christ treats the suffering members of His Mystical Body. These two octogenarians will henceforth be protected from misery and, until the day when the Divine Master will give them the promised reward, they will be attended upon with devotedness.

Report of the Mission of Szepingkai for the year 1940:

Pupils at the Boarding School . . . 104	Pupils at the Apostolic School . . . 27
Native professed Sisters 25	Native novices and postulants . . 10

Dispensary :

Infant Baptisms 37	Adult Baptisms . . . 5	Patients 10,056
Teeth extracted 37	Homes visited . . . 335	Treatments . . . 10,056
Anti-opium treatments . . . 33	Injections 2,909	Vaccinations . . . 210

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Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Pamientcheng

Monday, August 12, 1940

We met Grandpa Ts'in, a pagan beggar whose brother died a Christian. "I have something to ask you," he said, showing us his prayer-beads. "May I keep them although I am not a Catholic? They are a souvenir of my brother; one of my neighbours wanted to take them away from me but I refused, telling him to come with me to the Mission and I would have the question settled by the Missionary." Surprised and rejoiced at the same time, we encouraged this brave man to continue carrying about him the Blessed Virgin's Rosary with respect and confidence, assuring him that this precious talisman would certainly be for him a source of happiness. Delighted, the old man hid his treasure under his tattered garments and, taking up his stick, bag, and little pail, set out in search of the leavings which sustain his miserable existence.

Thursday, August 15

A man some sixty years of age, admitted to the Home a short time ago, had the great privilege of receiving the Sacraments of Baptism and Extreme Unction. This unfortunate man had known many a day of trial. While employed as cook in one of the houses of the City he fell seriously ill, and was thrown on the roadside by his inhuman masters. A relative sheltered him for some time; but this woman, finding the charge too burdensome, requested the Rector to kindly allow her protégé to come and stay at the Home. The unfortunate man was received with joy as a suffering member of the Body of Christ, and after giving him medical care we instructed him in the Catholic Doctrine.

How very touching to see his poor emaciated body covered with rags and stretched on a hard bed of bricks, while he prepared to receive graces of predilection from the God of Love he scarcely knew. The inmates of the Home, invalids, blind men, others broken by age, were grouped around him. A thirty-year-old tuberculous patient stood as his godfather. In the profound silence, the priest's voice rose paternal and kind: "What do you request of the Church of God?"

"Faith."

"What good does Faith procure you?"

"Life Everlasting."

And the ceremonial continued full of symbolism. The neophyte was given the name of Damasus; then the minister of the Lord conferred upon him the Sacrament of Confirmation and that of the Dying. Finally, enriched



MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, PAMIENTCHENG,
NATIVE SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY,
AND THE CHILDREN OF THE ORPHANAGE.

with the Indulgence *In articulo mortis*, our privileged patient peacefully awaited the moment when the doors of Heaven would open to receive him.

Friday, August 23

A baby a few months old had just been thrown into the public sewer by its mother who, overburdened with work, had let it die of hunger. Could our Canadian mothers ever imagine such cruelty? Moreover, what breaks our heart is the thought that for all eternity, this little innocent babe will be deprived of the Beatific Vision because the Saving Waters have not flowed on its brow.

A few days ago, five orphans from four to twelve years of age were brought to the Catholic Mission. Their parents, who were formerly Christian, had had the misfortune of apostatizing, and only the eldest boy had



SISTER ST. LAZARE (JULIETTE RAINVILLE, BEAUPORT), SISTER MADELEINE MARIE (MADELEINE LORANGER, WESTMOUNT) AND THE FIVE ORPHANS RECEIVED AT THE MISSION, PAMIENTCHENG.

been baptized. One of the little girls arrived just in time to receive the Regenerating Sacrament before taking her flight to Heaven. The eldest boy will be confided to a good Christian family where, along with a trade, he will be taught his religious duties; his brothers will remain at the Catechumenate to prepare for Baptism, while the ten-year-old little girl will find loving companions in the Orphanage.

Three little sisters, five, nine, and thirteen years old, also arrived recently. The two older ones soon made friends with some of the girls of their age, but the youngest was sad and lonely for several days. The little tots finally succeeded in winning her affection. The silent tears have ceased

to trickle down her pale cheeks and a cheerful smile now brightens up her countenance.

Kin yu, three years old, is the little prodigy of the Orphanage. The rickety child, almost dying when she arrived, is now beaming with health and is always smiling. As soon as a Sister or an older companion enters the babies' ward, she manifests her joy in a thousand ways.

One night she did not want to sleep; she was having a grand time wrapping up her pillow in her quilt. "You are not sleeping yet?" asked Sister. "Bring me that pillow." Her eyes sparkling with roguishness, Kin yu took the pillow and presented it to Sister saying: "*Kei ni*" (I give it to you). "And your quilt?" continued Sister. "*Kei ni*", repeated the mischievous child, smiling. How can one chide such a darling? ... There was nothing to do but wrap her up snugly in her quilt and tell her to be very good, to shut her eyes and go to sleep.

Thursday, October 17

Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ urged the orphans to respond to Our Holy Father's pressing appeal to children by praying and offering sacrifices to obtain peace. The little ones were all eyes and all ears listening to the



VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL, SERVING A FEAST-DAY MEAL — MILLET AND EGGS — TO THE ORPHANS OF PAMIENTCHENG.

1. Sister St. LAZARE (Juliette Rainville, Beauport).

exhortation, and their expressive mimic revealed the generous resolutions they formed in their young hearts. This evening two of them asked their teacher to go and pray at the church.

As they were not returning Sister St. Bernardin de Sienne⁽¹⁾ became anxious and went in search of them. What was not her surprise and edification to find them still kneeling in front of the tabernacle absorbed in prayer. Will not the God of Love, thanks to the ingenuous supplications of such pure souls as these, forgive the innumerable sins which cry to Him for vengeance?

Wednesday, October 30

Our merciful and kind Saviour cannot fail to reveal Himself to sincere and upright souls. Mr. Damasus Pouo, a young man of twenty-five, after having constantly observed the natural law written in his heart, saw the brilliant light of Faith shine before his eyes.

His father, a humble workman, managed with much trouble to provide a living for his family. His mother, who had formerly been a sorceress of great renown, having seen her star decline, abandoned witchcraft. When the child had grown to be a young man, the parents, economizing on all sides, succeeded in buying him a wife. They were beginning to be in easy circumstances, when sickness visited their beloved son. Despite his illness, the latter continued working for some time, but the dreaded tuberculosis persisted in its course of destruction. As he knew about the Dispensary, he called us to his bedside. Finding him affected with oedema and struggling for breath, we had no doubts concerning the fatal issue of the disease; however, the medical care we gave him brought much relief. With great joy he received Catechism explanations and, docile to the inspiration of Divine grace, requested the Sacrament of Baptism which was administered to him on October 11th. Beaming with happiness after his regeneration, he did not cease thanking God Who had deigned receive him as His child, the Blessed Virgin whose Medal he pressed lovingly to his lips and all those who had instructed him in the True Faith. A few moments before his death, he called his mother, and showing his Miraculous Medal, said to her: "I am going to see my heavenly Mother who is awaiting me in her beautiful Home!" Then he seemed to gaze upon a radiant vision and with an indescribable smile he whispered: "How beautiful!" He expired in this ecstasy.

The parents and spouse of Mr. Pouo were very much edified and consoled by this peaceful and holy death. We feel confident that it will encourage them to embrace our Holy Religion.

Tuesday, November 5

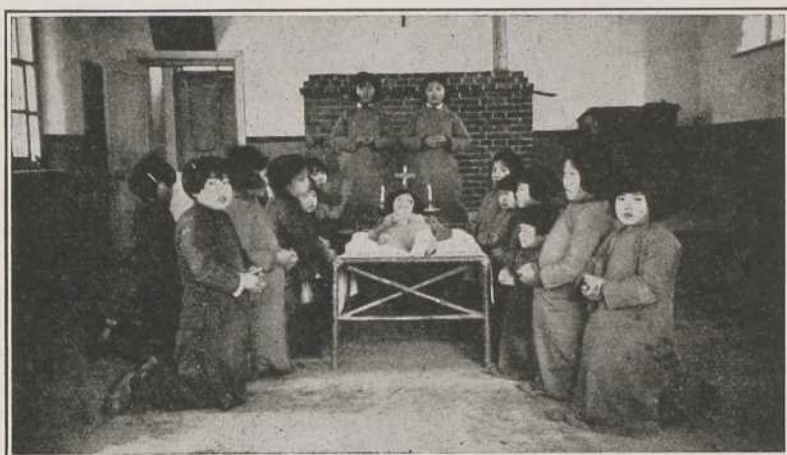
We are actually treating at the Dispensary a charming little girl affected with lupus. The disease, which began almost a year ago, has followed its course, gradually destroying the nose and spreading under the chin. The

1. Antoinette Foisv, Waterloo, Que.

parents spared neither trouble nor money consulting the best doctors of Szepingkai and its surroundings; but all the treatments were unsuccessful. Having providentially heard of the efficacy of the Catholic Mission remedies, they came and begged us to cure their child. We have no hope of saving her life, but her candid soul is already fascinated by the charms of our Holy Religion, and she has obtained her parents' consent to follow the Catechism courses. Bright and full of ardour, she will soon be ready to receive Baptism and become the living ciborium of Jesus, the great Lover of little children. Blessed disease which shall conduct her to such a happy term!

