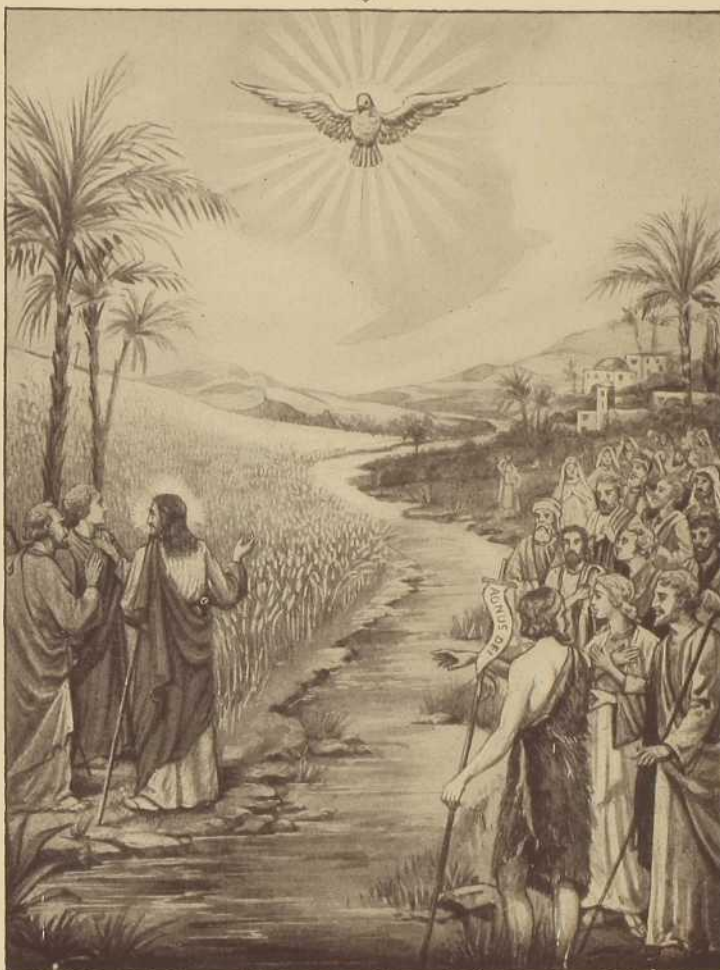


THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIII, 19th Year MONTREAL, November-December, 1941 No. 6



Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

IN CANADA

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

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

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

OUTREMONT, Que., 314 St. Catherine Road.

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

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

Religious instruction for the Chinese.

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Sewing-circles.

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

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

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

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

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

The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls.

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Kindergarten.

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

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

(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

By Patronizing Our Workroom, You Help Our Missions

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

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

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

Description and prices given on request.

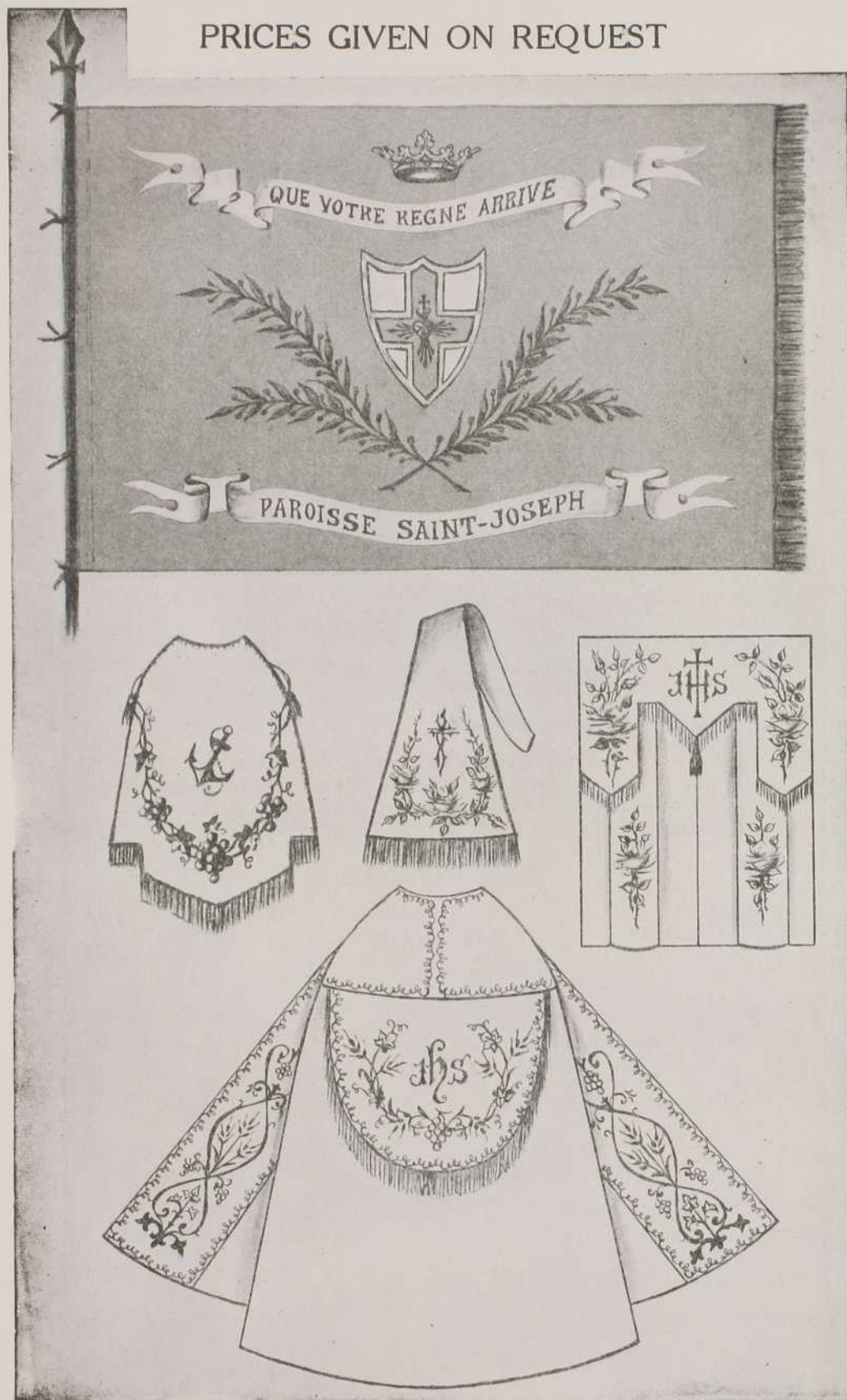
WAX INFANTS

Length		Length	
5 inches.....	\$ 2.50	14 inches.....	\$16.00
7 “.....	4.00	17 “.....	25.00
9 “.....	7.00	22 “.....	35.00
12 “.....	14.00		
Altar Linens	{ Amices.....	\$12.00 per doz.	
	{ “ linen, second quality.....	10.80	“ “
	{ Corporals.....	8.50	“ “
	{ Finger-Towels.....	4.50	“ “
	{ Purificators.....	5.00	“ “
	{ Palls.....	4.00	“ “
	{ Altar cloths.....	6.00	each

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

Small.....	\$1.20	per 1000
Large.....	.40	“ 100

PRICES GIVEN ON REQUEST







O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters

of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XIII, 19th Year

Montreal, November-December 1941

No. 6

CONTENTS

Our Queen.....	<i>The Precursor</i>	306
Why God Calls Mary to the Temple.....	<i>Abbé Perdreau</i>	308
A Bouquet to Mary.....	<i>Abbé Millot</i>	310
In Remembrance of the Eucharistic Congress, Three Rivers.....		313
A Great Apostolic Figure Passes.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	314
November Voices.....	<i>The Precursor</i>	322
Prayer for the Dead.....		323
Postponed.....		328
A Modern Martyr.....	<i>Very Rev. J. A. Walsh, M. Ap.</i>	329
Like Mother, Like Daughter.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	331
To Be Happy.....	<i>The Redaction</i>	335
Echoes from Our Missions.....		338
The End of the World.....		356
Novitiate Chronicles.....		359
The Children's Page.....		362
Thanksgivings — Petitions — Necrology.....		367

ILLUSTRATIONS

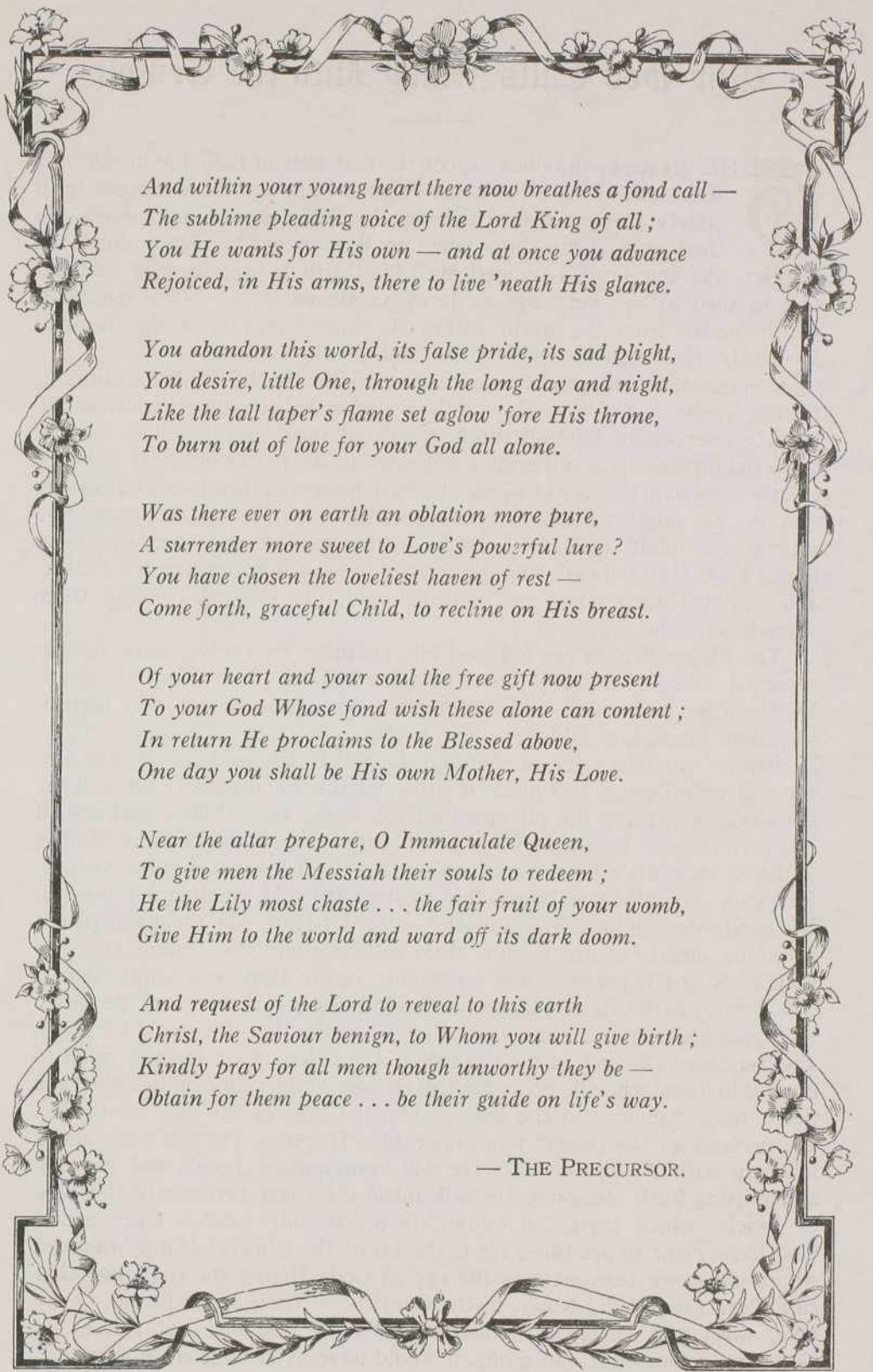
Chinese Children Praying for Their Benefactors.....		
Mary Going up to the Temple.....		306
The Cloister.....		331
Practising Charity.....		334
St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.....		335
A Reception of Children of Mary at the Lazaretto of Shek Lung, China.....		339
Very Reverend Mother Marie de la Providence visits the Lazaretto of Shek Lung.....		341
Opening Heaven to a Little Soul.....		346
The School of Shameen, near Canton, China.....		347
Pagan Deities.....		350
Cripples Received at Tchengkia-toen, Manchuria.....		352
At the Door of the Dispensary, Tchengkia-toen.....		353
Native Virgins at the Mission of Tchengkia-toen.....		354
The Chapel of the Novitiate of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Pont Viau.....		360
During Recreation.....		363
St. John Berchmans, Model of Youth.....		364



Our Queen

*Hail to you, Child of grace, my august and fair Queen!
Tell me whither your steps lead you on, so serene;
To your parents in tears you are bringing distress —
Why leave their embrace and their loving caress?*

*Frail and pure you ascend the antique temple stairs,
Your heart quests a new home free from all earthly cares —
While in Heaven above the Elect glad behold
Your deed, O fair Child, with a bliss yet untold.*



*And within your young heart there now breathes a fond call —
The sublime pleading voice of the Lord King of all ;
You He wants for His own — and at once you advance
Rejoiced, in His arms, there to live 'neath His glance.*

*You abandon this world, its false pride, its sad plight,
You desire, little One, through the long day and night,
Like the tall taper's flame set aglow 'fore His throne,
To burn out of love for your God all alone.*

*Was there ever on earth an oblation more pure,
A surrender more sweet to Love's powerful lure ?
You have chosen the loveliest haven of rest —
Come forth, graceful Child, to recline on His breast.*

*Of your heart and your soul the free gift now present
To your God Whose fond wish these alone can content ;
In return He proclaims to the Blessed above,
One day you shall be His own Mother, His Love.*

*Near the altar prepare, O Immaculate Queen,
To give men the Messiah their souls to redeem ;
He the Lily most chaste . . . the fair fruit of your womb,
Give Him to the world and ward off its dark doom.*

*And request of the Lord to reveal to this earth
Christ, the Saviour benign, to Whom you will give birth ;
Kindly pray for all men though unworthy they be —
Obtain for them peace . . . be their guide on life's way.*

— THE PRECURSOR.

Why God Calls Mary Into the Temple

THE greatest saints have spent the first part of their life in solitude. Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saint of saints, did not appear until thirty years of age: which fact is all the more remarkable as He had only thirty-three years to live on earth. Saint John the Baptist, like Our Lord, remained until his thirtieth year in deep solitude, and he died at the same age as Jesus, or thereabouts. Mary spent her youth hidden from the world within the sacred portals of the Temple. Evidently, God moulds His greatest saints in the solitude.

One reason for this providence is that God creates the saints for Himself, for His honour and glory. He will then condescend to grant them to earth, but He reserves for Himself the first part of their life: it will be a tithe deducted previously, a gathering for Himself of the first fruits. It is particularly more so in the case of saints who have preserved their prime innocence; they are the angels of the earth, and like those in Heaven, they have two functions to fulfill: adore God and be good towards men. Our Lord Jesus Christ's sole occupation during thirty years consisted in praising His Father, and serving Him in spirit and in truth; that time elapsed, He took three years to save the world.

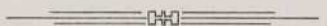
The Blessed Virgin has followed His example: for twelve years she was occupied solely in serving God. God created her firstly for His glory; He made her immaculate and full of grace, so that becoming more perfect, she might know, love and serve Him better.

Before being the pride of creation, she will be the pride of the Creator; she will reveal grace and make it bring forth a hundredfold; she will acknowledge and adore the supreme rights of God; she will bless each one of His perfections. Before appearing in Nazareth, in Bethlehem, as Mother of the Saviour, she will have given to her God the first harvest of her virtues; for years she will have bowed low in humility and annihilation beneath His hand; she will have lived for Him, solely for Him; like the docile planet revolving silently about its sun. God calls her into the Temple that she may work in His presence and accomplish before Him very saintly deeds. The Temple is the sacred place wherein God places this seraph of the earth. He wants her near, He wants her all for Himself. The Temple is for Mary the "enclosed garden" of the Canticle of Canticles. God has the right to enter into a soul when its doors are still closed: in the prime of life, when the dew strews diamonds in the grass; when the fires of the day are milder, the perfume of the flowers more delicate. Therefore He will walk about leisurely within Mary's soul. He will contemplate Jesse's rod growing and putting forth blossoms; He will inhale the sweet perfume of this rose of Jericho which begins to unfold its immaculate petals. Once again, God has a right to act thus; He is the Lord! the Master! Happy the soul whose innocence thus attracts the eye of God! Happy the soul that God can address as He did Mary, in the Canticle: "Thou art beautiful, O my love, sweet and comely as Jerusalem!" Happy the soul that pleases its God; had it blossomed but a day, it would have lived sufficiently long.

Mary must still remain in the Temple to sanctify herself and become worthy of her title of Mother of God. Grace does not complete its work in a day; it imitates Nature in its successive developments. It is under the influence of graces a thousand times given and a thousand times received that the soul acquires virtue. The making of saints requires time. In the adorable Person of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost notes progress: we are told that the Child Jesus "advanced in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and man" (*Luke II, 52*). Jesus profited by time, occasions, and the different incidents of everyday life to exercise Divine virtue: each day growing more holy, more laden with merits.

Consequently we may well assume that the Blessed Virgin had need of the holy life she led in the Temple to give her virtue that eminent form which would make her worthy of becoming the mother of God. In the Temple Mary formed herself to the virtue of Divine maternity. The word "form" is St. Paul's: "My little children, of whom I am in labour again, until Christ be formed in you" (*Gal. IV, 19*). The life of a Christian is a formation, an elevation of the soul to Jesus Christ. And by the different acts of our life, we become participants of the very life of Christ; living with Him, as it were, His years of grace, we attain also His manhood. With us the operation is a long one for we have to eradicate the evil so deeply rooted in our souls; and, while acquiring virtue we have to wage unending war with our bad habits, ever ready to destroy what we have built. As for Mary, the Immaculate, the work is easy, but it is incessant. She progresses admirably in forming Christ in herself. Mary, like everyone of Eve's daughters, walks in the path of virtue: she pursues like us the career of perfection; of the time that is given her, of every one of her actions, she demands a higher degree of love, a new merit: for her as well as for us these words were written: "He that is holy, let him be sanctified still" (*Apoc. XXII, 11*). This will be her occupation in the Temple: she will perfect herself. She will have the grace of her immaculate conception bear fruits. Christ, her future Son, will send her anticipated rays of the virtues which one day will beautify His own humanity. He will exercise her in the practice of that humility, that meekness of heart, of which He is the Model: He will inflame her with that fire which He will send out of His Heart into the world, eagerly desiring it to be kindled; He will grant ever increasing ardour to her love; lastly, filling up the measure of His bounty, He will enable her to become His Mother... To accomplish all this, twelve years will not be too long a time: Mary will come out of the Temple humble enough to attract the eye of God; pure enough for Him to confide her His Divine Son; faithful enough to remain at the same time both the handmaid and the Mother of God.

— Abbé PERDREAU.



I shall pass through life but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

A Bouquet to Mary

THE DECREE *INEFFABILIS*

THE Papal decree "*Ineffabilis*" proclaiming Mary's Immaculate Conception as an article of Faith, is a grand synopsis of the providential evolutions by which this revealed truth reached its glorious confirmation.

Here are interesting and intimate details concerning the document which had been prepared for the definition of the dogma, and the circumstances which preceded, accompanied and followed its drafting.

A few days before December 8, 1854, Pope Pius IX, we are told, said to Monsignor Pacifici, his Secretary: "Many projects have been presented to me in favour of the dogmatical confirmation of the Immaculate Conception, but none of these appeal to me. Go and prepare a suitable document."

