

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIII, 20th Year MONTREAL, September-October, 1942 No. 11

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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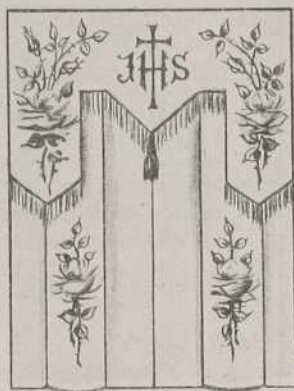
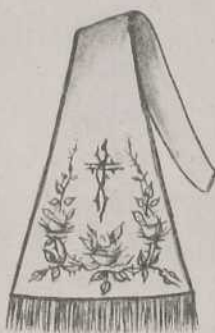
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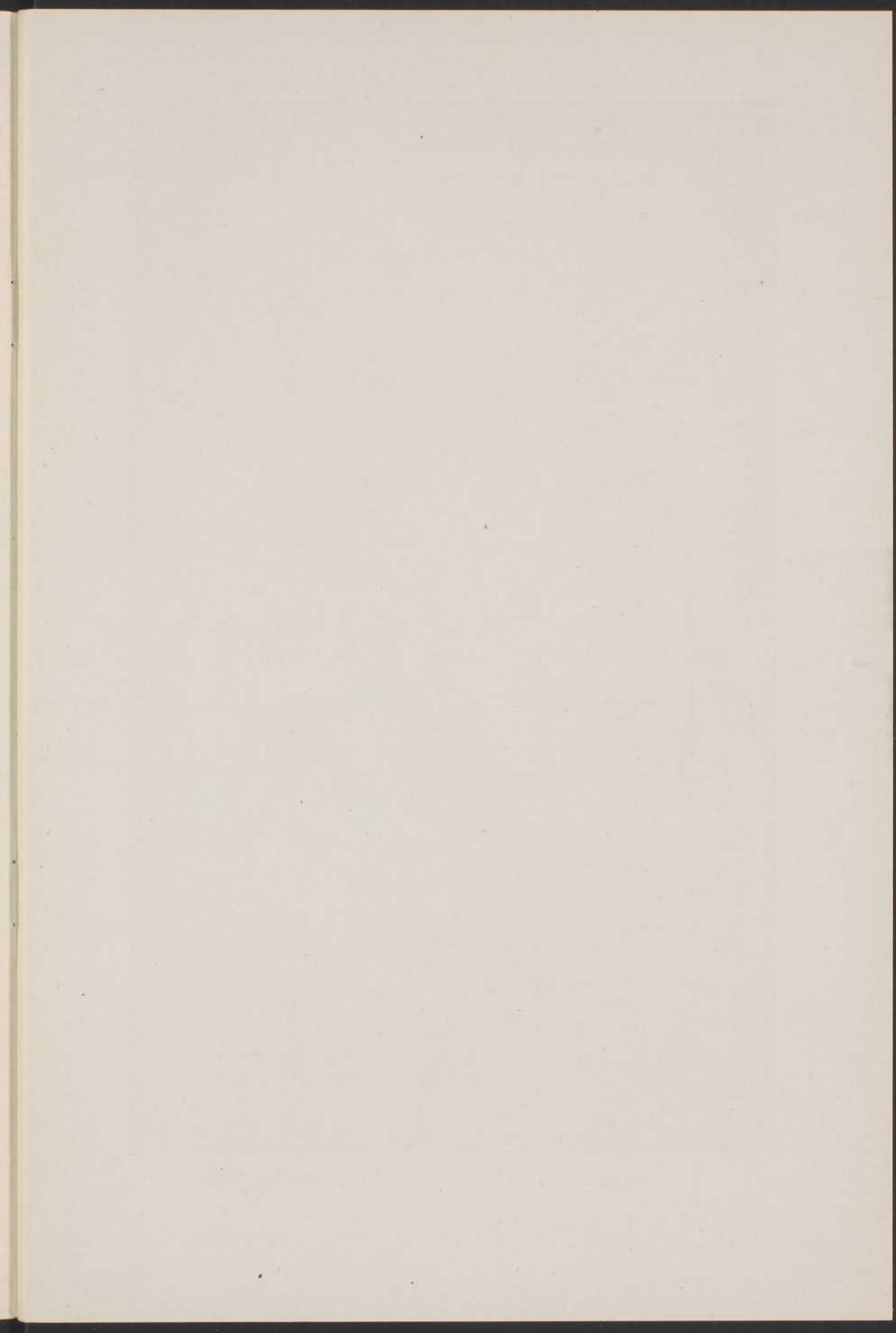
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THE PRECURSOR

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of the Immaculate Conception

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Vol. XIII, 20th Year

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CONTENTS

To Renew the Face of the Earth.....	<i>The Precursor</i> 627
The Most Beautiful of Prayers.....	<i>Father C. Rolland</i> 629
The Slave's Rosary.....	634
Send Your Ave Marias to the Front.....	<i>Fr. Le Tisseur</i> 636
The Pope's Message.....	<i>His Holiness Pope Pius XII</i> 638
In Remembrance of the Tercentenary of Montreal.....	<i>Le Devoir</i> 641
O Harvest-Master.....	<i>The Precursor</i> 646
Mother Marie du St. Esprit.....	<i>Abbé C. Rondeau, P. M. E.</i> 647
The Conversion of the Confucianists.....	<i>Jean Marie Sédès</i> 651
A Modern Martyr.....	<i>Very Rev. J. A. Walsh, M. Ap.</i> 653
Our Father.....	655
The Call to Sanctity for Men of Action.....	<i>Leo Merklem</i> 658
After Holy Hour.....	<i>The Redaction</i> 659
A Woman Will Have Her Own Way.....	<i>The Redaction</i> 663
The Force of Example.....	<i>Lives of the Saints</i> 665
Echoes from Our Missions.....	666
Novitiate Chronicles.....	676
A Novice's Day.....	679
The Children's Page.....	688
Thanksgiving - Petitions - Necrology.....	687

ILLUSTRATIONS

Chinese Children Praying for Their Benefactors.....	
Our Lady, Queen of Peace.....	626
Our Lady of the Holy Rosary.....	631
Our King.....	646
The Patroness of Missionaries.....	655
A Happy Meeting.....	659
On a Visit.....	664
The Novitiate Hall, Pont Viau.....	680
Under the Trees at the Novitiate.....	681
The Divine Sower.....	684
Pius X and the Immaculate Virgin.....	686



Our Lady, Queen of Peace

To Renew the Face of the Earth

Proud Lucifer had mustered up his hordes,
Informed them of his hate communiqué —
“He shall not reign, the thorn-crowned Nazarene!
Go, shatter now the sceptre of His sway!”
The savage yell was launched; they madly rushed
All Satan’s satellites in cursed accord;
With limb of steel they clutched and brandished out
The spear of Sin, Temptation’s blood-smeared sword.

And then, alas! forgetfulness of God,
Of Christ’s injunctions, marred our human sphere!
Men heeded not the golden law of Love,
The call of conscience and of precepts clear.
While nations rose in persecution’s strife
That made of men faith’s martyrs manifold,
That drenched the altars with the blood of saints,
Laid waste their consecrated lieus of old.

But there arose above the blaring din
In these arenas wild — a voice one day —
A General proclaiming boldly out
To every man His Peace Communiqué.
With mercy-pulses throbbed His knowing heart,
While Love divine was smiling in His eyes;
He said: “I am the Way, the Truth, the Life;
My peace I give” — but not in worldly guise.

With royal grace came Mary from on high
And smiled her love in caverned Pyrenees;
Within the grotto grey she sought the prayers
The penance of a maiden on her knees.
Yet Sin, alas, — that flaming Antechrist,
In living souls the Godly sought to kill;
While passions unappeasable, supreme,
Made mortals stoop to evils baser still.

*Before this yawning pit of infamy,
Of stark ingratitude, the wrath of God
Wrote justice and the penalty to pay,
The great eternal price chastisement called.
Within His breast there beat a human heart,
A heart that sobbed in olden Bethany;
His justice and His mercy were at odds,
And justice lost the combat of the day!*

*Now men have learnt that true nobility
Is never greater than when bowed in prayer!
They called on God to still the raging sea,
The bloody carnage rife with blank despair.
For He a guilty, reckless universe,
To cast in throes of war has now decreed,
That men may look beyond their passing ken,
And gaze on Him through eyes that burn and bleed!*

*Ah! truly do men need this deep heart-thrust,
From deviating paths their feet to draw!
To make them kiss the meanness of the dust,
Who raised in pride their arm against Thy law!
Yet more — we need to praying lips unite
The expiation of a heart contrite,
And learn within Thy sacred Book the way
Of purity, of justice and of right!*

*But to appease the Father in His wrath,
We need again some mediating voice,
When scarce we dare a Mediator seek;
Yet one there is — O sons of men, rejoice!
Her Queenliness remembers humankind,
She folded once a Man-God to her breast;
And since then every human being knows
The home of God can give the sinner rest!*

*From Mary, Queen of Mercy, come implore
The grace of God to all absolve and free;
And strew around her sanctuaried throne,
The priceless gems of her dear Rosary.
For prayer alone can dissipate the clouds
That hide God's Beauty from our weeping eyes,
Transforming this our vale of pain and tears
In prelude sweet to God's own Paradise!*

— THE PRECURSOR.

The Most Beautiful of Prayers



AFTER the Mass, the Chaplet is the most beautiful of prayers. It is, in reality, composed of four elements. Each decade begins with the *Pater*, continues with ten *Ave Marias*, finishes with the *Gloria Patri* and is accompanied by the meditation of one of the principal Mysteries of our Religion, which are reduced to fifteen:—five Joyful Mysteries: the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity of Our Lord, the Presentation of Jesus in the Temple, and the Finding of Our Lord by the Blessed Virgin, in the midst of the Doctors; five Sorrowful Mysteries: the Agony of Jesus, the Scourging, the Crowning with thorns, the Carrying of the Cross, and the Crucifixion;—five Glorious Mysteries: the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Assumption of Mary, and her Crowning in Heaven. How magnificent, sublime and excellent are these four elements of the Chaplet!

Wholly Divine is the *Pater*. It was dictated entirely by Jesus; so that, to pray to God, we have a formula prescribed by God Himself. It fully includes all the prayers that we can offer to Him, either as praises or as petitions. It is a prayer which is a summary of all Our Lord's instructions; a prayer, the beginning of which fills my heart with sweet emotions: God, so great, is My Father; God, My Father, is in Heaven; Heaven, then, is my home! It is a prayer composed of seven petitions, which are seven acts of charity. The first three petitions concern God's glorification; the four others refer to our interests and those of our neighbour, for time and Eternity. We implore assistance and protection for the body and the soul; we solicit the forgiveness of our past sins, the preservation from the punishment merited by them and the grace not to commit any more.

Magnificent is the *Ave Maria*. It is, on the whole, the work of the Holy Ghost. It is composed of the words officially said to Mary by the Archangel Gabriel, on the part of God, as His ambassador: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women;" and those pronounced by St. Elizabeth, inspired by the Holy Ghost, on the day of the Visitation: "Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb;" and those that the Church, directed by the Holy Ghost, has added, inserting the names of Jesus and Mary and adopting the beautiful invocation made by St. Cyril at the Council of Ephesus: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen." It is, like the *Pater*, a prayer that includes everything, be it praise to Mary or be it supplication. A wonderfully perfect prayer, it is short and excludes distractions. It is humble: we justly take in it the title of sinners. It is confident: we base our request on the most solid foundations, we invoke Mary as the most holy of creatures, as the Mother of the Creator and, consequently, as having great influence on His Heart. It is very wise and discreet in what it solicits: grace for the present moment, which changes at every instant for each person; and the supreme grace, the most important one, which is the same for all human beings, the grace of a happy death through Mary's intercession.

Admirable is the *Gloria Patri*. Composed and prescribed by Pope St. Damasus, this short and expressive praise to the Blessed Trinity is a summary of all the praises contained in the Holy Scriptures and, particularly, in the psalms and hymns of the Church. It is an echo of the eternal trisagion, which resounds unceasingly in the Heavenly Realms. It is the formula of the two most excellent acts of love that we can address to the Father, to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, love of desire or benevolence in the first part and love of complacency in the second. It is a continual and most efficacious act of reparation for the insults which, at every instant, ascend from the earth to Heaven, as an insolent provocation. Listen, do we say to you with an eloquent liturgist of our times. The infamous cry of "war against God", that we have had the misfortune to hear, is not new in the world. Ever since Lucifer, the rebellious angel, uttered it for the first time in Heaven, it has been repeated unceasingly and more or less openly by men in every century. Each iniquity that is committed on earth, each blasphemy that is pronounced, each unjust law that is promulgated, each invective cast at the Church, each sin, in short, is a war-cry against God, a terrible, satanic cry, by which we outrage His majesty and defy His anger.

