

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIII, 20th Year

MONTREAL, May-June, 1942

No. 9



Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

IN CANADA

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

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

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

OUTREMONT, Que., 314 St. Catherine Road.

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

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(Founded in 1918).

Religious instruction for the Chinese.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Sewing-circles.

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

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

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

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

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

The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls.

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Kindergarten.

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

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

(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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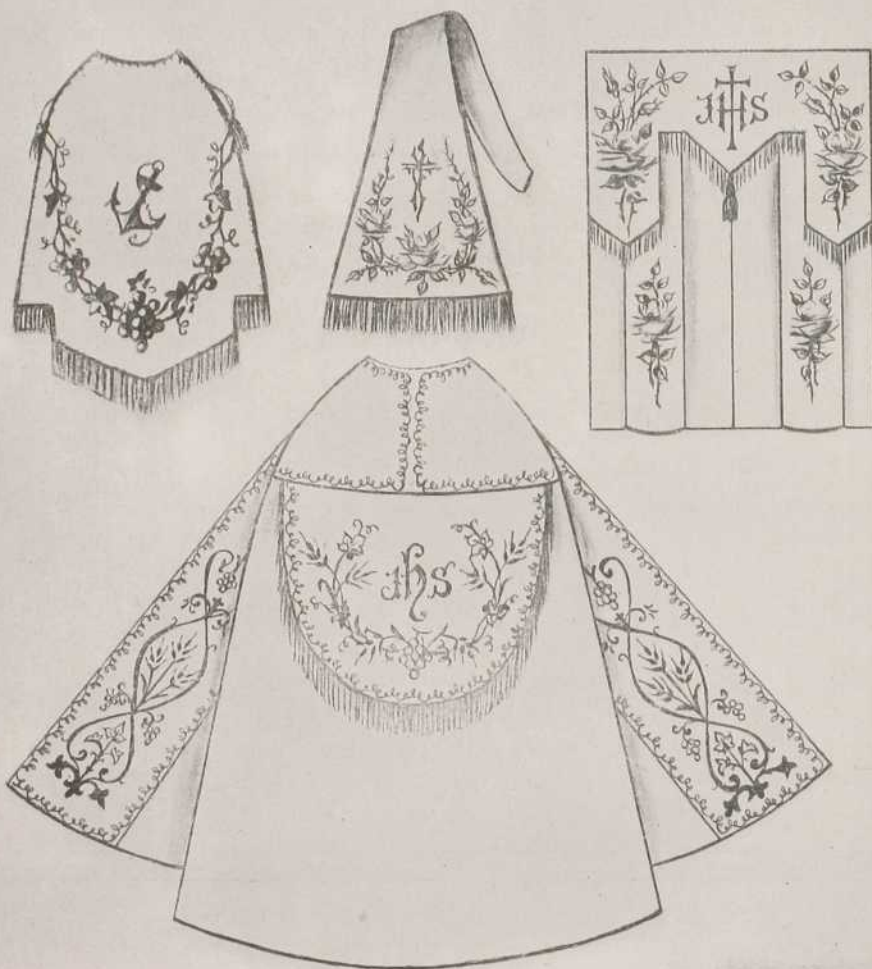
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5 inches.....	\$ 2.50	14 inches.....	\$16.00
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9 “.....	7.00	22 “.....	35.00
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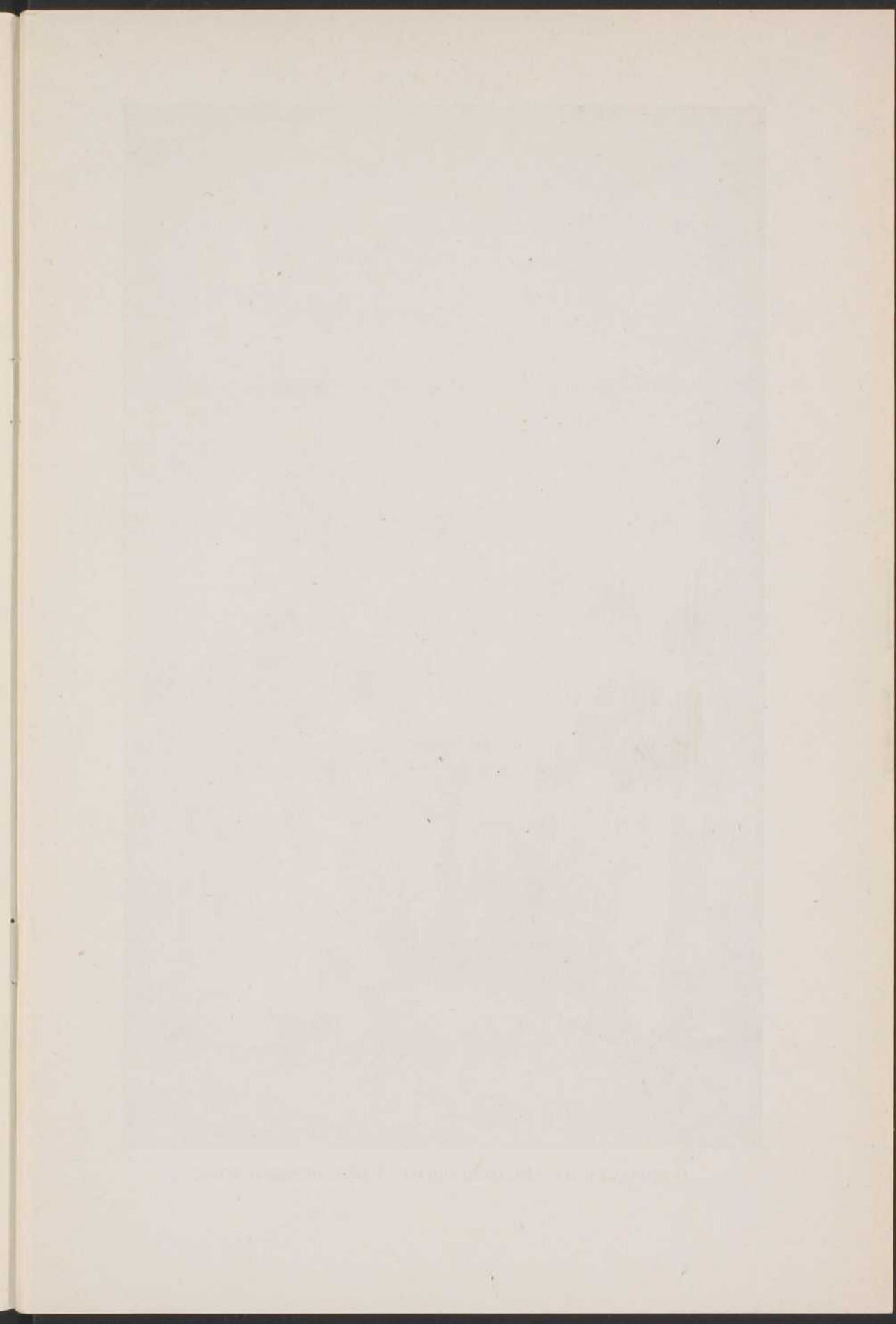
Altar Linens	{	Amices.....	\$12.00	per doz.
		“ linen, second quality.....	10.80	“ “
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We supply *altar-breads* at the following prices:

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PRICES GIVEN ON REQUEST







O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

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O Mary, Save my Land!



*The world bows down in grief and sorrow deep —
Men fiercely wield the blood-stained sword of Death,
And hosts of braves they hush in their last sleep,
While millions cling to life with but a breath.
The dreadful scourge, like some wild prairie fire,
It spreads, alas! o'er our world's woe-worn face
With giant steps . . . in raging hate and ire —
Will it our own fair Canada embrace?*

Fain would I stop this rapid race for blood!
Mine arm is powerless . . . what shall I do?
Soft rays of light my searching soul now flood —
I'll save my Country, all her children too;
Each morn I shall encircle my dear land
With chain of love — mine own sweet Rosary.
And I will scatter with untiring hand
Its saving Aves, begging men to pray.

How I would see my Nation on her knees,
To stay the wrath of God! . . . If we amend
For num'rous crimes, His vengeance we appease,
As mercies with His justice softly blend.
Too true we are His wayward sons, alas!
But that dear Heart yearns ever for our love;
He'd soothe our fears, forgetting all the past,
And bring us happy to His Home above.

Would you still fear in God to seek resort?
Let Mary, your sweet Mother, plead your cause;
She is our advocate at Heaven's court,
And for the King of kings her prayers are laws.
No! never was it said in Realm of Love
That cause in her maternal hands was lost;
This tender Mother is a Queen above,
Her children she will save despite the cost.

While Aves I bestrew with aching heart,
I shall e'er plead: "O Mary, save my Land!
Let not this war a deep destruction dart
On people once caressed by thine own hand . . .
Remember those who sought our virgin shore —
De Maisonneuve, and Cartier, and Champlain,
Remember martyrs wrapped up in their gore
By Iroquois — the butchers of the plain.

Recall those virgins — wooers of the Cross,
And see, to-day, our missionaries who pain
Afar, that Christ may not sustain one loss;
O Queen, let not thy children cry in vain!
Would there be not one just to save our fate?
And must our Land be bloody battle-plain?
Disarm our God, O loving Advocate,
Sweet dawn of peace for warring world obtain."

— THE PRECURSOR.

Homage To Mary



HE 17th of May, 1942, marks the Tercentenary of the Founding of Montreal. It was, therefore, the Virgin Mary, Queen of May, who, on the same date, three hundred years ago, welcomed to this new land the pious Mr. de Maisonneuve and his valiant troop. It could not be otherwise, since Our Blessed Mother had taken the Work of Montreal Island under her special protection.

Was it not she who, February 2, 1630, enlightening the mind of her devoted servant, Jerome Le Royer de la Dauversière, made him understand that he was to found a congregation of hospitallers for this distant isle?

She who, February 2, 1636, gave to Mr. de la Dauversière, in the person of Father Olier, future founder of the Sulpicians, his first associate in the organization of the Society of Our Lady of Montreal?

Was it not, also, this august Sovereign who, about the same time, provoked at La Flèche the meeting of la Dauversière with Miss Marie de la Ferre and disposed the latter to consent to go and found the Order of Hospitallers which she had requested?

She who, in 1640, chose Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve, a colonel of the French army and a man of great merit, to be the Head of Ville Marie, and the virtuous Jeanne Mance to be the mother of the nascent colony?

It was again she who called to this isle of predilection the good and pious Marguerite Bourgeoys and inspired her to found the Congregation of Notre Dame, which was to render such great services to the colony and to the whole of Canada.

With such fortunate and solid foundations, the work of Ville Marie was to grow. It did, indeed, prosper wonderfully in its spiritual and Christian life, as well as in its material life, so well that, two hundred and fifty years after the event of February 2, 1630, Heaven seemed to find it fit to spread afar its beneficent action and radiate the Faith among pagan nations.

Then, the Blessed Virgin, was she not there again, when it pleased God to reveal to Delia Tétreault, a humble girl of eighteen, that she was destined to take the initiative of a vast missionary movement in Canada, to found a community of virgins and a society of priests who would consecrate themselves to the foreign missions?

Was it not she, also, who, a few years later, called this young lady from the country to her privileged city, in order to realize by this apostolic soul, entirely devoted to her service, the complement of her work of Montreal?

She who brought to the foundress of the distant mission work, in Canada, Josephine Montmarquet, her first companion?

And was she not there, June 3, 1902, when the three members of the first Canadian Missionary Institute assembled in community? Yes, undoubtedly, she presided over all and accepted with pleasure the tutelage

that these pious young ladies besought of her in their common consecration to her service.

Doubtlessly, she was there, too, on December 7, 1904, inspiring the august Pontiff Pius X, when he gave to this new Community of virgin-apostles, the name: Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception.

And, September 8, 1909, when the first group of Missionary Sisters sailed to China, could she not have been seen, the sweet Star of the Sea, covering her privileged daughters with the mantle of her maternal protection, receiving them herself on the foreign shore and assisting them in their difficult apostolate?

To complete the harmony, it was on February 2, 1921, Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, that the Canadian Episcopate, reunited in assembly, solemnly proclaimed the foundation of a Foreign Mission Seminary of the Province of Quebec, which has become a real nursery of evangelical workers.

The Work of Montreal, an essentially Marian work, although St. Joseph has contributed a good deal to it, too, appears to us, after three centuries, in its marvellous beauty and admirable plenitude.

May our hearts and voices, in this glorious centenary and, particularly, during the month of May, be united in great transports of love and gratitude, to praise and thank Our Heavenly Queen for the benefits that she has showered so abundantly upon the great Canadian metropolis and the whole of its beautiful country.

And then, at this tragical moment, when the dreadful war is spreading a mournful veil over our dear Country and its destiny, let us place all our confidence in the faithful and powerful Virgin, let us direct ardent supplications to her throne. It is she who will obtain from the Heart of God, pardon and mercy for our innumerable misdeeds, she who will defend us against our real enemies, she who will save us! . . .

Glory, love and thanks to Mary! Confidence in her goodness, recourse to her all-powerful intercession!



Montreal is also "*Ville Marie in the Island of Montreal*" as our pious founders liked to say. This providential foundation was placed under the protection of the Mother of God, the Immaculate Virgin, and history speaks of the special protection Mary did extend over the new Marian kingdom. What filial and ardent piety our ancestors have had towards this Virgin so powerful and kind! How often has not all this little colony thrown itself at the feet of the Mother of Grace, in the moments of danger as in those of happiness!

— *His Excellency Archbishop J. Charbonneau.*

* * *

O Mary, Immaculate Virgin, hide me for ever under your queenly mantle, under your Virgin's veil and in your maternal heart! (*100 days' Indulgence.*)



*To the worthy Succesor of Peter,
to our beloved Pontiff Pius XII,
the homage of our profound veneration,
of our filial love,
of our entire devotedness to Holy Mother Church,
and of our fervent prayers,
with ardent wishes for health and long years of glorious reign,
on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary
of his episcopal consecration
on May 13th next.*

Our Obligations Towards the Pope

*Excerpt from the Collective Pastoral Letter of the Canadian Hierarchy
on the Occasion of the 25th Anniversary of the Episcopal Consecration
of Our Holy Father*

THE DUTY OF LOVE FOR THE POPE



THE Gospel tells us that the primacy, promised as a reward for Peter's faith, was bestowed as a recompense for his love.

It was at Caesarea Philippi, dearly beloved in Christ, as you will recall from reading the account, or hearing it read. When Peter, in the fulness of his heart, had answered: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," Our Saviour answered: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, for flesh and blood has not revealed this to thee, but My Father in heaven. And I say to thee, thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." (Matt. 16: 16-19). Such was the promise of primacy made to the Prince of the Apostles.

A single profession of faith on Peter's part was sufficient before his denial. But after the threefold treason, Our Lord demanded a triple profession of love from him, before conferring on him the supreme authority which He had promised. And, when grieved at Our Lord's insistence, Peter answered for the third time, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee," there finally fell from these divine lips those words which have echoed down the ages: "Feed My lambs, feed My lambs, feed My sheep." (John 21: 15-17).

Because Peter was to be the Good Shepherd who would take the place of Jesus Christ, he should have the same love for the lambs and sheep as Christ had. But the love of Christ for men is infinite.

In order to speak adequately of this love, it would be necessary to enter into the internal Mystery of the Most Blessed Trinity, for God is love (1 John 4: 16). God the Father loves the Son (John 3: 35); and from this love proceeds the Holy Spirit, Who diffuses the love of God into our hearts: "the charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Spirit Who has been given to us." (Rom. 5: 5). "And God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son (John 3: 16), "and has given all things into his hand." (John 3: 35). Like the Father, the Son so loved men that He became one of them by His Incarnation (Phil. 2: 7); He delivered Himself for us on the Cross (Gal. 2: 20). This is why the Father poured out His Spirit on Him without limit: "Not by measure does God give the Spirit" (John 3: 34), and loved Him with the love of Redemption (John 10: 17). The Son in turn so loved men that He gave His life for them in

obedience to the Father (John 10: 18); that He ascended into heaven (Mark 16: 19, 20); and in order that He might love His own who were in the world to the end (John 13: 1), He remains with them even to the consummation of the world (Matt. 28: 20), in the Eucharist, our Sacramental food; and in Peter, His Vicar and our Father.

Such a mission, namely, to represent Jesus on earth among men, could be given only to love. And Peter, like His Master, because he is the Good Shepherd, must always have this double love for God the Father and for the children of God; he must also give his life for his sheep; he must sacrifice himself completely for them all, even as his Master did: "He loved them to the end" (John 13: 1). This is his mission in the world: "Such is the command I have received from My Father" (John 10: 18). To him, the Good Shepherd, belongs the care of the flock, the defence of the sheep and lambs, the entire responsibility for the fold; the sheep who are the bishops, and the lambs who are the faithful, according to St. Francis de Sales. (Controversies 33).

Such love demands love in return. Jesus proclaimed it openly: "I am the Good Shepherd, and I know mine and mine know Me, even as the Father knows Me and I know the Father" (John 10: 14, 15). The model and source of the union between Christ and His own, and of the union between the Pope and Catholics, is the same, namely, the union between the Father and the Son. Jesus has told us. "As the Father has loved Me, I also have loved you" (John 15: 9); and He invites us to respond to His love, and not to be separated from the charity which He has first manifested to us (1 John 4: 10).

Dearly beloved in Christ, let us love the Pope; let us love him as Jesus loves him, and has asked us to love him. Let us love the Pope as Christ and for Christ, Whose Vicar and representative he is. Let us love him and listen to his voice; may our love, like that of the first Christians, be translated into a submission which will make us one in heart and soul with the Head of the Church, and constant in prayer for him.

Christ is the Truth: "I am the Truth" (John 14: 6). The Pope takes the place of Christ, and therefore he also is the Truth for the faithful; he who follows him does not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life (John 8: 12).

We must obey the Pope, for he who does not listen to the Pope does not hear Christ, nor the Father Who is in Heaven: "He who rejects you rejects Me; and he who rejects Me, rejects Him Who sent Me" (Luke 10: 16).