"Holy Father," exclaimed the dismayed Secretary, "there remain only a few days. How can I in so limited a time prepare anything convenient?"

"The Madonna will aid you," the Pontiff briefly replied.

The devoted Secretary bowed and withdrew, crushed by the magnitude of the task he had been assigned.

The seemingly prophetic words of the Holy Father, "The Madonna will aid you," and the thought that victories are promised to the obedient man stirred his confidence and he went to work immediately. His expectations were not vain. It was evident that the Madonna was intervening, and so much so that the Pope's Secretary seemed to have become "the Secretary of the Immaculate Virgin", and to be writing under her dictation the decree that was to proclaim her spotless Conception an official dogma of Catholic Faith. In fact, the complete drafting of the document in so short a time surprised the pious Secretary beyond words and greatly rejoiced the Holy Pontiff.

Thus, on the 8th of December, in the year of grace 1854, the very feast day of the Immaculate Conception, Pope Pius IX was able to solemnly promulgate in St. Peter's, the immortal decree *Ineffabilis*.

Our Blessed Lady did not forget "the Secretary of her Immaculate Conception". All could witness that the writing of the document had been for him the starting point of an extraordinarily saintly and edifying life. The Cardinals of the Roman College, aware of the glorious share he had had in the preparation of the decree and beholding every day his exemplary life, conceived the desire of having him created Cardinal, convinced that the Sovereign Pontiff would agree to their proposition.

What was not their astonishment when they saw Pius IX grow pensive, hesitate, then finally say in a resolute tone, "The Madonna herself wishes to reward him!"

These words were transmitted to Monsignor Pacifici, who received them as a prediction of his approaching death. The maternal protection of Mary that they assured him moved him deeply and he shed tears of joy and gratitude.

The remembrance of the Holy Father's words later suggested him an idea, as pious as it was simple and loving. It was to make a parchment copy of the decree *Ineffabilis* and have it signed by the Pope; this paper Monsignor Pacifici wished to have deposited in his tomb, as a passport for Heaven.

The idea was executed, and one day he said to Pope Pius IX: "Holy Father, you said the Madonna would recompense me for having prepared the decree *Ineffabilis*."

"Yes," replied the Pope, smiling, "I said so and what I said is true."

"Well, then," continued Monsignor Pacifici, "I desire to bring with me an authentic copy of the decree." Unrolling the parchment, he presented it to the Pontiff that he might

appose his signature underneath. Pius IX was extremely pleased with the idea, and signed in his most beautiful hand-writing.

The Saintly prelate did not long outlive this intimate and impressive interview. The Blessed Virgin wished to have him soon enjoy the recompense she had reserved for him. After a few years replete with graces and merits, Monsignor Pacifici passed to his eternal reward. He brought with him the authentic copy of the decree to present it to his Heavenly Mother. Doubtless it will be hereafter one of the brightest jewels in his crown.

And if we also, according to our position and natural disposition, strive to magnify the Virgin conceived without sin, we can rely on a glorious reward, for she says to all, "They that explain me, shall have life everlasting."

CONFIDENCE REWARDED

In the attack directed by General Fosse on Goldsborough, North Carolina, during the War of Secession, a young soldier, struck by a bullet, had been left as dead on the field. Although unable to utter a word, he was fully conscious of his condition, and he heard in the neighbourhood ambulance men coming to pick up the wounded after the battle.

"Holy Mother of God," he said within himself, "I am in the state of mortal sin, let me not die without a priest!"

As though his prayer were directly answered, the men came up to him. Noticing, however, that his last moments had come, they said indifferently, "It is useless to pick up this one, he will be dead before we reach the ambulance."

And they departed, leaving the unfortunate young man who had overheard their remark. Seeing himself thus abandoned, he again besought the Blessed Virgin not to allow him to die in sin. The men had already covered quite a distance when one of them, perhaps more human than the others, said to his companions, "I must return to that poor boy, I cannot let a comrade die like that without trying to save him."

He then turned back with a few others, and when they had come close to the wounded lad, the latter found enough strength to murmur, "For God's sake, take me away from here!"

They placed him on a stretcher and brought him to the camp, where other soldiers in great number also lay dying. When all the wounded had been gathered, they were taken to the Newborn Military Hospital, which was under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy.

When the doctor had dressed the wounds of the poor soldier who had so fervently implored the Blessed Virgin's aid, he told the Sisters that the young man had no chance of recovery, that death was imminent and every moment might be his last. One of the Sisters then determined to remain close to the dying soldier. After a few moments, she noticed that he was seeking something, and that he appeared satisfied at having at length found it. Bending upon him to know the cause of his joy and to whisper a few words that would do him good, she saw him fondly pressing his Scapular. "Blessed be the Mother of God, Sister," he said, "she has answered my prayer and has not forsaken me." Then, in incoherent phrases, he told her the fear he had had of dying on the battlefield while in mortal sin. "Now," he continued, "bring a priest without delay; I know I have not much longer to live, and I have not confessed for years."

The Chaplain of the Hospital hastened to his bedside; the moribund was reconciled to God and, with great fervour, received Extreme Unction and Holy Communion.

When Sister had helped him with his thanksgiving, he spoke to her of his former life. "Since childhood I have led a wandering and indifferent life; I have not received the Sacraments since my First Communion. But I always had a bit of devotion to the Blessed Virgin for my mother taught me to love her from my earliest years. When I enrolled in one of the bodies of artillery, I provided myself with two scapulars, as two necessary articles of armour for my complete equipment. I was right when I placed myself under Mary's patronage; she has indeed visibly protected me.

The Sacraments gave him a little strength for a few hours, but presently he grew extremely weak and, in the evening of his second day at the Hospital, he peacefully passed away.

A PIOUS AND EDIFYING DEATH

In a locality of the Pyrenees, a man of sixty was at the point of death. The priest who was present, seeing him invoke with confidence Jesus and Mary, asked if he had learnt to pray like the Catholics after he had been converted from Protestantism.

"I do not know many prayers," the man replied, "but I am always faithful to one I learnt when I was a boy. I had been placed by my father at X... school. In a neighbouring house, there lived a good old lady who attracted me by her charming conversation. Truly, she was a woman of God. One day she said, 'My little fellow, never pass before a cross without saluting it.' 'But how am I to do that?' I asked. 'You will only have to say,

*All hail to thee, O holy Cross
That bore God's sole begotten One!
All hail to thee, O virgin Queen,
Thou gavest thy beloved Son!'*

"I have recited this prayer," he added, "each time I passed before a wayside cross. Even when I was leaving for the temple on Sundays, I would salute the cross which is in front of my home."

"That is an interesting revelation, the priest then said. "It discloses the unfathomable goodness of God toward your family. Your children have entered before you in the True Church. You have then come with your father, and I believe that in everything the Blessed Virgin has given you her constant aid. Could this good Mother have failed to respond by such precious favours to the frequent invocations you addressed her?"

— Abbé MILLOT.



Blessed Mary

Every month is Mary's month,
Every day Her Feast.
Rich or poor, it matters not,
She gives unto the least.

Take your troubles to Her ear,
Ask Her for Her aid;
She will help you face the worst
Alone and unafraid.

Blessed be Thy Generous Heart
Meek, and chaste, and mild;
Take me to it, Mother Dear,
For I am Thy child.

— Catherine Bagg.

In Remembrance of the Eucharistic Congress Held in Three Rivers from the 20th to the 24th of August

*Allocution pronounced by His Eminence R. Cardinal Villeneuve
at the Closing of the Congress.*

*Psallite Domino qui habitat in Sion;
annuntiate inter gentes studia ejus.*

Sing ye to the Lord, who dwelleth in
Sion: declare his ways among the Gen-
tiles (*Psal. IX, 12*).

DEAR BRETHREN,

Well may we call Sion and city of the Lord, these precincts where in such splendour, Our Eucharistic Lord reigns by the manifestation of His love. And with the Psalmist, I wish to repeat: "Sing ye to the Lord who dwelleth among ye."

Ah! dear Brethren, my thoughts go out just now to those who are without God, wandering in the paths of life, *Sine Deo in hoc mundo* (*Eph. II, 12*), to those who are without that God made man through love, Whose heart of flesh is throbbing with devoted tenderness for our own; to those who have lost the Blessed Eucharist and retain but a vague remembrance of the God-Man Who has come upon earth and returned into Heaven; to those who are without the Holy Sacrifice; without the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ; without the ostensorium at the foot of which they could contemplate under the sacramental veil their God and Saviour. Ah, dear Brethren, how I pity them for disregarding or being utterly ignorant of this supernatural treasure and consequently deprived of such wealth of life! *An divitias bonitatis ejus contemnis?* (*Rom. II, 4*) Shall we despise such riches of divine goodness?

No, and you have proved it by this incomparable Congress which is ending to-day. It is an extension, we have said, of the International Eucharistic Congress held thirty years ago in Montreal. It is an addition to the National Eucharistic Congress that took place in Quebec three years ago. And if I do not dare say it surpasses them, I declare that no other in our country shall have excelled it in exterior splendour and profound impressiveness. Ah, yes! dear faithful, "Sing ye to the Lord, who dwelleth in Sion," His holy city.

But also declare His ways among the peoples. Dear Brethren, while my soul is filled with ineffable joy on occasions like this, a feeling of profound sadness overwhelms me.

Instinctively, I come back — you will permit me to tell you — to the triumph of Palm Sunday. "A great multitude, that was come to the festival day," is it said in the Gospels, "when they had heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm-trees, and went forth to meet him. And when he was now coming near the descent of mount Olivet, many spread their garments in the way: and others cut down boughs from the trees, and strewed them in the way."

(To be continued.)

A Great Apostolic Figure Passes

Very Reverend Mother Marie du St. Esprit (Marie Délia Tétreault, Marieville, Que.), Foundress of the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, passed peacefully to her eternal reward on Wednesday, October 1st, at the age of seventy-six.

A goodly number of her spiritual daughters were watching by her bedside, contemplating the serenity of her features and addressing ardent prayers heavenwards to beseech the Queen of the Holy Rosary and St. Joseph, the chaste Protector of virgins, whom she had so devoutly honoured and constantly invoked, to succour her at this supreme moment.

Before the twelve strokes of midnight had ushered in the Feast of the Holy Angels, without agony, without a struggle, as a faint murmur that is lost in the distance, as a flickering lamp that goes out in calmness, the revered Mother breathed her last, fully conscious to the very end, and, doubtless, commending her beautiful soul in the keeping of the Angelic hosts that rejoiced at bearing it to the Heavenly Regions in the dawning hour of their solemnity.

The virginal remains were exposed in a parlour of the Mother House, where they became the object of numerous and sympathetic visits.

The Funeral Service was celebrated in the chapel of the Mother House on Monday, October 6th, by His Excellency Most Reverend J. Charbonneau, Archbishop of the Diocese. Monsignor Edgar Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society, Pont Viau, acted as deacon and Very Reverend Father E. Papillon, S. J., Prov., served as sub-deacon. Reverend Father Alphonse Gauthier, C. S. V., Ass. Prov., was assistant priest. Deacons of honour to His Excellency were Reverend Father J. E. Moreau, P. S. S., Prov., and Very Reverend Father P. M. Gaudreault, O. P., Provincial. Seminarians of the Foreign Mission Society served at the altar.

His Excellency Bishop F. Z. Decelles, of St. Hyacinthe, His Excellency Bishop J. H. Prud'homme, Very Reverend Canon J. E. Garceau, representing His Excellency Bishop J. A. Papineau, of Joliette, and Reverend Henri Pellerin, Chancellor, representing His Excellency Bishop A. O. Comtois, of Three Rivers, assisted at the modest ceremony. Monsignor G. H. Chartier, V. G., who had met the body at the door, and Monsignor P. Perrier, V. G., were present in the choir and seventy-two secular and regular priests occupied seats in the choir and transept.

Mr. Oscar Gince, representing His Honour Mayor Raynault of Montreal, His Honour Mayor Beaubien of Outremont and his wife,

several other dignitaries, fifty-nine Sisters from various Congregations, and over three hundred persons, benefactors and friends of the Community, composed the numerous assistance.

One of the principal members of the Chinese Colony of Montreal, Mr. Charlie Chan, was also attending, as representative of the Chinese Work of Montreal, to which the deceased actively contributed during several years, and for whose maintenance and progress she always evinced much solicitude.

His Excellency Archbishop Charbonneau gave the final Absolution following which the mortal remains were conveyed to the Novitiate of the Institute, at Pont Viau, to be exposed to the veneration and piety of the novices and postulants until the next morning.

On October 7th, at nine o'clock, after Reverend Father Paul Lachapelle, Chaplain of the Mother House, had met the body at the door, a second Funeral Service was sung in the chapel of the Novitiate by Reverend Father C. Rondeau, M. E., Superior of the Probation House of the Foreign Mission Society, assisted by Reverend Fathers Leo Lomme, M. E. and M. Gérin, M. E., as deacon and sub-deacon.

His Excellency Bishop Prud'homme who gave the last Absolution, Monsignor Edgar Larochelle, and many friends of the Community also attended.

After the Service, the pious cortege proceeded to the Community cemetery, a scarce hundred steps from the Novitiate, to a place of calm and repose close to where, like a constant murmur of prayers, the waters of the Rivière des Prairies flow peacefully on.

The venerable deceased was a woman of rare merit, some say; hers was a beautiful apostolic soul, others maintain; she was a saint, still others affirm. Let us see, in its most outstanding phases, just what has been her life. . . .

She was eighteen when the Lord, casting a look of predilection on her, called her and said, "Come, follow Me!" Docile to the appeal of the Spouse of souls, she totally abandoned herself to His adorable Will. Charmed by such fidelity and generosity, the Divine Spouse revealed marvelous secrets to her, pointing out in the distance the great things He would accomplish through her, and filling her soul with aspirations vast as the world, sublime as the heavens.

Thenceforth, the young girl, guided by the Spirit of God, consecrated herself wholly to works of apostolate. A few years later she left her birthplace and came to Montreal where she devoted herself unreservedly to relieving the unfortunate, teaching Catholic Doctrine and propagating devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It was while

spreading this pious devotion that she made the acquaintance of Miss Josephine Montmarquet, her future associate and faithful assistant in the Community.

While exercising this laborious apostolate, the years passed rapidly for the servant of God; she tasted therein the pure joys that spring from charity; and yet her heart was not satisfied and anxiety tugged at her soul. The Will of God urged her to take in Canada the initiative in an extensive missionary movement which would nurture numerous apostolic vocations, of men as well as of women; and to found for this purpose a community of Sisters and a Society of Priests devoted to Foreign Missions.

The call to this immolation had become imperious, incessant, leaving no moment of respite by night or day, claiming a *Fiat*. But what obstacles to overcome, what humiliations to stand up against, what a task to undertake, what responsibilities to assume — in a word, what a cross! . . .

It was in the dead of night that the Angel of the Incarnation received the *Fiat* from the lips of the humble Virgin to present it to the Blessed Trinity. It was in the dead of night that the Angel of the Agony received the *Fiat* from the lips of Jesus to present it to the Eternal Father. It was also in the dead of night that the faithful imitress of Jesus and Mary pronounced her *Fiat*. And the Angel who bore it to Heaven was, undoubtedly, the custodian of the future Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

On June 3, 1902, under the benevolent patronage of His Excellency Archbishop Paul Bruchési and the direction of Father Gustave Bourassa, Pastor of St. Louis de France, a humble apostolic endeavour was begun in a modest house at Côte des Neiges. It was composed of three members: the Foundress and Superior, Miss Délia Tétreault, her first companion and Assistant, Miss Joséphine Montmarquet, and Miss Ida l'Africain⁽¹⁾. Soon a few postulants came to share their modest mode of living.

On December 7, 1904, Archbishop Bruchési, being at Rome for the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, spoke to His Holiness Pope Pius X of the projected Institute and its missionary purpose. The Holy Pontiff after a moment of recollection said, "Found, found, Your Grace, all the blessings of Heaven will descend on this new Institute, to which you will give the name of 'Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception'." When His Excellency asked what would be the allotted field of labour for these missionaries, Pius X replied, "Let them go throughout the whole world, like the apostles."

1. Upon the request of Archbishop A. Langevin, of St. Boniface, Miss Ida l'Africain left the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception on March 17, 1904, to assume the direction of the newly-founded Community of the Oblate Sisters of the Sacred Heart and of Mary Immaculate.

Encouraged by these words coming directly from the Vicar of Christ and fecundated by the dews of Heaven, the modest work set down its bases. On August 8, 1905, anniversary of his Episcopal consecration, His Excellency Archbishop Bruchési received the vows of the first two religious, Mother Marie du St. Esprit (Délia Tétrault) and Mother Marie de St. Gustave (Joséphine Montmarquet), and gave the Holy Habit to three postulants. These great things were wrought in a very small chapel at 27 St. Catherine Road, Outremont.

In 1909, an event of great import kindled the flame of enthusiasm in the young religious family. In response to an appeal from His Excellency Most Reverend Jean Marie Mérel, Bishop of Canton, China, six of its members left the cradle of the Institute and hastened to the far-flung lands where the harvest is ripe, and where the heads of grain are lost, because there is no one to garner them. . . . The way to foreign missions was thus opened; a second group followed the first missionaries, then a third one. . . .

In 1913, a new field of action was offered to the zeal of the humble Sisters—the Lazaretto of Shek Lung, which had been founded by Reverend Father Conrardy in 1911, and which already sheltered more than seven hundred patients. All spontaneously volunteered for this post, abounding in misery, and nevertheless envied by hearts athirst for abnegation and charity. A few only were chosen, but others were soon to follow.

These pioneer labourers in the Far East being in need of more hands, vocations had to be recruited. Divine Providence saw to this missionary problem. Here and there in Canada recruiting houses were opened; in the mind of their Foundress, these were to be so many centres of apostolic works as the Holy Childhood, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the diffusion of a missionary magazine, Apostolic Schools, Closed Retreats, etc.

But at the side of this young Community of virgins that, like a fertile plant, flourished and firmly rooted itself in our country, there was need of a hardy tree, a Society of Missionary priests. According to the inspiration come from on high, the worthy Mother, in the midst of her multiple occupations, was preparing the ways to its formation in prayer and silence; but at length the hour for action came. . . . Then what humiliations and trials were the inevitable result of her generous daring! . . . But what happiness, also, was hers when, after having convinced the priest who was to be the first member of the Society, she heard that the appeal she had made to the Episcopal Authorities regarding this had been blessed by God! Yes, what consolation was hers when the Archbishops and Bishops of the province of Quebec unanimously proclaimed the creation of a Canadian Seminary and pledged themselves to provide for its maintenance!

Then the Enemy of all good, furious at seeing a humble woman contend with him for souls, unloosed a terrible storm against her. The sky was dark with threatening clouds and the young Institute, as a fragile bark, felt itself tossed by the tempest.

In this imminent peril, the courageous Mother entwined her blessed Rosary around the oars and, raising her eyes to the "Star of the Sea", her Immaculate Queen and dear Mistress, consecrated the buffeted bark again to her, while at her side, her faithful children, grieved but confident, multiplied the protecting *Aves*.

Of a sudden, a great light illumined the darkness. A voice was heard, the voice of the Supreme Head of the Church, the august Pontiff Pius XI. It was on March 6, 1925. At this divinely-authorized voice, the tempest was stilled, the reefs disappeared. The Indult from Rome named the Foundress permanent Superior General of her beloved Community.

Thenceforth the Institute enjoyed years of calm, rich in grace, labours, and blessings. It received a Laudatory Brief from Rome on March 1, 1925; its final approbation was granted on March 7, 1933. At this supreme favour, the worthy Foundress exulted in joy and sang her thanksgiving to God in a favourite canticle, the *Magnificat*: so vibrant with love and gratitude that it caught the heartstrings of her spiritual daughters as a *Nunc Dimittis*.

