

# THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIII, 20th Year

MONTREAL, July-August, 1942

No. 10

# Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

## IN CANADA

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

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

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

**OUTREMONT, Que., 314 St. Catherine Road.**

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

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

Religious instruction for the Chinese.

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls.

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

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

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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).**

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**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).**

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**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).**

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)



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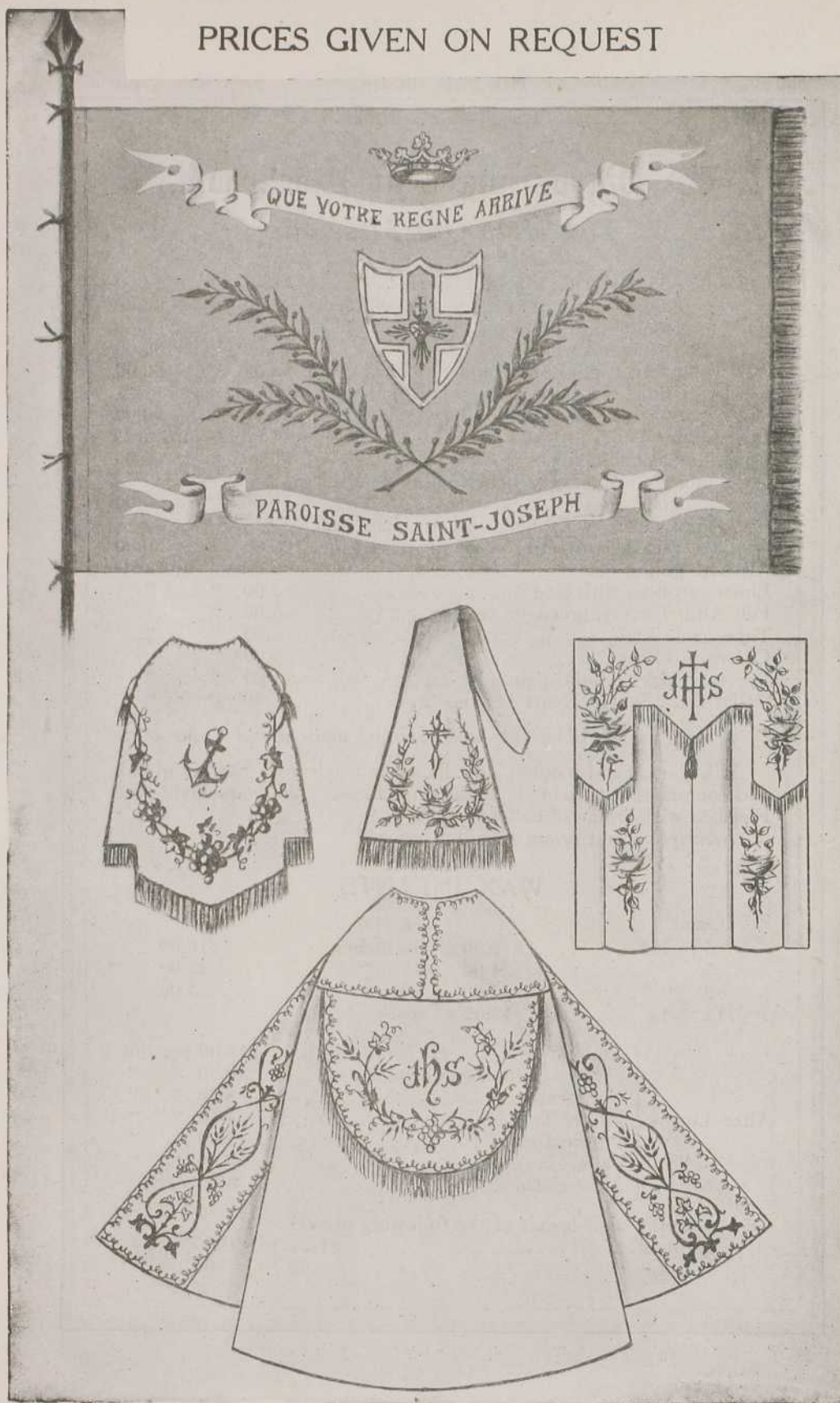
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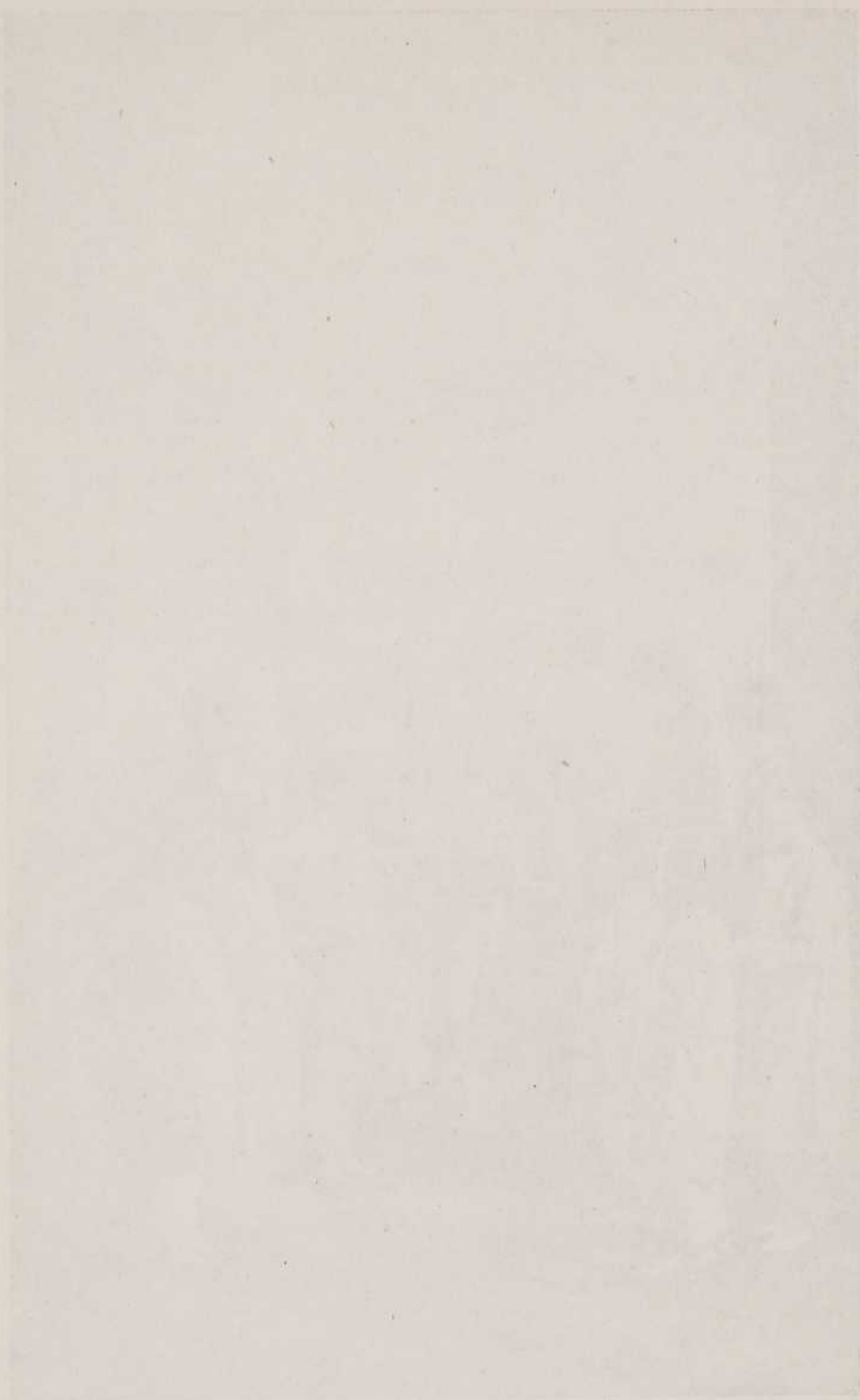
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.



# THE PRECURSOR

Published by the  
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*with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal*

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## Grant us Thy Protection

*Good Saint Anne, O clement Princess,  
Glorious in Heaven,  
Deign consider our great sorrow —  
Look upon thy children.*

*Thou hast guarded our dear country  
When it first saw daylight;  
Sombre perils gather 'round it,  
Save it from a sad plight.*

*Mighty warring princes scheming  
Make us fear grave danger —  
Keep our faith deep, trusting, lively,  
Thine own children succour.*

*Guard our churches, convents, crosses,  
Guard our altars many,  
Mortals, we have but one solace —  
God's sweet sanctuary.*

*Keep our families, Protectress,  
Peaceful, pure and happy,  
Banish error, pride, pretension —  
Snares on life's lone highway.*

*We, of nations, true the weakest  
Leave to God the morrow;  
Give us saints, apostles willing  
Christ in all to follow.*

*Patroness of our dear country,  
Hear our supplication;  
And with Jesus, Mary, Joseph,  
Grant us thy protection.*

— The Precursor.



# Good St. Anne

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GOODNESS seems to be the characteristic of the august Mother of the Immaculate Virgin. In the "Land of the Maple" she has rightly been called "Good St. Anne". "I am beginning a novena to Good St. Anne," do we often hear. "I am going on a pilgrimage to Good St. Anne's," people sometimes say.

St. Anne, in fact, is very good and compassionate. She has the kindness of a grandmother for the brothers of Jesus; their physical ills, their sufferings and moral infirmities deeply touch her; and, as she is very powerful on the heart of her incomparable Daughter, the Queen of Heaven and earth, and at the throne of her Grandson, the King of the universe, she makes use of her influence to assist the unfortunate who have recourse to her.

Canada has greatly benefited by her liberality; but it is especially in her blessed sanctuary of Beaupré that the dear Patroness has bestowed favours.

The magnificent Basilica erected in that place of pilgrimage bears testimony to the gratitude and piety of the faithful towards Good St. Anne.

Let us go more numerous than ever to that vast and attractive temple to seek graces and blessings. The present times are dark and perilous for our Holy Faith and sacred worship, for peace in our families and the fate of our country. No doubt our negligences in the service of God and our many misdoings have cried to Heaven for vengeance and drawn down that punishment upon us; but if we repent and do penance, if we abandon the path of error to enter fervently into that of duty and virtue, if we implore the powerful intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, St. Joseph and Good St. Anne, our Heavenly Father, so loving and merciful, will forgive us and protect us against the misfortunes that are threatening us.

In the course of the month of May, we have paid solemn homage to the Virgin Mary, Mother of God and our Mother; we have rejoiced the Heart of Jesus during the beautiful month of June; may the month of July witness crowds falling on their knees at the feet of Good St. Anne!

May we also, during the summer months, economize on a trip or amusements to go on a pilgrimage to Beaupré, where the great Miracle-Worker is awaiting us.



Devotion to St. Anne is one of the most precious traditions. It is so closely connected with our lives that it seems, so to say, inseparable from them; it is implanted and develops wherever our people settle. It carries there the fecundity of its sap and the abundance of its fruits.

# The Pope's Message

## Giving Hope to War-Torn World

(Continued)



WITHIN the limits of a new order founded on moral principles, there is no place for that cold and calculating egoism which tends to hoard the economic resources and materials destined for the use of all to such an extent that the nations less favored by nature are not permitted access to them. In this regard, it is for Us a source of great consolation to see admitted the necessity of a participation of all in the natural riches of the earth, even on the part of those nations which in the fulfillment of this principle belong to the category of "givers" and not to that of "receivers." It is however, in conformity with the principles of equity that the solution to a question so vital to the world economy should be arrived at methodically and in easy stages, with the necessary guarantees, drawing useful lessons from the omissions and mistakes of the past.

If, in the future peace, this point were not to be courageously dealt with, there would remain in the relations between peoples a deep and far-reaching root, blossoming forth into bitter dissensions and burning jealousies and which would lead eventually to new conflicts. It must, however, be noted how closely the satisfactory solution of this problem is connected with another fundamental point which We shall treat next.

### NO PLACE FOR TOTAL WAR

Within the limits of a new order founded on moral principles, once the more dangerous sources of armed conflicts have been eliminated, there is no place for a total warfare or for a mad rush to armaments. The calamity of a world war, with the economic and social ruin and the moral dissolution and breakdown which follow in its trail, should not be permitted to envelop the human race for a third time.

In order that mankind be preserved from such a misfortune it is essential to proceed with sincerity and honesty to a progressive limitation of armaments. The lack of equilibrium between the exaggerated armaments of the powerful States and the limited armaments of the weaker ones is a menace to harmony and peace among nations and demands that an ample and proportionate limit be placed upon production and possession of offensive weapons in proportion to the degree in which disarmament is effected.

Means must be found which will be appropriate, honorable and efficacious in order that the norm "pacts must be observed" will once again enjoy its vital and moral function in the juridical relations between States.

Such a norm has undergone many serious crises and has suffered undeniable violations in the past and has met with an incurable lack of trust amongst the various nations and amongst their respective rulers. To procure the rebirth of mutual trust, certain institutions must be established which will merit the respect of all and which will dedicate themselves to the most noble office of guaranteeing the sincere observance of treaties and



of promoting, in accordance with the principles of law and equity, necessary corrections and revisions of such treaties.

#### TREMENDOUS DIFFICULTIES

We are well aware of the tremendous difficulties to be overcome and the almost superhuman strength and good will required on all sides, if the double task we have outlined is to be brought to a successful conclusion. But this work is so essential for a lasting peace that nothing should prevent responsible statesmen from undertaking it, and co-operating in it with abundant good will so that, by bearing in mind the advantages to be gained in the future, they will be able to triumph over the painful remembrances of similar efforts doomed to failure in the past and will not be daunted by the knowledge of the gigantic strength required for the accomplishment of their objective.

Within the limits of a new order founded on moral principles, there is no place for the persecution of religion and of the Church. From a lively faith in a personal and transcendent God, there springs a sincere and unyielding moral strength which informs the whole course of life; for faith is not only a virtue, it is also the divine gate by which all the virtues enter the temple of the soul and it constitutes that strong and tenacious character which does not falter before the rigid demands of reason and justice. This fact always holds true, but it should be even more evident when there is demanded of the statesman, as of the least of his citizens, the maximum of courage and moral strength for the reconstruction of a new Europe and a new world on the ruins accumulated by the violence of the world war and by the hatred and bitter disunity amongst men regarding the social question which will be presented in the post-war period in a form more acute than ever.

#### PRINCIPLES SET FORTH

Our predecessors, and we ourselves, have set forth principles for its solution. It is, however, well to bear in mind that these principles can be followed in their entirety and bear their fullest fruit only when statesmen and peoples, employers and employees, are animated by faith in a personal God, the Legislator and Judge to Whom they must one day give an account of their actions; for while unbelief which arrays itself against God, the Ruler of the Universe, is the most dangerous enemy of a new order that would be just, on the other hand, every man who believes in God is numbered amongst His partisans and paladins. Those who have faith in Christ, in His divinity, in His law, in His work of love and of brotherhood amongst men, will make a particularly valuable contribution to the reconstruction of the social order.

All the more priceless, therefore, will be the contribution of statesmen who show themselves ready to open the gates and smooth the path for the Church of Christ so that, free and unhindered, it may bring its supernatural influence to bear in the conclusion of a peace amongst nations and may co-operate with its zeal and love in the immense task of finding remedies for the evils which the war will leave in its wake.

*(To be continued.)*

## In Memory of the Tercentenary of Montreal

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ON Sunday, May 17th, the anniversary-day of the founding of Montreal, a magnificent celebration, all for the glory of God and the honour of the Catholic population of this city, took place in Jeanne Mance Park, at the foot of Mount Royal.

To repeat the sublime act of faith and piety accomplished by the worthy Founders of Ville Marie at the birth of this great Canadian Metropolis, a solemn Mass was celebrated on an altar erected in the open-air. After the Mass, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, for the rest of the day, to the adoration of about a hundred thousand persons.

On the eve, memorable manifestations had been held at the Hôtel-Dieu to close the Triduum of Thanksgiving organized there on the occasion of the Tercentenary of its foundation and that of Montreal, which are intimately connected.

After a Pontifical Mass, sung that morning by His Excellency Most Reverend J. Charbonneau in the chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu, a memorial plaque in honour of the Foundress was unveiled. This tablet was offered by the Jeanne Mance Association of Graduated Nurses of the Hôtel-Dieu.

In the evening, under the honourable presidency of His Excellency Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate, the traditional offering of flowers was made at the foot of the Jeanne Mance Monument. The ceremony on this occasion was unusually splendid.

At the close of the same day, His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve solemnly arrived at Montreal to preside at the great celebrations of the following day. He was received at Windsor Station by Mr. Adhemar Raynault, Mayor of the City, and official greetings were exchanged. His Honour the Mayor expressed himself thus:

EMINENCE,

When the city was founded, there existed perfect unity between the Civil and Religious Authorities. To-day, three hundred years later, I am really proud of having to present to you the homage of our population, on this occasion when you are doing us the honour of associating with us in commemorating the founding of our city.

Praise be to God! Since three centuries ago, things have scarcely changed here regarding religious and civil relations; and I glory in having to receive, in the name of the Metropolis of Canada, the Primate of the Church in Canada. And my glory is mingled with pride, when I think that this eminent personage is a child of our city.

In the name of my Catholic fellow-citizens, I offer you the respectful homage of our fidelity; and, in the name of my fellow-citizens in general, kindly accept, Eminence, the expression of our very great joy in having you in our midst.

The good Cardinal replied somewhat in the following terms:

I am touched at the reception so kindly given me by my city. I am truly a child of Montreal. I recall childhood memories at this moment and feel a real childish emotion.



I come back to Montreal to-day, thinking of those heroes who left the Capital three centuries ago, in order to pursue their supernatural destiny.

I am happy to come to partake of your joy. The Tercentenary celebrations have already illuminated your countenances with supernatural brightness.

Preceded by a body of cadets, surrounded by a guard of honour of scouts and greeted by shouts of "Long live the Pope! Long live the Cardinal!" the illustrious Prelate proceeded towards the Episcopal Palace, passing by the Cathedral, where His Excellency Most Reverend J. Charbonneau, Archbishop of Montreal, accompanied by His Excellency Most Reverend L. Whelan and surrounded by his whole Chapter, presented him the homage of the Church of Montreal. His Eminence blessed the crowds gathered along the streets where he passed.

In the forenoon of the 17th, despite the threatening rain, thousands of the faithful went to Jeanne Mance Park to assist with recollection and piety at the Pontifical Mass, celebrated by the Primate of the Church in Canada and attended by a number of archbishops, bishops and distinguished laymen.