While this continual war-cry offends Heaven, the Church and her children, full of zeal for God's glory, raise another persevering cry of praise, which appeases this same Heaven. Beside the voice which insults, is constantly heard the voice which blesses. Opposite the furious army of those who curse, rises the peaceful army of those who bless. "War!" clamour some; "Glory!" answer the others. "War against the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost!" vociferate hell and all its agents. "Glory to the Father, to the Son and to the Holy Ghost!" answer the Church and her devoted sons. "Now and ever and throughout all centuries!" exclaim the senseless. "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be!" answer we in our turn.

Splendid, finally, is the meditation of *the mysteries of Our Lord's life, death and glory*.

Let us, then, recite the Chaplet, because it is a most beautiful prayer; let us recite it, because it is a prayer which is made for all, which is universal in its destination. For God's glory and our salvation, let us recite our Chaplet; let us recite it *assiduously*, letting no day go by without reciting it entirely or, at least, a few decades of *Ave Marias*. Nothing is easier than to accomplish this delightful pious practice, for the Chaplet can be recited in the fields or in the house, at church or travelling, standing or kneeling, seated or even in bed. Let us recite our Chaplet *piously*, with attention, keeping our mind on it, either by varying our intentions and thinking, while praying, sometimes of ourselves, sometimes of our relatives, sometimes of our friends, sometimes of our benefactors, sometimes of the souls in Purgatory, sometimes of the Church, and sometimes of the needs of our Country; or by pronouncing the words slowly and enjoying them at leisure; or by recalling one of the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary. Let us recite our Chaplet with the intention of gaining as many indulgences as possible, using, for that purpose, beads that are richly indulgenced. Let us recite

our Chaplet with *pure hearts*, not because it is the prayer of the just exclusively — for one of the great virtues of the Chaplet is to bring sinners back to God — but because the more holy our soul will be, the more detached it will be from sin and the more inflamed it will be with the love of eternal good, the more pleasing will be our homage to Mary.

THE HOLY ROSARY

The Holy Rosary is a manner of prayer which the Blessed Virgin herself taught her faithful servant, St. Dominic, Founder of the Order of Friars Preachers. It consists in reciting fifteen decades of *Ave Marias*, each preceded by a *Pater* and followed by a *Gloria Patri*, meditating at each decade upon one of the principal Mysteries of our Faith.



The Rosary devotion, this complete summary of the Gospel, as Father Faber says, should be dear to us for the most convincing reasons: it is a devotion highly recommended by the Sovereign Pontiffs; it is an admirable devotion, considered in its elements; it is a devotion abounding in fruits of salvation.

The Sovereign Pontiffs have not ceased, since its institution, to recommend the Rosary with exceptional praises. Thus, Urban VI attested that, every day, the Rosary obtained advantages for the Christian people; Sixtus IV said that this manner of praying glorifies God and the Blessed Virgin and is particularly powerful in averting the dangers threatening the world; Leo X declared that it was instituted against the heresiarchs and the heresies; and Julius III called it the glory of the Church. St. Pius V said, also, referring to the Rosary, that, by the propagation of this kind of prayer, the faithful began to be fervent in meditation and ardent in prayer; then, they became other men, the shadows of heresy were dissipated and the light of the Catholic Faith shone in all its brightness. Gregory XIII, in his turn, declared that the Rosary had been instituted by St. Dominic to appease God's anger and implore the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. But no other Pope worked with as much zeal as His Holiness Leo XIII to spread the Rosary devotion. Every year after 1883, he endeavoured, by the most touching exhortations, to revive everywhere devotion to the Holy Rosary and encourage the recitation of it, privately and publicly. Following the examples of his glorious and holy predecessors, especially the great and immortal Pius V, the Pope of Lepanto, he raised anew, in the Christian camp, the standard of Mary and adjured the bishops, priests and faithful to form a spiritual crusade against the sworn enemies of God and Christ. Recalling that the Blessed Virgin is, when God so wills, "terrible as an army in battle array", and enumerating so many brilliant victories which are unquestionably due to her intercession, the Sovereign Pontiff revived faith, aroused zeal and, finally, determined, from one end of the world to the other, immense supplications.

Listen to the authorized voice of this glorious Vicar of Christ:

"None of you, Venerable Brethren, are unaware of the anguish and sorrow caused to the holy Church of God, towards the end of the twelfth century, by the Albigensian heretics who, generated by the last Manichean sect, flooded the south of France and all the other countries of the Latin world with their pernicious errors. By the terror of their arms, they extended everywhere their domination with murder and ruin.

"Against this plague, God, in His mercy, raised up the illustrious Father and Founder of the Dominican Order. Animated with the spirit from on high, this hero, great by the integrity of his doctrine, by the example of his virtues and by his apostolic works, advanced against the enemies of the Catholic Church, not with violence and arms, but with the most absolute faith in this Rosary devotion, which he was the first to make known and which his children have borne to the four extremities of the world. He foresaw, by Divine inspiration, that this devotion, like a powerful war-engine, would put the enemies to flight and confound their audacity and foolish impiety. And that is, indeed, what was verified by the event. Thanks to this new manner of praying, adopted and put regularly into practice by the Order of St. Dominic, piety, honesty and concord began to take root, and the projects and stratagems of the heretics, to fall into ruins. Thanks to it, also, many misled souls were brought back to the right path, and the fury of the unbelievers was repressed by the Catholic armies, which had been levied for the purpose of repelling force by force.

"The efficacy and power of this prayer were also experienced in the sixteenth century, when the countless armies of the Turks were on the point of imposing the yoke of superstition and barbarism upon almost the whole of Europe. At that time, the Sovereign Pontiff, St. Pius V, after inspiring all the Christian Princes with a spirit of common defense, endeavoured, everywhere and by all means, to obtain for the Christian name the assistance of the Rosary. A great spectacle was presented in those days to Heaven and earth, rallying all minds and persuading all hearts. The faithful of Christ, resolved to shed their blood and sacrifice their lives for their Religion and their Country, marched, regardless of the numbers, against the enemy massed not far from the Gulf of Corinth, while those who were not able to follow them, a pious army of supplicants, invoked Mary, begging her by the recitation of the Rosary to grant the victory to those who were fighting.

"Our Lady, thus invoked, granted their prayer; and, in the naval battle near the Echinades Islands, the Christian fleet, without suffering any great losses, won a striking victory and destroyed the enemy forces.

"It is why the same holy Pontiff, in gratitude for such a great benefit, wished that a feast in honour of Our Lady of Victory should perpetuate the memory of such a glorious combat, and Gregory XIII inaugurated this feast under the title of the Holy Rosary.

"Likewise, in the last century, important victories were won over the Turks at Temesvar, in Pannonia, and at Corcyra, on days dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and at the close of public prayers celebrated by the recitation of the Rosary."

The same evils which afflicted Christendom at the time of St. Dominic, afflict the Church to-day: Christian piety, public morals and faith itself, which is the supreme good and the source of every virtue, are daily threatened with the greatest perils. To the same evils, let us apply the same remedy: the Holy Rosary.

— Father C. ROLLAND.

The Portiuncula of the Rosary

(1st Sunday of October)

This precious Plenary Indulgence was granted by Pope Pius V in commemoration of the naval victory of Lepanto over the Turkish fleet on the first Sunday of October in 1571, and confirmed by his successors, particularly His Holiness Leo XIII.

All the faithful may gain this Indulgence on the day of the solemnity of the Holy Rosary from the eve at midnight.

They must: a) go to confession; b) receive Communion; c) visit a church where the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary is canonically erected; d) pray there for the intentions of the Pope. Confession and Communion are required, but on the conditions foreseen by canon 931, that is to say: one may go to confession on the very day or within the eight preceding or following days; Communion may be received on the same day, on the eve, or within the following eight days, in any church. Those who are in the habit of going to confession twice a month or of receiving Communion at least five times a week are not bound to go to confession within these limits.

This Indulgence is gained *toties quoties*, that is to say, as often as the prayers and visits are renewed. It is applicable to the Souls in Purgatory.

One must visit *the chapel of the Rosary or a picture of Our Lady* exposed in the church. The visits must be separate (one must go out of the church each time).

According to a decree of the Sacred Penitentiary (July 10, 1924), the following conditions are required to gain the Portiuncula Indulgence: to recite at least six "Our Fathers", "Hail Marys" and "Glory be to the Fathers" at each visit.

— *Semaine Religieuse de Montreal.*

Indulgences Attached to the Feast of the Rosary and the Exercises of the Month

Numerous indulgences, applicable to the faithful departed, are attached to the Feast of the Holy Rosary and the Exercises of the Month.

1.— *An Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines* each time, to those who attend the recitation of the beads, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and the prayer to St. Joseph, and pray for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. When one is detained from attending, this Indulgence may be gained by the private recitation of the same prayers.

2.— *A Plenary Indulgence* on the ordinary conditions, confession and Communion, to those who, during the month of October, recite these prayers at least ten times either in public or in private.

3.— *A Plenary Indulgence* may be gained on the Feast of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary or on a day within the Octave, on the ordinary conditions, confession, Communion, a visit to a church or chapel and a prayer to God and the Blessed Virgin for the Pope's intentions.

4.— Finally, let us not forget that at all times — the month of the Rosary is a favourable occasion to think of it — *a Plenary Indulgence* may be gained each time we say the beads before the Blessed Sacrament exposed or in the Tabernacle, provided we have fulfilled the ordinary conditions.

The Slave's Rosary



AT the foot of the modest altar in their thatched church, the negroes of the Mission were reciting the Rosary. Three years previously the missionaries had settled there, in the heart of Africa, and had grouped around themselves quite a number of natives converted by their incessant preaching.

Secret anxiety reigned in the Mission, as news had spread that "the Arabs were near". The neophytes were frightened, for the Arabs were slave-hunters.

As night was falling, flames rose on the horizon and the smoke became dense. The intruders had set fire to the surrounding huts.

The Superior of the Mission assembled his brothers to deliberate. What were they to do? . . . Struggle against the assailants? . . . There could be no question of it.

However, cries of distress were heard throughout the village; weeping women vainly called their sons and husbands captured by the slave-hunters while working in the fields. One could see from the Mission the Mohammedans camped on the hill.

"Listen," said the Superior; "I will go to the barbarians' camp and threaten their leader with the anger of the Sultan who has jurisdiction over our Mission."

An hour later, the courageous Missionary was standing before Osman, the Arab leader. The latter listened to the priest and answered disdainfully:

"We shall leave you at peace, you and your Christians."

"But," continued the Religious, "you have among your prisoners several men of the Mission who were working in the fields. You must restore them to me . . ."

"No," came his reply, "they were not in the village; I will keep them unless you pay a ransom for each one of them."

Menaces and entreaties were in vain. Money! Money! They wanted money, and the Missionary had so little!

The prisoners on perceiving the priest called out to him: "Father, Father, deliver us, ransom us! Can you abandon us, you who are so kind?"

"No, children, no! I shall come back!"

He went to the village; he took all the money he had left from the gifts of Catholic countries, and the negroes brought him a few silver coins they had saved. He then returned to the Arab camp. One after another, the ransomed prisoners, overjoyed, saw their fetters fall to the ground. Of the amount brought, the missionary had but a few rupees left and two of his children were still in chains: a mother and her son.

"Ransom him, Father, oh! ransom him!" the woman pleaded in a supplicating tone. "I am old and will die soon; besides, I am baptized, God will sustain me in slavery; whereas he is young and not baptized yet, a mere catechumen; take him with you!" — "My God! My God!" sighed the priest, "If only I were able to deliver these last two!"

Pointing to the young negro, the Arab said malignantly: "To have this one, you will have to give me ten times as much as you have. Look at these shoulders, that body . . . there is a fellow who'll carry a double load of ivory! As for the old woman, give me the rupees you have left and take her."

The young man's countenance lit up with joy. "Go, mother," he said, "Who knows? I may come back . . . Pray for me, and you, Father, do not leave me without having given me the Waters that wash the soul; baptize me!"

Already, the woman's chains had dropped to the ground. At a few steps from there a brooklet was wending its way through the ferns. The missionary stooped to fill his tightly joined hands with water. "If I cannot deliver you

from the cruel slavery of men," murmured he, "I shall deliver you from the ignominious slavery of the devil." And on the catechumen's brow he poured the Purifying Waters, saying: "Paul, I baptize thee, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!"

"Come along!" cried Osman, "Have you finished your grimaces? Enough, and off with the fellows, quick . . . or . . ." His look was threatening.

"Farewell," said the priest to the newly-baptized boy. "Be strong." "I will, Father!" answered the lad. "My mother left me her beads, I know how to pray and I am a Christian! Go away quickly!"

There was joy throughout the mission when the prisoners returned; one heart only was broken with anguish and pain — a mother's heart.

* * *

Overwhelmed with blows and loaded with abuse, the captives advanced through the virgin forests and marshes. At last, the vast expanse of sea appeared before them.

On the edge of the shore lay anchored a sailing vessel intended to conduct the prisoners to Pemba Island where a slave-market was held. With a thousand precautions the Arabs had them board the ship during the night, that they might not be surprised in their shameful trade by the European cruisers.