Meanwhile, the venerable Mother returned to work with what seemed greater ardour, but soon she felt her strength failing . . . the great emotions, profound sorrows, manifold struggles and strenuous labours had worn out all her energy . . . She fell exhausted on September 28th of the same year; she recovered however, but feebly, and a relapse riveted her to a bed of suffering.

But she did not grow solicitous beyond measure, for the fragile skiff she could no longer pilot was confided to her "other self", dear Mother Marie de la Providence, her faithful Assistant for long years, the intimate confidante of her sorrows and joys, the one, in short, who reminded her so much of the first companion she had lost in 1917.

However, during her long hours of solitude and rest, the venerable invalid, reduced to utter silence by her unforgiving illness, was thinking and pondering . . . and she fingered her Rosary. What were her thoughts, what her prayers? . . . Who will ever know? . . . But one day — was it Heaven's answer to her wish — a voice from Rome was again heard . . . this time from the Sacred Congregation of Religious. It rendered homage to the worthy Foundress, but because of the serious illness from which she had been suffering for over five years without any hope of recovery, discharged her of her heavy burden and prescribed the election of another Superior General.

As a result, a Chapter was held in the Institute from January 23 to 28, 1939, and a second Mother General and her Assistants were elected. With one voice, Mother Marie de la Providence was chosen.

Upon this happy event, the beloved invalid, summoning up all her strength, pressed the hand of her faithful companion, as if to pass on her charge, and feebly but distinctly said with an expression of profound joy, "I am very glad!"

"O venerable Mother," the devoted hearts of her daughters then loved to say, "O beloved Mother, your task seems accomplished, but do not leave us now, stay to love and edify us. Stay to merit Divine Blessings for us, and allow us to bestow on you our veneration, affection and tender care."

And the beloved Mother did not leave us then. . . . God willed that she should stay almost three years more among her children, lavishing on them the example of the most humble yet most heroic virtues; enduring a martyrdom daily more intense, daily more entire; immolating herself within her heart for her six hundred daughters and their thirty-seven houses; immolating herself also for her tenderly loved sons, the priests of the Foreign Mission Society, whose "unknown mother" she desired to always remain, and for whom she had years ago offered herself as a victim.

Why such sufferings and humiliations in a soul so pure and good, some who knew her will ask? Let those who wonder why look at Jesus hanging on the Cross, and before long the Saviour's word will come to their ears, "The servant is not greater than his Lord," and they will understand that, if Jesus redeemed the world by the cross and its ignominy, his faithful spouse could not otherwise accomplish her projects of apostolate which embraced the whole world.

And if the tomb of the Crucified became glorious, what wonder that that of his humble and devoted servant should one day become like unto it?

Numerous messages of sympathy were offered the bereaved Community. The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception extend their heartfelt thanks to all who have thus consoled them in the immense sorrow that is theirs. They thank all the charitable persons who came to pray over the remains of their venerable Mother Foundress and all who attended the Funeral Services.

They take permission to publish a few of the many messages of sympathy received, to the consolation of those who have known and esteemed the beloved deceased.

October 3, 1941.

Most sincere condolences to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception and assurance of pious suffrages for their late Mother Foundress.

† J. M. Rodrigue VILLENEUVE, O. M. I.,
Archbishop of Quebec.

Ottawa, October 4, 1941.

Profound sympathy to the dear Congregation on the loss of its venerable Foundress. Accept promise of prayers for the repose of her soul.

ANTONIUTTI, Apostolic Delegate.

Mont Laurier, October 3, 1941.

Accept sincere condolences in your great sorrow. Union of prayers for her soul.

Bishop LIMOGES.

Bishop's House, Rimouski, October 3, 1941.

I extend my sincere sympathy and assure you that I shall pray for your venerable Foundress.

.....

Devotedly yours in Our Lord,

† Georges COURCHESNE,
Bishop of Rimouski.

Bishop's House, Chicoutimi,
October 4, 1941.

Please believe that the Diocese of Chicoutimi sympathizes with you in the great sorrow that has just come to your Community. If I have not known Mother Marie du St. Esprit, her wonderful achievements tell what right she has to be gratefully remembered everywhere in the province and in mission lands.

Be assured of a special memento for her in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

With my blessing,

† Georges, Bishop of Chicoutimi.

I have learned with deep sorrow of the passing of the good and saintly religious that was your Foundress and the Angel of your House for many years. Her long years of suffering, you know better than I, have not been a loss to your religious family. As for me, I have several times been in the occasion of experiencing that contact with saints always does good. . . .

I extend to you my most heartfelt sympathy and will offer the Holy Sacrifice to-morrow for the intentions of your beloved Mother.

† J. Alfred LANGLOIS,
Bishop of Valleyfield.

Mont Laurier, October 5, 1941.

God has called to Himself your venerable Mother Foundress. I thank you for having informed me of her death. You will not be surprised when I say that I am more inclined to recommend myself to her than to recommend her to God. I have always looked upon her as a saint whom Our good Lord will one day glorify; the trials He sent her serve only to confirm me in this long standing conviction.

I hope that your Congregation will constantly live up to the ideal of its venerable Foundress.

Yours in Our Lord,

S. Bellavance, S. J.

Montreal, October 4, 1941.

Your Community has just sustained the loss of its Foundress, Reverend Mother Marie du St. Esprit. Her passing is a loss for the entire city, for our province, for French Canada and all the countries that have benefited by the apostolic zeal of your Institute. More than all others, the city of Montreal which has had the privilege of being the cradle of your young Community, cannot remain indifferent to the passing of one of its best talents. The keen perception and apostolic spirit of your Reverend Mother General have placed your Congregation among the glories of the Church and of French Canada.

As Mayor of Montreal, I extend to you the sympathy of all my fellow-citizens and personally, I join with you in your affliction and offer you my sincere condolences.

Respectfully yours,

The Mayor of Montreal,
A. RAYNAULT.



November Voices

La vie
passe

Heureux
les morts

Now in the bleak autumnal woods,
November's blasts are blowing chill;
All quivers where they hold free sway,
With wails and sighs they Nature fill.
Their cruel breathing falls upon
The last lone leaf in glory dressed;
How dreary stand the lonesome boughs,
When of their raiment dispossessed !

Hear you a sad and awe-filled voice —
When heaves the breeze's mournful moan —
That fills your heart with sorrowing
As thought of joys that now have flown ?
Disclosing that each withered leaf
Reclining on the earth's cold breast,
An image is of human lives
That fail, and seek a tomb of rest.

Hear you how tolls in plaintive tone
The Passing Bell ? . . . it murmurs low,
" Think of the dear departed ones,
Their need perhaps you cannot know;
If years have fled, forget them not,
But breathe in prayer the fond request,
' Keep them, O Lord, for they are thine,
And grant to them eternal rest ! ' "

Hear you — a strain o'erbrimmed with hope ?
" My friend," it whispers now to you,
" Know that in Nature every death
Begets existence warm and new.
Be mindful of the word He gave,
Who triumphed over Death's grim fray; —
They shall arise, your Dear Ones lost,
And live in God's undying day ! "

— The Precursor.

comme l'herbe
des champs.

qui meurent
dans le Seigneur

Prayer for the Dead



PRAYER for the dead is an act of piety, an act of charity. We find proof of this in the Old Testament and in the practices of the Jewish synagogue. The purifications for the dead show clearly the Jews' conviction that the devotion of the living procured spiritual assistance to the dead. Judas Machabeus sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem *for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection...* *It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sin*

(2 Mach. XII, 43, 46).

If we go back to the first centuries of Christianity, we shall see the faithful ardently soliciting prayers for themselves, their parents or their friends, when they will have departed from this life. We may cite Saint Monica who, about to appear before God, begged for her soul the suffrages of the Church. And we know with what anxious ardour St. Augustine besought others to pray for his deceased parents. St. Ephraim, in his will, entreats his friends to remember him after his death, and to give him proofs of their charity by offering for the repose of his soul alms, prayers and sacrifices, especially on the thirtieth day. St. Athanasius tells us how fervently he has prayed for the soul of the Emperor Constant. Constantine the Great expressed the desire to be buried in the porch of the Church of the Apostles, so that he might share in the holy prayers, the mystical sacrifice and the Divine ceremonies. After the death of that prince, multitudes of persons offered for his soul prayers accompanied with sighs and tears. St. Paulinus, having lost his brother, recommended him to his friends that by their prayers they might procure his soul help and consolation. St. Ambrose was writing to Faustinus who evinced very deep sorrow over his sister's death: "Your sister does not ask for tears, but for prayers... for sacrifices." And in the funeral oration of Theodose the Great, he prays thus: "Grant to Theodose, your servant, perfect rest, that rest which You have prepared for Your saints... I loved that prince, and that is why I shall follow him even into the Land of the Living. I will not cease praying and weeping until he has reached the mountain of the Lord where his good deeds await him." Prayers and sacrifices for the dead were sometimes offered during thirty and even forty days.

It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead. Holy because it is agreeable to God. Of all the sacrifices, there are none which please and honour God more than those of mercy and charity, especially when they have souls for their object and when they are offered for those whom God cherishes. Now, the souls suffering in Purgatory are destined to be the heirs of Heaven; they are sure to possess it sooner or later; their name is written in the Book of Life. God, Who has lavished on them His gifts,

loves them tenderly; He looks on them as His spouses; He desires to inundate them with a torrent of happiness, and manifest to them all the riches of His glory. But His justice yet prevents Him, demanding that they be detained in a place of banishment and suffering until they have acquitted all of their debt. Whilst the least stain remains on their soul, His sanctity excludes them from the land of the Blessed. And still, through a happy consequence of His infinite mercy, He deigns accept the satisfaction which we offer Him on their behalf; He invites us to succour them by our prayers and to withdraw them from the effects of His Divine justice. If the charity we exercise here below on the poor, and even on criminals, is such an essential property of the Christian spirit; if the smallest alms is so magnificently rewarded, what will Jesus Christ not do for us if we help His friends, His children who now suffer so terribly?

This practice of praying for the dead is not only useful to them and to us, it is also pious in itself, and it honours God. Let us consider who are those that suffer; therein we shall find a precious stimulant to our fervour. They belong to Jesus Christ as we do; we are united to them by the bonds of charity and by the communion of saints. Each one is that very brother whom we must love as ourselves. We are all members of the same body. Therefore we must assist one another. "And if one member suffer anything," says St. Paul, "all the members suffer with it" (*Cor. XII, 26*). Oh! what impiety, what cruelty would it not be to see our brother devoured by the flames, and not lend him a helping hand and bring him relief when we are able to do so!

The great dignity of the souls suffering in Purgatory gives them another right to our compassion and ought to excite our veneration. Although actually far from God and shut in a burning abyss, they are nevertheless numbered among the Elect. They are united to God by grace; they love Him above all things; and in the midst of the tortures they endure they do not cease to bless, praise and adore Him with perfect resignation to the rigours of His justice. They are the souls of those true servants who have overcome the world and Satan; they are blessed spirits laden with graces and merits; they are the children of God, the heirs to His glory; they are saints. But now they are in a state of suffering, and in vain would our imagination strive to liken their pain to anything endured here below. They are deprived of God: therein lies, according to the Council of Florence, the most unbearable of tortures. A soul separated from its body naturally tries to possess God; and we cannot comprehend the cruel martyrdom it undergoes when, ever darting forth towards Him, each time it feels repelled with violence. It is the most poignant agony.

THE FIRE OF PURGATORY

The fire of Purgatory, according to the Fathers of the Church, differs not from that of Hell. It was created to instruct us of Divine justice; it has been kindled by the breath of God's anger. It has the power of tor-

menting spirits not invested with a body. But it is true, it is not of faith that the fire referred to is a real and material fire; however, this is the common belief and the one most in conformity with tradition. "The same fire," says St. Thomas, "tortures the damned in Hell and the just in Purgatory; the least pain of Purgatory surpasses the greatest pain which may be endured here below."

Someone may say: "I do not care how long I stay in Purgatory, if I can come to Life eternal." God grant that we reason not thus. All the torments of this life are nothing in comparison with the fire of Purgatory. And besides, who knows how many days, how many months, how many years even, he will linger there? We hesitate to thrust our finger in the fire: how would we not fear to be buried for a considerable length of time in devouring flames? Let us not think that nature has sufferings capable of satisfying for sin. God's justice creates new instruments of suffering inflicting inconceivable pain. A soul, for one venial sin, will suffer more than if she bore the most excruciating diseases; the torments she will endure will surpass the cruel anguish of condemned criminals, all the tortures of the martyrs combined. That is the description the Fathers of the Church give us of Purgatory.

HAVE PITY . . .

But for how long are souls detained in Purgatory? That is just what we are ignorant of. Therefrom the Church approves perpetual anniversaries for the dead. There are souls which may remain in Purgatory until the end of the world. It is true there will be no middle-state between Heaven and Hell after the last judgment; but God will be able at the end of time to communicate such an intense degree of suffering to souls that they will thereby acquit themselves of their debts in an instant. For His justice must maintain its rights, and we shall have to pay the last mite. He was inexorable in the punishment He inflicted on Moses, His faithful servant, whose sin seems so slight to us. He was as rigorous towards David, whose penance had been so sincere. And lastly, we know how He has treated His own Son, become one of us, and still this was the time of mercy. But after death, His justice alone will have sway, and it will be exerted in all its rigour.

A circumstance which should particularly excite our compassion for the suffering souls in Purgatory is the knowledge that they can no longer acquire merits, neither are they able to procure themselves the slightest relief. The sick, the poor, are able to speak to expose their needs; the sight alone of their suffering is sure to excite compassion on the part of their fellowmen. They can at least cry out to Heaven, and their prayer will not be left unanswered. But the souls in Purgatory have but to be patient and resigned, and to hope on. In vain would they weep and moan; God has to reply that His offended justice exacts a reparation, and the *night where man can work no more has come for them*. Therefore they have re-

course to us for assistance; as they have no voice, the Church and her ministers interpret their anguish, and to move us to compassion for them, they address us on their part these words of Job: "*Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me*" (Ch. XIX, 21). Gerson, that learned and pious theologian, lends them his voice when he says: "Pray for us, for we are unable to succour ourselves. For this assistance we are permitted to have recourse to you; oh! do not refuse us. You who have known us on earth, who have loved us, could you now forget us? We generally say that a friend is known in time of affliction; and what affliction may be compared with ours? Oh! let your heart be touched with pity and compassion. *A hard heart will be laden with pains on the last day.* Be not unmindful of your own interests, etc."

If the horrible dungeon where the souls in Purgatory are detained were to open under our feet, giving us a glance of the torments they endure, what lasting impression that spectacle would make on us! What tears would we not shed! what awful shock would we feel at the sight of the innumerable multitude of servants of God, our brethren in Christ, who suffer here incomprehensible pains! Among them there may be one of our own, a friend perhaps, for who can boast on departing from this world of being sufficiently pure as to require no further expiation? The judgments of God are unsearchable . . . there is matter enough to make us tremble. The Lord shall *judge the justices*, and woe to the most exemplary life if God examines it rigorously! Saint Peter tells us that the just man will save himself with difficulty. It is a good practice to rejoice on seeing virtuous parents or friends die in grace and justice, hoping firmly that they have passed to a happy immortality. But are we certain that they are perfectly purified from all stain? Should we not, uncertain as we are of the fact, recommend them fervently to the Divine Goodness? Why should we not say with Saint Ambrose in his funeral oration on the death of Valentine the Younger: "Let us offer the Holy Sacrifice for him whom we mourn. With fervour let us pray for the repose of his soul . . . Nations, lift up your hands with me, that thus, at least, we may give some testimony of gratitude for the gifts we have received." Then, joining to this prince his own brother Gratian, who had died shortly before, he continued: "If my prayers have any power, you shall both be happy one day, for I will not pass a single day without thinking of you; in my prayers I will never forget you; every night you shall be the object of my supplications; you shall share in all my sacrifices; if I forget you, may I forget my right hand!" And it was with a like fervour that the saintly doctor prayed and offered the Holy Sacrifice for the soul of his brother Satyre.

In order to penetrate ourselves with the same sentiments let us consider that perhaps some relatives or friends are withheld in Purgatory through our fault; they may be suffering punishment for the excessive tenderness they have lavished on us, or for sins we have occasioned. Then not charity alone, but justice, would make it a duty to pray for these souls.

— *Lives of the Saints.*

Like a Dream

God showed me at a distance the gloomy abode of those that are forever condemned, and my soul, still imbued with the joys of Heaven, shuddered at the same time with unspeakable pity. I said to God: "Thou, Who art the God of Mercy, wouldst Thou not have some mercy for them?" And my prayer was like their suffering, immense in its intensity. Then, God said to me: "Go and offer them My mercy."

I went by those paths, over which no living man has ever travelled; I heard a terrible confused uproar, mingled with cries and groans; I knocked at the door of the gloomy abyss and exclaimed: "Can you love?..."

There was a deep silence, and then a great clamour composed of all the voices: "No, we *can* not love!"

I was choked with anguish and fear, not knowing what to do with God's mercy; then, I mustered up all the strength of my soul and exclaimed: "Do you want to love?..."

This was answered by a longer silence; then, another clamour: "No, we do not *want* to love!"

Then, I adored God's justice and I understood that His mercy could no longer descend into the realm of eternal hatred.

— Marie Jenna.



Peace is a white dove which, unable to find a place to set down its feet on the earth, because the land is covered with corpses and submerged in a deluge of violence, seems to have returned to the ark of the new alliance, which is the Heart of Jesus, whence it will issue only when it is able to pluck from the tree of the Gospel a re-blossoming branch of fraternal love between men and nations.

— Pope Pius XII.

Gratitude and Sympathy

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have lost a devoted friend and benefactor in the person of Mr. Augustin Graton, surgeon dentist, who passed away suddenly on Thursday, September 25th.

Mr. Graton gave his services gratuitously to the Community for several years. He has thus acquired the perpetual gratitude of this religious family, in which he counted a sister.

Besides his brothers and sisters, the deceased leaves eight children, already deprived of their mother for five years.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception offer their deepest sympathy to the relatives of the dear deceased, being themselves afflicted by the passing of this charitable benefactor.

Postponed

TEN Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception were to embark this autumn for the Missions in the Orient. Unfortunately, on account of the present troubles, this departure has had to be postponed.

Until when? . . . we are asking ourselves, looking towards Heaven; for, here on earth, things are so perplexing that it is impossible to understand anything in them.

Over there, the Missionaries, our Canadian Missionary Sisters, are anxiously awaiting the promised reinforcement; for, on the distant field, work is abundant, the sheaves are heavy and arms are tired . . .

Here, hearts are ready for the great self-sacrifice, for the last farewell; and active arms are desirous of undertaking still more. Ah! if they only had wings, eagles' wings, to fly high in the air and cross the ocean, unhindered and heedless of the orders of nations! . . .

Over there, the souls for whom the Missionaries are solicitous, are more unhappy than ever, since their country is ravaged by war; for the majority of them, a thousand million, have not, as we have, the sweet consolations of the Faith and the hope of Eternal Happiness to relieve them in their troubles.

Why?

Because they have not yet been evangelized . . . because no person has made known to them God and His Perfections and His Law of love and peace; God, infinitely merciful and just, Who will reward the good and punish the wicked that do not wish to repent. The devil, prince of darkness and error, rules over them as a sovereign master, because there is nobody to resist his tyrannical power.

