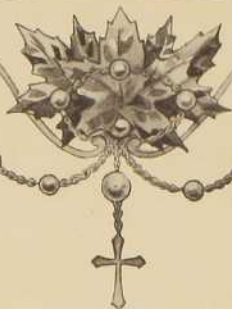


# THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIII, 20th Year      MONTREAL, January-February, 1942      No. 7



# 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 St., (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.)



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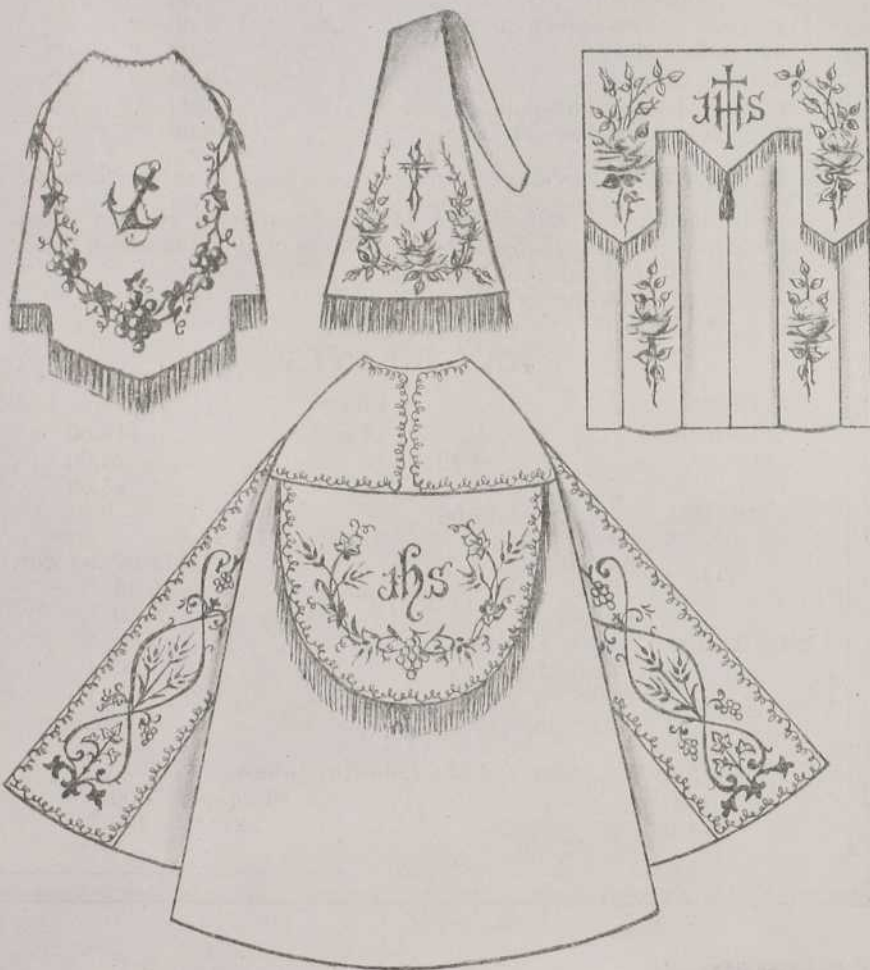
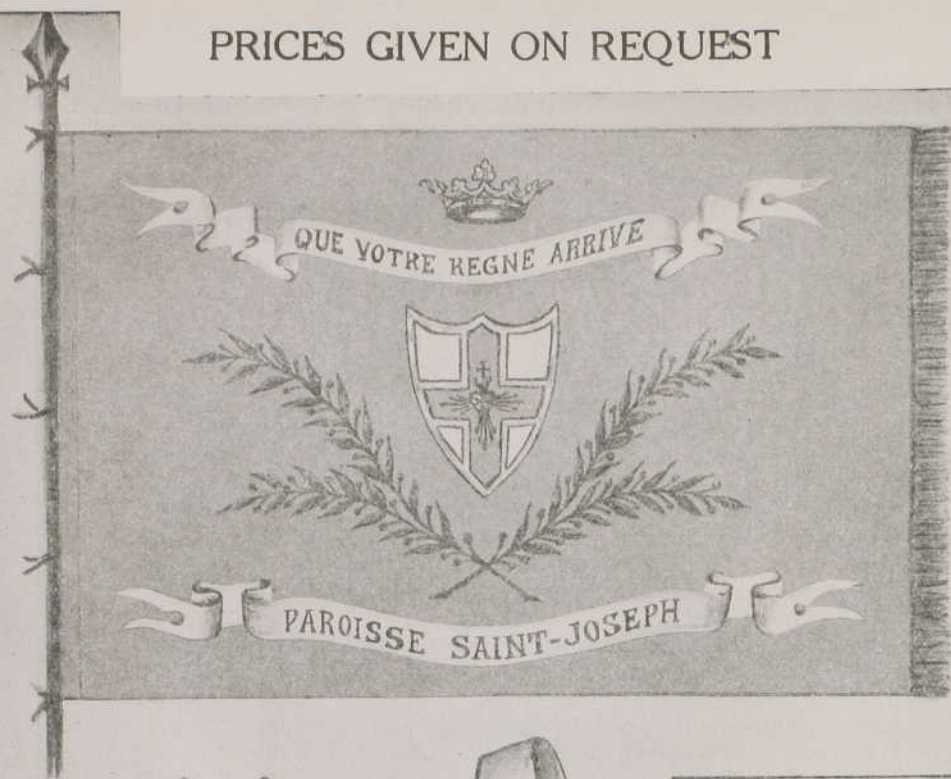
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		“ linen, second quality . . . . .	10.80	“ “
		Corporals . . . . .	8.50	“ “
		Finger-Towels . . . . .	4.50	“ “
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		Altar cloths . . . . .	6.00	each

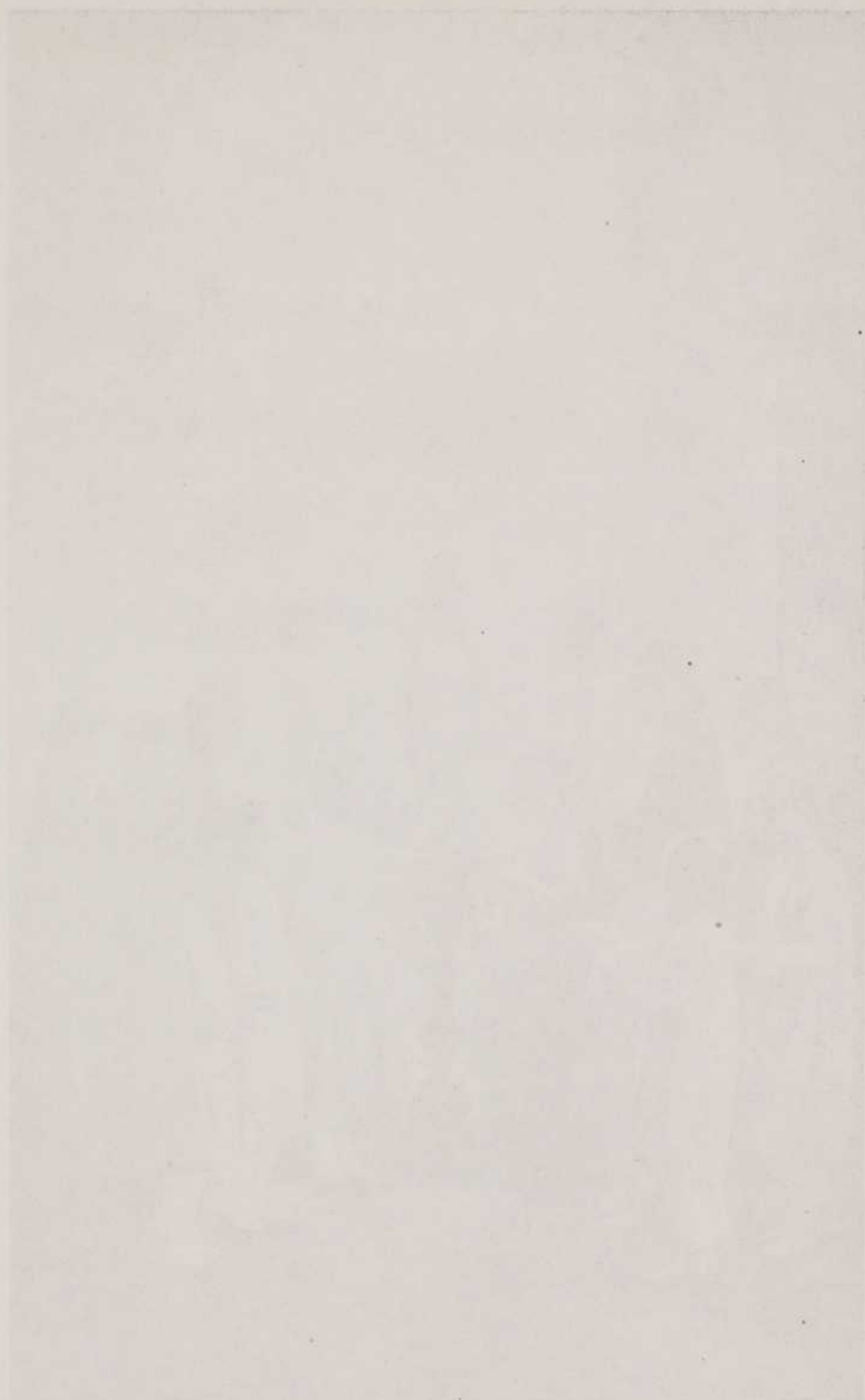
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Small . . . . .	\$1.20 per 1000
Large . . . . .	.40 “ 100

PRICES GIVEN ON REQUEST









O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.



# THE PRECURSOR

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Montreal, January-February, 1942

No. 7

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### **Our Holy Father Pope Pius XII**

*He is the light that must enlighten us,  
the word that we must heed, the father that we must love,  
the guide we must follow, particularly in these troublous times.*

*He is the infallible teacher of the Church,  
the pastor of souls,  
the herald of the Eternal Truth.*





# Our Wishes


---

*At the dawning of the New Year,  
which appears laden with anxiety,  
we ardently pray the Master of the Universe,  
the Giver of all Gifts and Blessings,  
to shower His graces and consolations  
upon our beloved Father and Pontiff, Pius XII,  
and upon all the Pastors of Holy Mother Church.*

*We implore Him to send down His Holy Spirit  
upon the counsels of nations, to raise up men of His  
right hand, who will promote the reign of peace in  
justice and charity; to suscite a great number  
of saintly apostles who will bring back to the true  
Fold the multitudes that have gone astray, and  
carry the light of the Faith to those who are still  
in the darkness of paganism.*

*We beseech Him to grant choice and abundant  
blessings to all our Benefactors and Friends, and to  
the Readers of our humble review, "The Precursor."*

THE MISSIONARIES  
OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.



# The New Year.

*O Father, in Thy tender care,  
I place the year we greet;  
Thou gavest it — Thy gift most fair —  
It is both just and meet  
That every thought and breath and prayer  
Be offered at Thy feet!*

*Each moment that the year shall bring —  
Your moments that are mine —  
Grant they be rich in meriting,  
And make them wholly Thine;  
When comes the final reckoning,  
Reward them passing fine!*

*I greet with filial confidence  
The dawning year from Thee;  
Full well I know Thy Providence  
Shall ever sustain me;  
Thy hand in goodness shall dispense  
Whatever is to be.*

*O Father, moments dark and drear  
May shroud this year for me;  
There may be anguish, stark and sheer,  
And utter agony;  
I know in Whom I trust — Why fear  
In Thy sweet custody?*

*O Lord, from whom all blessings flow,  
Bless Thou the glad New Year;  
Grant that each day it shall bestow  
Be filled with love sincere;  
And with Thy blessing we shall know  
A joyous, holy year!*

— The Precursor.



# Prayer for Peace

---

Herewith is presented an English translation made by Monsignor Enrico Pucci, Vatican City Correspondent of the N. C. W. C. News Service, of the richly-indulgenced prayer for world peace composed by His Holiness Pope Pius XII on his name day in honor of St. Eugene.

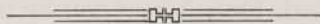
*O Jesus, Supreme Pontiff of the New and Eternal Testament, Who art seated at the right hand of God as a perpetual advocate for us, and art pleased to be, all days forever and ever, with Thy beloved spouse, the Church, and with Thy Vicar who governs her, Thou didst deign, Divine Prince of the pastors of Thy flock, to glorify on the throne of Peter Thy servant and Pontiff, Eugene, and to make him, in the midst of the iniquity of the time, mild amid hostile attacks, strong in the defense of the faith, in the pastoral office a gentle father and watchful master, deign through his merits, which are Your grace and glory, to give a kindly hearing to his prayer to Thee and hearken to our prayers.*

*May Thy kingdom come, O Immortal King of the Ages; may the truth, which Thou didst bring from Heaven, reach even to the uttermost confines of the earth; may the fire which Thou didst will should be cast upon the earth inflame all hearts.*

*This is the desire that is in the heart of Thy Vicar; a desire to reconcile men to Thee; a desire to give comfort in the grief of so many mothers and sons; a desire for concord and forgiveness among nations; a desire for justice and peace.*

*Enlighten Thy Vicar, O Jesus, Strengthen him in his sorrows and in his universal cares; renew in him the spirit of the Holy Pontiff who intercedes for him in Thy presence; speak that potent word, O Lord, which shall change minds, turn hate into love, check the fury of human passions, temper the sufferings and dry the tears of those who are in sorrow. Increase the virtue and the resignation of families, pacify nations and peoples, so that the Church built by Thee on St. Peter to gather all peoples around Thy Altar of life and salvation, may invoke Thee, adore Thee and exalt Thee in tranquility forever and ever. Amen.*

(This prayer has been enriched by the Sacred Penitentiary with 500 days' indulgence every time it is recited and with a plenary indulgence once a month, under the usual conditions.)



Nothing equals the joy of a prayer well said. The human heart, in truth, has need of God, it cannot do without God; it must converse with God, and doing this, it experiences ineffable happiness. But when we no longer pray, even if appearances seem to contradict the fact, we are in a state of great uneasiness, there is in our soul a painful void; an enormous burden oppresses our heart; life becomes irksome; strength and courage fail us. Woe to individuals, families, nations that no longer pray!

— Abbé C. ROLLAND.



MEDITATION

## Three Mysteries of Love

**A**VID of seeing and hearing, ravished and filled with joy, the shepherds had hied to the rude cattle-shelter that had become the cradle of the King of kings . . . And now the lowly stable is wrapped in silence again . . .

Joseph has gone to Bethlehem for provisions; on the way, he reflects on all the marvels he has seen and that have flooded his soul with inexpressible happiness — the miraculous birth of the God-Child, the hymn of the angels and the visit of the shepherds. An ardent canticle of thanksgiving arises to his lips. "God of my fathers," he exclaims, "O Jehovah, blessed be Thou! . . . A star hath arisen in Jacob . . . He hath appeared, the Liberator of Israel, the Lord, the Desired of Nations, the Promised One, awaited four thousand years! He hath appeared . . . I have seen the glory of His coming, the beauty of His countenance . . . I have pressed Him to my heart . . . henceforth He shall live in my house, under my eyes . . . O Jehovah, how exceedingly honourable hast Thou made Thy humble servant! . . .

"God of my fathers, blessed be Thou for having regarded my humility, for having chosen me from all the sons of Israel to behold these great things, to be intrusted with the secret of the Incarnation of the Word, to be the keeper and protector of the adorable Child and the legal spouse of the Virgin, His Mother. O God, blessed be Thou by my poor heart, and may the whole earth bless Thee!

"And thou, Bethlehem, home of my fathers, bless the Lord! Thou art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come forth the Saviour. But what am I saying? . . . O Bethlehem, thou knowest not . . . thou knowest not yet that the clouds have rained the Just, that He came unto His own, and His own received Him not . . ."

Suddenly, a cloud of sorrow veils Joseph's radiant forehead; he remembers the hardships of the day that saw him and his virginal spouse suffer rebuffs and humiliations in Bethlehem. There had been no room for them in the inn, and they had had to seek shelter for the night in a



miserable hovel . . . But this night, this ineffable night, how it has blotted out all thought of the pain and fatigue of yesterday! . . .

And Joseph is once again absorbed in the contemplation of the unfathomable mystery of this memorable night . . . All at once, his noble features reflect a vivid interior illumination. Divine light has penetrated into his soul and disclosed to him the meaning of the profound annihilation of the God-Man. He clearly understands why the Word Incarnate, Creator of heaven and earth, almighty, immense, the seat of all riches, of all glory, of all suavity, has made Himself as nothing, taking the form of a little babe, the poorest and humblest of children. Having come to save the world that runs on to perdition by the abuse of gold, the folly of pride, and the shame of lust, He must oppose to its impious maxims His holy Doctrine; that is why by His utter destitution, His perfect dependence, His surrender to the care of two virgin souls, He preaches by example what He will later teach to the multitudes: "Blessed are the poor in spirit . . . Blessed are the clean of heart . . . Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart. . . ."

"But how can God, greatness itself, eternal felicity, the Creator of all things, have wanted to abase Himself thus, to pledge Himself to expiate for His unfaithful creature, for the being of dust that is man?" the humble carpenter asks himself. A melodious voice then whispers in his ear, "THAT IS A MYSTERY OF LOVE!"