When all were assembled at the bow, the ship weighed anchor. Paul, contemplating the stars in the depth of the sky, felt comforted at the thought that Mary was watching over him; and, taking his rosary, he began to recite the Aves slowly. He was not alone to pray. His companions, astonished by his serenity in this painful trial and attracted by his kindness, had learnt of him the secret of his fortitude. He was a Christian.

With the zeal of an apostle, Paul had spoken to them of his faith during their long and painful marches; and as it was impossible to instruct them on all points, he had taught them the Rosary. When the guards were dozing or left the slaves a few moments' respite, the young man would state a mystery, give a brief explanation of it, which was repeated from mouth to mouth to the other end of the row; then he whispered the "Hail Mary" which they learned in the same way, and while he prayed, his companions united with him mentally.

They had placed their hope therein. That Unknown Woman was known to them; she was the mother of a God; she had a throne in Heaven, she was powerful, she could deliver them!

In the morning a cannon shot screamed through the air. It was the signal of a cruiser ordering the Mohammedan ship to stop for inspection. Osman, furious, came towards the negroes and said in a threatening tone: "You rejoice on hearing this signal. Well, if you care to live, you will tell these men you are free passengers . . . You hear me? . . . We shall remove your chains and the ten who will have screamed the loudest: 'We are here of our own will!' will no longer be slaves and I shall take them back to the coast!"

This stratagem had already been successful several times, and the crafty Arab added: "If you say the contrary, immediately the vessel will be blown to bits and all of us with it!" He smiled on thinking that once again the Europeans would be powerless against him.

"My religion forbids me to tell a lie," exclaimed Paul, "I will speak the truth!" And turning towards the other captives he added: "The Virgin Mary does not deliver liars!"

All, influenced by his example, and confiding in that Unknown Woman who alone could deliver them, cried out in one voice: "No, no, we will not tell a lie!"

"Ah! ha!" vociferated Osman, "such is the case? Well, down into the hold, all of you! . . . A few minutes later the negroes were there, deprived of air or light, and the packages of ivory and bales of cotton were rolled over them.

Revolver in hand, the mariners of the cruiser uselessly searched the boat, and were far from suspecting that, unconscious for the greater number, and agonizing, men were under their feet. They were withdrawing, when the captain was startled: a Rosary hung from a bale of cotton.

"A Rosary on a Mohammedan ship!" he exclaimed; "that is suspicious . . . Search the ship again, and to the very bottom; displace all the bales." Osman, out of his wits, wanted to rush on the one who had given that order; the captain's revolver pointed at him checked him.

Like heavenly strains, the voices of the French mariners resounded in the ears of the slaves while the air penetrating into the hold made them recover consciousness.

"You are free! You are free!"

"Whose Rosary is this?" asked the captain when all were brought out on deck.

"It is mine," said Paul. "I lost it when we were thrust into the hold."

"Take it and thank the Madonna. Had it not been for your Rosary we should not have found you!"

Osman and his men were enchained and transhipped on the cruiser to be punished as they deserved. Paul and the negroes were brought back to the coast.

"We want to be Christians!" said the negroes, "we shall go with you to the white man."

How describe the joy and emotion of the missionary on seeing Paul return to him with those he had won to the Faith? How describe the enthusiasm of the Christians of the village? And how speak of the mother's happiness on finding her son?

A few months after this incident the people of the village were assembled for a beautiful Baptism ceremony. The Rosary was recited with more fervour than ever; and the picture of Our Lady was carried processionally around the church while the negroes scattered flowers and hailed Our Lady:

"Blessed be Our Lady of Africa! Blessed be Our Lady of the Rosary!"



Send Your Ave Marias to the Front!



N the factory where woolen goods were being manufactured for the soldiers, little Louise was running from one employee to another, rendering a few services — on the whole, however, far more a bother than a help. But what of it, she was such a lovable child!

Mr. Coughney, President of the Committee, after having inspected every department, stopped to contemplate the indefatigable agility of the child.

"See here, Louise, how many pairs of socks have you knitted? How many are you sending to the front?"

"I do not know how to knit," answered calmly the serious-minded child. "But, instead of sending socks to the front, I send *Ave Marias*."

"Marvelous idea!" laughed Mr. Coughney, somewhat ironically. "*Ave Marias*! How do you send them? In a trunk? Do you forward them right to the trenches?"

"I send them where they are most needed," explained the imperturbable child. "I do not know where they go, but I give them to the Blessed Virgin. She sees to helping the soldiers, those who are most miserable, or those who pray to her morning and night. She will send them to the trenches, in hospi-

tals, on sea . . . I do not know where, for one cannot see from here, but the Madonna, she sees everything from Heaven and she arranges all things well."

"But the soldiers suffer from the cold — they need woolens, my dear Louise, and I don't see how your *Ave Marias* can be of much use to them," insisted the President, seeking to be amused.

"Do you think so?" said Louise. "As for me, I pray, and the Madonna will make many people think of buying wool and knitting for the soldiers. For it is she, the Madonna, that sends us good thoughts by the angels. I tell her this while saying my *Ave Marias*."

"I understand, I understand," answered Mr. Coughney, thrusting his hands in his pockets and not smiling any more, "I understand . . . But what can I do, Louise? That is all a bureaucratic system unknown to me. However, continue the work. Perhaps you are right, you."

Yes, the child was right. You also, dear Readers, send to the front thousands of *Ave Marias*. What assistance they can procure the soldiers!

If the shells have brought death to many bodies, to how many souls have they not given life! Yes, but that life is not given by the shell itself — the Virgin gives it, she whom the Church proclaims with Jesus and through Him, the "Life of the World".

And, moreover, who will ever record the disasters averted by the *Ave Maria*? Who will number the sufferings consoled, softened by this celestial prayer? And is not the front the zone of perils and great sufferings?

To the *Ave Marias* add a little sacrifice: the two go so well together! Another lesson from the little ones.

In an infant school, every day the children said the beads for the country and for the papas who were fighting. One day, during the recitation of the habitual prayer, four boys ranging from four to six remained on their knees. "You may be seated!" To that invitation of the teacher's, the little ones offered an obstinate refusal, and until the very last *Ave Maria* remained kneeling, their arms crossed. Then to the teacher who questioned them, they answered: "You see, Miss, we were making sacrifices for the soldiers."

You also, offer some sacrifices for the soldiers. Added to so many others, they will contribute to the great expiation, and they will draw down Heavenly blessings upon our armies; for the salvation of nations like that of individuals lies in the Cross. Deposit them in your Mother's hands. She will know to whom apply their fruits.

Therefore, to Mary direct your prayers and especially your *Aves*; give her your sacrifices for the soldiers. Do not fear, she keeps nothing for herself. She is president of a relief committee — Divine relief — and her ministers are the angels of God.

— Brother LeTisseur.

Golden Coins

Saint Gertrude tells us that one day she offered a hundred and fifty *Ave Marias* to the Blessed Virgin, praying Mary to remember her when came the hour of death. She beheld each *Ave Maria* under the form of a gold coin. The Blessed Virgin was gathering them with care and was giving Gertrude the assurance that she would receive help and consolation according to the number of *Ave Marias* she would recite.

Souls concerned with your salvation, recite the beads every day. Do not lie down at night without having paid this tribute of praise to Mary. The *Ave Marias* will return to you in showers of blessings.

— ABBE MILLOT

The Pope's Message

Giving Hope to War-Torn World

(Continued)

FOR this reason, We are unable to explain why it is that in some parts of the world countless legislative dispositions bar the way to the message of the Christian Faith while free and ample scope is given to a propaganda that opposes it, youth is withdrawn from the beneficent influence of the Christian family, alienated from the Church, educated in a spirit contrary to the teachings of Christ and imbued with ideas, maxims and practices which are anti-Christian, the work of the Church for the care of souls and for charitable enterprises is rendered arduous and less efficacious while its moral influence on individuals and on society is disregarded and rejected. All these forms of resolute opposition, far from being mitigated or eliminated in the course of the war, have on the contrary in many respects become even more marked.

LOVE FOR ALL PEOPLES

That all this, and even more, should be continued in the midst of the suffering of the present time is a sad commentary on the spirit which animates the enemies of the Church in imposing upon the faithful, already bearing many heavy sacrifices, the irksome and the troublesome burden of a bitter anxiety which weighs upon their consciences.

We love, and in this We call upon God to be Our witness, We love with equal affection all peoples, without any exception whatsoever, and in order to avoid even the appearance of being moved by partisanship We have maintained hitherto the greatest reserve. But the measures directed against the Church and their scope are of such a nature that We feel obliged, in the name of truth, to say a word about it, if only to eliminate the danger of unfortunate misunderstandings amongst the faithful. We behold today, Beloved Children, the God Man, born in a manger to restore man to the greatness from which he had fallen through his own fault and to place him once again on the throne of liberty, of justice and of honor which centuries of error and untruth had denied him.

The foundations of that throne shall be Calvary. It shall be enriched, not with gold or silver, but with the Blood of Christ, the Divine Blood which has overflowed upon the world for twenty centuries to give a scarlet hue to the cheeks of His Spouse, the Church, and which in purifying, consecrating, sanctifying and glorifying its children, takes on the brilliance of heaven.

BEACON OF CIVILIZATION

O, Christian Rome, that Blood is your life. By reason of that Blood, you are great and even the ancient ruins of your pagan greatness are seen in a new light and the codices of the juridical wisdom of the praetors and the Caesars are purified and consecrated. You are the mother of higher and more human justice which does honor to you, to your See, and to those

who hear your voice. You are the beacon of civilization and civilized Europe and the world owes you all that is most sacred and most saintly, all that is most wise and most honorable. In the exalted tradition and proud history of their peoples, you are the mother of charity. Your splendor, your monuments, your hospices, your monasteries, your convents, your heroes and your heroines, your voyages and your missions, your generations and your centuries, with their schools and universities, all bear testimony to the triumphs of your charity, that charity which embraces all, suffers all, hopes for all, becoming all things to all men, consoling and comforting all, curing all and recalling them to that liberty given them by Christ, uniting all peoples in the peace of brotherly love, that charity which brings together all men, regardless of country, language or custom, into one united family and makes of the entire world one common father-land.

CENTER OF CHRISTIANITY

From this Rome, center, rock and teacher of Christianity, from this city called eternal by reason of its relation with the living Christ rather than because of its association with the passing glory of the Caesars; from this Rome, in Our ardent and intense longing for the welfare of individual nations and of all humanity We direct Our appeal to all beseeching and exhorting that the day be not delayed in which, wherever today hostility against God and Christ is dragging men to temporal and eternal ruin, a fuller religious consciousness and new and higher objectives may prevail, and that on that day there may shine resplendently over the manger of the new order among peoples, the guiding Star of Bethlehem, herald of a new order that will rouse all mankind to sing with the angels, "Glory to God in the Highest," and to proclaim as the gift bestowed at last by Heaven upon the nations of the earth, "Peace to men of good will."

At the dawning of that day with what great joy will nations and rulers, freed in mind from the fear of the insidious dangers of further conflict, transform the swords, nicked and jagged from constant use against their fellow man, into ploughs with which to furrow the fertile breast of the earth under the sun of Heavenly Benediction and to wrest from it their daily bread, dampened now by the sweat of their brows but no longer bathed in blood and tears of sorrow? In expectation of that happy day, and with this longing prayer upon Our lips, We send Our greeting and Our blessing to all Our children of the entire universe.

May Our benediction descend in more generous measure on those priests, Religious, and lay persons who are suffering pain and anguish because of their faith. May it also descend upon those who, though not members of the visible body of the Catholic Church, are near to us in their faith in God and in Jesus Christ and share with Us Our views with regard to the provisions for the peace and its fundamental aims.

May it descend with a quickened heartbeat of affection upon all those who are groaning under the weight of the sadness and the cruel anguish of the present hour.

May it be a shield to the soldiers under arms, a healing remedy to the sick and wounded, a comfort to the prisoners, to those expelled from their native land, to those who are far from their homes and loved ones, to those deported to foreign lands, to the millions of wretched who, at every hour, must bear up under the gnawing pangs of hunger.

May it be a sweet balsam to all sorrow and misfortune, a support and consolation to all the suffering and needy as they wait in expectation of a friendly word that may infuse into their hearts strength, courage and the comforting sense of compassion and fraternal assistance.

Finally, may Our blessing rest upon those whose hands have been extended in mercy and in a spirit of generous and inexhaustible sacrifice to provide Us, above the limitations of Our own, with the means which have enabled Us to assuage the tears and allay the poverty of many, especially of the most wretched and abandoned victims of the war, and in this way to make them realize how Divine Goodness and Loving Kindness, which have their highest and most surpassing revelation in the Infant of the Manger, Who by His poverty wished to make us rich, never cease in all the vicissitudes of time and misfortunes to live and have their practical exemplification in the Church. To all, We impart with profound paternal love and from the fullness of Our heart, the Apostolic Benediction.



With the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, Let Us Pray for Peace...