Here, people speak of war, contribute to the war effort, sacrifice themselves for the war; but they have confidence in God, without Whose permission nothing happens in this world, and Who, in His own good time, baffles the malice of men and makes events turn as He wills. Here, Satan is waging a furious war against God, in order to destroy His Royalty, dishonour His Holy Name, disfigure His Image in souls and drag them into his misfortune; but he is fighting against an army of convinced Christians, among whom are to be found clear-sighted leaders, filled with zeal for the Divine Glory, and holy souls, whose prayers and immolations frustrate his artifices by bringing God's mercy into action.

And the impediment that is hindering the Missionaries to hasten to the conquest of pagan souls, has it not, perhaps, been prepared a long way back by the black hand of this immortal Enemy?

By our prayers and sacrifices, let us make this new infernal scheme fail; let us obtain that means for the Propagation of the Gospel may become more and more easy and that missionaries in our Country may be more and more numerous, generous and faithful, for many are called, many hear in

their heart these words of the Divine Master: "Go, teach all nations, baptizing them . . . The harvest is great, but the labourers are few . . ." Yes, many hear the call to the Missions, but few follow it; few are generous and faithful.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)



EAR Mélanie, when you hear the priest at Mass intone the ' *Sursum corda* ', think that it is I who am speaking to you, who invite you in our dear Lord's name to lift up your heart. Yes, mount upwards! upwards! Mount always, like a bird of passage; and then all this sorrow will assume its just proportion, and Heaven will be attained. Even on this sad earth, with hearts on high, and spade in hand, we must labor each at his task. Be patient, gentle, loving; and pray for me, that I, working in my little furrow, may be the same. Pray for those among whom I am going to work, for these poor heathen brothers and sisters of ours, for whom I would so gladly give my life. Make your prayers thoroughly Catholic in that sense, for such is the real meaning of the communion of saints.

"From time to time I hope that you will write me long letters to cheer me in my solitude, and that you will beg our dear old friends to do the same. Think what a joyful surprise a letter will be to me out there! I shall send my scribblings in a Chinese guise to make you laugh; for we must try to be gay and bright in our correspondence and not dwell always on the sadder side of life. And now, my darling sister, I must come to a stop. There is a limit to everything, even to these closely-written pages! My heart rests on your heart and my hand in yours. Adieu. You understand? God bless you, my dearest sister!"

From Plymouth Theophane wrote also a few lines to his little brother: —

"Bless our Lord, and the rain and the winds and the tempests which have blown me into this town of Plymouth, that I might write one word more to my dear little Eusebius! Our good-bye has been said, and our lives will henceforth run in different channels — unless you come to have a Chinese taste like me! I turn my back upon you, but not my heart, you will understand! Our thoughts will ever be united, in our prayers as in our work. You are going back to college. Work! work! work! Time is more precious than you realize. Learn all you possibly can, but especially languages; for people fraternize a great deal more than they used to do, and this fusion should tend to the triumph of truth. Try to cooperate

in this great work. I leave you to the care of your good angel. May he guard and protect your youth and your whole life! Dear brother, we shall see each other in Heaven. I give you for advice the same words I gave Mélanie, '*Sursum corda*'. May God give you the fulness of His grace, patience, peace, and joy, in life and death! Amen."

These letters were dated the 7th of October. Two days after, the voyagers left the port of Plymouth, and no news was received of them till the April following, when a letter arrived from Singapore, dated February. Theophane wrote a long and detailed account of the passage, but as all long voyages resemble one another, we will confine our extracts to a few personal details:

"We are entering the harbor," wrote Theophane from Singapore. "So I will prepare my home letters, and I am glad to do so on New Year's day. This morning my first thought after God was for you all. On the 10th of October, Sunday evening, we left Plymouth. Another Belgian vessel, the '*Atalanta*,' left the port at the same time, with a hundred and sixty passengers who were going to the gold-fields. What a poor object! You may believe that not for all the gold in Australia or California would I have left you all! Our vessel is a very fast sailer, and our captain a model of all virtues, religious from conviction, speaking little but always to the point; he has his ship in perfect order, and is immensely popular with his men; his courtesy and kindness to us could not be exceeded. The days are long and monotonous on board ship; the sight of a few strange birds, one or two swallows, flying-fish, and porpoises, with a shark here and there, these are the only events in a long voyage. The sea, I confess, wearies me to death. It is certainly fine to see great waves rolling one over another, but I should prefer seeing it from *terra firma*. We had the unspeakable consolation of daily Mass for the first month and a half; but afterwards our altar-breads got spoiled. How I have longed for the possibility of paying a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or of assisting once more at some Catholic ceremony! When the body is deprived of food, it languishes and dies; and it is the same with the soul, without the Bread which sustains its life. . . . Time and again I found myself dreaming on deck, leaning against the bulwarks, and looking back on my past life — my happy childhood, my darling mother, my father's sacrifices, my education, our joyous home-gatherings, my life at school and at college. . . . And now here I am, in the hands of Providence, full of thankfulness for past mercies and blessings, full of hope for the future. My dear father, in your last letter, consenting to my departure, you encouraged me by saying, 'The hand of God is everywhere.' This shall henceforth be my motto. The hand of God is everywhere; therefore it will be everywhere with me. . . . On our arrival at Singapore we heard, without much astonishment, of the proclamation of the empire. God grant peace to our dear France! In this country it seems to me that gold is the supreme god. New mines are daily discovered; but I never heard that men found in them peace or happiness. It is charity alone which is pure gold, gold tried in the furnace; the rest is but false money."

(To be continued.)



Like Mother, Like Daughter

"I have heard much concerning your daughter. She is a jewel!... How fortunate you are, Laura, to have such a good child!"

"Indeed, and I thank Almighty God every day."

"Are you not afraid that she will leave for the Convent?"

"Of course not; it is my fondest wish. Do you remember, Bertha, when we were boarders, one day I had confided to you my desire to embrace the Religious life?"

"But you were not in earnest, were you?"

"Yes, I was. I loved that peaceful life hidden from the world, so close to the Tabernacle, where one may so easily treasure merits through prayer and sacrifice. I loved the silver crucifix of the Sisters and the rosary they wore... something mysterious attracted me to the cloister where I would have gladly spent the rest of my life. I came out of boarding-school with the ardent desire of becoming a Sister and no doubt I should have realized it had I not made Frank's acquaintance. My parents were fond of that young man and wished me to receive him nicely; I complied with their desire through obedience and soon I took a liking to him, but never thought of marriage for I was but eighteen. But when he proposed to me I was greatly surprised and I asked time for reflection.

I did reflect a long while, considering carefully the two states — Religious and married life. Then only did I realize the strength of the bonds that united me to Frank, and my soul was troubled. I was utterly perplexed, not knowing what I should do. My moral sufferings were intense and I wept bitterly. Finally, I sought my Spiritual Director's advice; he urged me to make a novena of prayers and sacrifices, adding that he would do likewise to know just what God willed me to do. I made the novena with great fervour, resorting to prayer and practising the suggested mortifications. Then I returned to my Director who, after a little questioning, assured me that God willed I should enter the married state. I replied that I desired above all to accomplish God's Holy Will. Instantly my troubles and perplexities



Something mysterious attracted me to the cloister...

vanished, peace and joy flooded my soul. I knelt before the Tabernacle and remained there a long while. Suddenly the thought of the mother of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus flashed across my mind and I resolved to imitate her generosity. Summoning up all the energies of my soul I breathed to God this prayer: 'O my God, Thou wantest me in the married state! Whatever the cost, I desire to accomplish Thy Holy Will; I beseech Thee to make me the mother of many children, and to grant that all of them may be consecrated to Thee.'

"It is with the hope that my prayer would be answered that I have brought up Mary and that I bring up my eight other children."

"How old is Mary now?"

"She will be twenty-one in December. She would be a religious had not her plans been thwarted by the unexpected death of her father. As soon as she was through with her studies she solicited my permission to enter the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception."

"Is that right?"

"She likes that Community because it is consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, and its works are to be carried on in a spirit of gratitude."

"She likes the missions?"

"Yes, very much. When she was at the convent, she was a zealous member of the Holy Childhood Association; she would pray and make many little sacrifices for the salvation of the pagan children. Now she subscribes to THE PRECURSOR and reads it from cover to cover as soon as the postman brings it to the house. I notice that her love for that Community is ever increasing."

"And she has been prevented from entering?"

"Yes, the poor child, God has demanded her a great sacrifice. On the very day I was to speak to her father about her decision, Frank met with his fatal accident. Alas! what a great trial; even now I cannot think of it without shedding tears!...

"After that, Mary did not speak to me about her vocation for several months, doubtless she feared to cause me more pain. Finally, one day, she asked me what she should do: see to obtain her admission, or stay and help me. At that time I was very depressed; the baby's illness often kept me awake all night long; Rachel, my second girl, who was then thirteen, was in bed with influenza and I had not the means to keep a maid permanently. Notwithstanding my great desire to detain my eldest daughter, I did not wish to hinder her from following her vocation and I told her: 'Dear child, do as you wish. You are a precious help to me, but I am ready to sacrifice you to God this very moment, counting on His Providence to succour me. For nothing in the world would I oppose your vocation. Therefore, ponder the matter before God, ask Him to make known His Holy Will; begin a novena of prayers, I shall make it with you, and then you can tell me what you have decided.'

"For the next few days Mary seemed sad and preoccupied; this disposition was undoubtedly the effect of a violent interior struggle. But after

the novena she was calm and happy . . . she told me of her determination to sacrifice herself in order to help me until Rachel would have reached her seventeenth year. I thanked God for having prompted my daughter to take such a generous resolution, and I begged Our Blessed Mother to watch over her vocation. This was on November 27th, the feast of the Miraculous Medal.

"After that, Mary seemed to have grown above her age; she drew up a little plan of life for herself, which she has since observed with scrupulous fidelity. After assisting at Mass and receiving Holy Communion each morning, she sees to the breakfast, helps me get the children ready for school, does the housework, and the sewing and mending besides. She goes out in the afternoon for what she calls her "works", or again, receives her associates, without for that omitting her daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament. She practises piano and singing in the evening, helps the children have a good time, explains the difficult passages in their lessons, and goes to bed at a fixed hour. She never goes out in the evening except when she has to attend supplementary reunions of the Children of Mary or of the Circles to which she belongs."

"She is president of the Sodality, I believe?"

"Yes; she has re-organized it as it no longer existed in the parish. She asked our Pastor's permission on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, but he, considering her youth, hesitated at first, then yielded to her entreaties and gave her every permission. Mary set to work with great zeal, and with God's grace she soon succeeded in associating with her several companions. Actually all the young girls of the parish belong to the Sodality; they hold their meetings once a month, on Sunday, in the basement of the church. Mary sometimes addresses the reunion. One Sunday, finding myself at church where I could hear her without being noticed, I was struck with admiration at what she said. Her voice was warm and penetrating. Tears came to my eyes and I left the church thanking God for having given me such a good child."

"She visits the poor also?"

"Yes, over two years ago she formed a sewing circle made up of some twenty young girls, to help the missionaries and the poor of the parish. These young workers meet an afternoon a week and show one another how to cut, sew, knit and embroider. Most of the girls bring their work home in order to do more. Mary and her helpers then distribute the different articles that have been made. Worthy of admiration in their devotedness, they have already won the esteem of many families.

"The Pastor has remarked that Frequent Communion has greatly increased, and he is most pleased. The young people of the parish have given up evening outings and remain at home under the supervision of their parents."

"Has Mary a friend?"

"No, she does not wish to receive anyone and I do not blame her. Why create bonds which she will have to sever later? Several have called, but

Mary did not care to receive them. Mrs. X's son seemed quite disappointed; he is a fine young man, and said that he had been thinking of Mary for a long time. My dear daughter must have made some promise to God in order to preserve her heart from the surprises of worldly affections; I have had that impression on several occasions although she has never said so. On the coming feast of the Immaculate Conception, I intend to give her permission to enter the Convent. It will be a great sacrifice to see her go, but now I can get along without her help; my health is restored and the little ones have grown. Rachel will finish her studies next June; she is a good girl, and I think she will follow closely the example of her sister."



They have already won the esteem of many families...

"Dear Laura, how happy you must be! But if you have such good children, it is simply because you have brought them up in a Christian manner. Do we not say: Like father, like son, like mother, like daughter?..."

That there is a decrease of vocations for the secular clergy is not a matter of doubt and may be easily explained. The education received in the home has no longer its austere and serious character of old. More and more do parents seem to resign their authority; and instead of imposing a firm will imbued with the light of the Gospel, they weakly yield to the whims and fancies of their children. The spirit of sacrifice which should be at the base of all Christian education is too often lacking. Where supernatural principles are so scarce, the germs of priestly vocations profusely thrown by God in the souls of children wither and perish; and the warm atmosphere of colleges and seminaries does not succeed in having them regain vitality.

— Rev. Elias Roy.

What a change would come over this pagan, sensual, irreligious and sinful world if millions of people could be induced to take up the Christian battle-cry of "O my God, I love You." If God was ready to stay His avenging Hand over the erring cities of Sodom and Gomorrah for but ten just souls, who can visualize the blessings and graces to descend in copious showers upon the world if everywhere on sea, land and in the air millions were constantly chanting the celestial hymn: "O my God, I love You!"

— Rev. Chas. F. Curran.

To Be Happy



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

There is a word which has the gift of charming as the flower has the gift of making one smile, it is the word "happiness". Who does not gladly accept a wish for happiness? . . . Indeed, all men have in the depths of their hearts a longing for happiness and try to grasp it. Nothing is more natural since God created man to be happy.

But where is happiness? . . . All seek it, but few there are who find it.

The celebrated pianist Hermann, after having passionately sought happiness where it was not, finally found it where it really is; here is how the famed convert from Judaism, become in after years a religious of the Carmelite Order, spoke of it in a magnificent sermon:

"I have known the world, I have seen it, I have loved it . . . I have learned one thing in the world — that no one finds happiness there.

"I have sought happiness; I have roamed cities, crossed kingdoms, sailed

seas in search of it. I have sought it in the poetical nights of an enchanting climate, as well as on the limpid waters of the Helvetian Lakes, on the picturesque summits of gigantic mountains, and in the grandest spectacles of nature; I have sought happiness in elegant society, in sumptuous banquets, in balls and fêtes, in the possession of gold, in the enthusiasm of sports, in the fictions of literature, in the hazardous incidents of an adventurous life, in the realization of my immoderate ambitions; I have sought it in the renown of an artist, in the company of prominent men, in all the pleasures of senses and spirit, in the faithfulness of a friend — that dream of every hour and of every heart. O God! *where* have I not sought happiness?

"Brethren, have you found happiness? Are you happy? Have you everything you desire? It seems to me that here, as everywhere else, a mournful concert of lamentations falls on my ears. It seems to me that your hearts re-echo the unanimous cry of suffering humanity: 'Where are you, happiness? Tell me where you lie hidden, and I shall give all my wealth, my health, my very life, to grasp you and make you mine!'

"How can this mystery be explained?" continued the orator, "since man was made to be happy? It is that most of us err on the nature of happiness and look for it where it is not.

"Listen to me, Brethren! I have found happiness, I possess it, I enjoy it so fully that I can exclaim with the great Apostle, '*Superabundo gaudio!*' My heart overflows with felicity. I cannot contain within my breast this torrent of happiness; I have felt urged to leave my solitude, to come to you and say, '*Superabundo gaudio!*' I am so happy that I come to offer you, to pray you, to beseech you to share with me this overflow of happiness."

Where has the saintly religious, the zealous apostle of the Eucharist, found this overflow of happiness? He explains himself lengthily: "It is in God known, loved and served; in Jesus Christ dwelling among us in the Blessed Sacrament; in God Creator and Father, in God Enlightener and Sanctifier, in God become man to save the world and point out to it the way to happiness, the way which He Himself trod, and taught us to tread when He said: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me" (*Matt. 16, 24*).

To deny one's self — therein lies the secret of happiness. In the cross alone is found true happiness. To deny one's self, to do away with self-love, to mortify one's desires, tastes, appetites, out of love for God, all those are things that procure sweet satisfaction and extraordinary vigour. To carry one's cross every day — which means to bear with resignation, patience, calm and love of God, our afflictions, deceptions, troubles and anxieties — this places the soul well on the way to happiness.

Christian friends, we know God, but is it not very imperfectly? . . . What pains do we take to know better His love and mercy and His other infinite perfections?

We love God, but is it with all our soul and above all things? . . . Let us ask ourselves this question and see which are our preferences.

We serve God, but do we do so in everything and in a manner worthy of Him? Is it not rather with certain reserve and listlessness? . . .

Be not surprised therefore; that is why you are not so happy as you could be. Let us then think on all this seriously . . . and knowing where lies the source of present happiness as well as of eternal felicity, let us no longer hesitate to walk in the path of renouncement and to maintain ourselves in it. We will very often have to crucify nature, but soon the blessed habit of renouncement will render sweet and easy what had hitherto seemed harsh and impossible. Then shall we experience the truth of these words of the Author of the Imitation of Christ: "*When thou shalt arrive thus far, that tribulation becomes sweet and savoury to thee for the love of Christ; then think that it is well with thee, for thou hast found a paradise upon earth*" (B.2 Ch. XII, 11).

Considering how great is the number of those who seek happiness where it is not, let us have others profit by the enlightenment we have received and the means which have proved successful to us. We can do so by giving good advice whenever the occasion offers, by setting the example of self-abnegation, and resignation in suffering; by succouring with our prayers and alms the missionaries who carry the knowledge of God and His doctrine to the billion pagan souls that people the earth and wander far from the path that leads to happiness.

"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	March-April 1941.....	\$14.27
Year 1940.....	406.50	May-June ".....	14.25
January-February 1941.....	96.00	July-August ".....	7.50
September-October 1941.....	\$352.57		

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

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



A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

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

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

I am pleased to acquit myself of a promise I had made in honour of the Little Flower for a very special favour. Please remember me in your daily prayers. One who has great faith in St. Therese, Miss J. P., **Anthony, R. I.** — Thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus! I feel our prayers are being answered just now for myself and family. Mrs. I. M., **Cornwall, Ont.** — A thousand thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus through whose intercession I have received a great grace. Mrs. W. Bernard, **Montreal.** — Homage of gratitude towards the most Blessed Trinity for work obtained through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. M. M. B. — My mother and I wish to prove our gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for graces we have obtained through her intercession. Mrs. R. F., **Central Falls.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for her constant protection. Mrs. L. M., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude for a cure obtained through the intercession of the "Little Flower of Carmel". A. S., **St. Ubald.** — Sincere thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for favours received. Mrs. J. D., **Salem, Mass.** — A thousand thanks to the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for her constant protection. I solicit two other favours. Anonymous, **Richelieu.** — I am coming to acquit myself of a debt of gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. J. L., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving for favour obtained through the intercession of the Patroness of Missionaries. Mrs. H. L., **Lauzon West.** — I wish to publish my profound gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for her constant protection. Mrs. S. Laplante, **St. Eugene de Guigues.** — Lively gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. I request other favours. M. Z. G., **Ste. Anne des Plaines.**



CHINA

*Letter from the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
of the Lazaretto of Shek Lung to their Sisters at the Mother House.*

Lazaretto of Shek Lung, May 28, 1941.

DEAR SISTERS,

What opinion will you have of your poor Sisters of Shek Lung when you hear that they have robbers for friends? . . . Indeed, it is a fact; at both extremities of our Isle are bands of brigands who have constituted themselves customs-officers and masters of the place. The Lazaretto being situated between these camps of enemies, we must rely on the help of some, in a word, make friends with them, in order to be protected from the rapacity of the others.

We must admit that we do not always feel very safe under the guardianship of such surly-looking fellows especially when after their night's pillaging they pass in front of our convent to return to their entrenchments. Some of them even come to be treated at the Dispensary. One of the women was telling us: "You must be very much frightened when you see our men coming in the direction of the Lazaretto. Do not fear, they take this road only when they cannot do otherwise."