Saturday, December 28

The Immaculate Virgin has stooped this morning over the fresh parterre of the Orphanage to cull a white lily she had been cultivating with ineffable



A FEW ORPHANS OF PAMIENTCHENG, PRAYING BESIDE THEIR COMPANION, TCHANG BERNADETTE, DECEASED DECEMBER 28, 1940.

love. Tchang Bernadette, sixteen years old, expired after a painful illness of almost two years. Always meek and faithful to her duty, this child was for her companions an attractive model. Obligated to remain in bed from the beginning of November she chose prayer as her favourite occupation, reciting, as she said, prayers and Rosaries for the missionaries, her little sisters of the Orphanage, and the poor pagans. On the eve of her death, to one of her companions who brought her some broth, she said: "When I shall be in Heaven, I shall pray very much for you all, but especially for you who have been so good to me." May our dear little Bernadette keep her promise and obtain many graces for the Mission.

Friday, January 24, 1941

We visited a young sorceress, twenty-one years of age, who is requesting Baptism in order to be delivered from the importunacies of the devil. The case is a strange one and we have good reason to be prudent but we are,

however, very happy to dethrone the Evil Spirit. Reverend Father Guibault destroyed all the pictures of the false gods that were in this woman's dwelling; and he took from her the drum and the hood she wore to call the infernal Spirit into her when she treated the sick. We provided her with a Miraculous Medal that she might be protected against the vengeance of the devil. As soon as she will be well enough, she will have to come and study our Holy Religion and give proofs of her sincerity before being admitted to Baptism. Meanwhile, we ardently beg the Blessed Virgin to obtain for this soul the special graces she needs to abandon entirely her practices of witchcraft and to place herself in the service of the one Sovereign Master.

Report of the Dispensary of Pamientcheng for the year 1940:

Baptisms of children	180	Baptisms of adults	4	Treatments	27,825
Dressings	6,442	Injections	2,301	Patients	20,253
Vaccinations	166	Teeth extracted	247	Homes visited	485

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*Extracts from letters of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
of Taonan, to their Sisters at the Mother-House*

Taonan, December 26th, 1940.

VERY DEAR SISTERS,

Winning souls to Christ! therein lies all the happiness of a missionary. That apostolic joy comes to us chiefly through our Dispensary and in our visits to the homes — both being powerful means of attracting the brave Manchukuoans.

For several months we had been treating at our Dispensary a man suffering with heart disease and acute nephritis. The Blessed Virgin, to whom we had recommended this cardiac victim, blessed our efforts in granting, if not an entire cure, at least a considerable improvement, and this urged our patient and all his family to seek admission into our catechumenate.

What triumphant victory over Satan was not the Baptism of a dying Mohammedan child! After giving our ten-year-old invalid the most tender care, we took advantage of the father's absence to broach the delicate subject of religion; we then solicited the mother's consent to instruct her child in preparation to Baptism. Useless recourse! Her one cry was: "Doctor, spare nothing for my son! Save him!" We continued our pleadings, saying: "The fate of your child is in your own hands, for neither doctor nor anyone else can save him. . . it is too late; God alone, Who is all-powerful, can give him health again. Promise Him sincerely, not only to let us baptize your son, but also to have yourself and all your family instructed in the Catholic Doctrine." The father arriving in the meantime, we questioned him in his turn; finally we received "carte blanche". And with unspeakable joy we poured the Regenerating Waters on the brow of

our new brother in Christ, to whom we gave the names of Joseph Francis Xavier.

After an afternoon spent at the Eastern Dispensary, where we nursed over forty patients, we were summoned to the death-bed of a consumptive who had been intrusted to our care a fortnight ago. Our invalid had improved considerably, but now acute dysentery made her condition alarming.

We had often spoken to her about our good God, and she had consented to accept a Miraculous Medal. Finding her exceedingly weak and fearing that she might not live till morning, we asked her if she would not like to receive Baptism. Upon her affirmative reply we gladly poured the Saving Waters on this dying brow. The ceremony being accomplished, Mary Anna, taking our hand, cast on us a look of indescribable happiness, which amply compensated for our fatigue of the afternoon.

Three patients whom we had been visiting for some time also became, on that day, children of God. Immediately after, two of them winged their flight to a Happier Land; as for the third we found her, on our next visit, studying the Catechism. "I am better," she exclaimed triumphantly; "during the latter part of the night I fell asleep, and had a beautiful dream; I saw a lady dressed in white bending over my wound, she touched it and I felt better." This happy state of mind of our patient and of the persons about her encouraged us to speak of the Blessed Virgin. The cure, however, had not been entire; the tuberculous wound did not assume a different aspect. Probably our good Mother wanted this consoling dream to strengthen the faith of her dear child.

On the feast of the Nativity of Mary another of our patients baptized *in articulo mortis* and now in good health, related a similar incident. We were taking her to our little chapel decorated with white daisies, when our brave woman, on entering, raised both arms and, expressing loudly her astonishment, proceeded to make known what had recently happened. On being told that she was in a holy place where she should not talk so, she went out, and with deep emotion began: "I was in a room just like this one. There were flowers, a lamp, everything was bright and beautiful."

"But when have you seen that?"

"A few days after I received your blessed medal, I had a dream and I saw this room flooded with light. A lady clad in white beckoned to me and said: 'Do you see how comfortable and happy we are here, would you not like to come with me? If you wish to do so you must listen to what will be taught to you, do not lend a deaf ear.' On awaking, I felt better; then and there I conceived a burning desire to become a Christian." To learn her prayers, every day she sends to the catechumenate her young boy who, on returning, repeats to his mother what he has been taught.

The conversion of Mr. Han brought us deep consolation. A year ago his daughter was miraculously cured immediately after having received Baptism. Learning her Catechism often presented the child difficulties, but her good father, although a Buddhist, gladly made her familiar with the unknown characters and explained the obscure passages. Thus he grew

acquainted with our Holy Religion; but the hour of grace had not yet struck for him.

Having fallen seriously ill he sent for the Sister-Infirmarian who happily seized the occasion to broach the question of another Life. At once Mr. Han requested Holy Baptism which was administered him by Reverend Father Vaillancourt. Finding our patient had considerably improved, the following day Sister told him: "The good Lord will probably restore you to health again for you are already better."

"I place all my trust in the Master of Heaven," he replied, "I want to accomplish His Holy Will, for He shall lead me in the right path." Struck with amazement and delighted to see our invalid in such good dispositions, we glorified God for that happy conquest which, it is probable, will bring about the conversion of a whole family.

How truly marvelous is the operation of grace in souls attentive to its inspirations!

Yang, a fourteen-year-old lad had been in a state of immobility for two months when we were invited to pay him a visit. Conjecturing that his moral sufferings surpassed his physical infirmities, we spoke to him of a Better Life, endeavouring thereby to make a ray of hope penetrate into his soul. On our third visit we brought him a Catechism which he gladly accepted. The next day he knew the Our Father by heart, and since then his enthusiasm has not diminished. The poor child finds consolation in the thought that soon, perhaps, he will be in possession of everlasting bliss. He has understood that bearing one's sufferings in silence is very meritorious and the recitation of his beads takes his mind away from his distressing pains. His pagan parents are simply struck with admiration.

And little Kouo Tong, how he has changed! It is truly wonderful! He was a domineering, ill-tempered, and exceedingly sensitive child, but the study of our Holy Religion has transformed him. Now he is calm and peaceful, suffering silently very painful dressings. One day Kouo Tong saw in his Catechism that the smoking of opium was forbidden; instantly he resolved to overcome this bad habit. He mastered his own will most extraordinarily, and the crave for this narcotic did not triumph over him. When someone made him remark his glorious transformation, Kouo Tong replied: "It is the grace of God that has helped me to correct myself."

One day, a Christian made haste to inform us that a dying child was about to become the prey of the dogs. We found the infant with but a breath of life, quickly we prepared it to wing its flight to Heaven; the parents were warned that death was drawing nigh. The father immediately ordered his son to fetch a mat, and wrap therein his young brother, then to throw him in the neighbouring field. We succeeded in persuading the father that it is inhuman to expose a child to the mercy of hungry dogs or to the bitter cold, and that he had no right to thus prematurely deprive a human being of existence. Here ignorance is to be deplored and not wickedness, for the parents consented to wait till death had chilled its victim before abandoning their child.

Little Liou has been a consumptive for the last three years. On paying her a visit we found our invalid resting on a board near the door. Miserable rags covered the frail little body whilst a swarm of flies were circling about her.

"O Sister!" said the weeping child, "for many days I have begged mamma and my sisters to invite you over, but they always refused, saying that I would soon die. I suffer with the cold here, but mamma will not let me lie on the *kang* on account of the unpleasant odour I emit."

How happy we are on such occasions to fulfill the office of the good Samaritan in giving to the body a soothing potion, and to the soul the brilliant hope of a reward which will be proportioned to the amount of love and generosity manifested in suffering.

Our Boarding-School is another helpful aid in propagating our Holy Religion. The boarders report at home what they have learnt in Christian Doctrine and little by little, ancient prejudices vanish and superstitious customs are abandoned.

Our pagan pupils went to spend the feast of Koutsie (feast of the moon) with their parents. Around seven o'clock in the evening, the two Misses Kao were returning to the Boarding-School. Surprised to see them back again so soon, for the celebration takes place during the night, their Christian classmates asked them if they did not feel sorry to come back before the celebration was over. "Oh, no," they replied, "we know that those things are mere superstitions; we wish to become Christians, therefore we must begin right away to do as the Christians do."

While going to Midnight Mass last night, it seemed as though we were living in the days of the catacombs. There beamed not a light in the streets, not even a faint gleam from the houses; and the church, which on that solemn night should have been flooded with light, was mysteriously enveloped in darkness.

On account of the military exercises, a Curfew Law is in force in Taonan. At church, it was scrupulously observed; dark blinds covered the windows and black shades obscured the lights.