O Lord, may Thy Divine Spirit reign and triumph over the world. May the peace of concord and justice among nations be restored. May our prayers be acceptable and welcome to the meek and humble in heart. May the numbers and devotion of Holy Sacrifices which Thy Church, on bended knee, offers to Thee, Priest and Victim eternally, through Thy holy Mother, render Thee propitious toward us. Thou hast words which penetrate and overcome hearts, which enlighten intellects, which assuage anger and extinguish hates and revenge. Speak that word which will still the storm, which will heal the sick, which is light to the blind and hearing to the deaf and life to the dead.

Peace among men, which Thou desirest, is dead. Bring it back to life, O Divine Conqueror of death. Through Thee, at last may the land and sea be calmed. May whirlwinds, that in the light of day or in the dusk of night scatter terror, fire, destruction and slaughter on humble folk, cease. May justice and charity on one side and on the other be in perfect balance, so that all injustice be repaired, and the reign of right restored, all discord and rancor be banished from men's minds. And may there arise, and gather strength in contemplation of a new and harmonious prosperity, true and well-ordered peace that will permanently unite as brothers, through the ages, in harmonious search of high good, all peoples of the human race in Thy sight. Amen.



Oh, that I had arms capable of embracing the entire world, to bear it to God and fill it with love! O my All, how little You are known! How little You are loved!

— Father OLIER.

In Remembrance of the Tercentenary of Montreal



THE thirty-first of May marked, not in Ville Marie alone, but also throughout the entire Province of Quebec, the Marian apotheosis of Montreal's three-hundredth anniversary celebrations. For having been publicized on a rather modest scale, this impressive ceremony organized by the Religious Festival Committee succeeded none the less in drawing a vast-spreading sea of faithful in a common purpose — to worthily exalt Mary, the patroness and protectress of our mighty metropolis. Thanks to the radio, the throngs assembled in the Gaspé and Rimouski Cathedrals, as also the pious congregations gathered in the sanctuaries of Notre Dame de Roc Amadour (Quebec) and Notre Dame du Cap de la Madeleine were given the opportunity of uniting with Catholic Montreal at the same hour, in the same hymns of praise and words of prayer. Everywhere, the month of Mary was ended in a triumphant act of homage; its last hours witnessed Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given from the open altar at the foot of Mount Royal.

The Religious Festival Committee had attempted — and their idea was a splendid success — to unite in one and the same prayer to Mary, the faithful of the Province's outstanding historical sites: Gaspé, Rimouski, Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal. Thus, that evening, the multitude gathered on the green slopes of Jeanne Mance Park, and the faithful of the different parishes of the Province, at church or in their own homes, were able to recite aloud the rosary at the same hour, at the very same minute; "the rosary on the waves", without equivalent in the pages of our history. This rosary, the first decade of which was recited in distant Gaspé, was terminated at the foot of Mount Royal, by His Excellency Most Reverend Conrad Chaumont, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal. The traditional hymn, "'Tis the Month of Our Mother", followed by one to Our Lady of Canada, written by Reverend Father Ernest Desjardins, S. J. and set to music by Reverend Father P. Chassang, was sung at Montreal and at the above-mentioned places.

At Gaspé, His Excellency Bishop Ross delivered a brief address, evoking the remembrance of the erection, at Gaspé, of the first cross on Canadian soil, by the intrepid Jacques Cartier.

At Rimouski, Monsignor Alphonse D'Amours, P. A., Vicar-General of the Diocese, recalled the Marian piety of Catholics of the Lower St. Lawrence.

At Roc Amadour, Quebec, the Very Reverend Canon Albert Godbout, Parish Priest of St. Francis of Assisi, spoke of the first pilgrimage made in Canada, to the spot where now rises Mary's sanctuary. This act of devotion had been undertaken by Cartier to obtain from the Blessed Virgin the cessation of an epidemic of scurvy that ravaged the ranks of his hardy companions.

At Canada's leading Marian sanctuary, Notre Dame du Cap, Monsignor Trudel, V. G., Rector of the Cathedral of Three Rivers, spoke of this beautiful sanctuary and the incalculable benefits that Canadians owe Notre Dame du Cap.

HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REVEREND CONRAD CHAUMONT

At Montreal, His Excellency Most Reverend Conrad Chaumont, Auxiliary Bishop of the Diocese, spoke in the name of His Excellency Archbishop Charbonneau. A translation of his allocution follows:

In all the most important happenings recorded in human history, we find the supreme elevation of Our Lord Jesus Christ on the Cross; it is on Calvary that great souls are met with, that deeds of heroism are enacted, that history is compiled. And if, this evening, we have reached a summit in the life-history of Canada and Montreal, it is again at the foot of the Cross that we have gathered, clinging to the rocks of Mount Royal, not as the inquisitive mass that witnessed the terrible tragedy on Calvary, but as a mass coming to testify its lively gratitude and profound admiration. Upon this occasion of Ville Marie's great Marian celebrations, it is meet that the City should intensify the flame and supernatural radiation emitted from the Cross on Mount Royal.

With us, this evening, at Gaspé, Rimouski, Quebec, Cap de la Madeleine, in the immortal shade of Cartier's crosses, throngs who have restored the touching custom of May devotions at the foot of the wayside cross, unite with Ville Marie kneeling beneath the illuminated cross that dominates Mount Royal, a reminder of the crude wooden one planted there by Maisonneuve.

In fact, this cross perpetuates that erected by Maisonneuve, but it is larger, more robust. Like the mustard-seed, it has become a hardy tree. Its dimensions have accrued, giving incontestable evidence that the protection granted to the little colony at its origin has been granted up to the present time to our now great metropolis.

As you are aware of the fact, Brethren, it was a sublime gesture of faith on the part of Maisonneuve, the founder of Montreal, the apostolic man, the knight of Our Lady, that "armed monk" to whom a historian refers, it was, I say, a sublime gesture of faith in the protection of Heaven that has given us the cross on Mount Royal. On Christmas night, 1642, the infant colony was menaced with flooding from the waters of the River. Thesé had almost reached the gate of the fort of Ville Marie. Maisonneuve, calm and trusting in Divine Providence, made the vow to carry the standard of Christ to the summit of Mount Royal if the flood waters were checked. His humble act of faith was rewarded.

Faithful to his vow, the governor, on the 6th of January, took part in the procession, bearing for a distance of three miles the heavy wooden cross he set up on the summit. Here, Father du Perron celebrated Holy Mass and the faithful received Holy Communion. The site where stood the Cross then became for the Montrealers a place of prayer for the conversion of the aborigines.

And the City of Mary has grown, suffered, prayed at the foot of the Cross.

But at the foot of the Cross, the Christian soul always finds the Mother of Sorrows. The Montrealers, faithful to their motto — *Je me souviens* — have jealously maintained the devotion to Mary brought to our shores and handed down to us by our illustrious and saintly Founders. They have erected many a church in honour of Mary. Our Congregations in honour of the Blessed Virgin are flourishing; in thousands of families the Angelus is recited in common as also the Rosary, each evening, before the home crucifix.

We have then come, Our Lady of Montreal, to meditate on the glories of your Crowning in Heaven recalled to us by the fifth Glorious Mystery. We have come to exalt you for this Crowning, this eternal consecration, the reward of your virtues and sorrows. In this Crowning, you have become Queen of the world and of men. Since to crown one is to invest him with honour and the supreme right of command, you have gained over Jesus your Son and over God, a certain authority and a measure of empire. We, your grateful children, desire to continue benefiting by the abundance of your graces. It was for you,

it was to extend the reign of your Son, that our forefathers came from old France to our beloved Canada, and we are determined to live up to their sublime mission and do honour to it.

Brethren, let us take advantage of this reversion to an incomparable page of our history to lift our hearts, steel our courage and behold the future of Montreal in the luminous train that, every night, surges from our vast mountain crucifix, incontestable testifier to our fidelity to the faith of our ancestors.

HIS HONOUR MAYOR RAYNAULT

The Mayor of Montreal, Mr. Raynault, then delivered the following allocution:

You will not be surprised if I thank the Religious Festival Committee of the Montreal Tercentenary Commission for the timely occasion it affords the Mayor of Canada's French Metropolis to address a few words to this audience and to the province in prayer. Our City is the elder sister whose anniversary we have for some time been celebrating, oh! not as we should have liked, not with all the extensiveness, the publicity we should have desired, for our celebration unfortunately coincides with a period of trial, with one of the most difficult moments possible in human history. And we, like others, are suffering the disastrous aftermath.

Nevertheless, we have tried not to let May 1942 fade into the past without recalling to our minds the glorious date of our religious beginnings. Happily, we have been benevolently seconded by a Religious Festival Committee that has attempted and realized the commemoration of our Eucharistic and Marian origin. To it we owe several impressive manifestations and the beautiful Marian feasts of this evening. In the fall, it will afford us a Missionary Exhibit.

I am pleased that the present Marian feast has germinated in the minds of the people of Montreal. This proves to evidence that there are in our City and in greater number than we believe, citizens who have not forgotten the ideals of our Founders, the members of the Society of Our Lady of Montreal. It proves to evidence that under the seemingly materialistic, mercantile, and cosmopolitan surface of Montreal survives a spirit that has not degenerated, the spirit and the heart of the first colonists of Ville Marie; their idea was to found a city here on the Island, to people it with fervent French Catholics, and to make it the bulwark of Catholicism in New France. They named it Ville Marie, for they had confided it to the custody of the Virgin; their aim was to make it radiate.

Does it in fact radiate, the Ville Marie of 1642, after three hundred years? Yes! It may not always give the best of examples, but despite its deficiencies, we must admit that, though not always giving the tone to the towns and villages of the province, Montreal has taken the lead in an ample missionary movement, has taken measures and spread publications designed to radiate the Catholic and French life in its midst. And is not the Marian ceremony of this evening, observed universally in the province, an example of the radiation of our Catholic and French life?

Let us hope that this month of Mary will have revived the beautiful ancestral practice of May devotions before the wayside crosses. The return to these beneficent customs will furnish us another occasion of praying for the so-desired universal peace, and, to affront the inevitable difficulties in life, the endurance and courage that animated our sublime Founders.

CONSECRATION OF THE PROVINCE

At Quebec, Premier Godbout consecrated the province to the Blessed Virgin in the following terms:

Our Lady! we, your children, are happy to acknowledge you solemnly today, as the veritable and first Foundress of Montreal.

And since you have deigned to constitute yourself the guardian of our province, we wish, in an official act, to consecrate it entirely to you.

Imitating the gesture of Champlain who, at his death, established you the heiress of his possessions, we choose you as our only and perpetual Sovereign.

O Mary! govern our country that abandons all its wealth, natural and spiritual, to you, that you may dispose of it to the greater glory of God.

Reign over all our parishes and over each family, being its sweet Mistress, and the sharer of its intimate joys.

Above all, establish us firmly in the holy traditions with which you have inspired us, aiding us thereby to better fulfill the mission confided to us by your Son.

O Mary! consider the hundred and fifty churches or chapels we have dedicated to you, and by which we wish to recite perpetually the Rosary of your glories.

These hundred and fifty churches tell you, O Mary, that you are at home in our City, that our province is your domain, and that we are your people, an upright people in a kingdom of grace and purity.

Our Lady of Montreal! deign agree this consecration of your people, rising not only from the lips, but from the bottom of our hearts, protesting, before the angelic choirs that serve you, that it is our irrevocable will to belong to you forever.

AT JEANNE MANCE PARK

At Jeanne Mance Park, the ceremony in the evening of May 31st was particularly splendid. After having been overcast a part of the afternoon, the skies cleared up of a sudden, and a few minutes before the departure of the Auxiliary Bishop and the clergy from the Hôtel-Dieu, a radiant sun splashed with gold the Park and the altar that had served as a Repository for the memorable day of the seventeenth. And, during Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, a few moments later, a glorious sunset accompanied the acclamations that rose towards the throne of flowers erected to the celestial Patroness of Ville Marie.

Seen from a human viewpoint, the spectacle was already magnificent; all the cadet bodies of Montreal in their colorful uniforms, detachments of the marine and aviation corps with their orchestras, the congregations of the Blessed Virgin with their banners. Groups of graduates and university students could be seen wearing their gowns; young girls attired in the Ville Marie style of 1642, in Marian colours; members of the Jeanne Mance Association of Graduated Nurses of the Hôtel-Dieu, wearing the Foundress's costume; finally, a group representing Jeanne Mance, Marguerite Bourgeoys and Jeanne Leber; the "May-queens"—convent girls of the city who had won distinction in religious instruction and had given evidence of a particular devotion to the Blessed Virgin. All these representative groups, as also the aviation and marine corps, deposited sheaves and wreaths of blooms before the crowned Madonna to whom had been erected a throne at the right of the altar. Very close to the Madonna could be seen a miniature Bon Secours Church, and likewise, a replica of a wayside cross bearing a worn, wood-carved Virgin.

More than once, the throng, visibly moved by this grand yet simple ceremony, sang hymns of praise, and prayed with arms extended towards the Blessed Sacrament.

His Excellency Most Reverend Conrad Chaumont officiated at Solemn Benediction. He exposed the Blessed Sacrament in a priceless seventeenth-century monstrance, one of the treasured possessions of the Hôtel-Dieu.