After the Gospel, His Excellency Most Reverend I. Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate, read the Pope's Message, as follows:

*To Our Venerable Brother,  
Joseph Charbonneau,  
Archbishop of Montreal.*

PIUS XII

VENERABLE BROTHER,

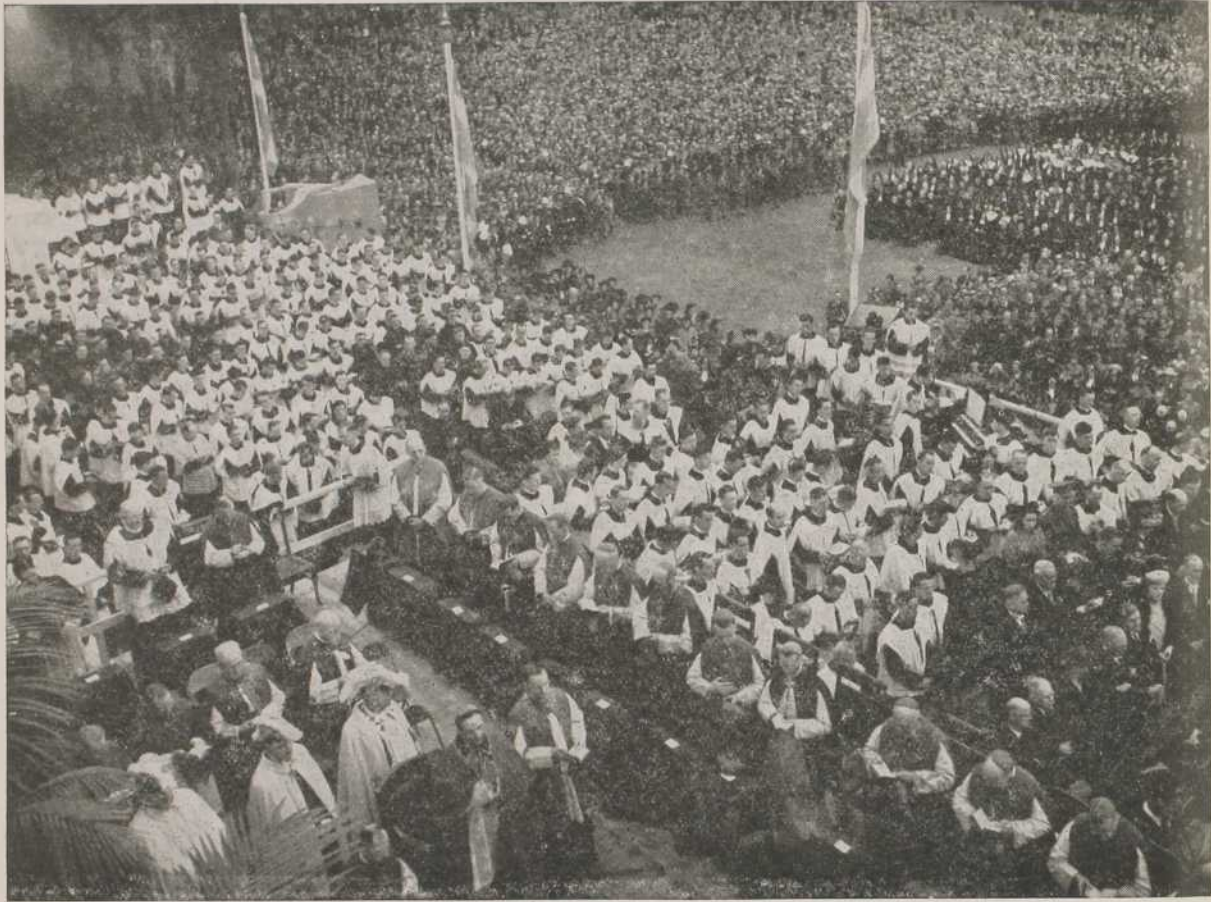
*Health and Apostolic Benediction.*

At the close of the third century since the happy founding of the illustrious City of Montreal on Mount Royal Island, You have prescribed, with a wise and prudent council, the celebration of a triple religious manifestation in this most worthy Archiepiscopal See during this jubilee year. A Eucharistic reunion will recall the mystical origin of the city, which came into existence under the best of auspices during the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. Another reunion will be convoked to proclaim the praises of the Blessed Virgin Mary, with whose most sweet name the city wished to be honoured from its origin and to whom it is advantageously consecrated by filial love and devotion. Finally, a Missionary Congress will hold, with good reason, its sessions in your city, in order to revive the zeal which animated, not only the first heralds of the Gospel in that place, but also the most pious Founders, whose primordial aim was to propagate the Faith and Doctrine of Christ from the Isle of Montreal throughout all the regions of Canada and spread afar its pacific reign, assuring the whole nation's prosperity.

We have learned with joy that great preparations are being eagerly made in all the parishes of the Archdiocese, in order that, following your suggestion and directions, the faithful be inspired with propitious zeal to take an active part in the coming religious celebrations. As for Us, who have nothing more at heart than to see the nations filled with an abundance of Heavenly graces and enjoying peaceful tranquillity in the conservation of the true faith and the observance of the precepts of evangelical morals, not only do We justly praise your plans and enterprises, but We heartily recommend them by Our authority and, even, by Our participation. With you and your good faithful, We render to God the fervent thanks which are due to Him, because that isle is thriving now, where formerly stood the bleak forest inhabited by natives, and on that same spot is flourishing the Church of Montreal, remarkable

and renowned for its numerous clergy, its great multitude of faithful, and its religious and charitable institutions and works.

Truly, We rejoice with you at the thought that the mustard-seed, planted with confidence in that region three centuries ago by Missionaries from France, has become a great and vigorous tree. We do not doubt that the celebrations that are going to take place will produce a great deal of spiritual good, in such a way that your pastoral solicitude will be crowned with an abundance of joy by the progress of your flock. May the faithful renew themselves



ATTENDING MASS IN THE OPEN AIR

in the practice of penance and, once delivered from the fetters of their sins, after enjoying the abundant benefits of Divine Mercy, advance resolutely and constantly in the paths of the Heavenly commandments. Effectively inflamed and firmly resolved to act, may they reject all that does not agree with Christian wisdom and generously embrace all that is conformable to it, in order that each one's morals, as well as the public institutions, be imbued with the vital sap of the Gospel, the sole source of our salvation.

In order that this may be realized according to Our wishes, We earnestly beg the Virgin Mother of God, who is the Mother of Mercy, to preserve her graces in you and to continue propitiously and benevolently to overshadow you with her protection and be a safeguard to you.

With these joyful wishes, as a pledge of celestial favours and in token of Our special predilection, We grant most affectionately in Our Lord the Apostolic Benediction to You, Vener-

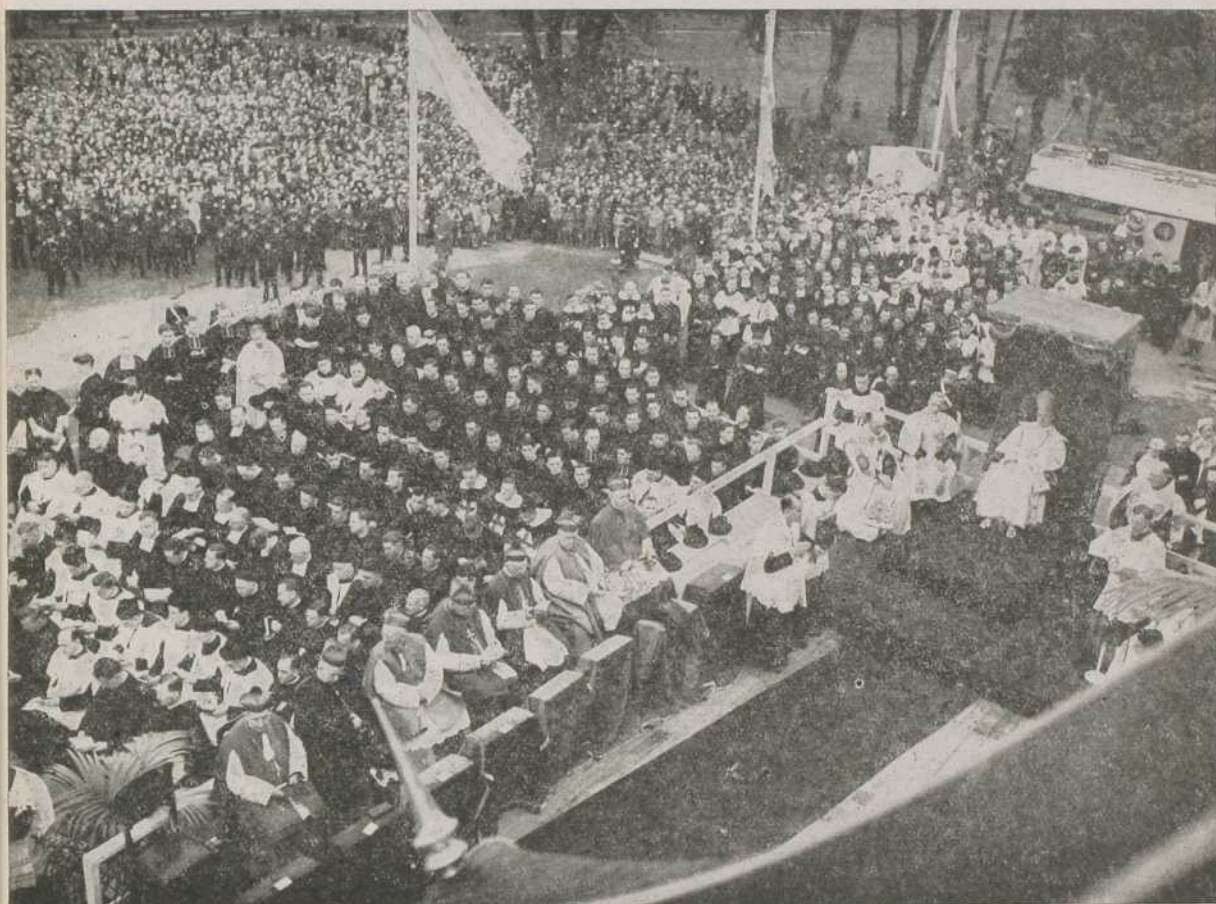


able Brother, to your Auxiliary Bishops, to all the clergy and faithful confided to your care and, especially, to all who will take part in the coming Religious Congresses.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on Holy Thursday, April 2, 1942, the fourth year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS XII.

His Excellency Most Reverend I. Antoniutti then delivered the following



AT JEANNE MANCE PARK, SUNDAY, MAY 17TH

allocation to present the chalice offered by His Holiness to the Diocesan Authority of Montreal:

" This expressive message from the Pope and His Apostolic Benediction are accompanied by a particularly precious gift, which will remain as a token of the Holy Father's interest in the Archdiocese of Montreal and will recall to future generations the striking symbolism of this beautiful day. "

Well acquainted with the history of your city, which originated at the foot of an altar where the Divine Victim was immolated in the Holy Sacrifice, the Sovereign Pontiff Pius XII has been pleased to perpetuate the memory of this fact, so pious and supernatural, by making you the gift of a chalice for the celebration of the Mass.





HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REVEREND ILDEBRANDO ANTONIUTTI, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE, PRESENTS TO HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REVEREND J. CHARBONNEAU, ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL, THE GOLD CHALICE, A GIFT OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII TO THE ARCHDIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

This chalice, a work of art of Professor A. Gilles, a child of France, the country of your forefathers and of your purest glory, has been consecrated in the name of the Pope, by his representative in Canada, who used it this morning in celebrating the Holy Sacrifice in the chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu, where resides the oldest Community of Montreal, so closely linked with the beginning of Ville Marie.

The chalice bears the arms of the Holy Father, who gives it to you; those of his Delegate, who presents it to you; those of the City of Montreal, whose mystical origin it recalls; and those of the Committee of this glorious Tercentenary. The wheat intertwined with grapes, upon which rests the golden cup, are supported by the maple leaves of the province "qui se souvient". On the four medallions of the foot are represented: 1) Holy Mass celebrated by Father Vimont, of the Society of Jesus, and adoration of the Blessed Eucharist in the wild forest, exactly three centuries ago; 2) the triumph of the Cross erected by Maisonneuve; 3) the insignia of the Blessed Virgin, your Mother and Queen; 4) finally, the idyl of the Holy Family, to which your City was consecrated, even before its birth.

I am glad that the solemn Mass of the Tercentenary is celebrated by the most eminent son of Montreal, Prince of this Catholic Church in the shadow of which Ville-Marie saw its early days and wrote the most glorious pages of its history.

This chalice is doubly the "Calix Benedictionis", of the Pope's blessing and of that of Christ, Whose immaculate Blood will flow in thanksgiving for the benefits of the past, as a Divine offering and immolation for each one of you and as a petition for spiritual and temporal favours for this city, consecrated to the Holy Family, under the Blessed Virgin's protection, in the strength of the Eucharist and in the shadow of the victorious Cross.

In the name of His Holiness Pius XII, I offer this chalice to the Diocesan Authorities of Montreal, in order that it may remain as an imperishable souvenir of this historical date and a token of the love of Our Holy Father the Pope for each one of you."

The presenting of the Pope's golden chalice to His Excellency Archbishop Charbonneau by His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate was brief, but touching. After receiving it, the Archbishop of Montreal embraced the Apostolic Delegate and then delivered the following address:

EMINENCE, EXCELLENCIES, BRETHREN,

My first word must be for our beloved Pontiff Pius XII, whose Episcopal Jubilee we were so happy to celebrate during the whole of last week. It is a word of lively gratitude and profound attachment, in my own name as well as in that of all Catholics.

In the midst of his labours and anxieties, the Holy Father has thought of his distant diocese of Ville Marie; he has deigned to remember the glorious anniversary that we are celebrating. He has sent us a pastoral letter, in which, as First Pastor, he heartily rejoices with us. To this most precious letter, His Holiness has wished to unite the inestimable gift of a chalice, which will be used in a few minutes in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

These favours have come to us through the Pope's Representative in Canada, His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate. Excellency, you have insisted upon transmitting them to us personally. We are deeply grateful to you for this delicate attention. Already, you have taken part in the festivals of Montreal by your magnificent sermon at Notre Dame, on the 15th of October last. Your presence in Montreal to-day makes us feel more vividly the interest that the Father of all the faithful so kindly takes in the Catholics of this diocese. We respectfully beg you, Excellency, to deign to express to His Holiness our fidelity and gratitude.

Eminence, after the Pope, it is to you that we are grateful for enhancing the splendour of these celebrations by your illustrious presence. Since we could not even dream of having the Father of the Universal Church in our midst, we could not desire a greater honour than that of having the highest dignity of the Church in Canada, the Canadian member of the Sacred College.

Our gratitude, Eminence, is mingled with a feeling of legitimate pride; for, at the same time that it is a Prince of the Church, it is also a son of Montreal, that we are justly proud of greeting, in your person. Our metropolis has the honour of being your birthplace. In inviting you to-day, its authorities were conscious of inviting the most illustrious of its sons. We do not forget, Eminence, that you have remained deeply attached to the Church in Montreal; and you have written, about her spirit of faith, her apostolic zeal and her charitable and educational institutions, the most beautiful pages of which she may be proud. Be pleased, then, Eminence, to accept the grateful homage of the Clergy and faithful of our city of Montreal.

Excellencies, the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishops and Bishops, in the name of the Clergy, of the Religious and of all the faithful, I heartily thank you for the magnificent mark of esteem and veneration that your presence in our midst to-day is for the Church in Montreal.

Very dear Brethren, the Organizers of the Montreal Tercentenary Celebrations have desired that the principal event destined to commemorate the founding of our city, should be a religious ceremony, the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. We have wished to enter into the spirit of our pious Founders, who showed in that way better than long discourses could have shown, the deeply religious character of their enterprise.

We do, indeed, read in the *Relations*: "The seventeenth day of May of the present year, 1642, the Governor gave Sieur de Maisonneuve possession of this Island in the name of the Sulpicians of Montreal, for the purpose of erecting the first buildings there. Father Vimont had the *Veni Creator* sung, said Holy Mass and exposed the Blessed Sacrament, in order to obtain from Heaven a happy beginning for this work."

On that morning of our city's birth, Father Vimont, Superior of the Jesuits in New France, reminded the little group of pioneers of the parable of the mustard-seed... "It is the





HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL J. M. R. VILLENEUVE  
OFFERING THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS

smallest of all the seeds; but, when it is grown up, it is the greatest of all the plants and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air come to take shelter in its branches...

"What you see," he added, "is but a tiny seed; but it has been sown by hands that are so pious and animated with the spirit of faith and religion that, undoubtedly, God must have great designs, since He is employing such workers; and I do not doubt at all but that this little seed will produce a great tree, will do wonders some day, will be multiplied and extended in every direction."

Listen again to another charming text, that of the Sulpician Dollier de Casson, which completes the first one, in his History of Montreal: "That same day, the first Mass was celebrated... Madame de la Peltrie and Jeanne Mance were given the pleasure of preparing an altar... They could not cease thanking God for having chosen them for the erection of the first one in the colony. The Blessed Sacrament was kept exposed during the whole of the first day, and it was not without reason; for, since God had had His servants undertake such an enterprise only for the purpose of making Him known in that place where, theretofore,

He had received no homage, it was quite reasonable that He should have Himself exposed upon the altar, as upon a throne, throughout the first day, in order to realize the holy designs and desires of His servants. Besides, it was good to reveal to posterity that He had established that colony only for the purpose of receiving sacrifices and honour there; that such was His sole design and the one for which His servants had expressly employed their money, their care and all their credit. It was just that He should have Himself kept exposed that first day, in order to take possession of that land... The whole day was spent in devotion, thanksgiving and hymns of praise to the Creator. There were no lamps burning before the Blessed Sacrament, but there were certain sparkling flies which, admirably suspended on strings, shone most pleasantly day and night, in a way quite fit, according to the rusticity of that barbarous country, to honour the most adorable of our Mysteries."

Dear Brethren, if I have insisted upon reading to you again these precious documents of our history, it is because they reveal to us, in all its beauty, the spirit which presided over the founding of our city. What more beautiful, indeed, than this first day, inaugurated by the offering of the Holy Sacrifice and terminating, at dark, in adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament, between the mysterious forest and the shore.



Three centuries have passed since then; and, this morning, May 17, 1942, behold us assembled to recall the origin of our city, to offer to God the homage of our veneration and gratitude, and earnestly beg Him to keep us faithful to the austere lessons of that magnificent past.

And it is by the same august rites, by the most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which comprises all our adoration, thanksgiving, repentance and petitions, and by an entire day of Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament, at the foot of Mount Royal, that we wish to commemorate these so edifying beginnings of our history.

The scene has very much changed. In the same splendid nature with its immense horizons, between the mountain and the river, there rises to-day a vast modern city, which is still visibly growing, too rapidly, perhaps.

Of a French and Catholic origin, Montréal has become, after three centuries, a cosmopolitan city, the greater part of which, however, remains true to the faith of its pioneers.

From Ireland, Italy and other countries of Europe and Asia, have come Catholics, who have increased the influence of the Church here. Commercial, industrial and economical advantages have attracted, during the past century, a multitude of non-Catholics, whose material power is considerable and often decisive. Montreal seems more and more like an American city, in its customs and manners. The mustard-seed has become a big tree, whose kind branches shelter the birds of the air. We are wondering to-day if it has fully realized all the hopes so confidently entertained by the sowers of long ago. We do not dissimulate to ourselves that it is an arduous task for all our Catholics to preserve and manifest the Christian character of our city.

What makes us hopeful for the future is that we have great spiritual resources in Montreal. Our one hundred and twenty parishes, directed by Clergy who understand better and better their mission, are fervent hearths of faith, sanctification and admirable works of charity. Our numerous Religious Communities, some of which date from the beginning of the city, and which are devoted to prayer, to teaching, to the care of the sick and poor, and to the missions, keep ever alert the spirit of the Founders, who carried on here apostolic, Eucharistic and Marian works.

Our educational institutions, stimulated by the new needs of a changing world, insist, however, upon remaining true to our religious ideal, which is the source of happiness and salvation for individuals, families and society.

And if, to-day, powerful influences which are foreign to our Christian philosophy are slyly attacking the faith and morals of our youth and families, we are relying on the vitality of our parishes, the zeal of our religious Communities, the salutary influence of our education, the new initiatives of Catholic Action, and our Christian legislators, to bring about the necessary reforms and keep us firmly in the paths so valiantly traced out for us by our forefathers.

After a brief inventory of our spiritual resources and actual deficiencies, we well feel the need of begging God's pardon for our negligencies and failings. We wish especially to-day, for these three centuries of beautiful religious history of our city, to express all our gratitude . . . to Our Father, Who is in Heaven.

Thanks be to Thee, O my God, for all the spiritual and temporal favours which have come to us from Thee, Who art so good, through Thy Divine Son, through the Blessed Eucharist, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, who is ever dear to Canadian hearts, and through the patronage of St. Joseph, Guardian of the Holy Family.

Thanks be to the Church for having given us the best of what we possess, and for having given it to us by her eldest daughter, our mother-country, France, that we cannot forget, we especially, her sons, and that we love still more since she is suffering.