We are nearing the end of 1940; we thank our Divine Master for the good which His grace has permitted us to accomplish this year. May the year 1941 about to dawn on the horizon of Time afford us the happy occasion of winning Him twice as many souls! For this end, dear Sisters, we solicit



SISTER STE. ANGELE DE FOLIGNO (ANGELE BENOIT, THREE RIVERS) AND THE TWO YOUNGEST GIRLS OF THE BOARDING-SCHOOL, TAONAN, MANCHUKUO.

your fervent prayers. Whilst performing your various occupations, do multiply your Aves for the salvation of the poor Manchukuoans so that year by year we may glean a richer sheaf of souls for the Harvest Master.

YOUR LOVING SISTERS OF TAONAN.

Report of the Mission of Taonan for the year 1940:

Pupils at the Boarding-School... 55 Number of old men at the home... 5

Western Dispensary :

Adult Baptisms... 33	Infant Baptisms... 375	Treatments... 35,703
Patients... 37,135	Dressings... 8,232	Injections... 9,998
Homes visited... 3,968	Teeth extracted... 487	Vaccinations... 429

Eastern Dispensary :

Adult Baptisms... 2	Infant Baptisms... 150	Treatments... 18,506
Patients... 15,180	Dressings... 4,984	Injections... 2,291
Homes visited... 179	Teeth extracted... 102	Vaccinations... 188

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Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Paitchengtze.



POORLY-CLAD MANCHUS SUFFER FROM THE COLD IN WINTER.

Paitchengtze, the White City, is situated in the extreme north of the Vicariate of Szepingkai, on the border of Russia. A very cold temperature prevails here for many long months, but nevertheless, within the shivering bodies of the inhabitants there beats a warm heart, source of true consolation for the missionaries. This harvest has ripened under trials and suffering; but there are few harvesters to garner in the golden sheaves.

Since the month of September especially, we are beseeching Heaven to send us more labourers, for our little Community is now reduced to four members, two of our Sisters having been called to Szepingkai on account of illness. Vainly do we multiply our efforts, we cannot see to everything.

Each day more and more of the inhabitants are resorting to our Dispensary; the number of treatments has almost doubled during the last months. How we thank the Good Shepherd for sending us in greater numbers the suffering mem-

bers of His flock; for relieving physical ailments allows us to throw in the pagan soul the first seeds of our Holy Faith!

One day, the mother of a former pupil of our workroom came to us with a grievously wounded finger. On a recent trip to Szeping kai her husband, to her great confusion, bought himself another wife, and a lively dispute ensued. To settle the question the man seized a knife to commit suicide, which incident immediately stilled the anger of the offended wife; and as she sought to grasp the harmful instrument, it almost severed her finger. In turn she firmly resolved to let the blood from her wound gush out to the very last drop; but her daughters persuaded her to resort to us for treatment. After having bestowed the medical care required, we poured in that aching pagan soul the balm of Divine consolation by imparting to her the doctrine of charity and forgiveness taught us by our Lord and Saviour. Our Immaculate Mother coming to our aid, we hope to soon let this wandering sheep into the Fold.

The catechist at our Dispensary proves to be a helpful aid in our visits to the homes. His main occupation consists in finding the sick in order to bring them the consolations of our Holy Religion. On those who request our assistance we gladly lavish our best care.

A family of forty is at present on the way to conversion, happy consequence of a visit paid to one of its members. The grandparents seem to be detained in this world solely to be marked with the Seal of the Elect. This hearth resembles a veritable hive in full activity, and we are proud to add that all the family: grandparents, father, mother, children and grandchildren dwell in an atmosphere of peace and tranquillity. Once enrolled in the legions of the Catholic Church, what fervent Christians they will be!

Ou, a kind lady to whom we were taken by a charitable neighbour also studies the Catholic Doctrine along with her husband. Being too sick to come to our Dispensary, she received our best care at home; she lives in a miserable earthen hovel, divided in two rooms by a semi-partition. The donkey is kept on one side while the remaining portion of the hut shelters the family, who content themselves with the bare necessities of life: a bed made of bricks, an iron caldron to cook the sorghum, and a few kitchen utensils. Besides the door there is an opening two feet square covered with paper; in the centre of it a glass three inches square lets in a few rays of light. A single wadded dress clothed the invalid; under an old blanket she lay piteously shivering with the cold. Her two-year-old daughter,



SISTER STE. ELISABETH (BLANCHE MENARD,
STE. ELISABETH DE JOLIETTE) AT THE MARKET,
PAITCHENG TZE.

almost continually sitting on the *kang*, near her mother, was not less worthy of compassion in her ragged clothes and bare feet.

The consoling truths of our Holy Faith now diminish greatly these sufferings which, in the eyes newly-opened of their victims, are the precious means of attaining Eternal Happiness.

On one of our excursions through the city, we visited a Manchu family richly blessed with material goods but as destitute spiritually as the one we have just mentioned. The children, well-brought up, saluted us gracefully on our arrival whilst the mother detained in bed through illness ex-



VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL, SISTER THERESE D'AVILA (THERESE SAUVE, MONTREAL), SISTER MARIE ALICE (ALICE LADOUCEUR, STE. GENEVIEVE DE JACQUES CARTIER), TWO NATIVE SISTERS AND A FEW BOARDERS, PAITCHENGITZE.

pressed her deep regret to be unable to receive us as she would like to. After having exposed the details of her malady, she listened attentively to the instructions we gave her for alleviating her pain. Then we risked to breathe a word for the soul which also, at times, requires treatment. We have an immortal soul! What a revelation to this poor pagan woman! "Well!" she replied, "I sincerely believed that after death all was over." Then we saw the good mother, with a scrutinizing glance, search in the eyes of her children for a reflection of that immaterial life about which we were talking.

How deeply indebted we are towards our good God for granting us in His infinite liberality the great gift of Divine Faith! Why has He preferred us to these poor pagans who, plunged in the dark night of error, almost seem to issue forth from another world when beams before them the first ray of Catholic Faith?

In July, a terrible hurricane swept over Paitchengtze, ruthlessly destroying what chanced to lay in its path. Rain, thunder, wind and hail combined to inflict ruin on the harvest; some hailstones attained the size of a turkey's egg. In a few moments, parterres and gardens presented a deplorable aspect. After having rounded the buildings of our Mission Reverend Father

Boisvert stated regretfully that twenty-four window-panes had been broken by the squall. The earthen walls as well as the roofs of houses, were also considerably damaged.

Scarcely had the damages occasioned by this calamity been attended to, when a deluvian rain fell over the city. People were walking in water even in their attics. Although our house is roofed with sheet-iron it has not failed to pay tribute to these fateful inclemencies of the weather. In five different places fissures in the ceiling opened a passage-way to streamlets of water.

However, we would not think of complaining, for our good God bestows profusely on us His many kindnesses. Indeed, according to His promise, He gives a hundredfold to those who have left all things to follow Him. The poor unfortunates around us have to suffer so much more than we. The arrival of winter with its train of miseries perplexes more than one household-provider: their wallet empty, they can already see their hungry children shivering pitifully near the fireless hearth. . . .

May all the Christians, through their fervent prayers, hasten the coming of the Kingdom of God on our poor Manchus, thus changing their sad lot in a source of supernatural merits! Oh! if only our dear fellow-men understood the great efficacy of prayer and sacrifice for the salvation of the unbelievers, what a great aid they would be to the toiling Missionary!

Report of the Mission of Paitchengtze for the year 1940:

Pupils at the Boarding-School.	13	Pupils at the Workroom.	12
Old men at the Home.	15		

Dispensary:

Infant Baptisms.	77	Adult Baptisms.	4	Dressings.	5,611
Patients.	12,486	Treatments.	13,028	Vaccinations.	264
Teeth extracted.	102	Injections.	1,757	Homes visited.	698



The misfortune of souls that do not know God is very much greater than that of a poor famished man, since God is infinitely more necessary to the soul than bread is to the body, and the soul of a pagan has a thousand times more need of spiritual bread than a famished man has of corporal food.

— Canon J. M. BOUQUET.

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The missionaries, whether laboring among the snowy ices of the north or in the fever-stricken marshes of the tropics, always have obtained courage in their solitude and loneliness from the sight of the crucifix. Before the image of their Saviour dying on the Cross they were strengthened for the great work that filled their days.

JAPAN

Gleanings from the Diary of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Koriyama

Catholicism in Japan is actually in a situation that causes grave anxiety to whoever has at heart the extension of the True Faith in this country that has already furnished a host of valiant martyrs.

When expressing to us his New Year wishes, His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate added these consoling words: " 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' It is God Who directs everything: *Omnia cooperantur in bonum*. If we considered every event from the viewpoint of Christian Faith, we would soon be convinced that the Catholic Church is the barque that leads to port; although it is tossed on the waves, yet it is never submerged. Her hull, at times, may seem to totter in the gale, but this very rocking and pitching guarantees only the better her equilibrium. Always new, though everlasting, always the same, though adapting herself to men and times, she is to-day as from the first the Church founded by Christ, *non habentem maculam aut rugam*. How can she dread tempests? For centuries she has challenged them — a word from her mighty Founder, Whom she carries on board, ever stills the raging sea. It is a fact, nevertheless, that this profound serenity is sometimes troubled: the Church is a Mother and, as such, concerned for her children in pain and distress. We can therefore suspect her deep anxiety at this critical moment, but we also can, and must, as did the great Saint Paul, maintain in our hearts absolute confidence. This confidence is asked of every apostle in pagan lands; he must believe that his life of labour and sacrifice has its noble purpose, and that therefore, his daily immolations will certainly bring about the salvation of many souls and increase the vigour of the Church. The Church of Japan, we have no doubt of it, will come out of the present conflict greater and stronger, after having shown forth in broad light reserves of endurance no one had suspected."

Our little Community of Koriyama, relying on the paternal Providence of God, keeps up the various works begun over ten years ago: kindergarten, Sunday school, private lessons, etc.