\*  
\* \* \*



*She thinks on the blessed hour when,  
alone, on bended knees . . .*

Within the rude cattle-shelter, the august Infant reposes in a manger filled with straw. How beautiful He is . . . the most beautiful among the sons of men; there shines on His brow a ray of the splendour of Paradise, whence He came . . . A gentle smile hovers on His rosy lips, He must be smiling to the angels . . . His tiny outstretched Hands express what He interiorly says to His Father, "Behold I come to do Thy Will, O God!" and to us, "Come to me!" His tender baby feet seem to ask for nothing but caresses and adorations.

The Virgin, His Mother, watches closely over His sleep and is absorbed in sublime prayer. "My soul doth magnify the Lord," she murmurs, "and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid . . . for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed . . . because He that is mighty hath done great things to me . . ." And the happy mother thinks on the blessed hour when,

alone, on bended knees, she was praying for the coming of the Messiah. Suddenly, the Angel Gabriel had appeared to her, and had revealed the message of the Most High: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women . . . Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David His father; and He shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever. And of His Kingdom there shall be no end . . ."

And now, the promise of the celestial messenger has been accomplished, the great mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God has been wrought, and He before whom the angels kneel in adoration and the saints lower their diadems, is resting under her eyes as a frail infant . . . Yet, He is the Redeemer promised to Adam and Eve, the Messiah announced so many times by the prophets, the Lord expected by all nations! "He shall reign . . . and of His kingdom there shall be no end . . ." But how shall this be done? . . .

Mary searches the prophecies for a reply to her question, when suddenly, a great light shines from the heavens, touches the crib of the Child and separates in two the angelic legions waiting upon Him. In the midst of the light a great cross sheds rays of blinding splendour; before it all the heavenly spirits prostrate themselves in adoration . . .

At this moment, a slight noise is heard in the humble cattle-shelter . . . Joseph is returning from Bethlehem. While yet far off, he was wondering if Mary would be smiling at him on his return, but through the partly opened door, he does not see her. "She is resting, no doubt," he says to himself, and, very quietly, he enters the poor stable. Oh, what happiness! He sees the marvel and, breathless, bewildered, he drops down on his knees. Lost in the contemplation of the spectacle, he wonders what this prodigy signifies. Then from behind the radiant light, a voice, sweeter than honey, more melodious than the notes of a lyre, pronounces these words: "Christ shall reign by the cross . . . He shall redeem the world and open heaven to it by the cross . . . He shall die on the cross." Another voice, mysterious as that of a prophet, distant as the depth of centuries, repeats the oracle of Isaias:



*In the midst of the light a great cross sheds rays of blinding splendour . . .*



"He shall grow up as a tender plant, and as a root out of a thirsty ground; there is no beauty in Him, nor comeliness; and we have seen Him, and there was no sightliness, that we should be desirous of Him. Despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with infirmity, and His look was as it were hidden and despised, whereupon we esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows; and we have thought Him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His bruises we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray, everyone hath turned aside into his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. He was offered, because it was His own will, and He opened not His mouth; He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer, and He shall not open His mouth. He was taken away from distress and from judgment; who shall declare His generation? because He is cut off out of the land of the living; for the wickedness of My people have I struck Him. And He shall give the ungodly for His burial, and the rich for His death: because He hath done no iniquity, neither was there deceit in His mouth. And the Lord was pleased to bruise Him in infirmity: if He shall lay down His life for sin, He shall see a long-lived seed, and the will of the Lord shall be prosperous in His hand. Because His soul hath labored, He shall see and be filled: by His knowledge shall this My just servant justify many, and He shall bear their iniquities. Therefore will I distribute to Him very many, and He shall divide the spoils of the strong, because He hath delivered His soul unto death, and was reputed with the wicked: and He hath borne the sins of many, and hath prayed for the transgressors" (Is. LIII, 2-12).

Many times had Mary and Joseph read that oracle of the great prophet, but it had been without discerning its hidden signification; now, how clearly it predicts the sufferings and ignominy by which the God-Man will conquer souls and establish over them His supreme royalty!

And the anguished Mother casts on the Child, her treasure, her love, a look of infinite tenderness. But what does she behold?... Above the head of her adorable Son, an angel holds a crown of thorns... Ah, what agony!... At this sight, Mary feels a sword of sorrow pierce her heart...

Joseph, crushed, cries out: "Great God, why such ignominy for your Divine Son? Can not this innocent Lamb satisfy Your justice by one sigh and wash away all the sins of the world by one tear? Why?..."

A voice, the same that had spoken in his ear on the way to Bethlehem, says again, "THAT IS A MYSTERY OF LOVE!"

But here is a new prodigy: a majestic seraph from the realms above, clad in the magnificent apparel befitting a citizen of the Heavenly Kingdom, advances triumphantly, bearing in his hands a golden cup filled with blood-red wine; above it a marvelous wafer, resembling flesh, is visible. All the Angels prostrate themselves when the princely seraph passes; he kneels



down before the crib, while a concert of exquisite beauty is heard, filling Mary and Joseph with holy joy. A choir of angelic voices sings these astonishing words: "*Christ shall reign by the Eucharist. The Eucharist is the life that shall arise from the death of Christ, Christ shall give Himself as food to the children of men. He that eateth His flesh and drinketh His blood, hath everlasting life!*"

Enlightened by Divine inspiration, Mary fathoms the mystical meaning of these words and, recalling the words of the holy king, David: "He hath made a remembrance of His wonderful works, being a merciful and gracious Lord: He hath given food to them that fear Him," she sees through all the centuries, the great miracle being renewed on our altars, and giving life to our souls. Knowing that the flesh and blood of the Incarnate Word are her own flesh and blood, she sees the unique role she will have to play with Him in the redemption of the world, in the extension of His Eucharistic reign on earth and in its prolongation in Heaven. Filled with inexpressible sentiments of gratitude toward the Blessed Trinity that has done such great things to her, she repeats her canticle of thanksgiving, "My soul doth magnify the Lord..."

Joseph has also understood... but he is struck with amazement. "Lord, Thou the Omnipotent, the Sovereign of the Angels," he exclaims, "shalt Thou abase Thyself even to incorporating Thyself to Thy creatures, often so unworthy, so miserable?... Why all these humiliations?..."

A voice, the same always, but still more ineffable, it seems, murmurs in his ear, "THAT IS A MYSTERY OF LOVE!"

And then, the heavenly vision disappears, the light dies out gradually, and the shades of night are again drawn... for the sun has set and darkness begins to cover the earth, and even the rude cattle-shelter...

Then Mary seals all these things in her heart and bends over the Child Who has just opened His eyes and Who stretches out His tiny arms to her. She fondly presses Him to her heart and covers Him with kisses.

Joseph manifests his presence and advances toward his chaste spouse who presents him the Divine Child; but Joseph, falling on his knees, is satisfied with kissing the adorable little feet that he covers with his tears...

And Mary and Joseph understand, but speak no word of all they have seen and heard.

\* \* \*

The Incarnation, the Redemption, the Eucharist, three MYSTERIES OF LOVE! The meditation of these marvels, whose depths our finite minds cannot fathom, has always filled the saints with admiration and inflamed their hearts with zeal. "*God is love,*" the beloved Disciple would repeat. "*Love is not loved,*" would mournfully say Francis of Assisi, Gertrude, Thérèse of Avila, Margaret Mary, etc. "*I want to win love for our Love,*" would sigh the little Saint of Lisieux.

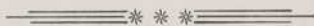
But as the majority of men never study the holy mysteries, they do not know God and are without love for Him. They remain cold even in presence of the furnace of love which is the Holy Eucharist. By an effect of His infinite mercy, Jesus, appearing to Saint Margaret Mary, reproached men with their indifference and ingratitude. Uncovering His Heart, the Seat of His love, He said, "Behold the Heart which hath loved men so much!"

And men, for the most part, have remained indifferent to this new mark of the Saviour's love, and continue to stray away from Him and commit iniquity; they have irritated Divine justice that is now exercised on the world in a terrible manner, by the dreadful scourge of war.

All nations are in anguish, because of the great evils befalling humanity, and no one knows the hour of their cessation. God alone is above all this agitation and sadness; He will re-establish order and peace on earth when all men will kneel and lower their arrogant spirits before Him and return to Him Who is always ready to forgive, to draw by His grace, to fill with mercy and love.

Let us hasten by our prayers and sacrifices, the conversion of all nations, the re-establishment of the reign of God and the observation of His law by all social classes. Let us join the holy souls that encircle the Tabernacle; and, strong through union, we shall triumph over evil by good. Then, over the ruins of ill-directed passions and the troubles they foster, peace shall blossom again, that hallowed peace sung by the angels over the cradle of the God-Child, and promised to men of good-will.

— THE PRECURSOR.



*Glory to God and peace to man!* What a sublime oracle! How very true is it both in time and eternity! Man does not separate what heaven has united. If he gives God glory, God gives him peace; but if he refuses glory, peace shall be refused him.

— Rev. F. de Ponlevoy, S. J.



Between the glorious splendour of the Father where Jesus dwells eternally and spiritually, and this cold and dark region where He comes to reside with us, He needed an intermediate abode. This abode, indispensable, and a thousand times blest, is Mary; it is Mary's heart, it is Mary's love.

— Msgr. Gay.



Save a soul, and you do more than if you created a world.

— St. Peter Fourier.



## The Tercentenary of the Founding of Montreal

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**T**HE beautiful celebrations of the Tercentenary of the Founding of Montreal, intended to praise God for the countless blessings bestowed upon this city and to pay homage to its founders and to its illustrious personages, opened with pomp on Sunday, October 19th, in Notre Dame Church.

The vast cathedral was thronged with a pious and recollected crowd as Solemn Mass was celebrated by His Excellency Most Reverend Joseph Charbonneau, Archbishop of Montreal. His Excellency Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate, delivered the sermon.

In the evening, the combats and the glory of our forefathers were sung in all the churches of the city.

These times of trial do not seem appropriate for public rejoicing; but the feasts that are being prepared are, above all, pious and conducive to thanksgiving and prayer.

### LET US GIVE THANKS

We who inhabit the great city of Montreal, we who live in the land of the maple, we who love God, let us render Him thanks for the choice favours bestowed upon this privileged city, before and since its founding. God loves grateful hearts, hearts that remember . . .

Let us give thanks to Our Lady who has watched so tenderly over the nascent colony — which then claimed the honour of the beautiful name, "Ville Marie" — and who has continued favouring it with her powerful protection. Let us thank St. Joseph also, whom God wished to see honoured in the colony at the very beginning of its evangelization. This great Protector has always seemed to have a predilection for Mount Royal; no doubt because in later years, the magnificent Oratory we admire to-day and whence he bestows so many blessings was to be erected in his honour.

### LET US PRAY

Yes, let us pray, let us pray . . . let us ask that this beautiful Canadian metropolis may never become a Sodom or a Babylon, but that it may always be worthy of the faith and virtue of its pioneers.

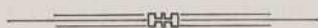
If Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve and his valorous Associates, Jeanne Mance, Marguerite Bourgeoys, the Founder of St. Sulpice and the Foundress of the Hotel-Dieu returned to this Island fecundated by their prayers and labours, what would they think of it? What would they say about it? Doubtless, they would marvel at its material progress, at its dense population; they would rejoice especially at the sight of the magnificent Cross on Mount Royal, which recalls the one planted of old by Maisonneuve on this same summit; at the sight of the numerous steeples thrusting their glittering



spires into the sky; at the sight of the many Institutions of benevolence and apostolate which are as so many lightning-rods rising heavenward. However, would they not come upon any subjects of grief, upon profound moral miseries?... Unfortunately, they would. And these holy souls who came to Montreal but for the glory of God, would not return to it after three centuries without shedding bitter tears on the offences committed there against the Almighty.

Yes, let us pray, that the stream of iniquity which is spreading through the city, injuring God, may be checked in its course and dried up in its very source, or else the chastisement of Heaven will not delay in falling upon us.

For this reason, let us re-consecrate to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, our large Island which was once consecrated with its families and society by our worthy pioneers whose acts and virtues we ought to strive to reproduce.



## Mission Intention for February

*"For Native Clergy among African and American negroes."*

Sometimes one forgets that Mary and Joseph, fleeing from the wrath of a white despot, brought the Child Jesus to Africa, the Black Man's continent. We are apt to overlook also that a Catholic priesthood existed in Africa centuries before the name of Christ was known in our own land.

In studying the history of Africa, to which America is closely allied because of its Negro population, one discerns that as far as Catholicism is concerned there have been four distinct periods. The first was the glorious era which produced a Felicitas and a Perpetua, a Cyprian and an Augustine. Then followed the Moslem invasion and the obliteration of Christianity.

The third cycle occurred during the exploration period. Catholic missionaries, following in the wake of Portuguese explorers established coastal missions; episcopal sees were erected to care for the converts. However, the venture was not lasting. Portuguese power was replaced by Dutch and British domination, and the white man became feared by terrified blacks, victims in wholesale slave trafficking. Then it was that the United States became linked with Africa, since the cargoes of human beings gathered on that continent were intended in most part for the recently settled districts of the New World.

It requires little delving into history to know that the state of the Negro imported to the western hemisphere was an unhappy one. However, it might be well to remember that Maryland was the only one of the original colonies settled by Catholics and that legislation was enacted against the Church during the early days of America's history.

## THE RENAISSANCE

Conditions have changed in both Africa and the United States. The 19th century saw the extinction of slavery in this country and the reopening of the so-called "dark continent" to the white man. The latter, following in the footsteps of Liberman and Lavigerie, was no longer a person to be feared. He came with a sincere affection and a "gift supreme" — knowledge of the True God. Thus Africa is on the way to restoration of its former glory. Native sons are mounting the altar steps to consecrate the Bread of Angels for their own countrymen. The Vicar of Christ on earth has elevated two Negroes to the episcopacy and placed a third in charge of a Prefecture Apostolic.

In America also a new era has dawned. Seminaries are now established for the training of young colored men for the eternal priesthood. This progress in America is in keeping with the mind of His Holiness Pope Pius XII who in his first encyclical sounded the keynote for the Church in that country. "Those who enter the Church", wrote the Sovereign Pontiff, "whatever be their origin or their speech, must know that they have equal rights as children in the House of the Lord, where the law of Christ and the peace of Christ prevail." Again His Holiness wrote in his *Sertum Lætitiae* "We confess that We feel a special paternal affection, which is certainly inspired of Heaven, for the Negro people dwelling among you; for in the field of religion and education we know that they need special care and comfort and are deserving of it. We therefore invoke an abundance of heavenly blessings and we pray fruitful success for those whose generous zeal is devoted to their welfare." Now the appeal goes out to every Catholic to pray "for native clergy among African and American Negroes".

Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell.



## THE DIGNITY OF WORK

Work occupies a prominent place in the economy of human life. Even before the fall of our first parents, it was obligatory. "The Lord God took man, and put him into the paradise of pleasure, to dress it and to keep it," are we told in the Scriptures (Gen II, 15). After original sin, it was imposed as a penance, and it is in the sweat of our face that we must eat our daily bread. Work is necessary; it is the condition of all progress and of all virtue. Without work, mental faculties are stunted, families go on to ruin and societies sink down miserably. Work puts evil spirits to flight; it protects against a thousand physical and moral dangers. It is a precious aroma that paralyzes the pestilential miasmas of corruption. In stagnant water, worms, insects and pernicious germs usually swarm in myriads; similarly, in the minds of idlers, perverse thoughts, reprehensible desires are multiplied infinitely. A well-cultivated soil, producing an abundant harvest, is the image of the industrious soul; a field covered with thorns and briars is the symbol of the slothful soul.

— Abbé Chas. ROLLAND.

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No one has a right to remain inactive when religion or the country's cause is at stake.

— Pope Pius X.



# 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.*

*(Continued)*

THE whole multitude of his disciples began with joy to praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works they had seen, saying: 'Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, the king of Israel. Blessed be the kingdom of our father David that cometh. Hosanna to the son of David! Peace in heaven, and glory on high!' And they that went before and they that followed " uttered the same acclamations. " The multitude therefore gave testimony, which was with him, when he called Lazarus out of the grave, and raised him from the dead. For which reason also the people came to meet him. "

Now, scarcely six days later, the following Friday, this same multitude was crying again concerning Jesus. But this time it was insults and blasphemies towards Christ that they uttered: " Let Him be crucified! Let Him be crucified! His blood be upon us and upon our children! "

Treachery and inconstancy of the poor human will — Brethren, what triumphant cortege, indeed, have you not formed in honour of our Eucharistic Lord! What hymns! What prayers! What accents of faith! What recollection! What homage! What love!

What a contrast with the peoples who, at this moment, curse Jesus Christ, persecute His Church, assassinate His priests and exterminate the faithful!

What a spectacle of peace at the side of the bloody scenes of the war, at the side of the hecatombs immolating millions and millions of lives, eighty victims a minute, said the papers yesterday. Oh! yes, Brethren, let us declare the peaceful ways of the Lord!

Let us praise the God of peace, let us beseech Him to restore it to the world, let us entreat Him to conserve it in our country. Let us pray for all the victims of the war! Let us pray for the universal Church so cruelly bruised and wounded! Let us pray for the Sovereign Pontiff whose heart is crushed each day by the echo of the combats which stain the continents over which he extends his shepherding crook! He would be overcome with mortal anguish did he not recline on the Heart of Christ and hear Him whisper: *Ecce ego vobiscum usque ad consummationem saeculi*, behold I am with My Church all days, even to the consummation of the world; despite her pangs and crushings she will last forever, I shall strengthen her in her trials, I shall sustain her, I shall save her against her enemies, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.