We must always obey the Pope, whenever he speaks, whenever he instructs, counsels, exhorts, reproves or condemns; he is always the supreme norm of truth and of salvation, because Christ has prayed for him that his faith may not fail, and that he may be able, if necessary, to confirm and strengthen his brothers in the faith: "But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith may not fail; and do thou, when once thou hast turned again, strengthen thy brethren" (Luke 22: 32).

Sincere and loyal Catholics that we are, we must acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope with all that it implies. He is the supreme Teacher

whose doctrine we must accept; our intellects, enlightened by faith, must assent to it. He is also the Head: he commands or forbids; he has the right to command in conscience, to define duties and exact obedience. The Pope must act thus, for he is the spiritual head who is responsible for the whole Church, for each individual parish, for every baptized soul.

Dearly beloved in Christ, there should be no place among us for the error, all too prevalent in a world insufficiently instructed in religion, which maintains that a Catholic is bound in conscience to accept only those definitions which are infallible. Such a belief would suggest that the Pope is Sovereign Pontiff only when he speaks "*ex cathedra*." The truth is more vast, more rich, more complete than that: the Pope possesses infallibility and also authority; he can define an article of faith to be believed; he also can, and daily does, explain or recall to mind a doctrine of the Church in an encyclical letter, or in many other official ways.

In both cases the Pope should be listened to and obeyed. If a Catholic rejects an infallible papal pronouncement, he immediately becomes a heretic; if he refuses to accept the ordinary teaching of the Pope, he is guilty of grave rashness and exposes his faith to error. We must not confuse the infallibility of the Pope with his doctrinal authority. The one is different from the other; the exercise of the second does not necessarily entail the exercise of the first. But each of them requires our ready obedience; they pertain to the pontifical authority.

For us Catholics, this obedience should extend to all the teaching of the Sovereign Pontiff, not only on questions of faith or morals, but also on the principles that should guide us in a social, economic, or political problem. The Pope has the prerogative and the duty, as well as the right, "to direct all men, and each in particular, those who govern and those who are governed, because all are sons of the same Father Who is in Heaven; to direct them according to the principles of right thinking and just living, in public and private life, in the field of sociology and politics as well as in that which is strictly religious." (Pius X: Allocution to Cardinals in Consistory, Nov. 1903).

Dearly beloved in Christ, may our obedience be filial, for we are children of the same Father! (Matt. 5: 45). May our obedience be joyful and eager, for we are children of the best of fathers!

THE DUTY OF PRAYER FOR THE POPE

Filial piety makes it a duty for us to pray for the Pope. The Holy Father needs the prayers of the faithful; he finds in them his principal source of strength and a powerful protection.

His enemies would like to ignore him, to relegate him to Vatican Hill, to deny or challenge his universal sovereignty. Is not their opposition in itself an acknowledgement of his divine mission? If he were only a man, if he were not the Head of the Church, if he were not Christ with us, his enemies would not pursue and persecute him. The Pope, like Christ, will be a "sign that shall be contradicted" (Luke 2: 34). The entire history of the Church can be summed up in those few words.

May there ever ascend to Heaven from every Catholic heart in Canada, from every family fireside, from every altar in the land, and from every monastery and convent, the ardent prayer of the Church for the Holy Father: "The Lord preserve our Pontiff Pius XII, give him length of days, and deliver him not into the hands of his enemies." This prayer of the members of the Mystical Body of Christ, these pleadings of Holy Church, and this powerful cry of all Christian peoples, will be heard because of the consideration due such a suppliant; for it is the body of Him Who in the days of His earthly life was heard because of His reverent submission to His Heavenly Father (Heb. 5: 7).

If ten just men would have been enough to save the sinful cities, our prayers, united with those of the Holy Father, will surely keep evil far from us, and bring back the reign of justice and love to this poor troubled world.



A GREAT MISSIONARY EXPOSITION

The Missionary Committee of the Tercentenary Religious Celebrations are organizing a great Missionary Exposition. This Exposition will show in a concrete manner what Montreal owes to the Missions and what Montreal gives to the Missions.

It is at St. Joseph's Oratory, on the slope of Mount Royal, an ideal spot for a manifestation of such an extent, that this Exposition will take place.

Already, several subcommittees have been formed and are working earnestly. They wish to honour our founders and missionaries worthily and show their radiation in the whole world.

The Exposition will take place next September.

(Communiqué.)

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* *

Montreal was a work of apostolate, of lay apostolate especially. The founders of this city will ever remain sublime examples of a Christian life thoroughly lived, excellent models for our Christians engaged in Catholic Action, examples to be closely followed by those chosen souls whom God calls to the foreign missions.

— *His Excellency Archbishop J. Charbonneau.*

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All of us, according to our age, position and condition, must reproduce Jesus Christ in our actions and deportment, according to His heart, spirit and will; we must do as He did, love what He loves and will what He wills. Jesus Christ is the law and we must live according to the law; it is of absolute necessity. No discussion, nor reply, no doubt is possible...

We shall not be saved if we do not bear the image of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

— MGR. ALIX.

The Pope's Message

Giving Hope to War-Torn World

(Continued)



IN the face of the enormity of the disaster which has had its origin in the rejection of the moral law, We have indicated there is no other remedy than that of a return to the altars, at the foot of which numberless generations of the faithful in former times drew down upon themselves divine blessings and moral strength for the fulfillment of their duties, a return to the faith which enlightened individuals and society as a whole, and indicated to them their respective rights and duties, a return to the wise and unshakable norms of the social order which, in affairs of national as well as international import, erect an efficacious barrier against the abuse of liberty and against the misuse of power. But the recall of these beneficent sources must be especially loud, persistent and universal in that hour when the old order will be about to give way and cede its place to the new.

RECONSTRUCTION NEEDS

The future reconstruction will present and offer very valuable opportunities to advance the forces of good but it will also be fraught with the danger of a lapse into errors which will favor the forces of evil and there will be demanded prudent sincerity and mature reflection, not only by reason of the gigantic difficulty of the task but also because of the grave consequences which, in the case of failure, would result in both material and spiritual spheres. There will be required broad intellects and wills strong in their purposes; men of courage and enterprise, but above and before all, there must be consciences which, in their planning, in their deliberations and in their actions, are animated, moved and sustained by a lively sense of responsibility and which do not shrink from the holy laws of God.

For if, to the vigor which shapes the material order, there be not united in the moral order the highest reflection and sincere purpose, then, undoubtedly, we will see verified the judgment of St. Augustine: "They run well but they have left the track; the farther they run the greater is their error for they are going ever farther from their course." Nor would it be the first time that men who, in the expectation of being crowned at war's end with the laurel wreath of victory, have dreamed of giving to the world a new order by pointing out new ways which in their opinion lead to well-being, prosperity and progress. Yet whenever they have yielded to the temptation of imposing their own interpretation, contrary to the dictates of reason, moderation, justice and the nobility of man, they have found themselves disheartened and stupefied in the contemplation of the ruins of deluded hopes and miscarried plans.

SHORT-LIVED TREATIES

Thus, history teaches that treaties of peace stipulated in a spirit and with conditions opposed both to the dictates of morality and to genuine political wisdom, have had but a wretched and short-lived existence, and so have revealed and testified to an error of calculation, human, indeed, but fatal nonetheless.

Now the destruction brought about by the present war is on so vast a scale that it is imperative that there be not added to it also the further ruin of a frustrated and deluded peace. In order to avoid so great a calamity it is fitting that in the formulation of that peace there should be assured the co-operation with sincerity of will and energy, with the purpose of a generous participation, not only of this or that party, not only of this or that people, but of all people; yea, rather of all humanity. It is a universal undertaking for the common good which requires the collaboration of all Christendom in the religious and moral aspects of the new edifice that is to be constructed.

We are, therefore, making use of Our right; or better, We are fulfilling Our duty as today, on this eve of the Holy Feast of Christmas, the divine dawn of hope and of peace for the world, with all the authority of Our Apostolic ministry, and with the fervent impulse of Our heart, We direct the attention and the consideration of the entire world to the dangers which lie in wait to threaten a peace which is to be the well-prepared basis for a truly new order and which is to fulfill the expectation and desires of all peoples for a more tranquil future.

UNSHAKABLE ROCK

Such a new order, which all the peoples desire to see brought into being after the trials and the ruins of this war, must be founded on that immovable and unshakable rock, the moral law which the Creator Himself has manifested by means of the natural order and which He has engraved with indelible characters in the hearts of men; that moral law whose observance must be inculcated and fostered by the public opinion of all nations and of all States with such a unanimity of voice and energy that no one may dare to call into doubt or weaken its binding force.

Like a shining beacon, this moral law must direct by the light of its principles, the course of action of men and of States, and they must all follow its admonishing, salutary and profitable precepts if they do not wish to abandon to the tempest and to ultimate shipwreck every labor and every effort for the establishment of a new order.

Consequently, recapitulating and integrating what We have expounded on other occasions, We insist once again on certain fundamental conditions essential for an international order which will guarantee for all peoples a just and lasting peace and which will be a bountiful source of well-being and prosperity.

Within the limits of a new order founded on moral principles there is no room for the violation of the freedom, integrity and security of other States; no matter what may be their territorial extension or their capacity

for defense. If it is inevitable that the powerful States should, by reason of their greater potentialities and their power, play leading roles in the formation of economic groups comprising not only themselves but also smaller and weaker States as well, it is, nevertheless, indispensable that in the interests of the common good they, as all others, respect the rights of those smaller States to political freedom, to economic development and to the adequate protection, in the case of conflicts between nations, of that neutrality which is theirs according to the natural, as well as international law.

SHARE OF COMMON GOOD

In this way, and in this way only, shall they be able to obtain a fitting share of the common good and assure the material and spiritual welfare of the peoples concerned.

Within the limits of a new order founded on moral principles, there is no place for open or occult oppression of the cultural and linguistic characteristics of national minorities, for the hindrance or restriction of their economic resources, for the limitation or abolition of their natural fertility. The more conscientiously the Government of the State respects the rights of minorities, the more confidently and the more effectively can it demand from its subjects a loyal fulfillment of those civil obligations which are common to all citizens.

(To be continued.)

Admiral Dupetit-Thouars

Admiral Dupetit-Thouars was free from human respect; he practised his religion with a seriousness and dignity the care of which was reflected in his whole conduct.

He went to confession every second week and always received Communion in full uniform.

One day when a friend timidly advised him not to wear his uniform to receive Holy Eucharist, he replied:

"Why, it is the garment I always wear when I go to see my superiors."

In 1885, the Admiral, in uniform, and holding a candle in his hand, had followed the Corpus Christi procession in Cherbourg. The sectarians' fury and the ministers' embarrassment were at their height . . . What was to be done to check such a scandal, so dangerous an invasion of clericalism?

The following year, the sub-prefect received orders to go to the maritime prefecture to try to make the Admiral understand that his presence in official costume at a religious ceremony *hardly tolerated*, bore an offensive character for the authorities who abstained therefrom . . . they wished and *hoped* that henceforth he would avoid such a conduct.

"Has God come down a peg lower or lost His rank, this year?" ironically inquired the Admiral. And without awaiting the answer of the confused functionary, he added: "I do not know if God is losing rank in the prefecture of Saint Lo; but for me, He is always the Sovereign Master of the world, I shall therefore make it an honour and a duty to escort the Blessed Sacrament like last year."

He did escort it in his most brilliant uniform.

Such is the duty of the Catholics of our times.

If Thou Hadst Known...



ESUS, accompanied by His disciples and a numerous crowd, was advancing towards Jerusalem. When He drew near the city, casting a prophetic glance over it, He seemed deeply moved and soon tears fell from His eyes.

"Ah!" He exclaimed, "If thou also hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace: but now they are hidden from thy eyes..."

"For the days shall come upon thee: and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and straiten thee on every side..."

"And beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee: and they shall not leave in thee a stone upon a stone: because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation." (Luke

XIX, 42-45)

But Jerusalem remained unmoved by the words and tears of its sweet Saviour Whom it was about to crucify and put to death.

And the great city for having not known the things that were to bring it peace was beaten flat to the ground with its children and there was not left in it a stone upon a stone....

AT PRESENT

Great evils are afflicting the world at present, the terrible calamity of war is spreading death and destruction over mankind; entire nations, conquered and humiliated, have fallen at their enemies' feet; multitudes of dead and wounded have strewn the ground; opulent cities have been devastated. And disasters are continuing... Why?... Because the world has abandoned the precepts of the Lord and has not known the things that were to bring it peace.

Jesus, in His infinite love for men, came Himself to reproach them with their ingratitude. Appearing to Saint Margaret Mary and showing her His Heart burning with love, He said to her: "Behold, My Heart, which is so inflamed with love for men and which in return receives from the greater part only ingratitude!" He then made the following promises to the Saint to win men to His love:

1. "I will give them all the graces necessary in their state of life."
2. "I will establish peace in their houses."
3. "I will comfort them in their afflictions."
4. "I will be their secure refuge during life and above all in death."
5. "I will bestow abundant blessings on all their undertakings."
6. "Sinners shall find in My Heart the source and the infinite ocean of mercy."
7. "Tepid souls shall become fervent."
8. "Fervent souls shall rise rapidly to perfection."
9. "I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honoured."
10. "I will give priests the gift of touching the most hardened sinners."
11. "Those who shall promote this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be blotted out."
12. "I promise thee in the excessive mercy of My Heart, that My all-powerful love will



grant to all those who communicate on the First Friday in nine consecutive months, the grace of final penitence."

This God of goodness also permitted His Mother to come and offer to all His infinite mercy. Has not the Blessed Virgin been seen at la Salette, Pontmain, Lourdes, Fatima, requesting prayers and penance? . . .

Through the voice of His Vicar, the Head of the Church, He has reiterated His appeal in the name of justice and peace; but the greater number have remained indifferent to these new marks of love of their Saviour. And now, abandoned to their foolish pretensions and erroneous ideas, they must put up with the painful and sad consequences.

WHAT MUST BE DONE NOW? . . .

We must return to God and to the observance of His law. We must pray for our rulers and for the conversion of the world, pray and sacrifice ourselves, so that, all nations rendering to God the honour and praise owed Him, He may be merciful unto them and grant them peace.



Grandmother and Grandson

*Her locks are white with length'ning years,
As snow, as whitened froth on sea;
Her placid brow is furrowed deep
With care — maternal destiny!
Yes, worn and weary, but what love
Her lonely visage still adorns!
Her God, her rustic home holds dear,
The hallowed spot of life's first morns.*

*The low abode is sacred ground,
The silent witness of joy-days,
And anguished moments when woe's wing
O'er life a darkened shadow lays.
With love full-tried her Lord she serves
Accomplishing His sweet behest;
On bended knees, grandmother prays
Beseeching from Him bounty blest.*

*In adoration kneeling oft,
She whispers all her gratitude;
Again, what graces to implore,
Recalled by her solicitude!
As faithful captain at the helm
A passage marks out for his crew,
Her eyes are strained for to detect
The shoals a mother's heart will rue.*

*To guide her children on to port
God's precious grace on them she calls;
Yet that one has a special prayer,
Whose memory her heart enthalls —*

*He is the grandson well beloved
Who bade adieu to home and plain,
And hastened out to pagan strands
To garner in the ripened grain.*

*She ponders now what sorrow must
At times tug at his stalwart heart;
He was the idol of his own,
And there — a martyr's life his part!
Perhaps in his exile there are,
As in each human life below,
Dark days of sorrow, trouble, pain,
Ah, cruel thought! — we never know!*

*And tenderly her fingers press
The beads of her worn rosary,
To gather courage, faithfulness,
For her apostle far away.
“ Direct his steps, Immaculate,
That he, a missionary true,
Assisted by your patronage,
May harvest souls for God and you! ”*

* * *

*Beyond the ocean stretch, a priest,
A missionary wanders sore —
Where is the joy of his first days?
Where is the daring known of yore?
Deep loneliness enshrouds his heart,
He sees the crashing of his dreams;
For him, redeeming pagan souls,
All must be lost! too true it seems.*



*And then the Rebel Angel lures,
Antagonist of Christ's own Cross;
Why longer toil at thankless task?
Why strive to save souls doomed to loss?
In solitary mood he thinks
Of home, of father, mother dear,
Of nature-given friends, and one,
Old grandma, oh! were she but near!*

*He buries in his hands his brow
With sorrow pressed. But suddenly,
A light from Heaven comes, a prayer
Restores his falt'ring energy!
Unspeakable the joy that floods
His heart when calls the Voice of Christ;
He yearns to bring within His arms
All pagan souls in love-drawn tryst!*

*Whence comes this grace he reckons not;
From Mary's heart and from her Son's,
Who can have won this joyous strength?
Perhaps the prayer of cherished ones!
He reckons not . . . but angel eyes
Have seen in midday light the prayer,
The Aves of a saintly soul —
And borne them to the throne all-fair.*

— THE PRECURSOR.

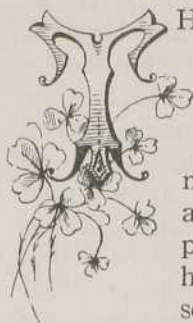


A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued.)



THEOPHANE had many warm college friends besides Father Dallet; and among these we must mention the Abbé Theurel, afterwards Bishop of Acanthus. These links were never broken till the end, for Theophane looked upon them, "as given by God, that each soul might be helped upwards by mutual love in the heavenly race." After some weeks spent at Hong-Kong, Fr. Theurel left for Tong-king, leaving Theophane to follow him later. This separation with the last of his fellow-travellers was very trying to our missionary, who consoled himself by writing certain stanzas in honor of his friend.

He always had a great taste and talent for poetry, and often used to say that he had to guard himself, like Father Faber, lest it should absorb him too much. Other friends from the Paris Seminary soon joined him, among whom was Father Chapdelaine, who was much older than Theophane, being about forty. Theophane describes Fr. Chapdelaine as "a Norman, with an iron constitution, frank, gay, and loyal in character, a capital companion, and above all, a holy and courageous missionary." Writing to Fr. Dallet, he adds, "Father Chapdelaine (who sends you his best love, by the by) is only waiting till his little lodging is prepared, to start. He is the healthiest, the most active, and the jolliest of us all; and Father Bariod might well say on his birthday that he had 'the rosiness of perpetual youth.'" After a few years of arduous toil in the mission of Kwang-si, this joyous, ardent spirit received in 1856 the crown of martyrdom! But we are anticipating.