— From the French in *Le Devoir*

* * *

While public homage of national extent was being rendered to Mary at Jeanne Mance Park, a pious gathering filled to capacity the chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes for the Closing of the Marian Week, organized from May 24th to 31st. Kneeling before the statue that so nobly represents Our Blessed Lady, a recollected group reminded our patroness of the veneration and gratitude of Catholic Montreal, and implored her protection for the centuries that lie ahead.

The ceremony was presided over by Msgr. Angelo Abbo, Secretary of the Apostolic Delegation, who had come from Ottawa for the occasion. In a splendid address, in which he said that the mystical river of Catholic life that circulates in the city of Montreal is more imposing than the majestic Saint Lawrence on the banks of which the city is situated, he exhorted Montrealers to maintain devotion to one whom they must recognize as their Sovereign and Mother — Sovereign by her powerful assistance, Mother by her kindness. These words have not fallen on sterile ground. They will invigorate our Marian piety, to which we are assuredly indebted, in great part, for the conservation of the strong faith and intense Catholic life that have characterized Montreal for a three-centennial era.

Patroness of the Missions

*Brave Little Missionary, Heaven is thine;
High is thy glory with Jesus Divine!
Pray for the cause of His Missions, as War
Handicaps, hinders dear harvests afar!*

*Brave Little Missionary, 'mid scarcity's strait,
Come to their aid as courageous they wait;
Rain them thy roses, as Jesus e'er deems
Missions of Mary, and give needed means!*

*Guide them across to God's Peace — as of yore —
Hearts of the Faithful, induce them to pour
Offering of Love for dear Missions afar —
Gen'rous in giving 'mid problems of War!*

*Brave Little Missionary! Chaos at hand
Offsetting efforts of each Mission Band!
Succor each cause of dear Missions afar —
Burdened, benumbed, by the Chariots of War!*

— Ronald Stephen MacDonald.



O Harvest-Master!

*As my lone spirit wings its flight
Across this warring sphere,
My soul is moved to see the night
Of misery reign here.
So many hearts are strung with fear
While others sorely bleed;
O God, these Thine own children dear
A look of mercy need!*

*One thing full deep my soul aggrieves:
This labyrinthic war
In missionary zone it heaves
Disasters more and more:
The Gospel heralds are enchained
Or banished, O my God!
The harvest ripe for which they pained
Droops sadly to the sod.*

*And in those climes where shines Thy Light
The soldiers of Thy Cross
Would venture forth, strong in Thy might,
To save these souls from loss.
But they are held back from their tryst
By Truth's great enemy —
The eager messengers of Christ
In port are forced to stay.*

*The sun of Faith on pagan strand
Has dashed pure morning rays,
But now a cloud o'er shades that land
Thy mission work delays. —
The heathens brought home to Thy fold,
Will they no combat fear?
Will they come forward brave and bold
Without a pastor near?*

*O Harvest-Master, save, we pray,
Thy friends, Thy missionaries,
Thy martyrs all. — Give victory
To Thy Faith warriors.
And may Thy Cross — redeeming key —
Disclose to men Thy Heart!
That lured by it, they come to Thee —
For Home and all Thou art!*

— THE PRECURSOR.

Mother Marie-du-Saint-Esprit

and the First Two Canadian Missionary Communities

(Continued.)

On receiving this letter, Father Curotte consulted Father Lecoq, P. S. S., Superior of the Grand Seminary, who heartily advised him to present it to Archbishop Bruchesi. This he did without delay. Father Lecoq confided to him that the creation of a Seminary for the Foreign Missions had been the dream of his life.

No immediate result came out of this act, but we have ground for belief that something definite was in the mind of Archbishop Bruchesi, and that he had determined to work at this organization, since, upon a request made by Father John Forbes the following year to establish in Montreal a centre for the recruiting of vocations for the White Fathers, he had answered that it was impossible for him to comply with this solicitation. The reason was that he had already decided to erect a Foreign Mission Seminary in Montreal and that a Society of White Fathers in the same city would hamper his design.

Two years later, we find Archbishop Bruchesi at Paris seeking to interest in this foundation Father Fleury, Superior of the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary. Here is what he writes on November 6, 1902, to the future foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception: "I have seen at Paris the Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary. The founding of a similar Seminary in Montreal appears to him teeming with difficulties. I leave everything in the hands of God." Archbishop Bruchesi corresponded regularly with the Superior of the Seminary of the Rue du Bac until 1905. Each letter received from France was transmitted to the two persons who have the most actively co-operated in the establishment of a Foreign Mission Seminary in Canada, Father Lecoq and Mother Marie du Saint Esprit, of whom we have just spoken.

Role of Mother Marie du Saint Esprit

It is not my intention to study the role played by the former: it was above all that of a counsellor, a guide; instead, I will leisurely examine the activity exerted by the latter in the elaboration of our Canadian Foreign Mission Society. This activity has been preponderant, decisive.

All remember, undoubtedly, that Our Lord had revealed to his little servant, when eighteen years of age, that she should found a Community of Sisters destined for the Foreign Missions and also co-operate in the founding of a Seminary analogous to that of Paris. A few years later, while she was occupied in picking raspberries, she saw as it were a house resembling a monastery, peopled with priests, and another, with Sisters.

From this very day, she had been haunted by the thought of this double foundation, and the more she sought to dispel it, the more pressing it became. But from 1912 the Divine Will seems to have grown more imperious. Here

is what Mother Marie du Saint Esprit confided, in 1914, to an intimate friend: "For two years, and especially during the last few months, this idea of the founding of a Foreign Mission Society has been haunting me. It is accompanied by a sentiment of peace, and leads me to make sacrifices. To work with all my might towards the founding of this Seminary would seem to me as being the complement of my vocation." This thought will remain constantly during the subsequent years.

She writes in 1913: "On Passion Sunday, as I was preparing to meditate in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed in our chapel, I felt inclined to choose as subject, 'Trust in Divine Providence,' instead of meditating on the sufferings of Our Lord according to the spirit of the liturgy. To this end, I opened Father de Caussade's work and tried to fix my mind on the words I had before my eyes, but I could not, feeling myself completely absorbed by the thought that has been haunting me for long, the founding of a Foreign Mission Seminary. Its organization shone with astonishing simplicity, so much so, that I have already conceived the plan. I saw with keen spiritual insight how it should be managed." Here follow the means suggested her, which it would be too long to enumerate in this brief sketch. A little farther, she adds: "It also seemed to me before God, that the characteristic spirit of the new Society should include: solitude, poverty and simplicity, and an extraordinary devotion towards the Blessed Virgin. It seems to me that my duty is to further the cause."

The only point that remained obscure was this: To whom should this work be confided? To a Religious Order or to the Foreign Missions of Paris? Should these new missionaries be religious or form an Institute similar to the Paris Foreign Mission Society or to the Sulpician Society? Light was soon to be made in her soul, since she was able to write a little later: "It seemed to me, during Holy Mass, that God did not want this new Canadian organization to be grafted on an old tree, and that He desired all should be new. When St. Francis Xavier left for India, he had no personal experience, nor was he acquainted with the methods of his predecessors; he wanted only to make God known and to save souls, without admixture of interest, free from all human consideration, nationality, corporation, and even personal interest. Let us find young men burning with zeal, and we shall have splendid missionaries, we shall have saints." At last, the way becomes more luminous, and with a steady hand, she writes these lines: "On January 2nd, in the evening (the year is not mentioned), while I was reciting my beads, without any thought having provoked it, the idea of the establishment of a Society of priests for the Foreign Missions or rather, the plan of this organization, presented itself to my mind in a clear and precise manner. This Society would be national."

God intended, doubtless, that she should continue her activity, since, some time later, with the authorization of Archbishop Bruchesi, she resolved to visit all the Bishops of the Province of Quebec. This task extremely heavy and thankless, was to produce fruits. In the intervals, she would pray and immolate herself, soliciting prayers and sacrifices from her daughters, especially from her novices, to obtain, would she say, a very important

grace. Many a time she entreated Archbishop Bruchesi to establish without delay this apostolic work.

The year before the founding was the decisive year. Here is what she was confiding in 1922 to two Sisters: "Two years ago, I felt as if urged to ask God with all the energy of my soul, to be all my life burdened with trials, sorrows, contradictions, humiliations,—granted, however, that all this would not hinder the development of the Institute—above all in view of obtaining the founding of a Foreign Mission Seminary." Heaven's response was not to be much longer awaited, nor the trials that were to accompany it.

Bishop de Guébriant at Montreal

On October 2, 1920, Bishop de Guébriant, Vicar Apostolic at Canton, arrived at Montreal.

His coming had a double end: the one more apparent, to visit and thank the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception who, in his Vicariate, were devoting themselves to the unfortunate; the other less conspicuous perhaps, to agree with the Bishops of the Province of Quebec on the establishment, at Montreal, of a branch of the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary. Being at Rome a few months previous, he had obtained from the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, in the name of his Society, this precious authorization.

Upon his arrival, he saw Archbishop Bruchesi and then went to the Mother House of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. The same day, Archbishop Bruchesi called to Montreal Bishops Larocque, Brunault and Forbes. The interview took place at the above-mentioned Mother House. From this reunion, nothing has reached us. Two days later, Bishop de Guébriant visited His Eminence Cardinal Bégin. Did the Vicar Apostolic at Canton receive from the episcopacy the assurance of the founding in French Canada of a Branch of the Seminary of the Rue du Bac? We cannot say. Be that as it may, it appears that he left with grounded hope, since, on November 2nd next, he addressed to Archbishop Bruchesi a letter from which we extract the following: "That the hour has come for your admirable Canada to reenforce God's army on the foreign mission front, is the impression that forces itself upon me, and that is at once my joy and my solicitude, and I have prepared a document that, in three or four months, I intend to present at the general meeting of my Society in Hong Kong. I ask that three or four well chosen missionaries be sent to Canada in order to establish a branch of the Rue du Bac Seminary."

Canadian Foundation

In the meantime, Archbishop Bruchesi had commissioned Father Henri Jeannotte, P. S. S., to inquire of the Propaganda, through the medium of Monsignor Ercole, as to the extent of the authorization granted to Bishop de Guébriant, and as to the possibility of a Canadian establishment.

Cardinal Van Rossum told Monsignor Ercole that in fact the Congregation had approved the intention of the Paris Foreign Mission Society and of Bishop de Guébriant to found in Canada a branch of the Foreign Mission Seminary, but if the Bishops interested in the question judged that a Canadian Seminary would be more likely to succeed, he was willing to foster their organization. In the latter case, Bishop de Guébriant would be requested to give up his project.

When informed of this, His Eminence Cardinal Bégin and Archbishop Bruchesi wrote in turn to Bishop de Guébriant to inform him that the episcopacy of the Province of Quebec had resolved to establish a Canadian Seminary. "For some time," wrote His Eminence on December 21, 1920, "French Canada has been furnishing men and money to apostolic works. But since these contributions have always been immersed in foreign enterprises, we were never credited with them. That is why, doubtless, we pass, at Rome and other places, for *Operarii otiosi* who live outside the great Evangelization current in which all the other nations have entered. It behooves that we take greater care of our reputation, and that we organize works that will be ours in truth. We believe that the Province of Quebec is in a position to answer directly and in its own name to the pressing appeal of Pope Benedict XV, and to take its place and mark out its domain in the immense field of apostolate to which we are convoked by the Father of the great human family."

The project of a foundation had been actually agreed upon; it remained to be promptly realized. On February 2, 1921, the Archbishops and Bishops of the civil Province of Quebec assembled at the Cardinal's Palace and unanimously decreed the founding of a Canadian Seminary for the Foreign Missions. An Episcopal committee of four members was thereupon appointed and delegated to take in hand its organization. The members of this Committee were Their Excellencies Paul Bruchesi, Paul Eugene Roy, William Forbes and Francis Xavier Brunet.

We know what followed. We know especially that this apostolic establishment has marvelously progressed. After twenty years, the Quebec Foreign Mission Society (official title of the Society) has two houses in Canada: one at Pont Viau, and one at Ste. Foy, near Quebec. The former is the Headquarters and theological Seminary; the latter, the Novitiate. The Society possesses three foreign fields of apostolate, two of which are in Manchukuo: Szepingkai and Lintong; the third is in the Philippine Islands. It numbers also a hundred or more missionaries of whom some eighty are labouring in pagan lands, and also thirty aspirant-missionaries.

Honour and gratitude to the servants of God, who, by their prayers, sacrifices, and devoted work have prepared or fashioned these two gems that shed such a brilliant lustre and are two of the purest glories, not only of the city of Montreal, but of all the Canadian race! Honour and gratitude to the instruments, humble or lofty, whom God has deigned to make use of in order to operate His works! *A Domino factum est istud: et est mirabile in oculis nostris.* (Ps. CXVII, 23).

—Father Clovis RONDEAU, P. M. E.