But, dear Brethren, while we are imploring peace and detesting war, that war, instrument of Divine vengeance, are we not provoking it?

I would like to forget the treasons and even the decide vociferations of too many Christians against Jesus Christ. I would like to forget the blasphemies which sully the lips of so many men and young boys, sometimes, even, of women and children. I would like to forget the sly and treacherous injustices which are plotted and carried out under the cloak of modern civilization, economical organization of societies, political morals, discoveries of science, social exigencies, style.

I would like to forget the race for riches which seduces believers themselves. I would like to be able to forget their thirst for guilty pleasures sought without reflection, reserve or remorse. I would like to forget the reign of the flesh, the secret crimes of husbands and wives, the criminal liberties of youth, the audacities, pursuits, passions, weaknesses, suggestions, looks, thoughts, solicitations, scandals, which lead the new generations to satisfy the unbridled exigencies of lust and to commit crimes which have perhaps not been surpassed by Sodom, Babylon, Rome and Athens and all the pagan centuries.

And when I think that the Christian women, wives, mothers, young girls, children, far from resisting this perverse influence, yield to it wantonly, forget the principles of modesty, are ignorant of them or despise them, wish to expose their skin in suggestive and seductive nakedness, acquire this habit in childhood, give way to all their instincts in early years; no longer know how to subject youth to chastity, pudency, mortification, sacrifice; on the contrary, open the sluice of unhealthy liberties to young boys and girls, close their eyes in the face of peril, cast the imprudent and unexperienced in the fire of passions and try to excite these in every way; really, I declare, have we the right to ask for the cessation of the war, and do we deserve peace?

I beg you to forgive my anxious reflections and accents of ill-omen. They contrast with the tableau I have before my eyes.

Indeed, I am not speaking especially for you, dear Brethren, who are following the Congress just now, but I wish I was heard beyond the limits of this diocese. And I recall the words of the Saviour: "Not every one that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doth the will of my Father who is in heaven" (Matt. VII, 21).

Such is, dear Brethren, the great lesson to be derived from the Congress. It is love of Jesus that must enter into our hearts. It is a faithful love, that love which constitutes the state of grace, a love which is manifested by religion, piety, justice, temperance, chastity and all the other Christian virtues.

Indeed, such are the ways of the Lord upon the world. He wishes it to be drawn out of its corruption and brought back to virtue; at least, that we keep against its morals and sinful maxims. He wishes that we, Christians, far from letting ourselves be allured and won over by evil, shun, combat and repair it.

And such are, dear Brethren, the pledges which in this sacred apotheosis, constitute your most worthy homage to the God of the Eucharist.

Should you protest and pretend that this is too arduous a program and too difficult a doctrine, *durus est hic sermo*, and then, according to the example of so many, keep away from the Church and the altars, and be tempted to abandon a religion whose morals are so austere, I shall answer you by the words of St. Peter: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Now the Lord said it again: "I am the bread of life. Amen, amen, I say unto you: Except you eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up in the last day."

Faith in eternal life, participation in the life of Jesus by the Eucharist, Christian life in us by the state of grace — such is the homage all of us should offer at this moment to the God of the Host, such is the firm resolution we should make, such is the praise that will glorify God, such are the ways of the Lord, such is the teaching we should give to nations: *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 Gentiles." Amen.



My Jesus, I believe that Thou art in the Blessed Sacrament. I love Thee above everything, and I long for Thee in my soul. Since I cannot now receive Thee sacramentally, come at least spiritually into my heart. As though Thou wert already come, I embrace Thee and unite myself entirely to Thee; allow me not to be separated from Thee.

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## To Serve God is To Reign

To serve God is to be truly great. St. Mammes was the son of a shepherd — humble condition little esteemed by men — but he served God in spirit and in truth, and has now become greater than all the sovereigns of the world. Have you never noticed that even among men, the glory of the master reflects on his servants? The greater and more powerful is the prince we serve here below, the greater are those who approach him. But the lustre God throws upon His servants is by far different from that which the most powerful princes can reflect upon those who form their court. This lustre is the lustre of virtue and sanctity. Nothing equals it on earth, and before it all heads bend low. Yes, to serve God is to reign! It is to be great even in the eyes of men; but it implies another kind of greatness upon which the latter is founded: it is to reign over one's self, to master one's passions. The ancients sought to know themselves; they had even, up to a certain point, recognized the greatness there is in reigning over one's self; but all their books of morality prove the small progress they had made in this great art — and the religion of Christ had to intervene to reveal the true secret of it. *Servire Deo regnare est*.

— Lives of the Saints.



## The Purification

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*O Virgin, of virginal Chastity's grace;  
Far dimming the exquisite lily's cupped gold!  
Obedience drew thee — though stainless of trace —  
To bow to the edict of Israel of old.  
Glad proffered they doves to the Temple, All-Fair.  
To will to the world from thy merits — thrice-blest!  
God's bearer of Light. Such obeisance, rare,  
Freed Simeon's joy — the Messiah, glad pressed.*



*Proclaims, he, thy Mission! Sept sorrows, thine heart —  
Prophetic fulfillment! Those sword-thrusts, gave we!  
O Mother of Sorrows, deign pardon our part;  
Infuse in our Souls, true subjects to be.  
Pure Temple of Love! Lone Lily of Light!  
Replenish the fires of a faith running low;  
Resuscitate senses and zeal — Tabor-bright —  
To trample temptation, thick strewn below.*

*As instant, obey, in rich edicts of God,  
Wise rule of our lives — thy submission speaks best!  
Thus, humble we bow 'neath His yoke, as we plod  
To furrow Life's field — though a sword be heart-pressed!  
Willed dictum of Duty obtains its reward;  
Is pledge of a Power beyond an Earth's scan;  
Limns Heaven — hard-purchased; thy Son — and our Lord;  
Redemption's Blest Blood — and thy place in the Plan!*

*Most fitting we cherish Obedience, blest!  
Meet token of Purity-splendor, you gave!  
So priceless, this gift; you, our Mother, whose breast  
Sad-anguished in Love, as thy Son died to save!  
O Mother, All-Pure! May Obedience's grace  
Draw to the Tribunal, which cleanses from stain —  
Sad scars on our souls! Fond, aid us efface —  
Love's Purificat'ress — rich Heaven, attain.*

— Ronald Stephen MacDonald.

## Mission Exhibit Held in Springfield



N important Mission Exhibit, the first in the Diocese, was held in the Springfield auditorium, under the auspices of His Excellency Most Reverend Thomas M. O'Leary, Bishop of Springfield, from October 15th to 19th last.

In response to His Excellency's invitation, various Missionary Congregations of priests and religious came from Indiana, Pennsylvania, New York, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Canada, to participate in this great apostolic exposition.

Visitors in great numbers passed before the forty-six booths where were displayed interesting exhibits of a widely diversified nature, but intended all to make the missions known and loved. The different conferences were well attended, as also the illustrated lectures and demonstrations given by the missionaries on their respective fields of apostolate.

We are confident that, once again, the Mission Exhibit will contribute to make known here the work of evangelization in pagan countries and its imperious necessity; that it will cause the labours of the apostolic workers to be highly esteemed, and gain them new associates.



BOOTH OF THE MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION  
AT THE MISSION-EXHIBIT OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



## At the Hour of Death We See Things in a Different Light

"A happy New Year, Julius!"

"A happy New Year! A happy New Year! What, you here?..."

"During the holidays, you see, it is the time to travel... Your health is always good?"

"Quite good, thank you. And you?"

"Never ill! Always well like a young man... an iron constitution, dear Friend, ... a long life, no doubt!"

"I wish you so, but we have surprises sometimes... Do you remember Robert X?"

"Certainly! I even met him two years ago on a trip. How is he?"

"He is no more..."

"What do you mean?... Is he dead?..."

"He died the day before yesterday."

"Impossible! He was in the vigour of manhood and had such a robust constitution!..."

"He had never been ill, apparently at least."

"Of what did he die?"

"He collapsed before me... in my office. Happily, I had at hand some powerful remedies. I was able to prolong his life for three hours. I sent in haste for one of my colleagues for a consultation; but the attack had been too violent, death was inevitable."

"He was a good fellow, Robert."

"No doubt, but like myself, perhaps, not too devout, not a very good Christian... However, God gave him a great grace before dying. Wholly intent upon saving his life, I did not think at all of calling the priest, when Robert, with supplicating eyes, begged me to have him come without delay. I immediately called the parish-priest, who was soon beside him. The interview was long and, no doubt, difficult, for my poor friend could hardly speak. When the priest went out to get the Holy Viaticum, Robert thanked



*A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year!*

me heartily and said to me these words that I shall never forget: "God has just granted me a great grace, that of my conversion. I owe it, no doubt, to my daughter, who is a religious and who, I know, has been praying for a long time for that intention. I have been a bad Christian, I acknowledge it now . . . at the hour of death, we see things in a different light; but I regret it with my whole heart and I am relying upon Divine Mercy and my daughter's prayers. Make that known to my dear child, I implore you; it will be a great consolation to her. Pray for me, also, and have prayers offered for me . . ." He could say no more. He became unconscious again and expired shortly afterwards in my arms. I cannot tell you how deeply this sudden death has affected me; I have not been able to sleep since and I am still quite astounded. It induced me to go to Confession, this morning, which I had neglected for a number of years. I remembered that I have not a daughter, a religious, or a son consecrated to God, to obtain for me the grace of a happy death and . . . who knows if I am not to leave this world as suddenly as Robert? . . . I am not unaware of the fact that I suffer from angina . . . You, Paul, you are still a model, as when you were a student? . . ."

"Alas! . . . I have many arrears on my conscience . . . Business, you see, business takes up all my time. Life is so complicated nowadays."

"But it is not less true that we must save our souls and that, some day — which is, perhaps, not far off — we shall have to leave our business and appear before God. Then, we shall see things in a different light, but it will be too late, perhaps. Listen, something has just come to my mind! To-morrow, I intend going to Communion at Robert's funeral. Would you not accompany me?"

"You're not serious?"

"Why not? That would be homage paid to our former school-fellow and playmate; and, especially, at the beginning of a new year, it would be an act very pleasing to God."



*Then two rays of grace darted forth from the Tabernacle . . .*



"I would have to go to confession."

"Nothing is easier. To-day, eve of the first Friday of the month, confessions are being heard in all the churches. We are just in front of that of Our Lady of Grace. Shall we stop?"

And Julius drew Paul into the sacred edifice. Then, two rays of grace darted forth from the Tabernacle. One came to touch the heart of Julius; and overwhelming him with joy in reward for his good action, it made him produce acts of love and take efficacious resolutions for the future. The other excited remorse and regret in Paul's soul and urged him to go and prostrate himself at the feet of a priest and confess his sins to him. Soon, this sinner was seen plunged in deep recollection; then, going energetically towards the confessional, he entered it, remained there a long time and came out radiant.

Thence, two friends made their way towards Robert's dwelling, in order to pray beside the remains of the deceased; then, they were seen shaking hands heartily and bidding each other good-bye until the morrow.



To Him beneath Whose Hands is the universal order of events and things the action of man is restless without being able to evade His provident and ineluctable counsel; to Him We raise the sorrowing cry of Our heart, imploring from Him better days for the human race, better dawns and better sunsets to our days.

— PIUS XII.

Faith prepares the salvation of the soul, hope desires it, charity alone accomplishes it.

— R. P. A. Drive, S. J.



#### LET US BE PATIENT

"Patience is necessary to you," says St. Paul, "in order that, doing the will of God, you may obtain the effect of His Promises." It is impossible to serve God without submitting to His Divine Will, as in the world one cannot boast of serving a prince or a master faithfully if one is ever ready to rise against his will. You are therefore neither a servant of God, nor a true Christian, if you live without patience, for God wishes you to suffer, and in calling you to Christianity, He has called you to follow Jesus bearing His cross, that is to say, to be patient in all things. "If any man will come after me," said Jesus Christ, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me" (Matt. XVI, 24). To be a real servant of Jesus, one must be more disposed to suffer with patience than to do great things, and even the great things in the service of God are generally accomplished by dint of suffering and patience. However, you see persons who frequent the Sacraments, who, in meditation, manifest great desires of serving God, who form great plans for His glory, and who are irritated and exasperated by the least disappointment, by a word, by a sign of contempt. Alas! how fragile is that virtue which fails at a word! We serve God, we are at peace as long as we receive His consolations and have nothing to suffer; but we are disheartened and abandon Him as soon as He wishes to make us true Christians by calling us to walk in the footprints of Jesus. How illusory is that virtue whose stability rests on a state of peace! Is not God equally good, holy and adorable, whatever be His manner of treating us, and is He less worthy of our submission and our love in disgrace than in prosperity?...

— *Lives of the Saints.*

# A Modern Martyr

*Blessed Theophane Vénard*

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

*(Continued)*

OUR missionaries were still at Singapore, when there arrived several young Cochinese students who had been sent by Bishop Gaultier to the College of Penang. The sight of them made Theophane's heart beat more quickly than ever, and he wrote to Father Dallet, —

"Every evening these young men pray together in their own language, and we put our ears to the cracks of the door to hear them. Their singing is so sweet! Such plaintive, touching tones! And shall I tell you all? They are real heroes that we have next to us, men on whose heads a price has been put for leaving their country. They are the sons, the brothers of martyrs, and they come from Annam, the land of martyrdoms."

After spending three weeks at Singapore, Father Vénard and two of his companions started for Hong-Kong. The rest remained a few days longer, till a favorable opportunity presented itself for going to their respective destinations. Before leaving Singapore, Theophane wrote a few lines to the great friend and companion of his boyhood, a young lady living near his old home: —

"I like to think that you remember our old walks on the hillside, and the pleasant readings we used to have together. I assure you I have a faithful memory and I never can think of those happy days without emotion. All my friends have a place in my heart and the thought of them often brings tears to my eyes, — not that I regret what I have done, for it seems to me that I simply followed the inspiration of God's grace, but because this separation from those so dear to me cannot take place without a terrible wrench, and when the wound is reopened it bleeds."

"You tell me that you are full of troubles and trials. I can well believe it; and I ask of God to give you strength and grace to bear them. You know how deeply interested I am in everything that concerns you. Ah, one must own that life on this earth is a poor thing at best; there is scarcely a day without a cloud! Sorrow and suffering are found everywhere; they are the daily bread of each of us. The thing is to know how to use them. Happy those who know how to turn them to advantage! Such souls will be amply recompensed hereafter. I always look upon these miseries as a kind of money with which to buy Heaven; but then this money must bear the image of Jesus Christ, just as our ordinary coinage bears the superscription of the king or queen of the country where it is struck. Courage, then, courage! Our King loves you and calls you to Himself by His own way, the royal road of the Cross. Try to love it for His sake, and to follow Him gladly, when and where He calls you. When we shall meet each other again in the place where we all hope to be reunited, you will be rich in glory, for you have been rich in sorrows and in merits!"



## CHAPTER VIII.

*In Hong-Kong — Final Preparation.*

From Singapore our missionary proceeded to Hong-Kong, where he arrived after a long and tedious passage on board an English sailing-ship. The joy he experienced on landing made him exclaim. "I feel all the more keenly how great a rest it will be to quit this stormy sea of the world, and to repose in our good God!" He was a little disappointed not to find at Hong-Kong the letters which were to fix his future destination; but he consoled himself with the thought that he was not yet fit for the heavy charge of the apostolate. A still greater disappointment arose from finding no letters from home — not even one from his sister! He felt this keenly and his loneliness pressed upon him heavily for the first few weeks. When tidings from his family at length arrived, he broke into a song of joy to his father, as follows:—

"Oh, your letters did me so much good! I love them as one loves the dew after great heats, as the traveller in the desert rejoices at the green oasis where he and his camels can rest and find shade and water. For we poor missionaries live, as it were, in a desert, and that always. When we get news of our loved ones at home, of our country, of our friends, how happy it makes us! I feel a thousand times stronger when I have read and re-read your dear letters, for your sympathy fortifies and encourages me. I no longer feel alone in my sacrifice; others share in it and live, as it were, with me in thought and heart. God be praised for the home-love in which I have been cradled and for the dear friends He has given me! I am as a branch of a tree, and no longer dried up by being separated from the parent stem, for the same loving sap runs through us all. God is surely very good to our human hearts, which He has formed, and of which He knows the yearnings and the weaknesses; and then He is the same in China as in France, and what do we want beside Him on earth or in Heaven!"

Fr. Vénard stayed fifteen months at Hong-Kong. During this time he devoted himself to learning the Chinese language, in itself a most arduous and wearisome task, for the different dialects are innumerable, and though he put his whole heart into it, yet his health, which was affected by the great heat, often prevented his studying. When this was the case he used to take long walks by the seashore or in the mountains, trying to become acquainted with the people and their habits; and although their hypocrisy and vanity often disgusted him, still the modesty of the women, and their careful decency in dress and manner, often contrasted favorably with the customs of his own countrywomen. What drove him almost to despair was the bad example given to the natives by Europeans calling themselves Christians, who, as he expressed it, "wherever they went, spoiled God's work." But his special indignation was aroused by the conduct of the English engaged in the opium trade.

(To be continued.)