Near the town of Hong-Kong a college had been established for the Canton mission, under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier. Fr. Guillemain was the head of this college, and he asked Fr. Vénard to come and teach Philosophy to the students who had made their first studies at Penang, another missionary college. Theophane gladly accepted, delighted to find some definite work during this time of weary waiting, and especially to be under the direction of a man whom everyone looked upon as a saint. A few years later this same Fr. Guillemain came to Europe, was consecrated Bishop at Rome, and then paid a visit to France, bringing with him a young Chinese who had been Theophane's pupil. Eusebius Vénard was at that time in the Seminary and describes Bishop Guillemain's visit to Poitiers as follows:—

"It was on the 30th of January, 1857, that Bishop Guillemain came to the Seminary to talk to us about his mission. The first day I could not get a private conversation with him, but I made acquaintance with Benedict, his Chinese companion, and began talking to him about Theophane. The

moment I mentioned his name, Benedict's face lit up with joy, and one could see that the name awoke in him the fondest recollections; from that moment we became like brothers. The next day I was presented to the Bishop; he looked at me attentively, and seeing in me a likeness to my brother, exclaimed, 'Oh, my dear Abbé! my good Abbé!' and was much moved. Then he began to talk of Theophane, of his zeal and devotion, of his bright, gay, frank manner, of his distinguished talents, of the way he was beloved, and of his ingenious charity and kindness towards everyone. He added, 'When I was made superior of the Canton mission, all the students, with Theophane at their head, came to congratulate me, and to recite some verses which he had composed in my honor. He had even made a mitre and crozier of bamboo, with a playful allusion to their being a prophecy of what they most wished, — a dignity to which, unhappily for my poor self, I have now arrived. But this cheerful, bright disposition of his was of immense use to me in directing the college. The students idolized Father Theophane, and he kept up an admirable spirit among them, which enabled them to make light of every hardship and difficulty. He went with me one day up a high mountain, from which he could see what he called his "Promised Land." Never did I see him so joyous. Ah, your brother is indeed a perfect missionary and I have done nothing but regret his departure for Tong-king, for I loved him very much, and he belonged to me first of all!' He then gave me many little details of his daily life, too long to write, but all showing his deep affection for my brother, and his thorough appreciation of his merits."

It was in the month of February, 1854, that Father Vénard received his orders for the Western district of Tong-king. He wrote at once to express his joy to Fr. Barran, Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary at Paris.

"VERY REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,— Tong-king for China, I shall not lose much by the exchange! I should have liked any mission which was awarded me; but that of Tong-king, under the care of Bishop Retord, so full of holy associations and blessed recollections, oh, this is indeed the post I should most ardently have coveted! I love it as being the heritage which the great Father has awarded to me. I love it because it is the grandest mission of all, 'the Diamond of Asia,' as a poet has called it. When I was at Paris, and so unhappy at being left behind, when my brothers had all been sent to their respective destinations, Fr. Albrand, to console me, said, 'Do not be cast down, this is not a case of *tarde venientibus ossa!*' (Bones to the late comers.) — I like to think of this, and I beg of you to express my gratitude to that dear, good Father for all his kindness towards me."

Theophane wrote also to his family. "Well, my dear people, I am going to Tong-king. There the venerable Charles Cornay died a martyr. I do not say that the same fate is reserved for me; but if you will only pray ardently, perhaps God may grant me a like grace. . . . I am not going to China, which I have seen as Moses saw the promised land; but I must guide my boat to another shore, a shore on which Frs. Schoeffler and Bonnard (one on the 1st of May, 1851, the other on the 1st of May, 1852) obtained

the martyr's palm. It is in the Annamite country, which includes Tong-king and Cochin-China, where the spirit of persecution is most active. A price is put on the head of each missionary, and when one is found, they put him to death without hesitation. But God knows His own, and only to those whom He chooses is the grace of martyrdom given. One is taken and the other left; and there as everywhere His Holy Will is done. In spite of the violence and the universality of the persecution there, the missions are the most flourishing. '*Sanguis martyrurum semen Christianorum.*' (The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians.) We run the risk likewise of being cut off by pirates in the passage from Hong-Kong to Tong-king; but that must be as God permits. . . . This mission, to which I am appointed, is indeed a great one,—in its organization and in the number and fervor of its converts, who amount to upwards of 150,000 souls; greater still in its hopes; in its native clergy, who number 80 priests, and 1200 catechists; in its religious communities, for there are upwards of 600 Sisters; in its seminaries, with more than 300 students; in its chief pastor, of whom the highest praise that can be given is, that since his episcopate, he has added 40,000 sheep to his fold. Is not that a noble escort with which to mount to Heaven? a beautiful crown for all eternity? I cannot tell you with what impatience I am looking forward to being under so holy a bishop, to be initiated by him into the apostolic ministry, to be trained in his school, and to march, as a simple soldier, under the orders of so great a general. There are already six missionaries under him from the Foreign Mission Seminary. May I make a worthy seventh! And then think of the martyrs,—those real glories of Tong-king, those immortal flowers gathered by our Lord's own hand in the garden of His predilection. These martyrs are the patrons and protectors of the mission; their blood, shed in the great cause, is always pleading for us before God, and the remembrance of their triumph gives fresh courage to those who are still in the strife. Only think what an honor and what a happiness it would be for your poor Theophane, if God deigned, . . . you understand. '*Te Deum laudamus . . . Te martyrurum candidatus laudat exercitus.*'" (We praise Thee, O God. The white-robed army of martyrs gives praise to Thee.)

He wrote also to his old friend, Father Dallet; and as if martyrdom was the great object of his life, he exclaimed, "Only a few years ago Frs. Galy and Berneux were seized on their arrival at Tong-king; if the same good luck could only befall us! Oh, dear old friend, every time the thought of martyrdom comes across me, I thrill with joy and hope! But then this better part is not given to all. I dare not aspire to so brilliant a crown, but I cannot help feeling a longing and sighing for such a grace. '*Domine qui dixisti: majorem caritatem nemo habet ut animam suam ponat quis pro amicis suis.*' (O Lord, Thou who hast said, "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friends.") You do not forget our mutual prayer. It has for me an inexpressible charm: '*Sancta Maria, Regina Martyrum, ora pro nobis!*' (Holy Mary, Queen of Martyrs, pray for us.) Pray, pray for your poor little friend, who never forgets you, no, not for a single day!"

(To be continued.)

The Fate of the Pagans

(Continued)

Is not God, in favouring us more than the pagans, unjust in their regard?

God is just towards all, since He wills that all be saved, and accords to all sufficient aid to accomplish their salvation. But there are inequalities of which He alone is judge. If He gives *sufficient means*, nothing obliges Him to give to all *equally measured means*. In the first pages of her Autobiography, St. Teresa of the Child Jesus asks herself this question: "Why has God preferences, why do not all souls receive an equal measure of grace?" To enhance the beauty of the supernatural world and that of the visible world, God has not made the flowers equal, but still He has made them all with a touch of beauty.

We must admit, however, that the infidels are more exposed than we, and that their eternal salvation is in great peril. We are favoured as concerns eternal truths, and always have the Sacraments from which to draw supernatural life; millions of pagans in a similar situation would have been saved, but, unfortunately, bad example and superstition have lost them.

How can a pagan desire Baptism, if he has no notion of it?

Baptism received or, at least, desired, is obligatory to obtain sanctifying grace. But this desire of Baptism is not necessarily explicit. In the case of one who knows nothing about Baptism, or who, in good faith, holds it as a superstition, and this can happen, for instance, in Mohammedan or Jewish sects, the desire of Baptism is always *understood* in the acts of perfect love or of contrition. In fact, he who loves God for Himself and above all things is disposed to obey all His commandments, known and unknown, when it shall please God to manifest them. He who knows nothing about Baptism or rejects it on the pretext that it is an unnecessary rite, can make an act of perfect love, and by this act, submit to God and show himself disposed to obey His Will when made obvious; in this act, he implicitly desires Baptism. This suffices in his case for the acquisition of sanctifying grace.

How can a pagan be justified and saved since we pretend that there is no salvation outside the Church?

In the actual order established by Divine Providence, supernatural life is obtained only through the Catholic Church and in the Catholic Church of which Christ is the Head. Divine life, in fact, comes from the Blessed Trinity through the sacred Humanity of the Redeemer to the members that constitute the body of the Church. And the statement that there is no salvation outside the Church, is entirely true. If, therefore, a pagan be justified and saved, it behooves him in one manner or another to belong to the Church.

In the Church, we distinguish the invisible element, which is supernatural life: sanctifying grace, supernatural virtues, gifts of the Holy Ghost — and this is called the soul of the Church; and the visible element; which is the Society of the Church composed of all who have received Baptism and are

united by Catholic hierarchy to the Supreme Pontiff — and this is termed the body of the Church. No one can be saved if he does not belong to the invisible Church or to the soul of the Church. But a pagan who has never heard of the Church, or a Schismatic who has never been instructed in the obligation of entering into the true Church, can, through sanctifying grace, belong to the soul of the Church without belonging to the body of the Church, unless it be by the desire implied in his will to submit to Baptism or to the abjuration of his beliefs when the necessity of it shall have become evident to him.

Does a pagan in the state of grace belong to the Communion of Saints?

The Communion of Saints, by which the members of Christ, in heaven, in purgatory, and on earth are intimately united together and participate in the same spiritual goods, though at different degrees, exists only in the body of the Church and among the members of this body. They who are not members of this body are strangers who have no share in the family goods. Now, the entrance into this body is effectuated only through the reception of Baptism. Therefore, baptized persons alone, on earth, participate in this Communion of Saints. From that we see that the pagans have no right to the goods that are the object of the Communion of Saints, but they can profit by the prayers of the Church.

It cannot be demonstrated that from this point of view the situation of a pagan in the state of grace is different from that of other pagans; undoubtedly he belongs to the soul of the Church, and this does not go without the implicit desire of belonging to its body, but his abnormal condition depends on a particular disposition of the Providence of God, Who alone can determine in what measure they who are outside the ordinary rule may participate in the Communion of Saints.

Translated from "Le Noel."



To do good to others is the most Divine action that can be accomplished by man.

— *St. Gregory of Nazianzus.*

* * *

HOW TO MAKE MONEY

We all like to get *money*. It is necessary, in order to live. . . . But material goods belong to God. He disposes of them as He pleases. . . . And we walk, and we talk, and we calculate as if everything depended upon us alone. No invocations, no prayers, no thanks, no sacrifices. And we think that we shall succeed! . . .

God blest Abel, who offered Him the first-fruits of his flocks. He turned away His face from Cain, who was the first on earth to commit fraud in the holocaust. Result: prosperity for the first; failure for the second.

Instead of cursing the hand that was trying him, the holy man Job humbled himself before the Most High . . . Result: the trial replaced by unparalleled prosperity . . .

The surest means of succeeding is to favour everything here below that is of the greatest consequence to God. Now, the first object of His love is religion, the Church and souls . . . Let us respect God's greatest interests. He will favour us.

— *ESDRAS DU TERROIR.*

Heroic Forgiveness

IN our village, wrote a Missionary in China, the day of the massacre, an entire family of eight persons, excepting the grandparents, who were absent, perished. When the slaughter was over and the latter were able to come back to their cottage, they found it vacant. The aged grandfather thought he would go mad over it. Haggard-looking, he ran through the village streets, seeking his children and grandchildren. The shock had been so violent that it left him with a nervous trembling until death. What seemed the most horrible to him and put him beside himself, was that the assassin of his family was one of his former pupils whom he loved more than the others and to whom he had done much good. Learning that the Christians had returned, he had fled, judging that the first that would meet him could not honestly fail to lynch him.

Five months later, I happened to be in the village when, one day, the catechist, head of the mission, came to me. "Bad news, Father," he said. "The assassin asks to be permitted to return to the village. I cannot refuse him. We have no right to hinder his doing so; and then, we cannot take revenge. We are Christians or we are not. I shall notify the Christian families and I am sure that everybody will heartily forgive him. There's just that poor old Wang. How can he be made to bear the blow?"

"Well, then, what must be done?..."

"It would be necessary that you, Father, persuade him to forgive."

"That's a fine job, dear Friend; however, I'll try."

I called good old Wang and said: "Dear Friend, a lofty rank requires nobleness of soul: you have saints in your lineage; you must be worthy of them."

"What do you mean, Father?"

"If the assassin of your family returned to the village and you saw him, what would you do?"

"I would choke him!..."

He was a pity to see. Taking him by the hands, I said: "You well know what we always say: 'We are Christians or we are not...' You would not choke him..." He somewhat sobbed, hesitated a moment, let fall two tears and said: "Go, Father, have him return." And, as I looked at him without speaking, he again said: "Yes, yes, tell him to return: you will see if I am a Christian."

In the evening, all the Christians were assembled around me in the Catechist's yard, as was their wont. We were chatting there together, drinking tea and smoking long pipes. It was the pleasant time of the day. Now, there was something heavy in the air; no one had the courage to speak. Poor Wang was beside me, trembling and pale. The others were in a circle in front of me, very much affected. The assassin was to come, and everybody knew it.

All of a sudden, the circle opened and I perceived, in the light of the lanterns swaying on the trees of the yard, the assassin advancing with a heavy step and his head down, as if oppressed by the burden of the curses

of all these men. I felt choking; I said to him with difficulty: "Friend, you see the difference. If we had mutilated your family and you returned to me victorious, what would you do?" There was a groan, then silence. The old man had risen and, stooping trembling towards the murderer of his dear ones, raised him up and embraced him . . .

Two months later, the assassin came to me and said: "Father, formerly, I did not understand your religion. Now, I have seen. I have been really forgiven. I am a wretch, but could I, I too, become a Christian?" I do not need to tell you my answer. Then, he added: "Father, I would like to ask something impossible. I would like old Wang to do me the favour of being my sponsor."

"Dear Friend, I would prefer that you ask him yourself."

Some time afterwards, Wang, henceforth without posterity, accepted his whole family's assassin as his spiritual son.

Mary's Month

*Mary's Month! O tender name,
Nature wakes to Thy sweet fame;
Renders Thee its dearest claim
Mary's Month! O Sweetest May!*

*Meadows don their robes of green,
Bright with flowers' smiling sheen;
Fair arrayed to greet its Queen —
Mary's Month! O Sweetest May!*

*Blooms for Her, Arbutus sweet,
Pure and lowly; emblem meet,
Breathing fragrance at Her fete —
Mary's Month! O Sweetest May!*

*Beauty steals the woods among
While the birds with joyous song
Sound the tidings, blythe, along —
Mary's Month! O Sweetest May!*

*In our hearts, the sweet refrain,
Strives to blend in purer strain —
Round Her shrines we kneel again —
Mary's Month! O Sweetest May!*

*Take our prayers, blest Mother kind,
Where we may sure solace find;
We, Thy children, weak and blind —
Virgin Queen of Sweetest May!*

— Ronald Stephen MacDonald.

May Mission Intention

"For Native Clergy in the Republic of China"

When one considers the formation and expansion of a native clergy in China it might be well to recall the inquiry expounded by Ignatius Ying-ki of the Catholic University of Peking some years ago. "What would have been the condition of the Catholic Church today in China," he asks, "had Crown Prince Constantine, son of the Emperor Yung-li, last of the Ming Dynasty and heir apparent to the throne, become ruler of the country in the latter half of the seventeenth century? At the death of his father this Prince, who with his mother and sister had accepted Christianity, was murdered and the Church lost its greatest opportunity to achieve a really prosperous state in China."

American Catholics may be unaware that 300 years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock the Franciscan missionary, John of Montecorvino, had inaugurated an era of Catholic evangelization in the Flowery Kingdom. "By 1304 5,000 persons had been baptized, the New Testament and the Book of Psalms appeared in Chinese, a school for boys, intended to be the foundation of the native clergy, was begun. Cambaluc (Peking) reached the height of its early ecclesiastical glory when the archdiocese of Peking was set up and John of Montecorvino was made its first Archbishop, with the title 'Patriarch of the entire Orient'. Seven Bishops in charge of suffragan sees were given him as assistants." When this zealous follower of the gentle Saint of Assisi was called to his reward there were 50,000 Catholics enrolled in the archdiocese of Peking alone.

This is but a brief outline of the condition of Catholicism in China before Christopher Columbus made his discovery of a New World but it is proof positive that Christianity was known and loved in the Dragon Empire long before the name of Christ was heard in America.

LONG YEARS OF TRIAL

For almost two centuries after the death of John of Montecorvino hostile rulers waged an almost ceaseless war upon Catholicity. Then came the day when the ardent heart of the "firebrand of the Indies", St. Francis Xavier, was consumed with desire to bring back to the Chinese people the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. Although he died within sight of this, his promised land, his followers carried out his wishes. Outstanding among them is Father Matthew Ricci, who took up residence in Canton in 1583. He and his confreres "discovered" European culture to the Chinese. They won the respect and confidence of the most educated classes and it was as a result of their intelligent approach, diversified learning and high standards of education that by 1636 the heir apparent to the Dragon Throne was a Catholic, as well as 140 Princes of the Blood, and 110 members of the Court.

Because of the high standards of education imposed by the missionaries of the 16th and 17th centuries the Chinese had the utmost respect for their countrymen who entered the priesthood. However, the overthrow of the Ming dynasty, to which the Catholic Crown Prince Constantine belonged, inaugurated an era of persecution which continued until the signing of the treaty of Nanking, in 1842.

HOPE RENEWED

The work of training a native clergy progressed slowly during succeeding years although, when the Boxer uprising launched its fiercest attacks against Christianity Chinese priests comforted and consoled their Catholic flocks, many offering their lives that their people might be saved. Bishop J. M. Merel, P. F. M., Vicar Apostolic of Canton during this trying period, gives ample testimony of the courage and fortitude of the Chinese priests who had labored in his district for 200 years.