The Conversion of the Confucianists



HO has not, at some time or other, come across Pearl Buck's famed publications on China? A missionary, former Rector of a Catholic University over there, was telling me: "You will find in these writings first-hand data on the vast Chinese territory and its 450,000,000 inhabitants. You will meet the Chinese peasant, shrewd, industrious, enduring, attached to his wife and family who dutifully respect him, reverently devoted to the so-called ancestral worship, never downcast by the inundations or the plagues of grasshoppers that devastate his fields time and again."

In the city, the qualities of the Chinese individual are, as it were, lost in the mass. It is no difficult task, however, to retrace in the merchant or the artisan the resourcefulness, the indomitable tenacity of purpose, the virile resignation under trial, that are likewise the appanage of the farmer or the coolie. But it remains beyond doubt that, whether countrymen or town residents, the Chinese have their failings. What people has not?

As regards the *literati* who occupied the first and foremost position in Chinese learning, they have, since 1904, wellnigh entirely given place to an intellectual class schooled in Western principles; they lived for the traditional Chinese culture, in harmony with the teachings of the one who was par excellence the sage of China, Confucius. It was through them that the philosophical and political doctrine exposed by the minister of the Marquis of Lu prevailed in China until recent years.

In Confucianism, the popular worship is centred in offerings to the spirits of deceased relatives. Tradition had it that the Emperor, the "Son of Heaven", should give his reverent adhesion to the teachings embodied in the National Religion of China. Confucius himself came to be given divine honours in the second century of the Christian era, and sacrificial offerings were presented to him.

But what had become the State Religion was no longer the integral doctrine explained in "Sze-shuh" and the six "Kings". Moreover, Buddhism, imported from India, had been admixed to the specifically Chinese creed. Yet we cannot deny the extraordinary influence Confucius gained over the many generations of Chinese who have sought in his texts and examples the secret of the qualities and virtues Pearl Buck admires.

In 1912, the Revolution dealt the fatal blow to the Chinese Imperial Dynasty and instaurated a Republic. At the same time it abolished Confucianism, the religious element and the political basis of the ancient regime. The men of the Republic demanded absolute neutrality as to the religious question. This resulted in such an intellectual and spiritual anarchy especially among youth, that, in 1934, General Tchang Kai Chek took the lead in a movement called "The New Life"; its great central aim was to re-inculcate common moral principles compatible with the order necessary to the birth and growth of a nationalistic idea.

Viewed from the Christian standpoint, this attitude of modern China in regard to Confucianism is of paramount importance. It is summarized in the declaration made to the Press in 1934, by the President of the Chinese

Council. He asserts that "the Confucian reverence is of a cultural rather than a religious nature," and that Confucianism could be more exactly designated by the term 'philosophical school', than by that of religion. There was, consequently, no reason for the Church forbidding Chinese Catholics to participate in official ceremonies in honour of Confucius or to render homage to their dead, this devotion being now regarded but in a cultural sense. The question was settled by the Congregation of the Propaganda in its Instruction of December 8, 1939. This verdict put an end to the distressing situation of more than one Chinese desirous of embracing the Catholic Faith.

The Catholic History of China can be traced as far back as 1294. In this year a son of St. Francis, John of Monte Corvino, founded the first mission at Khambaliq (Peking). Following this, China was without messengers of the "glad tidings" until Matteo Ricci, S. J., with his companions obtained a footing in Kwantung (1583). With their arrival opened the era of the modern Chinese missions. Their success was astonishing: In 1584, there were three Catholics; in 1610, the year Father Ricci died, they were over 2,500; and in 1700, their number exceeded 300,000.

Unhappily, another trial came to afflict the Church in China: the question of rites that was to be solved in 1742, and the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773 were great drawbacks to missionary apostolate in China. In addition to these internal difficulties, the Chinese were persecuted by more than one Emperor. Many Christians suffered martyrdom. Thirty-three were awarded, in the course of time, the honours of the Beatification.

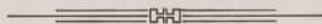
In the wake of these persecutions came the Boxer disturbance of 1900, closely succeeded by the anarchy that characterized the Revolution of 1911-1912. More than fifty missionaries were slaughtered by brigands or Communists. And at the present time the conflict with Japan daily occasions the destruction of many Catholic buildings — churches, schools, residences, hospitals . . . and involves the loss of missionaries who drop at their post, victims of air-raids or of ill-treatment in concentration camps. One bishop, twenty-seven priests, four Brothers and seven Sisters had in this manner shed their blood on Chinese soil up to May 1940 . . .

Although being so seriously hampered, the Catholic Church is unceasingly widening her orbit in China. The statistics of 1939 are very revealing: 3,182,950 Roman Catholics; an effective foreign missionary force of 2,979 priests, 585 Brothers and 2,281 Sisters from 71 missionary communities; an effective native missionary force of 2,206 priests, 677 Brothers and 3,852 Sisters. We know that the Hierarchy exists in the Church of China since 1929, when Pius XI consecrated six native Chinese bishops. Catholic charity finds ways to exercise itself, particularly in numerous hospitals and dispensaries. In these, during the year 1939, 1,247,073 consultations were held. At that time, also, a student population of over 225,000 was being instructed in the mission schools. Catholic Action in China has developed on a large scale, especially since the war.

These figures give us an idea of the missionary activity in the Land of the Celestials and make us touch its magnificent achievements. But what

totals cannot reveal, and what must be publicly praised, is the ardent, Christlike, heroic effort of every herald of the Gospel. There is not one of them who does not keep before his eyes the sight of the 450,000,000 human souls which have not benefited by the graces of the Redemption. Are they to be blamed for it, these missionaries who, unknowingly,—for no man knows when he is a hero—add a page of splendour in the history of the Catholic Church in China? It is the duty of every Christian to give them a helping hand by his prayers, his sympathy, his alms.

—From the French by JEAN MARIE SEDES.



A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued.)



O his favorite sister he added a few words of farewell. She had told him that having, for fun, drawn lots at Christmas as to who should represent the different personages at the Nativity, she had drawn the name of "Mary;" but Theophane's lot had fallen on that of the ass. In reply, Theophane says gaily, "I am very much pleased at the portion awarded me in your drawing. I am to be the ass. Very well. I won't accuse you of a little bit of mischief in the matter, but accept my part. The ass knows how to bray; that is to teach me to be a good trumpeter of the Gospel. The ass receives blows without complaint: may his patience be my model. Again, the poor animal is treated with scorn and derision, his very name is the reverse of a compliment; but he goes on his way just the same. Well, like him, I must disregard human opinion, cultivate humility, bear to be despised, and follow my Lord and Master everywhere, always, and in spite of all. As for you, my darling little sister, you have indeed chosen the better part. Guard it carefully. It is a life of recollection, of union with God. I fancy your sitting like Mary at Bethany, at the feet of Jesus, listening to His Word,—gentle, attentive, loving, and caring nothing for the world outside. Your life must be not only the active one of Martha, but the contemplative one of Mary, for both were united in the Mother of our dear Lord. The true science of piety, in fact, consists in reconciling these two. I know you love best to be Mary, but when duty compels you to act as Martha did, do not be *only* Martha, full of anxiety, and 'careful about much serving.' Do the works of Martha with the spirit of Mary; let the interior life leaven the exterior, conforming your will to the Will of Jesus. Dearest sister, imitate Jesus, imitate His holy Mother, and you will be indeed perfect."

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at Tong-king.

On the 26th of May, 1854, Theophane Vénard, with an older missionary who was returning to Tong-king, said good-bye to Hong-Kong, and as the wind was favorable, a few hours' sail brought them to Macao, where they were most kindly and hospitably entertained by the Spanish Dominicans. Fr. Vénard, speaking of this town, says, "When the Portuguese were masters of the sea, Macao was an important place. Ships of all nations were anchored in its harbor, and it was the centre and emporium of all the European commerce with China. The numberless missionaries who have watered the Chinese soil with their blood all started from Macao, whence they spread themselves to the remotest confines of this great empire. Portugal had a noble mission assigned to her by Providence, but she misunderstood and rejected it. This brought her downfall, and it seemed as if God had broken her as one breaks a useless or worn-out instrument. The kings of the earth have never gained anything in their strifes with the Church of Jesus Christ and against His vicar on earth, and their victory is magnificently rendered in the Psalms, 'Et nunc, reges, intelligite; erudimini qui judicatis terram.' (And now, ye kings, understand; learn, ye who judge the earth.) Macao is indeed a ruin. There is a governor, it is true; but he has no longer any *prestige*. Soldiers still mount guard but their number is miserably small, and no one has any money to pay them. There are fine houses, but those which are not shut up are occupied by English or Americans. A rich Portuguese scarcely exists; but the poor actually swarm. The Chinese alone still maintain some kind of trade. Hong-Kong gave the death blow to Macao. There are a few curious things to be seen in the old colony, among them the tomb of Camoens, buried between two rocks in the midst of the most beautiful scenery, just such as one might imagine should be the grave of a poet. This tomb forms the principal ornament of a garden, which, unfortunately, is poorly kept. It is a place much frequented by strangers, and some of them have had the bad taste to cut their names in the rock; others (among whom, I am sorry to say, are some French sailors) have written stupid and even indecent rhymes on the slab above."

(To be continued.)



THE MOST DIVINE OF ALL WORKS

The most elevated, the most Divine work that you can do to be agreeable to Jesus, is to labour with Him for the salvation of the souls He loves so much. Give yourself to Him to co-operate in that great task, while at the same time considering yourself most unworthy of being employed at it. And *whenever the occasion will present itself of helping in the salvation of a soul*, which will very often happen if you are attentive, *never let it pass*, but devote yourself to it, using, with the utmost diligence, the means that the Lord shall put at your disposal.

— St. JOHN EUDES.

Our Father



"Which of you," said Jesus to His disciples, "if he ask his father bread, will he give him a stone? or a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he reach him a scorpion? (Luke XI, 11).

"If you then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father from heaven give the good Spirit to them that ask Him? (Luke XI, 13).

"Thus therefore shall you pray: Our Father who art in heaven, etc. . . ." (Matt. VI, 9).

Another time He said: "Be not solicitous therefore, saying: What shall we eat: or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the heathens seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things (Matt. VI, 31).

"When thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand

doth. That thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee." (Matt. VI, 3-4).

"Our Father" such is the sweet name we ought to give to God, our Creator; and our sentiments in His regard ought to be those of loving and devoted children. We are wrong when we picture Him as a king who cannot be approached, as a king remote from us and too busy to mind about our needs; as a severe and terrible Judge who does not forgive and never forgets offences. Yes, we are wrong when we refuse to acknowledge that we have in heaven, and, even at our side, since we live in God and move in Him, a Father, infinitely loving and merciful, infinitely powerful and helpful, ever solicitous about our needs of soul and body; Who is pleased and glorified when we love Him tenderly, serve Him faithfully and throw ourselves with unlimited confidence in His arms in our necessities, perils, failures and repentance. We are wrong when we complain or withdraw from Him in our trials and afflictions. Oh! it is then that we should run to Him like a little child and, reclining on His breast, expect wonders from His power and love!

Blessed are they who, like Francis of Assisi, Therese of Avila, Teresa of the Child Jesus, have admirably understood God's fatherhood and have reposed in it with entire confidence! They have delighted the Sacred Heart by their filial devotion, drawn down upon themselves His choicest

favours, and attained a high degree of perfection. Their lives were not exempt from sorrows and tribulations, since the Cross is the road that leads to heaven, but the love that inflamed their hearts and the confidence they had in Him Who sees and knows all things, added sweetness to all that was bitter.

Christian friends, whatever may be our age, let us examine our conduct and see if we go to God as loving children to the best of Fathers; if we try to become by virtue what children are by nature: pure, humble, simple, obedient, and loving. Never shall we go too far in the practice of spiritual childhood, for the kingdom of heaven is for those who become like little children.

In order to understand the importance of this practice and relish its sweetness, let us ask the Infant Jesus, our perfect Model, to grant us this precious grace. He will hearken to our prayers, open up new horizons to us and give us a clearer vision of the things pertaining to the Father of the great human family, "our Father" Who has graven us in His hands.

Let us solicit the same grace for all our brothers, because God being "our Father", we must have for one another sentiments of charity and brotherly affection. Let us not forget, especially, our billion pagan brothers, who do not yet know their Creator and have never been able to call Him by the sweet name of Father. We pity, and with good reason, the child who has never known his father, who has never been the object of his solicitude and affection; but far more worthy of compassion are the unfortunate pagans! Let us entreat God to bring them to the knowledge of the truth, to the light of the Gospel, and to the love of their Divine Father.



A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

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

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Heartfelt thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. J. C., **Montreal**.—I wish to thank the loving St. Teresa for a grace received through her, after promising to have it published. Anonymous.—Lively gratitude for a favour obtained through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. I solicit her constant protection. Mrs. M. Milot, **St. Alexis des Monts**.—Thanksgiving for a favour received through the intercession of the dear Patroness of Missionaries. Mrs. R. Fontaine, **Central Falls, R. I.**—Sincere thanks to the "Little Flower of Carmel" for her constant protection. Mrs. A. Tétrault, **Village Richelieu**.—Thanksgiving to St. Teresa for a favour obtained. Mr. and Mrs. E. St. Denis, **Montreal**.—Grateful thanks for a grace received through the intercession of St. Teresa of Lisieux. Mrs. E. B., **Southbridge, Mass.**—Homage of gratitude to the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mr. R. S., **Levis**.—Thanksgiving for work obtained through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mr. M. B.—Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained. Mrs. F. Vannoerkergue, **Woonsocket, R. I.**

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	\$18.00
January-February 1942	\$228.50	May-June.....	\$22.00
July-August.....			\$33.65

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.



