

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIII, 20th Year

MONTREAL, March-April, 1942

No. 8

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.

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

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

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

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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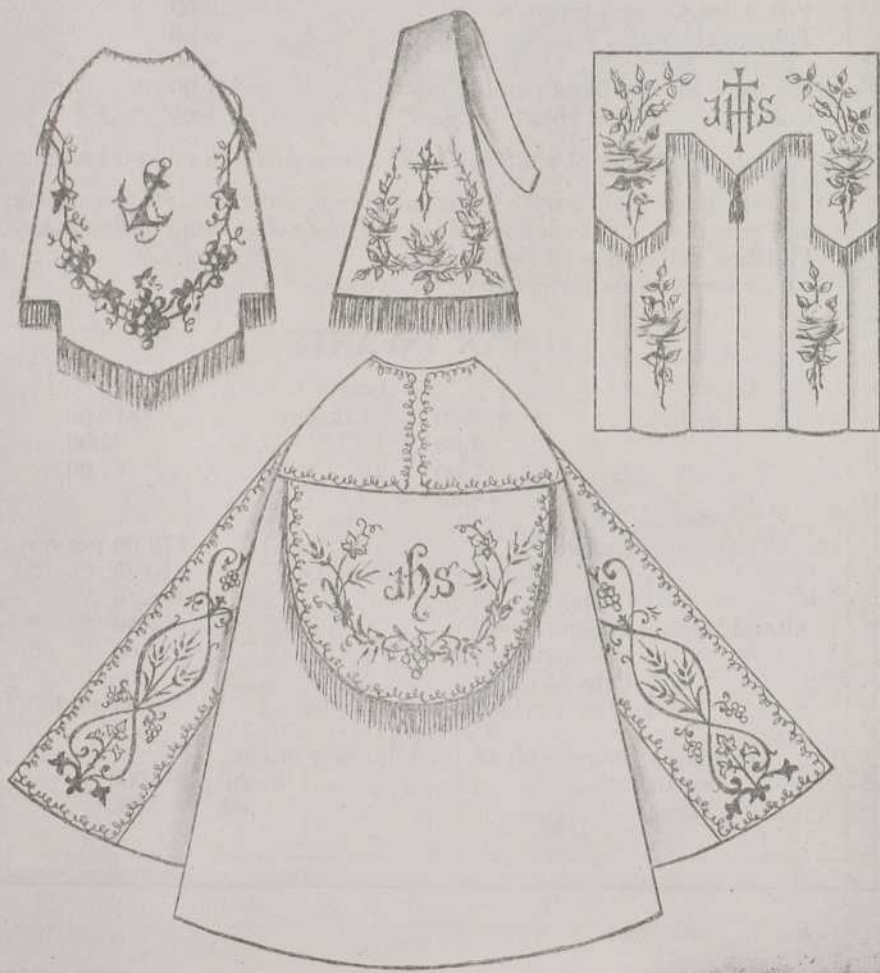
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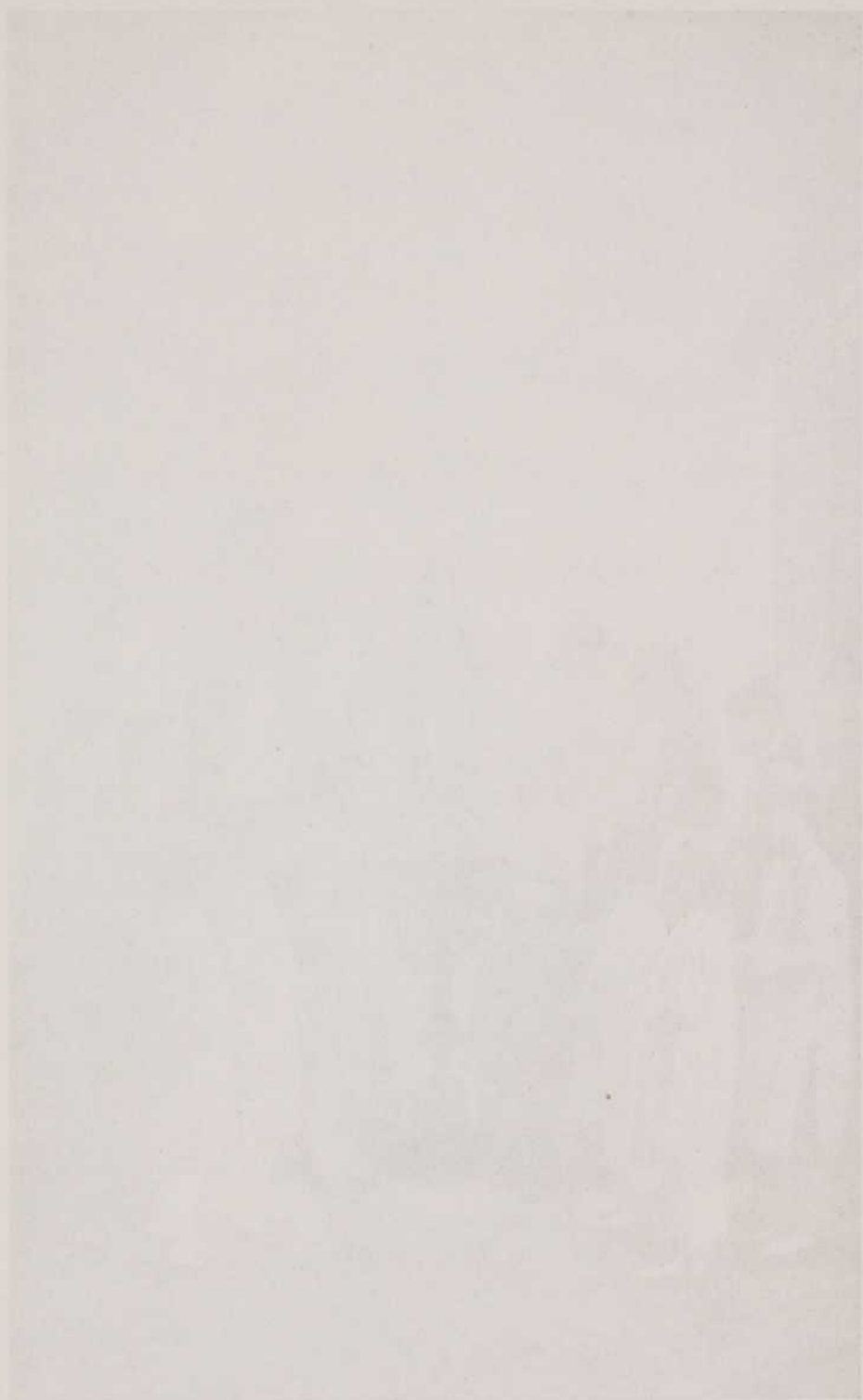
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters

of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

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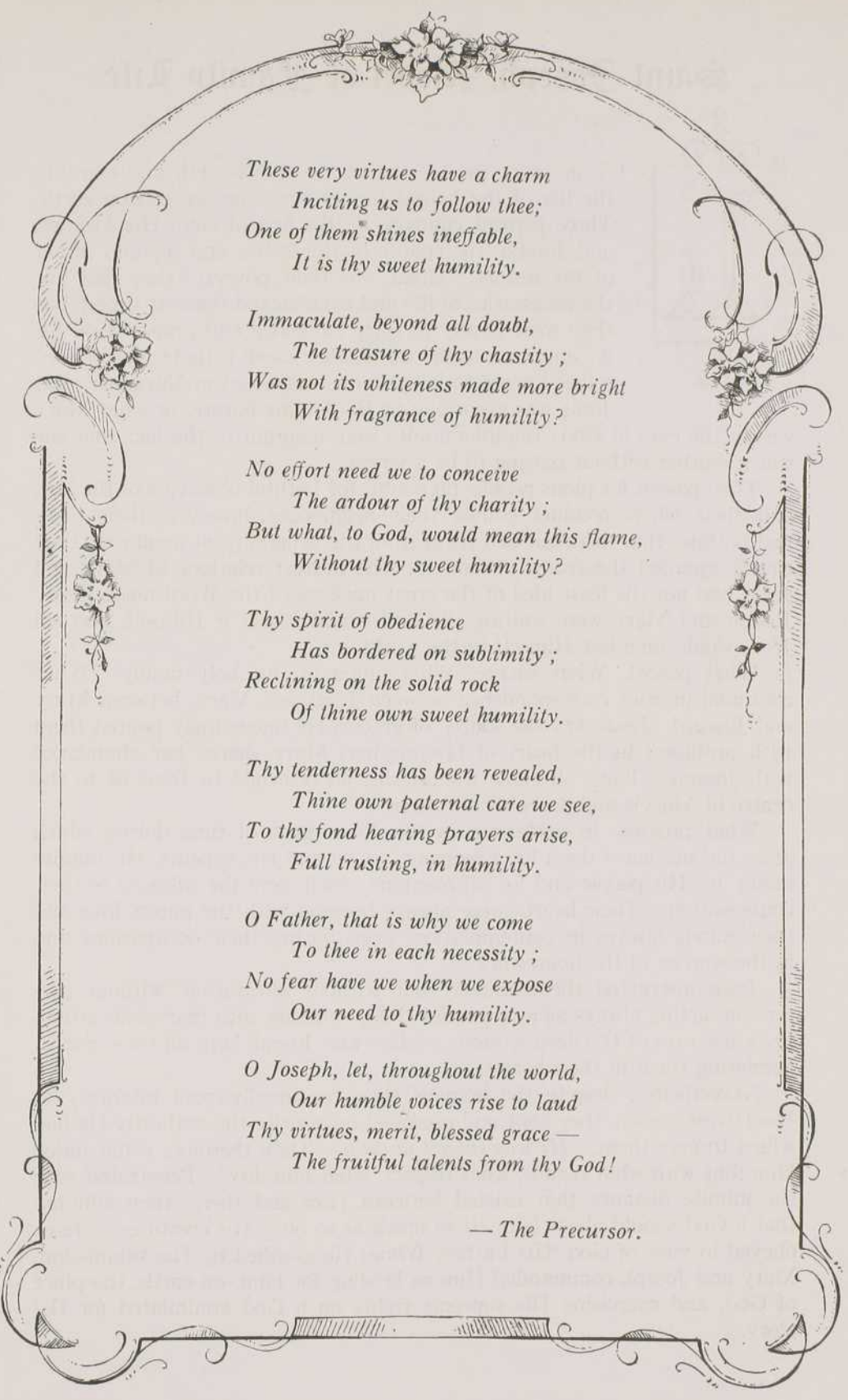
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Humility of Saint Joseph

*O Joseph, whom Divine decree
Appointed in thine earthly days,
Protector of th' Incarnate Word,
To thee our hearts we lift in praise!*

*Within thy soul, by God infused,
Shone virtues beautiful to see,
But their fond splendour was enhanced
By thine own spotless sanctity.*



*These very virtues have a charm
Inciting us to follow thee;
One of them shines ineffable,
It is thy sweet humility.*

*Immaculate, beyond all doubt,
The treasure of thy chastity ;
Was not its whiteness made more bright
With fragrance of humility?*

*No effort need we to conceive
The ardour of thy charity ;
But what, to God, would mean this flame,
Without thy sweet humility?*

*Thy spirit of obedience
Has bordered on sublimity ;
Reclining on the solid rock
Of thine own sweet humility.*

*Thy tenderness has been revealed,
Thine own paternal care we see,
To thy fond hearing prayers arise,
Full trusting, in humility.*

*O Father, that is why we come
To thee in each necessity ;
No fear have we when we expose
Our need to thy humility.*

*O Joseph, let, throughout the world,
Our humble voices rise to laud
Thy virtues, merit, blessed grace —
The fruitful talents from thy God!*

— The Precursor.

Saint Joseph, Model of Family Life



LET us enter the blessed abode of Nazareth and consider the life of the holiest family that ever existed on earth. Three persons compose it: the Son of God, His Mother, and Joseph, the spouse of the latter, and reputed father of the former. Great was their poverty; they had but the necessities of life and even lacked these at times; but they were happy in their indigence and praised God for it; unknown to the world, they cared little to make themselves known to it. No one suspected in Nazareth what Jesus was according to His Divine nature, or what Mary was in the eyes of God; the inhabitants were ignorant of the fact that she was a mother without ceasing to be a virgin.

They passed for pious people, no doubt, for faithful observers of the law, and their whole conduct edified their neighbours; however, their piety had nothing that distinguished them from the generality of mankind; they closely guarded the secret of God . . . The nearest relations of Mary and Jesus had not the least idea of the great mystery of the Word made Flesh. Joseph and Mary were waiting till God would reveal it Himself, and till Jesus would manifest Himself to the world.

What peace! What silence! What union in this holy family! What continual interior correspondence between Jesus and Mary, between Mary and Joseph! Jesus was the source of graces; He unceasingly poured them with profusion in the heart of His mother; Mary shared her abundance with Joseph. Thus, all came from Jesus, all returned to Jesus as to the centre of Mary's and Joseph's affections.

What progress in perfection in this long space of time during which Jesus did not leave them for a moment! God and His benefits, His infinite mercy for His people and for all mankind: such were the subjects of their conversation. Their hearts were always burning with the purest love and their minds always in contemplation, even during their occupations and in the worries of the housework.

Jesus instructed them secretly but without affectation, without pretension, acting always as a respectful child, emitting with marvelous economy a few rays of His deep wisdom. Mary and Joseph kept all these words, pondering them in their hearts.

Nevertheless, despite the homage they continually paid interiorly to His Divine person, they kept and exercised outwardly the authority He had willed to give them. *He was subject to them.* They therefore commanded Him, but with what regard, what respect, what humility! Penetrated with the infinite distance that existed between Him and them, they admired that a God should abase Himself so much as to obey His creatures. Jesus obeyed in view of God, His Father, Whom He glorified by His submission. Mary and Joseph commanded Him as holding for Him, on earth, the place of God, and exercising His supreme rights on a God annihilated for His glory.

The obedience of Jesus is above everything, and nothing can be compared with it. But what virtue, what abnegation, what sublimity of grace was not necessary to command Jesus in a manner worthy of Him and meriting His Divine approbation! Oh! the delightful sight for the Eternal Father and the Heavenly spirits! We are lost when we stop to think of it and the human mind cannot sustain such high contemplation.

How great Joseph seems when he commands his Son! Not exactly because this Son is God, but because, in commanding Him, he practises the most admirable virtues; he commands Him only to obey God, and never was he more humble, more annihilated in his own eyes than when exercising such authority.



What peace! What union in this Holy Family! . . .

Let us be silent, let us admire and imitate as much as we possibly can! God therefore merits that a God should annihilate Himself to the point of obeying creatures made of nothing and who are before Him as naught, in order that He may be glorified. And I who am nothing should be reluctant to obey men clad with His authority! My pride would be hurt, and I would refuse to obey! Ah! what pride can stand against the example of Jesus, especially when one thinks that He wished to give it solely for us!

If Jesus teaches me to obey, Joseph teaches me to command — a lesson more difficult perhaps than that of obedience. In commanding, I must always remember that my rights to command come from God alone; I am not exercising my own rights, but those of God; I must exercise them depending entirely on grace, paying attention neither to my own ideas nor to my fancies; I must exercise them with love, with charity, respecting the sensitiveness of my inferiors; I must exercise them without prejudice to humility of which we must never lose sight and whose sentiments are never more necessary than when we perform acts of authority. It is more advan-

tageous, without comparison, to obey than to command; and we shall command well only in so far as we have obeyed well; but to command well and to obey well, one needs every virtue, especially humility.

— ABBE LARFEUIL.

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Prayer to the Holy Family

O most Holy and blessed Family, who didst lead apparently so obscure and humble a life on earth, but who in the eyes of God didst shine enriched with the most sublime virtues, deign to look down on us with compassion! Thou knowest our wants; Thou knowest our weaknesses. Come then to our help, O sweet Jesus, and grant that all children may be submissive and docile as Thou wert! O Mary, may all mothers imitate thy tender vigilance! O holy Saint Joseph, may all fathers be like thee the careful protectors and guardians of their children. O Holy Family, pray for us! Banish all sin and evil from our households, and grant that if the worldly wealth of this life fall not to our lot, we may nevertheless live in peace, union and innocence, so that after having faithfully followed in your footsteps here below, we may one day share your happiness in heaven. Amen.

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To the Glory of St. Joseph

PROTECTED BY SAINT JOSEPH

Venerable Sister Cecilia Portaro, of Milan, member of the Third Order of Saint Francis, had great devotion to the Guardian of Virgins. She obtained numerous favours from him, but the most admirable was, beyond all doubt, one granted her during a long voyage.

She had gone on a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Trapani, in Sicily, in the company of several other Sisters; on their return, they were suddenly forsaken on the sea-side by their treacherous guides. The night was obscure, the solitude, dreadful; no words can express the terror that seized them, when they heard steps directed in their way. Their fear augmented as the noise grew closer. Soon they could distinguish, despite the darkness, a venerable old man in pilgrim garb, leaning on his staff. He accosted them, offering to serve as their guide, for he well saw they had gone astray . . . "There is no doubt that your baggage encumbers you, you may confide it to the young man who is accompanying me; he will carry it with pleasure."

"We accept both your obliging offer and your assuring company; but you will have a long distance to cover, for our house is far, it is on Saint Joseph Street."

"Why, that is my destination also!" the old man continued, "come, Sisters, do not fear."

They set out immediately and reached the convent without further mishap; the young man deposited his burden on the threshold; a welcoming hand opened the door. Then the grateful Sisters turned to thank their benevolent conductors. . . both had disappeared, leaving behind them a trace of brilliant light.

They understood that their guide was no other than Saint Joseph, and his accommodating companion, one of their guardian angels.

ADMIRABLE CONFORMITY TO THE WILL OF GOD

It was during an epidemic that devastated a whole country, but that was especially cruel on the poor. A charitable priest entered a low and damp stable where a victim of the contagion was agonizing. What did he see? An old man, lying on disgusting fragments of rag. He was alone; a bundle of straw was his bed. No furniture, not even a chair — he had sold everything the first days of his illness to procure a few spoonfuls of broth. An axe and two saws were hanging on the black, bare walls — they, and his two brazen arms, as long as he was able to move them, were all his wealth. But, now, he had not the strength to lift them.

"Be courageous, my friend," the priest said, "the Lord is granting you a great grace to-day; you will soon leave this world where you have found nothing but misery."

"Nothing but misery?" broke in the moribund with a faltering voice, "you are wrong; I took St. Joseph for my patron and model, and, like him, I never grieved over my fate. I have known neither hatred nor envy; I rested peacefully at night. I tired myself in the day-time, and at night I rested. The tools you see procured me bread that I ate with delight. I was poor, it is true, but St. Joseph was not in a better situation, and my health has been fairly good until now. If I recover, I will engage in the lumbering industry and continue blessing the hand of God that has guided me all my life."

The priest, astonished, knew not what to answer to such a patient. He collected himself, however, and said, "My friend, even if life has not been too hard on you, you must nevertheless prepare yourself to leave it, for we must resign ourselves to God's Holy Will."

"I have known how to live," broke in the moribund, "I shall know how to die. I render thanks to God for having given me life, and for having me suffer death in order that I may be with Him; I feel the moment has come, adieu, father!..."