On Wednesday, June 29, we were asked to visit a four-year-old pupil of the Kindergarten, Tae Ko Kanamori, who was dying. Our first care was to find an opportunity to administer Baptism to this little pagan soul. Taking advantage of the momentary absence of the three doctors who had been summoned, we poured the Saving Waters upon the forehead of the child, giving her the name of Mary. Shortly after, she was returning to God with a smile on her lips.

The inconsolable mother kept asking pardon of her little girl for having neglected to give her proper care. "Your child is happy now," we told her, "for we have baptized her, and she certainly is enjoying the bliss of Heaven." Despite our apprehensions, Mrs. Kanamori seemed quite satisfied, and at once asked her husband to give Tae Ko a Catholic funeral, to which he



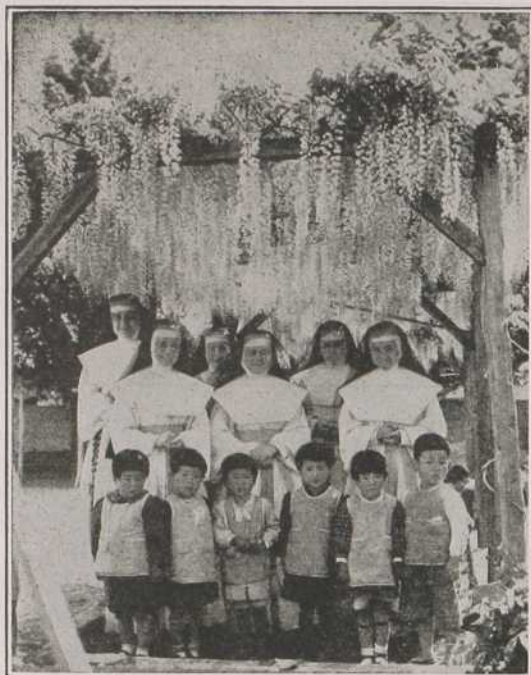
REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL, AND THE COMMUNITY OF THE MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION WITH THE PUPILS OF THE KINDERGARTEN, KORIYAMA, JAPAN.

readily agreed. The ceremony took place two days later in the reception hall of the school where over two hundred persons, all pagans, had assembled. According to the custom, the girl's body had been cremated the day following her death; a small box containing her ashes was placed on the stage, along with a picture of the child, the whole surrounded by candle lights and flowers. On the black-draped wall had been hung a large crucifix. After the singing of the Psalms, the parish priest, Reverend Father Kainuma, spoke to these pagans on the Christian idea of death, and on the happiness procured by the Sacrament of Baptism. Wishing to express their gratitude, Mr. and Mrs. Kanamori have donated a splendid radio for the school. The parents of our pupils had long been urging us to have one installed, but our meagre means did not permit this expensive purchase.

Mrs. Kanamori, who is very well disposed, was telling us one day: "I asked my husband to come to the Mission, and he replied that I was entirely free to do so. My eldest son also intends to come. When I asked Koko whom she would wish at her bedside if she were dying, the bonze or the Catholic priest, she hesitated a moment, then answered, 'Mother, I would prefer to have the priest and the Sister.'"

Several times already we have felt that little Marie Tae Ko is helping us, and that from heaven she is doing good upon earth. We are confident that she will bring about the conversion not only of her own family, but also of many another heathen soul.

Towards the end of June, the Koen Kai (Parents' Association) held its annual meeting in our school. Dr. Toriumi, Chairman, addressed the audience; he did not conceal his admiration for the Catholic Church and its beneficent organizations. "I have travelled over all Europe, and seen for myself the vast amount of good the Catholic Church does, as it were, behind the spotlight. I have seen," he continued, pointing to us, "persons like these looking after sick people, and teaching little children. They have won all my sympathy." He then asked us to keep up the good work, assuring us of the sincerity of the parents' confidence in us.



MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ON THE RECREATION GROUNDS, KORIYAMA, JAPAN.
AMONG THE LITTLE TOTS MAY BE SEEN MARIE TAE KO, BAPTIZED AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

We then decided to organize the *Dosakai*, an association for our former pupils.

So as to inure the Japanese children to vigorous endurance, and prepare them to military training, the holiday season opened this year as late as the 10th of August. All the children, even our first graders, many of whom are not yet seven years old, had to get up at five o'clock every morning and hie to their respective schools, there to take part in the *radio taiso*, a gymnastic exercise to the sound of the radio. Every child, however far he lived from school, had to come all the way without breakfast.

The patience and resignation of the Japanese people in all the rude privations they have to endure, is truly admirable.

never does a word of complaint issue from their lips: everything is gladly given up to help the soldiers. The daily rice ration, lately brought down to two and a half cups for each person, is far from sufficient; everyone says, with a laugh, that "there is too much empty space in his noble interior." Only fifteen per cent of the soil being cultivable in Japan, it is not surprising that the rice harvest should not suffice to sustain a population of a hundred million.

Meat is also extremely rare, and we have every conceivable difficulty in trying to procure a bit of fat to cook our food. Common oil, extracted from a sort of beans, and ordinarily used by the Japanese in preparing their meals, is no longer on the market. Eggs now sell 8 sen each, and in the larger cities, only the sick may eat them, and they are allowed but one a day. The sugar ration has been cut down to one-half pound a month for each person. Throughout the month of August, we were unable to get any; in September we had to be satisfied with a single half pound, even though we are six.

Civil authorities are fostering a movement to bring back the people, already so little exacting, to the frugal habits of olden days; to this end they eliminate all foreign products, such as, butter, cocoa, coffee, etc. They even propose to do away with the modern heating systems and come back to the simple *brasero* of their ancestors.

Women are now forbidden to wear other than black, dark blue, purple,

or brown colours. The wearing of silk kimonos embroidered in gold or silver is likewise prohibited.

In our little Community, all hearts are overflowing with gratitude towards Divine Providence that watches over us; with filial trust we abandon ourselves and our missionary endeavours to the paternal solicitude of our Heavenly Keeper.

MISSIONARY CONSOLATIONS

In a visit recently paid to the women's Refuge, we had the consolation of baptizing two poor old pagans: one was a rheumatic patient, about seventy-seven years of age, and the other, her inseparable companion, a woman of sixty-eight. For the past three years we had been instructing them in the hope that they would become fervent Christians. In her



JAPANESE FARMERS.

youth the former had been a *geisha*, or public dancer; she now grieves over those years spent far away from God. "Since I first had the honour of seeing you," she says, "I have always desired to take your hand and let myself be guided in the right path." In our first interview with this unfortunate woman, we had given her a Miraculous Medal; we believe it is the Blessed Virgin who has changed her heart hardened in evil. We gave her the name of Mary Magdalen, and her companion, that of Mary Hedwidge. Their faces seemed transfigured and radiated great happiness after the ceremony of Baptism. What sweet satisfaction did we not ourselves experience at the close of that blessed day! In Japan, similar privileges are few and far between, for conversions are very slowly effected.

Encouraged by this new success, we went on the morrow to the old men's Refuge in the country. The old men are lying down here and there in some sort of hovel open to every gust of wind. Misery reigns supreme in this wretched dwelling, not physical misery alone, but also, and to a greater

extent, moral distress. The less infirm are lodged in separate habitations, which, though termed hotels, are nothing more than miserable huts. We had brought along fruits, and also a few pieces of warm clothing received from Canada; these were distributed to the patients.

Shortly after, we returned to visit our protégés. All agreed that they felt younger and stronger since they had eaten the *kakis* that the *Kami Sama* (gods) of the Religion of Christ had given them. A blind man, crouched in the farthest corner of the room, dragged himself to us and remained kneeling. "Are you truly the *Kami Sama* of Christ?" he asked. "Yes," we answered, "we belong to the Religion of the Master in Heaven, the only God by Whom men are saved." — "I am so happy!" he continued, "I had a friend, once, who belonged to that Religion. Before he died, he told me to pray to the Heavenly Master whenever I was in need of anything. I have always kept his words in the bottom of my heart. One day, wishing to learn about that Religion, I went to your house but I could not find the entrance to it. Tell me what I have to do to belong to Christ." And with joined hands, the worthy old man in search of God was looking up at us. We then spoke to all the patients of the Refuge, asking them if they wished to hear of the true Religion. All appeared quite willing to listen, and followed attentively the catechism lesson we gave them. We complied with the blind man's request to be baptized without delay, and gave him the names of Marie Alphy.

Another poor wretch of over eighty years was witnessing the impressive scene. One of us asked him: "Do you want to become a child of God, and share the joys of Heaven?" — "Yes," he answered, "I believe all you have said about your Religion; you know I will die soon; trace upon me the sign that saves." We immediately baptized him, and named him Marie Joseph. Another Baptism, the third one that day, was administered, this time to an unfortunate idiot woman.

Before leaving this asylum of misery, now become the threshold of Heaven for three of its inmates, we met a young man with his wife and a little girl. Pointing to the child, the father asked us to baptize her, saying, "I want her to become a Christian." We then made him understand that his daughter being in good health, she had to begin by learning her Catechism; that it was only the infirm and aged of the Refuge who were not required to study before being baptized. He promised that he would send his child to us.

How many grateful thanks do we not send up to God for these happy conquests! The joy each one of them brings us amply compensates for the trials we go through in these troubled times.

A young man who has been following an English course here for the last eight months, Matsuzaki San, asked, towards the end of December, to be instructed in the Christian Doctrine. "I have tried," he spoke out frankly, "to practise real Buddhistic meditation; sometimes I have knelt down for hours, hoping at the last to reach complete annihilation (the paradise of Buddhism), to think of nothing at all, but I never got anything out of that practice."

We pray our Heavenly Mother to shed a ray of light across this young man's path, and to guide him to her Divine Son.