And yet it is impossible to leave the men's chapel door unlocked, so frequent are the visits of these intruders. While awaiting the ferry-boat they come and rest on the verandah without the least ceremony; then, visiting the chapel, they carry away with them little souvenirs: beads and prayer-books of our poor lepers.

We place our trust in Divine Providence and rest assured that, as in the past, heavenly protection will not fail us.

You remember in what terrible straits we have been during the two or three years past. What would have become of us and all our patients, especially during the last flood, had not Divine Providence come to our assistance? . . . The waters having risen above the highest dikes, our house became a veritable Noah's Ark. While the hen-house was erected on the

verandah, our buffaloes and swine had taken up their abode on the stage of the reception hall. . . . Our provisions were almost exhausted so we had to contrive to have the few pounds of potatoes and flour that were left, last as long as possible. Even our hens seemed to think they were not rewarded well enough for their services and went out on a strike. Fortunately we had kept the four Easter eggs our dear Sisters of Vancouver had sent us by Sister de l'Ange Gardien⁽¹⁾. Cut in slices they helped us during several days to swallow our black bread.



A GROUP OF LEPROUS WOMEN HAVING JUST BEEN RECEIVED CHILDREN OF MARY. — SISTER AGNES OF JESUS (MARGARET SHERRY, MONTREAL), SUPERIOR OF THE MISSION, AND SISTER ST. FRANCOIS D'ASSISE (CLARA HEBERT, MONTREAL), HOSPITALLER.

Finally, Our Heavenly Father was pleased to put an end to this trial which had no other vexatious result than to submit the inhabitants of our Island to a severe fast. But if the water has withdrawn, poverty has remained and it seems to be increasing every day. The two ounces of salt fish which served to season each of our patients' daily portion of rice have been cut off. They are replaced by a little salt used very sparingly as it is sold ten cents an ounce. Rice itself costs a hundred and twenty dollars the hundred pound.

In spite of all this, new patients come to increase the number of mouths to be fed. A girl of twenty-one, terribly afflicted with leprosy, arrived from Canton in February. One of her feet was about to fall off and her infectious sores were swarming with worms. To increase her misfortune the poor girl had had her bundle of clothes and thirty dollars — all her riches — stolen during her trip from Canton to Shek Lung.

What a dressing required her repulsive sores! Our devoted infirmarians, however, did not shrink from the task and after a good foot cleaning undertook that of the head which was infested with lice.

1. Elzire GAMACHE, St. Jean Port Joli, Que.

This young leprous girl had the happiness of becoming a child of God on the first of March last. Dear Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ who poured the Saving Waters upon her brow placed her under the protection of the privileged shepherdess of Lourdes by giving her the name of Bernadette.

A few days after Tcho Atim's arrival at the Lazaretto, four lepers, two of whom were women, came and sought admittance; they were exhausted by a ten days' painful walk. One of the women especially had a very sad story. Since her marriage, she was living with her mother-in-law. As soon as signs of the dreaded disease appeared, an isolated hut was built for her and she was compelled to remain there all by herself. She was provided with what was indispensable for her sustenance but, one day, the pirates came and, ravaging the country, dispersed all its inhabitants. The poor woman whose body was in a pitiful state of corruption, ran away as she could and after having knocked in vain at two charitable institutions, she sought refuge here. As we mentioned above, our large family is rationed; but can we refuse a shelter to such miserable beings? Always we count on Our Immaculate Mother and good St. Joseph to enable us to give our protégés at least what is necessary to prevent them from dying of hunger.

In such times of poverty one must contrive to turn everything to account, even what was previously deemed fit only for the garbage can. Thus, before doing the ploughing, the men gathered the dried rice roots which had remained on the fields in order to have fuel to cook their food.

Had you passed in our garden in the middle of February, you would have seen leprous women digging the ground and you would no doubt have wondered what they were doing there in such a season. Well, they were seeking the tiny potatoes that might have been left, in order to prepare themselves a treat for supper! . . .

On Easter Day, thanks to the two hogs that had been fattened for the occasion, a feast-day meal was prepared for our poor patients. How could we describe the joy it afforded them? . . . The fair bloom of gratitude is found on our Isle and many a time is the air laden with its sweet perfume!

Our delicacies are all the more appreciated as our indigence causes them to be more infrequent. Towards the Giver of all Gifts also rises the touching expression of their gratitude. Recently, a leprous woman having received money from her pagan husband had a Mass said in thanksgiving for the many benefits of God and for the conversion of her husband.

A young leper boy accosting Sister St. Raphael⁽²⁾ with a supplicating look said to her one day: "Sister, you will give me a woolen vest, will you not? I am very cold!" Woolen vests — there were none in the cupboards. Sister, who is always so deeply affected by the misery of her poor protégés, gathered all the bits of wool she could find and immediately started knitting the desired garment. All the colours were there: blue, scarlet, grey, green and white, but the poor boy was happy just the same; all he wanted was to be able to warm his shivering body.

1. Sister AGNES OF JESUS, Margaret SHERRY, Montreal.

2. Malvina BIRON, Coteau Landing, Que.

Another patient having solicited a pair of trousers was beside himself with joy on receiving the garment. He had everyone he met admire it saying, "It fits well, doesn't it?" It was his way of showing how pleased he was.

What our dear lepers consider the greatest trial is to have no coffin after their death. On account of the scarcity and the cost of wood, the same coffin has for some time past received the corpses of all our deceased lepers. After the Funeral Service the body is conducted to the cemetery, then the coffin is brought back to the house.

When dear Mother General came to the Lazaretto she was deeply touched on hearing one of the patients address to her this earnest plea, "Give us some money to buy coffins!"

A Lurn, the head of the lepers, has no more worries concerning this, for he succeeded in buying one which is coveted by all his companions. It



VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, THE HOSPITALLERS OF THE LAZARETTO AND A FEW LEPEERS.

is even his second coffin for he was fortunate enough to get a beautiful one at a low price during the war. But A Lurn is kind-hearted and, one day, a leprous woman who had been very devoted towards the Lazaretto having died, he thought he could give her no greater proof of his gratitude than to give her his coffin. It is strange to see how the Chinese who are ordinarily so superstitious find much pleasure in contemplating even during several years, the bier which is to enclose their mortal remains.

We have here a seven-year-old tot whose father is a leper. A Ngao is his name; it means *cow*. The first seven children of this family having died when still young the mother thought she might deceive the devil, whom she held responsible for this misfortune, in designating her eighth son by the name of an animal. She thinks the stratagem has succeeded

because A Ngao does not seem disposed to leave soon for the other world. With ardour he is studying the doctrine and preparing to receive Baptism. After school-hours he constitutes himself his father's professor. The latter's memory is bad and often exercises the child's patience. He begged his mother to help him in this task and we cherish the hope that all three will soon be children of God.

May your charitable prayers obtain for the poor inhabitants of our Isle of Shek Lung the graces they stand in need of to render their sufferings meritorious and be introduced into the Blessed Abode where lepers and non-lepers will be allowed to partake of the same *Banquet*.

YOUR HUMBLE SISTERS OF THE LAZARETTO.

*
* *

Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Hong Kong

Wednesday, June 11, 1941

To our great sorrow, we see our dear Superior, Sister Marie de Loyola⁽¹⁾, who has been ill for some time, become weaker every day. Since Sunday we have remained constantly at her bedside; illusion is no longer possible, God requests of us the supreme sacrifice of her departure for the Great Beyond. Our dear Sister is unable to speak and at intervals seems to be suffering greatly.

Sister Agnes of Jesus⁽²⁾ from Shek Lung, and Sister Marie Céline⁽³⁾ from Canton, arrived at four o'clock this afternoon. Their presence was a consolation to us in our affliction and undoubtedly afforded great joy to our beloved invalid.

Sister Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus⁽⁴⁾, particularly grieved at the thought of having to part with her dear aunt, worked industriously to finish a Tabernacle veil the latter had asked her to paint. It will be on the altar to-morrow, Feast of Corpus Christi, and we cannot doubt but that it will be the last homage our dying Sister will offer to the God of the Eucharist.

Friday, June 13

The sacrifice is consummated: our beloved Superior has passed away.

May we consign to our modest annals, with pious and filial affection, the least happenings of this day whose sorrowful remembrance will always be engraved in our memories.

Dear Sister had had a very painful night and being unable to swallow, she could not receive Holy Communion which Reverend Father Bruzzone

1. Orphise BOULAY, Coaticook, Que.

2. Margaret Sherry, Montreal.

3. Gracia BLANCHET, Drummondville, Que.

4. Yvonne GERIN, Coaticook, Que.

had come to give her. Towards nine o'clock the first symptoms of the end were detected. We gathered around our dear Sister and recited uninterruptedly most fervent prayers for her. At eleven, she seemed so low that we sent for Reverend Father de Angeli to recite the ritual prayers. Shortly afterwards, her condition improved slightly and, from two to five in the afternoon, she seemed to be resting calmly. We continued our prayers in a low tone. At three o'clock His Excellency Bishop Valtorta had the kindness of coming to visit the dear Sister who was apparently conscious. Bending low, he said in a paternal voice, "Sister, it is your Bishop who has come to see you. The Lord is calling you and I tell you on His part that He is pleased with you." His Excellency then gave her Absolution.

At a quarter to seven, the hands and feet of our dying Sister became cold, in spite of the suffocating heat; we suspected that the end had come. Repressing our tears, we addressed ardent supplications to God; this was our last means of paying our debt of gratitude to our beloved Superior. We were there for half an hour, watching her slightest movements, when suddenly her eyes, which had been half-closed all day, opened wide, bright, luminous and, with a look of sweet confidence, she fixed them on Heaven, appearing to respond to some celestial call. Surprise, admiration and joy were in turn depicted in her countenance. The spectacle was ravishing, it was not of the earth, and to our great consolation, it continued for more than five minutes. Meanwhile, we sang the *Salve Regina*, recited the *Magnificat*, the *Te Deum* and other prayers, without removing our gaze from the loved face on which the first rays of eternal felicity seemed to be reflected. Then, very peacefully, our pious Sister closed her eyes while a last sigh escaped from her lips. It was seven twenty in the evening.

No one can reveal to us the secret of this radiant ecstasy, but, as children of the Immaculate Queen, we cherish the thought that our Heavenly Mother came to meet her faithful missionary and introduce her into the Sacred Portals.

We continued praying for some time, then, with filial devotion we laid her out. As is the custom in our Institute, we placed her body at the foot of a statue of Our Lady. The deceased seemed so peaceful and happy that we could have contemplated her forever; but it was growing late, and after having been assigned our hour of vigil, we withdrew for a little rest.

Saturday, June 14

A Mass was said this morning at Holy Rosary Church for the repose of the soul of dear Sister Superior. In the forenoon, several priests and Sisters came to offer us their sympathy; a goodly number of friends also presented their condolences and Mass stipends.

The excessive heat does not permit dead bodies to be laid out so long as in Canada, and we had to see to the burial this very afternoon. Our beloved Superior had the honour of being the first to be interred in the new Catholic cemetery of Kowloon. It was not to be opened before July, but His Excellency, thinking it a privilege to inaugurate the cemetery by the burial of a religious, deigned to advance the ceremony.

The funeral cortege left our dwelling at three o'clock. Several groups of Sisters, our pupils, their Chinese teachers and numerous friends accompanied us. Bishop Valtorta himself received the remains at the church and recited the last prayers over them, then they were laid to rest in the enclosure destined for priests and religious, near the site of our future chapel. Our dear Sister who loved space, beautiful nature and vast horizons, is served at her heart's content in her last abode. From the place where we laid her the scenery is magnificent, and at present she is alone in this corner of wild nature, in the face of an immense sea.

We returned home with saddened hearts, for the one we have lost was a mother to us. Yet, we must not grieve the beloved deceased who always showed such fortitude in trials, by mourning for her as those who have no hope. Mastering our sorrow, we resumed our daily occupations with all the courage we could summon up, persuaded that from her Heavenly home our dear Superior would keep on assisting us.

The solemn Funeral Service will be held Wednesday, June 25th, in Holy Rosary Church.

IN LOVING MEMORY

Sister Marie de Loyola, daughter of Mr. Gaspard Boulay and Mrs. Emma Marchessault, was born at Coaticook on February 27, 1882; at Baptism she received the name of Orphise and was the fifth in a family of twelve children.

From early childhood, she felt the desire to consecrate herself to God in the Religious life. She studied at the Convent of the Presentation Sisters at Coaticook; shortly after, she made her home with a brother-in-law, Mr. Auguste Gérin, where she constituted herself bookkeeper for Mr. Gérin, who was a dealer. God had, we may believe, great designs when He led her steps towards this other family, profoundly Christian as her own.

The apostolic soul of the young girl, bending upon the fresh, candid souls of her nieces and nephews, must assuredly have breathed into them something of her missionary spirit. Be that as it may, the loved and cherished aunt had the happiness of seeing a nephew and six nieces follow her example by devoting themselves to the great missionary cause: the nephew is a priest in the Foreign Mission Society, Pont Viau, while the nieces have joined our dear Institute.

In 1907, we find the future apostle at the Montreal Cooking School where one of Mr. Gérin's sisters was actively occupied. The latter had requested Miss Boulay's assistance.

On August 15, 1909, after lengthy hesitations and struggles, the young girl entered our Convent of Outremont where our venerable Mother Foundress received her. Her farewell to the world surprised many, who had been captivated by her simple charms and somewhat outstanding qualities.

The new postulant opened her soul wide to the Divine inspirations and under the protection of the Virgin of virgins, she "ran to the odour of the ointments" of her Celestial Spouse. She was admitted to the Mystical Betrothal on January 6, 1910, and to the Divine Espousals on February 11, 1912.

Three years had passed since she had bound herself by Holy Profession when the voice of the Heavenly Spouse was heard: "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee. . . ." (Gen. XII, 1) Faithful and generous, she embarked for the far-off pagan strands, under the patronage of the great Apostle of India, on December 3, 1915. The mission of Canton welcomed her with joy. She spent three years there, then returned to Canada. She was designated to open a House in Quebec, and was Superior there for five years.

In the Holy Year of 1925, our Institute had the advantage of opening a House in the Eternal City. Our venerable Mother looked on Sister Marie de Loyola to serve as intermediary between Rome and our Institute. We will not mention the many services she then rendered our religious family: God has taken them into account and rewarded them, but all the same their remembrance finds an echo in our grateful hearts.

Her two terms of administration being expired, she was reappointed Superior of our mission of Canton, and in 1939 the same office was entrusted to her at our post of Kowloon. Wherever she has passed, she has been loved, for she knew how to forget self in everything, and it can be said that her great kindness of heart and loyalty of character had won her the esteem and affection of all.

Thus we see that it was in Canton that she spent the major part of her religious and missionary life, having been twelve years at that post. We will therefore leave our Sisters of that mission the consolation of proclaiming the merit of the one they appreciated so greatly, especially during the eight years of her second stay in this prominent post.

"Dear Sister Marie de Loyola returned to our great Chinese city in the last days of December 1930. There was much to be done, as Canton is one of the many missions where the harvest stretches out farther than the eye can see. The following years were a series of activities in which her generous nature, quick perception, keen insight and splendid dispositions allowed her to work wonders. All who have known her, and more especially her religious family, have but one voice to praise her kindness and successful administration. Her great heart opened to every human misery, thereby widening the scope of our works; she found means to establish these same works on firm bases, and to assure their conservation. In turn she was pioneer, architect, builder, as at the Foundling-Home of Our Lady of Providence; she organized bazaars and lotteries to sustain our own foundling-homes and orphanages; at other times she would pass to solicit alms for her mission activities, and everywhere her exquisite simplicity and ardent zeal left a charm that became a stimulant and an example.



SISTER MARIE DE LOYOLA (ORPHISE BOULAY, COATICOOK, QUE.) WHILE IN CANTON OPENS HEAVEN TO A LITTLE SOUL.

"We have mentioned Our Lady of Providence; the hallowed oasis where we can annually shelter thousands of forsaken babies has seen its walls rise little by little. At first it was nothing but a small knoll where thousands of bodies lay buried! This place was transformed in 1932 by the erection of an earthen habitation fifteen by thirty feet, comprising chapel, Sisters' house and foundling home. Then an extension, followed by a second one, completed the construction. The foundling-home which had been built thanks to the generosity of the Woo brothers, philanthropists, covers part of the frontage of the Mission; the whole is surrounded by an eight-foot wall.

"We can also say that it is since 1931, under the supervision of dear Sister Marie de Loyola that our Shameen School has particularly progressed. If the number of its pupils is limited, owing to the small foreign population, this School, by the sympathy it has awakened and the industries it has given rise to, has become an inestimable source of assistance to our foundling-homes and orphanages.

"The School of the Holy Ghost, for the education of Chinese youth, owes its improvement to our active Superior. After lengthy contestations with the Municipal Officer, she succeeded in obtaining permission to have a new roof built.

"And here we are in October 1938. The innumerable bombardments which have agitated Canton in trying to destroy it, have not weakened the moral faculties and courageous spirit of the Missionary family, for the soul directing it remained valiant and hovered above all vicissitudes. During the Japanese invasion, the government officials left the direction of the Works of Charity in the city to Bishop Fourquet. The latter came and offered Sister Superior a share of his work, and not the most appealing! It was the direction of the Insane Asylum at Fong Chuen, counting over eight hundred persons, with seven hundred of them ill, furious or in the state of idiocy. Our community could barely respond to the exigencies of the works already existing, but in face of a situation that has become nothing less than a duty, a generous soul does not stop to bargain. A few Sisters were sent, and now, after three years they are still at their post (The Asylum has been dedicated to Our Lady of Consolation by dear Sister Marie de Loyola)."

But even then, a veil had been drawn over the life of the valiant apostle: she was afflicted with a serious illness. The war was not anything to repair her faltering strength, and the ever-multiplying cares of her charge served but to increase her physical weakness. Having been appointed delegate to the General Chapter of our Institute, she was recalled to Canada. Our Sisters of Canton on seeing her leave wondered whether they would have the joy of seeing her again.

She left her far-off mission for her native home in early January 1939, cherishing the hope of fondly embracing her venerable mother who was eighty-six years of age. But God, with the hand of an artist, was moulding the heroic soul of our dear Sister. Before the crossing had been effectuated, God claimed that dear mother, and it was on a newly covered grave that the poor Sister deposited her emotion and her grief. Yet this was not enough for the Divine exigencies. On the morning of her departure for the missions after the Chapter, another trial came to afflict the courageous apostle: she received the news that her beloved brother, Father Horace Boulay, had passed away suddenly the preceding night. We shall not attempt to describe the agony of her soul so delicately loving and fraternally attached



THE SCHOOL OF SHAMEEN, NEAR CANTON, CHINA.

SISTER DE LA NATIVITE DE JESUS (CECILE PAQUETTE, ST. ELZEAR, LAVAL CO.),
SISTER ST. JEAN BAPTISTE (IRENE PELLAND, WEST GLOVER, VT.) AND SISTER
JOSEPH DE LA STE. FAMILLE (JEANNETTE DELISLE, WORCESTER, MASS.) WITH
A GROUP OF PUPILS.

to her family; and yet, she remained so simple in this new sorrow, so resigned and energetic! Without being granted the consolation of bidding a last adieu to the mortal remains of her brother — for it was on the very morning she intended to embark — she returned where duty called, her soul crushed, but admirable in its fortitude... Oh! if only the needs of our missions had not been so great, with what happiness would not the Mother House have assigned a place of rest to the valiant labourer! But our dear Sister had reached an age when experience means light and gives credit to capacity as well as to virtue, and she was deemed absolutely necessary over there... And yet, we have lost her so soon!... How incomprehensible is God in His designs!