Dear Brethren, in a few minutes, into this chalice which has been given by the Holy Father to our city of Montreal, His Eminence will cause Christ's Blood to flow once again for the salvation of our souls and the rectification of our lives. We shall all unite in mind and heart

with the illustrious Celebrant to pray, with faith, confidence and love, for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Common Father of the faithful, for the re-establishment of peace in the world, and for the sanctification of God's Name, the extension of His Kingdom, and the accomplishment of His Will, in our souls, in our families and in our dear city of Montreal.

Amen.

After Mass, His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve expressed the sentiments of gratitude which filled his heart on this solemn circumstance.

I wish to tell you a word at least to express the profound emotion I share with you, in this ceremony of the Tercentenary, a replica so solemn and, at the same time, so expressive of that ceremony which took place three hundred years ago on the banks of the St. Lawrence, when this new land was kneeling before God and a new Christian community was being founded.

If we reflect on what has just been accomplished, our souls can but overflow with gratitude. The Church of Quebec and the entire Canadian Church, by her archbishops and bishops here present, unite with the Church of Montreal on this memorable day to celebrate the Tercentenary of the City placed under the vocable of Mary at its origin.

At a very particular title, the little child who formerly belonged to Montreal is profoundly moved to celebrate Mass on Mount Royal, in a chalice offered by Pope Pius XII and consecrated by the Apostolic Delegate.

His Eminence then expressed the wish that Montreal remain faithful to its deeply religious traditions.

Then the imposing procession of bishops and priests, which had impressed the congregation before the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, was formed anew to return to the Head Office of the Fire Department, on the verandah of which had been erected the repository.

The Blessed Sacrament was then exposed, while the multitude, in prayer, sang hymns and canticles.

From one o'clock in the afternoon, the members of the scholasticate of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, religious, both men and women, of all the Communities of the City, students of the Grand Seminary and of all the other scholasticates, came in turn to adore the God of the Eucharist, while awaiting the great rallying of all Ville-Marie, announced for five o'clock.

In religious silence, the cortege left the Hôtel-Dieu at half-past four to escort His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve and His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to the repository. They were accompanied by several bishops and Knights of the Holy Sepulchre. A long file of priests and religious preceded them.

His Eminence blessed the people as they knelt at his approach and prayed aloud with the members of the clergy.

On the mountain slope, the faithful by thousands were singing hymns of thanksgiving, whose echoes reverberated above the many city homes. These chants continued until Reverend Father Papin Archambault, S. J., delivered his allocution of which we are reproducing the text:



EMINENCE,  
EXCELLENCIES,  
MEMBERS OF THE CLERGY,  
BRETHREN,

The day of the Tercentenary of Montreal closes as it has opened, at the foot of the Tabernacle, in the radiation of the Living Host.

This Eucharistic scene of overwhelming splendour, opened by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, continued by collective hours of adoration, and ending by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, has not been thought of by us, the men of 1942; it is not we who have fixed its pious regulations. This inspiration came to us from our ancestors. We have borrowed it from the Founders of Ville-Marie. We repeat to-day the inspired gesture they accomplished three hundred years ago.

As we recalled to you this morning, on the 17th of May, 1642, Paul de Chomedey took possession of the Island of Montreal in the name of the Society of Our Lady. A Jesuit, Reverend Father Barthélemy Vimont, who accompanied him, celebrated Mass, and the Blessed Sacrament was exposed all day.

Thus, this city was born under the august symbol of the Eucharist. Thus, its first inhabitants manifested in an unequivocal manner the spirit which animated them in their bold enterprise. It was not the pursuit of foreign adventures; nor was it the love of honour and wealth. Christians, they had but one aim: to glorify Christ, to conquer Him vast lands, to bring Him the souls of those savage tribes.

And the days that were to follow would be the logical consequence, the prolongation of the first day. The life of those colonists, of those soldiers, was filled with supernatural. Their faith they manifested in actions of saintly boldness. Let us recall a few of them.

During the first winter, a heavy inundation threatened to destroy everything. Maison-neuve set up a cross near the habitation and vowed, if the water went no farther, to erect one of larger dimensions on the mountain-top.

God answered his prayer, and on the feast of the Epiphany 1643, the valiant chief loaded a heavy cross on his shoulders, carried it alone the distance of a league, and raised it on the summit of the mountain.

The Iroquois were forever harassing the new settlers. How were their attacks to be repelled? "Nothing like having recourse to the Virgin Mary," would they say. Sixty-three settlers, therefore, formed a pious Militia in honour of the sixty-three years Our Lady passed on earth. They assumed the title of Soldiers of the Most Holy Virgin, and by their Marian piety and their great vigilance held the enemy in check.

Here is a brave among the brave, Lambert Closse. He was continually exposing his life to defend his country. Consequently, he was to fall soon a victim of his courage. Some suggested him prudent counsels. The reply gushed out proud and generous: "Sirs, I have come to Ville-Marie solely to lay down my life for God, by serving Him in the military profession. And if I knew that I should not perish here, I should leave the country immediately to fight the Turks, in order not to be deprived of that glory!"

Heroic gestures which recall the most beautiful pages of Christianity! And even more than these brilliant deeds, the daily life of each settler testified to the lively faith, to the supernatural spirit reigning in the young colony. It has been compared to the primitive Church. "Men and women," wrote a historian, "would hear Mass every day. Nothing was locked, neither houses, nor chests, nor cellars. Each one would give of his superfluity to others not so well provided. For a harsh word, pardon was solicited of the offended party on bended knee. Impurity was never mentioned, not even among the less pious."

Ville-Marie evidently was from the early days of its foundation, a profoundly Christian enterprise. It constituted, on this yet pagan soil, an intense hearth of Christianity, a source of supernatural life and of conquering apostolate, the advanced guard of French and Catholic civilization.



"Mystical epopee of rare splendour," after the expression of a French writer, which, thanks to the fidelity of those whom God has chosen to accomplish it, merits for them and their descendants, the glorious title of chosen generation, kingly priesthood, holy nation, a purchased people that it may declare the virtues of God . . . ' *Vos autem genus electum, regale sacerdotium, gens sancta* ' (1 Pet. 2, 9).

We are, Brethren, the successors of those daring Christians, the heirs of their pious enterprise. Their faith must animate our spirits, their rule, guide our conduct, their zeal, inflame our hearts.

If I cast an eye on the exterior aspect of our city, I see, in characters which centuries, far from weakening, have rather accentuated, the same spiritual sign which marked the origin of Ville-Marie. The imprint of Catholicism may be seen everywhere, in the spires of our hundred and twenty-five churches, in the crosses towering our many institutions and in that rising even on the summit of Mount Royal, in the religious habits worn by such a great number of men and women, in the vast congregations filling our temples, in our processions, our pilgrimages, our congresses, our works.

Yes, Montreal appears a large Catholic city, like the city the hardy Christians of 1642 wished to found.

In fact, Brethren, is it truly so? Does the reality correspond to that glorious external aspect? The reality, that is, the life of each one of us, the life of the Catholics of Montreal, their private life, certainly, but also their professional life, their social life, their public life. Does God occupy those lives? Has He a place, the first one, with His dogma and morals, with His grace and Sacraments, with His charity and conquering zeal, as He had with the pioneers of Ville-Marie?

Maisonneuve, the chief of the City, considered himself firstly as God's representative. He obeyed His law, propagated His Gospel, defended His interests. Do those who govern us to-day follow the same line of conduct? Is the glory of God foremost in their preoccupations?

The families of Ville-Marie were profoundly Christian. Their eyes fixed on the Divine Model of Nazareth, they strove to imitate His virtues. The mutual love of spouses as the Church intends it, the authority of parents, the submission of children flourished then. Can our families of to-day glorify themselves of the same spirit, of the same sanctifying practices?

Settlers and soldiers set the example of duty fully and joyously accomplished. They knew they were not on earth for pleasure. Sacrifice did not frighten them. Religion was their guide and support. It made of them upright, honest, virtuous, generous citizens. And what about us, Brethren?

In this century of materialism and pleasure-seeking, in this country handed over by the game of political events to another spiritual allegiance, and whose atmosphere is unfortunately saturated with error, how do we resist this pernicious influence? What are our religious convictions worth? What relation exists between our deeds and our faith?

There are actually in the city of Montreal, according to the latest statistics, approximately 800,000 Catholics. A beautiful number indeed! The prediction of Father Vimont has been magnificently realized. The mustard-seed has grown into a large tree. From a handful of men the population has leaped close to a million. This marvelous increase, while so many peoples give signs of a decline, fills us with lawful pride. Yes, but how many among that multitude are really Catholics, Catholics in truth and not in appearance only, men living in the state of grace, judging everything in the light of Faith, invincibly attached to the Church, to her leaders, putting in practice her teachings, at the factory, office, counter, court, University, Parliament, as in their homes, disposed to sacrifice everything — ambition, honour, money, rather than fail to come up, be it only on one point, to their duty as Christians?

"Think," wrote lately a high ecclesiastical dignitary analyzing our religious situation, "think of so many mixed marriages where the desertions of the Catholic name are being prepared; think of those homes become almost pagan, where life goes on without a thought of God and the respect of His precepts; think of the attendance day by day more numerous at non-sectarian schools and universities;" and we could add: "think of the wave of immorality which, by the cinema, radio, theatre, vogues, literature, ruin our national and religious tra-

ditions; think how pitiful that our Sundays should be more and more violated; think of the great evil of secret societies, of the plague of blasphemy and intemperance, of the virus of Communism . . ."

Oh no, dear Brethren, not wishing to fall in a debased pessimism, nor to ignore the magnificent expansion springing forth from the soil of Montreal and of which few cities can boast: religious communities, pious associations, professional syndicates, Catholic Action movements, teaching and charitable institutions, social and missionary works; no, even in keeping into account this splendid harvest, we cannot, in all justice and sincerity, compare the Catholics of Montreal of to-day with those of three hundred years ago. We must humbly acknowledge that our morals are less pure, our charity and our zeal, less ardent; that our faith is less lively, and our love of God, less profound. And it is for this reason, doubtless, that Divine Providence has willed, in His mysterious designs, that these Tercentenary celebrations be above all religious feasts, that they might offer us the occasion of making a serious examination of conscience, that they might bring us graces of light and strength to operate a vigorous and salutary amendment.

These times are particularly propitious for this return to God. We see more clearly, in the bloody glare of the war, the precariousness of human things and their inferiority to the imperishable treasure of religion.

At the feet of Jesus, humbled on our altars, the same One Who received, three hundred years ago, the homage and the vows of the Founders of Ville-Marie, let us ask Him to give us anew the spirit of those proud Christians, to persuade us, as they were persuaded, that the French Canadians on this vast continent, small in number, riches, honour, will be great only, will even survive only by their Catholicism, by the integral profession of Christ's doctrine and the exact practice of their Faith, incomparable factors of life and greatness.

May the Virgin Mary, Our Lady, queen and patroness of the City, obtain us from her Divine Son this return to the faith and principles of our forefathers, to our apostolic vocation. May our blessed Canadian Martyrs, Jean de Brebeuf and his heroic companions, sustain us by their example and their intercession, that, on this land of America, we may be, like our valorous ancestors, the unconfounded witnesses of Christ. *Genus electum, regale sacerdotium, gens sancta!*

This is the grace I wish you, Brethren, with the blessing of His Eminence and the numerous bishops who have willed to enhance this ceremony by their presence, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The Apostolic Delegate then officiated at Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The spectacle of some hundred thousand persons on their knees, in an atmosphere of intense prayer, was incomparably grand.

As a crowning to this magnificent day of prayer, fireworks drew an immense throng to the Park, throughout the evening. Among other tableaux were represented those of His Majesty, King George VI and of Mr. de Maisonneuve.

Monday, the 18th, was a continuation of the feast of the preceding day, but it was a civil celebration. It took place at Place d'Armes, in the heart of the Canadian metropolis, at about half past ten in the morning, in an impressive ceremony in which public homage was paid to Maisonneuve and to the Founders of Montreal; then, in the course of the afternoon, in a historic pilgrimage across old Montreal.

At the morning manifestation, His Honour the Mayor of the City, Mr. Adhémar Raynault, delivered the following allocution:

Assembled at the foot of Maisonneuve's monument, we are here this morning to pay homage to the Founder of our city and to his collaborators. Prompted by a magnificent and general impulse, the different societies, that did not want this event to pass unnoticed, have





PUBLIC HOMAGE PAID TO MAISONNEUVE AT PLACE D'ARMES, MONDAY, MAY 18TH

deposited here the wreaths that we see. This gesture of solidarity is touching indeed, and I wish to thank, in the name of the City, all those who have so amiably contributed to enhance this remembrance feast.

There could not be chosen, according to me, a better spot to commemorate this event. We are close to the place where the first church of Montreal was erected; consequently, on a soil trampled every moment of the day by these valiant knights who in their daily task placed religion foremost. This soil has been dampened with their sweat and tears and that is why it is so dear to us all. ' It is, so to say, the soil on which our souls have taken root, so much so, that to detach us from it would result for us in total anemia. In Maisonneuve we greet all those collaborators of the first hour: men, women, and the valorous pioneers, soldiers and priests, who came to Ville-Marie to colonize it and spread therein the light of the Faith.

It is just also that we should associate in this homage, the multitude of religious and social apostles who, assisted by courageous mothers, have kept alive, during three hundred years, the noble thoughts which prompted the founding of the City, so that we may, after three centuries, honour our pioneers as we are doing now, without feeling the remorse of having prevaricated.

In this great solitude changing aspect according to the season, our ancestors learnt lessons of endurance for their life of perpetual renouncement. Stern application to labour was amply exercised in the arduous task of clearing the land, in the combat against the invader and in the many duties imposed by the colonization of a new country where everything had to be constructed and organized. To accomplish a like work, the nascent colony depended on souls ready for all sacrifices, for all hard labours, for abnegation of self-will. This entire forgetfulness of self was rendered possible above all by the exhortations of the priests, interpreters of the Religion that was being implanted on the banks of the great River. One thing that would aid much in ascertaining the favorable influence exercised by the clergy in the organization of a country, would be to read the beautiful pages written by a Protestant Jew, Stefan Zweig, in his remarkable volume, "*Brésil, terre d'avenir*." What has happened there in South America is the exact replica of what has been accomplished here.

We have no time to establish comparisons but we believe convenient to recall this similarity, to prove that like gestures produce like results even in different latitudes.

Ville-Marie is the fruit of a thought of faith conceived by great and noble souls, and that is why we see from the beginning teaching and charitable institutions established, solid bases to the vast number of works which are now flourishing in our City and which are the most precious heritage bestowed on us.

When Canada was conquered, our ancestors, firmly attached to the land whose farming limits and frontiers they had greatly extended, preferred to stay and accept British Rule, assuring themselves, however, that their customs would be respected. Faithful to this new soil become their own, they swore fidelity to proud Albion, now their adoptive country, and since then, never has their loyalty been called in question, however trying the test of circumstances might have been.

The contribution the Anglo-Saxons brought to our City is precious. To the qualities of a speculative order it has added those of a practical order, and our City, at its origin, has wished to acknowledge this by uniting in its coat of arms the emblem of each nation entering in its constitution: the lily representing the French; the clover, the Irish; the rose, the English; and the thistle, the Scotch. With such a blazon, Montreal was giving proof of the spirit of leniency that the French majority recognized as the principle which all existence preoccupied with its future must recognize as the fundamental base of unity on which durability reposes.

Let us profit by the occasion, in recalling the history of our Founders, to meditate on the necessity of suffering and endurance for the successful outcome of great enterprises. It is the principal lesson which, according to me, we must draw from the present manifestation, convinced that the virtues of our pioneers are those which we shall have to practise in the inevitable difficult periods we shall have to traverse.

Homage to Maisonneuve and to our Founders! Long live Ville-Marie of 1642, to-day the Canadian Metropolis!



# **July Mission Intention**

## ***For Native Clergy in Oceania***

When our fighting forces return to their homeland there will be many and weird tales to tell concerning the strange peoples encountered during war activities on the islands of the Pacific. The quaking of the earth resulting from the pounding of many castanetted feet — the twisting, gleaming bodies of dark skinned natives engaged in their traditional war dances. This is one side of the story of the islanders — a story which would seem to preclude the possibility of hope for the formation of a native clergy for Oceania. Yet that hope is not part of a visionary's dream. It has become a reality which unfortunately this present war may retard but cannot destroy.

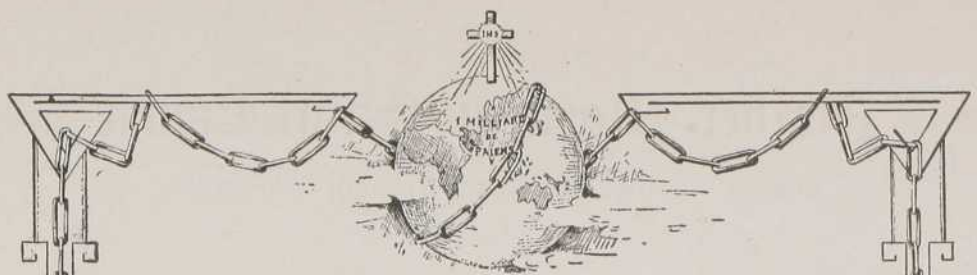
It must be remembered the faith was late in coming to these islands. Hardly more than a century ago the name of Christ was unknown among the natives, many of whom were ferocious cannibals. Scores of missionaries were killed by the islanders who revelled in their devil worship, their witch doctors, their belief in charms and spells. Yet if one wishes to find the ideal in mission achievement he must turn to Oceania where the inhabitants of Wallis and Futuna are 100% Catholic. True the district was watered by the blood of that most successful of Christian failures, Blessed Peter Chanel, but the faith he brought has stood the test of time and there have been no defections during the intervening years.

Another example of Oceanic perseverance may be found in Niutoputabu, the lonely island some 200 miles northwards from Vavau. Its 800 inhabitants are under the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic of the Tonga islands but, because of the inaccessibility of Niutoputabu and the scarcity of missionaries, these good people were deprived of the ministrations of a priest. In the absence of the latter two South Sea islanders, the school teacher, Tevita Tavake, and the catechist, Paul Selui, have kept alight the torch of faith. In 1935 the school teacher's son, Patelu Naka, was ordained and appointed the first resident priest of his native island and the catechist's daughter, Maia Pisilia, has become a religious.

On July 24th, 1938 a solemn service climaxed years of effort on the part of missionaries in the Vicariate of Papua, New Guinea. Upon the summit of Mt. Albert Edward, a statue of Christ with His Arms outstretched on the Cross was erected. This Cross, standing at 13,230 feet above sea level, is without doubt the highest now existing in the Oceanic islands, a testimonial of unflagging courage and charity on the part of missionaries of the Catholic Church.

Now around that cross they wish to augment yearly the number of islanders who, becoming "other Christs" for their countrymen will implant the faith deeply in the hearts of the thousands of inhabitants of these remote islands. Today the battle of the Pacific is being fought in great part among the coral reefs which constitute the greater part of Oceania, but there must be no lessening in the battle of the missionaries for the training and formation of a truly zealous native clergy in the islands. Hence the request of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith for the prayers of the faithful in behalf of the native clergy in Oceania.