FEAST OF THE HEROIC MARTYRS OF JAPAN

On September 10th, the Church of Japan celebrates the feast of the fifty-five martyrs who years ago on this same day, gave their lives for the Faith. This valiant band of Christian heroes was headed by Blessed Charles Spinola, S. J. With him were nine foreign Religious, a Japanese priest, and several Christians, guilty of having harboured missionaries in their homes. There were also several children, among whom one aged twelve, and two, only three or four years old. Most of these intrepid Confessors of the Faith bore with admirable fortitude, the rigours of a harsh captivity for more than three years. Crowded in a prison at Omura, in dungeons whose six feet square of space had to accommodate six persons, it was impossible for them to stand or move about. The unfortunate victims had scarcely the strength to utter a word, deprived as they were of light and air, and very often having nothing to eat but a bowl of black rice and a spoiled sardine. Their clothes, already miserably torn, were covered with vermin, and this added yet more to their sufferings. At length, God deigned to crown all their hardships by asking these martyrs to shed their blood for Him. Before setting out for the place chosen for their execution, these noble athletes were allowed to wash, and to don the beautiful clothes brought by parents and friends. Then, the glorious troop left for the sacred Tateyama Hill, which already had been reddened with the blood of a large number of martyrs. Blessed Spinola, wearing a white cassock, bore a standard on which could be read the name of Jesus embroidered in gold letters. Arrived at the place of execution, all knelt down and made a last confession. From the neighbouring villages and in barques from the river, hundreds of Christians flocked to be present at the supreme triumph of the martyrs. Canticles and prayers, as so many hymns of victory, arose from all sides. The executioners led the victims into the palisaded yard where had been erected twenty-five stakes. A touching scene then followed, moving even the hearts of the tyrants: among the thirty women and children, Blessed Spinola recognized his former housekeeper, Elizabeth, a Japanese woman of Kagoshima. "When I was at your home four years ago," he said, "I had the happiness to baptize your little Ignatius; is he to die with you to-day, and share your eternal crown?" The woman bowed deeply, then pointed to her son: "Here is my Ignatius; he was four years old this spring. He is a very good boy and always listens to me. He wants to give up his life for the *Tenshu Sama*; see how calmly he waits for the hour of sacrifice!" The executioners then ordered those who were to perish by the sword to draw up in two files. Elizabeth was struck before her son. The brave little fellow, even when he saw his mother's head severed from her body, showed neither surprise nor fear; knowing it was now his turn, he placed his little hands upon the ground, and prostrated himself as is the custom in that country, so that the tyrant might put him to death. There was no one in the throng but was moved to tears: even the executioner threw

down his sword twice before finding enough courage to strike. The fire which was to consume the victims was then lighted. By a refinement of cruelty, a pit had been dug in which wood had been piled up; and as the flames rose, forty-five officers were there to pour salt water to prolong as much as possible the agonizing pains of the victims. Blessed Spinola intoned the psalm *Laudate Omnes Gentes*, which the Christians continued as an immense choir. Through the smoke and the flames the serene faces of the martyrs could be seen; the heroic troop sang and prayed. Blessed Spinola, whom the fatigues of a long apostolate and the indescribable sufferings of his captivity had completely exhausted, was the first to give up his soul to God. Another priest, Father Hyacinth Orfanel lived three hours; he had only his bones left and he was yet singing.

May these glorious defenders of the Faith pray for the conversion of Japan, so hostile to the Christian Religion. This nation, with its many good natural qualities, would be such a favourable soil in which to implant the holy virtues of Christianity.

Report of the Mission of Koriyama, Japan, for the year 1940:

Baptisms of children over 5 years of age	4	Baptisms of adults	5
Homes visited	141	Hours of Religious Instruction for adults	230
First Communions	3	Pupils registered at Kindergarten	108
Pupils taking private lessons	60	Pupils registered for Sunday School	80

Between Two Eternities

As there is no one here below that does not belong to the city of God or to that of the devil, the whole human race will, in the next world, be divided between two Eternities: the Eternity of rewards, for the great and last manifestation of the Lord's Goodness; and the Eternity of afflictions, for the infinite glorification of His Justice. In the first are reunited all glory and all delight, unmingled with the least pain; in the second are accumulated all suffering, shame and despair, without the least consolation. Eternity of Heaven or of Hell! each heart-beat brings me nearer to one of these two ends; I shall inevitably fall into one of these two Eternities. There is no middle: if I lose the crown, I shall not escape the dreadful prison. Forever near God, contemplating His beauty and sharing in His happiness; or forever separated from God by an insurmountable chaos, a prey to the most acute sufferings, the most bitter regret and the most terrible grinding of the teeth. Forever in the most amiable society, singing God's praises; or forever among the devils, belching out blasphemies against God and curses on myself! . . .

Which of these two destinies will be mine? I do not know. What I do know is that there is but one step between myself and Eternity. A stroke, a gasp, lack of breath, and there I am. What I know, besides, is that I can lose the Eternity of the Saints and endure that of the wicked! O my soul, an uncertainty of this kind, should it not absorb all your solicitude, command every precaution and persuade you to make every sacrifice? "O Eternity!" exclaims St. Augustine, "whoever meditates upon thee without reforming, has no faith, or he has no heart. May my continual occupation be henceforth, O My God, to cancel by my tears the stains of former days and prepare by good works the happiness of Eternity!"

— Rev. Father CHAIGNON, S. J.



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Tuesday, February 18

After having commemorated last week the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes, we celebrated to-day the feast of the privileged Shepherdess, St. Bernadette. The hymns sung during Mass and the flowers on the altar expressed our devotion, while a joyous *Deo Gratias* added a note of gaiety to the happy feast.

With confidence we begged Mary's favourite messenger to continue playing her part between this land of exile and the Everlasting Country, and to grant us to share that singular feeling of loneliness which made her exclaim one day: "Oh! the Blessed Virgin, she is so beautiful, that to see her again one would like to die!"

Saturday, February 22

The newly professed Sisters were leaving us to-day for the Mother House. It was not without emotion that they parted from the cradle of their Religious life. Could it have been otherwise, since they have been surrounded here with so much solicitude, and have tasted the joys of such fraternal affection?

But we know full well that the welcome they will receive at Côte des Neiges will soon have agreeably modified this legitimate sentiment; for there also, are Mothers whose tender and loving hearts embrace us all in their maternal affection.

As for us their departure and the arrival of new novices bring about slight changes in our work: new offices are assigned to us to-day, causing great surprise to some, but meeting in all the joy of doing the Holy Will of God.

Tuesday, Wednesday, February 24 and 25

During these days of worldly rejoicing, when the devil is sure to win many a victory, we strove to console Our dear Saviour by frequent acts of love and by redoubling our generosity in His service.

On each of these two evenings, we assembled in the chapel at half past seven for an hour of adoration and reparation. How we wished we had been able to remain there in the company of Jesus late into the night, but that is not according to our Rule; therefore, we tried to compensate by

begging our Guardian Angels to continue our Guard of Honour, knowing well that we would thus be advantageously replaced.

Sunday, March 2

This day recalls to us the glorious accession of His Holiness Pope Pius XII to the Sovereign Papacy. Special prayers for his intentions are recited in the liturgy of the day, while everyone strives in union with the Church to make this appeal on his behalf a most fervent one.

As we are in the Lenten season, the first hours of this day are spent in silence; but at noon voices reverberate from different quarters and in no time each one guesses what it means — the *Deo Gratias* we had anticipated makes happiness reign supreme in all hearts. Our rejoicings, as our prayers, have a particular aim to-day: to obtain that the Pontificate of Christ's Vicar on earth may be one long era of peace, of that peace he has already so admirably heralded.

Friday, March 7

Eight years ago a unanimous cry of gratitude was rising heavenwards from all the Convents of our Institute — the Holy See had proclaimed the final approbation of our Constitutions. But will our gratitude for this signal favour grow fainter and fainter with the years? Oh no! for the further we advance in the Religious Life, the more we become convinced of the excellence of our vocation; to its Divine Author we render most fervent thanksgivings for He ever reveals a great condescension towards our dear Institute.

Tuesday, March 11

News of the death of our beloved Sister Marie de la Garde reached us yesterday evening. When we were informed a few days ago that her illness had aggravated, we redoubled our prayers for her; but the hour had come for her to receive her eternal reward.

Death never passes without leaving behind it profound sadness; but the consoling truths of our Holy Faith soon dispel this painful impression, for they awaken in our hearts the hope that our Sister is already in possession of the incomparable treasure promised to those who leave all to follow the Divine Master.

The last years of her sojourn here below were years of suffering. Doubtless our good Saviour wished His faithful spouse more intimately united to Him in His heavenly Kingdom.

Sister Marie de la Garde (Marie Alvéna Hébert, St. Edouard de Napierville) had pronounced the sacred Vows of Religion twenty years ago. Her remains are brought to the Novitiate this afternoon. She reposes beneath a statue of the Immaculate Virgin who seems about to place on her brow the crown of white lilies that on the evening of her Perpetual Vows she had intrusted to her Maternal Queen, singing:

“I confide it Mother, to your care
Till Heaven's bliss with you I share.”

Thursday, March 13

This morning at eight o'clock the Funeral Service of Sister Marie de la Garde is held in our chapel. It is chanted by Mgr. Edgar Larochelle, P. A., Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society.

Several members of the family, after having breathed a mournful prayer over her coffin, accompany her to our cemetery where Father Albert Cossette, P. M. E., gives her a last benediction.

Monday, March 17

Twice within the same week these words reverberate in the humble parterres of the Immaculate "May the bright company of the Angels meet thee; may Christ, the Son of the living God, place thee within the ever-verdant gardens of His paradise; may the choir of Virgins, singing jubilees, receive thee." Holy Mother Church urges us to repeat these hopeful ejaculations when the Sovereign Master of life and death calls to Him one of His exiled children.