Thus lived and died, filled with calm, this pious workman, this just man, who had taken St. Joseph for his patron and model.

THE TEARS OF A PIOUS STUDENT

A pious young man was studying for the priesthood. He desired to devote his life to the service of God and the salvation of souls. Unfortunately, he found such great difficulty in mastering the Latin tongue that his generous teacher lost patience and, for a moment, despaired of success. The tears of the pious scholar, his application and piety determined the priest to try again. "My dear boy," the venerable pastor said to him, "I see but one way of coming out of that, it is to place yourself under the protection of Saint Joseph, to beseech him fervently to grant you the talent you are in need of; otherwise, you will have to give up your studies. Now, be courageous, I shall unite with you in prayer, and I have confidence we shall be answered, for everything is promised to persevering prayer."

The young student threw himself into the arms of Saint Joseph and prayed so ardently that the good Patriarch favoured him in a most marvelous manner. Presently his spirit opened, his talent developed and he successfully finished his studies. At the Seminary, he was equally remarkable for his talent and virtue and received Holy Orders with honour. Appointed in turn professor of dogma, of moral, superior, and finally vicar-general, he was for many years the light and counsel of the majority of the priests whom he directed. What was especially striking in this man of God, was the confidence he bore Saint Joseph, his generous benefactor. Let us learn from this how powerful on the heart of God is the humble and persevering prayer addressed Him through the mediation of Mary's holy Spouse.

— REV. FATHER HUGUET, S. M.

Mission Intention for the Month of April

"For Native Clergy in Indo China and Siam."

A man of prayer does more for the salvation of souls in one week than another could accomplish in a whole year. — *Ven. Louis Marie Baudouin.*

The Pope's Message

Giving Hope to War-Torn World



IN the dawning light of the Holy Feast of the Nativity of Our Divine Saviour, an occasion anticipated always with a lively sense of pride and penetrating joy, as men again prepare to bow down and kneel in adoration before the ineffable mystery of the merciful bounty of God, Who in His infinite charity wished to offer to humanity as His greatest and most august gift His only begotten Son, Our heart goes out to you, beloved sons and daughters in every corner of the earth, and Our thoughts, while not abandoning this world, are raised above it to penetrate the heavenly realms.

The star which served as the guiding light to the cradle of the newborn Redeemer even after twenty centuries is still marvelously resplendent in the skies of Christianity.

The Gentiles raged and the nations met together against the Lord and against His guidance.

LIGHT WILL NEVER FADE

In the face of human strifes and tempests the light of that star has never faded. It's not fading now and it never will fade. To it belong the past, present and future. That shining light has admonished us never to despair. It shines on people even when on earth, as in an ocean raging in a storm, there is an intensification of those sinister whirlwinds which are the source and origin of wide-spread carnage and misery.

Its light is the light of comfort, of hope, of immovable faith, of life and of certainty in the ultimate triumph of the Redeemer which will overflow as a torrent of salvation for the interior peace and glory of all those who, raised to the supernatural order of grace, will have received the power of becoming children of God because they are born of God.

We, therefore, Who in these bitter times of warring upheaval are tortured by your tortures and sorrowed by your sorrows, We who live with you under the awful incubus of a scourge which is tearing at humanity for still a third year, wish to speak to you from Our paternal heart on this vigil of the solemn Feast of Christmas to exhort you to remain always strong in your faith and to share with you the comfort of that very real, superabundant and elevating hope and certainty which radiates from the crib of the new-born Saviour.

Indeed, beloved children, if our eyes were to be focused only on material and carnal things they would scarcely find any reason for comfort.

JOYOUS MESSAGE

True, the bells ring out their joyous message of Christmas. The churches and oratories are alight, religious chants brighten men's spirits; all is festal and decorative in the sacred temples but humanity goes on tearing itself to pieces in a war of extermination.

In the sacred ceremonies of this Holy Season the Church echoes the beautiful antiphon "*Rex pacificus magnificatus est cujus vultum desiderat universa terra*"—"the King of Peace upon whose countenance all men desire to gaze has been glorified"—the first antiphon of the vespers of the Feast of the Nativity.

But this resounds in strident contrast with the events about us whose roar over hill and dale creates a terrifying fracas, devastating lands and homes over wide areas and throwing millions of men and their families into unhappiness, misery and death.

DEMONSTRATIONS OF VALOR

To be sure, there are many admirable demonstrations of indomitable valor in the defense of rights and of native soil, of serenity in the sorrow of souls, living through a holocaust of flames for the triumph of truth and justice. But it is indeed with a depressing anguish that We recall and, as if in a dream, look upon the terrible armed and bloody conflict which has marked this year now drawing to a close, upon the unhappy lot of the wounded and the prisoners of war, upon the corporal and spiritual sufferings, the carnage, the destruction and ruin which aerial warfare leaves in its wake in large and populous cities and in vast industrial centers.

It is with that same anguish that We look upon the depleted resources of nations and upon the millions of people who are being hurled into a state of misery and total exhaustion by this ruthless conflict and by its brutal violence.

And while the strength and health of a great part of youth which was in the process of maturing are being weakened through the privations imposed by the present scourge, the war expenditures and debts are rising to levels never dreamed of before.

Such large-scale disbursements, giving rise as they must to a contraction of the forces of production in the civil and social field, cannot but be the basis for serious anxiety on the part of those who turn their thoughts with preoccupation toward the future.

RULE OF LAW PERVERTED

The very idea of force stifles and perverts the rule of law, offers the possibility and free opportunity to individuals and to social or political groups to violate the property and the rights of others and permits all the other destructive forces to upset and agitate the civil atmosphere until it becomes a raging tempest and you shall see the notions of good and evil, of right and injustice, lose their well-defined outlines, become blunted and confused and finally threaten to disappear.

Those who, by virtue of the pastoral ministry, are enabled to penetrate the depths of men's hearts, know and see what an accumulation of sorrows and unspeakable anxieties take root in many souls and diminish therein the longing for the enjoyment of labor and life; sorrows and anxieties which suffocate men's spirits and render them silent and indolent, suspecting and almost devoid of hope in face of events and requirements of the times.

These are anxieties of the soul which no one may take lightly if he has at heart the genuine good of peoples and desires to promote a return in the near future to normal and ordered conditions of life and action. Faced with this view of the present, men sense a feeling of bitter disappointment which has invaded their very hearts, especially since there appears today to be no open road to agreement between the belligerent parties whose reciprocal war aims and programs would seem to be irreconcilable.

CHRISTIANITY ACCUSED

When the causes of the present calamities are examined, causes which leave mankind perplexed, the opinion is frequently ventured that Christianity has failed in its mission. Whence comes such an accusation and by whom is it made? Would it be from those Apostles who were the glory of Christ? From those heroic and zealous exponents of faith and justice? From those pastors and priests, heralds of Christianity, who in suffering persecutions and martyrdom brought about the civilization of barbarous peoples and prostrated them in devotion before the altar of Christ? Would it be that such an accusation was made by those noble men who initiated the Christian civilization, who saved the remnants of the wisdom and art of Athens and Rome, who united peoples in the Name of Christ, Who taught wisdom and virtue, Who raised the Cross above the airy pinnacles and vaults of the cathedrals, those replicas of heavenly beauty and monuments of faith and piety which still elevate their lofty and venerable towers in the midst of the ruins of Europe? Would it be they who make that accusation?

No! Christianity, whose force derives from Him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life and Who is with it and shall remain with it until the consummation of the world, has not failed in its mission but men have rebelled against that Christianity which is true and faithful to Christ and His doctrine.

In its place they have fashioned Christianity to their liking, a new idol which does not save, which is not opposed to the passions of carnal desires nor to the greed for gold and silver which fascinate, nor to the pride of life; a new religion without a soul or a soul without religion, a mask of dead Christianity without the spirit of Christ. And they have proclaimed that Christianity has failed in its mission!

RELIGIOUS ANEMIA

Let us burrow deeply into the conscience of modern society. Let us seek out the root of the evil. Where does it thrive? Here again, of course,

We do not wish to withhold the praise due to the wisdom of those rulers who either favored always or who desired and were capable of restoring to their place of honor, to the advantage of the people, the values of Christian civilization in the amicable relations between Church and State, in the safeguarding of the sanctity of marriage, in the religious education of youth. But we cannot close Our eyes to the sad spectacle of the progressive deChristianization, both individual and social, which from moral laxity has developed into a general state of weakness and brought about the open denial of truth and of those influences whose function it is to illuminate our minds in the matter of good and evil and to fortify family life, private life and the public life of the State.

A religious anemia, like a spreading contagion, has so afflicted many peoples of Europe and of the world and has created in their souls such a moral void that no spurious and pharisaical religious and no national or international mythology will serve to fill this emptiness. Is it not true that for decades and centuries past men have directed their every thought, word and deed to their sworn objective of tearing from the hearts of our young and old alike their faith in God, the Creator and Father of all, Rewarder of good and avenger of evil, and have they not striven for the accomplishment of this goal through a process of radical change in education and instruction, opposing and oppressing by every art and means the diffusion of the spoken and printed word, and by the abuse of scientific knowledge and political power, the religion and the Church of Christ?

NO OTHER COURSE

For the human spirit, overwhelmed in the confusion of this moral abyss, by its alienation from God and Christian practices, no other course remained but that of turning all its thoughts, purposes and every evaluation of men's possessions, actions and labor and directing them to the material world, striving and sweating with might and main to spread out in space, to surpass all previous accomplishments in the attainment of riches and power, to engage in a competition of speed, to produce in greater quantity and quality everything that material advancement and progress seemed to require.

Hence, we witnessed in the political sphere, the prevalence of an unrestrained impulse towards expansion and mere political advantage to the disregard of moral principle in the field of economics, the domination of great, gigantic enterprises and trusts in social life, the uprooting and crowding of masses of the people in distressing concentration in the great cities and centers of industry and commerce, with all the uncertainty which is an inevitable consequence when men in large numbers change their homes and residences, their countries and trades, their attachments and friendships.

It followed from this, then, that the contact and relationship between men in their social life took on a character that was purely physical and mechanical, with a contemptuous disregard for every reasonable moderation and consideration. The rule of external compulsion, mere possession of power, overruled the norms of right and order governing human association

and community life which, emanating from God, determine the natural and supernatural relationship that should prevail in the co-existence of law and love as applied to the individual and to society.

DEGRADED AND SUPPRESSED

The majesty and dignity of the particular social groups became a dead letter, degraded and suppressed by the idea that might makes right. The right to private property became, for some, a power to be used for the exploitation of the labor of their fellowmen; in others that right enkindled a spirit of jealousy, intolerance and hatred and the organization that resulted therefrom was converted into a powerful weapon to be used in conflict by the contending parties to gain the advantage for their particular interests.

In some countries, a godless and anti-Christian conception of the State bound the individual to itself with its vast tentacles in such a way as to almost deprive him of all independence, and this no less in his private than in his public life.

Who today can be surprised that such radical opposition to the principles of Christian teaching has finally found its outlet in so intense a clash of internal and external enmities as to lead to the extermination of human lives and the destruction of worldly goods?

The spectacle which We are now beholding with such profound sorrow is the unhappy consequence and fruit of the social condition We have described. The war, far from arresting this influence and development, promotes it, accelerates it and spreads it with increasing ruin the longer it endures, rendering the catastrophe ever more general.

MATERIALISM CONDEMNED

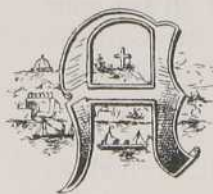
From Our words, directed against the materialism of the past century and of the present time, it would be wrong to deduce a condemnation of technical progress.

No, We do not condemn that which is a gift of God Who, just as He causes the bread-yielding wheat to rise from the sod of the earth, has also hidden in the bowels of the earth from the time of the world's creation treasures of fire, of metals, of precious stones to be uncovered by the hand of man for his needs, for his works, and for his progress.

The Church, mother of so many universities of Europe, while continuing to exalt and gather together the most fearless masters of the sciences and explorers of nature, does not fail, at the same time, to bear in mind that all God's gifts and the very freedom of the human will itself can be used in a way to merit praise and reward, or blame and condemnation. Thus, it has happened that the spirit and the tendency with which technical progress was often put to use have brought it about that in our time technology must expiate its error and be, as it were, its own avenger by producing instruments of destruction which destroy today what it had erected yesterday.

(To be continued.)

Feasts of the Tercentenary of Montreal



MEMORABLE event, preluding the Tercentenary celebrations to be held throughout the year, crowned the dawning hours of 1942 in the city of Montreal: in the presence of a vast gathering took place on Place d'Armes the unveiling and blessing of a remembrance plate — public tribute of homage to Maisonneuve.

Representatives of public bodies, assembled for the occasion, assisted firstly at a Midnight Mass chanted in Notre Dame Church. It had been preceded by an hour of adoration presided over by His Excellency Most Reverend Joseph Charbonneau; a multitude of the faithful were in attendance. The members of the Nocturnal Adoration occupied honourable seats in the chancel and nave.

At the close of this holy Hour, during which prayers, invocations and hymns mounted heavenwards with accents of great fervour, the worthy Archbishop of Montreal gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and recited with emotion the "Prayer for victory and peace".

As the twelve strokes of midnight resounded in the vast pile, the well-loved Pastor came forth, in episcopal vestments, to present his New Year wishes to the population of Montreal. "So as not to do away with a venerable tradition," spoke His Excellency, "I come to offer you, dear Brethren, my New Year wishes. I am deeply touched on seeing you assembled at this hour of the night in such large numbers within this magnificent church. You desired to spend the last moments of 1941 with God and consecrate to Him the first moments of the opening year.

"We have many reasons for thanking Divine Providence, and how good it is to spare ourselves a few moments of rest during which we shall stop, and think of what is awaiting us. It is a duty for us to look back on the closing year and to express to God our most sincere thanks. Let each one of us reflect on all he has received from Heaven during 1941 . . . and for all these favours we shall feel the necessity of manifesting our gratitude to God.

"And now, we are all coming to begin this new year at the feet of our good God, and to solicit His blessing.

"We shall begin it by presenting our wishes to God Himself, and these wishes we shall find in the excellent prayer He Himself has taught us, the Our Father. 'Hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done!' Is it not the most intimate desire of our soul to see God honoured by all men, to see Him reign over the whole world?

"I am happy, dear Brethren," continued His Excellency, "to express my wishes to each and every one of you in this church and before God. I wish you firstly an intense spiritual life, a life abounding in grace. I pray God to extend that spiritual life, that life filled with grace into each one of your homes.

"But we must not forget that we belong to two societies necessary for our happiness — Church and Country. And it is with our whole heart

that we extend our wishes to Holy Mother Church who, in these difficult times, weeps over the misfortunes befalling the universe she would so save. She thinks of her missionaries taken prisoners, she thinks of all her sons warring among themselves. We have no fears concerning the Catholic Church, for hers are the Divine promises; but we wish her to continue her work of salvation throughout the entire world.

"Neither shall we forget our Country actually traversing sorrow-laden times. And I shall tell you all my joy on seeing here the public authorities turn to God to implore His blessings. New Year's Day is consecrated this year to national prayer. We shall therefore ask for a veritable love of Country and ponder over the duties we have to fulfill in her regard. She has granted us so many benefits. With fervour we shall request for her the most precious graces for the future that God will be pleased to send us."

After having thus expressed his wishes, the revered Archbishop ascended to the altar and offered the Holy Sacrifice, during which a large number of the faithful received Communion.

Coming out of church, the vast congregation thronged on Place d'Armes and on the steps of Notre Dame. The weather was mild and a few snowflakes were falling. In the centre of Place d'Armes, in an apotheosis of light, arose Maisonneuve's monument.

At half past one resounded the clarion's call while the bells of Notre Dame rang a loud peal. Then His Honour the Mayor of the city, Mr. A. Raynault, read a proclamation announcing the first day of the tercentenary of Montreal. He unveiled the remembrance plate placed at the base of Maisonneuve's Monument; it bears the following inscription: "To Maisonneuve. At the opening of the Tercentenary of Montreal. The citizens' homage. January 1, 1942."

In the flickering light of torches, His Excellency Most Reverend Joseph Charbonneau recited the ritual prayers and blessed the plate.

After the reading of a telegram from the Governor-General of Canada, expressing his deep regret at not being able to attend this manifestation, and conveying as well his New Year greetings to the city, and after the reading of the proceedings of the celebration, all sang heartily the national hymn, *O Canada*.

ON MOUNT ROYAL

On the feast of the Epiphany, a magnificent ceremony took place on Mount Royal, in the midst of a considerable gathering, in remembrance of the erection of a cross on this mountain by Maisonneuve. It was on January 6, 1643, that the founder of Montreal raised that cross, but the Committee for the religious feasts of the Tercentenary deemed appropriate to anticipate the commemoration of this event, and placed it on the list of feasts which will, throughout 1942, recall to us the early days of this important city.

In the course of the afternoon, evoking Maisonneuve's procedure, which itself was the realization of a vow he had made should the St. Lawrence waters withdraw and cease to menace the frail dwellings of the nascent colony of Ville-Marie, a Montreal youth loaded a wooden cross on his

shoulders and climbed the snowy heights of Mount Royal, from the corner of Cedar Street and Cote des Neiges Road, up to the metallic cross which is erected on the mountain-top.

On his footsteps advanced a cortege of youths and maidens dressed after the fashion of those pioneer days; some represented Maisonneuve's companions, others, the first women of the colony — Jeanne Mance, Marguerite Bourgeoys and others.

At the foot of the metallic Cross an altar and a platform had been erected for the occasion. The choir of the High Seminary of Montreal greeted the arrival of another Maisonneuve and his cortege with *O Crux ave, spes unica*. Then all present united their voices in singing *O Canada*.

Notwithstanding the prevailing cold, a few allocutions were pronounced.

Mr. Paul Leblanc, president of the Canadian Association for Catholic Youth, thanked those present for their participation in the ceremony, then read a passage from a book written by Abbé Lionel Groulx, entitled *Notre Maître, le passé*, in which are related the circumstances of the vow made by the founder of Ville-Marie and those of its accomplishment.

His Excellency Most Reverend C. Chaumont, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, stressed on the meaning profoundly Christian and religious of Maisonneuve's deed. "Three centuries", spoke he, "have passed since the performance of that act, and like the pioneer settlers we have climbed the slope of Mount Royal. In our turn, we have come to kneel at the foot of the Cross, to live anew that memorable hour of January 6, 1643; to recall, regardless of the difficult ascent and the inclemency of the season, a symbolism full of meaning and mystery.

"It was at the foot of the Cross that our history was compiled: the crosses of Gaspé, Stadacona, Three Rivers, Sainte Adèle, Hochelaga and our little roadside crosses in the different parishes. Those crosses are a living lesson, which incites us to be proud of our French and religious extraction and which commands us in an imperious manner to ever maintain our traditions, our tongue and our faith."

In concluding, His Excellency declared that, in this tragical hour, the Cross will be once more our salvation. "Let us oppose the foe," continued he, "with this all-powerful sign of victory and our triumph is assured. In the cross, and through the cross only, will the world recover happiness in justice and peace."