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



## Pagan Distress

*One billion strong! — immortal souls  
Yet plunged in death's cold dark abyss  
Are never gladdened by the hope  
Of coming to eternal bliss.  
In ignorance of one true God  
To serve and honour, unafraid,  
They bow in terror and adore  
The gods that human hands have made.*

*Begotten in the primal sin  
That marred the morning of the world,  
Their souls are shackled in the bonds  
That Satan's wiles around them twirled.  
As an untrodden wilderness,  
Their hearts deprived of Heaven's grace  
Bring forth no fruit, no promise fair,  
But languish in their sad disgrace.*

*Up to the Father's holy Throne  
Their supplications never rise,  
Not knowing that their pleading voice  
Can penetrate the azure skies;  
Not knowing that the Saviour pours  
A healing balm on every woe,  
As on the plains of Galilee  
He did two thousand years ago.*

*The Standard of the King of Love  
Who went to death that they might live,  
On them has never been unfurled  
Its light and hope, its joy to give.  
They grope in vain, poor erring souls,  
To challenge the supremacy  
Of one whose law is pride and hate,  
The Evil Prince who holds free sway.*

*But whence this infinite distress  
Of thirsting, lonely human souls? —  
Because no sterling volunteers  
Have sought for God these far-off goals.  
Give us, O Lord, a dauntless band  
To launch the great and grand campaign —  
A legion of heroic hearts,  
That everywhere may come Thy reign!*

*— The Precursor.*



# Mother Marie-du-Saint-Esprit

*and the First Two Canadian Missionary Communities*



VERY REVEREND MOTHER  
MARIE DU SAINT ESPRIT

The dawn of the twentieth century has added two new jewels to the already brilliant crown of Ville-Marie: the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception and the Foreign Mission Society.

Both have been prepared and set in by the adroit and delicate hands of Divine Providence; if for many years they had been awaited and desired, their growth has been only the more rapid, their development, the more certain and complete.

## I.—THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

The Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception was founded in 1902 by a humble daughter of Canada, Delia Tétreault.

### Her Childhood

God Himself, it seems, had prepared her for this apostolic undertaking. Left an orphan at two years and a half, she was adopted and brought up by an uncle on her mother's side, John Alix. Of a delicate complexion and often a prey to illness, through all her life, she was given by God a large share of sufferings and trials. This is the ordinary way in which He fashions His friends and those whom He has destined for great things.

From early childhood, she bore a mysterious affection for the missions. It was no unusual thing for her to hide upstairs, to delight in reading old Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. A dream she had at this time takes on a significative aspect. It seemed to her that she was kneeling beside her bed and that before her stretched a vast field of wheat. Suddenly, O surprise! she saw all these heads of grain change into children's heads. She had the impression that they were so many pagan children's souls.

When about thirteen years of age, she felt vividly attracted to the Religious life. God granted her great graces at this period, and inspired her with the desire of prayer and solitude. But at the same time she felt allured by the world and its vanities and often yielded to the solicitations of this singular god, many a time sought by young girls. "These years," she will write later, "that should have been the happiest of my life, were not so at all, solicited as I was on the one hand by the world, and by grace on the other. Our Lord bitterly reproached me with the pleasures I sought in the world, and my failure to correspond to grace deprived me of His consolations." At this time she also suffered from scruples which rendered her very unhappy.

Owing to her bad health she often had to interrupt her studies; consequently, she met with nothing more than moderate success; self-love was mortified at this. Fortunately, she found in her kind adoptive mother and in the Sisters to whom was confided her education, counsellors who helped her to traverse these difficult years. Forty years later, it will not be without strong emotion that she will evoke the remembrance of these loved ones.

### Distant Preparation

At eighteen, she knocked at the door of a Carmelite Convent; her delicate health was, apparently, the reason for her being refused. A few months later she entered the Convent of the Grey Nuns of St. Hyacinthe. An epidemic of fever having developed, her parents hastened to recall her home. It was during her postulancy that the Master revealed to her His designs. "One evening," she writes, "as I was with the postulants in a small room, I felt Our Lord was telling me that I was one day to found a Community of women for the foreign missions and work at the founding of a seminary similar to that of Paris."

During several years spent in her family, she was unceasingly haunted by the thought of the missions and urged to found a missionary Community. Imagining these suggestions were but illusions, she brought all her application to dispel them. At twenty-four, she met Reverend Father Pichon, S. J., the very one who had been the spiritual adviser of Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. He entreated her to collaborate in a work from which he expected much good. Thinking she was finally responding to the Divine call that relentlessly resounded in her heart, Miss Tétreault left her home and came to the parish of St. Henri, Montreal.

For ten long years, Montreal saw the future foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception walking its streets, visiting the sick, instructing the ignorant, devoting herself unstintedly to spiritual and corporal works of mercy. It was in the exercise of this zeal that she made the acquaintance of the one destined to be her first companion in the Religious life and the confidante of her thoughts, Miss Josephine Montmarquet.

But while giving herself to this work of Father Pichon, Miss Tétreault realized that this was not what she had proposed, and that God wanted her for other things. More than ever, in fact, she sensed herself drawn to found a Missionary Community. She spoke of this to Reverend Father Daigneault, S. J., who encouraged her supernatural design. Unhappily, he was soon to leave Montreal for the African missions. He advised her to follow the directions of Father Gustave Bourassa, Secretary of the Montreal University. She acted upon this counsel, and of this she never afterwards had to repent. In Father Bourassa she found an enlightened and experienced guide, who knew how to lead her safely through the obscure labyrinth of the first days of the community.

As Father Daigneault before him, he soon became convinced that the desires and projects of his penitent were not the product of an exalted imagination, but the result of the work of Divine Providence. He therefore



encouraged her to submit her resolve to the Archbishop of Montreal. She hastened to obey.

These events occurred in July, 1900. Archbishop Bruchesi was not a man likely to take a premature decision. He reflected and prayed. He found practical, even, to consult the holy and learned Mr. Lecoq, his spiritual adviser.

After attentively examining the question, the latter informed Archbishop Bruchesi that he could proceed without fear. On June 2, 1901, Archbishop Bruchesi wrote to Father Bourassa: "Continue seeing Miss Tétreault; I believe God intends you to take an interest in the work to which she desires to consecrate her life."

### The Founding

Encouraged by the approbation of her Archbishop, the future foundress set resolutely to work. Her first care was to prepare herself for the Religious life. With this end in view she spent some time with the Sisters of the *Congrégation de Notre Dame*, at Mount Saint Mary's. But God would not be satisfied with this formation wrought by human hands; He insisted on having a share in it. That is why He sent His little servant a lengthy illness which led her to death's door. Nothing abnormal in this conduct, it is part of the Divine plan.

Restored to health, Miss Tétreault set to work once again with renewed ardour. She went to Quebec where the White Sisters received her in their midst. In this Institute, she was in a position to obtain ample information concerning missionary life.

On February 24, 1902, she rented a house of six rooms at 900 Maplewood Avenue, Cote des Neiges. On June 3rd, it became the first Mother House of the humble Institute which numbered three members: the foundress and her two companions, Josephine Montmarquet and Ida l'Africain<sup>(1)</sup>.

We have reason to believe that at this time the pious foundress was yet uncertain as to the precise object of the proposed Institute. She wondered. Was it to be a Missionary Congregation? Or simply an Apostolic School destined to provide missionary communities with Religious vocations? Two years later, the Will of God had not yet been clearly manifested, for she wrote during a Retreat: "My God! what is Your Will concerning our House, concerning us? O Divine Master, what is the exact end You desire us to pursue? Do You want nothing more than this school, or do You want a regular Religious community? Make known Your Holy Will, I wish to accomplish it or die. . . . If we can be of some help to the Church and to souls, grant that our Archbishop may be favourably disposed, and that he may seek to obtain for us the protection of the Sovereign Pontiff. . . ."

God did not delay in giving an answer, but, in His own way, exacted beforehand a supreme sacrifice, that of the loss of the zealous priest who had until then been the upholder and father of the nascent community, Reverend Father Gustave Bourassa. The latter had but recently accepted the charge

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

of pastor at St. Louis de France in order to furnish more efficacious financial aid to the young Society, when, unfortunately, an accident caused his sudden death. The trial was very painful. God was withdrawing from His chosen ones their sole human aid. He wanted them to depend on no other than Himself. The pious foundress understood this fully, and her conformity to His Divine Will was entire. Had she not, some time before, penned these words, the manifest expression of the spirit motivating her apostolic ambition: "God does not proceed after the manner of men; He builds on nothingness. If then we dream of establishing the work of God, we must let ourselves be buried in its base, forget ourselves and disappear completely in the eyes of all; then God will make use of us for His work, and the future of our House will be made secure." It was from this view-point that she generously accepted the passing of the priest who had been her firmest protection.

### Rome's Blessing

But death was to bring forth life. Archbishop Bruchesi was at this time attending the jubilee celebrations of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. A few days later he had a private audience with the saintly Pontiff, Pius X.

He presented the documents given him by Father Bourassa, concerning the projected Institute. "Holy Father," he said, "the priest who fostered this work has just died. This project leaves me absolutely indifferent, what you intend to have done for the cause will be for me the manifestation of God's Will. If you tell me to dissolve what has been begun, that will soon be done; if you tell me to continue, I shall do so." "Found, found, Your Grace," replied the august Pontiff, "all the blessings of Heaven will descend on this new Institute, to which you will give the name of 'Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.'"

While these things were happening in the Eternal City, the little Community anxiously awaited, in prayer and recollection, the expression of the Divine Will. A cablegram transmitted by Reverend Father J. E. Foucher, C. S. V., Pastor of St. Viator's, Outremont, brought joy and consolation. It was worded thus: "The Church, by the voice of the Holy Father, deigns to make of your small association a Religious Institute devoted to the Foreign Missions. Archbishop Bruchesi reserves to himself the joy of telling you what name His Holiness Pope Pius X has assigned to the new Congregation."

Not many months after this, Archbishop Bruchesi presided at a religious ceremony never to be forgotten in the young Congregation. He had chosen the anniversary day of his episcopal consecration (August 8, 1905) to receive the perpetual vows of Miss Tétreault (Sister Marie du St. Esprit), and the temporary engagements of Miss Montmarquet, who took the name Sister St. Gustave, in loving remembrance of the late Father Bourassa. Three postulants received the Holy Habit. Upon this occasion Archbishop Bruchesi pronounced a touching allocution from which we extract the following lines: "We have come to the day when is executed the order given by the



Church. Your dream is about to be realized... A multitude of young girls, hundreds of Sisters, will follow in your footsteps and bear afar the 'glad tidings' of the Gospel, thus continuing the work you have begun. Do not fear, God will always be your mainstay. Go as angels of light to the souls awaiting you. Rejoice, for you have chosen the better part."

These august words have been promptly realized. A multitude of young girls have entered the community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception; a good number have crossed the seas and are labouring in pagan lands.

Four years had not elapsed and already six Sisters had left for the far-flung missions of China. To-day, the community counts close to six hundred professed Sisters and novices, and thirty-seven establishments, half of which are in heathen countries.

After several years of suffering, the foundress was called to God on October 1, 1941. Before her death, she had the consolation of contemplating the marvelous extension of her apostolic work. The mustard seed she sowed and fecundated by her prayers and sacrifices is already a great tree. Decidedly, the finger of God is there. *Digitus Dei est hic.*

### THE FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

#### Attempts to Found

The Foreign Mission Society was born in 1921, but its conception in the mind and heart of several servants of God dates some thirty years earlier.

The first to attempt its establishment was Archbishop Fabre of Montreal. Being at Rome in 1889, he was informed by Cardinal Simeoni, prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, of the latter's desire to see the founding of a Foreign Mission Seminary in Montreal. Upon returning to Canada, the prelate appealed to one of the colleges of his diocese, Assumption College, that made haste to acquiesce to his proposition. A document was prepared and a delegate sent to Rome to discuss all the points bearing on the execution of the plan. Unhappily, strong opposition had sprung up in the meantime. At Rome, the delegate struck up against gigantic obstacles. The idea was laid aside.

Ten years later, in 1899, another voice arose, this time from the Far East, requesting the founding of a Foreign Mission Seminary. A French Dominican, Father Bertrand Cothonay, who had spent some years in the United States and given numerous retreats in Franco-American centres, and thereby learned of the great French Province of Quebec and of the zeal of its clergy, wrote to Father Arthur Curotte, professor of theology at the Grand Seminary of Montreal, engaging him to consecrate his life to the establishment and maintenance of this work of apostolate. His name, he explained, had been suggested him by a Franco-American priest who desired to remain unknown. It was later revealed that this priest was Monsignor Marcel Dugas, P. A., Pastor of Cahoes, N. Y.

— Clovis RONDEAU, P. M. E.

(To be continued.)

## They Were Three...

**T**HEY were three, Susan, Monica and Claire. Since childhood, they had been intimate friends, with like tastes and sentiments; but now had come the time to part, to bid farewell to one another. One Sunday afternoon, they met under the shady foliage in a pleasant parterre, to converse on their approaching separation.

All three had passed from the springtime of life to the enchanting season when all is charming and smiling, when all speaks of love and of beauty; but, choice souls, they had lifted their minds and hearts above these transitory attractions that soon vanish as the morning mist, that fade and are scattered about as the petals of an ephemeral rose.

"Dear friends," began Susan, with tears in her eyes, "I must tell you that I shall be leaving soon . . . In two months, I shall be no more in these loved spots . . . Several times already, but half seriously, I had spoken of the cloister as appealing very much to me. Recently, the Divine invitation has become more urgent and, after having reflected before the altar, after having prayed long, I asked my admission to the Monastery. I have been accepted and have begun preparing for my departure . . . the world so needs souls to immolate themselves and pray for its conversion!"

"My congratulations, Susan, for having been chosen for such a noble vocation! But . . . how I shall suffer when you leave us!"

"Suppose you came with me!" suggested Susan.

"I do not feel any particular attraction for the Religious life, although I do appreciate it and love meditation, solitude, and prayer during the night. The other day, after Holy Communion, I entreated Our Lord to make known to me His Holy Will that I might accomplish it. Since then, I feel as though destined to remain in the world to do good to those around me, to devote myself to different apostolic works. While you will be in prayer on the mount, I shall struggle in the valley."

"When do you intend to start this work?"

"First of all, I shall enroll in one of our Catholic Action organizations, and give myself to it entirely; then I shall do what it will please God to inspire me, for I want, in my calling, to give



*They were three friends . . .*



myself and not to count the cost, to keep to God the souls of little children, to work for the protection of young girls, for the moral restoration of womanhood, for the abolition of pagan styles and customs that find a way even in our best families and circles."

"I shall help you with my prayers, dear Monica."

"I know they shall draw graces and Heavenly blessings upon my occupations."

"And you, Claire, what have you to say?"

"I admire you!"

"And do you still think of the missions?"

"Yes, more than ever!"

"When will your apostolic ideals be realized?"

"I am entering a Missionary Community next month."

"Next month!... You shall then be the first to go?... you, the youngest!..."

"Have your parents agreed to your proposition?"

"Yes, only yesterday; and it was not without difficulty."

"You have long been thinking of becoming a Missionary Sister?"

"Since I was a child. And this desire grew with me, and I felt urged, on coming out of Boarding-School, to bring about its realization."

"We are not surprised at your resolve; you were such a fervent apostle of the Holy Childhood!"

"I always pitied the poor pagan children whose destiny is so cruel, and the billion pagan souls who are ignorant of God's Holy Name, who suffer the anguish of life without the consolations of the Faith, and, which is even worse, bear the tyrannical yoke of superstition and idolatry."

"Dear friend, we wish you a long apostolic career and rich sheaves in the vast pagan harvest!"

\* \* \*

Three months have passed... The pleasant summer afternoons have vanished as ripples on a brook; the shady foliage, so refreshing on hot days, lies withered on the ground, the singers in the bushes have sought new zephyrs and new greenery; under the cold breath of the wind, all nature seems to prepare to ward the gales, the frost, and the ice. And in X... Parish, among the young girls who gladdened the parterres during the summer season, the three friends are no more to be seen.

Susan has sought her retreat where, unceasingly, she holds her soul uplifted to the Lord, consecrating Him her heart and immolating herself for the salvation of souls.

Monica resides in another section of the city, with a relative who is president of a Catholic Action Association. Under the direction of this friend, she is initiated in the work of apostolate she plans to inaugurate in her own parish.

And Claire, the future Evangelical labourer, what has she become? . . . Vainly has she been awaited at the missionary convent where she had been announced, and in her family she is bitterly mourned . . . Where is she? Nowhere is she to be met with in the pathways of life, except in the shade of the cross, under a blessed sod where her virginal remains were laid to rest one month ago. Untainted lily, she has ravished the heart of the Divine Child Who came to cull her and offer her to His Father. Her soul replete with ardour and love has appeared, in the eyes of the Almighty, worthy of recompense. A short but grave illness warned the young girl that her last hour was close at hand. Heroically she made the sacrifice of her life and of her apostolic ideals.



*A choice lily that has charmed  
the Heart of the Divine Child . . .*

Susan and Monica, having hastened to her bedside, received her supreme words. "I asked God," she said, "to send in my place a hundred missionaries to the great pagan harvest in which I so longed to spend myself for His glory."

"A hundred missionaries! . . ."

"Yes, a hundred missionaries; fifty priests and fifty Sisters, all holy and zealous. Not in the thought that I, poor little nothing, could have done as much as they all; but because I desired to accomplish the work of as many missionaries in the extension of the reign of Him Whom I had chosen as Spouse. And, dear friends, I feel that my prayer is to be answered."

\* \* \*

A hundred missionaries: fifty priests and fifty Sisters! . . .

Let them whom grace urges, them whom the Lord has called to be of that number, arise and say: "Here I am!" And may they tread generously in their sublime path without casting a backward glance, for none knows what unfaithfulness to one's vocation can deprive God of glory, hinder good in souls, squander merit and . . . cause disasters.



"There are two things" said La Bruyere, "that man does not look at in the face: the sun and death." However, all men should remember this last thought. The most cautious are those who prepare for the inevitable journey. The Christians constitute a race that knows how to die. However enlightened he may be, a learned man, to be true to his conscience, must receive Religion as one takes a torch before entering darkness.

— ABBE J. LORIDAN.



## The Apostolic School of Rimouski

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IN September 1921, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception established in Rimouski for two years, opened in that city, with the authorization of the Bishop, an Apostolic School for girls, in order to furnish vocations to Missionary Communities.

Very promising but replete with difficulties, the beautiful work, highly recommended and encouraged at the outset, soon progressed and witnessed successful days. During the twenty years elapsed, 306 pupils were admitted to the School. All, however, did not respond to the suggested ideal; nevertheless, looking ahead, we hope for better results in the future, and we resume our work with renewed ardour.

This is how things work at the Apostolic School: the pupils are admitted at the age of twelve or above. They must belong to thoroughly Christian families and have received a good education at home. They must have attended school previously and manifested a taste for study as well as for various kinds of work. They must be imbued with solid piety, have a good character and a certain attraction for the religious and missionary life.

They start school in September — fees are very moderate. Under the direction of an experienced Religious, they continue their studies, in order to obtain a diploma or certificate, and they receive the initial formation for their future apostolic career. Up to now, they have returned home for their summer holidays at the end of June; but, henceforth, they will remain another month at the Apostolic School after the school-closing, and this, at the expense of the Institution. Their return to their loved ones will take place on the 1st of August, and the opening of school on the 1st of September.

During the month of vacation spent with their teachers, supplementary missionary training will be given them and, while enjoying themselves, they will be initiated in practical sciences and works of art.

To carry on this work, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception depend in a large measure on the generosity of charitable persons, desirous of doing good, of procuring the glory of God and extending His Kingdom in pagan lands.

*Founders:* those who, donating \$1,000.00 in one or several payments, provide for the board, the upkeep and complete education of a poor pupil.

*Associates:* those who contribute the generous offering of \$500.00 for the upkeep of the work.

*Benefactors:* those who, by any offering, were it even a prayer, assist the work.

The present times are calamitous as far as the imperious cause of the missions is concerned; but after the terrible war which will have paralyzed the great missionary effort launched by Benedict XV, amplified by Pius XI

and maintained by Pius XII; after that war which will have caused death and destruction in countries yet to be evangelized, it will be necessary to remedy so many disasters, redouble our ardour and activity in the apostolate.