She therefore left for Kowloon, having been appointed Superior of that mission; she was bearing away with her the consoling perspective of the visit of our Reverend Mother General in the near future. In the course of 1940, this sweet expectation was fully realized; it was, as she often said with emotion, her last great joy on earth.

In Kowloon, as in the other houses where she has extended her shepherding crook, she always showed an ardent love for her Community and its works, and also profound attachment for her Superiors and the Mother House.

Now she takes her last long sleep... But while the cadenced waves rock her bed of repose, may we not conjecture that on high other waves, — the waves of acclamation from the many little souls to whom she has opened Heaven — unfurl close to her throne and amplify the glory of her beatitude, while repeating their joy and gratitude to the one who has introduced them into the Land of Everlasting Bliss?

Always! Never!

The world of to-day, intoxicated with its learning, pretends to submit everything to the power of figures: the surface of the earth, the depth of the seas, distances, dimensions, the diverse movements of the celestial bodies. Eternity alone defies all its computations; never will man succeed in imagining a length of time in any way comparable to it. Is eternity a chain composed of innumerable links, each of which comprises millions and millions of centuries? Yes, eternity is that, plus the infinite. Whatever number we may add to eternity, we do not augment it by a moment; whatever number we may detract from eternity, we do not diminish it by an iota. In this immense career, though we perpetually go forward yet never do we advance. It is said of a man, at the moment of death, that he commences his eternity; it will forever be for him as integral as at the precise minute when he entered into it.

Always! Never! those two are the only words that express the duration of eternity. When will eternity be a degree less delicious for the friends of God, a degree less desperate for His enemies? Never. When will cease the pure and ineffable delights, the transports of joy, the glorious hymns of the former, and the torments, the poignant shrieks of the latter? Never... O always! O never! O eternity! If we reflected on your duration as they do whom death has separated from us, what revolutions would not this consideration prompt in our lives and sentiments!

— *Rev. Fr. Chaignon, S. J.*

MANCHUKUO

Echoes from Tchengkiao

In Pagan China, each new season is greeted with several days of rejoicing during which every Celestial adds a few sweets to his usual frugal menu. At the beginning of autumn, the *yeu ping* (moon cakes) are the order of the day. A goodly number of Chinese content themselves with enjoying these confections but those more fervent and attached to ancestral customs, erect a little altar in the yard or on the roof of the house on the fifteenth day of the lunar month, and build pyramids with these cakes to offer them to the orb of night.

The proletarians and indigents choose this time of the year to move. They can be seen going busily about carrying in their arms pieces of furniture, clothing, kitchen utensils, etc.

This change of dwelling causes some anxiety to the Sister-Infirmarian. Many patients whom she was visiting in the hope of baptizing them have disappeared and it is sometimes impossible to retrace them.

Since the day Lucifer, vanquished but not submissive, was driven away from the Heavenly Abode, this rebellious angel goes about the world seeking his revenge. Everywhere in pagan countries he holds cruel and tyrannical sway, and under the figure of all kinds of idols he is being adored. The grimacing features behind which he hides are to be seen everywhere. You find them in the homes on the showy hangings and on the furniture, but you find them more especially above the domestic altar, sacred spot where incense is burnt and where the Evil Spirit receives the homage of his fearful subjects. Chinese art is under his control and reproduces him in a thousand ways, each time under a more horrible aspect. The facades of the houses are ornamented with ugly figures of gods or dragons; the jambs and lintels of doors disappear under long bands of red paper on which are superstitious sentences imploring the protection of the spirits. Is our attention attracted by the roadside vendor or by the brilliant window of the rich merchant, the same sad spectacle is always before our eyes: statues, pictures, divers objects, dishes even, bear the diabolical effigy.

How much more oppressing for souls is the yoke of the Prince of Darkness!

Last year, we were visiting a home where a stranger was performing the function of medium. The family — father, mother, and four children — lived confined in a narrow, dark room, whilst a spacious apartment served for the worship of the spirits and for the incantations of the mistress of the dwelling. Incense was supposed to burn day and night in this room which was considered sacred. At the beginning, five cents' worth only was consumed, but little by little, the devil exacted more, threatening his adepts with the worst misfortunes if they did not comply with his desires. They had come to an expense of thirty cents daily, which expense was far from being in meeting with the means of these poor people.

The eldest child of the family fell seriously ill and the mother, according to her custom in events of some importance, had recourse to the spirits; the oracle predicted the child's death before a certain date. "If I am not allowed to take her," added the Evil Spirit, "the father will die." Disheartened and wishing at all costs to save both husband and child, the unhappy woman resolved to give the latter to the Catholic Mission, so as to withdraw her from the influence of the devil. The little girl, on her part, did not cease asking to come and stay with us as soon as possible for she was afraid of the devil who wanted to carry her away. But, as she was suffering from a contagious disease, we could not receive her immediately because we were unable to isolate her. Reverend Father Bérichon went to this house, sprinkled it with Holy Water and gave a Miraculous Medal to the child, telling her to wear it until, instructed in the Catholic Doctrine, she might receive Baptism for she was not in danger of death.



A FEW OF THE DIVINITIES BEFORE WHICH THE PAGANS MAKE PROSTRATIONS.

Each time we visited her, she renewed her entreaties to come to the Mission. On the eve of the day fixed by the oracle, she rose despite her weakness, dressed herself and begged us to take her along with us. We promised everything would be ready for the next day. But what a deception this next day had in store for us! . . . At the entrance to the poor dwelling, a little corpse stretched on the ground obstructed the passage, it was that of our young patient. The devil's prediction had been realized.

One can see thereby how great is the power of the devil since he can even deprive one of life with the permission of God. What he was certainly unable to take away, however, was the soul of this child, for if she was not provided with Baptism of Water, she received that of Desire which certainly opened her the gates of Heaven.

Although recourse to mediums is considered bad by every honest pagan, it is frequently practised, especially in the case of sickness. Relations of satanical intervention abound in the mouths of our folks.

We were treating a man affected with *sie ping* (diabolical possession) recently. The poor unfortunate in his fits rolled himself on the ground and uttered all kinds of insults. He even declared he saw the devil. After giving him a tonic for his nerves we sent him to the Pastor, thinking that his need of a priest was greater than that of our remedies. After a few days our patient was returning bright and cheerful, attributing his cure to the Missionary, for his spasmodical fits and strange visions had not been renewed. Happy at the change, the parents of this young man decided to become Christians. "I have been burning and selling incense for thirty years," said the father, "and it is to this misfortune my practices of devotion have led me. I shall abandon them and become a Christian." What a fine trick to play on the devil! May it often be renewed. . . .

If crosses and trials are the daily lot of an apostle, on the other hand, numerous consolations strew his path! . . . Who can tell the joy the missionary experiences when gleaning in the field of his Heavenly Father beautiful ears which the Divine Sun has ripened! What happiness, especially, when after months of vigilant care seemingly useless, appears all of a sudden the delicious fruit of a sincere conversion!

For six months Mr. Wang, incurable tuberculous patient, had been the object of the prayers and interest of the whole personnel of the Mission. He had assisted at many a catechism lesson and several times, in one way or another, had been urged to become a Christian; but he always manifested indifference.

Nobody had seen him for a fortnight when, one morning, he arrived at the Dispensary in a pitiful state. Perhaps had he taken some Chinese drug too strong for his organism; however, it was evident that he had but a short time to live. In the hope of prolonging his life, he wished to be given more of the injections which had previously done him much good. His desire was satisfied and he returned home. Anxious, Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ decided to go and see him two days later and she found him very low. She was received with gratitude but there was no question of religion. The next day she visited him again. What was not her surprise on noticing the transformation — he himself requested Baptism and said to us: "Last night I was thinking of all you did for me and while I tried to guess why you were so good, a voice repeated to me: 'Believe in God without delay, believe in God without delay!' Until now, I have not answered your invitations for I did not see the necessity of changing religion, I did not understand." Then, regretting his long resistance, he added: "It is still time, now, is it not?" A cold perspiration covered the patient's brow and his voice was gradually growing weaker. We immediately sent for Father Bérichon, who administered the Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Eucharist and Extreme Unction to the dying man. On the evening

1. Sister MARIE JOSEPHINE (Eliane Gravel, St. Prosper).



SISTER STE. ROSALIE (URSULE CHARETTE, THREE RIVERS, QUE.) MISSIONARY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, OF TCHENGKIATOEN, AND TWO CRIPPLES RECEIVED AT THE MISSION.

of the same day, this labourer of the last hour was going to receive the penny promised by the Householder.

When travelling in the country one day, we saw a woman advancing in great haste with a coffin on her shoulder. "For whom is this coffin?" we asked, recognizing the wife of one of our patients. "It is for my husband," she replied. "If the *doctor* wants to see him she had better come right away, for he was very low when I left." Without losing a minute we went to the inn where these people lived, but the place ordinarily occupied by the patient was vacant; where could he be? . . . "In the yard," said the folks of the house, and they pointed to a heap of fuel. Removing a few fagots we managed to relieve the poor moribund who, to our great joy, was still alive. With undefinable emotion we poured the Baptismal Water upon his brow, thus making him an heir to Heaven.

When pagan parents do not show too much opposition the conversions of children are easily effected. "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God," is it said. The little ones receive the teachings of the missionaries with all the candour and simplicity of their age.

Lee chou sien, a child baptized last fall, piously expired at the Mission in the month of January.

Her parents who were very poor had readily agreed with Father Bérichon on bringing the child to the Mission that she might pursue her religious studies. By her attractive qualities, the new-comer won the affection of all. Happy and thankful for the care and attention bestowed upon her, she strove to prove her gratitude in a thousand ways and edified everybody by her pleasing virtues. She had been at the Mission two months only when the Divine Gardener culled this beautiful flower to transplant it in the Heavenly gardens.

The Virgin catechist of Tchengkiaotoen returned to her native village recently, to be present at the sharing of her parents' goods. This distribution is not an easy affair, it seems, in families which number as many as eighty members, and where, for years, three and four generations have been eating at the same table and living on the same income! . . . But this time the question was settled without trouble, these people are so good!

The Christian community to which this family belongs has existed for a hundred and fifty years and is situated within the boundaries of the Moukden Vicariate where missionaries are too few. It is visited by a priest twice

a year only, at Easter and on the Feast of Christ the King. Besides, the missionary goes upon request to see the dying and also blesses the marriages.

Notwithstanding this penury of spiritual assistance, the old Christians have remained fervent. Their little hamlet comprises about a hundred families of which two only are non-Christian. Every evening, as in the posts where there is a missionary residing, the bell calls the faithful to the chapel for night prayers. On Sundays and Feast Days, the Christians assemble twice in their oratory for the recitation of prayers in common under the supervision of the catechist. The Epistle and Gospel of the day are read and after the recitation of the beads all make the Stations of the Cross.

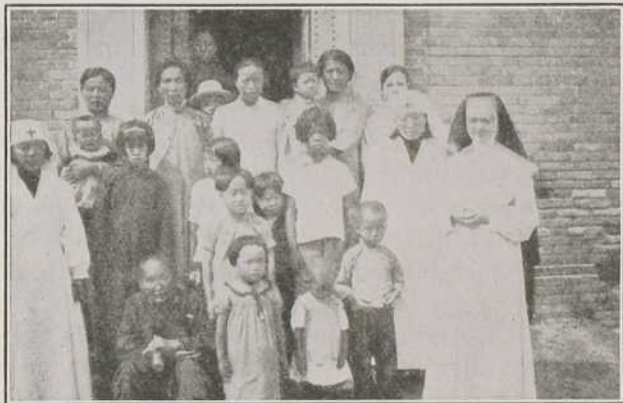
As early as six o'clock on New Year's Day, the houses are emptied and the people go to church to offer their wishes to God. Twice again during the day they return to pray and offer to God the beginning of the New Year.

The Christian customs are also faithfully kept in this centre. For instance, not one child is baptized without receiving with his first name — which in China has ordinarily some relation with the circumstance of his birth or a quality he is expected to possess — the name of a saint of the martyrology.

Are we to speak of the chosen souls that come out of these deeply religious centres to spread elsewhere the superabundance of Christian Life? Divine Grace invites many of them to perfect renunciation and directs them to the novitiates and seminaries. Others embrace virginity and remain in the world to become the missionaries' auxiliaries. They are called "family virgins". Enjoying more freedom than Sisters subjected to a rule, and wearing no special uniform, they have easier access everywhere and render invaluable services. Tchengkiaoten and the two outstations Mao-Lin and Ya men tai have the privilege of possessing two catechists from these staunch Christian families.

We witnessed, some time ago, a beautiful act of charity accomplished by a pagan who, without knowing it, reproduced the story of the Good Samaritan of the Gospel.

A man had had one of his feet crushed under the wheel of a heavy vehicle. Unable to walk, he was lying on the side of the road when a man who boarded at the same inn as he did, found him in this pitiful state. Touched with



AT THE DOOR OF THE DISPENSARY OF TCHENGKIAOTEN; SISTER MARIE DU CRUCIFIX (EVA TESSIER, ST. BONAVENTURE, YAMASKA, QUE.), HER TWO HELPERS AND A GROUP OF PATIENTS.



NATIVE VIRGINS OF THE MISSION OF TCHENGKIATOEN.

compassion, the latter hired a carriage, conducted the maimed man to the Dispensary and, carrying him on his back, brought him to the treatment room. Once the foot had been dressed, this new Samaritan took the man on his back again and, placing him in the vehicle, conducted him to the inn. No relationship or friendship united these two men, pity alone had inspired this act of devotedness. God Who deposited the seedling of charity in the hearts of His creatures will certainly not fail to reward this pagan's fidelity to the natural law written in his conscience. One day, certainly, the light of the Faith will shine for this good and upright soul.

It is without regret that, in Tchengkiatoen, we see winter coming to an end. With December begins for a number of families a period of confinement which finishes only with the arrival of spring. It is especially the women, the aged and the children that are thus shut in during the severe season. As they are not obliged to go out, they do not renew their wadded garments — clothing is so expensive just now. Wadding is sold only on certain days and to those provided with a permit. The black and blue cotton with which the Chinese costume is made for both men and women is no longer to be found in the stores. It is replaced by *ma sien*, fabric of similar appearance but of lower quality and which is full of holes when it comes out of the first washing. The head of the family who must see to procuring what is necessary for the sustenance of the children, dresses as well as he can to protect himself against the cold. His wife and children try to keep alive on the *kang*.

Report of the Dispensary of Tchengkia-toen for the year 1940:

Infant Baptisms.....	215	Adult Baptisms.....	18
Patients.....	31,515	Treatments.....	69,219
Dressings.....	4,660	Teeth extracted.....	373
Homes visited.....	837	Injectons.....	2,214
Vaccinations.....	84		

If Men Only Would...

St. Paul says, "The desire of money is the root of all evils" (I Timothy, VI, 10); charity is the root of all good.

Suppose the hearts of all men filled with that spirit which actuates those who have become poor to follow Jesus, immediately the war ceases, social war especially; human arms serve but for brotherly embrace and mutual help; classes, remaining distinct because such is the order established by God, are however united according to His wish and commandment; they oblige one another by reciprocal services and maintain friendly relations. Because people are seeking first the kingdom of God and His justice all the rest is added unto them. True fraternity reigns by love; and, despite its hard labours and inevitable tears, the earth becomes the vestibule of Heaven.

— *Msgr. Charles Gay.*

As long as the altar-stones remain standing with the priest who consecrates and sacrifices, to-morrow's religious victory, despite all to-day's sadness, remains with the Host of our daily Masses; for, in It, God is with us, God Sacrificer and Redeemer.

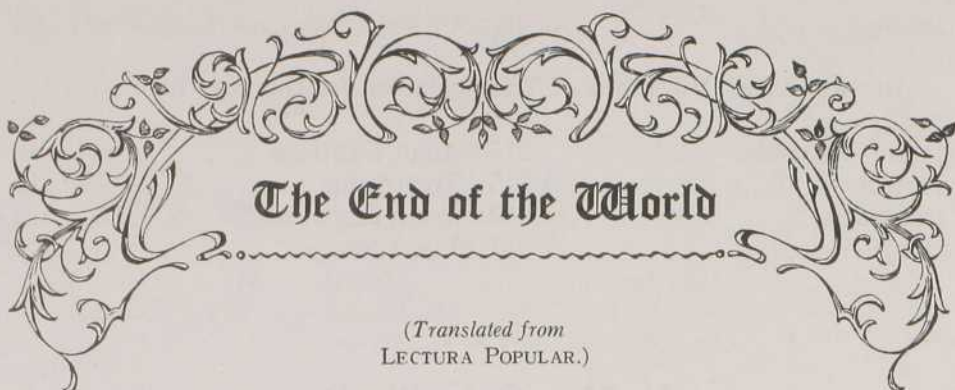
— *Mgr. Tissier.*

*
* *

Alas!...

Alas! do you not often see burials without considering that a place is marked out for your mortal remains in the vast field of death? Think the matter over seriously; palp that face in which there is life to-day, see the horrid skeleton it conceals, and you will perfectly comprehend those words of the Psalmist: "In the morning man shall grow up like grass, in the evening he shall fall, grow dry and wither" (Ps. LXXXIX, 6). Oh! may death, at least, whose very principle and certitude you bear in you, enlighten your steps in the narrow path of God's commandments. Think that at the supreme hour, your life will appear, according to the word of the Prophet-King, "as the dream of them that awake" (Ps. LXXII, 20). The honours, pleasures, and things of this world will fade from your eyes as the vain representations which have, during the night, agitated your imagination. Wise indeed was the disabused man who wrote these words on a human skull, "All is vile here below to him who thinks of thee."

— *Lives of the Saints.*



The End of the World

(Translated from
LECTURA POPULAR.)

"Sir! sir!" cried the maid trembling with fear as she entered my room. "Do you know what is happening?"

"What's the matter?"

"The sun is not rising to-day!"

"Great news! It must be hiding behind the clouds!" I said, trying to continue my nap.

"No sir, that's not it! The sun is not rising to-day!"

"But what time is it?"

"Nine o'clock, sir!"

"Sakes alive!" I exclaimed, dressing in haste and rushing out into the street.

*
* *

The spectacle was alarming; darkness covered the face of the earth; the few stars in the firmament cast but a pale glow as if throwing their last feeble ray. The sky was murky in the East, and instead of day coming on, we could notice that darkness was gradually increasing.

"My Lord! What's that?" I cried in anguish.

"What's that?" asked the people, lamenting and running on all sides.

"It is the end of the world!" exclaimed one.

"It is an eclipse!" said another.

"What are you talking about? An eclipse? . . . Do you not hear the trumpet of the last judgment?" asked a gentleman.

"Why, no," replied an old lady, "it is the trumpet of the town-crier!"

Amid all this confusion rose the shrill voice of the herald who was saying:

"His Excellency . . . the Minister . . . of the Interior . . . sends a despatch worded as follows: 'Five o'clock in the morning . . . having been fixed . . . as the official hour . . . for sunrise . . . in the whole territory . . . and . . . eight o'clock . . . having struck . . . without the orb of day . . . having yet risen . . . I wish to inform the authorities . . . of the fact . . . so that with the greatest prudence . . . they may make it known . . . to the public . . . and take . . . all the precautions necessary . . . in such a case . . . to avoid disorder . . . Let them moreover assure the people . . . that the government . . . has taken measures . . . for . . .'"

No more could be heard, as a storm of hissing covered the reader's voice.

"Some news the Minister is announcing!" exclaimed an old woman.

"But you have heard that measures are being taken," spoke another.

"Measures? what for?" inquired a woman in the crowd. "To make a bonnet for the sun that he might thrust his head out?"