With the accession of Pope Benedict XV to the Chair of Peter, new impetus was given the work of forming a native clergy in China. His statement, "I would be more pleased to hear that you conferred Holy Orders upon a Chinese than if you had christened 100 men", became the signal for renewed effort in the training of young men to the priesthood in the Flowery Kingdom. Pope Pius XI further granted the seal of his approval to this project by personally consecrating six Chinese Bishops. This imposing ceremony took place in the Vatican Basilica in 1926 and was attended by many Cardinals and members of the papal and diplomatic corps. Then to climax this effort a Chinese was consecrated by Pope Pius XII as one of the twelve Bishops, who, like the original Apostles would carry the message of the Redemption to the farthestmost parts of the world.

The day is still far distant when China will be ready to dispense with the aid of European and American missionaries but the work is well under way. However, despite a five year war native sons of the Dragon Empire continue to answer the call of the Master thus preparing themselves as "other Christs" to care for this harvest which is whitening.

— *Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell.*



The First Saturday Devotion

On the first Saturday of every month, from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. a special Guard of Honour is made before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, Montreal.

Persons desirous of taking part in this chorus of love, gratitude, reparation and supplication will be most welcome. The only condition necessary is to choose an hour at one's convenience and to come and spend it at the feet of the Immaculate Virgin, whose hands are filled with graces, which she is ever ready to shower upon her devoted servants.

In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, a short talk on the prerogatives of the Mother of God is given, after which there is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

A light in perpetuity the first Saturday of the month.

You may have a light in perpetuity, by contributing the sum of twenty-four dollars which, invested at 5% interest, will yearly supply the price of twelve lights (a light costing ten cents). The lights will burn all day long in front of the statue of the Blessed Virgin, in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

The Consoling Devotion



Devotion to the august Trinity or to one of the Adorable Persons, to the Immaculate Virgin Mary, to St. Joseph, or to the other Blessed in Heaven is comforting for the pious and believing soul. But there is one devotion especially which is very consoling, and that is the Devotion to the Childhood of Our Lord.

Jesus likes to see us honour His holy Childhood. "The more you will honour Me, the more will I favour you," did this loving Child say to the Venerable Sister Marguerite of the Blessed Sacrament. How sweet must have been the ecstasies of the Theresas of Avila, the Anthonys of Padua, the Stanislaus Kostkas, when the Divine little King deigned to show Himself to them!...

What is more charming than a beautiful child? And when this child, the most beautiful of the children of men, is the Incarnate Word, God

Almighty, eternal, immense, containing in Himself all perfections, all riches, all graces, all love, when He is the Saviour of the World, oh! what suavity must not the pious soul find in His company! Doubtless, she experienced similar sentiments, that great Christian who exclaimed: "How I would like to be judged by the Holy Child Jesus!"

The glorious Patroness of Missionaries had a tender devotion to the Divine Child. She had chosen Him for the model of her perfection and did not cease imploring Him to imprint His adorable virtues in her soul. "O little Jesus, my only treasure," would she like to repeat, "I abandon myself to Thee. Grant me the graces and the virtues of Thy holy childhood."

Christian friends, do we reflect often enough on these words of Our Saviour: "Unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven"? (Matt. XVIII, 3) They are clear and explicit; consequently, to merit Heaven, we must remain or become by virtue what children are by nature: pure, simple, humble, obedient, charitable. In the eyes of our Heavenly Father, we are all children. We must therefore remain thus in His regard, and the more we shall excel in the virtues proper to childhood, the more we shall be loved and favoured by Our Divine Father.

Like St. Jerome, like St. Francis of Assisi, like so many other saints, let us nurture an ardent love for the Child Jesus. Like them, let us often meditate on the great examples He has given us in His hidden life. Let us love to repeat this ejaculation of an apostolic soul: "O Jesus, reveal Thyself to souls, raise up apostles to make Thee known, to make Thee loved over all the world!"

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
March-April 1942.....	\$18.00		

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

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

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.

Heartfelt thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained through her intercession. I hope you will remember me in your prayers because I am very sick. Mr. J. E., Ludlow, Mass. — Thanksgiving for the favours I obtained through St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. A friend, Ludlow, Mass. — Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of Lisieux. Mrs. E. G., Montreal. — Thanksgiving for a grace obtained through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. G. G., Montreal. — Gratitude to St. Teresa for work obtained. Mrs. J. A., Verdun. — I wish to publish my gratitude towards the dear "Scatterer of Roses" who has obtained my cure. Mrs. A. F. — I am pleased to acquit myself of a debt of gratitude towards the dear "Little Flower" for a favour obtained through her intercession. I now solicit my cure. Mrs. A. M., Chambly Canton. — I have obtained a position through the intercession of St. Teresa. I heartily thank her and beg her to obtain me health that I may be able to continue to work. M. O. T., St. Paul l'Ermite. — Thanksgiving for graces received through the intercession of the Patroness of Missionaries. Mrs. H. L., Lauzon West. — Homage of gratitude for favours received through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. P., Central Falls, R. I. — Heartfelt thanks to the "Little Flower of Carmel" for a grace received. Mrs. R. F., Central Falls, R. I. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of Lisieux for her protection. Mrs. J. A., St. Marc de Figury.

Prayer and Temptation

Along the climbing, secluded pathway flanking on the hillside, a woman, still of youthful appearance, quickens her step. "I hope to arrive before the Office," she murmurs, casting a glance at her watch. She has now made the hill and is on the vast plateau; she takes the road leading to the Monastery, which, surrounded by a hedge and massive trees, is hidden at first from view as if to be seen by Heaven alone. Our traveller quickly climbs the steps leading to the entrance, rings the bell, and waits... Over her features creeps a shadow of sadness, while her melancholy eyes wander upon the beautiful panorama this picturesque site offers.

Hark!... the heavy door of the Convent is opening, softly, gently.

"Good-day, Madam."

"Good-day, Sister, I should like to see Mother Saint X... Would you please tell her that I am her niece Magdalen, and that I have an important affair to communicate to her?"

"Very well, Madam, I shall inform her at once. Kindly step into this parlour."

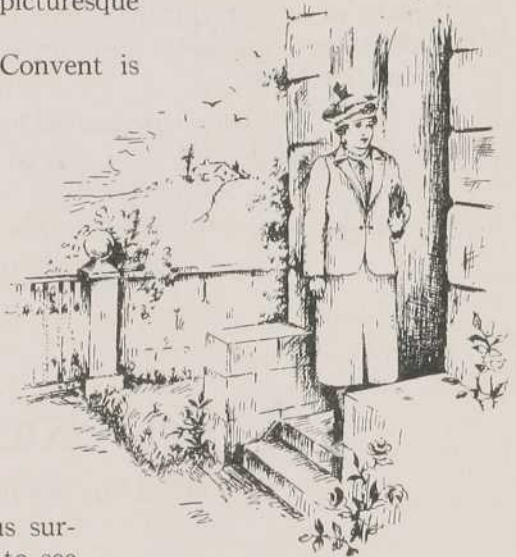
* * *

"Dear Magdalen, mine is a joyous surprise, for I certainly did not expect to see you to-day."

"Auntie, I could not inform you of my visit, for I took the notion of coming but this morning."

"What could be bringing you here, then, may I ask?... You seem worried..."

"There is, indeed, a heavy sorrow lurking in my heart and I would like to confide it to you, seeking counsel at the same time. I wish to talk to you about Isabel. Yesterday, she spoke to me of her desire to embrace the religious missionary life and to enter the Convent next month. You know she has finished her studies in June... she is but seventeen and her health is not very good. I should prefer to keep her with us till she is twenty-one; thus she would know the world, test her vocation, and strengthen herself physically. My husband and I would then give her 'carte blanche' to follow her vocation."



A sad look is on her face...

"Dear niece, you are seeking my advice on the matter, well! I shall tell you; since God is calling your daughter to Himself now, do not delay her entry into the Convent. Isabel will gain nothing by remaining in the world; she will even lose by it... she will lose the lilial fragrance of her soul and the simple virtues that are presently her charm; she may, also, lose her vocation itself. How many vocations, alas! how many religious and priestly vocations are lost for having been postponed!... The world is nowadays so perverted... it teems with occasions of sin... and youth, as always, too imprudent, too little on its guard, is easily corrupted or stained by its poisoned breath."

"It is true... nowadays it is very difficult for our youth to go through the world pure, but, as for Isabel, she is still a child..."

"Let us thank God that she has all the qualities of a good child, but she can lose them fast, if exposed... Why not let her follow her vocation without delay, now that no obstacle prevents her from doing so? Age?... as for myself, I entered the Convent at sixteen."

"How very young!... Have you never regretted the good years you have thus sacrificed?"

"Not for a moment... And neither does one single day pass without my thanking Heaven for that grace."

"But, dear Auntie, you have not known the world... and its pleasures?..."

"And its displeasures?... Oh, yes, sufficiently!"

"Your health, doubtless, was good?"

"My constitution was somewhat feeble, but in the regular hours of the Convent I found an increase of strength; it will be the same for your daughter, you may be sure."

"But what if war broke out in our country, as we have reason to expect? I should be very worried to see my Isabel far from home."

"As for that, we must trust in Divine Providence. For the Eye of God is above all worldly agitation, it sees what takes place the world over; and what it guards is well guarded. Your daughter will, in the Convent, lead a more peaceful life; she will be more abandoned to God, more resigned to all that may happen, more courageous in the misfortunes that may befall. Once again, if you desire my counsel, I maintain that since God wants your daughter, give her to Him without delay; for if you expose her to the perils of the world, you may, in the course of time, be extremely sorry for it."

"If she were only to rejoin you, dear Aunt?... But to become a missionary, to exile oneself from home and country... oh! that is really hard!... what a silly notion, indeed!..."

"Admirable vocation it is, nevertheless; it is that of the apostles."

"But there are enough 'pagans' in our own land, without going so very far to meet some!"

"It is true; in our midst there are many sinners who must be brought back to God; but those souls are not without means of salvation... and they will be judged all the more severely, even punished for an eternity,

if they do not change; whereas, afar off, millions of souls live in ignorance of the Holy Name of God and of His doctrine; they grope in the dark, enslaved by superstition and barbarism, because no one has evangelized them. Isabel has heard within her heart these words of the Saviour: "Go ye and teach all nations . . . The harvest is great, but the labourers are few." She has understood the Master's invitation and has generously responded. Oh! how privileged her soul! Yes, privileged, for it is a duty incumbent on every Christian to glorify God and extend His kingdom on earth by the propagation of the Faith; but always it will be the small number that will be called to perpetuate the sublime role of the first apostles. Dear niece, you are a fortunate mother to own such a child. May you appreciate your privilege and render thanks to God!"

"It is said that as long as the war lasts there will be no departure for the foreign missions?"

"It is quite possible . . . although it would be too bad. In the meantime, Isabel will enter the Novitiate and receive her religious training — for she will accomplish good in the missions inasmuch as she will be virtuous."

"Thank you, Auntie, for your excellent counsels. I promise to follow them . . ."

"How glad I am! I am fond of Isabel and wish her to be happy. Au revoir, dear niece, the bell summons me to the chapel. May God help you!"

"Adieu, Auntie, thank you."

While our traveller descends with slow step the hillside pathway, the faithful spouse of Jesus, staying on the Tabor far from all worldly noise, where she has for many years made her dwelling, opens her heart before the Prisoner of the Tabernacle. She prays for that beloved niece and all her family upon which she calls down Heavenly blessings; she prays for Isabel, that charming girl, in whom some years before her penetrating eye had discovered a choice vocation which is revealing itself to-day; she prays for the prompt realization of her niece's hopes and for her perseverance. Attentive, ravished, the Divine Spouse heeds the prayer of His devoted servant and grants it.

* * *

The young girl has repaired to her bedroom, her heart is all but breaking . . . she has withdrawn from the tender looks and caresses of her younger brothers and sisters whom she has set to playing under the giant oaks of the garden, and she has come to seek solitude, for she has need of reflection . . . her soul is sad, so sad that she makes hers the words of the Master, "My soul is sad unto death! . . ."

Yesterday, she disclosed to her father and mother the project that for a long time had been haunting her — her resolve to become a missionary and to enter the Novitiate during the coming month. Both strongly opposed her proposal. "You are too young," they repeated, "you are the eldest of the family and you must remain with your mother at least until you are twenty-one to help her with the younger brothers and sisters, and besides . . . you must know the world! . . ."

Ah! the world... already it smiles upon her, too much does she see and feel it, she fears its allurements... if she wants to leave it without delay, it is simply that she fears to become attached to it and to lose there the fragrance of her innocent soul... she fears to abandon her beautiful ideal and become unfaithful to her vocation. Her parents' decision has left her perplexed. She wants to obey them, but, on the other hand, she feels a strong impulsion to execute her project promptly. In this alternative, she resorts to prayer and mortification. The night has not brought her much rest, and, this morning, after having received Jesus in her heart, she has begged Him to make her soon know His holy Will, promising to accomplish it at all costs. At this moment, a sweet peace renders her soul serene, but soon she gives in to poignant agony, for at breakfast, she has seen tears in her loving father's eyes, and he has gone to work without bidding her good-day as was his wont. Throughout the forenoon, she could see her mother, gloomy, down-hearted... and this attitude grieved her. Immediately after dinner the mother has left for an outing, without a word as to where she was going; she has simply looked at Isabel with an eye filled with anguish... and now, the poor child feels her heart crushed. She understands the depth of sorrow her petition has plunged her parents into, but do they really know how she suffers herself on having to leave them, and that so soon?... She loves them with all the tenderness of her filial heart; she also loves intensely her brothers and sisters whom she sees in their play under the trees of the garden.

Suddenly, a deep melancholy overwhelms her whole being; then, as suddenly again, the world appears to her smiling and luminous, filled with beauty and charm; it whispers softly: "Come to me, I am love, I am happiness!..." Another perfidious voice murmurs: "Why leave all those you love and the thousand and one things to which you are attached? Why give up your freedom, your leisure, your comforts, to go and shut yourself up in a Convent, where you will bear the yoke of obedience, of hard labour, and the monotony of a never-changing system of rules and regulations?... It is folly at your age... follow the counsels of your parents, stay with them, and you will know the world... and its pleasures... and its joyous fêtes!... In a year or so it will be time enough to become a religious."

These insidious voices trouble the young girl. "What is to be done?..." she exclaims, realizing that she has been the victim of a violent temptation. "Ah! what is to be done?..." she repeats, walking nervously about her room. Then her wandering eyes meet a statue of the Immaculate Virgin in the farther end of the room. More



And the young girl, falling on her knees, is absorbed in ardent prayer at the feet of the Madonna.

than ever, this dear Mother seems to smile and stretch out her arms to her grief-filled child, who is at once fascinated by her tender look. "Ah! what is to be done . . . but it is all clear now; I shall throw myself with confidence in the arms of my Heavenly Mother." And the young girl, falling on her knees, is absorbed in ardent prayer at the feet of the Madonna.

Soon her whole attitude assumes a wonderful calm, for the Evil One, under the Virgin's glance, has fled into the very depths of the burning abyss; quietude, confidence, courage, joy flood her soul. The Convent of her choice appears to be the ark of safety wherein she must hasten to enter in order to avoid wreckage; her ideal — winning pagan souls to God, beams more radiant than ever . . . but what does she hear? . . . a noise of voices right beneath the room she now occupies — her father and mother are conversing together. "Mother has returned," she says to herself, "and father is back from work earlier than usual." What are they talking about? . . . Probably their dear Isabel is the subject of the conversation . . . well, it matters not! She resorts again to a lengthy prayer.

But . . . a soft step is heard up the stairway; a step she knows well . . . her mother's! The girl dries a last tear and answers the door; at the threshold she falls in the arms of her dear mother who tenderly kisses her and bids her sit down. "Dear child," says she, "your father and I have made our sacrifice, you may follow your vocation when you choose to do so."

"Thank you, dear mother," answers the future missionary, "Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin have granted my prayer." And mother and daughter understand each other . . . a long time they linger side by side engaged in frank conversation, preparing the execution of the great project. . . .

And yonder, in her cloister on the hill, the pious aunt — a heart all to God, a soul flaming with apostolic zeal — is praying before the altar.



The glory of God, the salvation of our souls, such were the sentiments which filled the Heart of Jesus, those which motivated all His actions, those He wishes to find ever present in our hearts, those which must also inspire all our actions.

* * *

Love Your Enemies

You must love your enemies or you are not Christians. What! am I obliged to love him who hates me, who goes so far as to persecute me? Yes, you are obliged to do that; God's command is formal: *Dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros*. "For if you love them that love you, what reward shall you have? Do not even the publicans do this?" (Matt. V, 46). Undoubtedly you are not obliged to love an enemy with a love of confidence, as you love your best friends; but you must at least love him with a love of patience, bear with his defects, speak not a word to slander him and listen not with pleasure to the evil that is said about him. You must love him with a love of kindness, wishing him good, praying for him, going to see him if he will receive your visit; bow to him, assist him when you are in the occasion as you would a friend and even more than a friend; in a word, do to him, as much as possible, as you would have him do to you.

— *Lives of the Saints.*



MANCHUKUO

Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters in Tchengkiaoten.

Wednesday, March 19, 1941

We have had two bonzesses as guests at the Catholic Mission since yesterday. On their way home from Taonan to Tungleao they stopped here to see Jen sien cheng, a helper at the Dispensary. One of them had spent two months with her at the catechumenate of this city four years ago, studying the Christian Doctrine, when family affairs forced them to discontinue their studies.



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
NATIVE SISTERS OF TCHENGKIATOEN, AND TWO BON-
ZESSES WHO HAVE BEEN GUESTS AT THE MISSION.

Jen sien cheng came here to complete her instruction and Reverend Father Bérichon baptized her. Then to draw her out of a serious difficulty he employed her at the Dispensary where she receives a reasonable salary, board and lodging.

Her companion, alas! was less fortunate. As she had become a widow at the age of thirty, her family insisted on her marrying again, but she categorically refused their continual solicitations. Seeing that they did not take her will into account but, on the contrary, continued to torment her;

and on the other hand, finding herself without protection or money, she ran away from home where she felt in the way, and shut herself up in the pagoda with the bonzesses. Poor deserter! May the Good Shepherd forget her mistake and bring her back to the true Fold!