His Honour the Mayor of Montreal then addressed the audience. He pointed out that this particular deed Maisonneuve accomplished three hundred years ago is a precious example which we have no right to forget. "Let us profit by the occasion," said he, "to banish from our lives those sentiments of silly jealousy, mean pride, excessive individualism which hinder the efforts of those who seek the good of the country and serve only to advantage our worst enemies."

His Honour Mayor Raynault expressed a desire to see the cross on Mount Royal become for us a symbol of faith, of harmony and union, of

lawful pride. "May this cross on Mount Royal," continued he in bringing his allocution to a close, "remain for all of us the hope that soon peace will enlighten the world and stay permanently in each one of our homes."

The touching manifestation was brought to a close with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by His Excellency Bishop Chaumont.

CONSECRATION OF THE CITY TO THE HOLY FAMILY

On Sunday, January 11th, Solemnity of the Holy Family, there took place in Our Lady of the Rosary Church, Villeray, a touching ceremony graced by the presence of His Excellency Archbishop J. Charbonneau and His Excellency Bishop C. Chaumont.

The Mayors of the different municipalities of Montreal had assembled within this pious sanctuary to commemorate an important event in Canadian history: the consecration of the Island to the Holy Family in February 1642, by the Society of Our Lady of Montreal, in Notre Dame Church in Paris. On that date, Mr. Olier was saying Mass at the Virgin's altar while the other priests were celebrating on side altars; the faithful were receiving the Bread of Life to strengthen, in the most intimate union, the Montreal undertaking, which they consecrated on this occasion to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, placing it under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin.

To recall that holy act, after an eloquent sermon pronounced by Reverend Emile Bouvier, S. J., on devotion to the Holy Family, Mr. A. D. Quintin, representing the Mayor of Montreal, read in the name of all the mayors present, the following consecration:

"O Jesus, our amiable Redeemer, Who, sent from Heaven to enlighten the world by Thy doctrine and example, has willed to spend the greater part of Thy mortal life in the humble dwelling of Nazareth, obeying Mary and Joseph and consecrating this family which was to become the model of all Christian families, receive in Thy goodness the mayors of the municipalities of Montreal who, renewing the pious deed of the founders of Ville Marie, consecrate to Thee, on this day, the numerous families which they represent.

"Protect these families, defend them, grant them to live in Thy holy fear, in peace and charity; that they may become like to the Divine model of Thine own holy family and that all their members without exception may come to eternal salvation.

"O Mary! Most loving Mother of Jesus Christ and our Mother, may thy piety and clemency render this consecration of our families agreeable to Jesus, and obtain from Him benefits and benedictions!

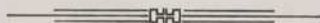
"O Joseph, most holy guardian of Jesus and Mary, succour us with thy prayers in all our necessities of soul and body, that with thee and the ever-glorious Virgin Mary, we may eternally praise and thank Jesus Christ, our Divine Redeemer. Amen!"

His Excellency Archbishop J. Charbonneau, assisted by Monsignor E. Larochelle, Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary, and by Very Reverend Father St. Cyr, Provincial of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, bringing to a close this beautiful religious feast which must have been very pleasing to Jesus, Mary and Joseph, and which will not fail to draw on our great metropolis an abundance of mercies and Divine blessings.

Mission-Exhibit in Montreal

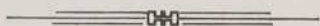
The Missionary committee of the Religious Feasts of the Tercentenary of Montreal has announced for the end of next June, a Mission-Exhibit which will be held at the University on the Mountain.

May God bless this important project which will make known the work accomplished by our Canadian Missionaries and win for them new collaborators and benefactors.



The sinister events which are actually upsetting the world should make each and everyone of us Christians, understand that we have a threefold and pressing duty to fulfill: the duty of satisfying Divine Justice, the duty of returning to the practices of a true Christian life and a charitable apostolate, the duty of preparing at this very moment the post-war period which, alas! will be a hard trial for souls and Holy Mother Church. When studying anew the incomparable origin of Ville-Marie, when taking part in the pious celebrations which will commemorate the Tercentenary of its founding, we shall have a most favourable opportunity to renew our Christian knowledge, to revive our religious convictions and inasmuch improve our individual, family and social life.

— *His Excellency Archbishop J. Charbonneau.*



The Family and Public Welfare

No one is unaware of the fact that private and public welfare depend especially on the religious formation received in the family. The more virtue will be deeply rooted during home-life and the more parents will have inculcated in the spirit of their children, by word and example, the precepts of religion, the more abundant also will be the fruits public welfare will derive.

The nobles will learn of the Holy Family how they must be moderate and temperate in prosperity, how they must maintain their dignity in misfortune. The wealthy will learn how money is of little value compared with virtue. The workmen and those who, nowadays, are bitterly irritated on account of their more modest condition and the difficulties they meet with in the family, will not fail to find reasons for loving their fate rather than sorrowing over it, if they consider the members of this Holy Family. Their work, in fact, is the same as that of the Holy Family, the cares of their daily life are the same. Joseph, like them, had to provide for his needs with his salary. Better still, even the Divine Hands applied themselves to the occupations of the workmen.

— LEO XIII.



A GOOD RESOLUTION

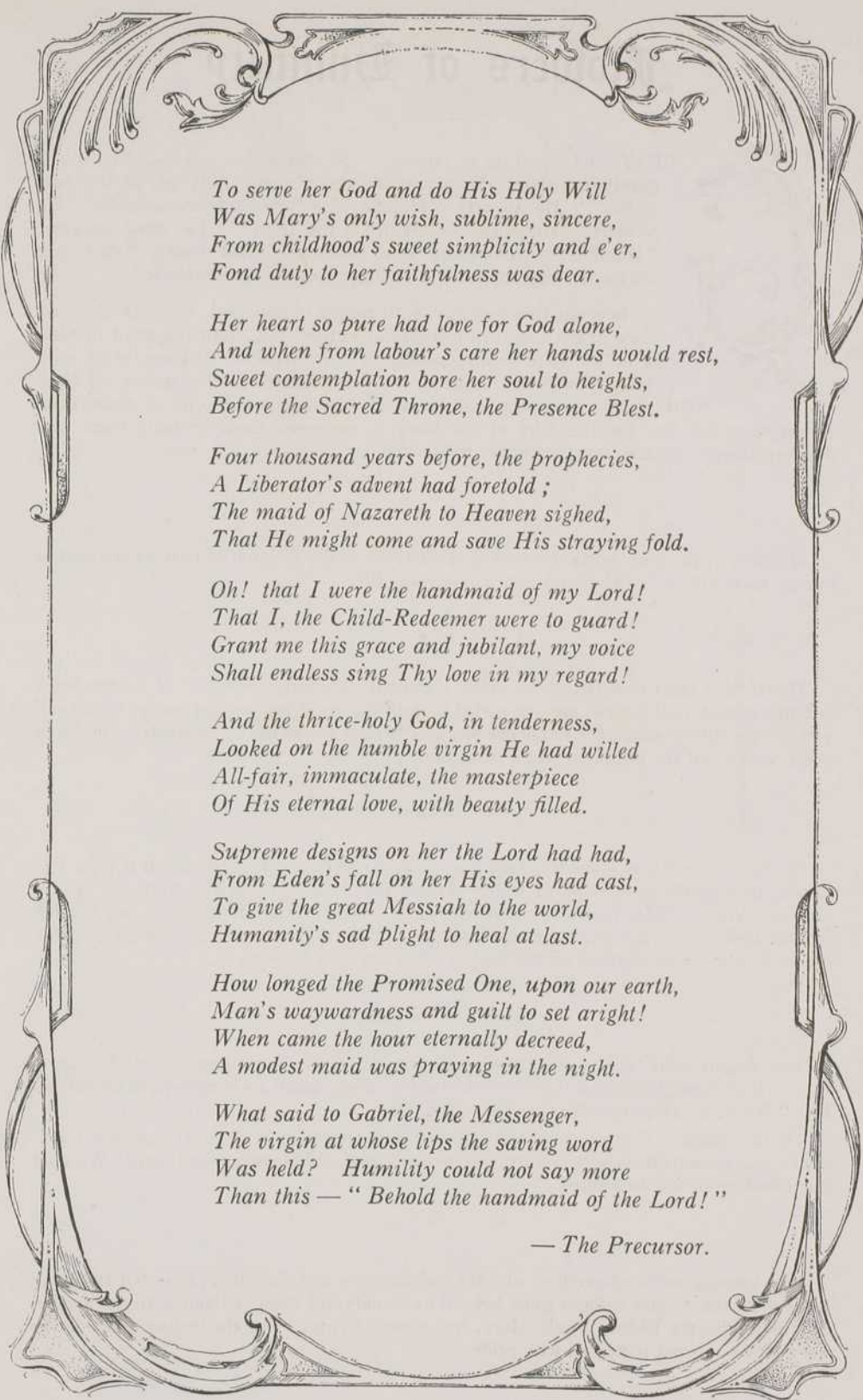
Let us ask ourselves this question each evening: "*What do you say of yourself?*" Follow the counsel of St. John Chrysostom: "Every evening, exact accounts of your conscience, so that you may be able to say like Seneca, 'Each day, I judge my own cause, I overlook nothing'."



The Handmaid of the Lord

*As lily blooms in dazzling beauty decked,
That gaze at Heaven's blue in vales untrod,
So Mary lived, away from worldly glance,
Immaculate in presence of her God.*

*A fragrant garden was her soul where sprung
And blossomed, virtues seen by Him alone.
Within her heart, as incense, rose her prayer,
By angels borne before the Blessed Throne.*



*To serve her God and do His Holy Will
Was Mary's only wish, sublime, sincere,
From childhood's sweet simplicity and e'er,
Fond duty to her faithfulness was dear.*

*Her heart so pure had love for God alone,
And when from labour's care her hands would rest,
Sweet contemplation bore her soul to heights,
Before the Sacred Throne, the Presence Blest.*

*Four thousand years before, the prophecies,
A Liberator's advent had foretold ;
The maid of Nazareth to Heaven sighed,
That He might come and save His straying fold.*

*Oh! that I were the handmaid of my Lord!
That I, the Child-Redeemer were to guard!
Grant me this grace and jubilant, my voice
Shall endless sing Thy love in my regard!*

*And the thrice-holy God, in tenderness,
Looked on the humble virgin He had willed
All-fair, immaculate, the masterpiece
Of His eternal love, with beauty filled.*

*Supreme designs on her the Lord had had,
From Eden's fall on her His eyes had cast,
To give the great Messiah to the world,
Humanity's sad plight to heal at last.*

*How longed the Promised One, upon our earth,
Man's waywardness and guilt to set aright!
When came the hour eternally decreed,
A modest maid was praying in the night.*

*What said to Gabriel, the Messenger,
The virgin at whose lips the saving word
Was held? Humility could not say more
Than this — " Behold the handmaid of the Lord! "*

— The Precursor.

Flowers of Humility



REAT and beautiful is humility. St. Augustine supposes that he is questioned about the dignity of the virtues. "Which is the first virtue?" He answers: "Humility." — "Which is the second?" He answers: "Humility." — "Which is the third?" He again answers: "Humility." "And every time," adds the great Doctor, "that you ask me the same question, I shall give you the same answer."

It is not that humility, with regard to its object, occupies the first place in the choir of supernatural virtues; but, from the point of view of utility, it plays a preponderant part. Without it, there is no solid virtue, no stability in good, no perseverance in the service of God. With it, on the contrary, all Heavenly blessings come to us in abundance. It prepares the way for the gifts of the Lord; it preserves them, protects them and develops them. With it, one goes surely to Heaven.

* * *

Humility is the most authentic sign of sanctity; it is the triumph of God's grace and of human good-will; it is the charm and happiness of life.

* * *

Humility of heart is a virtue by which, thoroughly knowing ourselves, we acknowledge our misery and nothingness, are persuaded that all the good we possess comes from God, and despise ourselves in order to honour and glorify God, the source of all good, the origin of every virtue and the beginning of all perfection.

* * *

St. Teresa, seeking to know why God loves humility so much, discovered that it is for this reason: because He is the God of truth. Those, then, that walk in the truth are always humble. Vanity comes from error and ignorance. That is why sinners, who are blinded by the shadows of iniquity, are more subject to pride and presumption; the saints, on the contrary, who are enlightened by the light of grace, are very far from it.

* * *

God detests pride because it is, at the same time, untruth, ingratitude and theft: that is why, in the Gospel, this vice is the object of so many curses, which are comprised in the following: "Whoever exalts himself will be humbled!"

On the contrary, God cherishes the humble; He grants their prayers; He protects them; He inclines towards them with bounty; He blesses them; and He magnifies them: "Whoever humbles himself will be exalted!"

* * *

The streams swell and overflow with the melting snow and abundant rains; but the ocean takes in all the streams without going beyond its bounds and, even, without letting it appear. So was it with the Blessed Virgin Mary, real ocean of virtue. All the virtues abounded in her and she was not puffed up with pride.

The more she perceived, in a bright light, God's bounties towards her, the more she recognized her lowliness and became unspeakably confused, like the poor beggar who, clothed by charity in a splendid garment, far from being elated by it in his benefactor's presence, humiliates himself, on the contrary, because the splendid suit that he is wearing is a striking reminder of his poverty.

* * *

According to St. Paul, the predestinated should bear the mark of Jesus Christ, and the more they are elevated in perfection, the more they are the living image of Our Saviour. Now, what is the most remarkable virtue of the Word made flesh? Is it not humility? Did not the great Apostle write to the Philippians these remarkable words: "Brethren, let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man. He humbled Himself becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross." The humility of Jesus Christ, I find it inscribed in letters more brilliant than the sun, at Bethlehem, in Egypt, at Nazareth, on Calvary and in the Tabernacle.

* * *

A glance at ourselves: we are so proud! We are nothing and are worth nothing; we have offended God in many ways; we are nothing three times over: from the stand-point of existence, from that of conservation, and because of our sins,—and we consider ourselves great, we despise others, we praise ourselves ever and anon, we desire to be remarked, praised and honoured; we dream of grandeur, distinctions and dignities! Poor miserable beings, what a pity we are for the Angels, on account of our foolishness! What bitter regrets we are preparing for ourselves at the hour of death! What humiliations we are running after!

Let us change our mind and our conduct. Let us seek and practise humility; let us ask God for this virtue by fervent prayers.

Jesus meek and humble of Heart, make our hearts like unto Thine!

Heart of Mary, so like that of Jesus, make our hearts similar to Our Saviour's!

— FATHER C. ROLLAND.



Trials are Blessings

O holy trials of God, what blessings do you not convey! You purify us, you sanctify us, you teach us to throw ourselves into the arms of God, you place on our lips words of burning love, you establish us in patience, you make us die to live anew in God; but when you come from Him, blessed trials, how is it possible not to receive you with faith, how is it possible not to recognize the Hand of God that sends you? . . . You bring us His best graces.

— ABBE PERDRAU.

Our Lady sweetens all that is most bitter to us, the chalice of the Passion we have to taste, and of which she drank so deeply. It is she, Our Mother, who hands to us this chalice as the healing medicine of our souls. Never are we so near to her as when near the Cross.

Come and Seek Peace



O you hear the sweet murmur in the prairie? . . . Draw near and see . . . It is a peaceful little brook whose refreshing waters flow smoothly on. As a looking-glass, it reflects the skies and delicately mirrors the plants and flowers that bend over it. When the sun caresses it or the moon's white rays fall upon it, at once it is filled with lights and diamonds. The little birds warble close by and slake their thirst in its limpid waters. Nature's myriad voices sing its charm and well-doing.

Friend, that is the image of a calm and peaceful conscience.

PEACE

"Peace be to you," often repeated Our Lord to His disciples. And is not that the most excellent of wishes? . . .

Peace with self, peace of conscience, that peace which can be disturbed neither by exterior agitation nor unfortunate events; peace based on purity of heart and confidence in God is a lasting joy, a foretaste of eternal felicity! . . . It is an image of the quietude of God, a delight for others, a source of happiness! . . .

And because many souls do not possess this peace, many are unhappy. They are agitated with fear, anxiety, remorse, dread, sometimes, even, with despair.

WHERE IS PEACE TO BE FOUND?

"My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, do I give unto you," Our Lord also said.

The peace the world offers does not satisfy the soul; as a mirage, it allures, but soon it disenchant, disgusts, discourages.

The peace which satisfies the soul and satiates it is the very one for which the soul has been created: the peace of God.

Yes, true peace has its source in God and is to be found in His friendship.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF GOD

The friendship of God blossoms on the ruins of evil passions and in the path of virtue. Therefore, if we wish for God's peace and love, we must purify our conscience from all stain of sin. If we wish God to love us more and give us greater peace, we must sever all the ties that bind us to sin, practise virtue, exercise zeal.

For that we must pray and reflect. Pray, to obtain Divine grace without which we cannot do good. Reflect, to see how we can in our state of life avoid the least sin, practise virtue more perfectly and incite others to do the same.

"But," you may say, "I have no time to pray, to reflect!..." This proves that you have attached importance to a thousand little cares and superfluities, and that you neglect the only thing necessary, the salvation of your soul.

"I have too many distractions at home," another will object; "I cannot be recollected and besides, I wouldn't know how to do it." Therefore, dear friend, who are speaking thus, come, come to the

CLOSED RETREAT

You are not unaware of the fact that there are here and there, blessed solitudes, oases of peace and recollection, called Retreat Houses; some are for men, others for ladies and girls or even children who go in groups to spend three days in prayer and reflection.



RETREAT HOUSE "OUR LADY OF THE HOLY GHOST"
314 ST. CATHERINE ROAD, OUTREMONT.

There, they are not disturbed, having left aside all preoccupations. There, an experienced preacher gives special instructions which enlighten and counsel, hears confessions, solves doubts and difficulties, prepares for a fervent Communion, directs for the future.

There, silence favours pious meditations, efficacious resolutions and communication with the Holy Ghost Whose voice is heard in the quiet.

There, we find, with the friendship of God, the inestimable boon of peace.

CLOSED RETREATS FOR LADIES AND GIRLS

There are closed retreats for ladies and girls at all times at the following houses of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception:

MONTREAL... Retreat House "Our Lady of the Holy Ghost," 314 St. Catherine Rd., Outremont.

QUEBEC..... Retreat House "Our Lady of the Cenacle," 651 St. Cyrille St.

RIMOUSKI.... Retreat House "St. Teresa of the Child Jesus," St. Jean Baptiste St.

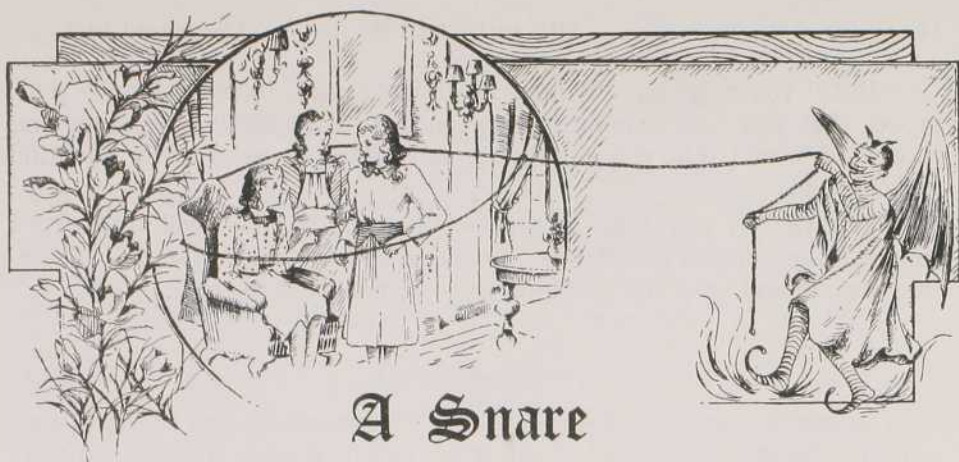
CHICOUTIMI... Retreat House "Our Lady of the Missions," 61 Jacques Cartier St.