To the Honour of Catholic Missionaries

As the Asian conflict becomes more intense the entire world witnesses more and more the considerable influence exercised by Catholic missionaries in the regions of the Pacific. These men, who bring along, wherever they go, the best qualities of the white race, easily gain a hearing with the Asiatics.

Very revealing is the following fact: "The Chinese Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek in a lecture to army cadets had proposed the Catholic missionary as a model for their imitation. 'To-day,' he said, 'I propose to speak to you on the model for your lives as officers of the Republic. That model is the Catholic missionary priest. These men are single-hearted, constant, persevering, undaunted by any obstacles, unremitting at their work.'"

The truth is, that the missionaries abroad fully justify the opinion that the Chinese have of them.



Do Not Forget That...

When you suffer, the reason why you do not find in prayer the consolations you seek and that it holds in itself, is that you apply yourself to asking only one thing, and that is, to be delivered from your Cross!

Prayer then becomes, as it were, the outburst of your egoism; it is entirely impregnated with self-love; and it is a truth that your egoism is blind! You start off from this principle: I am suffering and I do not want to suffer; therefore, Lord, if You are good, if You love me, deliver me immediately, etc. And you call that a prayer!

Bear in mind that your suffering is sent by God to give you an occasion of expiating your sins, of thinking of eternity; it is a heavenly benefit, a merciful remedy. Seek to understand that and ask God, not so much to deliver you from it as to make you bear up well with it and love it.

— M^SGR. DE SEGUR.

The Call to Sanctity for Men of Action

It is a rather popular illusion that to become a saint one must literally exile oneself from the world and assiduously practise silence and solitude.

We do not deny that, in many cases, this means has been proposed by God to souls whom He loved with a love of predilection, in order to have them attain to a more intimate union with Him. The Fathers of the Desert will remain for all time the unquestionable proof of this Divine dispensation.

Nevertheless, we would err in presuming that certain exterior situations of life are at the same time the necessary conditions for a holy existence. In whatever environment, at whatever age likewise, sanctity is possible. The call to sanctity can be heard by all who lend a willing ear.

He is holy who loves God; that is, who accomplishes the Divine Will. A father, a merchant, a state official, a pastor entrusted with the care of souls, will not attain sanctity by isolating themselves from their charges; on the contrary, the Will of God imposes upon them this contact with others, and the responsibilities and minute cares of active life; it transforms into instruments of sanctification what could prove obstacles to their perfection.

This classical verity must be popularized at this moment when Catholic Action renews its bounds and strengthens its ranks. All things considered, is not the prime aim of Catholic Action to remind all that union with God must sanctify not only the religious side of life, but our very existence, our everyday life — our family, professional, and civil life?

A perfect Jocist is not only one who is satisfied with assisting regularly and fervently at the reunions of his organization; it is on the farm, at the factory, in the common daily tasks, in the midst of his companions, that he must bear witness to Christ.

A perfect Christian is not only one who daily recites his morning and night prayers and who observes the different commandments of the Church; it is in the thousand circumstances of public and private life that the Gospel must be made to radiate, along with the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity, and the observance of God's commandments and, in certain cases, the practice of the Evangelical Counsels.

Action therefore has, like contemplation and prayer, a prominent role to play in the sanctification of souls that lead the common life.

— Leo MERKLEM.



THE ATTRACTION OF THE HEIGHTS

Oh! Souls! Great souls! More than ever the Church needs them! In the critical hours we are living, they alone can save us. To all who feel within themselves a disgust for mediocrity, an attraction for purity, holiness and greatness, we confidently say: "Excelsior! Excelsior always, and come down never. Still higher, ever upward! Gaze only on the radiant summits to which God calls all of you."

— Father F. LAGRANGE, V. G.

After Holy Hour

"Good evening, Bernard, how are you?"

"I am very well, thank you; and yourself?"

"Not so bad. Tell me, when did you come to town? . . . And how did you happen to be at Holy Hour?"

"I arrived yesterday. I was coming to settle an affair and as I had a few hours at my disposal, I thought of visiting my hometown church. I was baptized and made my First Communion there; and how many times have I not knelt by my mother to pray 'neath that old vault when I was a lad! I had intended to remain but an instant; but hardly had I knelt down when Holy Hour commenced; so I decided to stay till the end. And believe me, that Holy Hour was splendid! Do you have them often?"

"Every first Friday and feast day. Our priests take great pains to enliven the piety of the parishioners, but alas! their devotedness is more or less appreciated. You saw how many seats were empty? . . . That is ordinarily the case at each church exercise; even on Sunday, it is a pity to see the attendance at High Mass. The fact is, there exists, not far from here, a nucleus of black sheep which is gaining more ground every day with its evil propaganda . . . But, dear Friend, while waiting for the train, why not come up to my house? We shall talk more at ease, and besides, we'll have a cup of tea . . ."

"That's very nice of you, William, but I thank you. I should prefer to stay near the station. How about stopping at the park?"

"Oh, fine! it is but a stone's throw from here."

"This section has not changed much; I could find my way about without the least difficulty."

"That is a fact; in this part of the town the streets have not changed in appearance these last thirty years; except they have grown old . . . so did we, by the way."

"Oh! just look at those maples. I have seen them planted; how beautiful they have grown to be! And do I like to rest in their shade!"

"This park in fact has been transformed, embellished . . . Another thing has changed, but not for the better, however."

"What is that?"

"It is the spirit of the parish. You remember, Ber-



What do you mean by lay apostolate? . . .

nard, how our population was good, loyal, pious, charitable? Now things are different, especially since some clients of the Evil One, living not far from here, have been carrying on their fiendish work by their perverse examples, perfidious insinuations, secret reunions, and by their propaganda of bad literature. The faith has diminished; our youth is far too corrupted; entire families have deserted the Catholic fold to embrace subversive doctrines. Those desertions have deeply grieved our Pastor; they have been doubtless the cause of his death. Sick and infirm for several years, he could not care for the parish as he would have liked to, and repel energetically disorders that gradually grew more serious. Our new Pastor, a holy and mortified man who spends half of his time in church before the Tabernacle, very kind towards every one, very charitable — on the whole, a model Pastor — undertook to renovate the parish. Adroit organizer, he has revived the formerly existing confraternities and constituted new ones. As for me, he has entirely won me over to the beautiful cause of Catholic Action. He estimates, and rightly so, that he will not be able to attain all the sheep of his fold without the apostolate of the laity. When he visited the parish, many shut the door on him; he was even insulted on the street; but meek, patient, although energetic at the same time, he is not a man to be discouraged by his task, however burdensome it may be."

"What do you understand by the apostolate of the laity?"

"It means simply to co-operate with the priest in the welfare of souls and of society, by word and example and by good deeds; to penetrate where the priest cannot, and make his ministry possible — it is simply to fulfill the duty of a faithful and zealous disciple of Christ. It surely is not without reason that the Pope and the Pastors of the Church strive more than ever to promote lay apostolate. The fact is that it is a pressing need of the day. Formerly I did not see the utility of this work, but since I have understood all its greatness and merit, I have devoted myself unreservedly to it."

"Who informed you on the matter?"

"The Pastor appointed a Committee of which I had to accept the presidency. One evening a week we gather at the rectory to study the means of bringing the parish, and especially the dissident families, to better sentiments. Moreover, our Pastor, who is a learned and spiritual man, and who, notwithstanding this, spends a good deal of his time on study each day, exercises us in controversy on doctrinal matters, that we may be able to refute the arguments of our adversaries. We spend a most interesting, instructive and pleasant evening. The Committee has been in action for hardly six months, but it has already done much good. Naturally, in certain cases we have to proceed with great tact, meekness and charity; we have to forget self to keep in view the common good and count on God's grace. We are actually projecting to provide the families with leaflets which will refute the erroneous ideas gaining headway in every home by means of free pamphlets."

"But how can you find time to give yourself to that good cause, with your family and your numerous affairs?"

"A short while ago, I was asking myself that very question; but now I realize that it is enough to be willing if one wishes to find the leisure time needed to accomplish things worth while. I have to be diligent, I have to cut down on pleasures and personal satisfaction, but I am not hindered in the least in my family or business affairs."

"I admire you, William."

"I do not deserve so much. However, I have the firm conviction that we, Catholic laymen, should do more for the conservation of the Faith and truth, especially in these critical times when Satan's agents are so active in propagating evil and error. While these sowers of iniquity, these abettors of disorder, take no respite by night or day to attain promptly and surely their aim, must we remain apathic, inactive, relying on a false security as regards ourselves, and caring nothing if those about us are being drawn into the current of perversion? Oh! now more than ever is the time to heed the words of Our Lord, 'Watch ye and pray', to be 'wise as the serpents and simple as the dove', to present ourselves as the veritable disciples of Him Who is 'the Way, the Truth and the Life'!"

"Dear Friend, I think you are after winning me to your apostolate."

"To Catholic apostolate... exactly. And why not? A man of your stamp must not be good for himself alone, but he must bar the wolves' entry into his Father's fold; he must be in with the Pastor to defend the flock. What have you to say in the matter?"

"Alas! I am not so good as you presume... but none the less I admit you are right. There is wanting a powerful dike to resist this wave of impiety and immorality which has such a nefarious effect on our families and society. In its building, our Catholic priests have need of laymen, convincing and convinced laymen. They need apostles, crusaders!"

"If you didn't live so very far away, Bernard, I would have you join us."

"Could I not inaugurate in my neighbourhood the fine work you are promoting here?"

"Oh, that, you could."

"But my time is nearly up... the train will be coming in shortly... I have to leave you."

"I shall accompany you to the station. When do you intend to come again?"

"The troublesome affair which has brought me here to-day will likely oblige me to return in a few weeks."

"Don't fail to let me know. I shall be only too glad to have you at my house."

"I am very much obliged. I shall gladly accept your offer."

"And we shall discuss further the means of making our apostolate more efficacious."

"Thank you for your good suggestions, I shall ponder over them on my way."

Why Do We Love Our Church?

Because the church, you see, is everything: in the Middle Ages people made it their home. The church is the house of God, and not only that, but also the house of men. We can go in whenever we please, as in our own home, and nowhere else do we feel more free, and less a slave to cares and worries. It is a refuge, a haven, a retreat. It is the cloister of the passerby and the monastery of a minute, of an hour. We always hope and expect that therein we shall receive something from on high. . . .

Have you ever stopped to think what life would mean if our churches suddenly ceased to be; if we knew no longer where to go, I do not say to pray, but to think, to refresh the mind, to pacify the heart, to take breath again, to seek counsel and to find advice?

And finally, where could we weep without shame — tell me — almost with full permission and with confident and painful abandonment?

The church is the place that contains within itself most of the precious and cherished human remembrances, baptisms, marriages, deaths.

The church is necessary, indispensable; and the admirable thing about it is, that no matter how short a time we pass in a church, we always come out better, or less wicked than we were!

— HENRI LAVEDAN.

The Devil's Best Tool

It was announced that the devil was going out of business and would offer all tools for sale to whoever would pay his price. On the night of the sale they were all attractively displayed, and a bad looking lot they were.

Malice, Hatred, Envy, Jealousy, Sensuality, and Deceit, and all the other implements of evil were spread out, each marked with its price. Apart from the rest lay a harmless looking wedge-shaped tool, much worn and priced higher than any of them.

Some one asked the devil what it was.

"That's discouragement," was the reply.

"Why do you have it priced so high?"

"Because," replied the devil, "it is more useful to me than any of the others. I can pry open and get inside a man's consciousness with that when I could not get near him with any of the others and when once inside I can use him in whatever way suits me best. It is so much worn because I use it with nearly everybody, as very few people yet know it belongs to me."

It hardly need be added that the devil's price for discouragement was so high that it was never sold. He still owns it and is still using it.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF LOUIS XIV

While reciting the Rosary one day, Louis XIV was surprised by the sudden arrival of Father de la Rue, who did not conceal his astonishment at seeing so eminent a personage fingering prayer-beads. "You are surprised," said the king, "Well! I am proud to say that it is a practice I hold from the queen, my mother, and I should be loath to let one day pass without acquitting myself of it!"



A Woman Will Have Her Own Way

"You are fortunate, Helen, to have such a good and virtuous husband."

"You are right, and I thank God for it every day of my life. Not only is Patrick a good husband, but he is an ideal father. Despite his multiple occupations, he helps me a great deal with the children. I sometimes find him a little severe; but I take good care never to disapprove his conduct, for his corrections always bear the happiest fruits. Besides, he has a way of his own which wins the affection of all. The children are very fond of their father; they respect him and listen to all he says."

"He is also interested in good works, I believe?"