Jen sien cheng was very kind to the two visitors, and as her knowledge of Religion and four years' experience in the apostolate had rendered her competent in controversy, she discussed questions of religion with them. Informed of the presence of these bonzesses at the Mission, Reverend Father Bérichon came and had a chat with them. He spared neither time nor trouble in order to enlighten them on the truths of our Faith. The former catechumen confessed that if she had understood the Christian Religion as the Pastor was explaining it, she would never have gone to the pagoda.

It was our turn to receive these Buddhistic nuns this evening. Jen sien thought they would be pleased to have an interview with the foreign Sisters. With their hands clasped and raised to the height of their chin, their Buddhistic beads hanging on their arms, the bonzesses saluted us by a triple and profound bow. Once this rule of etiquette observed, we reciprocally inquired about the family, the number of "mouths", the age and social position of each of the members; and, finally, the conversation turned to our respective mode of living. "We are like you," concluded the elder bonzess; "you keep chastity, so do we. You take vows for life, we have analogous engagements. You have fixed hours for prayer, it is the same with us."

In fact, the mode of living of these disciples of Fouo resembles in more than one point that of our Christian Institutions. It is, so to say, a mimicry of the Religious life. All live in common under the direction of one of the eldest, chosen as mistress, who exercises her authority according to the statutes. The costume is uniform: a long black dress fastened on the side by two bits of tape; the sleeves are very wide. The bonzesses have their heads shaved, that which constitutes an outward mark of their definite separation from the world. A trial more or less long, of which three years is the minimum, precedes the signing of this pact. In winter, they wear a woolen cap; in summer, they go bare-headed. Another tangible sign of their irrevocable resolution to live in continency: by means of a red-hot stylet, they burn significative characters on their arms. However, this penance is not obligatory, but left to the generosity of each one. The bonzesses bind themselves to perpetual celibacy but contract no obligation of stability in their state; so they may, without breaking their promise, return to the world but they cannot marry.

A bonzery seems to be more particularly a counterfeit of the contemplative monasteries. Its members devote their time to prayer, penance and work, more especially to the maintenance of the pagoda. They are up as early as three o'clock in the morning. The day begins by prayers in common which last almost two hours. The bonzesses always pray aloud and remain standing during prayer.

The youngest of our visitors, a person of twenty-six, having left the world five years ago, spoke with enthusiasm about everything concerning

her vocation. She is certainly in good faith in her belief and is pleased with her parents' choice; for it was they who, during a serious illness of their daughter, made the vow of consecrating her to the service of the pagoda.

"What do you request in your long prayers?" we asked our guests.

"We beg Fouo to give us happiness," they answered, "and after this life to take us to his country."

"Do you also pray for others?"

"Yes, we ask him to grant that all men may do what is right, and after death be introduced for ever into the country of Fouo."

These women, the vanguard of the countless pagan militia, arrogate to themselves the mission of teaching men and stimulating their faith in Buddhist beliefs. To fill their role more adequately they study and improve themselves in their religion. It is exactly a study-trip they made to Taonan, and they intend to spend some time in Peking for the same purpose.

Before parting for the night's rest, we invited the bonzesses to pay a short visit to our chapel, which invitation they accepted. In favour of these poor souls of good will who, without knowing it, are walking outside of the path of truth, we addressed a fervent prayer to the Divine Guest of the Tabernacle. Indeed, the life of fervour, generosity and penance these persons pretend to practise is worthy of a Master other than the idol Fouo. . . .

Palm Sunday, April 6

Since Friday, Tchengkia-toen has been enjoying the presence of its devoted Pastor, Bishop Lapierre. Yesterday, His Excellency administered Baptism to twenty catechumens, among whom were three entire families.

The passage of our paternal Bishop has afforded us the occasion of inviting several of our patients to take part in the feast of the Christians. We were particularly rejoiced by the presence of Mr. Lee. We had explained to him the meaning of the ceremony of to-day; and, this morning, he piously went up with the faithful to get a blessed palm.

Mr. Lee is not a pagan; he has been baptized and, after forty years of religious indifference, seems to be willing to let himself be won over by Divine Grace. At his second visit to the Dispensary, whilst he was waiting to be examined, he entered in conversation with the Sister-Infirmarian's helper. "Are there many Christians in the city, now?" he asked. This question prompted interrogations which led to painful avowals. When the religious persecution broke out in 1900, Mr. Lee had been a Christian for three years only. The storm knocked him down. So as not to lose his possessions, he abandoned his religious practices but did not, however, return to the superstitious beliefs of paganism. "I have never apostatized," he said to exculpate himself; "I have never burned incense, accomplished a superstitious act, nor adhered to another belief." He forgot his Christian name — a secondary detail here, where that name is not borne in current life; on the other hand, he remembers the principal points of the Catholic Doctrine: the Sacraments, the Mass, the great mysteries of the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation and the Redemption. He has received Holy Eucharist but is not confirmed.

We offered him to see the Pastor. "It isn't necessary," answered he. However, guessing his interior struggle, we informed our Reverend Pastor in secret and he immediately arrived at the Dispensary. Feigning a fortuitous meeting, he addressed a few indifferent words to Mr. Lee, then spoke about religion without letting him suspect that he knew his whole story. The ice was broken, the unfortunate man recommenced the account of his life. He asked for a catechism as well as a church calendar to know the days of fast and abstinence and follow the feasts of the year; he also promised to study again his duties as Christian. Praised be the Divine Shepherd for the return of this stray sheep!



AFTER A DISTRIBUTION OF HOLY PICTURES TO THE
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN OF TCHENGKIAOEN,
EASTER SUNDAY.

Easter Sunday, April 13

After the doleful week which commemorated the Sacred Passion of our Saviour, we were happy to open our hearts to joy and, accompanying in thought the holy women to the sepulchre, hear the angel of the Lord say, "Christ is risen!" O sweet Saviour, may Thy resurrection be a pledge of salvation not only for us, but also for the multitude of souls in pagan China!

To celebrate this great day, the Christians, even those from the most distant posts, came to the Mission to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. The good will of these Christians who have so few of the consolations of our Holy Religion rejoices the missionary's heart.

A Christian mother, baptized two years ago, profited by her passage at the Mission to settle the very important affair of the marriage of her seventh son. She asked the Pastor and a native Sister to indicate her a young girl coming from a staunch Christian family, and having been thoroughly instructed in the Religion. "We have been baptized but recently," she explained; "there are many things of which we are still ignorant. Our daughter-in-law could then instruct us in all the practices and customs of the Catholics."

Our program for the great feasts had already been completely marked out by tradition. At nine-thirty, we heard Mass at church; then, after having prolonged our prayers, we left God for God, according to the expression of St. Francis of Sales; that is, we went to the assistance of our pagan brethren. As we came out of church we were met by bands of children who wished to make their triple salutation to us. Then came the mothers with their babies in their arms and, finally, the dear old grannies. All were eager to wish us a Happy Easter, and expected for their politeness, along with a word of encouragement, the appreciated gift of a picture or medal. "To-day," said the venerable old women, "the Sisters are not in a hurry, let us sit down and chat with them." Time passed rapidly and soon the bell called us for the recitation of our Marian prayer, the Rosary; it was eleven o'clock.

The morning brought us the joy of apostolic zeal and devotedness. The afternoon had in store for us the sweet consolations of intimate home life. In a joyous recreation, pleasant reminiscences revived happy moments of the past, and we built castles in Spain — splendid projects of apostolate.

Tuesday, May 20

Of a constitution less robust than ours, the Chinese, inured from early childhood to suffering and privation, manifest, in illness, a resistance surpassing ours. It often happens that patients, running a temperature of 104°, come a long distance on foot to be treated at the Dispensary where they often have to wait an hour or two before their turn comes to be examined.

From Talintsan, a village situated on the railway line, arrived yesterday, a patient whose state of utter weakness astonished us. Suffering for several months already, he had not received any medical care and was on the brink of death. A friend had told him: "Go to the Catholic Mission of Tchengkia-toen; there, the sick are not only treated gratuitously, but moreover, when they cannot be cured they are baptized and go to Heaven." Prompted by this counsel, the poor man, summoning up all he had of strength, set out in search of the promised happiness. So much courage and good will called for a reward. Baptized this morning, the new child of God was entering this afternoon the Abode of eternal felicity.

Wednesday, June 11

Old Lao ta kou (old aunt) the eldest of the native virgins of the Vicariate does not leave the *kang* any more except to go to church where she is still the first to arrive each morning. In order to get there on time she sets out at the first stroke of the Angelus for it takes her half an hour to reach destination. If you offer to help her she will thank you, saying, "Oh! I can get along alright." Leaning on her stick, she gropes along the wall with great difficulty as she is nearly blind. By her assiduity at Mass and all the other religious services, the venerable nonagenarian continues to edify and do good about her. Her life of prayer is the beautiful crowning of her long career of devotedness to all the works of apostolate.

Saturday, June 21

The charts of the Dispensary are useful beacons in our visits to the poor moribunds. To the conventional formulae we add, according to circumstances, details like the following: to be visited in a month — a consumptive to be seen in two or three months — a child who will probably die, etc. When the patients cease coming, we go in search of them. In most cases we are gladly welcomed and thus we have the consolation of preparing them for Baptism.

To-day, we went to see twins a month old, for whom a charitable neighbour had come to ask us medicine. The mother of the little ones was all



SISTER MARIE JOSEPHINE (ELIANE GRAVEL, ST. PROSPER), SISTER SAINTE ROSALIE (URSULE CHARETTE, THREE RIVERS) AND THE TWO HELPERS AT THE DISPENSARY OF TCHENGKIATOEN.

confused at our charity and did not hinder us in our ministry; however, she was far from suspecting the immense happiness which we were bringing them.

When about to leave we were invited to visit an old man who was dying in an adjoining room. He also had the happiness of being purified in the Regenerating Stream.

Friday, July 4

"My daughter-in-law is sick and wishes to see you. Could you come to Pouo li chan?" was timidly asking one of our patients yesterday. As far as we could see, the invalid was in the last stage of tuberculosis, so we decided to go to-day. Mass was hardly over when we were told that a vehicle was waiting to drive us to the station. Faithful to his promise, the man had arrived somewhat early. We took our breakfast in haste and set out. A forty-five minutes' trip by train takes us to the village of Pouo li chan situated north of Tchengkia-toen. On the way, we called down the blessings of our Heavenly Mother upon this day by the recitation of *Ave Marias*. At a few li from the city, the virgin who accompanied us drew our attention to the large excavations in the mountain. "They are,"

she explained, "the only habitation of the workmen who extract the stone necessary for the construction or repairing of the railway line. When a patient tells you that he comes from the mountain, it is here that he lives." We treat many of these poor folks; malaria and other fevers are endemical among them and often result in tuberculosis. A good number request the favour of coming to die at the Catholic Mission, where they find the assurance of eternal rest through the reception of Baptism.

We finally reached the village of Pouo li chan, which takes its name from a neighbouring mountain, Pouo li chan (glass mountain). Our guide led us through a narrow pathway to the hovel of the patient. A smile lit up the emaciated features of the poor woman as we entered. "How glad I am to see you! Mrs. Tchang, a former patient of your dispensary, spoke to me about you a few days ago, and since then, I have kept thinking about you. I was afraid my family would refuse to send for you, we are so poor!" With a trembling hand she removed the miserable rags which concealed a horrible wound. After applying an antiseptic on the sore and dressing it carefully, we spoke of God and Heaven to this soul of good will who manifested the most favourable dispositions. We then inquired if there were other sick people in the village, explaining that, as the train was leaving only at four o'clock, we would have time to visit them. We were told that a young man of nineteen was dying not far away. The people of the house conducted us to his bedside. He was suffering from tuberculosis; his painful breathing and swollen feet warned us that death was imminent. Imploring the help of the Immaculate Virgin, we broached the question of religion. "Ten days ago," said the patient, "I exhausted what little strength I had to go to a bonzery of Tchengkiaoen. A bonze recited the ritual prayers over me and I have not been cured."

"Our religion does not promise the cure of physical ills; it promises happiness after death," we answered. "After all, the Master of life and death is not Buddha, but God."

"Your words help me, I like to hear them," murmured the young man, as we explained to him the principles of our Holy Faith. We then administered Baptism, making him an heir to Paradise.

We then returned to Mrs. Wang who, during our absence, had continually longed to receive Baptism. The Purifying Waters washed her soul and robed it in the nuptial garment which will gain her admission to the Banquet of the Elect.

We were not to depart for Tchengkiaoen for three hours more. In the hope of gleaning other souls, we went about and through the village. The native Sister introduced us to the onlookers astonished to see a stranger penetrating into their hamlet. Here and there, kind women invited us to enter and seek shelter from the hot rays of the sun. As always, the mothers were happy to show us their children who did not fail to captivate our interest. Five of these dear little ones were baptized. Too soon, it seemed to us, came the hour to return to the station, for the news of the *Catholic doctor's* presence had spread through the entire village and we were sought for on all sides.



SISTER MARIE JOSEPHINE (ELIANE GRAVEL, SAINT PROSPER), MISSIONARY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AT TCHENGKIATOEN, GIVING A CATECHISM LESSON TO A PAGAN CHILD.

On the train, a bonze was sitting right across from us. Strange coincidence! He also had spent the day at Pouo li chan, ministering to the sick. Had our presence been prejudicial to him? . . . He was discontented, aggressive; bitterly he reproached us with having said that the Buddhistic religion is false. The wrath of this minister of Satan could not alter our peace, and it was with joy in our souls that, at the closing of the day, we sang our hymn of thanksgiving, the *Magnificat*!

Saturday, July 19

On this day consecrated to her, our Heavenly Mother culled in our humble parterre of Tchengkiaoten, a beautiful soul, a privileged little flower that she had been carefully tending.

Miss Kia belonged to a fervent family of neophytes. When her mother and sisters became Christians, Baptism, to her great regret, was refused to her on account of her being betrothed to a pagan. "Pray and wait," the missionary had said. And the young girl prayed fervently, fulfilling all the obligations of our Holy Religion; she bore especially a great love to the Blessed Virgin. Years went by and the fiancé would not give up his pagan beliefs. An inexorable disease, the dreaded tuberculosis that annihilates all earthly expectations, shattered the bonds of this captive dove and allowed it to escape from the fowler's net. Nothing more could prevent her from entering into the Ark of Salvation. What joys inundated the soul of this pious girl on the days of her Baptism and First Holy Communion! Many times since then she received the consoling visit of the priest who brought her the Eucharistic Sacrament; but he could not come daily for the sensitiveness of her pagan grandfather had to be taken into consideration.

Three weeks ago, Miss Kia implored the favour of coming to die at the Catholic Mission. "There," would she say, "I shall be able to communicate every day." Reverend Father Bérichon acquiesced to her desire. By her piety and good disposition the dear invalid was a continual source of edification for her companions.

At two o'clock this morning, she asked for the priest. To her mother who begged her to wait until morning, she answered, "No, the Blessed Virgin is calling me." Seeing the Pastor at her bedside, she said to him: "The Blessed Virgin is coming for me; tell mother not to weep, but to resign herself to the Holy Will of God."

As the morning Angelus was ringing, the white dove, shattering its last ties, alighted on the shores of Eternity.

Sunday, August 3

The news that the government has put a hand on foreign exchange has become public, and the Christians ask themselves in anxiety if the missionaries will not be obliged to leave.

To-day, in his sermon, Reverend Father Bérichon reassured his faithful: "Do not listen to those who pretend that the Church will perish," he said. "Do not fear; God, our Father, watches over her and over us." To strengthen his assertion, he related this charming episode. "A ship sailing on the high seas was one day violently assailed by a tempest; all seemed lost. While the other passengers were terror-stricken, a young child, the son of the captain, remained calm. He was asked, 'You are not afraid?' 'But,' he answered, 'how could I perish, since it is my father who directs the ship?' In the same manner," concluded the Pastor, "while many seek to flee from danger, we shall not lose confidence; despite the tempest and the raging billows we will remain on board. What have we to fear? It is God, our Heavenly Father, Who steers our ship..."

The difficulties of the present hour are an actual reality. The Mission has had to discharge its catechists and employees, so as to reduce expenses. Through a principle of economy also, priests and sisters must have their food prepared at the Convent. By means known to Him, our Heavenly Father will see to our needs, and it is with firm confidence that we abandon ourselves to His paternal care.

Tuesday, August 12

While taking Holy Viaticum to a dying person this morning, Reverend Father Bérichon found an agonizing infant on his path; it had just been thrown away. Surly dogs were watching over their prey, impatiently awaiting for death to complete its work, so that they might devour the little corpse. Grasping the precious bundle, the priest retraced his steps and brought the babe to the Dispensary, where it was immediately baptized and marked with the sign of Salvation. Privileged little one, to whom do you owe your happiness? Is it to the missionary who met you on his way and who bent over your misery? Yes, assuredly; but to whom again? In God's golden Book, your salvation is perhaps marked to the account of some good soul's sacrifice in favour of the poor pagan children....

Friday, August 15

This is a great feast day for Catholic Manchukuo, where the Assumption of our Heavenly Mother is celebrated with much solemnity. During Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Reverend Pastor consecrated the Mission to Mary. May the powerful Virgin keep both pastor and faithful from all mishap during these calamitous times!

Friday, August 22

It is three years since Miss Leou left the Mission, after having followed a treatment for a few months. Time, the great healer of all ills, has not

restored her health. Tuberculosis, from which she was suffering, has made such progress that the poor child, now completely infirm, is doomed to certain death. Yesterday, she begged her mother to ask us medicine that could prolong her life. Lacking this physical restorer, we possessed a remedy by far more precious, the Water that purifies the soul and gives it eternal life. How we longed to have the patient benefit by it! And yet this was no easy thing, because of the present difficulty of communication for foreigners, and, especially, because of the mother's opposition; she wanted medicine and not the doctor's visit. Purporting to give in before this last obstacle, we gave a concoction to Mrs. Leou last night as she went away.

As the train was leaving for Ta lin tchan only this morning, our devoted auxiliary, the native Sister Jen, was at the station before six o'clock. Unknown to Mrs. Leou, she boarded the train. Great was the surprise of the good woman when, at Ta lin tchan, she saw a virgin of the Catholic Mission coming off. "Where are you going?" she asked. "To your place!" answered the native Sister. "But you still have twenty *li* to go and the vehicle coming to meet me is burdened and the roads are too rough for us to take on another passenger. . . ." "Do not worry, I shall go walking."