JOLIETTE..... Retreat House "Immaculate Conception," 750 St. Louis St.

GRANBY..... Retreat House "Mary Mediatrix," 35 Dufferin St.

ST. JOHNS.... Retreat House "Saint Bernadette," 430 Champlain St.

For further information, apply to the Superior of any of these houses.



A Snare

"Margaret, breakfast is ready."

"Thank you, Mother, I am not having breakfast."

"Do you intend to keep that up very long?"

"I will not have breakfast any more, Mother. Two meals a day are sufficient for me."

"Where did you pick up such a nonsensical idea? . . . Your father knows you have not had breakfast these last three days and that you did nothing but nibble at the two other meals. He has made up his mind to call for the doctor."

"But, Mother, I am not sick!"

"Then why this novelty? Tell me frankly."

"It's because . . . it's the style."

"The style!"

"Why, yes, Mother. All my friends have been doing that for a long time. I am the only one who had not begun."

"Well, you shall not keep this up any longer. Sit down to your breakfast!"

*
* *

"Dear friend, you are always in good health?"

"Yes, thank you."

"How are the children?"

"All well, except my eldest daughter whose health worries me very much. The doctor, who came to examine her, found her very weak, extremely nervous, with an upset stomach and other disorders. He attributes all this to lack of food and abuse of cigarettes. He has prescribed a complete rest and a severe diet. Pauline is greatly affected by these measures, she cries, she is lonesome and discouraged; I dread neurasthenia..."

"I always thought her health was excellent."

"It was. But, since she had her way of not eating, she has completely changed. She has not had breakfast for the last three years and takes very little at the other meals; no soup, bread, potatoes or sauce, and dessert very seldom."

"What does she eat, then?"

"A little dry meat and a small portion of vegetables. For dessert, one or two cigarettes."

"And why did she do that?"

"She would say she had no appetite; but, the truth is, it was to do like the others . . . not to grow fat or, rather, to grow thin, for Pauline was fat."

"And, dear friend, you let your daughter keep that up?"

"I did not like it and, several times, I reproached her with such a conduct, saying she would be sick. I would beg her to sit at table with the others and eat, but she never listened. After all . . . nowadays, it is no longer the parents who command, it is the children."

"It seems to me that a little energy would have sufficed."

"Undoubtedly, I was not energetic . . . Yes, I admit that . . . but now, it is too late!"

"Do not weep, dear friend, 'better late than never'. The point is to see that your daughter shall follow exactly the doctor's prescriptions.

With rest and a fortifying diet, she will certainly grow well again; but, because of her moral state, it may take quite long . . . To heal this delicate wound, much affection, kindness and patience will have to be added to your energy. You will see to that, I am sure, like the good mother you are."

"You are encouraging!"

"During her hours of re-

pose and reflection, Pauline will learn to become wiser."

"That is my hope."

"As to me, I shall profit by the lesson and prevent Mary from being caught in that snare. I say snare, for is not this manner of annihilating our young girls, one of the most subtle and pernicious snares ever invented by the devil? What will be, in these conditions, the generation of tomorrow? And are not our best young girls caught in that snare, the very girls who are called to be the honour of society? . . . Wait, I have an idea!"

"What is it, dear friend?"

"Could we not disclose that diabolical ruse to the mothers of our daughters' friends?"

"I uphold your good resolve with all my heart."

"I will see to this immediately."

"Dear friend, you have done me so much good. Thank you!"



Do not weep, dear Friend! . . .

The Fate of the Pagans

(Continued)

How can a pagan make an act of supernatural faith? What will become of the savage tribes that have observed the natural law?

With actual grace given by God, a pagan can arrive at supernatural faith. Undoubtedly, this act of faith demands that the Revelation be proposed to the unbeliever for him to adhere to it, and, normally, it is the Catholic Church that presents to all the Divine Revelation by the ministry of her apostles, preachers and missionaries. She *alone* is appointed to carry to all the Divine Message. But this does not forbid God to enlighten souls by supra-normal ways. The Fathers of the Church, and St. Thomas Aquinas after them, have admitted that God made direct revelations to pagans in good faith. "Never," says the saintly Doctor, "has God failed him who sought salvation in good faith." The detail of the articles of faith necessary to salvation will be given by Divine Providence, either through the ministry of a missionary or through revelation. And when the case is objected of a savage dwelling in the wild among wolves, St. Thomas answers that we must not despair of this man's salvation, if he obeys his natural reason that tells him to do good and avoid evil; as he does all in his power and does not commit sin, we must hold for certain that God will reveal to him all that it is binding to believe, either by interior inspiration, or by sending a Missionary to him, as He sent Peter to Cornelius, the Centurion. Consequently, *to him who does all in his power, God will not refuse His grace.*

Do infidels go to Limbo after death?

Limbo is the eternal abode of the dead deprived of sanctifying grace without any fault on their part. Now, they alone who differentiate good from evil, who have reached moral life, are capable of sinning; it is incumbent that they make an act of faith in order to be justified. But we must take into consideration that development of the moral life, especially in pagan environment, can be notably retarded, and perhaps even more so in uncivilized countries, where man contends against great difficulties, as this could have been the case in prehistorical ages. These men may have attained adult age from the moral point of view, long after the so-called adult age, and even have never reached it; so is it with the insane and feeble-minded in pagan neighbourhoods. These men rendered by circumstances incapable of moral life have a place in Limbo after death.

(To be continued.)

God always rewards by an increase of faith the efforts we make to spread the faith.

— Louis Veuillot.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued.)

THIS opium is a substance extracted from the poppy and is smoked like tobacco. The result is a positive destruction of all the faculties of mind and body ending in complete stupefaction. The Chinese have a passion for this pernicious drug, and the English an equal anxiety to supply them with it; they bring it from Hindustan. In spite of treaties and protestations, the sums acquired in this contraband traffic are enormous, and the trade is a thorough disgrace to the English nation. If the devil had tried to invent something to ruin men, body and soul, he could not have hit on anything more effectual. I wish we could have an association of prayers to try to put down this infamous traffic."

Writing to Father Dallet about the Chinese insurrection, he says, "Nothing can be more terrible at this moment than the state of China. But the melancholy thing is that European agents are at the bottom of it, and vainly expect, by coquetting with the rebels, to promote a Protestant movement among the people. Never was there such a delusion!... The worst of it is that it all adds to the hatred of the Chinese toward strangers; so that when the Emperor succeeds in defeating the rebels, which is inevitable, his vengeance will fall on the Europeans, and especially on the missionaries. . . . You ask me, 'What are the rebels about?' Nobody knows. The French and the English papers write long articles, and give their readers astounding intelligence of battles fought and won, and develop grand theories as to the future of the Chinese Empire; but they are all the dreams of editors. Every one laughs at them here, for there is not a word of truth in their statements; and as to the marvellous changes which this rebellion is to bring about, I think they will find that the mountain has brought forth a mouse! They talk, too, of the energetic representations made by the French and the English ministers in favor of Christianity; all this is pure invention. The spirit of Constantine and of St. Louis is far from being that of modern governments, which have all become more or less atheistical under the influence of Protestant, rationalistic, and infidel doctrines; expediency is their watchword. As for us, in God alone is our hope and succor. Let us pray, then, more and more fervently for the conversion of the infidels."

The numbers of letters which we find written by Theophane to his old friend, Father Dallet, prove that their affection had not been cooled by distance or separation. We give an extract from one written on the 26th of September, 1853:—

"You ask me, dear old friend, if you live as much as ever in my remembrance. Oh yes, quite as much! I love you with a special and devoted attachment, and you must not be scandalized at it. It is surely allowable to have a warm, particular friendship, especially when one is so far away from its object, and the community will not be the sufferers. I have a full belief and confidence that God does not disapprove of it; for it is in

Him and for Him that our hearts have been united. It is not the evil which is in us that unites us in this tender bond of love, but our higher and better aspirations. Let us, then, be forever *one*, my dearest brother, united in the same work, devoted to the same cause, humble disciples of the same Master. . . . Our feet toil painfully here on earth, but our thoughts soar above. . . . My bishop wrote to me, just before I left Paris, 'I pray for you to our dear Lord, that your devotion may daily become more perfect, that your holocaust may be complete, and that having embarked in so great a work, you may persevere in it after the manner of the saints. *Do not be an Apostle by halves*, my dear child.' . . . Now I have these words always before me, and they give me courage and strength; and I have copied them for you that you may use them too. . . . I have been laughing at the idea of your beard, of which you fancy I shall be envious; but I assure you my moustache is quite enough for me. . . . Dearest friend, I am afraid you are very much tried in your present mission. If I were only by your side to grasp your hand and share all your troubles, as of old! I know you so well that I feel the more for your peculiar trials. But it is always the same; the gold must pass through the furnace. God will prove and try you, and having fed you with milk, He is now weaning you for stronger and greater things. Don't let us be '*Apostles by halves!*' It's a great thing to be a missionary! Our duties are without limit, and imply perfection, if possible. All the miseries you picture to me I feel and see vividly, and my heart bleeds for you. I feel that my own soul is strengthened by suffering, and that from one's very wounds arise greater vigor, firmness, and courage. You tell me of all these sad things, but you add, 'Happy are those who can keep themselves apart, and live in the still silence of their own hearts with God.' May God pour into your wounds the wine and oil which alone can heal them, and make you taste the sweetness as well as the bitterness of His cross! . . . Well, I must stop. My heart could go on forever to you, but my head and hand are tired. I repeat constantly for us both my favorite little ejaculation '*Jesu, mitis et humilis corde, miserere nobis!*' In fact, I say these words so constantly to myself that they have become a habit. I hear you exclaim, 'Ah, he is going to preach again!' No, for once you are wrong. I am not going to give you any more bad advice but try to become more humble and amiable myself. God bless you, dearest friend and brother."

(To be continued.)



Zeal for the glory of God was the characteristic virtue of the apostles. It is also the first property of Divine love. A soldier is always ready to defend the honour of his prince, a son, that of his father. How can a Christian flatter himself of loving God if he is indifferent to God's glory? Does he love his neighbour if, seeing him in danger, he does not strive, by tears and prayers, at least, to ward off the harm that threatens him? A true worshipper ardently wishes to see the realization of the first demands of the "Lord's Prayer". What he desires most is that God be universally known, perfectly loved and faithfully served by all men. Like the royal Prophet, he invites all creatures to unite to him to glorify the Lord. But the principal object of his prayers is to obtain for himself the grace of consecrating to God all the affections of his soul and all the actions of his life. One thought causes him perpetual grief and tears; it is that of having offended God Who is so good and amiable.

— *Lives of the Saints.*

Who Can Save the World?



The world is in great peril. Fire, water, iron — precious elements created by God for man's service, have become, under the effect of unrestrained passions, instruments of death and destruction.

All the peoples are in anguish, lamenting under the horrors of war, or suffering the consequences of misunderstanding among nations, the anxieties of daily events, the uncertainty of the future.

The world is in great peril. Sin abounds in its midst and the infernal powers strive incessantly to propagate it more intensely, to cause greater injury to God and drag more souls into hell. The Eternal Father in Heaven is irritated over so many offences and such ingratitude on the part of men, His privileged creatures; and His Justice calls for a chastisement on them.

Who can save the world, by healing its profound moral misery, and obtain peace? Is it one of the leaders of the belligerent nations, a famous warrior, a prominent politician? Not at all.

He Who can give peace to the world is a Child . . . A Child Whose law is humility, self-abnegation, justice and charity; the same Who, more than nineteen centuries ago, came down from Heaven to save the world from the servitude of sin, to satisfy the justice of His Father and open the doors of Heaven to all men; the same Who has promised "all these things" to those who seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and Who is never unfaithful to His word.

After His coming, hatred, egotism and idolatry that saddened the earth were replaced by charity and well-doing wherever kings and subjects accepted His blessed yoke; but now that several governments have rejected it, now that people, heretofore Christians, lose faith in God or serve Him neglectfully, hatred, egotism and injustice have resumed their tyrannical sway.

And this Child, mighty with Divine power, Who dwells among us even to-day, concealed under the Sacramental species, wants to save the world once more, to restore it to His Father and give it peace; but this He will

not do unless the prayers and immolations of the just call His mercy on the poor strayed souls and constrain them to lower their arrogance and ambitions before Him.

There are still good souls on earth, but how few! Let those who love the Lord above all things and serve Him wholeheartedly pray and sacrifice themselves for the salvation of their brothers, let them preach the Divine word and constantly give good example, for, if the present hour is one of great peril, it is also one of heroic daring. . . .

And yonder, in pagan lands, war also makes havoc. The missionaries see their labours impeded and their own lives in peril; but their prayers and sufferings, their apostolic desires will not be without avail; they will form a precious leaven that, at the hour appointed by God, will render the infidel masses apt to receive the Kingdom of Heaven.



He Who is obeyed by lions and leopards . . .

Christian friends, let us not be disheartened by the distress of the times, let us awaken our faith, stir our fervour in the service of the Sovereign Master; let us seek strength and enlightenment in the reception of the Holy Eucharist and in meditation before the Tabernacle; then, let us trust in Him Who commands winds and tempests and is obeyed by lions and leopards.

Let us pray to the Immaculate Virgin who gave us the Prince of Peace, and whom we must honour and love as our Mother, Queen and Co-Redemptrix.

Let us invoke the illustrious patrons of the missions, Saint Francis Xavier and Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. Let us beseech the latter to shower in great abundance her "roses" upon earth, according to her promise: "When I shall be in Heaven, Jesus, Thou wilt fill my hands with roses and I will shower them upon earth."

Child Jesus 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.

Offerings received for the Child Jesus Burse

November-December 1941.....\$1.00 January-February 1942\$228.50

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

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

The true paradise we ought to wish for here below, the one which assures us the possession of the other, is Bethlehem with its poverty, Nazareth with its labours, Calvary with its sufferings and the Holy Altar with its Sacred Host. On this road, treading the path Christ trod, the human soul cannot go astray.

— Abbé J. Cellier.

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On seeing Jesus Who wishes to suffer from birth, His apostle can choose nothing else but the cross to go and convert souls.

— Father John Barrier, M. E.

A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

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

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

I am pleased to fulfill the promise I had made in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus and I heartily thank her for having granted my request. I need another special favour. One who has great faith in St. Teresa. Miss J. P., **Anthony, R. I.**—Thanksgiving to St. Teresa for a favour received.—I am acquitting myself of a promise I had made in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. R. L., **Ludlow, Mass.**—A thousand thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. Miss E. B., **Brownsburg.**—Lively gratitude towards the dear Patroness of Missionaries for her protection. Mrs. P. A. P., **Central Falls, R. I.**—A thousand thanks to St. Teresa for a favour received through her intercession. Mrs. E. L., **St. Justin.**—Grateful thanks to the Little Flower for having protected my daughter who is recovering from her illness. I solicit also from the dear Saint several other favours, particularly the conversion of a person dear to me. Anonymous.—I am coming to acquit myself of a debt of gratitude towards the Little Flower of Carmel who has answered my prayers. Miss L. R., **Montreal.**—Homage of gratitude for favours received through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. C. G., **Montreal.**—I desire to publish my thanks to my dear protectress, St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. L. M., **Montreal.**—Thanks to St. Teresa for a cure obtained. Mrs. H. R.—Sincere thanks to the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a favour she has granted me. Mrs. A. B., **Taftville, Conn.**—Lively gratitude for favours received through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. N. L., **Amos.**

What about Our Missionaries?

On the 4th of January last, His Excellency Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, deigned to communicate to our Very Reverend Mother General the following news which the Vatican had just transmitted to him on the part of the Apostolic Delegate of Tokyo: The Canadian Sisters of Japan have remained in their Missions.

His Excellency said, moreover, that His Eminence Cardinal Fumasoni Biondi, Protector of our Institute, had written that our Sisters in Rome were well and desired to send their New Year wishes to their Mother General, to the religious of the Community and to all their families.

Shortly afterwards, we received the good news that our Missionaries in Manchukuo had also remained at their post.

To our great joy and consolation, we were told at the end of the same month, that our Sisters of Japan were continuing their works in peace, under the protection of the Japanese Authorities.

In the beginning of February, we were happy to hear that our Missionary Sisters in Manila, Philippine Islands, were safe and caring for the wounded soldiers.

Measures have been taken in order to obtain information concerning our other Missionaries in China. As soon as we hear from the latter, we shall hasten to send news to the relatives of our beloved Sisters.

An Apostolic Soul

Reverend Father John Barrier, of the Paris Foreign Missions, who died at Kouangsi at the age of thirty, had just been ordained to the priesthood and designated for the missions. Burning with love for souls, he thought of nothing but the pagans. "Ah!" was he saying to a young friend of his, a seminarian, "how beautiful it is to sacrifice one's self for God and for souls! Brother! Friend! I am unable to tell you what joy inundates my soul! I can very well say, 'Oh, how happy I am!' but, after that, I have no expressions . . . and I have scarcely manifested an atom of my happiness."

"To what mission are you sent?"

"I become a wild man of Kouangsi."

"Is that a prosperous mission?"

"It has been founded recently; it is one of the most obscure, one of the most severely persecuted, and, consequently, one of the most beautiful. It is there that Father Chapdelaine suffered martyrdom. There are, in that vicariate, eight million souls and hardly a few Christians firm in the faith."

"And how many of these pagans do you long to save before saying your *Nunc dimittis*?"

"Oh! I would like to convert eight million!"

"You are rather exacting, and you will have something to do!"

"Not much; I am a priest; therefore, I will go to Kouangsi, and bring my chalice with me. I will erect a little altar, even if I have to do so in the wilderness and, every day, if possible, I will offer up the Holy Sacrifice. I will hold in my hands the Blood that has redeemed the world — will not that be sufficient to convert eight million pagans?"

Pressing his interlocutor to rejoin him soon, "Oh! come," he would say, "come to immolate yourself with me for the salvation of those dear infidels; brother, come!"



MANCHUKUO

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

Thursday, January 9, 1941

It is often said of the Chinese people that their attachment to ancient traditions is one of the greatest obstacles to their conversion to Christianity. Facts like the following too often give evidence of the truth of this assertion.

The duty of offering incense to the manes of the forefathers is, according to the custom, incumbent on the eldest son of the family; and the ancestral tablet must occupy the place of honour in his hearth. The origin of these tablets may often be traced as far back as the thirtieth generation. They are fixed on the wall and surrounded by decorations and urns destined to the burning of incense. On the death of the eldest son of a family, the obligation of receiving the sacred deposit falls on his younger brother.

A Christian in the city having been in a similar situation recently, refused at first to acquiesce to this superstitious practice but, falling into misfortune shortly afterwards, he became very worried concerning his ancient beliefs. The reproaches with which his relatives and friends unceasingly annoyed him contributed to augment his fears and he said to himself that all his ills could be but a punishment for his refusal to offer incense to his ancestors, and he finally apostatized.