# The Fate of the Pagans

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*Have the pagans means to work out their salvation?*

No one can enter Heaven to enjoy the Beatific vision, who has not departed from this life in the state of grace. This condition is essential. For a pagan to be saved, he must acquire sanctifying grace during life, and be in possession of it at the moment of death. Has a pagan means to do this?

Yes, for God wills all men to be saved. No one can revoke in doubt this will of God made manifest in the work of the Redemption; Our Lord died *for all men* without exception, and the sanctifying value of His passion is applicable to all men who have lived on earth before and after Him. This Divine Will is evinced by the fact that God gives all men sufficient means to acquire supernatural life; the principal of these means, the one that, since the Passion of Our Lord, is the norm of salvation and to which all the others are linked, is the Church; by her Sacraments, she brings within reach of all — adults and children alike — life-giving and sanctifying grace.

But God's Holy Will, in desiring that all men be saved, takes into consideration the *natural condition* in which a person is placed; for instance, children can acquire sanctifying grace through Baptism, but the administration of Baptism demands a minister; thus the Will of God will be accomplished only through the intermediary of that minister or of those who have charge of the children. Another condition that God respects at all times is the free will of the adult; He will not save us *without our co-operation and in spite of our voluntary opposition*; for this reason, God's Will to save all men does not lead Him to constrain the souls whose unbridled liberty turns them away from the path of salvation, nor to work continuous miracles to prevent the action of natural causes that are liable, in certain cases, and especially in that of children, to be obstacles to the acquisition of grace.

Therefore, taking into account the Will of God alone, the soul that goes to hell does so of its own accord, the soul that goes to Heaven does so by the grace of God; and the soul that goes to Limbo, without culpability on its part, has had sufficient means of attaining salvation, but natural circumstances have prevented these means from effectuating the end to which they were destined.

On the part of the adult, however, definite conditions must be fulfilled in order to receive sanctifying grace. We call "adult" one who has sufficient discretion to distinguish between evil and good and to commit sin; age matters little — it may vary according to environment, education and personal dispositions . . . An adult can be justified only by a supernatural act of faith, even if he has the Sacraments at his disposal. Faith is the foundation and the root of all justification.

A pagan adult, consequently, can be saved by an act of supernatural faith.

*(To be continued.)*





## A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of  
Missionaries...

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

*St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.*

Kindly publish my thanksgiving towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. Miss Lilly Léger, **Montreal**. — Gladly do I acquit myself of a promise made in honour of St. Teresa of Lisieux for the cure of my legs. Kindly join me in thanking this dear little saint. I. Caron, **St. Pamphile**. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a grace received through her intercession. I beg her to continue protecting me. A. C., **Garneau Junction**. — Lively gratitude towards the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a favour received through her intercession. May she continue protecting the household. Mrs. R. Dupont, **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks to the "Little Flower of Carmel" for a favour obtained. A. Boucher.

**Biddeford, Me.** — Homage of gratitude towards the Patroness of Missionaries for the great favour she has obtained for me. I now recommend to her a very important affair. Mrs. E. B., **Heaslip, Ont.** — Thanksgiving for a grace obtained through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. A. B., **St. Bernard de Lacolle**. — Lively gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. V. T. C., **Ville St. Pierre**. — A thousand thanks to the "Little Flower of Carmel" for a favour obtained through her intercession. Anonymous. — Homage of gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. I beg for other favours. Mrs. O. St. M., **Worcester, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained through the intercession of St. Teresa of Lisieux. Mrs. D. V., **Oka**.



## A Burse for the Support of a Missionary

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.

The "Holy Cross Burse" opened in June, 1939, is now closed. We heartily thank the generous donors who have contributed to its formation, and we pray the Author of all blessings to reward them abundantly.

Under the auspices of the Holy Child Jesus, another Burse has just been opened. We are confident that it will be welcomed by all the friends of the missions, and that the Divine Child in Whose tiny hands it has been confided, will soon see it filled with small and large offerings.

### Burse of the Child Jesus

November-December 1941.....\$1.00

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

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

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### The Habit of Prayer

There is no habit so necessary to the power of the Christian's life and the effectiveness of his work as that of prayer. Not simply an occasional half-hour supplication, however earnest, but a habit or frame of mind which makes direct and definite petition natural and spontaneous, at any time and about anything; powerful contact with God's life and power, so that every touch on the part of others brings out "virtue" from it and from the Master.

There is an attitude and aptitude of mind and heart which is prayer in spirit, like electricity in storage only waiting for the occasion to become prayer in action. Any employment or enjoyment which would be unfavourable to the prayer spirit is, therefore, inexpedient, if not positively sinful.

"Pray without ceasing." Does anyone say this is hard to do? Impossible and impracticable? Hear the testimony of that brave soldier, Stonewall Jackson.

"I have so fitted the habit in my mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without asking God's blessing; never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal; never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thoughts heavenward; never change my classes in the lecture rooms without a minute's petition for the cadets who go out and those who come in."

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### VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

*of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception*

Sanctuary lamp.....	\$ 25.00
Float or candle.....	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle; font-size: 3em; line-height: 1;">{</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">           10 cents each.            75 cents for a novena.            \$ 2.00 for a month.            20.00 for a year.         </div> </div>





## CHINA

*Letter from Sister Agnes of Jesus<sup>(1)</sup>, Superior of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception at the Lazaretto, Shek Lung, China, to her Superior General.*

*Lazaretto of Shek Lung, August 9, 1941.*

REVEREND AND DEAR MOTHER,

How consoling it is for me to confide to your maternal heart the sweet hopes, as well as the apprehensions and sufferings which fill the hearts of your daughters, the Servants of the poor lepers! Each time that you reply to our letters, we feel renewed courage to pursue, despite all the difficulties, the Work which has been intrusted to us.

As true Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception, we remain cheerful, our souls being filled with that intimate joy given to us by the good Master Whom we serve; but I must acknowledge that my heart is bleeding at the moment I am writing to you.

Such a crisis as the present one has never before been seen on our Island. It can be briefly described by the following: miseries of war, resources constantly diminishing and finally exhausted, impossibility of renewing provisions, dangers of travelling, extreme fatigue, debility of the Sisters resulting from the anxieties and privations of all kinds.

I know, dear Mother, that such a brief summary is not sufficient for you, and, for this reason, I am giving you more details. It would be impossible to tell you everything; pages and pages would be necessary to relate the happenings of two or three days only of our present existence at the Lazaretto.

You know, beloved Mother, how often we had to go to Canton for subsidies. As travelling became more and more difficult recently, we were obliged several times to prolong our stay in that city and reduce the number of our journeys. The amounts received diminishing gradually, our debts have increased, for we have had to continue providing for the sustenance of our large family. Rice has become distressingly high; it now sells for a dollar and twenty a pound. At that rate, with more than six hundred

1. Margaret SHERRY, Montreal.



SISTER ST. FRANÇOIS D'ASSISE (CLARA HEBERT, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF SHEK LUNG, ENCOURAGING A POOR LEPROUS WOMAN WHOSE LIMBS ARE DECAYING.

patients to sustain, you can easily understand that a few hundred dollars do not last long. In short, the situation has become very critical. The last time we sought help, we were told that it could no longer be furnished and that we had to send away our patients. Close the Leper Asylum and send away our patients, Mother, is it possible?... We cannot think of doing that and we have determined to remain at our post to the end.

To make things worse, the Pearl River has been blockaded just as the sacks of wheat given to us by the American Red Cross Committee were to be conveyed here. Sister St. François d'Assise<sup>(1)</sup> and I spent days and days trying to have the merchandise destined for our dear lepers transported here, but we had to leave everything in Canton, and it was with tear-filled eyes that we returned to our Island. Needless to say, we shed bitter tears. Rice was then bought day by day and on credit, but now, the merchants refuse to sell any, despite our promise of payment.

Our patients are in a state of anguish easy to conceive. The echoes

of the last events have travelled through the wards more rapidly than lightning, and a pitiful lowness of spirits has been the result. However, the courage of the Infirmarian-Sisters has revived their hope.

Thanks to the devotedness of our dear Sisters Marie Immaculée<sup>(2)</sup> and Marie Céline<sup>(3)</sup>, of Canton, who have gone to all the government offices and made several requests by letter, we have obtained five thousand dollars (national money) which permitted us to sustain our famished crowd during seven days. An English committee then gave us three thousand dollars, an amount levied on the charity funds, which will enable us to provide for the needs of our family during ten days at the most. Who can tell what will happen after that?...

If we remain cheerful, our joy is, as I have said above, entirely spiritual, for, from the human standpoint, all is sadness. The future, that is to say, to-morrow, is shrouded in darkness; we are facing the spectre of famine.

1. Clara HEBERT, Montreal.

2. Alice VANCHESTEIN, St. Michel of Napierville, Que.

3. Gracia BLANCHET, Drummondville, Que.



Our dear children, stimulated by the example of the Sisters, have begun novenas to good St. Joseph; they wish at all costs to obtain help — their life is at stake! . . . The other day, I was visiting the wards and the following reflections, escaped from the lips of a few leprous women, came and strengthened my faith. Thinking themselves alone, the women were chatting together: "It is true that we won't live long now, we haven't enough rice for a week and the Sisters have no money to buy more. Do you think they will go away and leave us here alone?" "No, I don't think so. They always have remained with us in difficult times." "Yes, but now there's nothing to eat, it isn't the same." "The Sisters said that, like us, they would eat only soup, and that they would die with us, if it was necessary."

If we turn to the earth, all is lacking us; and there is nothing left to do but to abandon ourselves in the hands of Divine Providence. I am confident that our cries of distress will re-echo in the hearts of our charitable friends of Canada, who have many a time assisted us in inextricable difficulties. A few hundred dollars each month would set afloat our barque which is on the point of sinking. Thanks to the exchange which is favourable, three Canadian dollars are sufficient to buy food for a leper during a month.

Yes, I am sure that good St. Joseph will not let us perish in such a disaster, and that, answering the ardent prayers of the lepers, he will prompt charitable deeds among our brothers in our native land. Oh! if at home people knew what it is to be in want, in dire want! . . . As for us, we are ready to die with our lepers — what a more enviable end could we long for? But the sight of all these poor unfortunates whose emaciated features seem to say, "I'm hungry," breaks our heart, it is why we stretch out our hands to you. . . .

Our most fervent prayers and those of our poor lepers will be our grateful thanks to our charitable benefactors. The entire personnel of the Lazaretto, from those who are the less sick to those who are but a stump of humanity, recite from morning till night and often during the whole night, the efficacious prayers of the Holy Rosary. I ask the Holy Angels to bear this sad letter to you, hoping that it will not be too late and that you will be able to succour us.

Dear Mother, bless our large family of unfortunates and your daughters who want to remain always,

THE SERVANTS OF THE LEPERS.

When sending alms, please address:

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,  
St. Joseph's Lazaretto,  
Box 93,  
Canton, China.

or: Mother House,  
2900 St. Catherine Road,  
Cote des Neiges,  
Montreal, P.Q.  
Canada.

*Gleanings from the Diary of the Missionary Sisters of the  
Immaculate Conception in Tsungming.*

For the past few months, babies have been flocking to our foundling-home. Our old gleaners take them here and there: in the homes of the poor who reject them on account of their indigence, and in the homes of the rich who abandon them through superstition. One evening, recently, we had thirty to take to church for Baptism.

Large baskets containing eight, ten, and even fifteen babies, are brought to us almost every day; in fact, our cradles are never empty. Scarcely have the frail little creatures winged their flight to the Heavenly Abode, when others come to fill the places left vacant.

One morning — we were not up yet — two women were waiting at the door with two babies extremely thin. Another day, a poor beggar-woman brought us two she had found in a deserted hut where she had sought a lodging for the night. The poor little things were only a few weeks old and were covered with scabs and vermin.

On trying to warm up a little baby that had been brought to us almost frozen, we found out that its feet had been cut — an effect of superstition or of the parents' brutality.

A pair of twins were about to be thrown to the swine when a Christian woman, seeing this, persuaded the father, a very rich man, to give them to her. He consented, on condition that she would not baptize them. The proposition was agreed upon, but the dear children were immediately brought to the Mission. The Saving Waters soon purified the little souls concealed in these wretched and repulsive bodies.

Recently, we received a baby that kept crying all the time though it seemed in good health. An hour had not elapsed after its arrival, when the worms which had settled in its poor head began to issue in great numbers from its ears. Death could not tarry . . . The Waters of Baptism were immediately poured on the forehead of the dear child, and a few moments later its cruel sufferings were exchanged for the ineffable happiness of Heaven.

The inhabitants of our Isle still suffer from the effects of the terrible conflagration of August, 1940. Distress reigns everywhere — dire distress — and very numerous are the indigents who come to our door for alms.

Se Hou Tsen, a village of six hundred families, is now but a heap of ashes and ruins in the midst of which poor afflicted people are weeping and lamenting.

Needless to say, we have brought happiness to several and relieved many a suffering with the contents of the cases which have come from our native country. Many thanks to our devoted benefactors and benefactresses who afford us the joy of comforting the poor of Tsungming!

On the twelfth of the Chinese month, especially, vagabonds wander in throngs through the city and country in quest of a pittance. According to the law, full liberty is given them on this day to beg from door to door. Some thirty came to the Dispensary of Paochen; they were ragged and dirty and covered with scabs.



The personnel of the orphanage has recently increased by the arrival of two little girls, twelve and thirteen years of age. The latter is in a very pitiful state. Having contracted meningitis a few years ago, she has remained very nervous. She does not cease moving and walking, and this sometimes exasperates her companions. "You are not any kinder to me than my aunt," she said to them one day. "When I was ill, she would put me to bed behind the stove so as not to hear me cry. Only the *Momos* (Sisters) have a kind heart." The dear child is naturally docile, but, on account of her strange illness, she is not responsible for her acts.

Ye Lang, a nineteen-year-old orphan who has just arrived, is surprised at many things. "It is strange," she said, "at home I was whipped when I ate much; here, *Momo* says to us, 'Eat, eat,' and she comes and serves us herself when we do not take enough." "My heart is filled with sorrow," she said another day, "when I think that I always lived like a little animal without reason—eat, drink, and sleep, were my only occupations. In the homes where I was received, I slept behind the stove or had no other shelter than the shade of the straw huts. Now I am like a queen, what a difference!" The poor child whose faculties have not been developed has much difficulty remembering what she learns, and this sometimes discourages her. One day she was complaining: "How hard it is to prepare for Baptism! I can never remember if there is one God or if there are three." "Why, that's easy," answered Fong Keu, a little bit of a tot, "to remember the first, don't think of the others!"

Sieu Lang, a twelve-year-old orphan who had been sold at birth to some pagans, and who had come here thanks to the protection of the Vicar General, had the happiness of making her First Communion on the beautiful feast of Pentecost. During her retreat, while all alone in a corner, she was heard passing this remark: "How happy I am! I shall at last be a real Christian, and it will be possible for me to receive Jesus in my heart. Tomorrow, I shall go to confession; I shall tell all my sins, and I do not want to



SISTER MARIE DE SION (FLORIDA RAVARY, ST. CLET, SOULANGES CO.) AND A FEW WORKERS OF THE WORKROOM, TSUNGMING, CHINA.

commit any more." The next day, she was radiant in her First Communion clothes which had been taken in the cases coming from Canada. Yes, Sieu Lang was happy because she understood the greatness of the Gift that was hers on this memorable day.

An event which could not pass unnoticed at the Orphanage was the marriage of Ming Tching which took place in April last. Although still young, she began to think of leaving us; the desire to see the city and enjoy freedom was constantly in her mind, and she was beginning to find herself too much shut in at the Orphanage. This child, who was a refugee, had been betrothed in her early years, and our Reverend Pastor thought it better to consent to her desire and hasten her marriage. The other orphans were sorry to see her go because all know very well that peace and happiness are to be found at the Orphanage, whilst, in the world, one meets with many trials and has to struggle continually to eke out a living and live up to one's religion. We hope Ming Tching will remember the lessons she was taught at the Catholic Mission, and that she will thus be able to do good in her new family.

In a low hut where one had to stoop to enter, an old pagan woman, ninety years of age, was dying. "It's an old devil that lives there," said the neighbours to Sister who was going to visit her. "Are you not afraid?" "I have weapons to fight the devil," answered the Sister Nurse, and she entered the gloomy hovel. "Good-day, Granny! How are you?"

"I'm dying, and I don't want to die because I am an old devil."

"If you are willing to believe in the thrice-holy God, He will forgive you."

"I believe, I believe; hurry and baptize me."

After having explained the principal truths of our Holy Religion, with a hand trembling with emotion, Sister poured the Regenerating Waters on the brow of this *old devil* who, through the mercy of God, became an heir of Heaven. In fact, scarcely had she been purified when she exclaimed: "My God, I love Thee, forgive me!" and her pure soul winged its flight towards its Creator and Saviour. How good God is, and how merciful!...