Yesterday evening in our convent at Nominique, Sister Marie de la Paix was peacefully expiring just as her Sisters, assembled in the chapel for night prayers, were beginning to sing the evening hymn to our Lady, *Salve Regina!* "Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of mercy... after this our exile show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus." May we not hope that our good Mother has immediately conducted her faithful daughter into the Land of the Living?

The call of the Divine Spouse was not unforeseen by our departed one, for she had profited by her lengthy period of ill-health to prepare for the final moment. A few weeks ago, her illness having aggravated considerably, she had the intuition that her last hour was drawing nigh. She was administered Extreme Unction and for several days everything seemed to announce a closer approach of Death. Then a slight improvement revived our hopes for her recovery; but these, alas! were in vain.

As for our Sister, her sole attraction lay centered on the other Life; her thoughts and sentiments were truly those of David when he uttered these words: "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of the Lord" (Psalm CXXI). In a word, she went forth lamp in hand to meet her Divine Master.

Her remains arrived here this afternoon. Beside her coffin the Rosary is recited without interruption for the repose of her soul.

Sister Marie de la Paix (Germaine Groulx, St. Laurent) had spent twenty-two years in the religious Life.

Wednesday, March 19

It is impossible to celebrate the feast of St. Joseph with as much solemnity as usual on account of Sister Marie de la Paix's Funeral Service. It is sung by Reverend Father Armand Groulx, C. S. C. Present in the sanctuary are Reverend Father Rondeau, P. M. E., and Reverend Father Ed. Laurin, C. S. C.

In the numerous assistance, besides her bereaved parents and a brother, are Reverend Brothers Hormisdas, Josaphat, Gabriel and Sarto, C. S. C., several Sisters of the Holy Cross, and His Honour Mr. G. P. Laurin, Mayor of Saint Laurent.

The mortal remains of our beloved Sister are laid in the community cemetery adjoining the Novitiate, where we shall have the consolation of whispering many a prayer for the repose of her soul.

Monday, March 24

This morning after Mass, the Blessed Sacrament is taken to the sacristy where for a few days the Divine Guest of our altars will reside. Comfortable new pews will in the meantime be installed in the chapel, replacing the former ones whose restricted number rendered accommodation somewhat difficult. These last will not however be discarded; they will be placed on the galleries where they will be greatly appreciated during the Annual Retreat, and also on the occasion of great religious ceremonies.

Tuesday, March 25

Although our little chapel appears less attractive on account of the installation of the new pews, our joy and satisfaction are not in the least diminished this morning; if the nave is desert, the sanctuary is alive with lights and decorations, reminding us of to-day's beautiful feast, the Annunciation. The hymns sung during Mass re-echo Gabriel's Ave, and bear to the Mother of the God-Man, our own Mother also, the message of our filial love.

At nine o'clock a joyful *Deo Gralias* groups us around dear Mother Mistress, and we spend the day in intimate family rejoicing.

This evening we gather before a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the Novitiate Hall, and there renew our consecration to her; a touching hymn is then sung, ratifying our donation to the august Queen of our hearts.

May this love for Mary Immaculate become stronger and stronger in everyone of us, thereby rendering our zeal more efficacious and helping us to advance in the path of perfection.

Tuesday, April 1

This is a very favourable day for fishing. As a result, the line is cast time and again during the two recreations, and almost each time the fish are foolish enough to bite. We are kept on the *qui vive* all day; even those who deemed themselves a bit wise and boasted they would not be surprised become the prize captures of some fortunate angler. In considering the disconcerted faces of the poor victims, one gathers that before next year they will have come to "speaking terms" with the members of the finny tribe so as to avoid being caught again.

Friday, April 4

We are singularly honoured this afternoon by His Excellency Bishop Prud'homme who deigns to gratify us with a lengthy conference on a well-

known Gospel scene, the Samaritan Woman at Jacob's Well. The incident is depicted in such glowing language that we believe ourselves verily present at this Divine manifestation of the merciful goodness of Jesus.

Our distinguished lecturer gathers from this familiar Gospel chapter, practical and encouraging lessons which intensify our desire to quench the burning thirst of the Heart of Jesus for our love.

Saturday, April 12

On entering in this last phase of Holy Week each one fully concentrates her thoughts on the great mystery it commemorates, without even presuming to deviate from our regular custom of observing silence till Easter morning.

But at noon, around recreation time, our stilled atmosphere is of a sudden set in vibration by the incessant ringing of the bell whose joyful notes resound within the Novitiate walls. We look at each other in great surprise when instantly, happy exclamations of "Long live our Mother!" confirm the unanimous supposition: our beloved Mother has returned from her long voyage!

We fancy the supreme happiness of venerable Mother Foundress and the atmosphere of joviality that fills the Mother House. We share the happiness of our dear Sisters by a merry *Deo Gratias* which, in like circumstance, is certainly not out of season. May the accents of our filial rejoicings be as so many harmonious chords in the unceasing hymn of gratitude which to-day arises spontaneously from all hearts, blessing Divine Providence for its bountiful gifts.

Easter Sunday, April 13

Responding to the pressing invitation of Holy Mother Church, we spend this day in merriment and joy. Palms and flowers have replaced the sombre tints of Holy Week, and beneath the illumined vault of our sanctuary, triumphant Alleluias reverberate to the glory of the risen Christ.

Besides the Resurrection of Christ we are celebrating the feast of St. Mechtilda, patronal feast of our devoted Mistress; as it coincided with Holy Thursday, it was postponed till to-day and indeed, this is a most fitting day to celebrate it! Wishing to express the deep sentiments of our gratitude we organize a little recreative program whose dominating note is one of thankfulness and filial affection; it is closed with the presentation of a spiritual bouquet delicately perfumed with our most fervent prayers.

May the glorious Queen of Heaven, Cause of our joy, grant our ardent wishes on behalf of the one who is forever so kind and liberal towards us, and who, in order to assure our advancement in the path of perfection, never flinches from any sacrifice.

Tuesday, April 15

Two beautiful ceremonies take place here this morning — ceremonies which seldom occur in our chapel; they awake in our souls reminiscences of happy moments of our childhood.

A six-year-old child, Bernard Graton, receives the Sacrament of Confirmation and is admitted for the first time to the fond embrace of our Eucharistic King. At eight o'clock, His Excellency Msgr. Joseph Prud'homme, assisted by two seminarians of the Foreign Mission Society, enters solemnly into our chapel. After the Veni Creator the worthy Prelate explains briefly to the privileged child the sublimity of the Sacrament which in a moment will make him a soldier of Christ, drawing his attention especially on the great gifts of the Holy Ghost. Shortly after, the Holy Unction and the words of Christ's Minister bring down in the soul of this happy child the Third Person of the Most Blessed Trinity Who will henceforth dwell here as in His Temple.

Holy Mass is then celebrated, and Jesus admits to His banquet of love His new little disciple who is encircled by the happy members of his dear family. Whilst his heart reclines on that of his loving Master, voices intone the sublime hymn of gratitude—the *Magnificat*, whose inspired notes glorify Almighty God for the great things His love operates in the souls of His chosen ones.

During the forenoon, in a private ceremony, the renewal of the Baptismal promises is followed by the Consecration to the Blessed Virgin and the symbolical offering of a lily, whilst the choir sings appropriate hymns. We have but one voice to beseech our Immaculate Mother to keep this young heart ever pure and candid and to guide and protect him along the thorny path of life.

Wednesday, April 23

Talks on foreign Missions always captivate our interest. Our apostolic taste is gratified to-day by Reverend Father Roberge, P. M. E., recently arrived from Manchukuo, who speaks to us of a mission-post of China. Church, school, orphanage, hospital, dispensary reveal in turn the profound misery of the pagans, the arduous task of the missionaries, and above all, the bountiful mercy of God and the marvelous operations of His grace.

In pointing out the beauty and the sublimity of apostleship in foreign lands, our lecturer, speaking with experience, does not forget however to mention the hardships of missionary life: mastering a new tongue, familiarizing oneself with strange customs, getting used to the climate—these indeed, present many a difficulty capable of satisfying even the most generous souls. It is essential, however, that we be aware of these realities; they convince us of the absolute necessity of a serious preparation. Our vocation is beautiful but difficult; it calls for virtuous souls.

Tuesday, April 29

Since her return from the Far East, our Mother Superior General had not yet been able to visit her children at the Novitiate. But to-day, at last, she is among us. Nature itself basking in the pleasant sunshine seems brimming with joy, wishing as it were to echo to the outside world our great merriment.

About eleven o'clock the personnel groups in the parterre near the main entrance where we soon have the pleasure of greeting our dear Visitor. After a few words of the warmest welcome we proceed to the chapel for the singing of the *Magnificat* and it is already meal-time. Dinner could hardly be overlooked notwithstanding our great impatience for news from China and Japan.

But that joy is all our own this afternoon. Immediately after our spiritual exercises we gather around our dear Mother, eagerly grasping the thousand and one details concerning our own Sisters abroad, the mode of living in the Celestial Empire and the different works of mercy — powerful magnets ever attracting our hearts. Our hopes of sharing the missionary doings augment when we hear that the labourers would still be too few in number were they multiplied a hundredfold, there is so much good to be accomplished.

Fain would we linger by our Mother's side many days more; but we must be reasonable; however, we cherish the hope that these maternal visits will be doubled this year to make up for lost time.

We present this evening a little recreative program in our Visitor's honour. At seven o'clock, therefore, we are all assembled in the entertainment hall.

A chorus of welcome with violin proclaims our supreme joy of having anew our dear Mother among us. A short play follows extolling the many well-doings of the Holy Childhood, and depicting vivid scenes from the land of the Rising Sun. This happy family reunion must needs be closed by the *Magnificat*, that sublime canticle of gratitude. It is our last refrain, for the hour of prayer and repose is at hand, bringing to its close a most beautiful day.



See the Abundant Harvest....