Bearer of the "good tidings" will have to set out more numerous than ever for pagan lands, to replace the missionaries who will have succumbed, to assist those who will have been weakened by struggle and privation. Greater funds will be required to restore the works that have been hampered and to begin new ones on the ruins of those destroyed by bombs or fire.

It is to be hoped that the evils with which we are threatened will not make us forget our duty of contributing to the extension of the reign of God in heathen countries, by our prayers, sacrifices and alms.

Let our Catholic youth, boys and girls called to the missionary vocation but unable to follow it immediately, keep in mind their noble ideal and remain pure in the midst of the present contagion; for, when peace will have returned to the world, a new order will be established therein, by which, once again, the Powers of hell that have undertaken the conquest of the world will be crushed, the Divine Law will triumph, and the path leading to the diffusion of the Gospel be freed from all obstacles.

Let the good, pious, and studious twelve-year-old girls, from honest families, who feel a secret attraction for the Religious and missionary life come and continue their studies at the Apostolic School of Rimouski which counts twenty years of existence, or at that of Ste. Marie de Beauce, which is just beginning.

In one or the other of these Convents, they will be warmly welcomed by those who will be their devoted teachers, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

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## An Important Day

MISSIONARY EXHIBITION AT THE ORATORY

The great Missionary Exhibition of the Tercentenary will be held at Saint Joseph's Oratory from the 17th to the 27th of September. At this period of the school-year, it will be better appreciated. The minds of the young especially, being better disposed and less preoccupied, will be more deeply impressed by the spectacle of grandeur and artistic richness displayed. This week will revive the missionary spirit of all and stimulate ardour and generosity in the work of apostolate.

In the course of the summer, the Missionary Committee of Religious Feasts will be able to realize its vast project. Thanks to the collaboration of the Missionary Communities of Montreal, the Exhibition will recall vividly to mind the history of our Missions. In a hall adjoining the Basilica, the Committee will offer as a means of missionary education, missionary cinematographic entertainments. During this same week there will be a Congress for the Missionary Union of the Clergy, talks and study sessions in which the Missionary problem will be discussed. The Exhibition will worthily close the religious manifestations of the Tercentenary.

— Contributed.



## To Enter into the Kingdom of Heaven

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“Unless you be converted, and become as little children you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven,” said Our Lord to His disciples, and through them to all men.

Evidently it was of “spiritual childhood” Our Lord was speaking. It consists in the love, confidence and submission a Christian must bear his Creator and Father; in the purity and humility in which he must appear to be pleasing to Him.

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, for having made of this Divine word the norm of her life, rose in a short time to a high degree of sanctity, and merited to enter the Kingdom of Heaven in triumph. She was even chosen by God to recall to the world this important truth and to be set as a model. To how many souls will this dear Saint’s little path have been a means of salvation? . . . Only in the Abode of eternal happiness will that be revealed to us.

But the perfect Model of “Spiritual Childhood” is He Who, having left the infinite splendour of Heaven and His Divine Father, came on earth to be a little child like one of us; it is the adorable Child Jesus in Whom there was not the slightest imperfection.

The Gospel says that this august Child increased in wisdom and grace with God and with men; that He was subject to Mary and Joseph; that He was about the things that were His Father’s.

*He increased in wisdom and grace:* We must do likewise with God and men.

*He was subject to Mary and Joseph* as to the representatives of His Divine Father. The Creator subject to His creatures, what abyss of humility! To do the will of His Father was His constant application: “My meat,” He shall later explain, “is to do the will of Him that sent Me.” Let us learn therefrom to submit entirely and wholeheartedly to all legitimate authority as to that of God Himself. Let us also keep our eyes fixed on the adorable Will; let us strive to grasp it in the teachings of Holy Church, to discover it in the events of life. Submission of heart and mind to the Will of the Sovereign Master will help us to bear peacefully and meritoriously the trials of this vale of tears.

*He was about the things that were His Father's by prayer and zeal. While His frail body was applied to the hard labour He had chosen for Himself in this world to give us all an example of work, the soul of the Child Jesus remained in the presence of His Father, contemplating and adoring Him unceasingly, paying Him the homage of His love and praying for the salvation of all men. In His dealings with His neighbour, Jesus often mentioned the name of His Father to make Him loved and respected; this zeal for the glory of His Father also inspired, later, His preaching and intimate conversation with His disciples, so much so, that one day, Philip, charmed by the words of His Master, asked Him: "Lord, show us the Father, and it is enough for us."*



SPIRITUAL CHILDHOOD

Christian Friends, in our conversation, let us often mention the Name of God, not to take it in vain, but to praise and exalt it. Every well-born child loves to speak of the kindnesses of his father. Let us act likewise regarding our Heavenly Father, infinitely tender and merciful, full of love, always attentive to our prayers, Who, in His Kingdom, is preparing for us a place all the more glorious as we shall have been here below His true children and taught others to become so.

Great is the number of Christians who live before God as prodigal sons! Greater still the number of non-Christians. Let us have pity on the ones and the others but more especially on the thousand million pagans who do not know their Creator, who have never been able to say: "Our Father Who art in Heaven." Let us contribute by our prayers and sacrifices to bring these unfortunate souls to the knowledge and love of their Divine Father; let us strive to become generous and faithful co-operators of the missionaries and we shall share their reward in the Eternal Kingdom.

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### Prayer of St. Francis Xavier

"Eternal God, the maker of all things, remember that the souls of unbelievers have been created by Thee, and that they have been made after Thy own image and likeness. Remember, O God, that for their salvation Thy Son Jesus Christ underwent a most cruel death. O Lord, suffer not that Thy Son be despised by unbelievers; but, appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most holy Son, remember Thy own pity, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring to pass that they may at length acknowledge Thy Son Jesus Christ, who is our salvation, life, and resurrection, through whom we are saved and set free; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

*500 days' Indulgence. Plenary, Once a Month.*



# 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	March-April 1942.....	\$18.00
January-February 1942 .....	\$228.50	May-June.....	\$22.00

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.



Ask all you desire through the merits of My holy Childhood, nothing will be refused you.

— *The Child Jesus to Ven. Marg. of the Bl. S.*



# A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

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

*St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.*

I am pleased to fulfill the promise I had made in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, and I heartily thank her for having granted my request. I beg her to continue protecting me. One who loves and has great faith in St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. **Anthony, R. I.**— I am coming to acquit myself of a promise I had made in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. I have obtained work and a raise in my salary through her powerful intercession. **Mrs. A. C., Central Falls, R. I.**— St. Teresa of the Child Jesus has partly answered my prayers; I acquit myself of my promise just the same, hoping that she will soon entirely realize my desires. **Mrs. H. M., Malartic.**— Thanksgiving to the "Little Flower of Carmel" for a grace received through her intercession. Please pray for the cure of a person who has had a nervous breakdown. **Mrs. A. M.**— Heartfelt thanks to the dear Patroness of Missionaries for her constant protection. A faithful client of St. Teresa.— Lively gratitude towards St. Teresa of Lisieux for the cure of my little Frances. **Mrs. M. M., Verdun.**— Thanksgiving to the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a favour obtained through her intercession. **Mrs. H. P., Montreal.**— Homage of gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a cure obtained through her intercession. One who has great devotion to St. Teresa.— Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. **Mrs. A. L., Quebec.**— Gladly do I acquit myself of a promise in honour of the Patroness of Missionaries, in thanksgiving for a favour obtained through her intercession. **Anonymous, Shawinigan.**— I wish to thank St. Teresa for a cure obtained through her intercession. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR, **La Gorge dière.**— Lively gratitude towards St. Teresa of Lisieux for a grace obtained through her intercession. **Mrs. H. L., Lauzon-West.**— Thanksgiving for a favour obtained through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, **M. A. S., St. Ubald.**

# A Modern Martyr

*Blessed Theophane Vénard*

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

*(Continued.)*



O his brother Henry he wrote, "How well I understand what you meant when you said, 'Eusebius has arrived fresh and well, so that we are *almost* a complete family party.' And I, poor little I, on the contrary, am going farther and farther away! Ah! I assure you my thoughts travel back to St. Loup very, very often, and the tears come into my eyes when I think of you all and our happy home, and all the joys of my childhood and youth. Never since my departure have I known family happiness and real love; such things are not to be met with every day! But I expected it. I felt that it was inevitable. All I can hope is, that after the wound will come the healing. Every age, every position has its cares, its pains, and its bitternesses. Nothing except what comes from God is good here below; but we have much to thank Him for, and especially for the grace which makes us His friends. . . . Do not think of me as sad; on the contrary, I am very happy and bright; when one is working and living for God, one's heart is at ease. And you, you say, are all day scribbling on musty papers. Well, office life has its charms for some. For me, had I not chosen a different path, I should have preferred to work in the fresh air. The day's shooting you tell me of brought back such pleasant recollections of the good old times. I could have fancied myself there! At Tong-king I wonder what I shall find. Not much game, I fancy. Well, one finds our good God everywhere, and He is our happiness and our joy. There is no use in being sad, so that in the midst of discouragement and disgust, and every kind of mental suffering, one must try to take one's heart in both hands, and force it to cry out, 'Welcome joy all the same!' The soul finds itself in such a different state at different times; some days, gay and calm, and at ease; other days, sad and weary, and broken-hearted. This is the case with everybody who is not a phenomenon. I believe it is the struggle between the upper and the lower parts of our nature. When our better half triumphs, we are at peace; but when we let ourselves go, and yield to our natural inclinations, then comes a state of disorder, of anxiety, of longing after the impossible, of dissatisfaction with our lot and with the position in which God has seen fit to place us. This state of mind must be vigorously resisted, for it obscures our judgment and falsifies our ideas. Now there are certain things which strengthen the ascendancy of evil thoughts in us, and these are bad companions, bad books, a forgetfulness of daily duties, and consequent vicious habits. But of all these, bad books are the worst. They are the plague of the present day. A book is bad not only when it contains impure and immoral thoughts, but when it gives false ideas, pretending to



judge of everything, to ridicule everything sacred or venerable. Such books are all the worse when they are beautifully written, as they often are; they vitiate the taste and give a disgust for all healthy food. I knew a young man in the navy whose mind had been completely poisoned by this kind of reading; and when he came to realize the evil of it, you cannot imagine how he expressed himself to me about these pernicious books. My dearest brother, forgive me for saying all this; but I know your passion for reading, and all I venture to say is, do not play with poison."

*(To be continued.)*

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## Our Missionaries

We have had no news of them. We cast all our anxieties in the Heart of God, Who sees everything, Who feeds the birds and clothes the lilies of the field, Who can, when He pleases, protect or withdraw His creatures from the snares of the devil.

Since December last, a special Guard of Honour to the Blessed Virgin during which the Rosary is recited, is made every day by the Sisters from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. in their chapel of the Mother House, to obtain the protection of our Heavenly Mother over her exiled daughters and all the Missionaries who are in the different war-torn countries.

Reassuring news of our Sisters in Rome recently reached us through the kind medium of His Excellency, Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate. It was a consolation for us and their beloved parents whom we hastened to inform.

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## Do You Wish to Know ?

Do you wish to know the value of a soul? Look at a crucifix; and if you do not yet understand what it is worth, you will at least know that Jesus had a prodigious love for souls, and that if you wish to follow in the footsteps of this Divine Model, you also must love souls and do all in your power to save them. Therefore, in the midst of the material occupations of life, you will find means, if you are zealous, to work for their salvation. Your edifying example, fervent prayers, a word of faith coming just at the right moment, a kindness done, an alms, will open the door of a soul to you and assure you of its conquest for Heaven. Noble and beautiful conquest which has cost all the blood of God, and which will procure for us His gratitude and His most magnificent reward!

— THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.



## CHINA

*Gleanings from the Diary of Our Sisters in Süchow*

**Thursday, August 28, 1941**

From Sankwanmiao, situated in the north-western extremity of the Vicariate, a message was reaching us last night, begging help for a Presentandine Sister (native virgin) seriously ill.

Supplied with ordinary remedies, we set out this morning for Sankwanmiao via Tangshan. The train advancing at a fair rate, we were able to



CHINESE VEHICLE IN WHICH PART OF THE JOURNEY  
FROM SUCHOW TO SANKWANMIAO WAS MADE

admire the rich aspect of nature in this season. The golden heads of *saio mi* (millet), already bent under their own weight, were falling here and there under the hand of the harvesters, whilst others were tossing one another gaily under the hot rays of the sun. The cotton blooms, yellow or white, here assuming the form of a chalice, there looking like a regular snowball, presented variety and picturesqueness. There was also sesamum with its long, thick and flowery stalks; it loses both leaves and flowers in ripening. From its seed, smaller than that of flax, the Chinese extract oil which is



used for cooking, lighting, etc. The seed serves also to decorate cakes and other dainties.

At 10.30 we entered the Mission of Tangshan where the Reverend Fathers Gagnon and Gauthier, Jesuits, received us with much kindness. These missionaries remain courageous in trial: the college and schools of their post are not yet opened, but they place their trust in Divine Providence.

It was hardly eleven o'clock when we took the Chinese mule-drawn vehicle which was to take us to Sankwanmiao. In crossing the Yellow River, our guide had water up to his knees, for the mule, little inured to this sort of passage, hesitated to advance first. Once the river passed, we had to



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANKWANMIAO,  
SUCHOW VICARIATE

cross immense plantations of peas, potatoes, etc. The workmen asked us through politeness where we came from and where we were going. To his own satisfaction and ours, the guide asked how many *li* we still had to go before reaching our destination. . . .

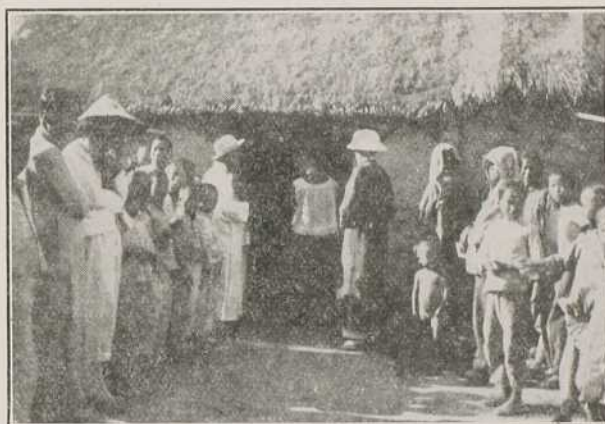
At six o'clock we arrived in Fenghsien. We spent the night there, for we still had thirty *li* before us. We are known there, because several sick have come to our dispensary and, especially, because of an unexpected cure with which everyone is familiar. In a moment, all the villagers knew of the arrival of the *Sieou Mou* (Sisters) of Süchow, and consultations commenced. A countryman brought us a piece of fresh pork and a dozen of eggs, inviting us to go and see his wife. We tried to acquiesce to the desires of all, but, notwithstanding our efforts, there was a poor man we could not satisfy. Blind for a month, he would have liked to recover his sight. Alas! our remedies were powerless; a slight alms and a few words of consolation did however bring him courage in his painful trial. Last year, the unfortunate man had seen all his goods destroyed under the enemy's hand. His wife, likewise blind, cannot assist him, and, consequently, misery reigns in their home where three children often cry for hunger.

**Friday, August 29**

We undertook to-day the last, but not the least interesting stage of our journey. Never had a Sister penetrated in these distant regions, and we were, you may believe, an object of curiosity for all. Reverend Father Bernard, S. J., who preceded us on a bicycle, presented us. Surprise, then admiration was depicted in all countenances; foreign Sisters coming such



SISTER MARIE XAVIER (BERTHE PARADIS, TINGWICK), SISTER STE. ALICE (JEANNE BASTIEN, MONTREAL), THE TWO PRESENTANDINE VIRGINS OF SANKWANMIAO AND A CHRISTIAN FAMILY OF THE DISTRICT.



REVEREND FATHER A. DEMERS, S. J., RECITES THE LITURGICAL PRAYERS NEAR THE MORTAL REMAINS OF A CHRISTIAN OF SANKWANMIAO.

a long distance to care for a native virgin! . . . Reflections of all sorts were passed and the children were running before the carriage to see us longer.

We had to go around the village of Sankwanmiao before entering it, in order to avoid the trenches, five or six feet deep, that the Chinese have dug almost everywhere in these quarters as a means of defense. The roads thus cut through render communications very difficult.



Reverend Father Demers, pastor of the Mission, who had not been informed of our visit, could not believe his eyes on seeing us. "Sisters at Sankwanmiao!... How happy I am!" exclaimed he; then he led us immediately to the invalid. The latter had already received the first care rendered necessary by her condition; we found her quite weak and her companion very tired.

After that visit, the kind priest set about preparing a room for us. This was no slight task, for an apartment where a thousand things had lain accumulated for some ten years had to be emptied; however, in a few hours, we had a new little home, isolated, neat and attractive. The cook was not less anxious to please us; the meals he served were those of the great feast-days and he was delighted to see his guests doing honour to them.

### Wednesday, September 3

The Presentandine Tcheou, our patient, seemed to regain strength. She is an amiable and kind person who agrees with a smile to the different treatments her condition requires.

In the daytime we had her companion rest, for she must have spent several nights in anxiety by the patient's bedside. Our time was taken up with sacristy work and the care of as many as fifty patients a day. We were filled with wonder on seeing some come from sixty *li*, and from a direction altogether opposed to the route we had taken. Since our arrival, ten Baptisms had been registered. But our remedies were almost exhausted; we could spend but one day more before returning to Süchow.

Reverend Father Demers, missionary at Sankwanmiao, greatly edified us by his admirable devotedness. He gives himself unreservedly to his flock, in pursuit, as it were, of each and every sheep. Alas! few respond to his call... "One does not stay here for consolations," added he, "but through obedience, for love of God and of souls."

### Sunday, September 7

After a happy return from Sankwanmiao, we were gathered together in our dear Convent to celebrate the feast of Our Lady of Providence. Joy and gayety beamed within our walls; how good and pleasant is family life!

Joys here below are, sad to say, ephemeral: toward the close of our cheerful holiday, Sister Superior<sup>(1)</sup> announced us her assignment to the Mission of Tsungming.

As in all happenings it is always a consolation to see God's holy Will, we sang in our hearts a hymn of loving submission. The obtention of passports having exacted a delay of a few days, we were able to enjoy a while longer the presence of her who has been such a devoted mother to us.

### Wednesday, September 10

In these latter times, two German Jesuits from the Vicariate of Yen-chowfou have been captured by the Communists. The troop having passed with its prisoners in western Süchow, the Fathers undertook to deliver

1. Sister MARIE DE LA PROTECTION (Cécile Roberge, Quebec).

these. Provided with certain gifts destined to facilitate negotiations with the leaders, Reverend Fathers Bernard, S. J. and J. Siu had the consolation of seeing their proceedings prove successful. After a few parleys the captives were set free and brought to their establishment in Süchow, where they are actually making up for the fatigue and suffering endured during their captivity. In order to follow the Communist army, the two missionaries had to cover during a week long distances on foot, hands tied behind their backs. The severe cold and their meagre pittance have also weakened them very much.

Father Siu, who has treated with the Communists, was urgently called to-day by one of the chiefs who has just been condemned to death by the



SISTER ST. AMEEDÉ (EMILIENNE VEZINA, QUEBEC) TEACHING GYMNASTICS TO THE PUPILS OF THE PATRONAGE OF SUCHOW.

skirmishers (name applied to the soldiers of the regular Chinese Army combating the Communists). Aware of the fate awaiting him, this chief asked the soldiers, as a supreme grace, to postpone his execution one day and to send him Father Siu. On the missionary's arrival, the bandit, who had been converted by the examples of courage and patience of his former prisoners, implored Holy Baptism which he received with lively faith and fervour.

As ever, the sufferings of the apostles of the Gospel are seeds which, at the time set by Divine Providence, spring from the earth and bear fruits of conversion and salvation.