The reward for this generous resolve did not fail to come; the dear patient received the messenger of the Mission as her Liberator, and accepted Baptism with gratitude.

Two other children of the village were also christened; then, always walking, the native virgin returned to Ta lin tchan.

In these troubled times, what strength and comfort does not Divine Providence afford His missionaries in the devotedness, zeal and experience of the native virgins! It is particularly in the missions where there is no residing pastor that they render invaluable services. The two virgins at Maolin, near Tchengkiaoten, were about to come to the central Mission for their summer vacation, when an epidemic spread among the children. They wrote to the Pastor, soliciting the authorization to remain at their post. "If we leave," they maintained, "many little victims will die without Baptism."

To the infantile epidemic a more terrible calamity, the plague, succeeded. All communication with the neighbouring cities being prohibited, it was impossible for the missionary to visit his stricken flock. The virgins, sentinels in the advanced guard, remained at their mission, assisting and consoling the Christians, and baptizing the pagan moribunds.

Yamentai, ministered to by the Pastor of Tchengkiaoten, numbers over three hundred Christians. Unfavourable circumstances having caused this mission to be closed, the virgin catechist offered to go and live in one of its Christian families. We have no doubt but that she will sustain the people's courage; besides, in the priest's absence, she will baptize the dying.

Devotedness is not less admirable at the central Mission: the native virgins fill all functions and try everything, in order to have the slight economies of the Mission last as long as possible. A like abnegation will

not fail to touch the Heart of God and will assuredly hasten many conversions in the land of China.

Saturday, August 23

Two days ago, in the midst of a violent thunder storm, a poor sick beggar, without family or food, arrived at the Mission. Despite the poverty of the missionaries at present, the Reverend Pastor could not leave this unfortunate on the street; the two pagan Homes of the city had already been closed to him. Ministered to with charity, then instructed in our Holy Religion, the happy mendicant was leaving us for Heaven this morning, fortified by the assistance Holy Mother Church provides for her children.

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Missionary Gleanings in Pamientcheng

A BANDIT IS CONVERTED

A few months ago, a man of about thirty, whose feet were frozen and gangrened, was brought to the Catholic Mission. His case was extremely serious and made us fear that tetanus would carry him off.

During several days, the best of care was lavished upon this unfortunate man who endured indescribable pain; but in spite of all our efforts the affected limbs continued to decay. In the intervals between the treatments, a catechist taught him the truths of our Holy Faith.

Feeling the end was drawing nigh, Mr. Lee courageously made the sacrifice of his life and requested Baptism which was administered to him by Reverend Father Bouchard. A few minutes only after his regeneration, the moribund piously commended his soul into the hands of his Creator.

Uniting with the heavenly choirs that were singing on high the arrival of a new elect, our hearts overflowed with gratitude, when an investigation of the Court of Justice put the personnel of the Mission in a flurry. After parleys and discussions, it was proved that the deceased man was an authentic chief of bandits who had shortly before deserted a prison where he was guarded by some twelve soldiers.

This fact threatened to cause great trouble to the missionaries, but God, Who in His mercy had wished to save this thief, removed the difficulties of a situation which might have become very compromising.

OTHER CONQUESTS

A whole family, we hope, will soon be numbered among our Christians. We had gone to visit the grandmother, a woman of more than sixty, who had been suffering with paralysis for several months. What was not our consolation when, after the explanations of the great truths of our Holy Faith, the chief of this family, a good old man, expressed the desire to see



A PATIENT AT THE DISPENSARY OF PAMIEN-
TCHENG LEISURELY SMOKING TO RESTORE HER
TIRED SELF.

all his folks embrace Christianity! The following days all the idols of the house, adored for a long time, were pitilessly burned or broken; and in their place, beautiful holy pictures brought by Reverend Father Bouchard were hung on the walls.

On March 10th, the condition of the patient having become worse, the Pastor went to administer to her the Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation and Extreme Unction. The dying woman was beaming with joy. Summoning up all her strength she thanked the priest; then, noticing that his forehead was wet with perspiration — his long journey had exhausted him — she murmured: *Cheou lei* (You have tired yourself for me), which means, I am very grateful.

The youngest son, sixteen years of age, being the only member of the family able to read, it is he who, every day, reads a few pages of catechism to his parents, brothers and sisters and encourages them to pursue their instruction.

In the month of April we were invited to visit a woman of twenty-four said to be possessed by the devil. The mother of the patient received us coldly and pointing to a locked door, said: "She is there. I don't know if she will consent to receive you; you must not enter without her permission for in her anger she may curse you." After insisting a long time, we were finally admitted. O painful spectacle! The poor infirm was there, in fact, lying on an earthen *kang* without even a mat to soften her hard pallet. Her only garment was a miserable rag which would not have sufficed to cover her during the hot season. For two years, this unfortunate woman has been living thus without any fire to warm her paralyzed limbs, without any other food than a meagre bowl of sorghum and a small portion of vegetables every evening. Not a compassionate soul came to alleviate her sufferings or console her aching heart. The mother, inspired by the pagan mentality, considers she is doing much in giving shelter to a girl who, being married, should receive from her father and mother-in-law the care she is in need of.

It would be impossible to describe with what joy this poor abandoned creature received us. She related in detail all the sufferings and ill-treatment she had endured during the two years past, begging us to relieve her in this life of misery. Only the consolations of our Holy Faith could assuage such bitter grief . . . These will be the remedy to comfort her in her hours of real agony and enrich her soul with the treasures which flow from the Cross.

A young tuberculous woman, treated unsuccessfully by the doctors and

quacks of the city, had one day requested our care. After a few treatments, seeing that our medicaments were powerless to cure her, her mother-in-law had said to us: "Since her case is desperate, we shall not have her treated any more, it is spending our money uselessly. It is better to let death accomplish its task, and keep our savings to buy a new wife for our son."

To our great regret, we had been obliged to cease visiting this woman, who seemed well disposed in favour of the Christian religion. From afar, however, we followed the progress of her disease, watching for a favourable occasion to bring her the most precious of all benefits, Holy Baptism.

One morning in May, we were told that the patient was on the point of being deposited in her coffin. In haste, a virgin catechist was sent to see the dying woman who, in spite of the strong opposition of her family, requested the great grace of regeneration. Privileged soul, snatched from the clutches of Satan!... With what joy the Queen of May must have welcomed her in the Heavenly dwellings!

Mr. Lee, a young man of twenty-four, was worn away by tuberculosis. For four years he had come to the dispensary to seek relief for his physical ills, without thinking of profiting by the graces which would have assured the salvation of his soul. To all our charitable advances, he had invariably answered, "When I'll be better, I'll be a Christian." These last weeks we had noticed that he was sinking fast but no argument had been able to change his interior dispositions. To whom were we to confide this rebel soul? To the Virgin Mary, the Ravisher of hearts!... Our hopes were not deceived. Having suddenly taken a weak spell, Mr. Lee has just requested Baptism. Reverend Father Bouchard administered it to him and Mr. Wang, his godfather, will complete his religious instruction in order to prepare him for the reception of the Sacraments of Confirmation, Holy Eucharist and Extreme Unction.

Thursday, July 3

A tuberculous girl, some twenty years of age, who came to the Dispensary a few weeks ago, called for us to-day. Her pitiless disease led her to death's door. Although twenty-five *li* separate us from the hamlet of Tchengkia-toen, we gladly complied with her desire, rejoiced by the prospect of saving a soul. What happiness did we not experience! The patient accepted with gratitude the great grace of Baptism and, moreover, the head of this interesting family manifested the best dispositions in favour of our Holy Religion. The venerable old man had formerly embraced Protestantism but he later rejected it because the teachings of this sect were repugnant to his upright soul. As to the old pagan superstitious beliefs, he had long ago understood their emptiness. One step more, and these good folks will enter the Fold of the true Church.

Everywhere in the vast field of Manchukuo, the harvest is turning yellow; the heads of wheat are ripe and ready to be bound up in sheaves... but, alas! the labourers are not numerous enough to do the work. May

the Divine Master send reenforcement to the missionaries who are toiling painfully over there!...

IN THE GARDEN OF THE ORPHANAGE

Sunday, June 1

Six orphans of five and six had the happiness of making their First Communion. It is a spectacle always new for us to see children all in white returning from the Communion rail with their dear little Jesus in their hearts. They were happy queens to-day and the object of everyone's caresses and attentions.

For some time past the dear tots had been preparing for this great day. Every morning, Miss P'an, our helper, gave them a catechism lesson. We must not think, however, that it was an easy task to teach these little ones. Far from that; among the future First Communicants mingle baby girls of three and four and all together shout in eager rivalry either the prayers or the answers to the questions asked. The whole orphanage resounds with cries, interrupted now and then by the grave tone of the teacher.

Friday, June 20

For the second time within a week, the Divine Gardener came to cull a floweret in the garden of the Orphanage.

Friday last it was Liou Agatha, a thirteen-year-old child, who was going to receive in Heaven the reward of her long sufferings.

Brought to the Orphanage after the death of her mother, this poor child was always sick. Large tuberculous sores set off the pallor of her countenance, while her emaciated body was almost continually a prey to suffering. Nevertheless, she always retained her kind smile. Her quick



THANKS TO THE WARM CLOTHING FURNISHED BY THEIR AMERICAN BENEFACTESSSES, THE ORPHANS OF PAMIENTCHENG CAN BRAVELY FACE COLD AND SNOW.

perception and her constant application to her work generally won her the first places. Confined to her bed during the long weeks of her last illness, she remained always the same, suffering patiently and receiving with gratitude the little services of her companions. Her death was peaceful as her life, and we are confident that she is now singing with the angels the praises of Jesus and His Divine Mother.

It is Tchang Weilan who

has left us to-day after an illness of several months. The dear child had been here only a few weeks but she understood the truths of our Holy Religion so well that during the recreations she would constitute herself teacher of her young companions, and it was astonishing to see the accuracy of her explanations. We hope that from on high she



THE ORPHANS OF PAMIENTCHENG AND THEIR DEVOTED
TEACHER, MISS P'AN.

will continue her apostolic task and obtain the conversion of a large number of poor pagans, her fellow-countrymen.

A third place is also vacant at the Orphanage. Fong yieu, four years old, has just been adopted by good Christians who have no children. We were sorry to see her go, she was so lively and gay; but the thought that she will have a home where she will be surrounded with affection is a consolation to us. May our Immaculate Mother keep her ever pure and good and grant us to see her again in Heaven!



Prayer solves every difficulty; if all Christians prayed the world would be transformed.

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No family can be truly Christian without devotion to St. Joseph, for, as the Holy Family of Nazareth cannot be thought of without St. Joseph, we cannot imagine the life of a Christian family without love and worship for St. Joseph.

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A missionary spirit, devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, recourse to Mary, must be found, with variances if we wish, at the base of our Catholic life, of our Christian existence.

— *His Excellency Archbishop J. Charbonneau.*



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Saturday, January 10, 1942

His Excellency Most Reverend A. Lafortune, Bishop of Nicolet and revered uncle of one of our little postulant Sisters, paid

us the great honour of a visit this afternoon.

He spoke to us with paternal kindness of the motives of his sympathy for our Community, and gave us precious counsels for our future missionary life. We are sorry we cannot reproduce the whole of his substantial discourse; we shall, however, quote a few extracts.

"Yours is the most beautiful and the noblest of vocations," said His Excellency; "To save souls, to give souls to God! How important it is therefore for you to profit as much as possible by this time of probation which is your noviceship. To this end you must work every day to root out your defects and combat the evil inclinations of nature in order to acquire the different virtues. This is a struggle of every moment but you must not let yourselves be discouraged, for difficulties are not made to conquer but to be conquered.

"Someone was asking Father Ravignan what he had done during the years of his noviceship. 'We were two,' he answered, 'and I threw one out of the window.' This is what you must do at the very outset, you must put the pagan out so that the Christian, rid of its most dreadful enemy, may continually progress in faith and love of God. The more you will be holy, the more you will radiate Christ about you, and the more you will win souls to God.

"Our greatest deficiency as well as our greatest need at present is convinced souls, ardent souls, capable of reviving the flame of charity that is growing fainter and fainter even in our Catholic homes. It took but a few convinced communists to win over an incredible number of adepts. Why are we not as strong as they? Because to-day we do not live our faith. It is not only convinced religious souls that we need, but similar lay apostles also to help raise the standard of Christian morals and complete the work of the missionaries.

"Of course," said His Excellency, "you cannot have an active share in all these works, by the fact that you are still in a house of formation, but you can help us by your prayers and sacrifices according to the example of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus who, without leaving her cloister, worked

so much for the salvation of souls that she merited to become the Patroness of Missionaries."

To these spiritual counsels which we keep with religious respect to put into practice in due time, His Excellency added his blessing and granted us a joyous holiday which we placed on the "First Class" list.

Sunday, February 1

While we were preparing to meditate on the Presentation of Jesus in the Temple — mystery to be celebrated to-morrow, new recruits came to offer themselves to the kind Master in this other temple called the Novitiate. Won by the Divine words, "Come, follow Me," inviting them to set out in quest of souls, they have hastened cheerfully to swell our ranks, that under the guidance of the Immaculate Virgin they might prepare for their noble mission.

For a long time already we had been speaking of these expected little sisters, and we were very impatient to see them arrive. Needless to say they were extended a hearty welcome!... At Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, in a fervent *Veni Creator* we begged the Holy Ghost to bless their first efforts; and, quite determined, they crossed the threshold of the Religious state where they will taste such holy and intimate joys.

Monday, February 2

Our doors are still open to-day to greet more than a hundred and twenty Sisters of our different establishments who have come to begin this afternoon the exercises of their Annual Retreat. Our convent, to-night, resembles a vast abode of anchorites where deep silence reigns. Thus will it be during eight days. With eyes closed to the things of the world, we shall study more assiduously the paths that lead to a life of close union with God; we shall devote all our attention to the one thing necessary and then make provision of light and strength in view of a greater fidelity to duty.

Wednesday, February 11

The beautiful feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, which crowns the retreat, had heavenly smiles in store for several among us. To some the Immaculate Virgin presented her Divine Son as Spouse — it was the signal grace of Profession. Such was the privilege of the twelve eldest novices whose two years of probation have expired. With what happiness they advanced towards the Beloved of this incomparable alliance! To Him Who became their All, they gave themselves entirely, consecrating Him by the Holy Vows, their heart, their will, their possessions — the three measures spoken of in the Gospel — which the love of God, heavenly leaven, transformed and permitted them to offer on this nuptial feast. This first oblation was presided over by Father Paul Bouillé, uncle of one of the privileged Sisters.

In the afternoon, fourteen postulants had the happiness of donning the Holy Habit, and twelve professed Sisters, who had hitherto taken but temporary vows, consummated their immolation in the service of God by perpetual engagements. Right Reverend Monsignor E. Larochelle, P. A.,

Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society, presided at these ceremonies. Several members of the clergy were present in the sanctuary. These were: Reverend Fathers Isidore Rainville, O. F. M.; Moise Bourbeau, C. S. V.; Gabriel Chaput, S. S. S.; Alfred Leger, Eudist; Leo Lomme, M. E.; J. G. Guay, P. P., Capelton; Louis E. Prevost, P. P., St. Louis de France, U. S. A.; Raoul Peloquin, P. P., Philipsburg; Lucien Cartier, Marieville; Ludger St. Georges; Roger Piché, P. S. S.; Jean Piché, P. S. S.

The parents and friends of the elect formed a numerous assistance.

Reverend Father Alfred Leger, Eudist, Retreat Master, delivered a very appropriate allocution which had for text: "I have preferred her before kingdoms and thrones." The following are not his words but the substance of them. "Sisters," said he, addressing first of all the happy ones who were about to regulate the direction of their lives irrevocably, "What Solomon said about Wisdom you could say to-day about your Religious Profession. You could have faced the future with a smile, chosen for yourselves a career in which you would have enjoyed freedom and ease, but you have preferred to follow Christ in the path of poverty, chastity and obedience.

"In order to follow Jesus in this ascent, you have had to renounce the world and its comforts; you even renounced the joys of the heart, those of family life, by leaving your father, mother, brothers and sisters. But that is not all, you must deny yourselves. 'If any man will come after me,' said Jesus, 'let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me.'

"We stand in admiration before a philanthropist who gives thousands, when he still has millions for himself. How much more beautiful is the generosity unknown to the world, that obscure generosity of a little Sister who has nothing to give of the trifling things of this world, but who gives more than money, who gives her heart, her aptitudes, her devotedness, her whole life! You cannot figure out how great that gift of self makes you in the eyes of God and of His angels!

"He who says renouncement says struggle. Life is a combat, the Religious life like the others. The fervent religious, however, can face it with confidence. How could Jesus abandon her? Has she not left all things for His sake? It is related that one day, as Julius Caesar was crossing a river on a fragile bark and in company of the pilot only, a storm arose. The pilot, who was not at his first, became frightened, however, and trembled in face of the danger. Caesar noticed it and addressed him this cutting reproach: 'How can you tremble when you carry on board the powerful Caesar?' The pilot was right, for however powerful Caesar thought himself, he was but a man. When we carry Jesus in our hearts, we must not fear. We may place all our trust in Him for He will never fail us. Always He will be our strength, our Light, until the day when He will become our Eternal Reward.

"The people in the world will certainly ask you: 'Do you expect to find happiness in the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception?' Well, I shall answer in your name. 'Yes.' But there is no question here of a fictitious or troubling happiness as that sought by the world. Happiness in the Religious life does not consist in honours and

satisfaction of the senses. It is a noble and serene happiness resulting from the accomplishment of the Holy Will of God. When, under the control of a rule, everything is in its place — the mind in the path of truth, the will in that of duty, and the senses in a state of submission, this perfect equilibrium giving peace to the soul cannot fail to render it happy.

"Young postulants, who are entering to-day in the path of perfection, may the Virgin of Lourdes bless your first steps. And you, Christian parents, to you go my last words for you are of the feast. If your children have found the courage to abandon the world to follow Christ, it is to you they owe it. It is because they have been brought up in the true Christian spirit which is a spirit of faith and sacrifice. These children whose separation breaks your heart to-day will not be altogether absent from your home. Their thoughts will often travel towards you; for their affection, far from growing weaker in becoming supernatural, will be made stronger and purer. By their prayers, their sacrifices, and the exercise of their zeal, they will draw upon your families the blessings of Heaven."