Look, Venerable Brethren and Beloved Children, gaze on the world and on the harvest of souls everywhere so fair to see, but over it sweeps in thundering waves the tempest of battles, of destructions, of sufferings, of countless human sorrows. Behold how many messengers of the Gospel, how many men and women — heroes of Christ, workers in His vineyard — are living and toiling and struggling and suffering amid dangers and obstacles, amid deprivations and destitution that chill the ardor of their zeal and put stumbling-blocks in the path of their holy and charitable ambition. With eyes and hands upraised, they look to you, and with them look the faithful of their flock and those others, too, who have yet to hear the Shepherd's voice while they wander and sit in the shadow of death, knowing nothing of Him Who has redeemed them and Who has promised them eternal life and peace.

Pray that the Master of the Vineyard send workers for these, your brothers, too, for they also have been called to be born again in Christ. Prayer is the sword that pierces the heart of God and lets flow His love and mercy. It is the offering made by your lips, by your heart's loving interest in the missioners of Christ.

— PIUS XII.



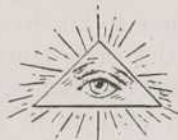
The Children's Page

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

There you are already on your pleasant holidays! I say already because, for your Great Friend and many others also, this past year has fled by as a lightning-flash. To you, however, the ten months of school have probably appeared less brief, because of your ambitious desire to complete the studies prescribed for the term; but in reality the whole year has passed rapidly, just as the rippling brook flows steadily on, just as fragrant roses wither, or as the shadows of dawn vanish into the light. . . .

Later, when you look back upon these days of childhood and youth, what sentiments will be uppermost in your heart? Will they be sentiments of joy and satisfaction? Yes, if you have striven to do each day's duty as perfectly as possible, and to profit by the sound training given you during this period of formation, which ordinarily influences the whole after-life; but if during these precious years you have not given the best in you, secret remorse will gnaw your heart when you turn back to the pages of your school life.

And now, how are you going to spend your holidays? This time of rest and relaxation will surely not bring any regrets in the future, if you are mindful to pass it under the eye of God.



Faith teaches us, and you know it, dear Children, that God is everywhere and sees everything. His all-seeing Eye penetrates the great mass of the earth, fathoms the depths of the ocean, and the immensity of the firmament. It finds a way into the inmost recesses of our conscience, and sees in broad light the sentiments deepest in our soul. Nothing escapes God, not even our very intimate thoughts, or our most secret desires. He understands everything and takes all into account.

Ah, if only men were more attentive to the holy presence of God, they would never offend Him so grievously! Convinced that His gaze rests perpetually upon them, they would endeavour to lead virtuous lives, in

order to become pleasing in His sight and win His loving favour. Do we not act thus towards kings of the earth? Pious souls who make giant strides in the path of perfection are all imbued with the great truth of this Divine presence, and as they advance in holiness their remembrance of it becomes more and more frequent. Oh, how I wish you also, dear Children, would often think of the presence of God! A good idea would be to write in your note-book, these three little words, "God Sees Me" and keep them close at hand in your study-room or at work; another suggestion would be to have them written in large print and placed at the foot of your bed-room crucifix.

The sight of these three very important little words will incite you to do good, and perhaps preserve you, in the course of life, from many a pitfall.

*God sees me, oh, what happiness!
My spirit hopes in Him alone;
He is my Father, and a God
Whose wondrous love calls for mine own.*

*God sees me, I will not conceal
A thought from Him, a deed, a word;
My trust is anchored in His Heart,
I labour well to please my Lord.*

*God sees me, yet, 'most every day
I forget it and grieve Him some;
To His kind mercy I resort,
For pardon to His knees I come.*

*God sees me, and He understands
Each secret wish I dare not tell,
He comprehends my misery,
My sighs, my fears, He knows full well!*

*God sees me, oh, what happiness!
On Him alone my hopes recline,
And to my Father and my God,
I consecrate this heart of mine.*

GOD, OUR FATHER

Very few persons, dear Children, go in all simplicity to God as to a father, the best of fathers, with the love and confidence of little children.

And yet, is it not what He expects from every one of us? "Unless you be converted, and become as little children," Our Lord said to His Apostles, "you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

The number is indeed very small of those who have this filial and candid trust in God, and who seize every opportunity of rejoicing His paternal Heart: sometimes it will be by a grateful 'thank you' for a favour received, or for the forgiveness of a small offence; at almost every moment it will be by offering Him tokens of love, such as hidden acts of



*How many give Him the caresses for
which His Heart is yearning?*

virtue, of zeal for His glory, of charity towards a neighbour, or again, of submission to His Divine Will in all things. In every sorrow and care, very few think of having recourse to God's goodness and infinite power. Very few also, there are, who revere His Blessed Name and holy images. In prayer and Holy Communion, how many give Him the loving caresses for which His Heart is yearning?

Truly, all those who follow this *little way of spiritual childhood* are most agreeable to God, and will one day receive a magnificent reward. Speaking of little children, Our Saviour once said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven". St. Theresa of the Child Jesus, who had so well understood and practised this Evangelical maxim, became a very great saint in the short years she passed upon earth — a simple little saint, also, that all of us can imitate, if we really want to!

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY

He who WILLS to become a learned scholar studies with determination, and he who WILLS to become a man of art and science also applies himself to long hours of labour and research. It is the same for you, dear Children; if you WILL keep your hearts pure and good, and advance in virtue and merit, you must make efforts and employ the means necessary to this end.

These means have already been pointed out to you, but let me repeat them, so that they will be deeply engraved in your minds. They are the avoidance of all occasions of sin, the frequent reception of Holy Communion, and a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Other little means will also prove very efficacious, such as the remembrance of the presence of God, of which I was speaking a few moments ago.

In closing, I wish to set before your eyes these three little words GOD SEES ME, and I leave them to you as a spiritual posy from

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.

A Thought for August

This beautiful month brings us to the zenith in our love and devotion to Mary Immaculate, the Mother of God, and the Mother of all men. It is during this month that we celebrate the glorious feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven.

Her soul had already gone to its eternal home with the everlasting Creator of all the universe. Conceived without original sin, her body had been chosen from all eternity in this Divine plan to be the spotless Tabernacle in which would be conceived of the Holy Ghost, in which would be born and nurtured the very body of Christ Himself. Therefore it was not meet that this body of Mary should ever taste of the corruption which belonged to the human race as the result of Adam's sin. Hence, by the decree and power of Almighty God, Mary after her death on earth, was assumed, soul and body, into heaven.

Let us fly to the open arms of Mary our Mother for every help, for all consolation and inspiration. She will surely never despise our petitions but always graciously receive them and answer them. *Fr. Vincent, O. M. C.*

Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin

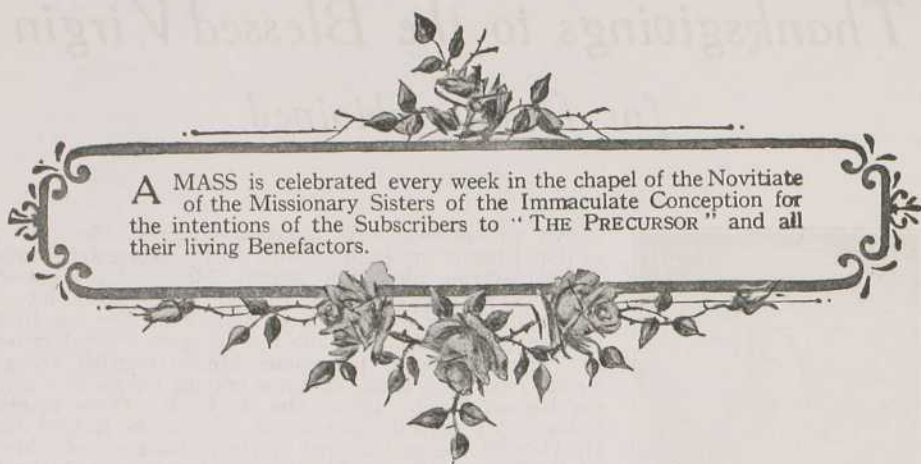
for favours obtained



"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.