The unfortunate man had hoped to find peace and happiness thereby but he was quite mistaken; to difficulties of all kinds were added uneasiness of mind and remorse of conscience which deprived him of all rest.

On hearing that this poor man was ill, the Sister-Infirmarian went to see him. She consoled him, spoke to him of Divine mercy awaiting sinners and, finally, persuaded him to return to the true God. "I cannot go to confession," he objected, "I am unable to walk." "Let that not trouble you," replied Sister, "God Himself will come to you to forgive you and press you to His Heart."

Informed of what had taken place, the Pastor paid a visit to the patient and reconciled him with his Creator.

Tuesday, January 14

The native Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary began the exercises of their Annual Retreat on Sunday. It was preached by His Excellency Msgr. Lemaire, Coadjutor Bishop of the Ki Lin Diocese. In order to afford them the advantage of fully enjoying this week of spiritual renovation, we replaced them at the Home. There are only seven old women at present but their advanced age and infirmities call for much care; all suffer from the severity of the winter. One of them is coughing continually; another is suffering with a pain in her stomach; a third is blind; a fourth has her two legs paralyzed and must remain on the *kang*. The fifth, a victim of an



A GROUP OF NATIVE NOVICES AND POSTULANTS OF THE CONGREGATION OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY, SZEPINGKAI, PREPARING THE PAI TS'AI (CHINESE CABBAGE) TO PUT THEM IN THE CELLAR. SISTER STE. JEANNE DE CHANTAL (JEANNE CARON, MONTREAL) DIRECTS THE WORK.

imprudence on the part of her family, burned her face and is a pitiful sight. A kind old grandmother of eighty-five feels that life is ebbing out. "Sister," she says, "I will soon die, I have trouble to get up." Deeming it prudent, we had the last Sacraments administered to her. The smartest of our dear charges is a precious help to the Home. Having been at the Mission for already four years, she understands the Doctrine quite well, although her memory is not very good. She does the house-cleaning, heats the *kang* and comes to the assistance of all her companions. "How well we are here!" she sometimes exclaims. "We have food, clothing, heat, kind Sisters to take care of us, there is nothing else for us to desire but Heaven."

Saturday, January 18

In our little sanctuary, which looked like a corner of Heaven to-day, took place touching ceremonies. Before Mass, His Excellency Bishop Lapierre received the renewal of vows of twenty-five professed Sisters of the Native Congregation of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary.

At ten o'clock in the morning a novice had the happiness of consecrating herself to God by the Religious Profession and four postulants received the Holy Habit. The ceremony was presided over by Bishop Lapierre; Bishop Lemaire delivered the allocution. The solemnity was also enhanced by the presence of some fifteen priests and religious of the Mission of Szeping kai and other posts. This feast resembled the memorable Profession ceremonies of the Novitiate of Pont Viau. The same hymns were sung in the dialect of the Country.

We rejoiced with the privileged ones who are a little to us as members of our own religious family. Well do these fervent auxiliaries merit our fraternal esteem; all are true missionaries and give proof of real devotedness in the works confided to them. In a few days, each will receive her assignment from His Excellency Bishop Lapierre and will hasten to her new post. The good these Religious are called to accomplish among their fellow-countrymen is immense and full of promise.

Thursday, January 23

Last week we visited a forty-seven-year-old lady who was suffering from asystole. Having no money to have herself treated, the patient took a notion to tap herself by tearing her flesh with needles.

Our explanations of the truths of our Holy Faith seemed to interest her very little at first. Nevertheless, she accepted a Miraculous Medal to replace the fetish she wore at her button-hole. As our visits on the following days were not more successful, we were quite anxious about the fate of this soul, but to-day we found her in better dispositions. She was the first to speak to us of religion and expressed the desire of receiving Baptism. She gladly renounced superstition and recited several invocations with us. As death may prey upon her any moment, we poured upon her brow the Regenerating Waters.

Sunday, February 16

The major part of the day was spent in lavishing our care on a poor beggar whom Reverend Brother Lalonde, C. S. V., had just picked up on the roadside. The unfortunate man was in the most pitiful state: his two feet were frozen as hard as stone; he was emaciated, having been totally deprived of food for the last two days; his tattered clothes, infested with vermin, emitted a most disagreeable odour. But that miserable body concealed an immortal soul; and, while relieving the physical ills of our forsaken moribund, we strove to open his eyes to the light of Faith. Our exhortations were not in vain: the dying man requested Holy Baptism and without delay the Purifying Waters flowed on his brow, making him an heir to the kingdom of Eternal felicity.

Sunday, March 2

A few days ago, Wei Marguerite, a young Chinese girl of eighteen, piously expired.

Four years before, this child was arriving at the Mission to rank among the boarders. She was a pagan like the other members of her family but became attached to the Catholic Religion as soon as she studied the Doctrine; shortly afterwards she requested Baptism. Her entry in the Catholic Fold strongly influenced the already noble character and virtuous disposition of our young boarder, and she manifested great application to finish her primary studies with the intention of entering the Apostolic School. All her ambition was directed towards the Religious life whose beauty and grandeur she had grasped. Easily admitted to the Apostolic School, she was so earnest in her piety, in her fidelity to the Rule, that she was admitted to the Novitiate at the closing of the holidays after a single year of probation. She was therefore joyfully leaving a month ago, for this last vacation in her family, but ten days had scarcely gone by when she began to feel weak and tired. She came to see us and we were alarmed at the alteration of her features. Besides, her persisting cough caused us great anxiety. We had her examined by Doctor Wang who discovered serious lesions on her lungs. A subsequent examination, a few days later, revealed the rapid progress of the unforgiving disease which was to lead her to the grave within a month. Sacrificing the beautiful ideal she had cherished, the young girl abandoned herself with resignation to the Will of God, offered her life for the conversion of her fellow-countrymen and asked to see the priest. Reverend Father Lefebvre who had baptized her, came and administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. She also received Holy Communion every morning during the few days she still had to live. She was buried with her crucifix as she had expressed the desire to her father and he, respecting his daughter's faith, made it a duty to fulfill the obligations imposed by Holy Mother Church on her deceased children.

We cannot think without emotion that the day Wei Marguerite was buried, was the day that had been fixed for her entrance into the Novitiate. The King of Virgins, charmed, no doubt, by her generous desires, wished to hasten her eternal alliance in Heaven.

May this privileged soul now obtain for all her family the great grace of conversion!

Thursday, March 6

In case war should break out, His Excellency Bishop Lapierre deemed it prudent to call back to Szepingkai the Antonian Sisters of Mary who were established in the Lin Si Sien district.

We greeted these dear Sisters with the most fraternal affection, wishing to make them forget the bitter sacrifices they had to make in abandoning the flourishing works of their little Mission. The Apostolic School was divided in haste and placed at their disposal. The dormitory was trans-

formed into three apartments which serve as their community-hall, refectory and kitchen. The pupils' recreation-hall will be their dormitory.

In the day-time the pupils occupy the Native Sisters' refectory, then they go over to the Boarding-School where a hall serves as their dormitory. Every morning these fervent aspirants come back to the chapel to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion.

Among these apostolic pupils, there are souls rendered beautiful by the action of grace. Soen Kouï P'ing (peaceful, precious) had been christened by one of our Sisters at the age of thirteen when seriously ill with diphtheria. During this epidemic which caused so many deaths, two of her little sisters had winged their flight to Heaven after having been christened. A little brother, less fortunate, had died without Baptism.

It was only six years later, after having recovered her health, that Kouï P'ing learnt she belonged to the Catholic Religion. According to the Pastor's counsel, she entered the catechumenate where she prepared with fervour for the reception of Solemn Baptism. It was during this time spent at the Mission that she conceived the desire to consecrate herself to God in the Religious life. She then spent six months at the Boarding-School to obtain her diploma and prepare her entry into the Apostolic School. The young boarder gave to all her companions a perfect example of obedience. She had but one fear, that of being unable to obtain the consent of her pagan parents; but these, during the following vacation, on seeing her despise the vanities of this world, left her entirely free. The happy child therefore directed her steps towards the Apostolic School where she will have to spend a year before being able to cross the threshold of the Novitiate.

Thursday, March 27

Mrs. Wang, whom we had christened last month and visited every second or third day, died last night. We are confident that the Blessed Virgin came to meet this dear soul, for often after her Baptism she called her to her help, saying: "Holy Mother, have mercy on me!"

The body of the deceased was placed on two boards in the middle of the only room of the house. At her head were deposited a bowl of sorghum, two of rice, and little buns; and, on her chest, a dish of peas for the purpose of compressing the respiration and preventing life from returning into her body. Ridiculous superstitious beliefs! Who could think that this happy soul which has seen the beauty of its Creator would care to return to this vale of tears and sorrows?...

Tuesday, May 6

The old Chinese in general have little faith in foreign remedies and European treatments. According to most of the Celestials a remedy is all the more efficacious as it can be administered in larger doses. Thence their confidence in the large cups of medicamental mixtures vaunted by the Chinese doctors, and their contempt for our different powders and tiny

pills. However, God, Who turns all things to His glory and to the welfare of souls, precisely makes use of these convictions to procure the salvation of certain persons. This is how after having called all the Chinese doctors of the Country one after another, and having had his wife swallow all kinds of potions the former were pleased to prescribe, a man requested our care to-day.

We found a dying woman disgusted of the things of this world and eager to hear about eternal life. She heartily acquiesced to the truths of our Holy Faith and piously repeated the invocations suggested. The priest, informed, came immediately to give her the Sacrament of Regeneration which will open to her the gates of the Eternal Abode in the near future.

Monday, June 9

Influenced by the good example of her Christian companions, Miss Tchao, a pagan teacher who boards at the Mission during the school term, ardently desires to become a Catholic. She loves to speak about religion and her constant application is to model her actions on those of the Christians.

A few days ago she arrived, her face beaming with joy, and deposited on the table a whole assortment of medals, beads and prayer-books she had bought at the Rectory. "Soon," she said, "I shall know how to pray and I shall be baptized." In the evening, before going to bed, she kneels down and, after having made the Sign of the Cross, takes her beads and prayer-book and recites her praises to Mary. Her awkwardness sometimes brings a smile to the lips of her companions but she is not in the least offended by that. We ask the Blessed Virgin to hasten the entrance of this soul of good will into the True Fold.

Sunday, July 13

A retreat of four days, preached by Reverend Father Morin, C. S. V., is beginning to-morrow at the Cathedral for the native Virgins of the Assumption of Mary.

This little community counting twelve members — aged persons for the greater part — has existed for several years. When His Excellency Bishop Lapierre took the jurisdiction of the Vicariate of Szeping kai, these virgins, dispersed here and there, performed the function of catechists seeking everywhere the catechumens to instruct them and prepare them for Baptism. Counseled by other bishops, His Excellency resolved to group them in a congregation whose members would pronounce vows of obedience and chastity to be renewed every second year. Since then they come regularly to Szeping kai for their retreat. At the end of these holy exercises, each one returns to her field of apostolate to devote herself with renewed courage and ardour. How many pagans will owe their salvation to these devoted auxiliaries of the missionaries, who are ever ready to go out in search of the stray sheep to bring them back to the Fold! And what magnificent reward God must have in store for these active apostles! . . .

*Letter from the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,
Fakou, Manchukuo, to their Sisters at the Mother House*

Fakou, September 21, 1941.

DEAR SISTERS,

You have perhaps been informed of the few changes our activities had to undergo on account of the sad events of the present time.

In the beginning of August, His Excellency Bishop Lapierre addressed a circular letter to all the missionaries, announcing that works had to be suspended till further orders, considering the fact that no money could be had from foreign countries.

For some time, we had been haunted by certain fears. Sister Superior⁽¹⁾, obliged to go to Szeping kai, had been prevented from doing so because, according to a recent law, every stranger who wished to go out of his mission had to have a permit.

This permit has been solicited in vain during the past months; having appealed to one prefecture after another, we finally were sent to the Capital and everything makes us suppose that communications between the different posts will be forbidden altogether.

Sister Marie Céline⁽²⁾ who came from Szeping kai at the end of last month to lend us a helping hand, can not return to her Mission.

The pupils of the Boarding-School, on coming to us for the second school-term, were greatly disappointed when we told them that classes would remain closed this year on account of lack of funds. A few whose parents are able to pay the expenses will board at the school; the others have returned to their homes, twelve, twenty, and even thirty *li* from here.

These young ladies, sixteen and eighteen years of age, were sad at heart on leaving us. Several of them had only one year more to study in order to obtain their diploma.

The little abandoned babes we had been able to receive and place out to nurse in good families, have also been called back. Most of the adoptive mothers came and begged us to leave them the little ones to which they had now become attached as to their own children; but when they were told that orders could not be changed, some wept bitterly, others promised to become Catholics, and the husbands, even, intervened. The separation was nothing



SISTER MARTHE DE JESUS (ANTOINETTE DESJARDINS, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, FAKOU, AND SISTER TCHANG A NATIVE RELIGIOUS, WITH THE PUPILS AT RECREATION.

1. Sister STE. ANNE (Marie Louise Gosselin, Ste. Sophie of Mégantic, Que.).

2. Régina BELIVEAU, St. Paul de Chester, Que.



SISTER STE. ROSE (JEANNE SANSCHAGRIN, CHARLESBOURG), SISTER MARIE DU PERPETUEL SECOURS (FLORINE MORIN, MONTREAL), MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, FAKOU, AND A FEW PUPILS OF THE SCHOOL.

less than heart-rending: there were cries, tears, lamentations which gave us an idea of what must have been the massacre of the Holy Innocents.

We have just canned the last tomatoes of our garden as well as the egg-plants and rhubarb. Our budget becoming more and more scanty, we must strive to multiply the *kouo je tsi* (means of living) as the good Chinese say.

It has been impossible to get coal for the past few months and wood sells for three cents a pound; it is very scarce and of inferior quality. We use some only for the indispensable needs of the kitchen.

In order to spare electricity, the power is cut off at three o'clock in the morning. As oil is also sold in very small quantities and candles are very expensive, the most practical thing to do is to wait for sunrise to get out of bed. For those who must rise early, Manchu ingenuity has discovered a new means of lighting: the fabrication of lamp-wicks from tissue paper.

While looking back on the events of the last months, we may glean a few consoling facts which counterbalance the sadness and apprehensions of the present hour.

The beautiful feast of Easter, like all the other important solemnities of the year, brought a great number of Christians to the Mission. Those who, living too far from the church, come to it very seldom, enjoy real happiness in spending a day or two in this pious atmosphere where they may renew their faith and fervour in the vivifying sources of the Sacraments. There being a small number of catechumens this year, as the Mission cannot see to their upkeep, we have registered only a few Baptisms, but on the

other hand, several neophytes partook for the first time of the Eucharistic Banquet.

Mrs. Lieou, a fervent Christian who followed the exercises of a Closed Retreat here last year, is faithful to the resolution she took of seizing every opportunity to exhort the pagans with whom she comes in contact. She is particularly zealous towards the sick and the dying. She begins by praising the Catholic *doctors* and quite often these poor pagans consent to have us called to their bedside.

This is how we were called one day to visit a tuberculous patient of twenty-one. He was far advanced in human sciences but altogether ignorant of those of eternity. Although almost dying, the young man was clinging to life with all his might. Through curiosity, perhaps, he accepted a catechism and immediately began to read it till he fell exhausted by severe coughing spells. Our remedies seemed to relieve him at first but on our third visit, we discovered symptoms of his approaching end. When the catechist Sister exposed the principal truths of our Holy Faith to him, the dying man acquiesced to all, provided his determination would impose no obligation on his parents. Mrs. Lieou remained at his bedside to resume his instructions, and, that very afternoon, seeing death was imminent, she poured on his brow the Waters of Baptism.

A tuberculous girl of twenty was also Mrs. Lieou's conquest. As she was poor, the charitable woman stayed at her side and took care of her as she would have done her own daughter. One night, fearing her patient would expire in a spell, she christened her and, the next day, called us to the bedside of her protégée in whom holy Grace had already wrought a

marvelous transformation. The priest came to complete the ceremonies of Baptism and a few days later the privileged girl received her God for the first time. It was in the delight of her thanksgiving that this newly-regenerated soul winged its flight to the Eternal Abode.

An opium-eater who had been cured by Sister Marie de l'Assomption⁽¹⁾ invited the latter one day to go and visit a dying baby in a village seventy *li* from Fakou. Distance does not frighten a missionary when souls are in question; but, alas! the baby had just expired when the Sister-Infirmarian reached destination. As she wished to return immediately, Mrs. Chou, disconsolate, refused and had dinner prepared for her. Meanwhile,



SISTER MARIE DE L'ASSOMPTION (ALICE LAROUCHE, SWEETSBURG) AND THE PUPILS OF THE MISSION SCHOOL OF FAKOU, BESIDE THE COFFIN OF A DECEASED SEPTUAGENARIAN.

1. ALICE LAROUCHE, SWEETSBURG, QUE.



A CHRISTIAN WOMAN AND THE LITTLE
ORPHAN SHE HAS ADOPTED.

news of the foreign *doctor's* presence spread in the neighbourhood and several patients hastened to the spot. Happy to do good to these kind folks, our dear Sister treated some forty patients. She then went to the bedside of a dying old man who accepted Baptism, and, finally, her heart overflowing with gratitude, she returned to the Convent singing the mercies of God.

In a poor hovel, we recently found a woman of fifty who was almost dying but yet perfectly conscious. O wonderful surprise! as soon as the truths of our Holy Religion were exposed to her, the poor woman declared herself ready to receive Baptism, a fervent Christian having instructed her of old. Admirable and touching goodness of God Who, responding to the desires of this soul of good-will, has conducted us to her wretched hut! . . . The unfortunate woman who has known nothing but rebuffs and

suffering all her life will soon enjoy the ineffable happiness of Heaven.

A few days ago we also had the consolation of winning to God a Chinese druggist affected with typhoid fever. We had visited him three times already when, one morning, we found him unconscious. Deeply afflicted, we knew not what to do but pray when, in the course of the afternoon, someone came and told us that the patient had regained consciousness. We hastened to his bedside. With calm and lucidity, he acquiesced to all our proposals and as his family seemed very sympathetic, our Reverend Pastor himself came to administer Solemn Baptism to him.

In union with us, beloved Sisters, give thanks to God for the treasures of mercy He bestows on His poor children and implore Him, also, to remove the obstacles that the enemies of His Holy Name place in the way of His missionaries. What has the future in store for us? . . . God alone knows. . . . We abandon ourselves with entire confidence to His Divine Providence.

YOUR HUMBLE AND LOVING SISTERS OF FAKOU.



The supreme degree of Christian charity is to procure the salvation of souls.

— *St. Francis de Sales.*

God delights in a heart made profound through humility and large through charity.