#### Report of the Mission of Tsungming for the year 1940:

Babies at the Foundling-Home	1,820	Children at the Orphanage	32
Pupils at school	27	Workers at the Workroom	143
Native Professed Teresians	33	Native novices	11

#### Dispensary:

Infant Baptisms	1,401	Adult Baptisms	49
Patients	9,108	Treatments	14,652
Teeth extracted	199	Homes visited	1,085
Injections	560	Vaccinations	243



## Dispensary of Paochen:

Infant Baptisms .....	647	Adult Baptism .....	1
Patients .....	1,986	Treatments .....	3,440
Teeth extracted .....	27	Homes visited .....	300
Injections .....	91	Vaccinations .....	4

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\* \*

*Gleanings from the Diary of the Missionary Sisters  
of the Immaculate Conception, Süchow*

**Saturday, May 3, 1941**

Presuming ideal weather, we organized a picnic for our pupils at Patzekiai, a vast ground belonging to the Mission and situated about a mile from our Convent. We set out at half-past nine this morning; the sky was serene and the sun shining feebly. While we wended our way through the narrow streets, we could notice once again how the Chinese love verdure and flowers. Here, every patch of ground being carefully used for the cultivation of vegetables, vast parterres are never seen, but each yard, however small it may be, has an acacia, a pomegranate-tree, or a simple willow offering its beneficent shade. Then, by the doors of the poorest dwellings as at the entrance of wealthy homes, laurels, chrysanthemums or geraniums always add a touch of gayety. And the feathered songsters are not less cherished by the Celestials; often enough the workmen are seen carrying a bird-cage to their work. Yes, the Chinese love nature: a beautiful sunset, a rose in bloom, a graceful turtle-dove thrills their heart. Oh, if all these noble souls were illumined with the light of Divine Faith, their songs of praise and admiration would soar unhindered towards the Author of all beauty and marvels!

At a quarter past ten we had reached our destination. Reverend Brother Fontaine, S. J., watching the men that were tilling the soil — part of the vegetables consumed at the Mission are cultivated at Patzekiai — gave us a warm welcome. In the shade of the acacias, tables and benches had been prepared; fagots of branches near an improvised pot invited us to a hot meal.

Our first care was to erect a little shrine to our Heavenly Mother on a pretty flowery bower, and, under Mary's maternal protection, the cheerful band sang, played and made music. Then, the bell rang for luncheon which was completed with a dish of fresh strawberries, the first of the season.

In the course of the afternoon, a pleasant surprise awaited us: the only depositary of the secret was carefully watching the contents of a pot which had just been placed on the crackling fire, and at three o'clock we were given palettes... Were we going to have a sugar party?... Yes, we had guessed right and there we were, like in our Canadian sugar-camps,

cheerfully enjoying the good taffy of our native country! Time which is always so short seemed to be still more so to-day; and too soon, in our opinion, did we see the horizon, reddened by the rays of the setting sun, invite us to return.

On the way, uniting our voices to the warbling of the birds that were singing their evening hymn, we fervently intoned the *Magnificat* to thank Divine Providence for the manifold kindnesses bestowed upon us.

### Sunday, May 11

The day of the first meeting with the Divine Guest of the Tabernacle rose for ten of the little girls of our Patronage. Their entrance into the church in white dresses and veils deeply impressed the Christians of Süchow who were seeing this costume for the first time.

The feast of Mary, Mediatrix of all Graces, Queen of China, to whom Our Holy Father the Pope has dedicated the faithful of this country, has been inaugurated in the Vicariate to-day.

Confirmation took place before Mass, then the Holy Sacrifice was offered by His Excellency Bishop Coté assisted by Reverend Fathers Gariépy, S. J. and Bégin, S. J. During the ceremony, pious hymns were sung by the seminarians under the direction of Reverend Brother Fortin, S. J.

Such exterior pomp will certainly engrave deeply in the hearts of our First Communicants the remembrance of this memorable day.



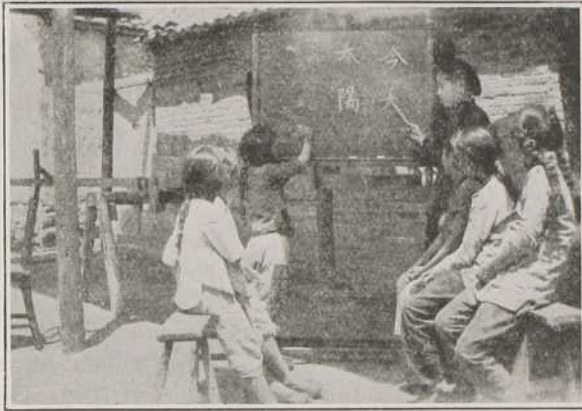
SISTER MARIE DE LA PROTECTION (CECILE ROBERGE, QUEBEC),  
SISTER ST. ALICE (JEANNE BASTIEN, MONTREAL), MISSIONARIES OF  
SÜCHOW, AND THE FIRST COMMUNICANTS OF MAY 11, 1941.

### Saturday, May 17

Wednesday last, when visiting one of our patients seriously ill, we deemed prudent to prepare her for the long journey. What was not our surprise on realizing that she possessed a fair knowledge of Christianity! "Every evening, during the holidays," she said, "we assembled in the



yard and our neighbour, a pupil of the college, explained to us your religion which I have always admired. I am convinced that it is the only true one, but one point prevents me from embracing it. There is a commandment which forbids to work on Sunday; I am too poor to observe it." The objection was soon refuted and to-day this soul of good will was requesting Baptism. "Baptize me," she said, pleadingly, "for I want to go and see God. When I look at the hideous idols surrounding me, I am frightened;



THE WRITING LESSON AT THE PATRONAGE OF SÜCHOW  
IS GIVEN IN THE OPEN AIR AS THERE IS NO ROOM  
IN THE CONVENT.

they look angry and I don't know how to appease them. So, grasping my Miraculous Medal, I kiss it lovingly, and soon I feel my soul flooded with peace." When the Saving Waters had flowed upon the brow of the happy moribund, her face became radiant and reflected the inexpressible joy which the Sacrament had communicated to her soul.

### Wednesday, May 28

A few weeks ago, a two-month baby, afflicted with an unforgiving disease, scurvy, arrived at the Dispensary. This morning it was brought to us again by its grandmother. What a pitiful sight presented its poor little face! One cheek and a part of the nose have decayed and fallen away; through a cavity we perceive the upper jaw-bone. The fetid odour this horrible wound emits renders the treating of it very disagreeable, and the parents refuse to give the child proper care. The charitable grandmother alone overcame all repugnance so far; but, discouraged by the progress of the disease, she asked us in tears if there was any hope for recovery. We were to prepare her gradually for the great sacrifice when she added at once: "If he is to suffer a long time yet, tell me, and I shall hasten his death by throwing him away, for I can no longer see him in that state; my courage is failing me to dress his wound." In order to spare this poor child such a cruel fate, we exhorted the grandmother to bring the baby



SISTER ST. AMEEDÉ (EMILIENNE VEZINA, QUEBEC)  
INSPECTS THE WORK OF THE CHILDREN OF THE  
PATRONAGE, SÜCHOW.

to the Dispensary every day, to which arrangement she readily agreed. This repulsive little body hides a pure and beautiful soul which will soon fly up to its Creator, for the child was baptized the first day it was brought to us.

### **Wednesday, June 4**

The Lord has just called to Himself one of His faithful servants, Reverend Father Paul de

Geloes, S. J., eighty-three years of age, the last French missionary belonging to the Shanghai Vicariate and also the last of the worthy pioneers who, in Süchow, have known many a trying hour in the beginnings of the Mission. "Death is sweet!" did he often repeat in the decline of life. Yes, death is sweet to him who has lived for God alone and sacrificed himself entirely to His glory; with what clemency will he not be judged! After almost forty years of apostolate, this ardent missionary has certainly been greeted in Heaven by a multitude of souls that owe him their felicity. Doubtless, this saintly religious will continue to work for the salvation of the pagans by lending his assistance to those who are continuing his task here below.

### **Thursday, June 12**

Our little hive has been rather silent for some time past. Its busy little bees are out collecting in the fields of wheat.

It is *ko mei* (reaping time). Here the poor who do not possess a piece of ground procure a few months' provisions by gathering the heads of grain that have been left on the fields after the crop has been removed. For this task all hands must help and our little girls, who belong to beggar families, must take part in the bee. Thus, that which is willingly left for the birds, at home, is eagerly coveted by the inhabitants of Süchow.

Here is a fact which shows how our poor people must speculate to solve the problem of life.

Thanks to the kindness of Reverend Brother Pesant, S. J., we have had at the Dispensary for two years now, an installation much appreciated in the hot weather. It is a fan which functions by means of a cord and which the patients, who benefit by it, keep in operation.

A little lad seemed to have taken his task at heart one morning and vigorously set the apparatus in motion when, all of a sudden, his mother



called out to him: "Siao San (little third one), let go that cord; you will tire yourself and at dinner I shall have to give you an extra biscuit." Have we ever heard of such speculation at home, in order to save a few mouthfuls of bread? . . .

### Sunday, June 15

Magnificent feasts have been celebrated to-day at the cathedral. The remembrance of them will long remain engraved in the hearts of our Christians. Reverend Fathers G. Constant, S. J., and Louis Tchen were raised to the priesthood by His Excellency Bishop P. Coté.

The church was bedecked with flowers and pretty bandrols, and the faithful who had come very numerous followed, with edifying attention, the touching and symbolical ceremonies which took place.

In his sermon, Reverend Father Ho recalled to the Christians the grandeur and dignity of the priest. He laid great stress on the necessity for parents to second the vocation of their children.

This is a tender spot in the lives of our good Chinese — Christians of a day for the greater number — in whom priestly vocations meet with more than one obstacle. They do not easily consent to sacrifice a numerous descent, and human planning does not always agree with Divine exigencies. May the calling of the Master henceforth be heard and followed without hindrance; labourers are so few and the Harvest so great! . . .



A WOMAN WHO SELLS BOILING WATER,  
WITH HER TWO CHILDREN, SÜCHOW,  
CHINA.

### Monday, June 30

A young woman was conducted to us last Thursday. Her strange conduct and disheveled hair made us soon understand that this was a case of poisoning.

After a violent fit of anger with her father-in-law, the unfortunate woman, wishing to have the latter *lose face*, made an attempt to kill herself by taking a strong dose of opium. So that nobody might see her, she retired in an uninhabited house; but her little boy who had followed her, seeing her suffering so much, ran

to tell the neighbours. In spite of her resistance, she was taken to the Dispensary. At first, she did not want to take a single remedy and begged us to let her die. Having vainly tried all kinds of exhortations, we suddenly caught her heart strings by exposing to her the dark future of her two children who would be left without support. The young woman consented to take a few emetics, which neutralized the effect of the poison. After we had given her an injection to strengthen her heart, she left quite resigned.

To-day, we came across another case not less pitiful of unrepressed anger. The victim was a woman of twenty-five. The Sister-Infirmarian's helper took more than an hour to remove the bandages with which her head was wrapped; we were even obliged to cut part of her hair to facilitate the task. We then saw three large wounds covering the surface of the skull, a fourth one very close to the temple; these seemed to have been made with a sharp instrument. The patients pitied the fate of the poor unfortunate and asked her many a question but no answer came to satisfy their curiosity. Her little boy looked at her with tear-filled eyes but neither did he utter a word. One could hardly understand that a human being should be brutal enough to ill-treat a fellow-creature thus. May the Divine Sun of Faith enlighten our poor pagans and kindle in their hearts the fire of the charity of Christ!

#### **Thursday, July 10**

While accompanying Sister Marie Xavier<sup>(1)</sup> on a visit to a sick child, Sister Ste. Alice<sup>(2)</sup> experienced one of those ineffable joys whose remembrance is like a ray of sunshine in the life of a missionary. Tsoei Hoen is a twelve-year-old girl who frequented the Patronage last summer. Tuberculosis which was wasting her away has finished its work, and the poor emaciated child was lying on a miserable pallet. When she perceived the Sisters, her big eyes sparkled with delight. "Last year," she said, "what nice holidays I have spent at the Convent! This year, I want to pass them in Heaven, and that is why I have sent for you. I must be baptized to become God's little girl." Complying with the desire of the candid child, Sister Ste. Alice poured on her brow the Purifying Waters and gave her protégée the name of Laurette. Comforted and radiant with Divine joy, Tsoei Hoen thanked the Sisters and invited them to come back.

#### **Friday, July 18**

To respond to a desire many a time expressed, we accompanied a few Christian girls to a Buddhistic temple.

At the entrance of the pagoda, an enormous bell and a drum filled the air with their cadenced sounds. In the exterior porches, we noticed on the right hand side a statue representing a care-worn traveller dismounting with

1. Berthe PARADIS, Tingwick, Arthabaska Co., Que.

2. Jeanne BASTIEN, Montreal.



great pains from his beast; on the left, the same personage was cheerfully mounting his horse and galloping away.

This is, so they said, a symbol of the change wrought in the pilgrims who, oppressed with the burden of their physical or moral sufferings, come to seek relief by soliciting the power of the gods.

There we were in the interior before the altar of the gods which measures from ten to fifteen feet in height. In the fore-ground were represented the three gods of the seconds, minutes and hours; their looks were rather compassionate. Then came the one who is to judge the good and the wicked; the god of the guilty, at his side, had a terrifying aspect. On this same altar, in a deep excavation adorned with draperies could be seen the god



IN HER APOSTOLIC JOURNEYINGS, SISTER MARIE DE LA PROTECTION (CECILE ROBERGE, QUEBEC) VISITS A POOR FAMILY OF SÜCHOW. THE WRETCHED HUTS ARE SO LOW THAT SHE MUST STOOP TO BE ABLE TO ENTER.

of gods; he was painted in gold and surrounded with miniatures representing his valets. A large incense burner was placed on a table and a few Joss-sticks were being consumed.

Continuing our visit, we came across a whole series of divinities. Here, the god of war was brandishing his sword; there, the god of victory was unfurling a flag. Under little veiled tents, our cicerone showed us the god of the children who are sick with the measles, a little farther the god that cures sore eyes. Then came the rooms of rest: a goddess and her husband were slumbering; they were covered with a red comforter. Both of them had a hand behind the ear to show that even in their sleep they listened to the prayers addressed them. As a last curiosity, we were shown the wife of the god of gods wearing a gold-embroidered gown, bracelets, rings, earrings, etc.; she was seated in a palanquin. It is with this goddess that the Chinese parade in the streets on great festivals or in calamities.

What a feeling of sadness similar excursions leave in the soul! Oh, how heart-rending it is to see after twenty centuries of Christianity that there are countries in which the true God is still unknown!

**Thursday, July 24**

According to the lunar calendar, the second sixth month opened to-day. The case of a supplementary month is renewed every four or five years. Sometimes it is the fifth, sometimes the seventh or eighth month, that is thus doubled. When it is the sixth month like this year, the custom requires that the wives offer their mothers-in-law a pair of orange-yellow shoes, as a wish of perfect health and happy longevity. We therefore sometimes meet good ladies, septuagenarians even, who try to assume a youthful appearance with their yellow slippers embroidered in blue or pink.

**Friday, August 1**

Great joy filled our souls on the evening of this first day of August. Our Divine Lord deigned to make use of us to lead into His Church two souls which have already reached the port of Blessed Eternity.

Called in haste to the bedside of a dying woman this afternoon, we arrived just as a ray of consciousness revived her. After the explanation of the principal truths of our Holy Religion, the moribund consented to receive Baptism. Scarcely had the Saving Waters flowed on her brow when the cold perspiration of death began to trickle down her livid features and she fell once again in a lethargy.

The supper-bell had rung when we returned to the Convent, but as we were crossing the threshold, a professor of the college begged us to visit his father who was seriously ill. Diagnosticating from the information given us that death was imminent, we hastened to his assistance. He was the head of one of our good but pagan families of Süchow and was dying with cancer. Having a certain knowledge of the Catholic Religion, the patient immediately accepted Baptism which opened him the gates of Heaven. It was seven o'clock when the angels bore his newly-regenerated soul to its Creator and loving Saviour.



Those who contribute according to their means to the salvation of the infidels in helping the work of the missionaries, fulfill an obligation of prime importance and render to God, in the manner He loves best, their gratitude for the great gift of faith.

— *Benedict XV.*

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\* \*

We are apostles through prayer, through sacrifice. A single act of humility saves more souls than many eloquent sermons.

— *Rev. F. Perroy, S. J.*



## MANCHUKUO

### *Gleanings from the Diary of Our Sisters in Tungleao*

#### AT THE HOME FOR THE AGED

The old people of the Home form like a little family and live in common. Each inmate does a share of the work according to his strength and aptitudes. When one of them is ill, another takes his place. It sometimes happens that the tasks assigned are not in conformity with the tastes of those that are called to accomplish them. For instance, when Lao Hoang, who considers himself the head of the band, was confided the care of the swine, his blood boiled in his veins, and the effort he had to make to overcome his repugnance was so violent that he was red up to his ears. . . . Without a word, however, he set to work. By the way, Lao Hoang likes to be spick and span, so how could he bring into accordance this natural disposition with his new office? . . . Well, he managed it. One morning Sister Directress found him in his Sunday clothes, resting quietly on the *kang*. "You are not doing your work?" she inquired.

"I have finished it, Sister," he answered, to which his companions added: "He rose very early this morning and prepared all that was necessary for the day; when comes meal-time he will have nothing else to do but call the swine which will help themselves." In this way, our man will be able to hold the office of "honourable professor" as the Manchus say, and that of swineherd, without the one being a prejudice to the other! . . .

Mr. Yen, a little old man who does not measure five feet, runs from morning till night to supply the personnel with its provision of cereals. Meet him at any time, he will greet you with a smile. If he is ill — that which sometimes happens when one is seventy-six — he has no time to have himself treated, and the Sister-Nurse must run after him to give him some medicine and tell him to rest a little. The next morning as early as sunrise you will find him limping along with his donkey; he is already on his way to the mill to have his grain ground.