My sincere thanks for a favour obtained. Please pray so that I regain my health. Mrs. A. D., **Worcester, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for better health. Mr. A. L., **Windsor, Ont.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Please ask this kind Mother to give me back my strength, that I may be able to walk again. A Subscriber to **THE PRECURSOR, Limestone, Me.** — Heartfelt thanks for my recovery. Please continue praying for me as I need the Blessed Virgin's help. Mrs. L. C. B., **Three Rivers, Mass.** — My request was granted. Thanks be to God and His Holy Mother as I am not worthy of those graces. Mrs. M. R., **Timmins, Ont.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Please make a Novena for my daughter, that she may succeed in her examinations. Mrs. Qm. P. R., **Hemmingford, Que.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Mrs. James McCune, **Maisonneuve.** — My most heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. F. M., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — I wish to thank the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mr. Thomas Daniels, **Montreal.** — I would like you to burn a Novena of lights before the altar of the Blessed Virgin in thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Please say special prayers for my husband. M. C., **Poultney, Vermont.** — Lively gratitude to our Heavenly Mother for a favour obtained. Mr. A. B. — Thanksgiving for a grace received. Miss L. P., **Quebec.** — Homage of gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. G. C., **Tétreaultville.** — Lively gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for a position obtained. A Subscriber. — Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother for my cure obtained. T. P., **St. Zacharie.** — Thanksgiving for a cure obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Miss M. J. O. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained through her intercession. Miss J. B., **St. Johns, Que.** — Kindly help me to thank the Blessed Virgin; my son has obtained a position. Mrs. P. G., **Rosemont.** — Sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a position obtained. I am very pleased with it and I now beg this dear Mother to grant me my cure. A Subscriber. — Many thanks to Our Lady for a cure obtained. Mr. J. P. L., **Chicoutimi.** — Thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate for a position obtained. Miss N. B., **Point St. Charles.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. H., **Waterbury, Conn.** — Thanksgiving to the Immaculate Conception for a cure obtained. Mrs. C. B., **St. Hyacinthe.** — Lively gratitude for a grace received. Mrs. A. M. — Thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate for a favour obtained. I solicit another grace. A Subscriber, **St. Rose.** — A thousand thanks to Our Heavenly Queen for a great grace received through her intercession. I request her protection for a person dear to me. A mother. — I am coming to acquit myself of a promise in thanksgiving for a cure obtained. Mrs. V. C., **St. Joseph de Beauce.** — Thanksgiving for operation avoided. Mrs. C. L., **Montcerf.** — Lively gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin, I have been able to keep my position. Anonymous, **St. Sophie, Megantic.** — We are pleased to acquit ourselves of a promise made in honour of the Blessed Virgin, as we have obtained our favour. Anonymous, **Petite Rivière Ouest.** — Sincere thanks for a favour obtained. Miss M. L., **Montreal.** — My son has found work. A thousand thanks to the Blessed Virgin! Mrs. A. G., **Shawinigan.** — Thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate for a favour received. Mrs. J. B. L., **Albion, R. I.** — Lively gratitude for the great graces she has obtained for me. I beg her to continue protecting me. Mrs. J. L. — Thanksgiving for the conversion of a person dear to me. Mrs. G. C. — Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother for her protection. Mrs. L. D., **Notre Dame de Grace.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for success in our commerce. Mrs. A. S. — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. I solicit another great grace. Mrs. P. C. — My daughter has obtained a good position. Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin! Mrs. J. P. — Homage of gratitude for a favour received. Mrs. E. B., **Bristol, Conn.** — Lively gratitude to Our Lady for my baby's cure. Mrs. E. D., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving for a grace obtained. Mrs. L. D. — Kindly thank the Blessed Virgin for a grace I have received through her intercession. Mrs. A. R., **Longue Pointe.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Mrs. P. P. — Grateful thanks for a grace received. Mrs. A. L. — I am acquitting myself of a promise in thanksgiving for the recovery of my health. Mrs. J. R. — Blessed be the Immaculate Conception who has obtained for me the change I was requesting! Mrs. R. L.



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."

I have to undergo a serious operation in a few days and request a special Novena for courage and success. Mrs. M. Rochefort, **Astonville, Ont.** — Remember me in your prayers. Mrs. J. M., **Worcester, Mass.** — Please pray for us. Mrs. J. P. R., **Notre Dame de Grace.** — Would you be so kind as to assist me with some prayers. I would like a Novena for my health. Mrs. E. C., **Detroit, Mich.** — Please pray for the conversion of my husband, and that my eyes may be cured. **Moosup, Conn.** — Will you please pray for my daughter, that she may change her mind and go out with a good Catholic friend. Please pray also for my family especially for one daughter who is always sick, that health may be restored to her. Mrs. A. D., **Tilbury, Ont.** — Please pray for my daughter's husband and for two special favours. A Subscriber, **Lowell, Mass.** — Kindly have a Novena of lights burn for a special favour. Miss F. E. R., **Montreal.** — Would you be so kind as to make a few Novenas for my intentions. J. O'R., **Montreal.** — Please pray to Our Lady of Victory for my intentions. M. B. T. **Schenectady, N. Y.** — Will you please pray for my intention. Mrs. J. B., **Fort Kent, Me.** — Will you please make a Novena to Our Blessed Mother in Heaven, that my side may be cured. Mrs. S. Z., **Rumford, Me.** — Please pray to our Blessed Mother that a relative of mine will have no more convulsion spells. A Subscriber. — Kindly remember me and my family in your prayers. Mrs. E. F., **Woodslee, Ont.** — Please pray for us, that we may obtain work, and for the health of my daughter. Mrs. J. F., **Dundee, Que.** — I earnestly implore your prayers for a very special intention. Miss R. C. — Do pray to the "Little Flower" for my intention. Mrs. J. L. D., **Quebec** — Will you kindly make a Novena in honour of the Blessed Virgin, so that my husband may obtain the position he has applied for. I am also asking your prayers for my sister who is sick. Miss G. G., **Lewiston, Me.** — Please pray for my sister. Anonymous. — Please pray for my intentions. M. F. — Please pray for my very special intentions. Complete recovery of health for Mother and myself and for another particular grace. Anonymous. — Would you please offer prayers to Our Blessed Mother for the conversion of my husband. Mrs. K. — Will you please pray for me, that I may find employment in a mill or a shop. Mrs. E. LaR., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Kindly remember us in your prayers to Our Lady of Victory, that we may keep our positions. Please pray for my husband and my sister-in-law. Mrs. E. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — Kindly burn candles at the feet of the Virgin Mary, that I may have a better eye-sight. Mrs. H. D., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Kindly make a Novena for me, that I may obtain health. Mrs. M. M., **Massena, N. Y.** — I would like to start another novena for a special intention and would appreciate your burning a few candles. Miss M. H., **Millbury, Mass.** — Will you please pray for the following intentions: restoration of health; ways and means of overcoming our difficulties to fulfil our legitimate obligations; help and consolation for a family in distress. J. N. B. — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin and St. Teresa for my recovery. Mrs. J. L., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — We would like to be remembered in your prayers for a very special favour. Mrs. H. M., **St. George, Que.** — Please pray for good health. Mr. P. M., **St. Georges, Que.** — Would you pray for my son who is studying to be a priest. A Subscriber, **Montreal.** —

Would you make a Novena to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin, that I will get better; I have been ill for two years. G. McG. — May I ask your prayers for recovery and for special intentions. Mrs. T. P., Windsor, Ont. — Please pray that I will get well and strong. Mrs. A. S., Massena, N. Y. — Please say a prayer for me. Mrs. L. G., Montreal North. — Will you kindly make a Novena for my mother who is ill, that she may not have to undergo an operation. Mrs. L. — I enclose my intentions which I should like to have remembered in your prayers. A Client of Mary, Cornwall, Ont. — Will you please pray for my special intention. Miss L. R., Northwood, Ont. — I would like to have a Novena of lights in honour of St. Teresa of Lisieux so that my husband may have a steady position. Mrs. A. Y., Crystal Falls, Ont. — I am requesting the cure of my son. Mrs. A. T., Ahuntsic. — Please pray for my son, that he may lead a better life. Mrs. H. B. — I beg for my husband's return and a change in his character. M. J. T. — Kindly pray for the conversion of one of my daughters. Mrs. L. B., Montreal. — Please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for two favours. Mrs. E. B., Montreal. — I wish to obtain a position and success in an undertaking. A Subscriber. — May our Heavenly Mother obtain my cure. Mrs. F. C. — Please say a prayer for my recovery. Mrs. A. B., Waterbury. — Kindly remember my son who is in the militia. G. P., Levis. — I wish to obtain success in an undertaking of great importance. Please pray for me. A Subscriber. — My cure! One very afflicted. — Kindly implore the assistance of the Blessed Virgin for me. I am in a critical situation. Miss H. A. — Kindly pray for me, that I may be delivered from my tribulations and persecutions. A Subscriber. — Please ask the grace of a happy death for myself and my family. Anonymous. — May Our Lady of Perpetual Help convert my husband who drinks. Mrs. X., Timmins, Ont.



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.



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Reverend Father Rosario Bazin, P. P., St. Faustin, Terrebonne Co.; Mrs. Théodore Malo, Montreal, mother of our Sister Thérèse de St. Joseph; Mr. Aimé St. Amand, St. Aimé, brother of our Sister Ste. Elodie, novice; Mrs. Léon Delorme, St. Léonard de Port Maurice, grandmother of our Sister Joseph du Sauveur, novice; Mrs. Alvarie Durand, Joliette, grandmother of our Sister Louise du Rosaire, novice; Mr. Edward McGinnis, Montreal; Mr. J. McGurk, Montreal; Mr. P. L. Laprès, Montreal West; Mr. Anthony Wyzinski, Cote-St. Luc; Mrs. Margaret Lenagh, St. Laurent; Mrs. Ths. Barrett, Point St. Charles; Mr. James Drouillard, McGregor, Ont.; Mr. A. Peck, Pain Court, Ont.; Mr. Walter J. Coyle, Montreal; Mrs. M. T. Bikitich, Kirkland Land, Ont.; Mr. P. Hocloaski, Montreal; Miss Elizabeth Sullivan, Montreal; Mr. Timothy Gleason, Montreal; Miss Alice Ford, Montreal; Mr. John Phelan, Montreal; Mrs. David Boucher, Salem, Mass.

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Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.
2. — **Protectors**, those who by a donation of \$500.00, provide the dowry and trousseau for a poor novice. By combining their alms, a parish, community or family may have a right to this title.

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

3. — **Subscribers**, those who give an annual offering of \$25.00.
4. — **Associates**, those who give the sum of \$2.00 a year.

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

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

1. — A special intention in all the Masses heard and Communions received by the Sisters.
2. — A Mass offered every month for their intentions.
3. — Every Friday and Sunday in the year, the Sisters offer, for their Benefactors' intentions, their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the Mother House. (The names of Founders and Protectors are placed on the Altar of Exposition).
4. — For the same intentions, the members of the Community make, every day, the Guard of Honour to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The Guard of Honour is also made at the Shek Lung Lazaretto. There, the poor leper women, in successive groups of fifteen, continue the Rosary for the intentions of the Society's Benefactors.
5. — A Requiem High Mass is sung every year for deceased Benefactors.
6. — A share in the merits of the Way of the Cross, made daily by the Sisters, is also granted to deceased Benefactors.
7. — Two Masses are celebrated every week in the chapel of the Novitiate of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all their Benefactors, living and deceased.