— *St. Madeleine Sophie.*

*Gleanings from the Diary of our Missionary Sisters
in Taonan*

APOSTOLIC CONQUESTS

Saturday, January 4, 1941

A Chinese, some fifty years of age, suffering from congestion of the lungs, was asking the ministry of the Sister-Infirmarian yesterday. The latter took no time to diagnose his illness and its antecedents, which fact caused him to exclaim: "You are the most intelligent of all the doctors that have treated me so far! How I regret not to have called you before! Anyway," he added suddenly, "I want to be a Christian; see, I have no more devils in my house." And he was indicating the vacant places where once idols throned. "There is already a long time," continued he, "that I have recognized your Religion to be the only true one, but I have been prevented from embracing it by my parents who remained attached to ancient customs." Reverend Father Guibault, informed, betook himself immediately to our patient's bedside, and, having assured himself of his good dispositions, administered to him the Sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation.

Returning to visit him during the latter part of the afternoon, Sister found the consumptive greatly rejoiced. "The priest came," he cried out, "I am a Christian and now," showing a Miraculous Medal he wore about his neck, "I have a hope, a support!"

This morning Mr. Li was already leaving this world for the Land of the Blessed.

Monday, January 6

Ill for over a year, Mrs. Tchang had been condemned by the doctors. To please his mother-in-law, Mr. Tchang invited the Sister-Infirmarian to pay his wife a visit. God permitted that our treatment should prove efficacious from the very first days. Taking advantage of the dispositions of the invalid who was expecting to be cured, Sister offered her a catechism and urged her to learn a few prayers. This she did with ardour, for two days later she already knew the "Our Father". Her improvement, however, was of short duration.

Yesterday evening, after several hemorrhages, Sister found her patient smiling, but exhausted and scarcely able to utter a few words. Fearing a complication through the night, she offered to baptize her. "Alright," said she, "I shall be eternally thankful to you for it. If I get better, I shall be a Christian, if not, I shall be able to enter Heaven." The Saving Waters were soon flowing on her brow, making her an heir to Heaven of which she was this morning coming into possession.

Saturday, January 25

Last Tuesday we had the happiness of baptizing two young girls, eighteen and twenty years of age, whom we had been visiting for several weeks.



A CHRISTIAN MANCHU WOMAN
IN HER WINTER GARMENTS.
SHE PUTS A VEIL ON HER HEAD
TO GO INTO THE CHURCH.

Their patience and resignation are admirable: day and night they endure, without complaining, terrible sufferings. "You are still suffering much?" asked Sister when visiting them on the morrow of their Baptism. "Yes," they answered, smiling. "But now you are not suffering in vain," continued the Sister-Infirmarian, "each minute is a gold piece with which you may buy happiness in the other life!" "You believe, Sister," interrupted their mother, "that they will be happy in the other life?..." "Not only do I believe, but I am certain that your good children are destined to be very happy in the other life. All these sufferings they endure joyously on earth will win them treasures of merit." "Since things are that way," answered the good woman, "I am somewhat consoled on seeing them suffer so much!" On the mother's countenance and on her daughters' flickered a ray of hope, banishing the tears of anguish which, heretofore, filled their eyes.

To-day, to another girl of eighteen — for several years a victim of tuberculosis — lying on the *kang* in the darkest and coldest hut imaginable, Sister brought consolation and assured her the possession

of the Divine kingdom of light and felicity.

Tuesday, February 11

Among our Christians, we meet at times with veritable apostles. Mr. Kouo, a grocer, tries by all possible means, to bring his acquaintances and especially his employees to embrace the Catholic Religion. A few days ago he called us to his residence. "Ah!" exclaimed he on perceiving us, "how anxious I was to see you arrive; I have called you for a sick man who I fear is going to die..." "And who is he, one of your own?" "No, he is an old employee, very devoted; he has been abed several days." We proceeded behind the store — the clerks' dwelling-place — and we found our old man in a very alarming condition. After giving him our best care we spoke to him about God. The dying man seemed very pleased, his patron having exhorted him for a long time to believe in our Holy Religion. Reverend Father Vaillancourt, on being called, administered the Sacraments of Baptism and Extreme Unction to him, and, after words of encouragement, departed, leaving the newly-baptized quite happy. A few hours later the patient was commending his soul to his Creator.

Yesterday our good Mr. Kouo was coming after us again, this time for a friend of his who had been suffering with dysentery for over a month. We breathed soft words of encouragement to the latter, exhorting him to abandon himself confidently to God. "Ah!" said he, "I believe in the true God and as soon as I shall be better, I shall go to church like you Catholics.

Mr. Kouo often spoke to me about your Religion and I believe in it." After we had returned, Reverend Father Pilon, C. S. V., went to his house and administered the Sacrament of Baptism to him.

Doubtless the Lord has designs of mercy on that patient's family, for this morning we found his condition greatly improved. His gracious smile silently proclaimed his thankfulness. "It is our good God that has cured you," we said, "for yesterday our treatments were altogether incapable of producing such a marvelous change." "Oh, yes," answered he, "I know full well that our gods have not been able to bring me even a little relief... in vain did I promise them this or that other thing, or burn incense before them night and day. I realize now that there is only one true God and I thank Him for having cured me." His wife was telling us that she heard him continually repeating: "My God, my God!" The God Whom he had not learned to invoke until this day responded to his reiterated appeals, giving him not only the life of the body, but also that of the soul.

Saturday, February 22

We have been visiting for the last few days a sexagenarian who is ill. In his home are numerous idols and the lady of the house is known everywhere to be an inveterate pagan. Notwithstanding the fact, the day before yesterday we risked to breathe a few words about religion in the patient's ear. Having received no answer, we returned to the Convent fingering our Rosary, beseeching the Blessed Virgin to succour this poor pagan.

Yesterday we found the man well disposed to hear about our Religion. The catechist sent was received with manifestations of great joy. The invalid admitted that he had desired for a long time to become a Christian. On hearing this, his wife and daughter were angry and would have prevented the catechist from proceeding; but our patient did not take long to calm them. Taking advantage of the happy dispositions of the new catechumen and fearing impediments on the part of the family if he were to delay any longer, the catechist baptized him at once and gave him a Miraculous Medal.

On our arrival to-day, Mr. Li received us with a smile: "I am one of yours," he exclaimed, showing the medal around his neck.

Tuesday, March 4

In a miserable earthen hut, a consumptive of twenty laydying in the midst of a throng of relatives and neighbours. Invited yesterday to her



A POOR FAMILY.

bedside, we whispered in her ear a few words of Christian doctrine. To our great surprise, the invalid opened her eyes wide and smiled to us. One of us asked her: "Have you ever gone to the dispensary and have you ever heard about the Catholic Religion while you were there?" "Yes," she answered gladly, "I have gone to the dispensary several times." "Do you believe in what you have heard there?" "Yes, I believe!" "You believe in One God Who has created Heaven and earth?" "Yes, I believe." The persons present were filled with admiration. "She is better," would they say to one another, "see how easily she speaks!" After a few brief explanations, we offered the dying girl the Holy Waters that wash away sin. She accepted with gratitude, promising, if she recovered her health, to observe faithfully all the duties of a good Christian.

This morning, on arriving in Mr. Liou's yard, we perceived the latter standing near the door and beckoning us to turn back. We came down just the same from our vehicle, and the old man, coming to meet us, spoke to us after a profound inclination: "I beg your pardon for having thus uselessly spent your energy . . . she died last night about half an hour after you left." The poor man feared the "doctor" would be angry — which incident would not have failed to happen had he had to deal with a Chinese doctor; but, far from having any resentment, we are, on the contrary, rejoicing for having been the instrument chosen by Divine Providence for the salvation of that soul . . . and we returned to the Convent rendering thanks to the Lord.

Friday, March 7

After having given in vain all his money to the most reputed physicians of the city in consultations and treatments, Mr. Kin called us to his bedside. Unable to save his body, we desired at least to save his soul and several times ventured a few words on religion; but always he would remain indifferent to our advances. We then continued lavishing our best care on him without any further mention of the subject, praying within our heart for his conversion. Four days ago, he spoke of his own accord of religion and declared that he had resolved to become a Christian. In order to excite him still more to desire that gift he had refused before, and thinking him not in danger, we postponed his Baptism several days. This morning, on our way to his house we met his grandson who asked us: "Are you not going to see grandpa? He is unconscious." On our arrival the moribund regained consciousness. "Would you not like to become the child of the Master of Heaven?" we at once asked him. "Yes, Sister, quick, quick!" After a few brief explanations, the Regenerating Waters flowed over his wrinkled brow, darkened by a thick layer of smoke, "and so, I have become a child of the Master of Heaven?" asked he in the attitude of one who wished to be reassured. "Yes, you are a child of God, and I hope that the Blessed Virgin to whom I entrust you by this Miraculous Medal will keep you and come to meet your soul and present it to her Divine Son." "Very well, very well!" answered the dying man as he closed his eyes forever to the things of earth.

Saturday, July 5

On July 1st, our care was requested for a young woman. Judging her case hopeless, we at once exposed to her the necessity of becoming a Christian. She hesitated, then in a tone of apprehension asked those about her if they would consent to her becoming a Christian; we insinuated: "Do not wait for your folks' consent, no one will be happy for you in the other life or suffer in your stead." She then accepted with gratitude a Miraculous Medal. On the morrow, she announced us her resolve to become a Christian. "Believe me," she exclaimed, "I dreamt of you all night. I was so happy to hear you explaining to me the doctrine that I had forgotten my pain, and, on waking, I said to myself, 'I must be a Christian!'" Briefly we explained to her the principal truths of our Holy Religion, and, after giving her a catechism wherein to learn the most important prayers, we departed, thanking our Heavenly Mother for this new conquest.

Yesterday, finding Mrs. Tchang quite low, we advised her not to study any more, but to be satisfied with patiently enduring her sufferings. After her treatment, she expressed a desire to receive Baptism. Trusting she might last a few days more, we advised her to wait, in order to be better prepared. Suddenly her big black eyes, resting lengthily on us, awakened our apprehensions . . . What if she were to die? After further explanations, the Baptismal Stream was flowing on her brow.

This morning, we learnt that before dawn the pure soul of Mrs. Tchang had winged its flight to its Creator. A neighbour was telling us: "Her death does not surprise us for she has suffered so much . . . Having lost her mother when four years of age, she was then placed under the iron hand of a step-mother who spared neither rod nor reproaches. At fifteen, her father sold her to the Tchang family as a spouse for their third son. The latter soon appreciated her good qualities, but a sister-in-law, jealous and wily, having accused her falsely, all the family united to make her suffer. Threats and blows were not spared. . . . She was even more than once pursued with knives by her relatives who were attempting to put an end to her days. Finally, her husband, tired of all these cruelties, decided to part with his own family. He left with his wife and procured himself a hearth in Wang Ie Miao; but it was too late for the poor persecuted one; no, that young Mrs. Tchang could not be cured, she had too much sorrow within her heart . . ."

With fervour we thank the Lord Who has deigned choose us to accomplish the great designs of mercy He had upon that soul.

AT THE DISPENSARY**Sunday, July 20**

On this pagan land we meet with inconceivable miseries — moral and physical. For the last six months we had been treating an infant of scarcely a year. The mother asked us one day to vaccinate it against small-pox; considering its feeble condition we were hesitating, when she added in a resolute tone: "I have been taking care of it for such a long time and it is

no better; it is only good to make me suffer; vaccinate, 'Doctor', if it dies, we shall be rid of it and we shall throw it to the dogs." After having reproached that cruel mother with her inhumanity, we had the consolation of somewhat touching her heart and she hoped once more. But the roles then changed; in our turn we wished the little creature would soon depart for a better life, for the baby now had its passport for Heaven.

On another occasion, the Sister-Infirmarian, asking a woman why she had not brought her baby to the dispensary for treatment as it had been agreed upon, received this for an answer: "I neglected to come because I was too busy; we have several pigs in the house which take a good deal of my time, I didn't have one minute to give to the little one!"

Another day, a grandmother came to us discouraged so much so that she thought of committing suicide. Her white hair, the decrepitude of her eighty years, her inability to do any more work — in the eyes of her children and grandchildren these were things that were not to be forgiven, and their displeasure they expressed in a thousand ways, rendering life to this octogenarian both painful and extremely sad. With a heavy heart she related us her sorrows: "In my children's house, there is no place for me, they would see me dead. At present, I am very sick, and I receive, as usual, nothing but cold rice . . . Oh! how I suffer to see myself thus forsaken by those whom I hold most dear. One consolation only have I here below: each night I count one step more towards the grave."

To comfort this poor afflicted soul, we spoke of the value of suffering endured for the love of Him Who has suffered so much for us. Grandmother was touched by the sweet consolations of our Holy Faith. She is now baptized and her heart is filled with hope; she awaits patiently the beautiful day which knows no setting, when she will receive the reward promised to the pilgrims of Calvary.

AT THE BOARDING-SCHOOL

The contact of Christian with pagan pupils in our boarding-school does not, as one would suppose, create difficulties. The result is even profitable to the young pagans who listen to the explanations of the Doctrine, follow the religious exercises and familiarize themselves, little by little, with Catholic beliefs. The Evil Spirit does not, however, give up his adepts without trying to withhold them. It often happens in the beginning that they suffer with homesickness and strange repugnances. One of them belongs to a fervent Buddhistic family; each time she entered the chapel, she would suffer with a violent headache and some undefinable uneasiness, which would both disappear on her exit therefrom. Seeing that this abnormal state of things persisted, we gave the girl a Miraculous Medal, telling her to ask often the Blessed Virgin to protect her. This precious talisman completely changed our pupil's dispositions; she grew to like the study of Catechism and the prayers recited in common at church. She is now beginning her third year at our boarding-school; her father, very pleased to see her here, promises to come, during the summer, to listen to the explanations of our Holy Religion.

Little Che Kio Tche, newly-arrived, speaks to teacher about her family. "How did you obtain from your parents the favour of coming boarder?" asked Sister. "My big brother took me here. Two years ago, one of the Sister-Infirmarians saved his life. After having exhausted Chinese medical science and remedies without any hope of recovery, he had recourse to the mission 'doctor' who cured him. On her first visit, Sister gave him a Miraculous Medal, telling him to wear it around his neck, adding that it would be a source of happiness for him; he has never left it since."

We trust that, in the near future, our little boarder's entire family will belong to our beautiful Religion and be numbered among our fervent Christians.

Report of the Dispensaries of Taonan from January to July, 1941, inclusively:

WESTERN DISPENSARY

Infant Baptisms...	186	Adult Baptisms...	20	Patients.....	21,992
Dressings.....	6,987	Treatments.....	18,827	Homes visited..	2,486
Teeth extracted...	153	Injections.....	4,070	Vaccinations...	404

EASTERN DISPENSARY

Infant Baptisms...	121	Adult Baptisms...	2	Patients.....	9,925
Dressings.....	3,707	Treatments.....	10,933	Homes visited..	69
Teeth extracted...	45	Injections.....	4	Vaccinations...	190



The Ministry of Fervent Souls

At the side of those who harvest, there will be those who pray *the Lord of the harvest that He send labourers* to reap the wheat that is already ripe (Matt. IX, 38). On whom will this last ministry devolve? On the most holy souls of the Church; on those victims who do not cease to implore the Master's blessings over His Pontiffs and priests.

Oh! let us have at heart the cause of Mother Church; let us love her. Let us be interested in all that concerns her. Let us wish for her reign which is the reign of God. Let us second in every way those who defend her and forward the propagation of the Gospel. Let us rejoice at their success, share each one of their sorrows; finally, let us show that we are members of the family of Jesus and His brothers by grace, everywhere and always; let us pray for the Church with the fervour of children who pray for their mother. Her history is unfolded here below before our eyes; but, in reality, it is prepared and decided before the Tabernacle. God composes it, He decrees it and it is in answer to the prayer of His Saints that occur the unhopd for events which bring about the salvation of the family of Christ.

— CANON PERDRAU.



Cast a glance on the world and on the harvest of souls and see how many messengers of the Gospel in Christ's Vineyard are toiling and suffering in the midst of dangers and obstacles, in the midst of privation and destitution which cool the ardour of their zeal and impede the realization of their holy and charitable ambitions.

— PIUS XII.



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Wednesday, November 19, 1941

As Our Lord, on the evening of His Resurrection, appeared all of a sudden in the midst of His disciples, the doors being closed, likewise suddenly, without any premonitory sign, our dear Mother Superior General is with us this morning. It is a charming surprise, which sets the whole Novitiate in motion and gives currency to the merriest prattle. It affords us, besides, the occasion of knowing our good Mother Assistant, whom illness has hindered from coming to the Novitiate for the past two years.

Our only regret is that our dear Visitors must leave us to-morrow, on account of the many and heavy tasks which require them constantly at the Mother House.

Friday, November 21

November strips our garden of its flowers; but, to make up for it, it multiplies the feasts. And, among the latter, there is one which we welcome with the greatest joy and piety: that of the Presentation of Mary in the Temple; for this sweet little Virgin is the special Patroness of our Novitiate. It is, therefore, the feast of the novices, also, to-day. Our good Mothers and the Professed Sisters did not forget it. Moreover, they prepared it maternally, unknown to us; and we had the first echoes of it yesterday evening. At seven o'clock, we were invited to the entertainment-hall, whither the whole white flock took its flight, singing a beautiful hymn to the tender Virgin Mary.

A nice program was executed by our young Sisters, the postulants, who thus captivated our attention until prayer-time. It was the prelude of the lovely holiday that to-day reserved for us.

The joy of this happy feast was enhanced by frequent returns to our august little Patroness, returns in thought and desire, as well as in the pious visits to the chapel for the Guard of Honour, the singing of the Rosary, etc. . . .

The evening reunited us once more, novices and postulants. We accept always with pleasure the occasions of tightening the bonds of our fraternal affection and of expressing, in unison, our gratitude to the devoted Mothers who overwhelm us with bounties.

As to-morrow is the feast of St. Cecilia, our little Sisters, the postulants, offered their wishes and the homage of their gratitude to their good Mistress, whose patronal feast it is. We united our greetings to theirs and, all together, we begged the Immaculate Virgin and her holy Patroness to obtain abundant blessings for her who guided our first steps in the religious life.

Monday, December 8

Was it pretentious? The doves of the Immaculate Conception dared aspire to having to offer, to-day, in honour of their Heavenly Mother, the most beautiful of all the hymns of love and gratitude which would acclaim her. Poor little birds! Doubtlessly, they had to rival with some sublime harmonies; but, no matter, the contribution of their entire good will and their whole heart gave them the audacity to compete for it.

Assembled at dawn in our white chapel, which reflected on this occasion hues of Paradise, we joined the Heavenly Choirs in singing again and again this triumphal hymn, which was re-echoed to-day from earth to Heaven and from Heaven to earth: "Glory to Mary! She is Immaculate!"

Most solemn was the High Mass, with its liturgical singing. At the moment of the Communion, while the Priest held uplifted the Sacred Host, our elder Sisters, the Professed, repeated all together the formula of their holy engagements; happiness which we envy them and which makes us long for the great day of the religious profession.

The serene joy of this Marian Feast was embalmed, this year, with a special remembrance of our Venerable Mother Foundress. As it was the first Feast of the Immaculate Conception that she celebrated there above, it seemed to us that the greater were her delights, the more she must have thought of her children on earth, even of us, little novices, missionaries of promise, who were always quite particularly the object of her zeal and solicitude.