*
* *

At that moment another incident augmented the fear of all. A sinister light shone all of a sudden in the sky and from East to West an immense red band appeared bearing in black characters these Apocalyptic words:

THE END OF THE WORLD IS AT HAND !

Immediately countenances changed. Sobs replaced the cries; and prayers, the jokes.

Some were running in search of their children, others, of their parents, spouses, or brothers. As for me, I directed my steps towards the church in order to settle my affairs and get my passport for Heaven. But I arrived too late. Crowds of penitents filled the churches and even stood waiting out in the street.

I understood that it was impossible for me to realize just now my pious desire and returned to the house. Scarcely had I entered when someone knocked at my door; I opened; it was one of my enemies who sprang into my arms.

"Mr. Lewis," I exclaimed, "Is that you?"

"Yes, I have come to beg your pardon for all my offences."

On hearing this, tears filled my eyes.

"O Death," I exclaimed, "How great is thy power!"

I had not finished pronouncing these words when my door opened anew. It was Mr. Dick Blister, the first usurer in the country, of whom I had been a victim for quite a while. He was bringing, in a little bag, all he had pilfered during the past four years, begging me to receive it and enjoy it a long time.

"O Death!" was I about to repeat bombastically when the maid interrupted me to announce the arrival of another visitor.

It was my neighbour on the right, an irascible and stubborn man who had prosecuted me just recently and picked up two quarrels because my maid had shaken her mop on a party wall.

"I am coming to inform you," he said, "that your maid may shake her mop without any danger on..."

"Here's the miller!" cried the maid.

"Have him come in!"

"He cannot because he is loaded with flour. He says it is the flour that stayed stuck on the rock while he was grinding for you."

I smiled...

"The tailor has just arrived and wants to speak to you."

"He is bringing me a bill?"

"No, sir, he says he made a serious mistake with the draper since they are dressing you; and this mistake, it seems, has been prejudicial to you."

"They mean to say since they are robbing me. Oh! the thought of death!..."

"Sir, please hurry, for the grocer of the store on the corner is waiting to give you flour to replace the powder he sent this morning by mistake."

!!!

"Mr. Lin, the druggist, is here too. He made a mistake in your medicine."

"A druggist's mistake! He has perhaps poisoned me."

"No, sir, as poisons are expensive, he says he never makes a mistake in that."

"Oh! what a pity that there should not be a final judgment once in a while! However, this suffices! I must also settle my accounts. I shall see if I cannot do so in some church."

With this intention I went to the nearest one but could not get in. The crowd instead of diminishing was increasing. The red band was shining threateningly in the sky, augmenting at every moment the number of penitents who, until then, had not heeded the same warning written in their hearts. In the midst of these penitents could be heard strange dialogues:

"I assure you, my dear one," was a husband saying with an air of deep compunction, "I assure you that if I abandoned you for a little while, it was because..."

"A little while! They seem 'a little while' to you, those twelve years you passed without seeing me?"

"But you see that I haven't forgotten you."

A little farther, a man with spectacles was gesticulating. He was a revolutionary journalist.

"The doctrines and news I gave you in my journal were false," declared he. "May this declaration unburden my conscience!"

"So be it!" cried an old man who had the appearance of a convict; "but who will indemnify me for the ten years I had to stay in prison for having listened to the one who has just confessed his wrongs?"

"God, and God alone," answered a severe voice. "God Who, in the Person of His Divine Son, satisfies for all the debts men have contracted by their faults."

The one who was speaking was a priest of energetic appearance crossing the crowd and making his way to the pulpit in the middle of the place.

"Poor faithful," said he, "I cannot understand your fears or your conduct. You are struck by the warning of the hand of God as written in the sky. But before it appeared there, could you doubt of the end of the world? Really, brethren, humanity is queer. It is not in vain that the sun has grown tired of vivifying it with its rays and enlightening it with its brightness. It was time to put an end to such disorder."

At that very moment we all raised our heads and were terror-stricken. A heavy and sinister cloud was advancing overhead and the frigid cold paralyzed our limbs.

All of a sudden a cry of anguish was heard. An infernal flash of lightning, impossible to describe, had just rent the clouds and was immediately followed by a terrible thunder-clap — the last in the world.

Everyone was seized with terror and tried to find a hiding place. I did the same and put my head I don't know where, but at the same moment I heard a crash and . . . "My God! My God!" I cried with all my might . . .

"What's the matter, sir?" asked the maid rushing into my room. "How have you happened to fall out of bed?"

Indeed, all had been but a dream and I was out of it; but in what state!

I had knocked my head against my night table and the lamp had fallen and broken to pieces. I recovered my senses as soon, dressed quickly and although it was still very early, rushed out into the street to shake off the nightmare entirely.

The nightmare disappeared, in fact, but what did not disappear was the idea which had served as the theme. "How is it possible," I thought, "to live so peacefully with such entangled affairs when we know that, if the end of the world does not seem imminent, we nevertheless are liable to be called at any moment?"

That idea made such an impression upon me that from that day I began liquidating all my debts and I changed my mode of living altogether.

"You are 'struck'," a friend who knew my dream was telling me.

"'Struck'! Yes, and would to God that all men were 'struck' like me!"

"And why?"

"Because all would live in such a way as to have nothing to regret on the last day. The world would be pleasant, it would be a foretaste of Heaven!"



Does not looking at the world, where the majority of souls do not know Jesus Christ, suffice to touch our hearts and solicit us irresistibly to extend the Divine Kingdom throughout the whole universe?

— Canon J. M. Bouquet.

VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp..... \$25.00

Float or candle.....	{	10 cents each. 75 cents for a novena. \$ 2.00 for a month. 20.00 for a year.
----------------------	---	---



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Thursday, July 10, 1941

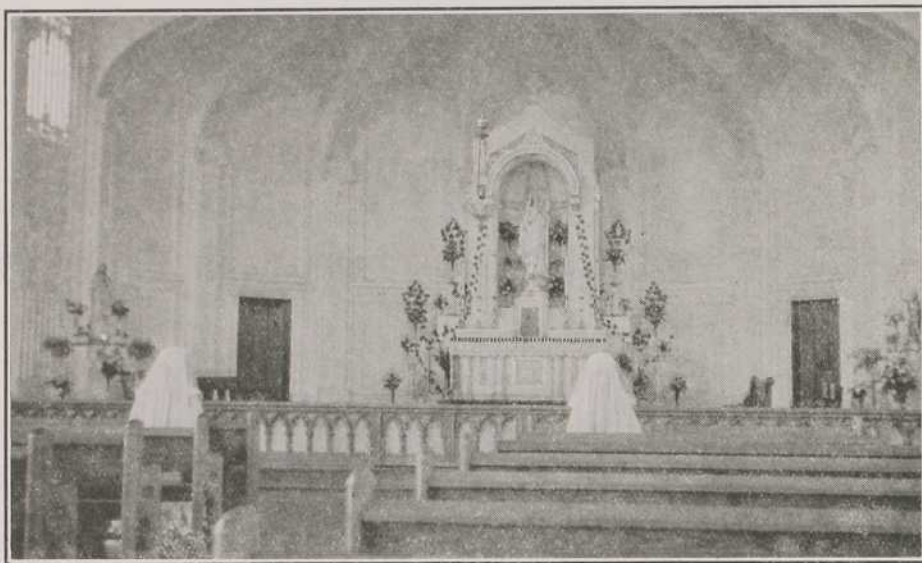
For the last few days everyone has been held in suspense by the promise of a pleasant surprise, the realization of which was to be the reward of our fidelity to observe certain prescribed obligations. Yesterday evening all clauses having been scrupulously complied with, the mystery was disclosed — and it was nothing less than a picnic for to-day. Oh! who ever disliked picnics? Assuredly it is not young novices like us brimming with life and gayety! . . . The echo had not finished throwing out our acclamations and approbations to the four winds, and already we were absorbed in the great question of getting everything ready for the outing!

After having performed our religious duties and seen to our allotted portions of morning work, we put in a last hand to the preparations, and at nine-thirty were on the way to the picnic ground. This is an ideal site, if we consider its calm solitude and also the beauties of nature greeting our eyes everywhere.

Our caravan did not include any mules, nor was it headed by camels; a lone little hand-cart equipped with wheels of another age bore our cumbersome provisions; as a result the vehicle had to be liberated of its burden in rugged places in order to conserve its meagre stock of resistance. But must we not be missionaries even in moments of pleasure and recreation? Without further incident, we reached the spot agreed upon; it was a pretty glade furnished with inviting rustic seats.

Having seen to a summary installation of our baggage, we opened our holiday by a hymn to Our Lady of Lourdes and consecrated to her this day of jubilation. The more enthusiastic immediately began organizing games and pastimes. Meals were taken under the trees, and spiritual exercises held at the habitual hours in the midst of all this enchanting beauty surrounding us. The Guard of Honour to the Blessed Virgin was also continued by novices replacing one another at intervals of half an hour.

We took in with avidity the pure and wholesome air of this peaceful haven and, filled with admiration before our exquisite Canadian landscapes, sang all the national refrains we had ever learnt; once in a while a stanza or two was discreetly inserted in honour of dear Mother Mistress and our elder Sisters. And thus the hours chased one another away and the day fled as a dream.



CHAPEL OF THE NOVITIATE.

Before leaving this refreshing oasis, we bade good-night to our Blessed Mother and sang our incomparable hymn of thanksgiving, the *Magnificat*.

On our way back to the Novitiate we recited the last Aves of our Rosary, making Mary the interpreter of our thanks to Divine Providence Who grants us such pleasant hours of happy diversion.

Sunday, July 27

This day marks the opening of the Retreat of which each year presents us, if we may say, two editions. The smile which lit up every face repeated over and over again a joyous welcome to our dear Sisters coming from the different missions to partake of these spiritual exercises.

During the forenoon we feasted our eyes on scenes of our Reverend Mother Superior General's voyage in the Far East. For many we hope it was an anticipated sight of the role they will some day be called to play in this pagan country. Foundling-homes, lazaretto, dispensaries, orphanages, all these are alluring vistas which give a new stimulus to our missionary zeal.

Tuesday, August 5

The feast of Our Lady of the Snow, evocating as it is of whiteness and purity, entirely justifies its name in the dwelling of the Immaculate. Altar decorations are in harmony with this appellation, and so are the souls awaiting the hour of the Divine Espousals. May we not say that, as of old in Cana, it was thanks to the maternal intervention of our Heavenly Advocate, that the black-garbed postulants were admitted to don the white Habit of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, and were given the sweet title of fiancées of Jesus? For others, the hour of

profession so eagerly awaited had come at length. Six novices pronounced their First Vows which were received by Reverend Father Binet, O. M. I., Retreat Master. Though this ceremony takes place in sweet religious intimacy it does not lack grandeur and solemnity, for it is before the altar that the "chosen ones" speak the words which make them Spouses of Jesus.

In the afternoon the Clothing and Final Profession ceremonies took place. Reverend Father Binet, O. M. I. addressed the audience. In well-chosen words he pointed out the beauty and the advantages of the Religious life.

Those who received the Holy Habit were:

Miss Jeanne d'Arc Turcotte, Normandin, Roberval (Sister Benoit Marie); Miss Paule Ida Coulombe, Quebec (Sister St. Justinien); Miss Gemma Bédard, Charlesbourg (Sister Marie Immaculata); Miss Evelyn Fournier, Clermont, Charlevoix (Sister St. Bertrand); Miss Gracia Lacaille, Belle-rive Sta., Labelle Co. (Sister Ste. Germaine); Miss Adeline Medzwiecki, Montreal (Sister Maria Anna); Miss Fabiola Pelletier, Cap Chat, Gaspé (Sister Ste. Marcelle); Miss Jeanne Berger, St. Epiphane, Rivière du Loup (Sister Joseph Arsène); Miss Pauline Mailloux, St. Angèle de Monnoir, Rouville (Sister Yvonne de Jésus); Miss Thérèse Moisan, St. George de Beauce (Sister Jules Marie); Miss Gabrielle Laurent, Quebec (Sister Marie de Lorette); Miss Marie Jeanne Alix, L'Ange Gardien, Rouville (Sister Marie Ange).

Those who knelt for the final engagements were:

Sister St. Jean Népomucène (Laurence Tourigny, Bécancourt, Nicolet); Sister Marie Ernest (Adine Nadeau, Quebec); Sister Jeanne d'Orléans (Jeanne d'Arc Nolin, Quebec); Sister Bernadette de Nevers (Denise Lamarche, l'Epiphanie); Sister Ste. Olive (Jeannette Dufresne, Val David, Terrebonne); Sister Joseph Edmond (Marguerite Simard, Montreal); Sister Marie Arthur (Agnès Dubuc, Longueuil); Sister Claire du St. Sacrement (Marie Anna Laporte, St. Gabriel de Brandon); Sister Marie Denise (Denise Demeules, Albertville, Matapedia); Sister St. Adélarde (Cécile Frappier, Sorel); Sister Jeanne de la Croix (Yvette Demers, Quebec); Sister Marie Rollande (Marie Rose Fréchette, Quebec); Sister Thérèse de l'Eucharistie (Thérèse Cournoyer, St. Simon, Bagot).

Were present in the Sanctuary; Right Reverend Monsignor Edgar Larochelle, P. A., Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary; Reverend Fathers Rodolphe Pomerleau, O. M. I.; Armand Côté, S. J.; Germain Lemieux, S. J.; Gérard Dufresne, S. S. S.; Laval Laurent, O. F. M.; J. A. Bastien, P. P., St. Roch, Montreal; Maurice Monty, P. P., Val David; O. Berger, P. P., St. Benoit, Rimouski; Reverend Fathers Hilaire Demeules, Rimouski Seminary; Jacques Desparts, P. M. E.; Reverend Brothers Richer, O. F. M., M. Beaubien, O. F. M.; Clément Frappier, O. M. I. and P. Eugène Cloutier, O. M. I.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the *Te Deum*, hymn of thanksgiving, crowned the solemn oblations. May they console our Sweet Saviour and His Blessed Mother in these times of indifference and ingratitude!



The Children's Page

DEAR CHILDREN,

Your Great Friend, like your mothers, has a little finger that tells him everything. In this way, he knows that there are some among you who are very pleasing to God and to their parents and are happy, because they always endeavour to do their duty perfectly. But he knows, too, that for others, it is quite different; and this greatly grieves him, because he loves you and wishes you all to be happy.

A child that is unfaithful to his duty cannot be happy, because he draws upon himself just punishments from his parents and teachers and, especially, because he has no interior peace, since his conscience does not cease reproaching him with his misdeeds. In vain does he divert himself and try to forget them; remorse, like a gnawing worm, always causes him uneasiness, which is even reflected in his countenance. If he grows up in these evil dispositions, he will never do any good in life; he will go from precipice to precipice in the path of sin and will prepare an abyss of flames for himself in Eternity. Oh! how painful this thought is to me! . . . No, dear Children, no, such a terrible lot must not befall any of you. You wish so, too, do you not? . . . Well, then, remember these words of Jesus: "He that is unjust in that which is little, is unjust also in that which is greater." Therefore, in order not to commit great sins which merit eternal flames, you must, from now on, avoid the little ones.

This is how a child should spend the day, in order to please God and his parents and enjoy peace of soul.

On awaking, he piously makes the Sign of the Cross, raises his thoughts towards Heaven and recites with attention the short but excellent prayer: "O my God, I give Thee my heart . . . etc." If the bell for rising has rung, he gets quickly out of bed and dresses himself in haste. If he wishes, he goes to the church to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion. Oh! what a great privilege, what a precious grace that is! If he does not wish to do so, he kneels down before a Crucifix or a holy picture and recites his prayers calmly and piously to the very end, thinking of what he is saying and penetrated with respect for the Majesty of All-mighty God, to Whom he is speaking, and with love for such a good Father Who overwhelms him each day with new benefits. If the prayers are recited in the family, he takes part in them and edifies his brothers and sisters by his composure.

Blessed are family prayers, for Our Lord has said: "Where there are two or three gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them."

Before meals, he does not fail to ask God's blessing. He is not capricious, but eats whatever is presented to him. Nevertheless, he is careful, without letting it appear, to make some little mortification at each repast, as for instance, accepting joyously a delay in the service, depriving himself of a little seasoning, taking one more mouthful of a dish that he dislikes or a spoonful less of a dessert that he relishes. And this little unknown sacrifice, he conceals it in his heart and offers it to God for the intentions that I shall mention farther on.

At work and study, he lets no one surpass him in diligence. At recreation, he is merry and plays heartily; but there, too, he avails himself of every opportunity of renouncing himself by giving the best of everything to others and yielding to them, sometimes his tastes, sometimes his opinions. And these little acts known to God alone, he hides them, also, in his heart like so many precious pearls.

In his troubles and difficulties, he has recourse to the Blessed Virgin, his dear Heavenly Mother, to whom he has pledged all his love and confidence. He keeps her picture in his notebook or school books, in his room or wherever he works; and he honours her each day by some special prayers: a *Memorare*, a decade of the Beads or, even, the whole Beads. His confidence obtains so many favours for him from this powerful Queen, that he is sometimes astonished at them. So was it with Stanislaus Kostka, John Berchmans, Jean-Marie Vianney, Teresa of the Child Jesus and so many other virtuous children. See, for instance, how this tender Mother responded to the prayer and confidence of young Stanislaus S.



At recreation he is merry and plays heartily. . .

*
* *

The youth's father, Count S., surprised in arms in a war with Russia, had been condemned to death. At this terrible news, the Countess drew her ten-year-old son Stanislaus into an oratory and prayed for some time before a picture of Our Lady of the Rosary. Then, escorted by a servant and accompanied by her son, she went to the prison where the Count was detained. With the help of a few golden coins slipped into the jailer's hand, she succeeded in entering the gloomy dungeon. Three quarters of an hour later, she repassed or, at least, was believed to be seen repassing before the guards, concealing her face and leading her son in tears. The prisoner's cell was opened in the evening only; and, at that moment, the jailer shrieked out: instead of the condemned prisoner, he found his wife, the Countess. Count S. had



ST. JOHN BERCHEMANS
MODEL OF PIETY TOWARDS
THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

escaped with his son Stanislaus to Paris. A year and a half passed, and his courageous wife's fate was still unknown to him. The child had been placed in a boarding-school conducted by priests, where he advanced in learning and piety. The time for his First Communion was near, and the thought of his mother followed him unceasingly. "I want her to come back for my First Communion," he said, "and she will come."

Preoccupied by this desire, one evening, he wrote the following letter to Peter, the servant, who had remained in Warsaw: "Peter, will you kindly tell my mother that I am making my First Communion in a month, and she must absolutely come to Paris to assist at it. I shall recite the beads every day for that intention. Tell her that I am staying at my boarding-school, D. Street, etc. Stanislaus."

When this letter was written, the child slipped a picture of Our Lady of the Rosary into it, in order to assure the realization of his desire. In the meantime, the Count received the following message: "No longer any hope, departure for Siberia. Resig-

nation. Peter is to make a final effort; but, at the first attempt to escape, the Countess will be massacred, etc." Nevertheless, the First Communion day was nigh. Stanislaus had said nothing of his letter to his father or teachers; but, reciting the Beads every day, he had spoken of it to Mary and he cherished the firm hope of having his request fully granted. He had said to himself: "Before my First Communion, I shall make a novena to the Blessed Virgin, in such a way as to finish it just when I shall receive absolution, and I shall recite my beads so devoutly that the Blessed Virgin will be quite obliged to restore my mother to me. . ."

It was the eve of the great day. About five o'clock, Stanislaus was going towards the porter's lodge. "Where are you going, my Child?" asked one of his teachers. — "To see if anybody has asked for me." — "But your father came this morning." — "Ah! Sir, I am expecting another visit, Mama's." — "But your mother is not in Paris." — "She is going to come here, I am sure." — "Come dear Child, I understand your desires and prayers, but no distractions this evening; visiting time is passed; return to your school-fellows."