A venerable old woman, eighty-three years of age, still knows how to make herself useful. The Sister in charge of the old women's department having to go out, distributed to each of her charges a share of work to do. Granny had a seminarian's vest to patch and she was told that it had to be ready by evening. The trembling fingers got so busy that by four o'clock there was not one hole left in the vest, not even a button-hole. . . . Yes, Granny had carefully sewn up even the button-holes. One can imagine Sister's surprise on inspecting the work! Our dear old woman was excusable, however, for in China the use of buttons is but recent. The Chinese fasten their garments with knots and loops made out of the same material as the garment itself.

Our old people, the women especially, find the winter very severe. The long nights of December and January render them plaintive, and not without reason, for their worn limbs are benumbed by the cold, as the wind easily finds way into their poor dwellings.

The cold excites the appetite and it is not an easy problem to appease the hunger of all our charges with our scanty budget . . . An old man having one day taken more than his share of victuals, a companion severely berated him and a little fight ensued; but Sister, catching them in the act, soon re-established peace. Shortly afterwards the bell rang for prayers at the Parish church and our two old men were seen going to Confession to obtain forgiveness for the fault they had just committed. Who will not admire the fervour of these Christians who, but yesterday, knew nothing of the precepts of the Gospel?



A GROUP OF CHRISTIANS OF TUNGLEAO ASSEMBLED AT THE MISSION.

The dear old women sometimes act as real children and greatly amuse the Sister who takes care of them. If she has to go out for some time, she finds them on her return preparing good little treats. One had a little provision of buckwheat flour she had laid aside without anybody's knowing of it the last time they had had a feast; another spent her few pennies to buy white flour . . . and now they were preparing a favorite dish.

Our protégés are ordinarily very much attached to the Home. Mrs. Kao, septuagenarian admitted here three years ago, was telling visitors: "Nothing can determine me to leave the Catholic Mission. My son died here and I also want to end my life in this abode of peace." Another, Mrs. Wang, was inquiring how much it would cost her to have a funeral service sung after her death. "It is so beautiful when all the Sisters sing," she said, adding, "I shall not spend another penny, but save them all for that purpose."

One day Grandpa Lieou took a fancy to leave the Home and seek elsewhere a softer bed and better food. But a week had scarcely gone by when he returned and tearfully begged to be admitted anew. He was told



that his place had been given to another; however, his entreaties became so earnest that the Missionary priest yielded to them and welcomed him once again.

Some mendicants prefer to remain free and beg their food from door to door, rather than subject themselves to the easy regulations established here. As long as they are strong enough to carry on this life all is well, but when death draws nigh, they are happy to be able to find a hospitable dwelling. While coming out of the church one day, the Christians remarked a ragged man dragging himself painfully towards the Mission. As he was exhausted, we had him conducted without delay to the Refuge where he was instructed in the truths of our Holy Faith and then baptized. Scarcely two hours later the new child of God was presenting himself at the gates of Paradise.

Another poor unfortunate whom we had already treated at the Dispensary for dropsy, recently had the happiness of living some time in this abode of charity where he was provided with his admission ticket for the Lord's Palace. The poor wretch was found one morning lying in the dust alongside the Mission-wall. He was rescued as a suffering member of Christ and given the care necessitated by his condition. Having instructed him in the truths of Religion, our Reverend Pastor administered to him the Sacraments of Baptism and Extreme Unction. Shortly afterwards the dying man commended his soul into the hands of his Creator. Privileged neophyte, praise on high the Lord's mercies in your regard!

Among the inmates of the Beggar's Home is an old man who is not poor at all, but whom nobody wants to take care of because he is blind. He belongs to the family of the sub-prefect of the city, who pays his board and wishes that he be well treated. This afflicted man has a loving and generous nature, and his soul is very receptive to the eternal truths. We hope he will soon enter into the bosom of the Church.

#### APOSTOLIC CONSOLATIONS

If missionary life sometimes involves difficulties and sacrifices painful to nature, it also has its joys and ineffable consolations. Now it is that of sheltering a poor old person without a home; then it is that of pouring the Saving Waters upon a little waif about to be thrown into the garbage pit by its parents. Besides, by our visits to homes and treatments at the Dispensary, what comfort and sunshine do we not bring to hearths tried by sickness!...

Every day a number of patients suffering from different illnesses come to the Dispensary. If bodies are ailing, souls are in a more pitiful state; while treating the ones with kindness, the Sister-Infirmarian tries to pour some oil on the others. For the little children, the first remedy is soon found; it is the bottle of holy water which purifies their soul and renders it pleasing to God.

A patient who has been frequenting the Dispensary for quite a while was beaming with joy when he arrived one morning. As we wondered at



NEWLY-MARRIED CHRISTIANS, MANCHUKUO.

THE BRIDE WEARS A PINK VEIL AND A GREEN DRESS. HER WREATH IS MADE OF VARIOUS FLOWERS, BUTTERFLIES AND BIRDS.

his happiness, he disclosed to us pretty prayer-beads hidden on his breast. They had been given to him by a friend and he prized them as a real treasure. Knowing not how to use the precious talisman, our man requested explanations on the manner of reciting the Rosary. Then, as one's memory is not too good at seventy, he asked us to copy the *Ave Maria* for him. He was very happy the next day when he returned, for he knew the prayer by heart. May the Blessed Virgin conduct this soul to her Divine Son!

One December day, a father brought us on his back his tuberculous daughter, sixteen years old. Besides the sufferings caused by her disease the girl had had to put up with all kinds of ill-treatment on the part of her step-parents and her heart was heavy with grief. The consoling truths of our Holy Faith were like a soothing balm to her and encouraged her to bear with resignation her bitter trials.

Tchao yu tchou is a little orphan boy who was received at the Mission a year ago. Accustomed to be dressed in rags and to roam about, the child scarcely knows himself in the new clothes Reverend Father Rector bought him. He has become the missionary's confidence boy and his joy is so great that he is at a loss to express his gratitude. His perfect obedience and fidelity to all his religious duties are the means by which he proves his thankfulness to his benefactors.



Two years ago the Mission of Siao kai ki had been closed on account of the small number of Christians attending the religious services; but in March last, the Missionary was requested to return. The Rector of Tungleao went and had the happiness of being met by forty-three Christians who gave him a very hearty welcome. It has therefore been decided that Father will go there every other week to say Mass and administer the Sacraments to this little flock.

#### ECONOMICAL DIFFICULTIES

The results of the war are severely felt in Tungleao and we have much trouble to procure what is necessary for our sustenance. The country is ever threatened with famine. There is no more meat, sugar or coal to be found on the market and the stores have not even unbleached cotton which was so common formerly. Lard is also extremely scarce.

In order that we might be able to utilize the sorghum stalks which the Chinese use as fuel, we had Russian stoves installed in our house last November. Placed in the wall, these have the advantage of heating two apartments at the same time, but on the other hand, the inconveniences they occasion are numerous.

As a mother solicitous about the welfare of her children, Divine Providence takes care of us and sends us just in time all that we need. One day it is a piece of unbleached cotton that is brought to us by some devoted benefactor, and out of which we cut five new aprons to replace the old ones that were falling to pieces. Another time it is a pound of sugar, a piece of meat, etc., given to us by kind friends.

#### Report of the Dispensary of Tungleao for the year 1940:

Baptisms.....	113	Patients.....	26,666	Treatments.....	53,426
Dressings.....	17,233	Teeth extracted..	195	Homes visited...	2,401
Injections.....	5,103	Vaccinations.....	174		

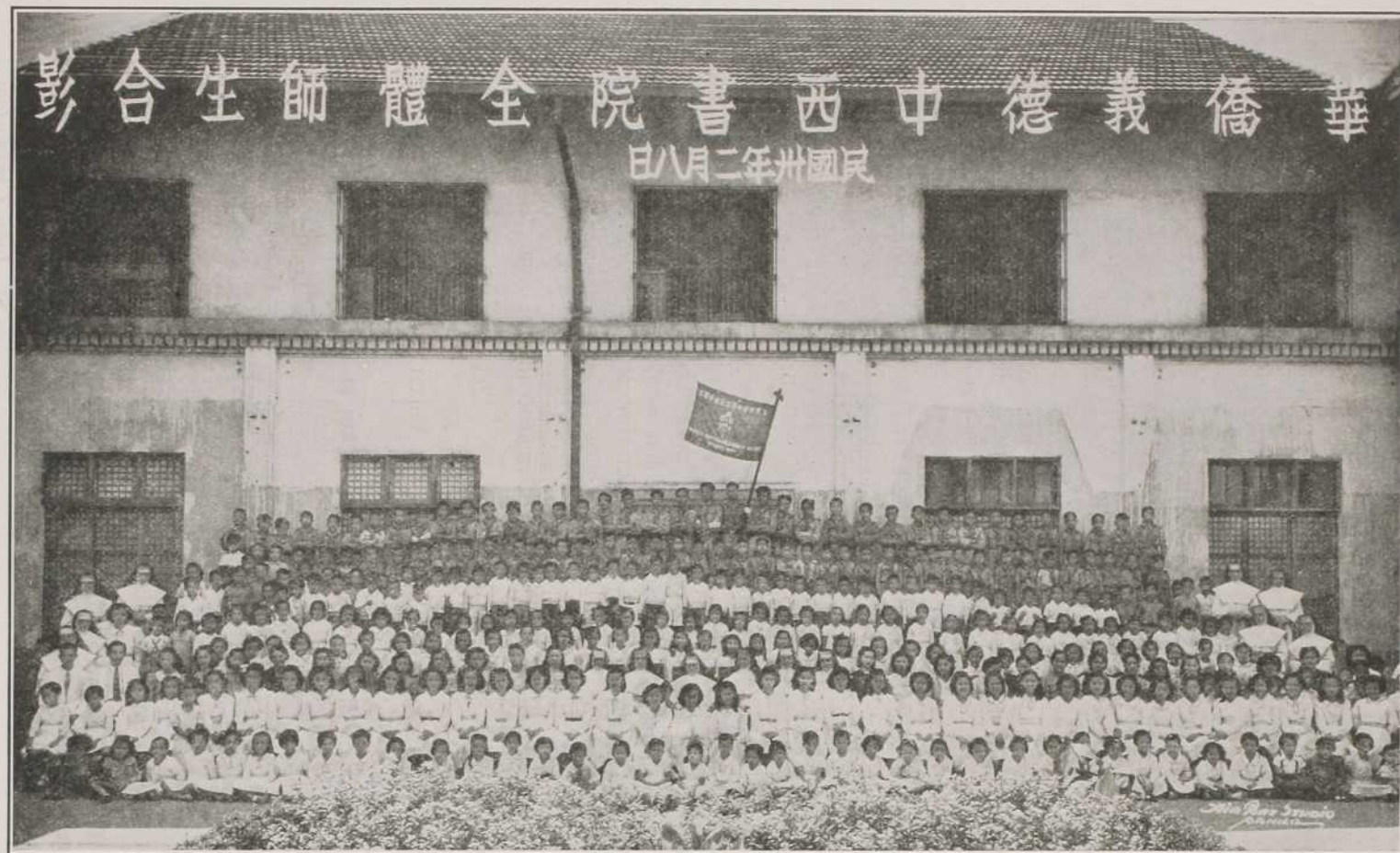
#### Report of the Dispensary of Siao kai ki for the year 1940:

Baptisms.....	27	Patients.....	5,198	Treatments.....	10,916
Dressings.....	3,113	Teeth extracted....	50	Homes visited...	158
Injections.....	608	Vaccinations.....	70		



There is nothing in the world so precious as a soul; had you distributed large sums of money to the poor, your deed would be nothing in comparison to that of him who brings a soul to God.

— *St. John Chrysostom.*



PUPILS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ACADEMY OF MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, DIRECTED  
BY THE MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.



## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

*Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Manila*

### **Wednesday, March 12, 1941**

The school year is drawing to a close. The most diligent of our pupils are taking advantage of a Chinese holiday to study, in preparation for the dreadful examinations that are approaching. As the intense heat of April and May make all serious efforts and continued attention impossible, the latter half of March is devoted to the general reviews and examinations. This is a hard trial for those who did not want to study during the year; so, now, they are poring over their books, even at recreation-time.

### **Sunday, March 30**

It is retribution day for the children of the School. Towards four o'clock, the distribution of prizes is taking place, followed by the awarding of English and Chinese diplomas. We confide to the Blessed Virgin the souls of the pupils who are leaving us to enter the turmoil of the world, so that she may preserve them from the contagion of vice. Those who entertain the hope of returning, go away quite cheerful; but the others are oppressed with grief at the thought of never again seeing "the School of Mary".

### **Holy Thursday, April 10**

We have not the ceremonies of Holy Week in our chapel this year, but we have the Mass. The calm that reigns in the house since the departure of the pupils, facilitates the silence and recollection befitting these solemn days. Echoes of singing or, rather, of lamentations, come to us from outside: it is the Passion that all have been singing for several days already. To-morrow, there will be people in costumes representing the Apostles, the Holy Women, the Jews and, even, Our sweet Saviour carrying His Cross to Calvary. This spectacle would seem very strange to anybody who did not know the sincere faith of the citizens of Manila; but we are careful not to smile at it, for these demonstrations denote real devotion to the Passion. Some persons, in order to imitate Our Lord, even have themselves scourged until the blood flows. What simple faith and, at the same time, what ignorance is to be found among these good people! The very ones who, to-day, are practising these excessive penances, will not hear Mass on Sunday, perhaps. Be it on account of poverty or through lack of good-will, many scrupulously observe the civil holidays and work on the Lord's Day. Their fraternal charity, hospitality and tender devotion to the Madonna will undoubtedly compensate for these failings and errors.

### **Thursday, May 1**

We cannot say that, here Nature dons a new attire in honour of the Queen of May, for our fields maintain their verdure and flowers throughout the whole year. This month is, nevertheless, most delightful to us, because

it speaks more sweetly to us of Our Heavenly Mother. More fervent are our prayers to her, and we are beginning a Guard of Honour to-day, in order to obtain special favours from her.

### **Sunday, May 4**

The exceptional heat that we have at present is causing a great drought, which affects the rice harvest, especially. It is, also, the period of terrible fires, which destroy everything in their passage. Yesterday, fire broke out at Tundo, a district not far from the city; and, in the space of seven hours, consumed three thousand houses, leaving thousands of persons on the street. Public charity is helping the victims of this disaster, and the civil authorities permit them to take shelter in the schools of the neighbourhood. This is the greatest conflagration that the country has ever yet known.

### **Monday, June 9**

Last week's heavy rains delayed a little the regular classes which opened on the 5th. We remark to-day that the number of pupils registered exceeds that of last year. Over four hundred children come to seek in the school of Mary Immaculate, besides the knowledge of sciences, the religious and civil formation which will make honourable and dutiful men and women of them. We are sowing the good seed in these young souls, confident that the fertile waters of grace will produce in them fruits of faith and salvation. The tiny ones that come to school for the first time, have real trials: some cry, others go into tantrums and others try to escape to return to their mothers. Thus, after spending two days in the Kindergarten, one little fellow, three years old, notified his father that he had studied enough and wanted to take holidays.

Our boarders become quite easily accustomed to the rule. Carlos, a big four-year-old lad, as mischievous as ten, is everybody's friend and knows how to make the best of all the mishaps that befall him. If he has not permission to go home with his father, he has himself compensated for it by being given some coppers. If he has played too naughty a trick on one of his companions and fears being reprimanded, he forestalls the correction and seeks to excite pity by showing the Sister in charge a tooth that hurts him very much, or some other ailment.

Heretofore, the confidence of the parents who intrust their young children to us because they themselves are unable to succeed in subjugating their little characters, has always been justified; and they are astonished to remark a notable change, even after one week. In general, the Chinese have great respect for religious. Besides, the school regulations and the example of companions help to correct the sallies of that undisciplined age.

### **Report of the Mission of Manila for the year 1940:**

Baptisms.....	11	Pupils registered.....	427
First Communions.....	35	Hours of Catechism.....	527
Confessions.....	941	Communions.....	7,585





# EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Wednesday, August 6, 1941

While the feast of the Transfiguration invited us to meditate on the splendour and joy of the Great Beyond, we received news of the death of Sister de la Nativité de Jésus<sup>(1)</sup>, Superior of our mission at Canton. Prayers and pious suffrages were immediately offered for the repose of her soul.

It is with regret that we see this valiant worker taken from the mission field. However, we find consolation in the thought that it was on the feast of Our Lady of the Snow that our dear Sister was ushered into the Heavenly dwellings. We are confident that our Immaculate Mother, after having herself come to meet her, has already procured for her the blessed transfiguration of the everlasting Tabor.

Friday, August 8

To-day marks the Profession anniversary of our venerable Mother Foundress. This great act was, if we may thus speak, the first link in the chain of favours God had in store for our dear Institute, and by which He desires to bind us forever to His Divine service. Gratitude has not failed to consecrate the memory of this blessed day.

Our hymns of thankfulness were accompanied by fervent supplications in favour of that dear Mother we so filially revere.

We also had the joy of welcoming several new little sisters. To all of them we wish happiness and perseverance.