It was this confidence which induced us to go in groups on pilgrimage to her grave, where we so much like to pray and meditate.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception being the feast of the Professed, we had, in their honour, a little dramatic and musical entertainment, the principal play of which was the interpretation of a pretty legend inculcating confidence in Mary. The chief attraction of the evening called forth many applauses. It was the presentation made to us, by our dear Mother Superior General, of a large photograph of our Venerable Mother Foundress for the Novitiate Hall. We were unable to express loud enough our gratitude to her for it. This souvenir will be for us a constant exhortation to duty and to all the virtues of which she specially recommended to us the practice.

Sunday, December 14

Sound-movie film representations, that's what, in our opinion, suitably crowned *Gaudete* Sunday. It was Reverend Father Brunet, of the Congregation of Holy Cross, who had the kindness to come and interest us in that way.

The first film permitted us to assist at the Mass *Tempore belli*, which was celebrated in Notre Dame Church, Montreal, on the great national day of prayers for peace. We had thus the privilege of hearing the eloquent sermon delivered on that occasion by His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve.

The second reel showed us some scenes of the present war in Europe: sea, land and air battles, disasters which follow them, etc. . . . We concluded from them that war is certainly one of the worst plagues that can strike humanity and it is for us a duty of fraternal charity to pray for peace.

The representation of a "miracle at Lourdes" brought this pleasant and instructive entertainment to a close.

After a few remarks on the scenes presented, the good Father left us, accompanied by the expression of our gratitude, but leaving us, also, to every one's satisfaction, the hope of a second entertainment some day or other.

Thursday, December 25

Louder than the rumours of war, the *Gloria in excelsis* of Christ's resounds in the belfries and in our hearts. Ah! how we have been longing to contemplate anew the sweet Infant Saviour and join the singing of the Angels, near His Crib!

For four weeks, everything in our daily life has been a preparation for His coming; and, like the Patriarchs of old, we have endeavoured to hasten, by our desires, this happy Feast, sower of joy, peace and Heavenly graces.

Earlier than usual, last night, we retired, our hearts full of hope that we would spend a joyful Christmas. No one has been disappointed in her expectations, for many have been the pleasant surprises maternally prepared for us by our Superiors and Mistresses.

Shortly before midnight, we began to hear mysterious melodies, very faint at first; then, more and more distinctly, the voices approaching, accompanied by violins and bells, repeated the familiar Christmas hymn inviting the shepherds to the Crib. Our youngest Sisters, little accustomed to this new kind of awakening, hardly dared believe their eyes and ears, and perhaps for an instant, did they think themselves borne on the wings of some charming dream to Bethlehem. But all illusions were quickly dissipated, and every one hastened to the chapel to render homage to the new-born Divine King.

At midnight, we had the happy privilege of assisting at a beautiful Pontifical Mass, celebrated by His Excellency Most Reverend J. Prud'homme, Bishop of Salde, assisted by some priests and seminarians of the Foreign Missions. Thus, an unusual flash of grandeur was added to the solemnity of the night.

During the two consecutive low Masses, the choir sang some charming old Christmas carols, in preparation for and thanksgiving after Holy Communion. In that ineffable moment when we had the happiness of fondling Jesus in our hearts, we remembered all those who are dear to us and we solicited for them from His tender love all the blessings that they desired.

Soon, however, we had to think of returning to the dormitories; but, before doing so, our Mothers invited us to the refectory, where a light lunch

was served to us. While taking it, we thanked Divine Providence for all His bounties, especially for having created so good the hearts of our Mothers, of our dear parents and benefactors.

Towards eight o'clock, this morning, the heavenly messengers awoke us from sleep and invited us to hie to Jesus' feet for prayer and meditation. Then at ten o'clock the joyous and animated holiday opened with its surprises, its songs, its treats of all sorts, not to forget the ever-welcome letters from our beloved parents. All was bright and cheerful—a feast for the heart; it was, if we may speak thus, an echo and an amplification of the happy Christmas days spent in past years with our loved ones.

Sunday and Monday, December 28 and 29

The festive season is, unquestionably, abounding in pleasant surprises. This evening, as also yesterday, we had the advantage of visiting far-off China and Japan, thanks to sound movie film representations given us by His Excellency Monsignor E. Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society. The whole proved both captivating and instructive.

Then, there was another film, and even more entrancing, for it placed before our eyes our own ambitions and apostolic ideal. It depicted missionaries giving themselves to works of mercy among the poor infidels. What profound physical and moral miseries in these pagan lands! They are as so many voices begging for our compassion in the name of Christian charity. How we wish for wings and wealth to succour so many necessities!

We expressed our gratitude to Monsignor Larochelle for having entertained us these two evenings. Nothing more was needed to electrify our youthful enthusiasm.

Wednesday, December 31

The last day of the year was spent in recollection, which favoured the excellent idea of reviewing spiritual accounts to make sure that assets, now as always, more than counterbalance liabilities. If, unfortunately, there are deficits to deplore, the best thing to do is to try again, to re-organize in a better manner, and, so as not to launch into a new year with debts, have recourse to the Virgin most kind and merciful, praying her to make up for what is lacking and to double the value of our miserable offerings. Then there remains to store up an ample supply of fervour in view of a more profitable year.

The last moments of the day were spent before the Tabernacle. At eleven-thirty, we were all gathered at the chapel in one and the same thought of gratitude for God's favours, and of reparation for all the negligences that have found a way in the service of the Master.

As the clock struck the twelve notes of midnight and the old year returned to its Maker, our hearts arose to God, our Father, our Creator and greatest Benefactor. With filial confidence we expressed our loving desires for His glory, and our promise to sanctify ourselves and to bring Him many souls.

Our heavenly Mother also received our homage; we wished her an ever-widening dominion over souls, that her own Son's Kingdom might be extended over all the earth. As little children do, we asked for our New Year's gifts — heavenly blessings for our spiritual and temporal Superiors, our dear parents, our benefactors and ourselves. Thus we spent the second half of the Holy Hour which was brought to a close by the *Magnificat*.

Thursday, January 1

As the first sound of the rising-bell was heard throughout the house, some Sisters were tempted to exclaim, "What! already?..." while several began to think that 1942 would perhaps be a heavy year, were they to judge by their eyelids. But there was no time to ponder over these useless thoughts. So each of us piously gave her heart to God and in no time we were on our feet.

Scarcely had we got out of bed when our kind Mistress came and told us that it was all a mistake — the bell had rung an hour too soon. We did not need to be told twice, all promptly obeyed when invited to slip once again under the quilts and have another nap.

If this was an effect of the over-abundant zeal of the Sister in charge of the bell, she is cordially invited to regulate its pressure.

As requested by Our Holy Father the Pope, all our works of this day, Mass, prayers and sacrifices were offered for the obtention of peace. May this universal prayer, first fruits of the year, touch the Heart of God and hasten for the world the peaceful agreement so ardently desired by His Representative here below.

After High Mass and the recitation of the Rosary, we assembled in the Novitiate Hall where our kind Mother Mistress offered us her wishes. They were precious, for we felt them inspired by her great zeal for souls. We then did the same among ourselves as we embraced one another. All countenances were beaming with joy and we are confident that from on high God and our beloved Mothers were smiling down upon us.

At half past nine we assembled in the reception-room where Monsignor E. Laroche, Superior of the Foreign Mission Society, extended to us his New Year wishes. He deigned to give us likewise paternal counsels regarding the sanctity that is required of us if we are to accomplish much good. Monsignor indicated three means whereby we may reach this holy state: great desires, spirit of faith and love, that love of God which excludes self-love. Therefrom springs the necessity of conquering self, of acquiring the spirit of sacrifice; true humility is requisite also, animated with firm confidence.

These words fell upon our souls as on fertile ground. And we are assured that with the Heavenly blessings Monsignor called down upon us they will not fail to bear fruit.

We were gratified in the afternoon with a second blessing given by Reverend Father L. Lacroix, M. E.

While some were receiving the visit of their families, others spent the merry moments in pleasant chats or again enjoyed a sweet conversation with the Divine Friend . . . there were so many things to tell Him on this first day of the year. In the evening, the family circle seemed to widen as we read the New Year letters from our different missions, each one relating its most important events, its hopes and apostolic consolations. Thus the fraternal ties which unite us are strengthened, and often we are tempted to sing the "*Ecce quam bonum*"—how sweet it is for Sisters to dwell together!

Friday, January 2

After Mass, Reverend Father Forcier, M. E., our chaplain, gave us his blessing and extended to us hearty wishes and counsels referring to the perfection we must bring in the accomplishment of the various actions of our everyday life. We prayed the Little Flower whose example he set before us, to often recall to our minds this secret of holiness which seems to be particularly appropriate for us, little novices.

It had been unanimously agreed upon that this holiday would be consecrated to sliding and we were cherishing the thought of it with delight. But alas! our projects went to the ground for it has rained a good part of the night and the raindrops are still falling thick. . . . We gladly offered our sacrifice for our dear Sisters on foreign soil whose situation is at times difficult and even alarming. Our thoughts are often with them to entrust their cause to the care of Divine Providence.

Monday, January 5

The announcement of a great joy for this afternoon circulated about at recreation leaving a chain of gladness in its trail. Each one made known her own supposition, and . . . more than one had guessed rightly. But wait! that is a secret!

At 3.30, the Community bell, in its most joyous tone, informed us that our Reverend Mother General had come to celebrate the feast of the Epiphany with her novices. Every countenance radiated happiness which went to say that the joy of the welcome overflowed in our hearts.

Then the holiday began. The professed Sisters were the first to receive our dear Mother's visit, and that right was theirs. But the evening was spent with novices and postulants.

Gathered at her feet, we tasted the charm of her presence and conversation. Now and then, significative glances were cast at the clock, in an attempt to have her rest a little, and take a holiday. But she seemed not to understand and instead accelerated her speed, and we had to obey. Fortunately, we could say: till to-morrow!

Tuesday, January 6

Close to the crib of the God-Child we meditated this morning on the vocation of the Magi. The miraculous Star that served them as guide, recalls to us our predestination to the beautiful role of missionary. Is it not characteristic of an apostle to enlighten, to indicate the route which leads to Heaven?

Thus, to aid souls in their search for Him, Jesus has deigned to choose us as other little stars. What a beautiful vocation! We profited by this feast, which is particularly ours, to render Him our grateful thanks; and, not wishing to disappoint Him in His election, we prayed the Divine Child to make us humble, docile under His hand, and to make us love hidden life, that, when His good pleasure demands it, we may utterly disappear as the Star that led the Magi.

After having made our morning spiritual exercises, we were ready for the beautiful and joyous holiday. Once more, in the afternoon, we gathered around our dear Mother who served us to our heart's content with a thousand and one details on the foreign missions. We made provision of useful examples and good counsels. Time thus spent is certainly not wasted. The kindness and condescension of our Reverend Mother are to us as a perpetual predication; and her zeal for souls always stimulates our missionary ardour.

Not more than yesterday did the clock give in to our entreaties and this beautiful day, as all others, had its setting. We did not fail to end it as true daughters of the Immaculate Virgin; that is, by singing our gratitude to God and to His Blessed Mother for the joy and edification with which they perfumed it, a joy which proved only the greater for having been unforeseen.

A Novice's Day

THIS Novice is an aspirant-missionary. She has just donned the white veil, white dress and blue sash — the Holy Habit of a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception.

Within the Novitiate, situated on the edge of Rivière des Prairies, in Pont Viau, peacefully she sleeps in a little white cell, under the guardianship of the Immaculate Virgin, Queen and Mistress of the house; the busy clock whiles away the seconds and hours, quietly dispelling darkness to usher in daybreak. When the hand indicates 5.15 A. M., the bell suddenly breaks the deep silence and sends its wakening notes throughout the house: it is time to rise.

Always ready to do God's Will, the Novice rises immediately and, with her fellow-sisters, answers the fervent *Benedicamus Domino* voiced by a Professed Sister, with a *Deo Gratias* doubtless repeated by the Holy Guardian Angels as they bear this morning message to the Eternal.

The Novice kisses with affection the little cross placed under her pillow at bed-time, saying:

"My God, behold I come to do Thy holy Will."

"My God, I give Thee my heart, be pleased to receive it so that no one else may possess it but Thyself.



NOVIATE OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
PONT VIAU.

"O Mary, my good Mother, give me thy blessing: think by my spirit, speak by my mouth and act through me.

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give thee my heart and my soul; Jesus, Mary and Joseph, assist me in my last agony; Jesus, Mary and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with thee.

"My dear Guardian Angel, I commend myself to thee. Keep me through this day as thou hast this night. Preserve me from sin, from all accident and from sudden death. Amen."

She then hastily washes herself, makes her bed, dresses, respectfully kissing her Holy Habit blessed on the day of her Divine Betrothal, and places her things in order. If it is winter, she may not see very clearly, for, through poverty, a single light throws its feeble rays throughout the vast dormitory; but joyously she offers to God this slight privation. The room may not be as yet entirely heated, but she takes no notice of this in her ardour to accomplish well the first action of the day; or, if she does: "I am glad," says she, "here is a little sacrifice to offer Thee, my God, for the salvation of souls!" If it is summer, she breathes with delight the fragrant morning air penetrating through widely opened windows; she hears the pleasant murmur of the river close by, or the cheery warble of the birds nesting happily in the vines clinging to the façade of the Convent. The sweet vibrating notes of her affection are intermingled with the morning hymns of these gay little songsters . . . and the sacred refrain ascends pure and beautiful towards the Heavenly Father.

She casts a last glance about her cell to see if it is in order; she then draws back the curtain and it is already 5.40 A. M. The bell rings anew, summoning the personnel to the chapel.

(To be continued.)



The Children's Page

DEAR CHILDREN,

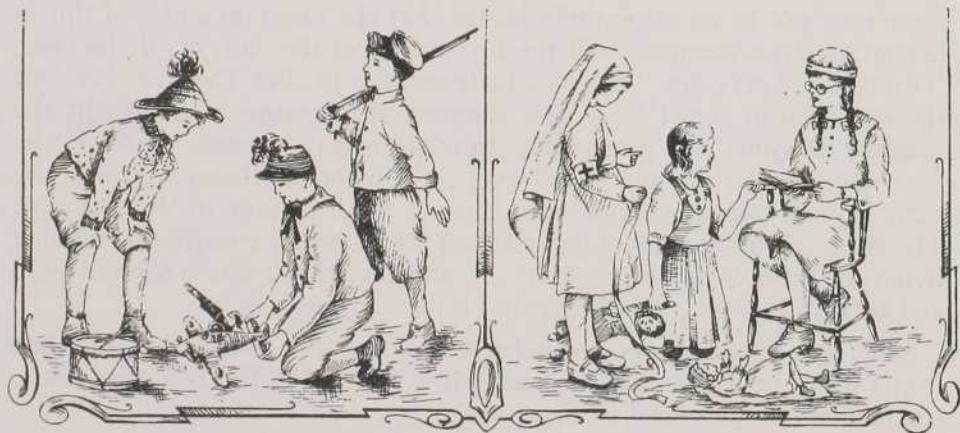
More than ever you hear talk of war and of the miseries it entails. In almost every family some of the members are serving the country. Here it is the father or son who has joined the army; there, the grandfather or the eldest sister who is working for the soldiers.

And many a time the mother is found weeping over the absent . . . and the children instead of smiling with the angels in their dreams assist at terrible scenes! . . . battle scenes! . . .

And because war is the order of the day, the little boys in their innocent games imitate the soldiers, parading or acting as sentinels; one fabricates himself a gun, another, a sword, or even, aeroplanes and tanks. The little girls play nurse and busy themselves very seriously dressing the mutilated leg or arm of their doll.

The noise of war is in the air, on land and sea. Our planet itself resounds with it and no one can tell when peace will be restored to the world.

Like many others, you are perhaps wondering, dear Children, why God, Who is so good, Who loves us so much, leaves the world in such desolation, when a word, a sign of His, would be sufficient to re-establish order.



The little boys imitate the soldiers...

The little girls play nurse...

Consult the past and you will be enlightened. Open the Bible History and you will remark that in ancient times, about a thousand years after the creation of the world, God seeing that the wickedness of men was so great, it repented Him that He had made man on earth and to destroy him, He sent the deluge. The fountains of the great deep were broken up; and the flood-gates of heaven were opened: and the rain fell upon the earth; they continued to increase until they had risen fifteen cubits above the tops of the highest mountains. All flesh was destroyed that moved upon earth: and Noe only remained, and they that were with him in the ark. A hundred years before, God had bade this just man to build an ark in order that he be saved from the flood with his family; moreover to take with him of every animal, two of a sort.

After the waters had disappeared, Noe and his family repeopled the earth, and their works were pleasing to the Lord. But with years, sin reappeared among men and God sent great punishments to open their eyes and bring them back into the right path. It is by Divine punishment that Sodom and Gomorrha were destroyed. Ninive also would have perished had not the king and his subjects, at the voice of Jonas, fasted and clothed themselves in sackcloth and ashes.

Many other examples of the justice of God could be cited; but those which I have just mentioned and which are better known to you, are sufficient to make you understand the why of the present war.

To-day, as in the time of the deluge, sin, under all its forms, abounds in the world, and men to return to better sentiments need to be severely chastised, deeply abased and humbled; they need to feel the lack of a little comfort and superfluosness; and the war, if it is prolonged some time, will bring about these results, unfortunate in many respects, yet fortunate as far as the faith is concerned. And such will be another effect of the infinite mercy of God Who, like a kind father, punishes His children to preserve them from eternal damnation or to render them more faithful. For, if men in their wickedness are agitated and fight, events are permitted by God Who will have them turn to His glory.

THE MERCY OF GOD

God, dear Children, is infinitely just, but He is also infinitely merciful. He is not in a hurry to exercise His justice, yet His mercy is continually in operation. How encouraging this is for us!

One day, Our Lord was telling one of His faithful servants, Sister Benigna-Consolata Ferrero, these touching words: "The door of My mercy is not locked; it is ajar and ever so lightly be it touched, it opens. On the contrary, the door of my justice is locked, and I open it only to those who force Me to do so; I would never open it spontaneously."

Let us, therefore, make use of the great mercy of God by praying for poor sinners, by offering for them many little sacrifices. Our Lord will

then grant these wayward souls graces so marvelous and penetrating that they will be forced to deplore their bad conduct and amend their life. It is said that Saul, the persecutor of the Christians, became, by the grace of God, the great St. Paul, because Stephen, the deacon, prayed for him during his martyrdom.

THE PRAYER OF CHILDREN

A fervent prayer is always pleasing to God; but it is doubly so when it comes from a pure and innocent heart.

Blessed are the children who, having preserved their Baptismal innocence, pray well! They draw abundant blessings upon themselves, upon their parents and upon those for whom they pray.

Blessed are the parents who teach their children to pray well! Blessed are all the souls that remain pure, simple, loving and confident like those of children; they are the delight of the Heart of Jesus and obtain from Him all kinds of graces. They enjoy true happiness here below and will be admitted to eternal bliss without difficulty as Our Saviour Himself declared when, calling unto Him a little child, He said, "The kingdom of heaven is for such."

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, who so perfectly followed the way of spiritual childhood and arrived thereby so rapidly at a high degree of sanctity, was confided the mission of teaching this "little way" to the world. But, as ever, it is in the souls of the small number that the words and ex-

amples of the saints bear fruit.