### **Friday, September 12**

A new horse-drawn vehicle has been introduced into Süchow. It is a sort of carriage conducted by a driver in uniform. If that recent means of locomotion, which has more than one advantage over the rickshaw, creates excitement, it will not, however, be prejudicial to the rickshaw men for a number of years more, for the Chinese are too attached to old customs to be won over on the first occasion by modernism. Celestials prefer to the vogue of the day, tradition tried out by long centuries.



**Friday, September 19**

A man coming to our dispensary to-day procured himself two palettes. When came his turn to be treated he gave one, then Sister Ste. Angélique<sup>(1)</sup> having dressed a wound he had on the leg, he gave her the other palette. "Where is the second patient?" asked the Sister-Infirmarian. "I am alone," answered he, "but I wish you to treat my eyes also." Minute honesty seldom met with!... Frequently, a family or a group of friends give but one palette, but we tolerate these slight transgressions, this system of numbered palettes having been organized solely for the sake of order.

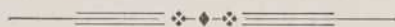
**Monday, September 22**

It was not without deep emotion that we expressed, in an intimate program yesterday evening, our sentiments of filial gratitude to dear Sister Superior, accompanying them with wishes for a fruitful apostolate in Tsung-ming, her new field of labour.

The stars were still shining high in the heavens this morning when she left us. Our dear Sister Imelda de l'Eucharistie<sup>(2)</sup> had the privilege of going with her as far as Shanghai.

Our prayers accompanied the two travellers; they will have been in noble society, for the English Vice-Consul was travelling with them en route to Nanking. This functionary, arrived at the Mission Friday last, has shown us sincere interest.

We are now longing to welcome her whom our dear Lord has designated to be our new Mother, to guide our fragile barque on a sea which, once again, promises to be stormy. The troubling echoes of the political events of the day reach us even in our convent, and the future appears threatening. May our Heavenly Father, in Whom reposes all our confidence, guard and protect us!



## The Value of Suffering

What sweetness experience in suffering, souls abandoned to the holy Will of God! It is like vinegar to which much oil has been added: the vinegar is always vinegar, it is true, but the oil renders it less sharp to the taste.

They only are happy in the world, whose souls are calm; they taste the joys of the children of God in the midst of the sorrows of this life...

All sorrows are sweet when borne in union with Our Divine Lord...

What is suffering? It lasts but a moment. If we were able to go and spend a week in Heaven we would understand the value of one moment of suffering. No cross would be heavy enough; no trial, bitter enough...

For those who love God, trials are not a punishment but a grace.

— *Curé d'Ars.*

1. Cecile MATHIEU, St. Evariste, Beauce Co., Que.

2. Simone BOISCLAIR, Alnaville.



RECEIVING ABANDONED BABES  
AT THE FOUNDLING-HOME, TSUNGMING.

*Gleanings from the Diary  
of our Sisters in Tsungming*

**Thursday, August 7, 1941**

The personnel of the Orphanage was up early this morning to prepare for the harvest of the maize, which had to be completed to-day, for what would have remained on the field would certainly have been stolen during the night. The weather was ideal; a soft breeze tempered the heat of the sun.

At ten o'clock, tempting hot buns sent by Sister Superior<sup>(1)</sup> stimulated the ardour of the workers who did so well that when the noon Angelus rang, more than half of the harvest had been gathered in large baskets; the golden ears will finish drying up while awaiting to be ground. After dinner, our little family set to work with such enthusiasm that by four o'clock the whole harvest was spread on straw mats in the yard of the Orphanage.

**Thursday, August 21**

Our Foundling-Home is over-crowded with sickly and crippled babies. They are four in each cradle. In one, three are hare-lipped. Nearby, a little one has its face covered with suppurating ulcers and must be protected against the green flies, which are dangerous this year. A little farther, three babies with wizened faces are struggling against death. Some rickety children assume aged features a few days before dying; their aspect is very strange. More than half of our poor abandoned waifs are carried off by tetanus, the unforgiving disease.

Nine little tots that had been put out to nurse were returned to us thin and sickly-looking. As they keep crying and screaming loud enough to stun an army, the orphans try by every means to amuse and console them, but it is useless, they are inconsolable . . .

The Chinese do not know how to bring up children and what trouble we have after that trying to correct them of their whimsical humour! A little boy who arrived here more than a year ago is just beginning to smooth his brow. "Laugh a little bit, but especially, don't cry, and eat like the others," says Ming Tching, she who is always ready to do anything. He was spoilt by his grandfather, who would sometimes interrupt his meal to go and buy plums for him when he would not eat. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should still pout.

The children that had been put out to nurse are brought back to us one after another. The war has exhausted the source of the alms we used to receive; consequently, we can no longer satisfy the exigencies of the adoptive mothers who demand a retribution. In what a deplorable condition are the little

1. Sister MARIE BERNARD (Emma Vanasse, St. Guillaume d'Upton).



ones that have been too poorly fed! The hands and feet of the majority are swollen. Four babies are actually struggling against death. Pink Tsen is looking at us with big black eyes which say more than words. Pink Dgin, who was adopted a few days after birth was returned to us when she was four years of age, exhausted by neglected malaria. Quinine, an efficacious remedy against this malignant fever, cannot be bought by the poor people. Pink Zen and Ya Yin are affected with nervous trembling due to the same cause. Beside them, some forty new-born babies require similar care.

### **Friday, August 22**

A man of about forty came to the Orphanage and asked to see a two-year-old tot, arrived from the city. "He is my child," he said, "and I love him very much. My wife having left me recently, I could not keep him with me any longer; some people wanted to adopt him but as I could not depend on them, I decided to bring him to you, according to the advice of the Missionary who assured me that he would be well here." The dear little one, recognizing his father's voice, called out to him, "Papa, papa!" as was his wont at home when his father would come in. The poor man could not repress his tears and, after giving his child biscuits and a few pennies he left the Orphanage, sobbing. Being a beggar, he cannot be very liberal, but he is a good Catholic, faithful to his duties.

Poverty is increasing every day in Tsungming. Maize, the food of the poor, sells for \$95.00 a measure. The wind and diluvian rain, having destroyed a great part of the harvest of kidney-beans, potatoes, cotton, etc., add to the distress of the poverty-stricken people.

A great misfortune threatening the Mission, Sister Superior asked the orphans to make a Guard of Honour to the Blessed Virgin, that the danger might be averted. Tsi Lai and Ya Tsen were kneeling in prayer in a classroom. "Do you know," said the latter to her companion, "that it is not very hard to keep the Guard of Honour; would there not be anything more meritorious we could offer up in order to be protected?"

"I know;" said Tsi Lai, "I find it very hard to resign myself to the thought of being a foundling. From now on I shall bear this humiliation and thank God for it."

### **Monday, September 8**

Thirteen babies were baptized yesterday. Only two were sleeping in their cradles this morning; the others had already taken their flight to Heaven.

We cannot help feeling very sad on seeing these poor little beings leave the earth so soon. How many wither here like plants deprived of the sun who would survive, could they but enjoy the tender kisses and caresses of a mother!...

We received two pretty little girls one day. Were they twins? It is quite possible. They looked alike, cried and sighed in unison, especially at night under the bedclothes. Cookies, sweets, caresses did not console

them. "Mamma, come and get me," they would say each in turn after having shed all the tears of their eyes. Most of the children finally feel at home at the Orphanage; but for them all our efforts were vain! They left for Heaven at two days' interval.

Eight chubby babies were brought to us on the feast of the Nativity. Ya Sieu, who is very fond of children, thinking herself alone, was speaking to them while she prepared them for Baptism. "How fortunate you are! You will soon go up to Heaven and see God. When you get there, don't forget the little corner of the earth where you have found happiness. Pray that my leg may be cured."

The dear child, who will be sixteen on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, is suffering from a dreadful disease which will take her away from us. She is actually following a course at the Mission Boarding-School, in order to be able to give lessons in the Chinese language.

### **Wednesday, September 10**

The splendid skies of China shelter moral miseries infinitely more profound than all the physical ills to be met with there.

A young man in the vigour of his twenty-five years was writhing with pain. All remedies were powerless to cure his strange malady. "You are going to die," said the Sister called to his bedside. "After having suffered so much, do you not want to go to Heaven? Offer your pain to expiate your sins and merit eternal happiness."

"Ah! my sins, if you only knew... And suppose I shouldn't die... being baptized, I won't be able to rob any more; I'll have to work to earn my living, it isn't very interesting!"

Poor soul, that sees the light and has not the strength to follow it! We left the sick man, confiding him to our Heavenly Mother.

### **Saturday, September 27**

Gnon Sie, an idiot, was not in good humour this morning, because her companion had a pink collar and she had none...

"That doesn't matter," said Lai Yeu, "in Heaven if I'm close to you, I'll ask God to give you a pretty blue dress; that's the colour of the Blessed Virgin." This sufficed to bring back a smile on Gnon Sie's lips.

Sieu Faong, who is three, was teaching Bibi, twenty-two months old, how to make the Sign of the Cross. The young teacher, who is not very learned, told baby to take its left hand, and this provoked a remark on the part of Fong Heu, a little girl of eight: "When we know nothing, we don't try to teach others." The storm broke out!... Bibi began to cry; Sieu Faong got angry and said to the Sister who was taking care of the children: "Look, Momo, don't I know how to make my Sign of the Cross?" And with her left hand, "In the name of the Father, of the Holy Ghost. Amen." A general outburst of laughter, which the child took for an approbation, put an end to the discussion.

Our poor unfortunate children sometimes surprise us with their repartees. Shi Tsen, twelve years old, whose mind is not always lucid, said to Gnon



Sie: "At home, we were sincere Christians, but our neighbour was a fervent pagan. One day I said to him, on seeing a statue of Buddha on the mantle-piece in his home: 'Your Buddha looks like the devil of our hell!' He gave me a slap and grumbled, 'You laugh at the gods; that is why you're crazy.' I didn't believe him; if I am not any brighter, it's because God wanted me that way. I am sure of that now, Momo told me so."

### Wednesday, October 1

Since yesterday, dear Sister Marie de la Protection<sup>(1)</sup> who has been named our Superior, has taken the direction of the house, replacing Sister Marie Bernard<sup>(2)</sup> who has left us for Süchow.

At nine o'clock this morning, the orphans welcomed her by a pretty little dialogue, an appropriate song, recitations and flowers of the season. Sweets and pictures were then distributed to the children who were very pleased.

### Friday, October 10

The bandits are continuing their ravages. Last night we were startled out of bed by gunshots not far from here.

This morning we were told that our neighbour, who is actually at Paochen, had been pillaged and his old aunt who was keeping house had been cruelly beaten. Fortunately, the mother and two children were absent. These good folks are fervent Catholics.

### Monday, October 13

How great is the mercy of God! Old renegades, after having spent their lives committing crimes, see the gates of Paradise opened to them on a mere sign of repentance. It was the case of Mr. Loh who died at the age of ninety, provided with the consolations of our Holy Religion, after having spent the greater part of his life in brigandage. "I haven't been into a church since the age of fifteen," he said to the priest who assisted him.

Another who, during the Japanese invasion, saw all his stolen goods burnt, died in the love of God, at the age of seventy. "In losing my goods, my family and health, I have found happiness," he confided to the virgin who exhorted him while awaiting the arrival of the priest.

### Wednesday, October 22

This morning the harvest of little red beans was gathered. These beans are the children's delight and the Chinese prepare delicious cookies with them. The pods are detached from the stalks and spread in the sun, which opens them up. The grain comes out by itself and dries up.

This work was done by the orphans under the direction of Tching Lang, a poor girl whom we keep through charity and whose health has very much improved recently. "Ta Momo brought me such good remedies that it seems to me I am but twenty years old!" she says to all who care to listen.

1. Cecile ROBERGE, Quebec.

2. Emma VANASSE, St. Guillaume d'Upton.

In two weeks from now when the bean harvest will be finished, we shall hasten to sow wheat; a space will be left between the furrows, so that in about three months the maize may in turn be sown. What an admirable model of activity is daily given us by the earth, the great provider of mankind!

### Wednesday, November 5

Reverend Father Sansoucy, S. J., visited the Orphanage while at the Mission. He went to the Foundling-Home where the babies excited his compassion. On hearing that we receive about a hundred and sixty of them a month, he exclaimed: "What a beautiful work! If since you are in China you had saved but one soul, your sacrifices would be amply repaid . . . and God gives you hundreds of them! . . ."

Before he left, our visitor had the happiness of baptizing a miserable little girl that was brought to us when he was about to go up into the vehicle.



### AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MARCEAU, THE NAVAL OFFICER

Some people were telling Marceau, after his conversion, the fear they had to receive Communion because they lacked fervour.

"Well, for me," he answered, "it is because I am a wretch that I go to Communion so often; I need a daily remedy to sustain me. At first, when I was commanding the *Ark of the Covenant*, I heard that several of the sailors grumbled because I received Holy Eucharist every day. I assembled the crew and said to my men: 'Instead of murmuring and being scandalized, you should rejoice, for if I did not receive Holy Communion every day, at the least discontentment you would cause me, I would throw you all overboard.'"

These few words tell us how Marceau had to struggle against himself to have the strength of meekness, and this strength he sought at its very source, in Christ.



Zeal will always be the splendour of a great thought and the flame of a great love. A heart that does not vibrate, that is not moved in presence of the pitiful state of souls, has never understood anything about love.

— *Father J. Baeteman, C. M.*



### VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

*of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception*

Sanctuary lamp.....\$ 25.00

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



*Echoes from St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Vancouver.*

## A RICH HARVEST

Since the beginning of 1941, we have registered numerous apostolic conquests in our little Hospital.

As of old when He passed upon this poor earth, Jesus, Our Sweet Saviour, finds His delights in being with the simple, the humble of heart, the forsaken, and it is to them that His loving calls are addressed. The sick, the abandoned, the unfortunate, are brought here, often by what concourse of circumstances we know not, to prepare themselves to leave this life that for them was full of misery, and reach the Blessed Abode in Heaven.

We wish to present a few of the happy privileged ones whom God has led under our roof to reveal His Divine mercy to them, or some of the "stealers of Paradise" who stayed long enough to obtain their admission ticket to the Lord's Palace.

Three years ago, Mrs. Orr, a young Chinese lady, was leaving us, after a short stay at the Hospital, to return to her native country, in the hope of finding life easy and strewn with roses. In February last, a steamer from China brought her back to us; she was exhausted and almost dying. At the early age of twenty-six, she had to bid farewell to life, and be denied even the consolation of placing a last kiss on the brow of her dear little ones left in the Far East. What a sacrifice that was! But in the grace of Holy Baptism that she immediately accepted and received in the most fervent dispositions, she found strength to accomplish it. Rejoiced at having become a child of God, she resigned herself to His adorable Will and peacefully passed away.

Then there is old Chong; he also arrived in February. Limping, half-deaf, with one eye looking to the right and one to the left behind an enormous pair of yellow glasses, original beyond words—that would be somewhat his description. Having been admitted into three Protestant hospitals before coming here, he was not without noticing more than one difference. One morning, he was saying in a stentorian voice, to a neighbour as deaf as he: "Here, everything is poor and small, but the Sisters are good and they love us. At the other places there were beautiful floors, but whenever I asked for something I would invariably be answered: 'O. K.' but the solicited article did not come."

After receiving Baptism, Chong requested the Sacrament of the dying. When the ceremony was over, he manifested great joy. "Oh!" he asked, "am I going to die soon? I want to see God." When the Sister-Infirmarian assured him that one day of patient suffering would increase his eternal happiness, he answered that he was willing to suffer more, since Our Lord had suffered so much for him. Are not such sentiments in hearts heretofore pagan, truly admirable?

Albert Fong who had been at the Refuge for eleven years, passed away on February 23rd, at the age of eighty-three. Simple and kind, always jovial and contented, this good old man edified all his companions. St. Peter must assuredly have opened wide the doors of Heaven to him, for he

was one of those 'little ones' to whom has been promised the Kingdom of Paradise.

The happy old man had, as his companion on the great journey, Gin Wo Yee, a young tuberculous patient who had likewise obtained his passport for the Abode of bliss.

In March, Edward, an old man at the Refuge, went to his Heavenly reward after long and cruel sufferings. He had been baptized two years previously and, although his intelligence was half-paralyzed as were also his limbs, he loved to look at an image of the Blessed Mother, repeating all the while, "*Malea*, good, good!" After death, his features maintained an expression of resigned suffering, that made one think of Jesus on the Cross.

One day, after several hemorrhages, Taraho, one of our tuberculous patients, became very ill. Sister St. Marc<sup>(1)</sup> broached the great question of eternity. The young Japanese hesitated a little, then, in his brilliant black eyes, a light more brilliant appeared; it was the mysterious combat of a soul clinging to life that must renounce everything on earth and turn its thoughts and hopes heavenward. Finally, grace triumphed. "Yes, Sister, I believe, I want to be baptized; I understood your words and now, I no longer hesitate. Call for the priest." Immediately summoned, Reverend Father Benedict administered Baptism to the patient, then prepared him for his first and eternal Holy Communion. With hands piously folded and half-closed eyes, the young man received his God in admirable dispositions. "Oh, Sister," he would say, "what peace fills my soul! I am happy to die now."

N'g Foo also left us for a Better Home in March last. The good old man, baptized scarcely two months before, had made many friends in Heaven; he incessantly prayed to the Blessed Virgin. When he could not sleep at night because of the pain caused by his legs that were swollen and covered with sores, he would say in a loud and plaintive voice, "*Malea, Malea*, make me sleep." Invariably, his prayer was answered, to the great surprise of a fellow-sufferer whose faith was not so lively. His countenance appeared so peaceful and happy that we could not but be rejoiced and envy his beatitude.

Wong Yeu Lim, a Chinese patient, had complained of feeling fatigued and ill for some time. Besides, a painful sore on his back left him no respite by night or day. Instead of consulting a doctor, he went to a friend who had the reputation of curing all ills. After auscultating the patient he scraped the wound with a comb; the next morning, blood-poisoning had set in. So as not to *lose face*, the would-be healer applied a black powder on the wound. Finally, alarmed at the disastrous result of his treatments, he had recourse to Doctor Yip who immediately sent us the patient whose condition was desperate. The poor unfortunate was assuredly in a pitiful state. Despite his sufferings, his face bore an expression of simple goodness and he never ceased thanking us for the care we lavished on him. He accepted Baptism and, while his brow was yet moist with the Purificatory Dew, he heaved his last sigh.

1. Alida TALBOT, Cacouna, Que.



Now we come to Lim Poy's story. He was brought to us one afternoon by two friends, only too happy to be relieved of a dying man. Hardly had we settled him comfortably in a cosy white bed, when he had a severe hemorrhage. A few words about God were whispered to the moribund who opened his eyes and acquiesced to all that was proposed to him. The priest, called in haste, administered Baptism and Extreme Unction; then, placing the crucifix upon the lips that were yet purpled with blood, he had the dying man kiss the image of the Saviour Who was calling him. A few hours later, Lim Poy was entering the Abode of the Blessed.

Ill-tempered, always cross and excessively difficult — such was Tomigaro Abé upon his admission to the Refuge. But grace wrought marvels in him: docile and pious, he now studies catechism and ardently desires Baptism. Some time ago, when his neighbour had the joy of making his First Communion, Tomigaro Abé said to the Sister-Infirmarian, "I did not receive Holy Communion, but I prayed long in my heart." The devil, undoubtedly little satisfied at this sudden transformation, wages war against him. He was saying to Sister Marie-des-Archanges<sup>(1)</sup> that he often felt within himself a sneering voice bidding him not carry out his resolution.

One of our tuberculous patients, Nakaiama, a Japanese, baptized more than two years ago, left us in August. He had become a fervent Catholic, and the piety he brought to his frequent Communions left no room for doubt as to his excellent dispositions. On the morning of his death, although very feeble, he washed himself and jokingly said to the Sister-Infirmarian, "I am getting ready for Heaven; I am making myself pretty." His soul, truly beautiful because purified in the Waters of Baptism and then embellished and sanctified by long sufferings patiently borne, has received the eternal recompense of the elect.