Saturday, August 16

The prospect of being assigned a new office for the coming semester has been the theme of every conversation for the last few days. Even though the term "office" has a very limited extent, seeing we are but little novices, it has in the eyes of God all the importance of bearing the seal of Divine approbation. Therefore, it must needs be fulfilled in the best manner possible and in a spirit of love.

Since to-day was Saturday, and as we like to place everything under the protection of our Heavenly Mother, we had reasons to believe that before evening the notebook let into the great secrets would utter its oracles.

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1. Cécile PAQUETTE, St. Elzéar, Laval Co., Que.

Our expectations were fully realized. Some of us had guessed quite correctly as to our new post, while others had a regular surprise, but all recognized in their new assignment the Holy Will of God to be accomplished. With Divine grace to second our willing efforts and our Celestial Patroness to assist us, we trust that our new work will be done in a manner pleasing to God.

### **Monday, August 25**

The opening of the Forty Hours' Devotion was held in our chapel this morning. The decorations of our sanctuary were those of the great feasts; indeed, it had been transformed into a magnificent parterre where vivid blooms vied with lamps and candles to shed greater lustre before our Eucharistic King.

After Mass, the Blessed Sacrament was borne processionally around the chapel, and placed on the throne before which we shall present our homage of love during these two days. Professed Sisters, Novices and Postulants knelt in turn uninterruptedly, in audience with the Divine King.

An atmosphere of piety pervaded the entire house; we recited prayers, sang hymns, accomplished our daily tasks with greater ardour, for we felt more than at ordinary times the sweet presence of the Master Who wills to be our God and our All.

A Holy Hour gathered us before the altar in the evening; hymns, prayers, acts of reparation repeated alternately to the Divine Guest of the Tabernacle, our love and fidelity. Then there were graces to be solicited; for Holy Mother Church and our Pontiff who weeps at the sight of his flock ravaged by a merciless war; for the multitude of human souls for whose salvation we give our life-work as missionaries; for our Institute, and for our beloved parents who are always remembered with filial affection. This beautiful Hour, which we would have wished to prolong indefinitely, was brought to a close by the *Salve Regina*, our evening hymn to the Immaculate Virgin. Then we left to a few chosen ones the honour of keeping guard before Our Lord during the night. The others will undoubtedly have their turn tomorrow.

### **Wednesday, August 29**

All is fleeting on earth, even the blessed days we have just spent. Only in Eternity will it be given us to contemplate our Divine Spouse, and that without having to take in account the brevity of time. The closing ceremony of the Forty Hours' Devotion was held at nine-thirty. After having been exposed for us to adore Him and to facilitate our audiences during these two days, our Sweet Saviour became once more the Divine Prisoner of our altars, from where He will continue to keep watch over His privileged little fold.

### **Friday, September 12**

Great joy filled the Novitiate to-day, for dear Mother General was in our midst. Having been unable to hold an entertainment in her honour



last Sunday, her patronal feast, we made up for this to-day. Our recreative program was closed by the presentation of a spiritual bouquet composed of many little sacrifices and perfumed with our most fervent prayers.

We spent the evening in sweet intimacy, gathered around our dear Mother, listening and asking questions... thanking her, also, for the beautiful gift she brought to the Novitiate—a lovely painting representing the Blessed Virgin surrounded by doves; it is, we think, very significative; the white birds allured close to Mary and her Divine Child, nourished and caressed by them—are they not touching symbols of the privileged novices of the Immaculate Virgin?

### **Tuesday, September 23**

Sad tidings came from the Mother House, informing us that our venerable Mother's illness has aggravated. Her weakness is so great that it is evident she can not live very long. Sister Superior and Mother Mistress hastened to the beloved patient's bedside, while all of us address ardent supplications in her favour.

### **Thursday, October 2**

The divinely-decreed hour when our venerable and dear Mother Foundress was to be taken away from her Community, has come at last, however distant our filial affection would have desired it to be. A few minutes before the dawning of the feast of the Holy Angels, God called her beautiful soul to establish it in His Heavenly dwellings, and to give her the recompense for a life filled with good works, the crown merited by her patience in the midst of crosses and sufferings.

We feel the sorrow caused by this bereavement, the greatest that can ever strike our dear religious family, and our hearts cannot but be profoundly grieved.

But, on the other hand, it is towards Heaven that we lift our souls, it is among the blessed that our thoughts seek to rejoin the one we have lost. And how can we fail to conceive this consoling hope, when we consider all that she has done and suffered for the glory of God and the diffusion of His Gospel, when we reflect on the myriad souls that owe her their eternal happiness? Yes, how favourably this apostle so worthy of the name, this Mother who had so faithfully sought to imitate Him, must have been received by the God of love! How fondly must the Immaculate Virgin have opened her arms and her heart to welcome one who had so widely propagated devotion towards her! How lovingly she must have hastened to crown her humble servant!

These reflections help to mitigate our sorrow and induce us to presage what great favours our dear Mother will bestow upon us from Heaven. Her presence here below was very dear and precious to us, but "earth doth not lose what Heaven gaineth" says Msgr. Guay. From above, will not our venerable Mother watch more closely, and better than any, on the Institute she has founded? How she will make haste to become our intercessor before Jesus and Mary!

Our profound and religious veneration did not, however, agree to our omitting the filial offering of Masses and prayers that the sacred debt of gratitude as well as our holy Rule, exact from us.

It was in the closest union with our Sisters at the Mother House and in the different missions that we passed these days, while awaiting the sweet hour when, we were confident, it would be given us to possess in the Novitiate, and later in the cemetery, the precious remains of the one to whom we owe our religious and missionary vocation.

### **Friday, October 3**

We derogated from a custom that, for several years, has had the force of law at the Novitiate: that of celebrating the feast of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus by a joyful holiday.

Considering the profound sorrow in which we were plunged, this day became, instead, one of deep meditation on the things of eternity. We entreated the blessed Patroness of Missionaries and our venerable Mother to aid us to acquire the virtues that make saints and true apostles.

### **Monday, October 6**

After the Solemn Funeral Service celebrated this morning at the Mother House, the mortal remains of our venerable Mother Foundress were borne to the Novitiate. They were followed by a numerous cortege, composed of benefactors and friends of the Community, and many Sisters from our various houses.

The coffin was placed in a room adjoining the chapel, in front of a statue of the Immaculate Virgin, bearing in her hand the symbolical crown of white lilies. Here, until the following morning, we had the consolation of surrounding for the last time the one whom we revere as Foundress and as Mother, and in whom, if we may speak thus, is embodied our whole Institute.

Having been unable to accompany the professed Sisters to the Mother House these last few days, we consider ourselves privileged and amply recompensed for our sacrifice.

All day and during the night, we went by groups to recite the Rosary, to pay our filial tribute of affection and gratitude, to pray for all the needs of our religious family, and to request favours on your behalf, dear parents, who have given us to the Institute that owes its existence to her.

### **Tuesday, October 7**

A second Funeral Service was held in our chapel at nine o'clock. Several persons added by their presence to the expressions of sympathy already received at the Mother House. In the Sanctuary were: His Excellency Bishop Prud'homme, Monsignor E. Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society, Reverend Fathers Donat Chaumont, Joseph Roberge, Léon Lacroix, Roland Roch, all of the Foreign Mission Society, and



Paul Lachapelle, Chaplain of the Mother House. The Reverend Sisters of the Presentation, of the parish, with their pupils, the Antonians of Mary, numerous friends and benefactors of the Community also attended the Funeral Service.

Reverend Father Paul Lachapelle met the body at the door, and Requiem High Mass was sung by Reverend Father Clovis Rondeau, M. E. assisted by Reverend Fathers Leo Lomme, M. E. and Marcel Gérin, M. E., as deacon and sub-deacon.

After giving final Absolution, His Excellency Bishop Prud'homme, accompanied by Monsignor Larochelle, several members of the clergy, and the entire Community, escorted the remains to the cemetery and there recited the last prayers and gave the supreme blessings of the Church.

It was with sorrowing hearts that we saw our beloved Mother confided to the earth. While awaiting the great day of Eternity, she sleeps close to the white cross and at the side of her companion of the first days of the Community, Mother Marie de St. Gustave.

Then, while Nature, as if to mingle with our regrets and tears, shed a misty and chilling rain, the sweet accents of the *Salve Regina* arose towards the Mother of all hope, warming our hearts and binding them more fastly to our Immaculate Queen, and also to the one who has done so much to merit us the grace of being Mary's children under her most cherished title.

### **Thursday, October 9**

A Solemn Service was sung this morning at the Foreign Mission Seminary for the repose of the soul of our venerable Mother Foundress. Reverend Mother General, her Assistants and the personnel of the Novitiate were present at the ceremony.

On our return, our Reverend Mother gave us this counsel: "Children, when you have difficulties, go to the little cemetery and confide them to our venerable Mother, she will surely console you." All of us resolved to put this recommendation in practice. With filial confidence we shall expose our needs and wishes, praying her to communicate us her spirit, to watch constantly over us, and to obtain that our lives be a faithful answer to the ideal she has marked out for us.

Dear elder Sisters, you doubtless envy the advantage that is given us of being able to pray over that precious grave. Oh! we assure you that we are determined to profit by such a privilege. The mid-day spiritual exercises usually held outside will prove a most favourable occasion for this.

Shall we say, also, that on the morrow of the burial, flowers were transplanted, in the form of a *Maria*, upon the dear grave? In spite of the cold weather, they have remained fresh and beautiful.

### **Tuesday, October 14**

A Chinese priest, Reverend Father Jean Baptiste Kao, O. F. M., paid us a brief but interesting visit to-day. He was accompanied by Monsignor

E. Larochelle, P. A., Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society, and Reverend Father R. Caillé, Chaplain of the Chinese colony of Montreal.

In good French, Father Kao exhorted us to take advantage of our period of formation and encouraged us to acquire treasures of knowledge, in the realm of religion firstly, but also in every other science. It is characteristic of the Chinese mentality to seek instruction; and every teaching, although apparently unimportant, opens the way to souls and, consequently, favours the extension of Christianity.

As regards religion, comparative liberty is accorded to the Chinese, and the appointment of a Catholic to a governmental function gives ground for renewed hopes.

The words of our distinguished visitor do not fail to stimulate us and to suggest many resolutions. Is it not one of our greatest desires to become, in the hands of the Divine Harvester, an instrument of salvation for the poor pagans?

The Reverend Father granted us his blessing and a missionary holiday, which was taken this very afternoon, it being the feast of the Divine Maternity of the Blessed Virgin.

### **Tuesday, October 21**

Someone has said: "Happy the families of which several members are already in Heaven and can stretch their hands to those remaining on earth." This saying, inspired by faith in the Communion of Saints, is a soothing balm when the death of a beloved one casts a cloud of sadness over our lives.

We learned to-day that the Divine Thief had visited our Bethany of the Laurentides. This time it is dear Sister Ste. Emélie<sup>(1)</sup> who has been chosen, after only eleven years of Religious life. The Divine Spouse found her ready for His beautiful Paradise; perhaps hastened He to cull her in order to place her near Mary's throne, in this lovely month of the Rosary. . . .

### **Sunday, October 26**

At this time of the season, we see the leaves and the young plants of two years at the most, grow pale, then wither and die. Even those that seemed yet to be clinging to life, and that a more abundant or more invigorating sap had caused to exceed the others in beauty, are carried away by a slight gust of wind.

Such is the image of dear Sister Marie Edouard<sup>(2)</sup>, who has just winged her flight to a Better Land. God passes by, He loves her, covets her, then, on the least suggestion, without resistance, she goes to Him forever. It was on the feast of Christ the King that the Divine Spouse bore her to His Heavenly Kingdom after scarcely two years of religious profession.

This call at the very outset of her religious career warns us that it is

1. Cécile BAILLARGEON, St. Anselme, Dorchester Co., Que.

2. Jacqueline DUBUQUE, Montréal.



wise to accelerate our progress towards perfection, for it is an echo of the words the Good Master has said: "Be ye also ready; for at what hour you think not the Son of man will come" (Luke XII, 40). No one knows when shall strike the hour for presenting accounts. But if this truth is always present to us, our life will be such that, at the supreme moment, we will be able to welcome the ultimate invitation with joy and confidence as did our dear Sister.

### **Tuesday, October 28**

The Funeral Service of dear Sister Marie Edouard was held at the Mother House this morning. Her mortal remains were then conveyed to our secluded little cemetery which will be her place of repose until the joyous springtime of the Resurrection. Before depositing the coffin in the grave, the consolation was given us and her beloved parents, to consider for the last time the features of the dear departed. We recited a few prayers and sang the sweet hymn, *Salve Regina*.

May the Immaculate Virgin, Cause of our Joy, having been on earth her only hope, obtain for her the everlasting felicity of Paradise!

### **Saturday, November 1**

The saints, looking down from the portals of Heaven, could have seen, adorning our chapel, the symbol of each of their celestial phalanxes. From the white crown of the virgins to the red one of the martyrs, all the categories of these valiant followers of Christ were represented; as in the Abode of the Blessed, they cast around the throne of the Eternal the splendour of their glory and of their virtues.

If we sang their victories, we also implored them not to forget the poor exiles on earth, whose existence is a perpetual combat.

At the opening of the joyous holiday, each one named the patron that the Blessed Virgin had assigned to her and who will be her protector during the year. Apostles, converted sinners, unlearned peasants, missionaries, constitute the glorious cortege of Saints who, during the year, will circulate in our ranks to protect us and lead us on to God.

The holiday continued gay and animated, and had in reserve for the evening, a beautiful recreative program prepared by our elder Sisters. After night prayers and a last visit to God, while we set out for the land of dreams, a sweet harmony resounded yet in our ears, "My God, what shall our heaven be . . . if already on earth . . ."



The most humble Christian is bound to pray each day for the coming of Christ's kingdom on earth; his faith holds him, as it were, responsible for the extension of truth and Divine glory on earth.

— Abbé Lionel Groulx.



# The Children's Page

DEAR CHILDREN,

"You have been looking forward to Christmas... and why not?... Christmas is such a beautiful feast! How happy you must be that it has come at last! You have seen the Child Jesus lying on the straw in a poor stable, the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph were there looking tenderly at the new-born Babe; the shepherds and the Wise Men were kneeling in adoration. Near the crib have you seen an ox and an ass?... And near the door, some pretty little lambs?... Above the lowly stable, shining up in the sky, I know you have admired the star with golden rays.... This very touching scene no doubt gave rise to many questions, which your

good parents gladly answered; but you have not understood everything, and that is why your Great Friend is pleased to give you further explanations.

"First of all, who is the Child Jesus? He is the Son of God, equal to His Father in all things, infinitely happy, eternal, immense, almighty, Who has created Heaven and earth and each one of us; He is the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity; and He has willed to be born a little child."

"And why?"

"To grow up in order to suffer and die on the cross to save all men... to open them the doors of Heaven which had been closed after the sin of Adam and Eve, our first parents... to teach men to live as children of God and heirs to Heaven."

"And why save men?"

"Men had grievously offended their Creator and irritated His jus-



*You have seen the Child Jesus  
lying on the straw...*



tice. His great mercy, however, wanted to forgive . . . to make friends once more . . . and to open them Heaven; but in order that this might be, the insult committed had to be amended in a manner worthy of God. No one on earth was holy enough and worthy enough, therefore, the Son of God offered Himself to His Father, saying, 'Behold, I come to do Thy will, O God' (Heb. X, 9), and He came down to earth, living with men as their brother to expiate their crimes by His sufferings, His humiliations, and His painful death."

"How He must have loved men!"

"Indeed! God has loved us much, very much! And now, what are we to do in return?"

"Oh! love Him!"

"Yes, love Him with our whole heart, and never grieve Him by committing sin — Cursed sin, which has deprived us of Divine friendship and brought down on the world the terrible punishment which afflicts it presently, the war with its disastrous consequences."

"Could it happen that Heaven would be reclosed?"

"As for that, no; it will always be open to the good and to repenting sinners, because Jesus — and this is truly another very touching proof of His love for us — because Jesus, I say, will remain in the Holy Eucharist till the end of the world; because He will forever offer Himself to His Father in order to appease His justice. Dear Children, how I want you to love Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament! But I am sure you love Him, and with your whole heart."

"Yes, we love Him with our whole heart."

"Very well! Now you are going to prove your love by visiting Him often in the Tabernacle and by receiving Holy Communion frequently."

"We will do that."

"Fine! Your Great Friend is delighted! Let us now go back to the stable of Bethlehem. Near the Child Jesus, see the Virgin Mary, His Mother, the holiest of all mothers. God chose her among all women and filled her with grace, for in becoming His mother, she was at the same time becoming Queen of Heaven. She was also to be the Mother of His Mystical Body, the Church, of which Jesus is the Head, and we, the members; consequently, she would be our Mother and our Queen; and finally, because she was to be a mediatrix between God and men, and because she herself was destined to distribute to men all the graces God wished to give them. It is evident, therefore, that a true child of God and of His Church is and must be also Mary's child. And if God made Mary so great and gave her such a lofty place in Heaven, He certainly wants us to honour, love and invoke her. And you, my little friends, do you love the Blessed Virgin?"

"Why, of course, we love the Blessed Virgin!"

"Very much?"

"Yes, very much!"

"How do you prove her your love?"

"We pray to her morning and night."