The learned and pious Gerson had such confidence in the prayer of children that, feeling his last hour had come, in order to draw down Divine mercy upon himself, he had all the children he instructed in St. Paul's church at Lyons, assemble and repeat together the following prayer: "My God and Creator have mercy on John Gerson, Thy poor servant."

Not less lively was the faith in the



He took the baby in his arms and held it aloft . . .

power which children hold on the Heart of God, that filled the soul of this valiant captain whose ship was floundering about on the high seas. A fierce tempest raged. Mountainous billows foamed and churned in their most angry mood. Beside themselves with terror, the passengers and crew betook themselves to prayer. All seemed in vain. When it looked as if nothing could come between them and a grave in the angry deep, the captain espied among the passengers a baby clutched tightly in its distracted mother's embrace. He took it in his arms and, ascending the bridge, held it aloft in the teeth of the raging storm beseeching the Lord for the sake of this innocent babe and in its name, to quell the angry sea and save them from the gaping deep. The storm abated at once, we are told, the passengers were saved from a watery grave and the vessel reached its destination in safety.

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, so deeply afflicted by the war which agitates all nations, also turns to you, dear Children. Listen to what he says: "And you, candid legions of children, you, the beloved and privileged friends of Jesus, when receiving the Bread of Life send up to Heaven your simple and pure prayers and unite them to those of the whole Church. The Heart of Jesus that loves you will not fail to heed so many supplicant voices: pray for all, pray unceasingly."

In obedience to the voice of the Supreme Pastor, the representative of Jesus Christ on earth, pray, dear Children, and make many little sacrifices to obtain the conversion of the world and the return of peace. Do so untiringly for the present hour is one of great distress . . . and, as the valiant captain, your Great Friend, in thought, holds you aloft towards Heaven.

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.

INFLUENCE OF EARLY EDUCATION

The whole course of life nearly always depends on the first education; therefore, it is of prime importance for the happiness of children that pious sentiments be instilled in them by exhortations and edifying examples. It is necessary to accustom them to make little sacrifices; to make them understand the danger of pleasures and the fatal impressions they leave in their trail. It is necessary to show them the harm these pleasures do to the soul that gives way to them, and, on the contrary, the happiness the soul enjoys when shunning them and attaching itself to the things of Heaven. We must not grow weary repeating to them that docility, love of work, of order and piety are the dispositions that lead to true happiness even in this world.

VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp.....\$ 25.00

Float or candle.....	{	10 cents each. 75 cents for a novena. \$ 2.00 for a month. 20.00 for a year.
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Poor Little Forsaken One!

BRR! How cold it is! The snow is deep and covers the frozen ground; the icy hoar-frost decks the bare trees with silvery garlands. On the white-blown road, a little Chinese girl scarcely eight years of age, miserably dressed, wanders listlessly, now and then drawing closer, with a trembling hand, the remnant of dirty cloth that is her only shawl and that floats on her back at the slightest gust of wind. From her arm hangs a large blue handkerchief, containing all her merchandise, soap, combs, pins, needles, etc., that she smilingly offers to the passersby. But what sadness in her smile! She ponders, and in doing so she fingers the few sapeks in her pocket — all her fortune to-day. Tears fall fast from her beautiful black eyes and flow in cascades down her drawn features where is already deeply engraved the stamp of suffering. She ponders . . . she is thinking of her mother. It will soon be six months that the inexorable Reaper struck her down, and now she sleeps yonder on the plains, beneath the dark, funereal fir trees.

She, the poor child, has been rescued by a neighbour; but alas! the cruel woman treats her brutally. How many blows are the price of a piece of bread, and what insults to put up with in return for the scanty straw that covers her pallet!

To-day, her sales have brought only a few sapeks. "The sum is too slight," she says to herself, "and I prefer a hundred times to suffer cold and hunger, rather than expose myself to the flogging of such a merciless mistress." And, shivering, she thinks of her companions who have food and clothing, a home, a mother, anyway! . . .

Night has fallen; she wanders heedlessly; the heavens are feebly lit by the white rays of the moon; thousands of stars scintillate in the dark sky. Presently, she sees a group of persons advancing rapidly and entering a house whose door is open. She follows the movement, manages to find a way in the crowd and crouches down fearfully in an angle; she is in a church, a very poor church, like we often see them in China. Tapers are lighting the humble chapel and, in front, above the altar, a large ivory crucifix, seemingly animated in the pale glow, can be seen. Silent, she holds her breath and her astonished eyes are fixed on a venerable priest who is exhorting the faithful; she listens to his unctuous words.

And there, she learns that God loves her, that He is everywhere, that He was born in a manger, that He was poor, that He suffered to ransom her own soul, and finally, that He died on an infamous gibbet to open Heaven to her. The child is filled with great joy at hearing these "glad tidings" and in her melodious voice murmurs a jubilant "thank you!" . . .

A year has passed; the little Chinese lass has begged from door to door, sleeping in sheds or, during the summer, on the side of ditches. But December has come and the snow is spread, like a great white mantle, on the ground; the hedges that surround the villages are brilliant with hoar-frost and icicles. The poor little child is exhausted; she shivers with fever, her steps grow weaker, her face is mortally pale; as a lily struck and severed by the wild tempest, her frail body stumbles and falls in the path.

One of my good Christians, passing that way, sees the inanimate child, takes her in his arms and, kindly, with the caresses of a fond mother, brings her to my house "Father," he exclaims, "here is a gift Divine Providence is sending you!"

Seeing the poor creature has only a breath of life remaining, I make haste to revive her a little. Slowly she comes back from her lethargy; she speaks incoherently and, between shivers, repeats her miserable little life-story; she tells me of her visit to the church in the middle of the night (I understand at once that it was Midnight Mass); then she exposes her desires. And I, ravished, thanking God, say to her, "Child, your hope will be realized at this very moment. I also am a minister of God, like the one who conquered your soul by his vibrant words, and I am going to give you entirely to that Jesus Whom you know not or so little, but Whom your heart loves already."

Then the Holy Waters of Baptism flow on her forehead; she stammers a tender "thank you", and her pure soul, white as a dove, takes its flight to Heaven.

—REV. VENANCE GUICHARD,

Franciscan Missionary in Northern China.

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 thank Our Immaculate Mother and St. Teresa for having restored me to health. A subscriber, **Worcester, Mass.**—I wish to offer my grateful thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for special favours granted during the past year, including better health. **M. J. B., Verdun, Que.**—Sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. **Mrs. P. S., Porcupine, Ont.**—Thanksgiving for a favour received. Please pray for another special favour. **Mrs. O. D., Montreal.**—My sincere thanks for a great favour received. **Mrs. D. Z., Rumford, Maine.**—Grateful thanks to the Blessed Virgin for having cured my stomach trouble and for other favours. I recommend another intention. **C. M. R., Hemmingford, Que.**—Sincere thanks for the success of an operation. **Mrs. H. W. S., Coteau Station, Que.**—Homage of gratitude for a favour received. **Mrs. E. P., Worcester, Mass.**—Some time ago I requested a novena, that my husband might obtain a position; two days after, the favour was granted. Most heartfelt thanks! Please pray for another very special intention. A grateful client of Mary, **Montreal.**—Please help me to thank the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained; I solicit health and success in temporal affairs. **Mrs. E. B., Montreal.**—Grateful thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained; I solicit a position for my brother. **Mrs. J. R. B., Montreal.**—Sincere thanks to Our Immaculate Mother for a position obtained. **Mrs. C. F., Batiscan.**—My sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin for work obtained. I solicit her continual protection. **Mrs. J. A., Almaville.**—Lively gratitude to the Virgin Mother for having obtained a position for my husband. **Mrs. J.-H. B., Ste. Marie de Beauce.**—I acquit myself of a promise made to Our Heavenly Mother for a cure obtained through her intercession. **Mrs. L. S., Mont Tremblant.**—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained. **Mrs. F. D., St. Henri de Mascouche.**—Lively gratitude for a favour received. **Mrs. T. L., Montreal.**—Homage of gratitude for a favour received. **P. G., Montreal.**—Kindly publish my lively gratitude to Our Heavenly Mother for having obtained a position for my husband. A thousand thanks! **Mrs. J. L. L'A., Montreal.**—Thanks to Mary Immaculate for favours granted. I solicit her to continue protecting us; to give peace to a family, the cure of a sick person and other favours. A subscriber who is tried.—I acquit myself of a promise and I beg the Holy Mother of God to assist me continually. **J. W. P.**—Homage of gratitude for an important favour. A friend.—Thanks to Mary Immaculate for a grace received. A subscriber, **St. Paul de la Croix.**—Sincere thanks to Mary, Our Mother, for a favour received through her intercession. **Mrs. E. B., Cartierville.**—Homage of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin. **C. G., Montreal.**—Thanksgiving to Our Heavenly Mother for a favour obtained. **Mrs. S. L., Ferme Neuve.**—I come to acquit myself of a debt of gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin. **Mrs. R. L., South Williamstown, Mass.**—Sincere thanks for a favour received. **Mrs. J. B., Bristol, Conn.**—I am very thankful to the Virgin Mother and I pray her to grant me other graces. **Mrs. C. L., Montreal.**—Heartfelt thanks for a favour obtained. **Mrs. I. G., Worcester, Mass.**—I have often felt the assistance of the Blessed Mother; please help me to thank her. **Y. S., Montreal.**—My prayers have been answered; grateful thanks to Mary Immaculate! **Mrs. E. B., Clermont.**—Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. A mother, **Kenogami.**—Lively gratitude to the Queen of Heaven; I solicit other favours. **Mrs. H. L., St. Prime.**—I have obtained my baby's cure. My most sincere thanks to Our Heavenly Mother. **Mrs. G. L., St. Hyacinthe.**—Lively thanks for a benefit received. **Miss A. M., Marlboro, Mass.**—Sincere thanksgiving for a grace obtained after a novena in honour of the Blessed Virgin. **A. D., Montreal.**—Lively gratitude for a favour received. **Mrs. A. F., St. Vianney.**—I wish to publish my gratitude to Our Heavenly Mother for her protection. **Mrs. E. L., Montreal.**—I am much better; please help me to thank the Virgin Mother and beg her to finish curing me. **Mrs. D. D., Woonsocket, R. I.**—The favour I was soliciting was granted me; gladly I acquit myself of my promise. **Mrs. A. D., St. Dominique.**—I thank the Immaculate Virgin for a grace attributed to her intercession. I solicit another favour. A subscriber.—Lively gratitude for favours obtained. **Miss M. L. C., Valleyfield North.**—Thanksgiving for a favour obtained after promising to subscribe to THE PRECURSOR and to have the favour published. **Mrs. L. C.**—Sincere thanks to the Immaculate Virgin for having granted health to my husband. **Mrs. O. C., Rosemount.**—Fulfilling a promise in thanksgiving for a favour received. **Mrs.**

R. M., **Ste. Dorothee**.—I gladly acquit myself of a debt of gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for two favours she has granted me. J. C., **Montreal**.—I heartily thank the Immaculate Virgin for the benefits she has been lavishing on me for some time. P. R., **Montreal**.—Heartfelt gratitude to the Holy Mother of God for having granted me the grace to earn my daily bread, and for helping my mother. A. S., **Montreal**.

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.

Petitions

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

Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. J. R., **Rumford, Me.**—Please pray to the Immaculate Conception for me. Mrs. V. B., **Caribou, Me.**—I trust Our Lord will see fit to answer my request through His Holy Mother. Mrs. P. C., **Outremont**.—I wish to ask your prayers in a novena to the Mother of God that my husband will obtain a better position that we may be able to pay our debts. Mrs. B., **Montreal**.—Please have a votive candle burn in honour of the Blessed Virgin for a special favour. M. J. B., **Pineville N. B.**—My husband is sick with stomach trouble and is suffering a great deal. Please pray for him; he has great faith in the Blessed Virgin and St. Teresa. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. **Easthampton, Mass.**—Please pray for my special intention as I am anxious to receive a favour. I have great faith in Our Blessed Mother as she has granted me many favours in the past. Mrs. G. S., **Bristol, Conn.**—I request a favour of the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony and the Little Flower. Mrs. C. S., **Montreal**.—Please pray for the cure of my eyes. Mrs. L. M., **Rosemount**.—Please pray for my son's intentions. Thanks to Mary Immaculate. Mrs. E. R. T., **Indian Orchard, Mass.**—Please remember me in your prayers. A grateful client of the Blessed Virgin Mary, **Westmount**.—May I ask your prayers in a special novena for the success of an operation and also for a very special conversion? M. M. A. O'R., **Notre Dame de Graces**.—Please pray that my sight will not become any worse and arthritis in my hands and feet not become too serious; please pray also for my husband that he may not have to give up his daily work. M. R. D., **Millbury, Mass.**—Please help me to pray that my husband with the help of God's grace may be able to overcome a temptation; also that we may be able to meet our financial obligations. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR, **Sheldon Springs, Vt.**—Please pray for my husband in the army and for my four children. Mrs. C. G., **Rosemount**.—I am suffering with asthma and bad nerves; will you please pray for my cure and also for my husband. Mrs. N. V., **Spencer, Mass.**—I solicit my cure from the Blessed Virgin and request also the payment of money that is owed to us. Mrs. A. C., **Joliette**.—Please pray for my cure. Mrs. P., **St. John's, Que.**—I solicit my husband's cure. Mrs. B., **St. Blaise**.—I request a special favour through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. M. A. T., **St. Joseph d'Alma**.—I recommend to the Blessed Virgin a man who drinks. Mrs. E. L.—Kindly pray for a conversion. Mrs. A. O., **South Lawrence, Mass.**—I have compassion on the poor lepers of Shek Lung. A person in need of prayers, Gertrude. I beg you to pray for me for I am on the verge of perdition. A disconsolate subscriber. I solicit the cure of my eyes. M. E. L., **South Lawrence, Mass.**—I recommend myself to your prayers. A subscriber who desires to help the lepers. I ardently solicit a great favour. A subscriber, **Joliette**.—A mother requests prayers for her young daughter who is leading a bad life. A. F.—May I succeed in my examinations. A person who has great confidence. I request your prayers for my family, especially for a young man exposed to the dangers of the city. Anonymous. I solicit my boy's cure. Mrs. A. C. Please remember in your prayers my son's vocation. Mrs. R. M., **Quebec**.—I have recourse to your prayers to obtain two positions through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. C. G., **Montreal**.—Please pray for the vocation of a person dear to me; for world peace; the grace of a happy death for those I hold dear. Mrs. O. P. Please remember me in your prayers. A reader of THE PRECURSOR. Please pray for my son who is separated from his wife; have a thought for me also for I am sick. An afflicted mother. Please make a novena for my son's conversion and for success in our temporal affairs. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. Please pray for my two sons who are students that they may obtain love of work and obedience. A subscriber. I request the grace of a happy death for an aged person and the conversion of an ungrateful son. One in need of prayers. Two young girls ask the Blessed Virgin for enlightenment that they may know their vocation. Success in affairs; health for a father and mother; special intentions. B. D. I beseech the Blessed Virgin to obtain me a position. A subscriber.

— With confidence I implore Our Immaculate Mother to cure my husband who is deaf. Mrs. L. C.— Prayers are solicited for a father who is neglectful of his family duties. A subscriber. — I pray the Virgin Mother to cure me or to give me more courage to bear my sufferings. Mrs. A. R.— I request prayers for a person who is suffering from heart disease. Mrs. D. L., **Shawinigan**.— May Our Immaculate Mother grant a complete cure to a father. A subscriber, **Shawinigan**.— A disconsolate mother requests prayers for her husband and son who drink; she also desires work. A subscriber.— May the Blessed Virgin obtain me health. A subscriber, **Almaville**.— I request your fervent prayers for my family. May our Heavenly Mother grant us health and the sale of a property. Anonymous.— Kindly pray for my twin sons. A mother.— Will you please pray for my son. Mrs. G., **Lachute**.— Please make a novena in honour of the Blessed Virgin that my sons may not have to enter the army immediately. Mrs. E. D.— I solicit the grace to know my vocation. Miss S., **Plessisville**.— Please pray for success in my examinations and for a permanent position. A. L., **Montreal**.— Mary, my good Mother, please convert this sinner; may he cease drinking. A subscriber. — Prayers, please, for a man who has not made his Easter duty. Anonymous.— Please pray for my daughter's vocation and for her health. A subscriber, **St. Gilles**.— I ask the Blessed Virgin that my daughter may give up a Protestant friend. A subscriber.— I request the grace to find a good husband. Anonymous.— I solicit the Blessed Virgin's assistance to obtain a great favour. A subscriber.— I wish to obtain my husband's cure. Anonymous.— Please pray for my little boy's cure. A subscriber.— May I recover my health and find a good husband. Anonymous.— I am in need of a special favour. A subscriber, **St. Luc de Vincennes**.— A suffering mother requests prayers. Mrs. T. M., **St. Prosper**.— The cure of a suffering person. A subscriber.— Prayers for my cure, I am paralyzed; also for my son's vocation. Mrs. L. M., **Batiscan**.—

Prayers are requested for the following intentions: vocations, 5; conversions, 20; positions, 12; cures, 52; special intentions, 67.

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NECROLOGY

Reverend Father Léonce Vézina, P. P., **Riviere du Loup**; Reverend Father J.-G. Julien, P. P., **Beauceville**; Reverend Brother Henri Paquette, C. S. V., **Montreal**, brother of Very Reverend Mother Marie de la Providence, Sup. Gen. of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception; Mr. Moise Vincent, **Montreal**, father of our Sister Rollande Marie; Mrs. Lorenzo Guay, **Cote des Neiges**; Mrs. Paul Boudrias, **Cote des Neiges**; Mrs. J.-E. O. Monette, **Montreal**; Mr. Arthur Corbeil, **Montreal**; Mrs. Mary McNally, **Outremont**; Mrs. Agnes Bush, **Outremont**; Mr. Edward Quinn, **Outremont**; Mr. James Cherry, **Outremont**; Mrs. Ros. A. Shea, **Montreal**; Mrs. N. Chamberlain, **Montreal**; Mrs. J. G. Edmonds, **Timmins**; Mr. Patrick Monahan, **Montreal**; Mr. William Tobin, **Montreal**; Miss Rose Gregoire, **Spencer, Mass.**; Mr. John Patton, **England**; Mrs. Odilon St. Denis, **Saskatoon, Sask.**; Mrs. Michael Kirk, **St. Sophie, Que.**; Mr. Thomas Britt, **Outremont**; Mrs. Kate Stewart, **Montreal**; Mr. Patrick Logan, **Rock Island, Que.**; Mr. Edward Lachapelle, **Calgary, Alta.**

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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.

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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".

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IN MANCHUKUO, VIA JAPAN

TCHENGKIATOEN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1927).

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TAONAN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

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SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

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TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1932).

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

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KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1933).

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Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.
 2. — **Protectors**, those who by 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.
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 3. — **Subscribers**, those who give an annual offering of \$25.00.
 4. — **Associates**, those who give the sum of \$2.00 a year.
-

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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 Communions received by the Sisters.
2. — A Mass offered every month for their intentions.
3. — Every Friday and Sunday in the year, the Sisters offer, for their Benefactors' intentions, their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the Mother House. (The names of Founders and Protectors are placed on the Altar of Exposition).
4. — For the same intentions, the members of the Community make, every day, the Guard of Honour to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. 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.