After these consoling words, the happy chosen ones advanced to the altar, some to solicit and receive the white livery of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, others to renew for life their holy engagements.

Those who received the Holy Habit were: Miss Claire Robillard, Montreal (Sister Marie de la Paix); Miss Marguerite Piché, Montreal (Sister Marie de la Garde); Miss Julienne Angers, Quebec (Sister Marie Julienne); Miss Fabienne Bernatchez, Pont Rouge (Sister Ste. Véronique); Miss Suzanne Lavoie, Quebec (Sister Marie Edith); Miss Lucille Prevost, St. Eustache (Sister St. Eustache); Miss Madeleine Desrosiers, Crabtree Mills (Sister Marie Adjutor); Miss Simone l'Heureux, Montreal (Sister St. Aimé); Miss Gemma Ouellet, St. Epiphane (Sister St. Epiphane); Miss Marie Paule Lafortune, Joliette (Sister Marie Albini); Miss Annette Hétu, Montreal (Sister St. Jean Berchmans); Miss Marcelle Prevost, Quebec (Sister Alfred Marie); Miss Béatrice Pelletier, St. Germain de Kamouraska (Sister Joseph Emile); Miss Dolores Bernard, St. Jean Deschaillons (Sister Bernard Marie).

Those who pronounced final Vows: Sister Bibiane de Jésus (Bibiane Bolduc, St. Ludger de Frontenac); Sister Jean Théophane (Berthe Guay, Compton); Sister Clothilde de France (Cécile Gosselin, Quebec); Sister St. Leon le Grand (Pauline Longtin, Montreal); Sister Joseph Marie (Marie Roy, Painscourt, Ont.); Sister Marie des Oliviers (Gertrude Laforest, Montreal); Sister St. Pierre de Vérone (Marie Jeanne Plante, Levis); Sister Marie Simonne (Cecile Labrie, Dunham); Sister Marie Etienne (Juliette Falardeau, Montreal); Sister Marie Priscillia (Marie Reine Ouellet, St. Ulric); Sister Marie Conrad (Yolande Mercier, Thetford West.)

As usual, this beautiful ceremony was brought to a close by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, during which we united with our whole heart to sing with the privileged Sisters of the day the *Te Deum*, Hymn of Thanksgiving.

Thursday, February 19

Like migratory birds leaving in the fall the atmosphere in which they were born, our dear elder Sisters who have taken their vows a few days ago bid good-bye to the cradle of their Religious life. This separation, indeed, cannot be effectuated without sacrifices on both sides; but must not such sacrifices be met with in every human existence? . . . And if the winged tribe when leaving our severe climes obey a marvelous instinct in going towards warmer regions, how much more do the little Spouses of Jesus have the feeling that their fate is not trusted to chance, but that Divine Providence traces their itinerary, using for this the maternal hand of their Superiors! For the moment, it is in that other nest called the "Mother House" that they are going to seek shelter; here, their wings will become stronger and more supple to fly across the seas at the first sign of the Master calling them to lend assistance to our missionaries abroad. We know this is their ardent desire and it is also the object of our wishes on their behalf.

A Novice's Day

(Continued)

THE fervent Novice leaves her cell immediately, takes her rank among her Religious companions and piously advances towards the Sacred Spot where dwells her Beloved. In her heart arise acts of love and desire preparatory to Holy Communion.

She is now crossing the threshold of the Sanctified Place, her eyes modestly lowered or fixed on the Tabernacle. She goes along with her Sisters to occupy the place assigned.

Silently she adores an instant, and the bell ushers in the hour for morning prayers: 5.45 A. M. The organ at once sends forth the first notes of the *Veni Creator* which is sung by novices, postulants and professed Sisters; then together they recite the following prayer which is held dear, for it has been composed by their venerable Mother Foundress.

"O my Immaculate Mother, grant, through the great power which is thine as Mother of God and dispenser of all heavenly favours, that all my thoughts, words, actions, sorrows and sufferings be transformed into so many acts of perfect love of the adorable Trinity, of thee, my Immaculate Mother, and of our well-loved Father, St. Joseph.

"Grant also that all the operations of my soul and body be so many acts of reparation for my own sins and for those of the whole world.

"Transform them into so many acts preparing me for a good confession, for a good Communion; preparing me also to hear Mass well, to accomplish well the action of the moment, and to die well.

"Lastly, my Immaculate Mother, may they be as so many supplications, beseeching thee to obtain the extension of the kingdom of God and the accomplishment of His holy Will on earth as in Heaven, especially within our little Community.

"Obtain me, O my beloved Mother, to correspond faithfully to the designs of God on my soul, by being a true religious and a missionary in the fullness of the word.

"May the virtues characteristic of our little Institute be humility, simplicity, family spirit and heroic obedience; the spirit of faith, of prayer and of gratitude; the love of silence, of work and of hidden life; spiritual joy, a constant application to do all things well solely for God; a burning zeal for His interests and for the salvation of souls.

"O my good and tender Mother, grant me also a great devotion to the Holy Ghost, to thy Immaculate Conception and to our kind father, Saint Joseph. Amen.

"My God, I beg thee to grant me all the indulgences known and unknown which I may gain, and to apply them according to the intentions of my Immaculate Mother."

Then the Novice or one of her fellow-sisters begins the morning prayer known to all the faithful, *Most holy and adorable Trinity* . . . At six o'clock it is finished. The bell tolls the *Angelus* — gracious salutation to the Virgin Mother that is recited with love; then follows a half hour of meditation preceded by preparatory prayers, the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* . . . and the following supplication:

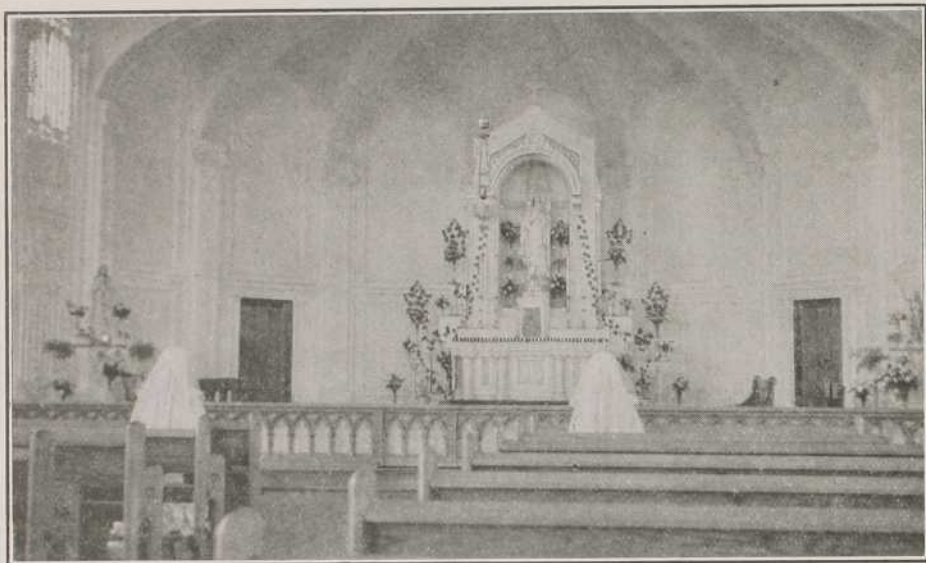
"O my God, grant that, during this meditation, all the thoughts of my spirit, affections of my heart, operations of my soul, be consecrated solely and entirely to the service and praise of Thy Divine Majesty."

In the name of all, the Novice attentively reads the subject proposed for meditation; then, in the deep silence, each one enters in profound recollection, in an intimate heart to heart with God.

What may be this mental prayer of a fervent Novice? It may be sublime, abounding with consolations and good resolves, with the grace of God Who loves to communicate Himself to pure, humble and trustful souls. Again, it may be filled with aridity, distractions and efforts, for, after having given consolations, the Divine Spouse sends trials, to keep the soul of good will in humble sentiments, making it realize its utter incapability of doing good without His assistance, and in obliging it to confide entirely in Him. Whatever may be her case, the young débutante in the path of perfection assumes before the Tabernacle the attitude of a little child before its beloved Father, of a humble handmaid before her kind Master. She speaks to Him with the words of the young Samuel: "*Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth,*" and she continues with the Holy Scriptures: "*Give me understanding that I may know thy testimonies; incline my heart to the words of thy mouth, let thy speech distil as the dew.*" She applies her faculties to the understanding of the subject stated for meditation, she makes hers the truths contained therein and sees how she may introduce them into the different actions of the day. She multiplies her ardent affections, takes firm resolutions and closes her meditation by soliciting Jesus' blessing. To Mary, her tender Mother, whom she loves with her whole heart, she confides her resolutions and requests of her the grace to carry them out faithfully. She recites a Hail Mary, followed by the short prayer, "My Queen! My Mother!"

It is now 6.30; the bell announces the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The priest is at the foot of the altar and the little congregation, missal in hand, unites in spirit to God's minister.

The fervent Novice does not forget to offer to Our Lord the infinite value of the Mass for the intentions she holds dear or which have been



CHAPEL OF THE NOVITIATE OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, PONT VIAU.

recommended to her. "Eternal Father," she says, "I offer Thee, through Mary, in this Sacrifice, Jesus Christ with all the merits of His Passion: To honour Thy Divine Majesty in my name and in that of all men, to thank Thee for the innumerable favours granted to thy little handmaid and to the whole world, to expiate for my sins and for those of the living and dead, to obtain the graces necessary for my salvation and that of all souls."

She enumerates her particular intentions: such a member of her family... the conversion of such sinners... the relief of such souls which may yet linger in Purgatory and the dead in general... the conversion of heathens... the needs of her Community... the acquisition of a grace...

She reads with reverence and attention the prayers of the Mass, gathering from the Epistle and Gospel all that may help her to advance in the spiritual pathway. At the Offertory, she offers herself to God to accomplish always and everywhere His Divine Will. At the Elevation, she reiterates her most pressing requests. Then she disposes her heart for the reception of her Eucharistic Lord. Oh! Who can fathom the intimacy of that union of the King of kings with His little fiancée who, faithful and generous, prepares to be united to Him by inviolable bonds? If the Spouse of souls is prodigal towards all, He bears infinite tenderness to those who give themselves entirely to Him. It is in her morning Communion that the fervent Novice finds strength to renounce herself each day and to be ever faithful.

Mass is over. When the priest has left the sanctuary, the *Benedicite* is sung in two choirs, after which the indulgenced prayer, "Look down upon me, good and gentle Jesus, etc." is recited in common. Then the Novice in charge begins the recitation of the beads preluded by the following prayer:

"I unite with all the saints in Heaven, with all the just on earth, with all the good souls in prayer, I unite with Thee, O my Jesus, to worthily praise Thy Holy Mother and to adore Thee in her and by her. I renounce all the distractions which will come to me during this rosary that I desire to say with attention, modesty and devotion as if it were the last in my life."

Living under the guardianship of the Immaculate and in a House wholly dedicated to her, the Novice learns to love the Rosary and recites it daily, meditating on the mysteries. This very beautiful prayer was the heart's delight of the venerable Mother Foundress of the Institute; it was her consolation in affliction, her hope in necessities, her defence in struggles, her joy in thanksgiving. And that saintly Mother conceived an ardent desire to see all her daughters cherish this pious devotion which, for them, replaces the Breviary recited in some Communities.

The first five mysteries are followed by the *Magnificat*. Then the bell brings to a close the morning devotions.

"Mercy, O Eternal Father," says Sister Superior, "on me and on the whole world," answers the congregation. There follow a few invocations: "Blessed be the Holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary Mother of God. Our Loving Father St. Joseph, pray for us. Praise, love, adoration and thanks be given Our Lord Jesus Christ, in Heaven and in the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar, now and forever!"

These invocations will be repeated through the day at the closing of each spiritual exercise.

Two by two, the Sisters leave the white chapel and the adorable Presence. And now . . . it is time for action.

Carefully, each one exchanges her woolen veil and dress for cotton ones, then hastens to go down to the refectory for breakfast.

In that vast apartment, everything has a touch of simplicity and poverty. In the centre is a large aisle, on either side of which are arrayed tables and benches. A desk is at the disposal of the Sister who does the reading.

On the snow-white walls hang a large crucifix, holy pictures and pious sentences; amongst others, there is a beautiful tableau of the Last Supper, also these words of St. Paul engraved in large characters: "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever else you do, do all to the glory of God." (St. Paul, Cor. X, 31). And these others: "O Mary, my Mother, may the Divine Will of God be the daily food of my soul!"

But the bell is ringing . . . Instantly, the Superior makes the Sign of the Cross and says: "Bless us, O Lord, as also the food of which we are about to partake to maintain ourselves in Thy Divine service." Then she recites the first part of the *Our Father* which is answered by the Sisters. Another Sign of the Cross, and everyone sits quietly at table. During the few seconds of profound silence which follow, all may beg of the Holy Ghost the grace to profit by the reading about to commence. Then the Novice designated for the reading on this particular morning reads out loud a chapter of the *Imitation of Christ*. The breakfast menu is brought and

distributed to each table. While nourishing the soul with the beautiful and efficacious maxims of the *Imitation*, a frugal but substantial meal is being absorbed, after which each one, rising from table, recites in private Grace after meals and the *De Profundis* which she finishes on her way to work, with piety and recollection, faithful to the recommendation of the venerable Mother Foundress of the Institute who would often say: "Children, the morning *De Profundis* is the breakfast which you give to the poor souls in Purgatory, make it good, very good . . ."

Very soon the refectory is vacant, for each one has already set to her morning task. Our Novice's work consists firstly in mopping and dusting a room of the house; and this she must do in a limited space of time. Wishing to accomplish her task with the greatest perfection possible, she hurries so much and so well at her work that the ends of her white veil resemble wings which carry her from one place to another. While she holds broom or duster in hand, she thinks of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Queen of Heaven and earth, her patroness and model, who busied herself with the humble functions of the household; she thinks of Jesus, her Divine Fiancé, Who, to give to the world an example of humility and labour, condemned Himself during the first thirty years of His life to the hard trade of carpenter. She thinks of the dear souls whose mother she wants to be through prayer and sacrifice, while awaiting the happy moment when she may hasten to their rescue, the light of Faith in hand; for, in heathen climes, vast is the number of souls lost through want of apostolic labourers . . . through want, also, of generous souls, to pray and immolate themselves for these poor creatures groping hopelessly in the night of paganism.

At this her heart throbs, she feels new energy and an ardent desire to give herself wholly to the service of her dear Community where she is so happy, and where she knows herself truly in her vocation. And joyously, while hurrying in her task, she sings some hymn that chances to cross her mind, especially the one which so appealed to her on the day she donned the Holy Habit:

Dear Jesus, Thy sweet charity
Inflames this feeble heart of mine;
And I would win all souls to Thee,
That they may come to joys Divine.

O love, O sacrifice,
Fond source of joyfulness —
You are the pledge, the price
Of endless happiness.

So very diligently has she proceeded in her work that it is completed before the time fixed. She is pleased and flatters herself on being able to arrive one of the first at the study-room. But . . . here comes the Sister who surveys the house-cleaning. The latter casts a glance about the room and her experienced eye readily discovers a few misdoings: perhaps some object has been removed from its former place, a window-sill has not been

dusted, etc. It being her duty, she remarks these things to the Novice who is humiliated. An excuse may spontaneously come to her lips, but no, she will not say anything, out of love for Jesus and for the salvation of souls. With a smile she will thank the Sister and hasten to set things right. Be they slight or considerable, blunders are almost inevitable in the course of a novice's day! This is not surprising, for she has so much to learn and to correct, in order to become a perfect religious according to the spirit of her Institute.

The Professed Sister continues her round, edified by the Novice whose virtue she justly appreciates, for she herself has been a novice. Meanwhile the minutes have fled with lightning rapidity... The young Sister hurries to the classroom so as not to be the last getting there; but what if she were to be late! Possible!... another humiliation!

At a few minutes past nine, that is, after the recitation of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* and a few pious invocations, all the novices are gathered in two classes; those in the first year of their Novitiate (canonical year) in the one, and in the other, those in their second year.

The former, taught by their Mother Mistress, apply themselves to the study of the Religious life; they memorize the Constitutions of the Institute, the Customary, the Catechism of Vows and make a profound study of the Catholic Doctrine, Apologetics, etc. The second class perfect themselves in the study of profane sciences, grammar, literature, history, mathematics, etc. They also take a little practice in teaching under the guidance of an experienced Professed Sister, for they may have later to exercise this function in the missions.

But let us come back to our dear Novice, who having donned the Holy Habit recently, is now in her canonical year. She finds happiness in studying the Religious life which she loves and esteems all the more as she understands it better. To its study, as to that of Christian Doctrine which later on in pagan countries she will doubtless have to dispense to many souls, she brings all the good will she can. Is it not necessary that she be profoundly imbued with a thorough knowledge of her Faith?... However, this hour of intellectual work is also a good occasion to give fatal blows to her self-love. It may be that the correct answer fails to come when she is questioned, or again, the right answer itself may be followed by another sort of humiliation, for her Mistress may reproach her with an incorrect standing position, she may disturb the silence of action, which act she must amend by a slight penance, etc. These trifling occasions, are they not marked out by the Divine Spouse Himself, Who longs to see His little Fiancée adorned with that virtue so dear to His Heart and which is the true base of holiness: humility? Exactly, and the fervent little Sister knows it, too; gladly does she thank Jesus, Who, ravished, gives her to taste the delights of interior joys.

(To be continued.)



The Children's Page

DEAR CHILDREN,

"I am inviting you all to come with me . . ."

"Where?"

"Guess . . ."

"For a walk?"

"Not to-day."

"To play a game?"

"No . . ."

"On a picnic?"

"Another time."

"To church?"

"You're burning . . ."

"To the Month of Mary?"