"Oh! but that is not the sign of a very special affection. When we love someone, we think of him often, we speak of him, we offer him gifts, do we not? We should act thus towards Our Blessed Mother. At frequent intervals during the day, lift up your soul to her with tender words like these: Hail, Mary! My good Mother, bless me! My good Mother, I love thee! My good Mother, help me! etc. That your companions may also learn to love her, speak to them of your Heavenly Mother. Bow to her when passing before her image, sing her praises, offer her gifts — little sacrifices. You will do that, Children, will you not?"

"Yes, we will do that!"

"Oh, Children, that promise rejoices me, for your Great Friend wishes above all to have Mary known and loved.

"And now, look at good Saint Joseph kneeling by the Infant Jesus' crib; he will be Jesus' guardian, replacing, here on earth, the Father Who is in Heaven. How very fortunate was Joseph to live in the sweet company of Jesus and Mary . . . to behold the truly marvelous things they accomplished! Happy Joseph! . . . But why has he, and no one else, this overflow of happiness? I shall tell you. Joseph was a virtuous man. That is why God chose him for this blessed lot. If we, also, wish to be loved by Jesus and Mary, and to be favoured with special graces, we must exercise ourselves in the practice of virtue — we must try to be humble, obedient, charitable, mortified and fervent.

"Joseph, after having lived a number of years with Jesus and Mary, went to Heaven, and there he occupies a throne near them. God, wishing to reward his virtues, gave him power to help us. That is why those who invoke Joseph with confidence obtain such wondrous favours."

"And now, do tell us about the Wise Men."

"The Wise Men, or Magi, as we otherwise call them, were kings from the Far East. Their names were Melchior, Jasper and Balthazar. I think you would like to know how they were dressed when they came to adore the Christ Child."

"Yes! Yes!"

"Very well; tradition has it that Melchior, the first of them, was an old man with a long beard and flowing white hair. His robe was of hyacinth or sky-blue, with a long yellow or orange mantle; his shoes were of blue and white intermixed, and he wore a royal cloak of different shades. He presented gold to the King Jesus.

"The second Wise Man, Jasper, was young and alert, and had no beard; he wore an orange gown and a red cloak. His shoes were of hyacinth; he offered incense to proclaim the Divinity of Mary's Child. Balthazar, the third, was dark and had a long beard; he was dressed in red, with a cloak of various colours; his shoes were yellow; he offered myrrh to the Saviour to show His humanity.

"It appears that the Wise Men were astronomers. When they discovered the miraculous Star, they recognized it as the sign predicted by the prophet Balaam, announcing the arrival of the Ruler who was to come out of Juda and was awaited by all nations. Influenced by grace, they greatly



rejoiced and felt urged to go and pay Him homage. Faithful to this holy inspiration, they set out at once, bringing along gifts from their own country.

"At that very moment, what do you think happened? The star began to advance before them, showing them the way. However, a trial was awaiting our good friends: when they were close to Jerusalem, the star disappeared. Disappointed, but not discouraged, they went into the city and asked King Herod where the King of the Jews had been born, adding that they had seen His star in the East and had come to adore Him. At these words, Herod was troubled and all Jerusalem with him. Herod was a bad king and he feared that the new-born Babe would be his rival. Nevertheless, he assembled the Doctors of the law to learn where the Messiah was to be born. These answered that the Messiah, according to the prophecies, would first see light in Bethlehem. Then, secretly, Herod said to the Magi: 'Go, take every information concerning that child; and when you have found him, let me know that I, also, may go and adore him.' After this interview, the Wise Men resumed their journey, and, O prodigy! the mysterious star reappeared and led them to the feet of the Divine Infant.

"It is thus, dear Children, that God tries those He loves and who wish to save their souls — trials furnish us precious occasions of practising virtue and meriting Heaven, they increase in our souls faith, hope, charity, humility and all the other virtues.

"Therefore, dear Children, when you are displeased or contradicted, you must not grow impatient and murmur, but rather accept these little trials generously — offering them to the Babe Jesus to show Him your love.

"The Magi having knelt in adoration before the Divine little King, offered Him their gifts. What precious graces the Child Jesus must have lavished on them in return!

"Having been warned, in their sleep, not to return to Herod, for he wanted to destroy the Child, they went back by another way into their own country."

"Oh, this is a most beautiful story!"

"You are right, little Friends, the story of the Magi is very beautiful indeed! And we must love those three pious Kings, for, as you see, they are our ancestors in the Faith; at the Saviour's crib they represented us, as well as the Gentiles and all the pagans upon whom the light of the Gospel has not yet shone. The shepherds represented the Jews, the only people who, at that time, knew the true God. You know the story of the shepherds, do you not?"

"Yes, but we should like to hear it again."

"Very well! It was midnight . . . in the fields round about Bethlehem, some shepherds were keeping watch upon their flocks; suddenly, an angel surrounded with dazzling light, standing in the air just above them, said: 'Fear not; for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find

the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying: 'Glory to God in the highest: and on earth, peace to



*Suddenly, an angel surrounded with dazzling light appeared to them . . .*

men of good will.' And it came to pass, that after the angels departed from them into Heaven, the shepherds said one to another: 'Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us.' And they came with haste: and they found

Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in a manger. Oh! how their hearts must have overflowed with love and gratitude! This is implied in the Gospel where further on we read: 'And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God, for all the things they had heard, and seen, as it was told unto them.'

"The shepherds, doubtless, left their guardian angels to watch their flocks; it is quite probable that some lambs followed their good masters right to Jesus' feet; nothing proves the fact, but it could very well have been so, don't you think? Anyway, tradition tells us that an ox and an ass were in the stable where they had sought shelter. And happy among all the other animals were they, for they saw their Creator coming into the world a little babe, and they may even have warmed Him with their breath.



*An ox and an ass were in the stable . . .*



"And we, dear Children, are we not thrice fortunate to know Jesus, to love and serve Him! So many on earth do not know Him! So many others who, knowing Him, have no faith in Him! By being unfaithful to duty they lost their faith or most of it. Alas! this is sad to relate!... Think of this, Children... and when you are by Jesus' crib, do remind Him of those unfortunate souls. In their name and in that of all men, adore and love Jesus, and consecrate yourself to His service.

"Oh! but it is getting late... I shall have to leave you, dear Children, although I have many more things to tell; but I will come back to you....

"As I bid you good bye, I extend to each one of you my heartiest wishes for a Merry Christmas and a holy New Year filled with the Divine Infant's blessings.

*Your Great Friend,*

THE PRECURSOR.

## Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained



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

BL. HENRY SUZO.

I am proud to tell you my daughter is better. Please continue to pray for her, in order that she will continue to keep well. Mrs. C. D., **Maniwaki, Que.** — I have received a favour through the intercession of Mary Immaculate and good St. Anne. C. MacD., **Greenfield, Ont.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received. I also ask prayers for another intention. Mrs. E. LaR., **Southbridge, Mass.** — I wish to thank Our Blessed Mother for a favour obtained. Please pray for me, for my husband and children. Mrs. P. F. P. — Remember me in your prayers and kindly have an intention for my deceased mother — My heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Please continue praying for me, that I may be restored to health. Mrs. C. M., **Moosup, Conn.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin. I am experiencing by degrees some results. Would you make a special Novena for a particular favour. Miss M. M. A. O'R., **Cote des Neiges, Montreal.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Kindly pray for several other favours. Mrs. W. R., **Hemmingford, Que.** — Thanks to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower for favours received. Mrs. C. C. — Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our dear Mother of Perpetual Help for favours received. A grateful client, **Westmount.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for the cure of eczema. Mrs. Patrick Flageol, **St. Boniface of Shawinigan.** — Kindly publish my gratitude for a favour received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. G. B., **Labelle.** — A thousand thanks to Our Lady for favours received. Anonymous, **St. Therese de Blainville.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received and for a position. One who has great confidence in the Blessed Virgin. — Thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate for a grace received. Mrs. J. B. Moreau, **St. Luc.** — Sincere gratitude for a cure obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. L. D., **Le Bic.** — Lively gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for the cure of my husband. Mrs. N. C., **Guigues.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. P. E. F. — Lively gratitude for a grace obtained. Mrs. L. F., **St. Ferreol.** — My health has improved; kindly help me to thank the Blessed Virgin. B. G., **Nominingue.** — I heartily thank the Blessed Virgin for the grace she has granted me. M. N., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for a cure obtained. Mrs. J. P. B., **St. Alexandre.** — Kindly publish my thanksgiving towards the Blessed Virgin for a grace obtained through her intercession. Miss A. R., **Wappingers Falls, N. Y.** — Homage of gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for a great favour received. Mrs. M. A. G. P., **St. Hyacinthe.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Mrs. L. G., **St. Jean de Matha.** — Thanksgiving for temporal favours.

Mrs. G. P., **Les Etroits**. — Heartfelt thanks to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal for a cure obtained. Mrs. A. N., **Ste. Rose du Dégelé**. — I heartily thank the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. C. P., **Irasburg, Vt.** — Lively gratitude to Mary for a favour obtained. A subscriber, **St. Leonard de Portneuf**. — Sincere thanks to Mary who has made us find our child. Mrs. A. S., **Timmins, Ont.** — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a cure obtained. Mrs. A. L., **Lowell, Mass.** — Lively gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for a successful operation. May this kind Mother have pity on me as I am not yet able to work and I have no home. Miss D. D., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving for a cure obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. A. L., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother for a favour obtained. Mrs. L. B., **Granby**. — I have obtained a favour in wearing the Miraculous Medal. R. C., **Outremont**. — Lively gratitude towards the Immaculate Virgin for a great favour received. Mrs. R. L., **Rimouski**.

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

#### FORGIVENESS FOR FORGIVENESS

One day St. Elizabeth had suffered from her persecutors an affront whose nature was so painful to her that she was deeply moved, although ordinarily so patient, and sought relief in meditation. She prayed with fervour and wept bitterly over those who had insulted her, begging God to bestow upon them a favour for every injury she had received. As she was tiring herself praying thus, she heard a voice telling her: "Never have you said prayers so pleasing to Me; they have penetrated the very depths of My Heart, and, for this reason, I forgive you all the sins of your life." The voice enumerating all her sins said, "I forgive you such and such a sin." Elizabeth, astonished, exclaimed, "Who art thou that speakest to me thus?" The same voice replied, "I am the One at the feet of Whom Mary Magdalen came and knelt in the house of Simon the leper."

— MONTALEMBERT.

## Petitions

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

Please remember me in your prayers. M. A. H., **Springfield, Mass.** — Would you kindly pray that my husband's health be better and that he succeed in obtaining a favour he has asked. Please pray also for a special intention of mine. Mrs. Q. A. K., **Brunswick, Me.** — Would you please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for the cure of my hand, also for my husband that he may secure steady employment, and for my little girl who has to have an operation. I also have another girl for whom I would like you to pray. Mrs. A. B., **Verdun**. — I would like you to make a special Novena to the Immaculate Conception and St. Joseph for my son who is missing. Mrs. J. A. B., **L'Ardoise, N. S.** — Kindly have a Novena of lights burn for two very special intentions. I trust our Blessed Mother will grant me these favours. I am sure she will help me. Mrs. E. L. F., **Montreal**. — Please pray for my daughter-in-law and her little girl that have been hit by a car. Both are in the hospital. Please pray for my daughter that has hand poison. Mrs. E. F., **Detroit, Mich.** — Please remember my intentions in your prayers. Mrs. M. McG., **Chute Rouge, P. Q.** — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin that my side may be healed and that my family may be in good health. Mrs. D. Z., **Rumford, Me.** — Please pray for us. Mr. A. G., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — I would like you to make a Novena for our intentions. Mrs. R. K., **Outremont**. — Will you kindly make a Novena for me as my throat is very sore again. Miss M. H., **Montreal**. — Would you kindly make a Novena for two intentions: that my daughter may obtain work and that everything may go well. Mrs. A. B., **Lowell, Mass.** — Pray for my health please. Mrs. M. J. S., **Iroquois Falls, Ont.** — Please pray for me, that I may be called back to work. Mrs. D. S., **Danielson, Conn.** — Please say special prayers for my son, that he may stop drinking; he has a bad temper in that state. — Please pray for a very special intention of ours. Miss A. G., **Bristol, Conn.** — Please pray for my husband and my daughter. Mrs. D. Z., **Rumford, Me.** — Would you please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for my son who falls in convulsions. Please pray also for the health of my husband and the rest of my family. Mrs. J. D., **Brunswick, Me.** — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin for my health that is not so good. Mrs. M. M., **Wingle, Ont.** — Please pray that my son may have a successful operation, also for successful dental work for myself and health for my entire family.



Mrs. A. L., **Haverhill, Mass.** — Will you please pray to the Blessed Virgin for a special favour and an improvement in health for myself. Mrs. R. A., **Moosup, Conn.** — Would you please pray for me so that I may receive a special favour from the Blessed Virgin. Miss R. C., **Montreal.** — Please pray for me that I may have better health. Mrs. C. S. S. — I am requesting my cure of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. T. G., **St. Lin.** — Kindly pray for us that we may obtain peace and health in the family. A subscriber, **Yamachiche.** — The cure of my son. Mrs. J. O. C., **Berthierville.** — I solicit a spiritual favour. Mrs. A. G., **St. Gabriel de Brandon.** — Kindly pray for me that I may obtain a very special favour. H. N., **Montreal.** — I am requesting the protection of the Blessed Virgin for one who is very dear to me. J. B. L., **Mont Joli.** — Kindly say a prayer to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for my husband, that he may give up drinking. R. D. — The sale of a property. A subscriber, **Montreal.** — Work for my husband. Mrs. S. F., **St. Gabriel de Brandon.** — Please ask the Blessed Virgin to cure me. Mrs. P. B., **Rawdon.** — Kindly pray for a young man of eighteen suffering from paralysis. Mrs. S. Sylvestre, **St. Jean des Piles.** — Perseverance in vocation. Mrs. W. A. — Prayers are requested for success in business and health for a mother. Mrs. B. G. — A mother asks prayers for her three sons that they may not be called to go to war. A subscriber. — I am asking the grace to correct myself of my defects. A subscriber. — Peace in a young family. A subscriber — Kindly ask the Blessed Virgin to obtain me the cure of my eczema. Mrs. M., **St. Jean des Piles.** — Would you kindly pray for my wife's speedy recovery and for the cure of my eyes. A. L. — With confidence I request my cure. Anonymous. — I solicit prayers for a special intention. Mrs. S. J., **St. Jerome.** — Will you kindly make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for the conversion of a person dear to me, and also for peace in my family. Mrs. L. C., **St. Jerome.** — Please pray for my daughter's cure. Mrs. J. B., **Tewkesbury.** — I would like you to make a Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a special grace. Mrs. A. G., **St. Valier.** — Kindly remember my niece in your prayers. I. S. — Please pray for me that I may be cured without having to undergo an operation. Mrs. E. B., **Montreal.** — Please join me in asking Our Lady to protect my nephew who is in the aviation corps. Mrs. A. B., **Granby.** — Please pray for my husband who is working in Labrador and for my son who is a soldier in England. Mrs. E. M., **Matheson.** — Please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin for me, that I may obtain my cure. Mrs. E. M., **Matheson.** — I would like you to pray for the health of my two daughters. L. M., **Grand'Mere.**

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



## NECROLOGY

Reverend Father Léonidas Hudon, S. J., **Montreal**; Reverend Father Ivanhoe Caron, **Quebec**; Mr. Eugène Labrèche, **St. Jacques, Montcalm Co.** father of our Sister St. Jacques le Majeur; Mr. Pierre Mathieu, **St. Evariste**, father of our Sister St. Angélique; Mr. Jean-Baptiste Bernatchez, **Pont Rouge**, father of our Sister Marie Hermine and Sister Bernatchez, postulant; Mr. Calixte Champoux, **Quebec**, father of our Sister Marie Calixte; Mr. Arthur Lefebvre, **Montreal**, brother of our Sister St. Charles Borromée; Mrs. Charles Michaud, **Isle Verte**, sister of our Sister Catherine d'Alexandrie; Mrs. Thomas Hogan, **Toronto**; Mrs. Mary Regan, **Montreal**; Mr. Philip Regan, **Montreal**; Mr. Michael McQuillan, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. Fred Messier, **Franklin, Vt.**; Mr. Charles Lafontaine, **Westmount**; Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Snyder, **Syracuse, N. Y.**; Mrs. Francis Gilmore, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mrs. Elleen Jortberg, **Portland, Me.**; Mr. James Callahan, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. Bernard Long, **Montreal**; Mr. Ernest Lagacé, **La Tuque**; Mr. J. M. Ward, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. Ludger St. Amand, **Salem, Mass.**; Mr. Alex. Michaud, **Salem, Mass.**; Mr. Nap. LaFrenière, **Peabody, Mass.**; Mr. Michael Dolan, **Ste. Foy, Quebec**; Mr. William Kelly, **Alert, Ont.**

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## 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.

TO KOM HANT, Foundling-Home "Our Lady of Providence", Orphanage

SHAMEEN, School.

FONG CHUEN, Insane Asylum

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 virgins. Dispensary.

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## IN MANCHUKUO, VIA JAPAN

TCHENGKIATOEN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1927).

Dispensary.

PAMIENTCHENG, 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 Holy 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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

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1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.
  2. — **Protectors**, those who by the 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 awarded 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.
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## Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

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 merits 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. This Guard of Honour is also made in China, at the Shek Lung Lazaretto, where the poor lepers, in succeeding 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 Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all their Benefactors, living and deceased.