"Yoshio Iwashita is growing worse," said the Sister-Infirmarian one evening, "and he has not been baptized." Sister Ste. Elise<sup>(2)</sup> who was on duty that night, hastened to the moribund's bedside and, worried over his condition, did not leave him for a moment. Seeing a Sister at his side, the puzzled patient told her to be seated and asked her if she was waiting for anyone. "Yosi," she answered, "you love God; if you die, you want to see Him in Heaven, do you not? Will you let me baptize you?" "Yes, I want to be baptized, but not now." With fervour, Sister continued to recite her Rosary; then, seeing the dying man's features were becoming more livid, she reiterated her invitation and received, alas! the same answer. Death was there, implacable, awaiting its prey. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners..." murmured Sister in a supplicating voice. Suddenly, the moribund cried out feebly, "Hurry, Sister, baptize me." The Holy Waters had scarcely been poured on this livid forehead when Heaven sang the arrival of another elect.

On the beautiful feast of the Nativity of Mary, we had the joy of offering to our Immaculate Mother the pure soul of little June Matsuoka that flew to Heaven shortly after having been garbed in Baptismal whiteness. This

1. Germaine NOISEUX, Montreal, Que.

2. Alphonsine CHENARD, Bic, Rimouski Co., Que.

Japanese lass of fourteen whose brilliant black eyes had conserved all the limpidity of childhood, had felt irresistibly attracted to the Blessed Virgin, from the very first revelations of the mysteries of our holy Faith. "O Mary, my good Mother, pray for me," she would often say. Answering her confident prayer, the Queen of Heaven bent over her humble child and invited her to enjoy the bliss of Paradise.

#### GRANDMA MALEA

After having eaten much rice, much meat, and much of many other things, grandma Malea has rather worn-out teeth; one, especially, in the form of an unstable pyramid irritates her gums. She must, it dawned upon her, undertake a surgical operation. No sooner said than done; the dear old lady found a dusty file in the tool-box; with this she sets to reduce the annoying molar. One grimace, then another... does it hurt! But here comes the Sister-Infirmarian; luckily she arrived during the operation. Sister Superior<sup>(1)</sup> was called for and performed the function of dentist. Marveling at the celerity of the extraction, good old grandma thanked her, saying, "You are a *No. 1 Doctor*..."

Grandma has ideas that are her very own. The other day, armed with a long pair of rusty scissors, she accosted the Sister-Infirmarian and asked very seriously to have her hair cut. "But, they are already short," returned the latter, "if I cut them, your head will be shaven like a man's." Touched to the quick, the old woman muttered and turned back. Scarcely had Sister left when she sought Joseph, a Chinese man who helps at the Home. He, flattered with such confidence, cut off every inch of hair on the poor old woman's head.

The great heats of this summer have much affected our patients, especially those whom paralysis reduces to complete inaction. One night, our poor Malea, usually so chilly, had been unable to sleep. The next morning, having heard that ice-cream was greatly refreshing, she secretly asked the Sister-Infirmarian if she knew how to concoct that treat. Upon being answered in the affirmative, she expressed her desire to have some. When, toward evening, the coveted dish was brought, the nonagenarian hesitated a little, then, after having devoured the cone of ice-cream, she declared frankly, "I don't like that!" Doubtless, cold does not agree with her.

One evening in August, an aged woman was brought to the hospital. In haste we installed a bed in the room occupied by Malea. She, with flashing eyes and pressed lips, looked the newcomer in a manner not too favourable. Her room was her own domain, her possession, and here she was expected to share it with another, what an idea!... And this new companion, she considered her as a child even if she really is almost eighty. It is a small Chinese woman whose physical and mental state excite compassion. We hope that tender care will restore a little vigour to her frail body.

1. Sister MARIE DE LA VISITATION (Elise Croteau, St. Antoine de Tilly, Que.)





# EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Saturday, March 7, 1942

The joy our venerable Mother Foundress experienced, in 1933, on being informed of the definitive approbation of our Constitutions, finds an echo in our hearts each time we celebrate this joyful anniversary.

Being a feast of thanksgiving and pious rejoicing, this pleasant day cast a ray of gladness over the somber season of Lent. It began by a High Mass — the most perfect tribute, the unparalleled offering to worthily thank the Almighty for His liberalities. However, the expansion of our joy and gratitude went beyond this limit. All day long we voiced our thankfulness and chatted merrily, since a holiday enhanced this beautiful commemoration.

Tuesday, March 10

As the sun went down in the west, the arrival of Mother Superior General brought new light to the Novitiate. This wonderful visit announced at midday recreation kept us on the watch all afternoon.

After supper all were convoked to the conference-hall where a cinematographic representation afforded us the happiness of following our Reverend Mother in her voyage to the Far East.

Without expense, without sea-sickness, without a breach of the canonical laws of the Novitiate, we crossed the ocean and accompanied Mother in our different Missions of the Orient; we thereby had the pleasure of meeting several of our missionaries abroad.

Each one of the apostolic works confided to them has its beauty, its attraction; and the more physical and moral miseries we saw, the greater and more beautiful our vocation appeared to us, and the more we became attached to it as being capable of realizing our ideal one day.

Before bidding us good-night, dear Mother General promised us a surprise for St. Joseph's Feast. Those who pretended to have guessed what it was were invited to keep the secret, or the surprise would no longer be one.

Sunday, March 15

"*Laetare!* Rejoice in the Lord!" said dear Mother Mistress at the beginning of the midday recreation. The invitation was taken to the

letter and incited us at once to ask for a *Deo Gratias* for the rest of the day, which favour was easily obtained.

When evening came it was out in the pure air and on the snowy lanes that we went and enjoyed ourselves until the shades of night obliged us to go in . . . It was almost time for prayer at chapel, time to reflect and take good resolutions to spend more fervently if possible, the second part of Lent.

### **Monday, March 16**

The installation of a statue of the little Virgin of the Temple in the Novitiate-Hall this morning excited exclamations of delight and, especially, expressions of gratitude towards the authors of this pleasant surprise. With our Heavenly Model ever before our eyes, we shall certainly think more often of comparing our lives to hers, which was all imbued with humility, submission and recollection, and such an eloquent expression of the words addressed of old to Gabriel: "I am the little handmaid of the Lord." We also wish to adopt these words as the program of our lives.

### **Wednesday, March 18**

The enthusiasm of the novices attending the English class was at its height this afternoon; each one was to take part in a contest in which she would have to state her reasons for preferring the Winter season or the season of flowers. All these demanded careful preparation, for Our Lady of the Snow's camp as well as Our Lady of Lourdes' could expect to have quite a hard time winning the palm! . . .

### **Thursday, March 19**

Every day since the opening of the month of March, we sang a hymn to St. Joseph, proclaiming in turn, his glory, his virtues or his benefits; but to-day, gathering all these homages in a beautiful bouquet, we offered it to him as a tribute of honour and gratitude. Is he not one of our greatest Benefactors on high? . . .

A High Mass, the singing of the Rosary, a special Guard of Honour, a joyous holiday, added solemnity to this great feast. We addressed most fervent prayers to our kind father St. Joseph, who is so powerful on the Heart of God, recommending to him all those who are dear to us, and the noble and holy causes of the Catholic world.

A special remembrance was granted Mother Assistant General whose patronal feast it was. For want of an opportunity to offer her our best wishes, we confided them along with messages of affection to the Professed Sisters who had the happiness of going to the Mother House.

And we expected the predicted surprise! . . . We longed for it till the close of day. We were not deceived, it came at last! . . . Towards half-past seven, Mother Mistress entered the Novitiate-Hall carrying with veneration and triumph a plaster bust representing the features of our late Mother Foundress. Ah! impressive surprise! . . .



As soon as it was installed in a place of honour, we surrounded the dear image with our respectful and filial homages. The more we look at this venerable figure, the more it attracts us and seems to speak to us. Indeed, what secrets of perfection would not this saintly Mother whisper in each one's ear if she returned to live in our midst! To all, however, her noble and firm expression seems to give us this apostolic counsel: "Be generous, virile missionaries!"

For this so precious gift, we reiterated our lively gratitude towards our dear Mother General.

#### **Saturday, April 4**

During the holy season of Lent, our thoughts have been fixed on the sorrowful Passion of Our Lord, true school of love, generosity, and persevering courage. We have nourished our minds with this knowledge of salvation, meditating daily on the sufferings of Our Saviour but, more especially, during the last week of Lent. It is with renewed fervour that we now await the blessed dawn of the Resurrection in union with our Immaculate Mother.

#### **Easter Sunday, April 5**

The pious and cheerful strains of the *Regina Coeli* filled the air as we came down from the dormitory this morning and entered the chapel, which had been so beautifully decorated for the occasion. "Alleluia!" sang all voices. "Alleluia!" echoed all hearts. We exulted in the remembrance of Our Lord's victory, inasmuch as we had shared in His sorrows and sufferings. "Alleluia!" chimed the bells, returning from Rome and inviting us to rejoice.

We assisted at two Masses, as is our privilege every Sunday. During the first, which was a low Mass, the choir sang beautiful hymns, real commentaries on the offices of this feast.

Then the bell rang to announce the holiday and we did not hesitate to answer its call. The mail which Lent had paralyzed in its course resumed circulation. We were longing to read the letters from home as several were anxious about their brothers that are of age to go to war.

At dinner, a Canadian custom was faithfully kept and awakened pleasant reminiscences, delicious maple taffy on snow was served to us, thanks to the generosity of the parents of some of our Sisters. Really, we are the spoilt children of Divine Providence...

The rest of the day was in harmony with the morning strains, and when evening came, all exclaimed in unison, "How beautiful and pleasing are the great feasts of the Church!"

#### **Monday, April 6**

Another day of joy dawned for the Novitiate but, this time, it bore a character of intimacy. We united two solemnities very dear to us — Sister Superior's patronal feast and that of our devoted Mistress. One had been postponed on account of Passiontide and the other was anticipated a few days.

After having, according to the custom, or rather, prompted by the impulse of our affectionate gratitude, offered a filial tribute to our beloved Superiors, an interesting program was executed in their honour. Duet, cantata, play, hymn on the Redemption—all was appreciated, while our zeal for the extension of our Holy Religion burned with renewed ardour. Thus the whole forenoon of our beautiful holiday went by.

### **Friday, April 10**

The patronal feast of good Mother Mistress was like the complement of the rejoicing begun on Monday. It was an agreeable day that was brought to a close by a pleasant surprise. The pupils of the English class, under the direction of their teacher, presented an interesting and recreative little entertainment. For them it was the carrying out of a plan projected some time ago. They wished to give an idea of the work accomplished in class during the last six months. The occasion could not be better chosen. Singing, dialogues and recitations translated the sentiments of filial affection which unite us to our devoted Superiors.

### **Wednesday, April 22**

The opening of the month of April, usually so pleasant, so gay and so longed-for, was rather sad this year and did not merit our usual praises. Caressed by a cold breeze, the Rivière des Prairies hesitated to lay aside its winter mantle. But this morning we were agreeably astonished on seeing it had decided to do so. No doubt, we unanimously supposed, it was good St. Joseph whose Patronage we were celebrating, who had chased the clouds, rendered the sky serene and the rays of the sun more ardent. We profited by these advantages to begin the work outside, raking the lawn and lanes, that the young shoots might come out of their hiding-places without hindrance.

Despite the general activity, St. Joseph was not deprived of our homages: the Guard of Honour and spiritual exercises were held as usual and our supplications rose fervent towards Heaven. May our powerful protector dispel the dismal clouds which darken the sky of our Country!

### **Sunday, April 26**

With the Solemnity of St. Joseph's Patronage coincided this year the feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel. If it is always a joy to invoke Mary under this title, how especially so on this date! "The angels rejoice on her feast and they praise the Son of God for it," do we read in the Office of the day; and these other words: "She is the vapour of the power of God, and a certain pure emanation of the glory of the Almighty God: and therefore no defiled thing cometh into her. For she is the brightness of eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's Majesty, and the image of His goodness" (Wisdom VII, 25, 26). If we add that, moreover, she is our Mother, we have mentioned the titles which appeal most to our confidence, and are most suggestive to our weakness and misery.



As at the waking of nature, the frail seedlings demand special attention on the part of the gardener who must provide them with a prop, protect some against the cold, prune a number of others; thus, it seems, our Heavenly Mother acts towards her children who are but in the springtime of the Spiritual life. And since she is the mirror reflecting the Divine Sun, it is to her we turn. Light, counsel, the expression of the Holy Will of God, these are what we expect of her love, and what she has mercifully dispensed to us so far. Is it not she who, at every moment, inspires us to accomplish our duty more perfectly, to avoid the slightest imperfections, to do all things for the love of Jesus and the salvation of souls?

### Monday, April 27

This was a Monday that looked very much like a Sunday. It brought great joy to the Novitiate: the visit of our beloved Mother Superior General towards the end of the afternoon.

The solicitude of our dear Visitor was manifested to us by her kind words and good counsels which we received with loving respect, convinced that her voice is for us an echo of God's.

And then Monday silently returned into the hands of God, leaving behind it a happy remembrance of this dear Mother's visit.



## A Novice's Day

(Continued)



AT 10.15 A.M. the bell rings... Immediately books and scribblers are put away; a short prayer is recited, and like a white flock of doves, all the novices proceed to the Novitiate-hall. There, each one takes some sewing or mending, and within five minutes every one is at work; a few strokes of the bell invite all to kneel for the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, and the spiritual reading follows. While the word of God is being implanted in attentive souls, nimble fingers are plying at the needle.

Fifteen minutes later, again under the magical toll of the bell, the scene changes with lightning rapidity. The coming hour is consecrated to arts, handicraft and other works: — pianos and violins stir up the echoes of the house, the organs and harmoniums fling pious airs in the atmosphere, tiny paint-brushes play dexterously on linen or paper surfaces, agile hands resume a piece of fine crocheting or silken embroidery, the spinning-wheel hums in its old-fashioned mode;... and the different works outrival one another in activity. From a distance the whole would appear a giant buzzing hive...

Our little Novice performs her share in one of these different works with her usual ardour. Is she guilty of some slight imperfection or misdoing?...



*The pianos and violins awaken the echoes of the halls . . .*

Quite possible! . . . but with her well-known generosity, she nobly makes satisfaction for it. She even grasps the occasions of self-renouncement — leaving to others the better part, rendering them various services, etc.

When the clock registers 11.25 A. M., the dinner-bell is heard. Instantly a grave silence spreads about the house. However, another noise is now heard . . . a queer noise . . . not unlike the zephyr sending a little stir among the leafy trees. But just what is it? . . . It is the rustling of dresses which runs along the corridors and into the refectory where it gradually dies away.

11.30 A. M.: recitation of Grace before meals, and a moment later the members of the large family are seated at table. Smiling countenances attest that the forenoon has proved successful. All appetites have been stimulated, it seems, and the different dishes, brought in without delay, are received with an air of satisfaction. Not only the bodies, however, have to be sustained; the souls, also, need to be fortified. A Sister reads firstly a passage from the Gospel, then resumes the story already begun, the outcome of which places a loud interrogation point in all the minds; it may be the life-history of a zealous missionary, a heroic apostle, the founder of a religious order, the foundress of a community, etc. Those biographies are always chosen relatively to the spirit of the Institute. The newly-arrived Pastoral Letters and other articles deemed opportune are also read when the occasion offers.

Our dear Novice whom we ever bear in mind has learnt on entering the convent that all meals are taken in silence in the Community; even on the most joyful holidays, recreation is never in season at meal-time. This custom was established by the venerable Mother Foundress, in fulfillment of a promise she had made for the acquisition of a precious grace for the Institute. And everyone adheres lovingly to this practice.



Dinner being over, each Sister washes her cover in one of the small tin vessels of hot water which are placed on the tables at the end of every meal. Then, when the Sister-waitresses, vigilant and active, have cleared off the tables, the Superior strikes the hand-bell on her table.

It is about noon. Grace after meals is recited, followed by the *De Profundis*, and the Sisters withdraw by twos bowing on their way out before the large Crucifix; they now go up to the chapel for the Visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

The following prayers are then recited before the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle.

O Almighty and eternal God, bless Thou this house, that therein may reign health, innocence, success, virtue, humility, kindness, meekness, fulness of the law and constant rendering of thanks to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and may this blessing remain on this house and on all those who live in it now and forever. Amen.

O God, Who willest that all men should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth send, we beseech Thee, labourers to Thy harvest, and give them to speak Thy word with all confidence, that Thy message may run and may be made plain, and that all peoples may know Thee, the only true God, and Him Whom Thou hast sent, Jesus Christ our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

Behold, O God, our protector, and look upon the face of Thy Christ, Who gave Himself a redemption for all, and cause that, from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof, Thy name be magnified among the gentiles, and that in every place a clean offering be sacrificed and offered to Thy name. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

Our Father . . . Hail Mary . . . Glory be to the Father . . .

St. Francis Xavier, pray for us.

Most Blessed Virgin, I believe in thy Holy and Immaculate Conception pure and without stain. O most pure Virgin, by thy virginal purity, by thy Immaculate Conception and thy glorious quality of Mother of God, obtain me from thy dear Son: humility, charity, a great purity of heart, body and spirit, holy perseverance in my dear vocation, the spirit of prayer, a good life and a happy death. Amen.

O Glorious Saint Joseph, model of all those who are devoted to labour, obtain for me the grace to work in a spirit of penance for the expiation of my sins; to work conscientiously, putting the call of duty above my inclinations; to work with gratitude and joy, considering it an honour to employ and develop by means of labour the gifts received from God; to work with order, peace, moderation, and patience, without ever recoiling before weariness or difficulties; above all, to work with purity of intention and with detachment from self, having always death before my eyes, and the account which I must render of time lost, talents wasted, of good omitted, of vain complacency in success, so fatal to the work of God.

All for Jesus, all through Mary, all after thy example, O Patriarch Joseph; such shall be my watchword in life and death. Amen. (300 days Indulgence, once a day.)

(To be continued.)



"If I am misguiding you by my *little way of Love*," St. Teresa of the Child Jesus said to a novice, "do not fear that I shall let you follow it very long. I shall appear to you, and tell you to take another path; but if I do not return, believe in the truth of my words: *never can we have too much confidence in the good God, so mighty and so merciful! As much as we hope for shall we obtain from Him! . . .*



## *The Children's Page*

DEAR CHILDREN,

"Hurrah! the summer holidays have come!... Hurrah! the summer holidays are here at last!" exclaims your Great Friend with you and for you.

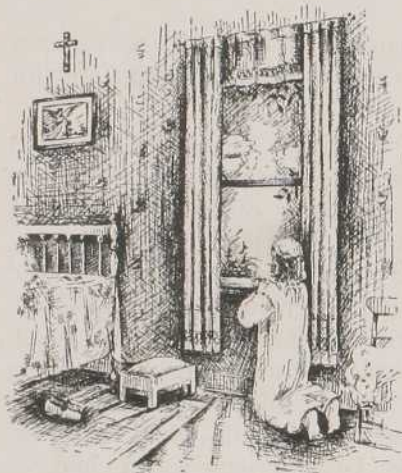
For you, because he does not take any holidays; he relaxes his mind by a change of occupations. Long ago, however, when you were not yet in existence; when the sweet little birds were the lords of the aerial regions of our beautiful country, then rarely disturbed by those gigantic wings, called air-planes, which traverse it in every direction to-day and whose noisy rumbling contrasts so strangely with the delightful melodies of God's little warblers; when the elegant horses were the kings of our roads, which were not overrun, as they are at present, with those multitudes of speeding cars, called automobiles, whose breakneck manner of proceeding is quite the opposite of the measured pace of our sagacious beasts; when, however, Heaven and earth were the same; then, your Great Friend was a child... he attended school and, like you, had holidays. Oh! how he loved and enjoyed his holidays!