"Exactly. You know, Dear Children, how your Great Friend loves the Blessed Virgin and wishes to see her honoured and invoked. Every one of her feasts brings him ineffable joy and when comes the month of May his heart is overflowing with happiness, for he will be celebrating during thirty-one days.

True friends, so it is said, have like tastes and sentiments; this is why I wish to see you share my love for the Month of May and for the fairest of Queens, the Blessed Virgin Mary. Several reasons militate in favour of this beautiful month. Is it not May that brings back the burning sunbeams, the scented breezes, the murmur of the brooks? . . . the tender grass, the pretty flowers, the cheerful songs and merry laughter? . . . It is a joy-factor and profusely spreads gladness in all nature. It distils it also in peaceful souls, but more especially in innocent ones. The impious man who enjoys neither peace nor true happiness remains cold and indifferent before the beauties of spring; but the just man who delights in these marvels easily raises his thoughts and heart to their Author, the supreme and infinite Beauty! . . .

However, one of the principal excellencies of the month of May lies in the fact that it has been consecrated by the Church to honour the Queen of Heaven and earth, the Mother of God and of men; this is why it is called the "Month of Mary".

'Tis the month of our Mother,
The blessed and beautiful days,
When our lips and our spirits
Are glowing with love and with praise.

In the Catholic universe, the month of Mary is for the true children of Mary a thirty-one day feast. They are happy to hear Mass each morning in her honour; gladly do they bring flowers at the foot of her altar and adorn her pictures. Then, when the evening bell summons them again to church or to some pious oratory, they hasten to the holy exercise during which they will be allowed to sing the praises of our Heavenly Mother in common, meditate on her grandeur and kindness, and implore her blessing.

Unfortunately, the number of the true children of Mary is small. Oh! how I wish I could augment it, my dear little friends! How I wish you had for this dear Mother a profound, tender, confident and steadfast love! I say steadfast because, in the course of your life, if you remain in the world, you will often be tempted to abandon the salutary devotion to Our Lady. Other loves will knock at the door of your heart, diverse passions will strive relentlessly to bear sway over it, and the Tempter will be there to try to pervert your soul. Not only will he tempt you interiorly but, moreover, he will place in your way perfidious agents who will come to you under the garb of friends, counsellors or protectors. Belonging to one sect or to another, and under pretense of beneficence, nay, even of Christianity, they will work slyly to make you lose the friendship of God and of the Madonna, and to deliver your soul into the clutches of their master, Satan.

Nowadays, agents of the devil swarm in the world. How are we to know them? . . . By their hatred for the Immaculate Mary. Disciples of him whom the invincible Virgin crushes under her foot, they share the animosity and rancour of their prince for this august Queen. This is very sad indeed, but it is a fact. Blessed Grignon de Montfort used to say: "The *Ave Maria* is the horror of the heretics; they would choose to carry a serpent with them rather than prayer-beads."

Distrust, dear Children, distrust those who do not love the Blessed Virgin and who depreciate her; and to counterbalance their wicked propaganda, do all in your power to have her loved and honoured. This loving Mother will reward you magnificently. Then take the firm resolution never to let a day go by without piously reciting at least three *Hail Marys* morning and evening. Often recite the beads also. Only in Heaven will you know from what dangers of soul and body this powerful weapon will have protected you.

Listen to this little story which will show you how the Blessed Virgin one day came to the assistance of an unfortunate child who requested her help through the recitation of the beads:

A vehicle was conveying a boy and his teacher from Anagni to Carpineto. When they came to the foot of a hill, the travellers noticed in a sheepfold a poor child, covered with dust; he was crying and seemed to suffer very much. One of his feet was swollen and the blood gushed out abundantly. Moans escaped his lips as the beads slipped between his fingers, and in a fervent prayer the child implored the help of Our Lady of the Rosary. The vehicle stopped; the young man descended, drew near the shepherd-boy and asked him what had happened. The latter said he had been knocked down by the cart of the milkman who continued his way without troubling himself about the accident. "And," added the wounded lad, "I cannot go any farther, my foot hurts me too much."

The young man, touched with pity, went to a nearby stream and, having filled his hat with water, he returned to quench the little shepherd-boy's thirst. He then bathed the child's foot and bandaged it with a clean handkerchief.

"Where do you live?" asked the young man. The shepherd-boy indicated a village on the other side of the hill.

"But you will never be able to get there without assistance," replied the young Samaritan. "I shall take you with me to Carpineto, where your foot will be bandaged decently."

The injured child smiled affectionately and an expression of gratitude lit up his face as he was lifted into the vehicle.

"Joachim," asked the teacher to his pupil, "what do you intend to do?"

"What any Christian would do! Can we abandon on the highway an unfortunate creature who is suffering?"

"But what will your parents say about that?"

"What else could they say but that I have done my duty? Is it such an extraordinary thing to assist those who are suffering?"

The teacher smiled, quite satisfied, and as he gently tapped his pupil on the shoulder, the vehicle started off again.

Great was the surprise of Joachim's mother on seeing her son carry in a child, pale, broken up and covered with blood; but when she was told all that had happened and when she saw the grateful and kind look of the patient, she immediately called for the family-doctor to have him treated.

Joachim's eyes were sparkling with undefinable felicity.

"Mother, have I not acted right?" he asked.

"Yes, my son, you could not have done better," she answered; and she pressed him to her heart, while tears of emotion filled her eyes.

A few hours later the carriage was at the door of a humble dwelling. The young nobleman had brought the wounded child back to his mother; reassuring her, he slipped a few gold coins in her hand.

"Sir," she said, "I have but my rosary to prove you my gratitude and I will often recite it for you. This widow's prayer will bring you luck."

The young man in question was Count Joachim Pecci who became pope under the name of Leo XIII.

Do you hear?... Ding... dong... ding... dong... The bell is calling us to the Month of Mary. Let us all go and take part in it and, with a cheerful heart, let us offer our Heavenly Mother, with our love, our hymns and prayers and the good resolutions we have just taken.



*They noticed a poor child
who seem to be suffering very much...*

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.

Be Proud of Your Youth

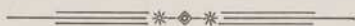
Youth is life springing up ardent; it is the boundless future unfolding; it is the golden dream, which your soul bears like a secret treasure and of which a striking beauty is to be revealed in the years to come.

Be proud of it. It is the *time for preparations*. You are not on earth to tramp along the road at random, but to accomplish your noble task as a man and a Christian.

And you can do so well! Youth is *wealth and beauty*... That gaiety that cheers your life, you have no right to leave it unutilized. You must use it to advance.

Your advancement, does it seem so difficult to you? Youth is the *age of confidence and enthusiasm*. To be young, it is to believe in the future and be persuaded that it is not all given in the present and that we can transfigure the reality by being attached to it. It is not young people that pronounce the dejected "of what use?" Effort is always valuable. Sowing-time is charming like harvest-time. Moreover, are you not sure that the seed will sprout and produce abundant harvests? All that is necessary for that is to give generously.

— FATHER R. BARON, C. J. M.



Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin

FOR FAVOURS OBTAINED



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

BL. HENRY SUZO.

Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for the many favours she has obtained for me. I am asking our dear Blessed Mother for more special favours for myself and all the family. Mrs. C. C., Culligan, N. B.—I am more than thankful for the comfort your prayers have brought me. I am feeling much better. Now my son has enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps and has requested me to write to you asking if you will please pray for some special intention. Mrs. A. C. D., Worcester, Mass.—My health is improving all the time. I am in business, please pray that it may be good this year. Mrs. A. D., Jackman, Me.—Thanksgiving for a favour received. Miss K. M., Vancouver, B. C.—Thanksgiving in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Please pray that my sister may find suitable employment. Mrs. L. D., Amherstburg, Ont.—The Novena to Our Lady has greatly helped my brother; he is doing much better. Please commence another novena for me as I have been very ill and my throat is very bad again. Miss M. H., Montreal.—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for helping my son to get the position he wanted in the army. Please pray for me, that I may be cured of stomach trouble. M. V.—A token of gratitude in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal for favours received.

O. S., Westmount.—I have received a favour; please publish my thanksgiving in the May-June issue. Mrs. L. C. B., Three Rivers, Mass.—Please publish my thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony for a favour received. Please pray for one of my boys. Mrs. F. D. D., Montreal.—Thanks to our Blessed Lady for hearing my prayers. Please say a special prayer for me. Miss M. O. M., Norwichtown, Conn.—Thanksgiving for a favour received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Please remember me in your prayers, as I am suffering from the effects of a nervous breakdown. Mrs. R. S., Verdun.—Please publish in THE PRECURSOR my heartfelt gratitude for a favour received from our Blessed Mother. Miss L. McQuaid.—Please join us in thanking God and His Mother for being so good to us and ask Him to protect us in these days of war. Mrs. O. P. P., Holyoke, Mass.—Heartfelt thanks for a favour received. I earnestly ask your prayers for a delicate child and for my own health. Mrs. A. A., Timmins, Ont.—Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a great favour obtained. A benefactor, Montreal.—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a grace obtained. Mrs. J. B., Montreal.—Heartfelt thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for favours received after promising to publish. May this dear Mother grant me many other graces, especially that my three sons be exempted from military service. Mrs. J. Q., Montreal.—Lively gratitude to Mary Immaculate for favours obtained. Mrs. G. B., Rosemount.—I am most thankful to Our Lady for my son's position and solicit another grace: peace in my family. Anonymous, Montreal.—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for the success of my operation. Mrs. J. J. M., St. Joseph d'Alma.—Heartfelt thanks for a great grace obtained. Mrs. J. D., Three Rivers.—Thanksgiving for a great favour obtained

through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. P. D., **St. Henri**.—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a temporal favour. Mrs. O. M., **Verdun**.—Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother for a great favour received through her intercession. A subscriber.—Heartfelt thanks for the renting of a house. Mrs. M. C., **Outremont**.—Thanksgiving for a favour received through the intercession of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. Mrs. L. B., **Courcelles**.—Homage of gratitude for a favour received. M. E. D., **Loretteville**.—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for the success of an operation. Mrs. A. C., **St. Stanislaus Kostka**.—Sincere thanks for a grace obtained through the intercession of our Heavenly Mother. N. M., **St. Georges de Beauce**.—I heartily thank the Blessed Virgin for having saved me of an operation for the time being, and I earnestly beg her to continue assisting me. Mrs. R. S., **Thetford Mines**.—Thanksgiving to Our Lady for a favour obtained. A. T.—Thanks to the Immaculate Virgin for a grace obtained. Anonymous.—Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a special favour. Mrs. R. M.—I am pleased to prove my gratitude to the Immaculate Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. J. F., **St. Jovite**.

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 a special intention of mine. Mrs. W. R., **Windsor, Ont.**—I come to ask you to pray for a very special intention. Mrs. C. H. D., **Maniwaki, Que.**—Please make a Novena for my husband's conversion and for success in his work. Also please pray that I may be successful in the test I am in, if it is God's will. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR.—Kindly remember all my intentions in your prayers. Mrs. M. C., **Verdun**.—Please pray for me, that I may recover my health and soon be able to do my work and go to church. Mrs. S. A. K., **Granton**.—Please pray that my brother and I may have better health and that my brother may go to church, he is a good living man. Miss J. B., **Montreal**.—Please pray for the safety of soul and body of my son who is in the R. C. A. F., Mrs. J. W.—Would you kindly make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for two special favours. E. F., **N. D. G., Montreal**.—Please pray for a very special intention. A Friend.—Will you please make a Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for my very special intention. Mrs. J. H. D., **Ridgetown**.—Please pray for my husband, my son and myself. G. M., **Montreal**.—Will you please make a Novena to Our Lady for a very special favour. Mrs. J. H., **Ville Emard**.—I would like you to make another novena in honour of the Blessed Virgin for a very special favour I am very anxious to obtain. Will you please burn a few candles and pray that it may be granted. Miss M. L. H., **Millbury, Mass.**—Please pray for my recovery. Do not forget my husband, that he may not get discouraged, and kindly remember two other special intentions of mine. Mrs. N. V., **Spencer, Mass.**—Please pray for my intentions. Anonymous.—Please say a prayer, that my brother will write to me. Miss C. McD., **Montreal**.—I am asking you to pray for a cousin of mine who is very sick, that her hemorrhages will stop and, if it is God's will, that she will recover. Mrs. G. G., **Lewiston, Me.**—Will you kindly make a novena for a brother of mine, who is ill and in danger of losing his position. I hope you will continue to pray for me also. Miss MacH., **Montreal**.—Please pray for my husband's intention. Please pray for me also that I may be cured of sinus trouble, so that I may make life more pleasant for my family. Mrs. O. O'H., **Siscoe, Que.**—Would you have the kindness to pray for my little girl who goes to school, that she may make her First Communion. Please pray, that my husband may have a better position and also please remember my brother in your prayers. Mrs. G. C., **Brunswick, Me.**—Would you kindly pray for my sons, that they will have good health, steady work and good wages. Please pray for my sons-in-law also. Mrs. C. C., **Culligan, N. B.**—May I please ask your prayers in a Novena for a special favour. Miss M. M. A. O'R., **Montreal**.—Kindly ask the souls in Purgatory to protect my boy, that he will lead a good life and be more religious and also pray for his vocation. Mrs. L. A., **Spencer, Mass.**—I am asking you to help me to pray to the Immaculate Conception for my son, that he may succeed in his studies and be a good Catholic boy. Mrs. W. A. B., **Haverhill, Mass.**—Please ask our Immaculate Mother for a special favour for us. Mr. and Mrs. M. F., **St. Odilon, Que.**—Kindly pray for my cure. Mrs. Mary Smith, **Portneuf**.—Please pray for a particular request for me. C. B., **Montreal**.—Kindly remember me in your prayers to the Immaculate Virgin Mary. Miss G. B., **Montreal**.—Would you kindly pray for two good intentions. Mrs. E. L., **Sweetsburg, Que.**—I have made an application for a position; I am in need of work; would you kindly say a few prayers for me. Miss K. W., **St. Henry**.

—Please pray that my sight will not become worse and arthritis in my feet and hands not become too serious. My husband is troubled greatly with both knees; please pray that he may not be obliged to give up his daily work. I would appreciate your burning a few candles for our intentions. Mrs. R. D., **Millbury, Mass.**—Kindly pray to Our Blessed Mother for my brother's recovery. Mrs. A. G., **Danielson, Conn.**—Would you please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin that my brother will stay away from the girl he goes to see. M. P. C., **Montreal.**—Please say special prayers for my son who has been operated. Mrs. J. Reid, **Cote St. Paul.**—Please pray for me and also for my little boy, that his right eye will get strong again. Mrs. E. B., **Old Town, Me.**—Please pray to the Blessed Virgin for my son who has recently been drafted. May he return home safely and be protected while he is away from me. Mrs. D. Z., **Rumford, Me.**—Would you kindly make a Novena for a very special intention; also pray for my parents that they may be cured of their rheumatism. A subscriber, **Sutton, Que.**—Would you please say a prayer for the restoration of my health and for all my other intentions. Miss R. S., **Montreal.**—Will you please pray and make a Novena for my son. Mrs. R. G., **Marlboro, Mass.**—Please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin and St. Teresa that we may find a better house. Mrs. J. L., **Montreal.**—Please pray for me for I am suffering very badly from rheumatism. C. P., **Fitchburg, Mass.**—Will you please pray for a special intention of mine. Mrs. M. C., **Poultney, Vt.**—Kindly remember a good friend of ours in your prayers and have an intention for us also. Mr. J. M., **L'Ardoise, N. S.**—Kindly pray for me that I may obtain a very special favour. Miss L. McQ., **Montreal.**—I request your prayers for my intentions, for my little boys in the army. Mrs. D. P., **Cobalt, Ont.**

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NECROLOGY

Right Reverend Monsignor L. A. Paquet, P. A., V. G. H., **Quebec**; Right Reverend Monsignor Edmond Coursol, P. A., V. G., **St. Johns**; Very Reverend Canon Richard Tremblay, **Jonquière**; Reverend Father François-Oscar Gibeault, P. P., **St. Jean Baptiste Parish, Montreal**; Reverend Emile Girot, P. S. S., **Montreal**; Reverend Brother Achille Corriveau, C. S. V., **Montreal**; Reverend Brother Hervé Vanier, S. M. M., **Eastview, Ont.**; Reverend Mother St. Alphonse Marie, Ursuline, **Three Rivers**; Mr. F. N. Girard, **Claremont, N. H.**, father of our Sister St. Louis de Gonzague; Mr. Emery Groulx, **Ville St. Laurent**, father of our late Sister Marie de la Paix; Mrs. Francis Duhamel, **Southbridge, Vt.**, mother of our Sister Marie de la Sainte Enfance; Mr. Henri St. Pierre, **Boucherville**, father of our Sister Marie de la Sainte Famille; Mr. Joseph M. Aucoin, **Mont Carmel, P. E. I.**, father of our Sisters Joseph Raymond and Marie Adolphe; Mrs. Ernest Ouellette, **Nashua, N. H.**, sister of our Sister St. Benoit; Mrs. Lucien Lauzon, **Montreal**, sister of our Sister St. Côme; Mrs. J. B. Destrempe, **Shawinigan Falls**, grandmother of our Sister St. Pierre aux Liens; Mrs. Martial Rioux, **Trois Pistoles**, grandmother of our Sister Ste. Clémentine; Mrs. Plamondon, **Quebec**, grandmother of our Sister Marie Corinne; Mrs. Joseph Lafontaine, **St. Stanislaus**, grandmother of our Sister Ste. Alphonsine, novice; Mrs. Joseph Klingenberg, **St. Joseph, Mich.**; Miss Antoinette Arsenaux, **Mont Carmel, P. E. I.**; Mr. Arthur Blais, **Thetford Mines, Que.**; Mr. E. F. Ayers, **Lachute Mills**; Mr. Albert Lussier, **Montreal**; Miss Alice Kerwin, **Ottawa**; Mrs. Georgina Carroll, **Montreal**; Lieutenant Col. Vincent Marcus Scully, D. S. J., **Reading, England**; Mr. Albert O'Rourke, **Verdun**; Mr. Richard Barrett, **Verdun**; Mr. S. M. Edwards, **Montreal**; Mrs. M. A. Ware, **Verdun**; Mr. Charles Cormier, **Spencer, Mass.**

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

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

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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.

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

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

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

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.