Stanislaus obeyed, but he was astonished not to see his prayer granted at the close of his novena. Six o'clock struck, then seven, then eight . . . and no person. It was time to go up to the dormitory. Stanislaus was somewhat discouraged. In the meantime, a negligently-dressed woman entered the porter's lodge and asked to see Stanislaus S. The porter refused her request, but let the unknown person approach the window just as the pupils were defiling. Stanislaus, expecting his mother's return, stepped a little out of line to glance towards the porter's lodge. His mother (for it was she) had just time to exclaim: "There he is! There he is! . . ." and she fell unconscious.

How did it happen that the Countess arrived at the time indicated by the child? This is how: thanks to the Queen of the Rosary, to whom Stanislaus had prayed with so much confidence, she had escaped from those who were taking her to Siberia, had fled towards France and, disguised, penniless and helpless, had reached Paris. But where could she go in this city? Happily, Stanislaus had mentioned the address of his boarding-school in his letter to Peter.

The following day, Count and Countess S., reunited and happy, assisted at their son's First Communion, giving thanks to Our Lady of the Rosary for such an extraordinary favour.

*
* *

Thus, the child that is faithful to his duty has recourse to his dear Heavenly Mother in his troubles and difficulties, but he also confides his joys to

her; and, each day, he offers her his prayers and sacrifices, so that she herself may present them with his intentions to Her Divine Son, Jesus.

THE INTENTION

The intention comprises the desire and the will to accomplish a thing, and it replaces many actions in God's sight. All the saints had great desires. St. Francis Xavier, in his extensive travels, longed to win the whole pagan world to God. St. Teresa of Avila, in the seclusion of her cloister, earnestly desired to convert all the souls on earth; and it is asserted that the eminent Carmelite saved as many souls as the intrepid Apostle of India and Japan. St. Teresa of the Child Jesus would have liked to have been a missionary from the beginning to the end of the world.

These great desires are the sign of a generous love and are very pleasing to Our Lord, Who says to us by means of the Sacred Scriptures: "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." (*Ps. LXXX, 11.*)

But what can be the extent of a child's desires? . . . As vast as the world. No doubt, he will have an intention in his prayers and sacrifices, first of all, for himself, in order to obtain the grace to remain ever pure and good and to be successful in his studies and work. He will have an intention for his parents, to whom he is so much indebted; for the members of his family and all those who are dear to him; for our Holy Father, the Pope, and all the Pastors of the Church. Then, he will broaden his horizons by joining at least one Association for young folks. In accordance with the Sovereign Pontiff's desire, he will be, first, a fervent associate of the Holy Childhood. He will have at heart the salvation of all the pagan children and will generously fulfil his obligations for them, which consist in the daily recitation of a *Hail Mary*, followed by the invocation *Holy Virgin Mary, pray for us and for the poor little pagan children (100 days' Indulgence)*, and the offering of twelve cents a year and of little sacrifices often repeated.

He will also be a crusader or a jecist or a jocist. Then, he will learn to devote himself to the salvation of his relations, and he will have an intention for them in his prayers and sacrifices; then, too, will he feel the need of devoting himself to the salvation of all souls.

The child who acts thus, pleases God very much, rejoices his parents by his good conduct and fidelity to duty, and feels his own heart animated with sweet joy when, in the evening, he says his prayers and examines all his actions of the day. It is the recompense reserved for him by Jesus.

JOY

There are many people who appear to be happy and who do not possess joy. There are others who seem to be doomed to suffering and who have always joy. What is joy? . . . It is contentment of the soul.

There are joys and joy — joys, which are passing, and joy, which constitutes a state of the soul. Joys are various and common to all; they are not usually unalloyed with sadness: joys caused by the return of a relation

or friend, by a success obtained, by the possession of an object desired, by the thought of a thing coveted, and by the gratification of the passions, which "in the end bring remorse and death" and which induced the Author of the Imitation of Christ to say: "A merry evening makes a sad morning."

The joy that resides habitually in a soul is the fruit of the state of grace, of fidelity to duty and of conformity to the Will of God. It is this good Master Himself Who distills it into the faithful soul; and He pours it more abundantly, according as the fidelity is greater. It is of such a high order that physical and moral sufferings, far from diminishing it, increase it. It is thus that St. Paul, overwhelmed with labour, privation and suffering, exclaimed: "I exceedingly abound with joy in all our tribulation." Sometimes, even, it satiates the soul to the point of making it cry out like St. Francis Xavier: "Enough, Lord, enough!"

The soul established in this state of joy finds it everywhere God pours it: in nature, in the sunbeam, in the singing of the birds, in the murmur of springs, in the splendour of the firmament and in the productions of the earth, as also in the pure eyes of a child and in the features of a holy soul. O happy state!

It depends upon yourselves, dear Children, to live always in joy. Ask it of God, Who is its Source; but, above all, do not forget that it is the recompense of purity of heart and fidelity to duty, which suppose renouncement, generosity and perfect submission to the Divine Will.

I am leaving you, dear Children, with this thought as a spiritual bouquet, which I beg the good Jesus to perfume with His grace.

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.

Give Your Heart to God

Giving your heart to God, on awaking in the morning, is one of the important actions of the day. God loves the first-fruits. He wished His people to offer to Him the first-born in the families, the first sheaves of the fields, the first clusters of grapes and olives. In like manner, He demands the first moments of the day: it is a right which belongs to Him as Creator. By giving his heart to God, the child recognizes Him as the Author and Continuator of the day that is beginning for him.

Giving your heart to God, on awaking in the morning, is a salutary act. St. John Climacus said these beautiful words: "Hasten to give the first-fruits of your heart to God: this day will belong to whoever will have it first." If, on awaking, you let your soul take a wrong direction, it will lead you to evil. If it only remains undecided and aimless, it will stray into dreams and vain thoughts, and it will be difficult for you to bring it back to serious action. Hasten, therefore, to introduce the Lord into the tabernacle of your heart, lest the devil or the world do not delay coming there.

— *Father Perdreau.*

Think that...

The good and evil things with which each year is laden, diseases, accidents, misfortunes, success, prosperity, pleasures, everything has passed. What now remains at the end of the year? There remains approximately what will be left at the end of our life. Some things console us, others leave us indifferent and some perhaps bring us even disgust. The good and evil things pass likewise; and everything which passes with time is far from being worthy of afflicting or rejoicing a heart which the things of eternity alone can content and which, in truth, has naught to fear but sin and eternal woe. Think that as this year has fled so swiftly to its close, so does your life speed by with lightning rapidity towards death, which will be followed by eternity. Do you not want to prepare to die well, when you know that your eternity of happiness or of unhappiness rests on a good death? Are you postponing this important preparation? Why leave it to some future time when it will be no more in your power to see to it? Do you not know the menace God addressed to sinners: "You shall seek me and you shall die in your sin." And in truth, a multitude of sinners do seek God in that awful moment. But as they quest Him not through love, but through the fear of hell, and as in seeking Him they are not willing to renounce sin, God refuses to reveal Himself to their souls. And this is, alas! what really happens to the majority of those who await the approach of death to prepare for the other Life. . . . O my God, I do not want to await that terrible moment to seek Thee. I want to find Thee this very day. I am extremely sorry for having so long opposed Thy holy will to satisfy my own. Yes, my God, I now seek Thee with all my heart and I love Thee above all things. — *Lives of the Saints.*

Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained



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

BL. HENRY SUZO.

Thanksgiving for a great favour obtained. Mrs N. L., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Heartfelt thanks for a favour obtained. Please pray for my husband and myself and also for my sister-in-law. Mrs. E. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a great favour obtained. Mrs. T. J. B., **North Bay, Ont.** — I am grateful to the Blessed Virgin for having helped my husband and me in the past. Please pray that our health will continue. I would greatly appreciate your burning a few candles in our intentions. R. D., **Milbury, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Please keep on praying. Mrs. A. G., **Marlboro, Mass.** — A week or so ago, I wrote you to pray for my intentions in order that I may be granted my request. I am proud to say this favour was granted to me and I am very thankful. "A friend". — I received what I asked for: a successful operation, and I have been well all the time since. I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin who has been so kind to me. Mrs. Louise C. Baxter, **Three Rivers, Mass.** — Recently we received a favour and we wish to thank the Blessed Virgin. Please remember our intentions in your prayers. Miss G. A. C., **Lewiston, Me.** — Thanksgiving to the Little Flower, the Blessed Virgin and Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception for favours received. Please pray for my intentions. C. MacD., **Greenfield, Ont.** — Thanksgiving to St. Therese and the Blessed Virgin. R. E. L., **Ludlow, Mass.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in thanksgiving to Our Heavenly Mother for a favour obtained. Mr. L., **Montreal.** — Homage of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin through whose intercession my husband has obtained a higher salary. Mrs. L. T., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving for favours received. P. R. — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for a grace received through her intercession. Mrs. L. — I have obtained improvement in health since I promised to have this favour published. B. G., **Nominigüe.** — Heartfelt thanks to our Heavenly Mother for the great favour she has obtained for me. Mrs. T. D., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving for a grace received! Mrs. A. B., **Grand'Mère.** — Lively gratitude to the Immaculate Virgin for positions and another favour obtained. Anonymous, **Granby.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained. Mrs. A. L. C., **St. Andre East.** — Kindly publish my thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for the cure of my leg obtained on

the ninth day of the Novena. J. M. Raymond, **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Mrs. J. Bride, **Bristol, Conn.** — Kindly publish my gratitude for a favour obtained. Anonymous, **St. Boniface, Man.** — The Blessed Virgin has answered my prayers in granting me the favour I was soliciting. A thousand thanks! Mrs. R. L., **South Williamstown, Mass.** — Sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin who has assisted me. A. C., **Metabetchouan.** — I am acquitting myself of a debt of gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for graces received through her intercession. I solicit her continual protection for all my family. Mrs. W. L., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks for a grace received! Miss M. A. A., **Montreal**. — I am pleased to fulfil the promise I had made in honour of the Blessed Virgin and I heartily thank her for having granted my request. Miss C. B., **Iberville.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Miss J. L., **St. Valentin.** — Thanksgiving for a grace received! Mrs. D. P., **Timmins, Ont.** — I am happy to show my gratitude to the Blessed Virgin who has granted me several favours. I. F., **Montreal.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for her protection. Miss M. D., **Montreal.**

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 wish to ask your prayers in a Novena to the Mother of God, that my husband will obtain the position he has been trying so hard to get that we may be able to pay our debts. Also your prayers to St. Teresa and the Immaculate Mother that my husband will return to the faith. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR, **Timmins, Ont.** — I am writing to ask you to please pray for me, that I may obtain a very miraculous cure. Mrs. W. E. C., **Sweetsburg, Que.** — Kindly pray to the Blessed Virgin for a very important affair. Mrs. R. G., **Maniwaki.** — Please pray for a special intention. Mrs. H., **Waterbury, Conn.** — Kindly pray for my daughter. A subscriber, **St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.** — Kindly pray to the Blessed Virgin for my husband and my son, that they may have permanent positions, and for other special favours. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. — Will you please make a Novena for us, we are very worried. M. N. M., **Millbury, Mass.** — Kindly pray for the following intentions: the recovery of a sick person; the success of an important affair; the conversion of two persons and other spiritual favours. Mrs. A. H. B. Please remember us in your prayers that we may obtain a favour, if it is God's holy will. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. — Would you please offer prayers for the conversion of a person dear to me. Mrs. Cath. Palmer, **Montreal.** — Please help me to pray that the Blessed Virgin may grant me a favour. Mrs. A. L. B., **Skowhegan, Me.** — Would you kindly pray that my husband may obtain a position. Mrs. J. H. Huot, **Vankleek Hill, Ont.** — I ask the Blessed Virgin to look after my boy. G. M. J. B. — Kindly remember me in your prayers so that the Blessed Virgin may grant me my request. Miss M. C., **Poultney, Vt.** — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin for the cure of my husband's eyes. Mrs. J. D., **St. Giles, Que.** — Will you please pray for my special intentions. I have much faith and confidence in the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. R. V., **Fort Fairfield, Me.** — Would you kindly remember me in a Novena to the Blessed Virgin and St. Teresa, that I may be restored to health. Mrs. D. F., **Worcester, Mass.** — I would appreciate very much your prayers for my recovery. Mrs. M. H., **Salem, Mass.** — Would you please make a Novena that I may be better, as I have been sick six months. A. G., **Bristol, Conn.** — Kindly pray for my husband and myself. Mrs. N. V., **Spencer, Mass.** — Kindly pray for me, that through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin I may obtain a special favour. Mrs. M. A. W., **Salem, Mass.** — May the Blessed Virgin obtain me the sale of a property. Anonymous, **Granby.** — Would you please make a novena that I may obtain the grace to make a good confession. Anonymous. — The conversion of my young boy. Mrs. A. B. — May the Blessed Virgin enlighten us, that we may direct our son in his vocation. May that good Mother also protect all our family. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. — Please help me to pray for my mother who has been suffering for a long time. Lucille, **St. Jean.** — Would you kindly pray for my vocation and that I may obtain a position. Anonymous, **Lachine.** — Through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, I solicit my cure and my husband's; the conversion of a person dear to me; health for my son, the father of six children; peace in a family, and a special favour. A subscriber. — May the Holy Mother of God help us in our difficulties. Miss M. A. Labossiere, **Southbridge, Mass.** — With confidence, I solicit a favour from our Immaculate Mother. Mrs. F. Gaolette, **St. Adelphe.** — I solicit the grace of a happy death for myself and for my family; my mother's cure and work for my sister; and also, that my father may lead a better life. Anonymous. — I request the help of the Blessed Virgin in a grave decision. A subscriber, **Plessisville.** — Ardent supplications for the cure of a sick person; peace in a family;

the recovery of a lost sum of money. An afflicted subscriber. — I beg our Heavenly Mother to obtain work for my son-in-law and for my son. Anonymous. — The success of three lawsuits. Anonymous. — Please make a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for my son's conversion and for his cure; for the conversion of two other persons dear to me, and that we may obtain success in our commerce. Anonymous. — Offering for our family's intentions. Anonymous, **Montreal**. — May our Immaculate Mother obtain me a complete recovery after an operation. Mrs. E. G. — Please pray for my vocation. Miss R. M. — A prayer please, to obtain favourable weather for the harvest. Mrs. A. G. — I thank the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained and I solicit anew her protection for my family, particularly for the cure of my little boy and girl. Mrs. M. M., **Fort Kent, Me.** — Please pray that I may obtain work and also health. Miss L. L., **Salem, Mass.** — I beg Our Lady of Lourdes to obtain an increase in my husband's salary and a special favour for myself. A subscriber, **Lewiston, Me.** — Please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for my cure. Mrs. P. V. — Kindly pray for the sale of a property. J. P. — I have a sore leg which makes me suffer very much; please pray for me. Miss E. B. — I solicit your prayers for my sister who has been paralyzed for ten years. Mrs. N. C., **St. Jerome**. — With confidence, I beg the Blessed Virgin to obtain me my cure. Mrs. St-Onge, **Montreal**. — Please pray that my son may obtain success in his new undertakings. Mrs. G., **St. Jean**. — Please help me to obtain health for my husband and also a position. Mrs. W. D. — Please pray for my little boy's cure and for a position for my husband. Mrs. C. H.



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



NECROLOGY

Reverend Father Euloge Pelletier, P. P., **St. Bruno, Kamouraska Co.**; Reverend Father J. J. M. Tremblay, **Everett, Mass.**; Mrs. Joseph Tellier, **Montreal**, mother of our Sister Marie Alberta and sister of our Sister Marie Théodore; Mr. Hector Langevin, **Louiseville**, father of our Sister Marie Raymond, novice; Mr. Henri Gérin, **Coaticook**, brother of our Sisters Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus, Madeleine de la Croix, Marie du Cénacle, Marie Auguste, Marie Léonise and Marie Emma; Miss Monique Doyon, **Bromptonville**, sister of our Sister St. Placide; Mr. Edmond Nadeau, **Quebec**, brother of our Sister Marie Ernest; Mr. Stephen Creaney, **Montreal**; Mr. Joseph McGinn, **Montreal**; Miss Jennie Long, **Montreal**; Mrs. Mary Donavan, **Tecumseh, Ont.**; Mr. Vincent Martin, **Montreal**; Mrs. Edward Sullivan, **Montreal**; Mr. James Rinahan, **Montreal**; Miss Blanche Morin, **Manchester, N. H.**; Mr. Eugene Dionne, **St. Johnsbury, Vt.**; Mr. Wilfrid Langevin, **Swanton, Vt.**; Mr. James A. Moreland, **Norwich, Conn.**; Mr. D. J. McGillis, **Outremont, Que.**

Please Help the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

By procuring work for them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Practical Means

of helping the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

By contributing alms for :

The chapel at the Mother House.....	
The erection of Chapels in mission lands.....	
Annual supply for the sanctuary lamp in our convents in Canada and in mission lands.....	\$ 25.00
Foundation of a Burse for the support of a Missionary Sister.....	1,000.00
Annual support of a maiden catechist.....	50.00
Annual support and education of an orphan.....	40.00
Foundation of a crib — in perpetuity.....	200.00
Annual care of a leper.....	60.00
Monthly upkeep of a crib.....	5.00
Ransom of a baby likely to live.....	5.00
Ransom of a dying baby.....	.25
Monthly support of a Missionary Sister.....	10.00
Monthly support of a novice preparing for the Mis- sions.....	10.00
Annual subscription to THE PRECURSOR.....	1.00

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE PRECURSOR

THE PRECURSOR *appears every second month,*

Ordinary subscription: 60 cents a year,

10 cents per copy,

Benefactor's subscription: \$1.00 a year.

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

Subscription for life: \$20.00

★★★

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

Kindly patronize our advertisers and mention "The Precursor"

FOR ALL SILVER



SILVO

LIQUID

Silver Polish



F. H. PHELAN

COAL MERCHANT

Scranton Hard Coal

Best Grade of
Bituminous Coal

MArquette
1 2 7 9

Office: 315 Colborne Street
MONTREAL

SPACE TO LET

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Co.

of Canada, Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

2875 CENTRE STREET

MONTREAL, QUE.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

"The Heart of Fine Baking"

SOLD BY GROCERS FROM COAST TO COAST

Buy from D. FURLONG, JR.

BUTCHER and LICENSED GROCER

5385 GATINEAU

COTE DES NEIGES

High Class Meats and Poultry. Fresh Fish, Fruits and Vegetables.

PROMPT ATTENTION AND DELIVERY.

TEL. AT 1108

As a means of helping our Missions

Please send us your cancelled postage stamps.

Any quantity will always be accepted with heartfelt gratitude.

THE MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

2900 St. Catherine Road,

Cote des Neiges, Montreal, Que.

IN CHINA

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

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

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

Lazaretto.

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

Procure and School.

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

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

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1934).

Training of native virgin-catechists. Dispensary.

IN MANCHUKUO, VIA JAPAN

TCHENGKIAT'OEN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1927).

Dispensary.

PAMIENCHENG, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1929).

Dispensary. Orphanage. School.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1930).

Dispensary. School

TAONAN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

Dispensary. Boarding-School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

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

TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1932).

Dispensary. School.

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

Dispensary

KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1933).

Dispensary.

IN JAPAN

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

Kindergarten.

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

Kindergarten.

IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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

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

IN ITALY

ROME, 26 Via Acquedotto Paolo, Monte Mario, (Founded in 1925).

Procure for the Missions.

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

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

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

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

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

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

1. — A special intention in all the Masses heard and Communion 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.