Do you wish to know what his favourite amusements were during that time? You do?... Well, besides visits to relatives and friends, they were pleasant excursions in the fields and woods and long rests on the shores. He so loved nature and its solitary charms that, one day, he dreamed... of living in a solitude. He dreamed of a little hermitage, on the skirt of a wood, near a crystalline spring, in which to live unknown to men, unceasingly elevating his soul to the Creator, eating at God's table like his brothers, the little birds and the graceful squirrels, occupying himself in manual labour and in deep contemplation of the surrounding beauties, listening at leisure to the myriad voices singing under the thick foliage; in short, he dreamed of imitating Paul, Anthony, Hilarion, who were the first to sanctify the solitude of the forest. His beautiful dream, however, did not come true... and happily, it did not, for you would never have known your Great Friend and he would not have enjoyed your pleasant company or loved you as he does. Nevertheless, he maintains his attraction for the marvels of nature; and, when the fine weather returns, he feels it becoming more intense.

And you, dear Children, have you not similar sentiments?... Nothing elevates the soul and brings it near to the Creator like the contemplation of His wonders. During the holidays, you have plenty of time to admire the



beautiful landscapes and the splendid variations of the firmament, to enjoy the pleasant effects of a sunbeam, to listen to the birds singing, to study the manoeuvres of the insects, to scent the flowers, to pray in the moonlight, etc., etc. And that is very pleasing to Our Heavenly Father, Who glories in being praised in His works by His creatures and, especially, by children, *whose praises are perfect*, because they spring from pure and innocent hearts.



*To pray in the moonlight...*

I love the solitude  
Of meadow, wood and rill,  
Where songs of gratitude,  
The charming warblers trill.

I love dear Nature's gifts  
Of sweetly-scented flow'rs,  
Those precious benefits,  
That grace the sylvan bow'rs.

I love, at break of day,  
When early sunbeams dart,  
O God of Majesty!  
To offer Thee my heart.

I love, when, high above,  
The day-star wends its way,  
With cheerfulness and love,  
To labour day by day.

I love, when twilight lulls  
The little birds to rest,  
As flow'rs that Mary culls,  
To say the Aves blest.

I love, when, in the skies,  
The stars are twinkling bright,  
To close my weary eyes  
In the moon's silver light.

Another source of delights for your Great Friend during his holidays was frequent Communion and visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Oh! how I should like to see you all devoted to the Holy Eucharist, sentinels of the Blessed Sacrament!

During your holidays, what hinders you from going to Holy Communion often, and even daily, and visiting Jesus in the afternoon? He is the most faithful Friend, the infinitely good and all-powerful Father, Who can grant you all that you ask of Him and Who stays in the Tabernacle, as in a prison of love, awaiting your visit in order to shower His graces upon you.

You go a long way, sometimes, to visit a little companion, to play a game or to procure some pleasure for yourselves. Why not do as much for Him, Who merits all your love and gratitude?

Go, then, often, to visit Jesus in the Tabernacle, in order to make up for the forgetfulness and indifference of so many others; and, when you are in His Presence, adore Him, love Him and thank Him, not only for yourselves,

but also for all mankind. Pray fervently, especially for the most needy souls on earth and in Purgatory. How many sinners would return to God, how many pagans would be brought to Him, how many unfortunate prisoners would more quickly take their flight to Heaven, if more prayers were offered for their poor souls! . . . Jesus is awaiting but that, in order to shower His mercies upon them.

Then, beg this good Father, also, to inspire you how to exercise zeal among those around you, as He once inspired a ten-year-old child, who was nicknamed "Little Nightingale" because he had a most beautiful voice and was always singing.

Louis — that was Little Nightingale's name — attended the Catechism Course that the Pastor was giving to the children of the parish. One day, the latter said to his young listeners:

"Dear Children, look around you: how many souls are lost because they do not know God and because they do not serve Him; in short, because they are living like beasts, without prayer, without religion!

"Choose one of these souls and win it to God. Our Eucharistic Lord asks that of you, from the depths of His Tabernacle. How will you bring about such a conquest? Pray to Jesus; He will give you the best arms for this new kind of combat. To the attack, then, dear Children, and win the victory by the means suggested by God."

Louis felt his heart throbbing with enthusiasm and he begged Jesus to make known to him a soul to save. Then, he thought of his neighbour, the old shoe-maker, who frequented the tavern more than the church. "That's my man," said he to himself.

From that day forth, Louis stopped at the cobbler's shop every morning on his way to school.

"Good-morning, Daddy Drawfoot," said he sweetly to the shoe-maker, who was known in the whole neighbourhood but by that nickname, of which he was proud, nevertheless.

"Good-morning, Little Nightingale; sing me something."

Such was, almost every morning, the beginning of the conversation. Ten minutes went by quickly. Louis had time to sing a hymn, that he had prepared, and to ask cleverly some explanations about a sentence that he pretended not to understand very well.

And, each time, to finish, came this exclamation:

"What a pity it is, Daddy Drawfoot, that you never come to Church! There's where you would hear me singing heartily."

"Well, you see, little lad, I've not time!"

The cobbler thought he would get out of it with that trivial excuse, but he had a strong adversary to deal with.

One day, Louis said bluntly to him: "Daddy Drawfoot, Sunday, I am to sing a hymn before the sermon and I want you to be there. Now, it's understood, I'll come for you before Vespers. For once, you will not refuse me."

The cobbler tried to excuse himself: it was such a long time since he had been to church; he was quite embarrassed. But Louis held out; he insisted and, even, threatened to sing nothing more for him . . . He did so well finally, that, the following Sunday at church, Daddy Drawfoot listened most attentively to a good sermon on death, which deeply touched him. Louis prayed for his aged friend and said naively: "Dear God, I have brought him to Thee; take him now, he's Thine."

The following day, Little Nightingale sang for Daddy Drawfoot the hymn for which he had drawn him to church.

"Do you know, Daddy Drawfoot," he said, "I suffered a great deal for you yesterday, and on account of you. Yes," he continued, seeing the shoe-maker's surprise, "yes, on account of you. I said to myself: 'Daddy Drawfoot is a fine man, to be sure; but if he





*What a pity it is, Daddy Drawfoot,  
that you never come to Church!...*

happened to die now, what would he offer to God in order to pay his entrance into Heaven? "And without appearing to remark the old man's emotion, he continued: "I was thinking, Daddy Drawfoot, that you are not lacking much to become a real fine man and that, in order to please your Little Nightingale, you would come to listen to him at Mass on Sunday. Isn't it true that I was not mistaken?" he added coaxingly.

"You are a good Little Nightingale. Yes, I shall go to Mass; but you will pray for your old friend, who has much need of prayers," said the shoe-maker, with tears in his eyes.

Louis did not stop at that; he helped Daddy Drawfoot to learn his prayers again and, even, a little bit of catechism. God's grace did the rest; and, one fine day, he said to his Pastor: "Here's Daddy Drawfoot, who wishes to go to confession. He's my conquest."

The following day, radiant with happiness, the old man made his Easter-duty, which he had neglected for thirty-eight years; and, thenceforth, he led a good Christian life, repeating to whoever wished to listen to him: "It is to Little Nightingale that I am indebted for the happiness of my declining years."

And Louis, how happy he must have been for having accomplished the greatest deed that can be done here below, that of winning a soul to God.

What that child did, you all can undertake and carry out, with the grace of Jesus and the Blessed Virgin's help. Let each of you look around and . . . having found a soul that does not observe the Law of God and of the Church, endeavour to win it.

Numerous as you are, what a wonderful triumph you can gain over the Prince of Hell, who is intent on perverting souls.

Set to work, then, dear Children, by mean sof prayer, sacrifice and perseverance, and . . . the victory is yours!

*Your Great Friend,*

THE PRECURSOR.

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## Words and Acts

Every kind word that you say  
As you trip along life's way  
Is like a little seed strewn 'neath the sod,  
Though you may forget about it  
It will grow, oh! do not doubt it,  
Into rich fruit for you, blessed by God.

Every kind act that you do  
Will be treasured for you, too,  
Where rust can never eat it or earth's mould,  
And at your dying hour  
It will blossom into flower  
That will bring you joy and bliss a hundredfold.

# 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 Sacred Heart and our dear Mother of Perpetual Help for favours received. Please pray for my two sons in the Army. Mrs. M. R., **Biddeford, Me.**—Thanksgiving to our Immaculate and loving Mother for her solicitude in our behalf. I have suffered greatly in spirit, mind and body, ill health, and various adverse circumstances, during the past year, but this spring, our dear Compassionate Mother seems to smile upon me, and I am receiving a large measure of relief and consolation for which I am most grateful. J. N. B., **Ottawa, Ont.**—I want to thank Our Lady for a favour received. Please have a remembrance in your prayers for my son who is going into the air force. I am also asking you to make a Novena for me as my nerves are very bad and I am suffering very much with arthritis in my knees. Mrs. A. D., **Montreal.**—Thanksgiving for a favour obtained through the intercession of our Heavenly Mother. We also ask for prayers for other special intentions to be obtained by members of our household. Miss C. M. R., **Hemmingford, Que.**—Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for favours which she has granted and is still granting me. Also please help me to pray for the conversion of a loved one. Miss R. B., **Skowhegan, Me.**—I wish to thank our beloved Mother, the Blessed Virgin, for benefits received. Mrs. A. L., **Sweetsburg, Que.**—Lively gratitude for a favour obtained. A subscriber.—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a grace received. A subscriber, **Montreal.**—Homage of gratitude for a benefit received. Mrs. A. T., **Ville Emard.**—I am acquitting myself of a promise in thanksgiving for a favour obtained. M. L. G.—Heartfelt thanks to the Immaculate Virgin for a favour received through her intercession. I request another grace. A subscriber to **THE PRECURSOR, Montreal.**—Thanksgiving to Mary Immaculate who has granted my prayers. M. A. D., **St. Ferréol.**—Lively gratitude for a favour obtained through the Miraculous Medal, Mrs. N. S., **Verdun.**—Lively gratitude towards our Heavenly Mother for graces received through her intercession. Mrs. J. B.—I am acquitting myself of a promise in honour of the Blessed Virgin who has heard my prayers and granted me my cure. Mrs. R. L., **Montreal.**—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a cure obtained. Mrs. P. Lorrain, **Montreal.**—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. J. B.—Lively gratitude for the success of an operation. Mrs. A. R., **Lauson.**—I thank God for the favours He has granted me through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin: health, work, protection, and the conversion of a dear one. Anonymous.—Homage of gratitude. O. R., **Rivière des Prairies.**—Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. B. C., **Montreal.**—I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for her many favours. R. G.—Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. M. J. C., **Pont Viau.**—A thousand thanks to the Blessed Virgin for improvement in health. Mrs. E. C., **Montreal.**—Thanksgiving for a favour received. M. R. C., **Viauville.**—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. J. A. L., **Montreal.**—Homage of gratitude for a favour obtained. Mrs. A. T., **St. Stanislaus.**—Lively gratitude towards the Child Jesus for a favour obtained through the intercession of His Divine Mother. Mrs. R. C., **Ville Emard.**—Thanksgiving for a grace obtained concerning my brother's conduct. Anonymous.—I acquit myself of a promise in honour of the Blessed Virgin, in thanksgiving for a grace obtained through her intercession. Mrs. A. D.—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. A. D., **St. Agathe.**—Thanksgiving to Mary for a favour obtained. Mrs. H. Lespérance, **Montreal.**

## The Canonization of the Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort

The great number of persons who, in their spiritual life, attend the school of the Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort, beatified in 1888, will be pleased to hear that he is to be canonized in the near future.

On December 16th, there took place the final examination of two miracles attributed to the Servant of God, the instantaneous cure of Sister Mary of Calvary and of Sister Mary Teresa, who have recovered perfect health though their case was hopeless.

After this examination session, the Pope issued on January 11th, a decree in which, after recalling the role of the Blessed Virgin according to the Catholic Faith and the teachings of



the Fathers of the Church, and after citing St. Bernard, he added: "In a closer epoch, another servant of Mary, the Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort, has spoken very much of the Blessed Virgin and founded a Congregation of priests under the name of the Company of Mary, and a Congregation of teaching Sisters called the Sisters of Wisdom. To reward a whole life devoted to publications on her glories, Mary raised him to a high degree of sanctity which God has sanctioned by two miracles which, solemnly approved, led to his beatification in 1888. With the purpose of coming to the process of canonization, two other miracles were examined, in order to decide on the miraculous nature of the cures in question...."

"These cures," continues the decree, "were examined according to all the regular formalities of the Congregation of Rites, and the Holy Father declared that certainty had been established regarding the two miracles wrought by God through the intercession of the Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort, that is to say, the instantaneous and complete cure of the above-mentioned persons."

On January 27th, a last assembly of the Congregation of Rites was convoked to pronounce on the question of knowing if, considering the approbation of the two above-mentioned miracles, they could proceed with assurance to the solemn canonization of the Venerable Servant of God. And the decree called "*de tuto*" followed.

Nevertheless, the following message came from Rome: "The Canonization will take place in better times only, for the Pope does not intend minimizing the grandest feasts of the Church."

All this along with a great miracle obtained in Bulgaria, last June, is an encouragement to make ourselves familiar with the doctrine of the Servant of God, especially in his treatises on "The Love of Eternal Wisdom" and "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin", and to have recourse to his intercession.

— MONTFORTAIN.

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.

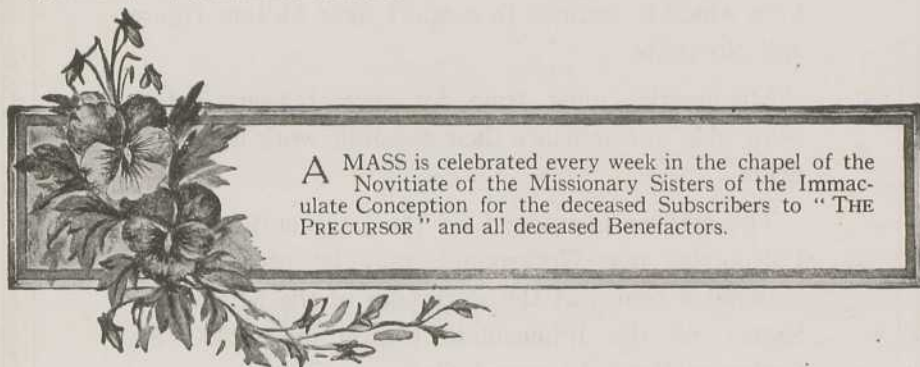
## PETITIONS

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

Please pray for me, that my prayers may be answered. Mrs. M. S., **Verdun**.— Would you please join your prayers with ours in asking the Blessed Mother for three favours if it is the Will of God. Mrs. L. E. DeF., **St. Johnsbury, Vt.**— Please pray for me that I may get well. Mrs. M. B., **Webster, Mass.**— I am in great trouble; please have prayers said for me. Miss C. S. S.— Kindly remember a very special intention of mine in your prayers. Mrs. P. L. L., **Renfrew, Ont.**— Would you please pray for my daughter who has left for the Convent. Mrs. H. R. D., **Ville Lasalle**.— I wish you to make a Novena for me for the sale of a property. Mrs. G. H. R., **Arnprior, Ont.**— Will you please pray for a special intention. Mrs. A. B., **Worcester, Mass.**— Please pray for my poor boy who is about to join the army. Mrs. J. B.— Please have two candles burn in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary for two special favours. M. J. B., **Pineville, N. B.**— Please pray that my sight will not become any worse and arthritis in my feet and hands not become too serious. Kindly pray for my husband also, as his knees are very sore. Mrs. R. D., **Millbury, Mass.**— My husband has been sick in the hospital for the past few months, he is progressing very well, but I am sure that with the help of your prayers God would restore him to health. Mrs. T. B., **Montreal**.— Would you kindly pray for my son's speedy recovery, for my husband's health and for my other three boys. Mrs. J. D., **Brunswick, Me.**— Will you please pray for my husband's cure and for a very special intention. Mrs. Wm. H., **Verdun**.— Please pray for my little boy who is sick and is going to have his tonsils taken out; also pray for my husband, that he may have steady work. W. P.— Kindly pray for us, that we may keep our position. Mr. and Mrs. E. B., **Kénogami**.—

Would you kindly pray for the conversion of a young girl. Anonymous.—Kindly pray to the Blessed Virgin, that we may obtain health and that an affair may be settled. Mrs. E. B., **Montreal**.—Please have a special intention for me when praying to Our Lady. Mrs. R. S.—I would like you to say special prayers to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for the conversion of persons dear to me and for other favours. Anonymous.—Please join me in prayer to obtain a spiritual favour and a position for my son. Mrs. J. B., **Quebec**.—I request prayers for my sick child. Mrs. A. Richard.—Kindly ask the Blessed Virgin to grant my husband more lively faith, and to intercede for me, that I may obtain my cure. A subscriber.—Please pray for the conversion of my daughter. M. L. C.—Please pray for a change in my son's conduct—he drinks very much—and for my recovery. Anonymous.—Full of confidence, I request my cure of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. A. Graf.—Special prayers are requested for an important favour. Mrs. D., **Montreal**.—Please pray for a mother's health. A subscriber, **Montreal**.—Kindly pray for the conversion of a person dear to me. Anonymous.—I am requesting a cure through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. W. G., **Montreal**.—May Our Lady of Perpetual Help assist us in finding a lodging. I also request prayers for my three daughters. An afflicted subscriber.—An orphan, sick and without work, would like you to ask Our Lady to have pity on him. A subscriber.—Kindly pray for two intentions of mine. J. D. L.—Would you kindly say a special prayer for me. Miss L. C., **Montreal**.—How grateful I would be if you had the kindness of praying for my dear father, who has been laid up with rheumatism. A subscriber, **St. Georges de Beauce**.—Please say a prayer for my cure and my vocation. A subscriber.

Prayers are requested for the following intentions: vocations, 7; conversions, 11; cures, 48; positions, 10; special intentions, 55.



## NECROLOGY

Reverend Father Ernest Maheu, P. P., **St. Clet**; Mr. Cléophas Chartrand, **Montreal**, father of our Sister Marie des Neiges; Mrs. Arthur Therien, **St. Léonard d'Aston**, mother of our Sister Joseph Arthur; Mrs. Isaie Savard, **Ville St. Laurent**, mother of our Sister St. Laurent; Mr. Louis St. Pierre, **Lowell, Mass.**, grandfather of our Sister St. Pierre Nolasque; Mr. Wilfrid Gingras, **Dayville, Conn.**; Mr. John Patton, **England**; Mrs. James Bryson, **Woodstock, Ont.**; Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, **Montreal**; Mrs. Ethel Darragh-Bikitch, **Montreal**; Mrs. P. Shea, **Verdun**; Mr. Thos. F. Cuddihy, **Outremont**; Mr. Adam Mickewicay, **Montreal**; Mr. Patrick Keenan, **Montreal**; Mr. Henry McErlean, **Northern Ireland**; Miss Helen Tobin, **Montreal West**; Sergeant Observer Patrick O'Brien, killed on active service in **England**, March 23, 1942.



## Please Help the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

*By procuring work for them.*

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

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

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

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

SHAMEEN, School.

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

Lazaretto.

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

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

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SUCHOW, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1934).

Training of native virgins. Dispensary.

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## IN MANCHUKUO, VIA JAPAN

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Dispensary. School.

TAONAN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

Dispensary. Boarding-School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

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

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## IN JAPAN

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

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

Kindergarten.

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## IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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

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

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## IN ITALY

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Procure for the Missions.



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of the

## Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.
  2. — **Protectors**, those who by the donation of \$500.00, provide the dowry and trousseau for a poor novice. By combining their alms, a parish, community or family may have a right to this title.  
A Founder's or Protector's Diploma is awarded to persons making the above-mentioned donations.
  3. — **Subscribers**, those who give an annual offering of \$25.00.
  4. — **Associates**, those who give the sum of \$2.00 a year.
- 

## Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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