"Since his last closed retreat, especially, he shows much zeal for all noble causes. He has even entirely won me to the Catholic Action cause. Following his advice and with the authorization and help of our Pastor, I have organized an association for women for the purpose of engaging them in a campaign against immodest styles, the abuse of cigarettes and the use of strong cordials among women and girls. We have already enrolled in our Association two very influential personages: Miss X, one of the milliners, and Mrs. Z, who keeps the restaurant. Just now, we are trying to win over to our cause the two other milliners. If our efforts are successful, we shall have won a big point."

"But what means do the members employ to attain the end in view?"

"Prayer, good example and zeal. Convinced that without prayer one can do nothing, each Associate binds herself to the daily recitation of the beads for the intentions of the Association. She must be irreproachable in her dress, and in her conduct at home and in public, that she may be respected by her children, edify visitors, tradesmen, etc. . . . She must rear her children in the same way, and impart to them principles of modesty. She must abstain from cigarettes and spirituous liquor and never offer any to her guests. Finally, she must, by persuasion and all other means in her power, try to enroll new members."

"How many compose the Association?"

"There are twenty, actually. When we hold our meetings, our Pastor gives us a lecture on the role the woman is called to play in the home and society. It is very instructive and interesting and contributes largely to increase our zeal and keep up our courage in our great enterprise. It is certainly because the woman has let herself be misled and has yielded to egoism that the family and society suffer from such great evils. Let us endeavour to raise her standard of morality and by the very fact we shall have cut down a large amount of trouble. How powerful on the mind and heart of man is the dutiful and virtuous woman! . . . Actually, we have

need of an army of *valiant women* according to the spirit of the Gospel, to re-establish order in the family and society."

"That is exactly what I think, Clara. Our sex is often set before the world as a spectacle of immorality. Many a time have I deplored the fact and wondered how it could be remedied."

"At our last meeting we were speaking of the indecent styles displayed in shop windows. Really, the woman is presented in a most provocative



I think like you, dear Cousin . . .

attire. Each member was called upon to suggest a means of preventing such a scandal. Mrs. D, who is never short of expedients, had a splendid idea which will most probably be adopted next month. With the help of influent and even, if necessary, authorized persons, we shall attempt to abolish this highly reprehensible

custom. The associates must work very discreetly, behind the spotlight so to say, for if we act too conspicuously, we run the risk of being contradicted and seeing our work hampered."

"Of course, you must proceed cautiously, for narrow-minded people are not lacking in the parish."

"In the struggle against evil, one must always expect to meet with opposition, for the devil will not let himself be outwitted in his endeavours, without winning a few to his side . . . he is so crafty! But we must try to prevent his doing so."

"I wonder, Helen, how you can find time to devote yourself to a work of such importance with the large family you have to look after."

"Oh! where there's a will there's a way. When I am hindered from going out, I call our associates on the telephone or I write to them; and I am astonished to see how my apostolate has become easy to me without being detrimental to my duty towards my husband and family. The Association has already done appreciable good, first of all to those who belong to it; and by these, to a number of families. It really is encouraging, consoling!"

"May spinsters become members of your Association?"

"Why, indeed; a few already belong to it . . ."

"Well, if you are willing to inscribe me, I shall, this very day, share your apostolate."

"You are most welcome, and how pleased I am! I shall immediately add your name to the list and I hope you will be present at our meeting on the fifteenth of next month."

"I certainly will be there."

The Force of Example

Example is the most persuasive of lessons; prejudice, condition, age, fragility — everything yields to its invincible force. Whence the corruption, the licentious morals, spread throughout every country? From bad example. Since bad example is so seductive, why should not good example strongly influence minds and hearts? Good example is for you a pressing motive for fulfilling your duties and a cause of condemnation for neglecting to fulfill them. “*I have given you an example,*” said the Saviour, “*that as I have done to you, so you do also*” (John XIII, 15). You are poor; so was Jesus. You are persecuted, calumniated, despised: would you dare compare your sufferings with those of your Saviour? The sight of the Divine Master nailed to the Cross is a remedy for many ills; and the silence He keeps on this infamous gibbet stifles many a complaint and many a murmur. You will perhaps say: “He was a God and we are but feeble creatures.” But do you not see that it is exactly this quality which gives an invincible force to His examples, and to the injunction He gave you to follow in His footsteps? A God is suffering for my sins; and I refuse to expiate them by suffering! A God leads an obscure life; and I would live in splendour! A God forgives His executioners; and I refuse to pardon slight injuries! A God thought Himself obliged to suffer in order to make us share His glory; and I would make no effort to attain to that beatitude, I would spend an easy, sensual life!

Is it not true that despite all the artifices of self-love, you cannot escape the invincible force of these Divine examples? But not only the examples of the God-Man urge you on, those of a multitude of men solicit you; men like you, men who had similar frailties to conquer, similar duties to fill. There is not one of them whose life is not the stinging reproach of your cowardliness in God’s service; not one who fails to dissipate your frivolous pretexts and excuses. You are young, feeble, quick and ardent, of a delicate complexion; but Saint Agnes was only thirteen years of age. There never was a man so quick and ardent as Saint Augustine; there never was a person more naturally quick and passionate than Saint Theresa, etc. St. Louis, St. Henry, St. Edward, etc., sanctified themselves on the throne; St. Bridgit, St. Frances, St. Monica, etc., led holy lives in the married state. It was in a humble condition that Genevieve, Zita, Blandine, Isidore, etc., have become, by their piety, the subject of our admiration and the object of our religious reverence. Has science been an obstacle to the great sanctity of Justin, Chrysostom, Basil, Gregory, Jerome and of so many illustrious Doctors? In the light of these innumerable examples, Lord, I have nothing by which to justify or excuse myself; I must implore Thy mercy with a humble heart, that my shame and regret may not be without fruit. I adore the same God as the saints; I have the same graces, the same laws and the same Gospel; I await the same retribution; grant me Lord, their courage, their perseverance, and their felicity.

— LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp.....	\$ 25.00
Float or candle.....	<div><div>10 cents each.</div><div>75 cents for a novena.</div><div>\$ 2.00 for a month.</div><div>20.00 for a year.</div></div>



MANCHUKUO

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

Paitchengtze, the remotest post in the Vicariate of Szepingkai, proves very fertile soil; for although this mission has been founded scarcely ten years ago, it has already borne fruit and demands but to be cultivated to yield still more. It actually numbers twelve hundred Christians.

When His Excellency Bishop Lapierre visited the Mission in February, 1941, he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to fifty neophytes and conferred Baptism upon several catechumens.

Since the beginning of March, the Mission counts two new catechists: Mrs. Li, arrived from Pamientcheng, and Miss Tchao. The former accompanies Sister St. Alexandre⁽¹⁾ on her rounds to see the sick; the latter regularly visits the catechumens as well as the Christians forgetful of their duties.

Kind and devoted, Miss Tchao manages to come in touch with about twenty families each day, and she is always heartily welcomed everywhere. Obedient to her exhortations, those who cannot follow the regular courses in Doctrine given at the catechumenate, study their catechism at home.

Mr. Chou, a business man and an indefatigable catechist who, since the opening of the Catholic Mission in Paitchengtze, had displayed much zeal, died on the 22nd of April.

Born of a model Christian family, this devoted auxiliary of the missionaries had the happiness of being the brother of two priests, one of whom had come several thousand *li* to afford him the consolation of preparing him for his journey into eternity.

Most of the Christian communities of the Vicariate were affected by this loss, for several of the posts had benefited by his kind services. Acquainted with the ways and customs of his compatriots, he knew better than any foreign missionary how to approach them and win them to the true Faith. Never has a Chinese been paid so much honour by the clergy at his

1. Alexandrine SURPRENANT, St. Alexandre d'Iberville, Que.

funeral. The Reverend Pastors of Taonan, Kountgchouling and Lishiu made it a point to be present and gave thereby a token of gratitude to the one who had shown such generous devotedness in spreading our Holy Religion in these Missions. A large number of the faithful, most of whom had been instructed and won to the Faith by the regretted deceased, also attended his funeral service.

Mr. Chou was survived by his widow and a young son, little Piao, who had to return to their native village. This boy was the only living child of a family of eight that God had given them. Cherishing the hope that Heaven would spare him this last offspring, and animated with the deep spirit of faith which characterized him, this Christian father, so respectful towards the representatives of Our Lord on earth, thought he could find no



THE RECTORY OF PAICHENGTCZE MISSION, MANCHUKUO,
ON THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI

name more beautiful than that of Piao, which means Pius or Pope. Hence the nickname *Little Pope* given to the child by the frequenters of the Mission.

The Sister Nurse recently visited an old Mohammedan who was seriously ill and much to be pitied.

Rejected by his own on account of his infirmities, he lay on a high and narrow brick bed from which he could not come down. Touched by the care and sympathy Sister lavished upon him, the unfortunate man listened with interest to the lessons in Catholic Doctrine that were being given him at the same time; and he finally consented to receive Baptism. With great joy Father Pelletier came to administer the Sacrament to him, for the conversion of a Mohammedan, even at the point of death, is a rare event, considering the fanaticism of that sect. It is said that a disciple of Mohammed who would apostatize while in good health, would immediately be put to death by the members of his family, who could not suffer such a disgrace.

Among the opium addicts who are actually undergoing a corrective treatment is a three-month-old baby. Accustomed to receive from his parents a puff of opium-smoke each time he cried, the child has come to a

point that he cannot do without this narcotic. How passions soon germinate in our poor human nature! . . .

Mrs. Souen was baptized on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1941. As it often is the case with our neophytes, her husband and the other members of her family, still pagan, make her suffer very much. They upbraid her for coming too often to the Mission, for disturbing the whole household by her early rising — she attends Mass every day — in short, they criticize her conduct all the time.

On New Year's Day, as her husband was opposed to her coming to pay her first visit to God, according to her Pastor's advice, she answered calmly, "Very well, you do not want me to go to church so I shall stay at home; but remember that I possess the Master of Heaven in my heart and that He will nevertheless be the first to receive my wishes and homages."

The only thing this new Christian fears is to offend God; and with childlike simplicity she comes and exposes her doubts and perplexities to the catechist Sister. Every evening, before night prayers, which the Christians recite in common at the church, she is seen kneeling for a long time in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. What supplications does she address to the Guest of our Tabernacle? We do not know, but on seeing her always so calm and smiling, we may conjecture that she asks the meek and humble Heart of Jesus to grant her patience that she may put up with the vexations of her family and, by her example, win them to the Christian Faith.

Here, like elsewhere, patience is necessary, especially for missionaries, we may say. Recently, in one of his journeys in the bush, our Pastor had the consolation of finding two strayed sheep which he brought back to the true Fold. But he had to begin by rectifying the marriage which had been contracted according to the pagan custom.

After preparing the altar and all that was necessary for the ceremony, the priest lit the candles and was about to begin Mass when, all of a sudden, he felt inspired to ask the husband if he was provided with a wedding-ring. *Ouo wang leao, ouo t'ch'u tsieou iko* (I've forgotten, but I shall go for one right away) answered the latter; and so saying, he ran out of the church . . .

Gold articles being prohibited, no merchant could provide him with the desired jewel. Disappointed, he returned home; but at the door a few persons assured him that he could get one at a certain place, some ten *li* from there. What was he to do? . . . Go without delay to the indicated spot, of course . . .

While awaiting the return of this new Jacob who spared no trouble to obtain the hand of his Rachel, what did the missionary do? . . . Astounded by the precipitate departure of the party, he began by blowing out the candles; then, as the absence was being prolonged, he started preaching and finally heard confessions.

Eleven o'clock had struck when, finally, the bridegroom arrived with his precious ring. Nothing was lacking now and the ceremony unfolded itself according to the rites prescribed by Holy Mother Church.

In another round, two hundred *li* from Paitchengtze, Father had the happiness of reconciling to God a Christian who had not practised for thirty-two years. Similar conversions are ample compensations for the fatigue and disappointments of all sorts inherent to apostolic life. Oh! would to God that Pastors were more numerous, that the sheep might not wander alone far from the Fold! If so many defections are to be deplored in countries where the Ministers of the Gospel abound, how can Christians who are years without hearing an exhortation or a word of encouragement, persevere in their religious practices? The Sovereign Judge will certainly be more lenient towards these souls whose chances are so slim; but it is none the less important for those who have received the gift of Faith to work, each in his own way, to augment the number of labourers in the Lord's Vineyard. The first means is within everyone's power — it is prayer. Pray therefore for Paitchengtze and its thousands of inhabitants still cold and inert in paganism!

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VANCOUVER

*Gleanings from the Diary of the Missionary Sisters of the
Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Vancouver*

INTIMATE FEASTS

Tuesday, July 2, 1941

Our humble sanctuary spoke to-day of a Marian feast: lilies of immaculate whiteness mingled with verdure on the altar, while blue lights placed in the form of a crescent sparkled at the feet of Our Heavenly Mother's statue.

During Mass, we sang pious refrains, then, at 9.30, the joyous ringing of the bell reunited us around dear Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ whose patronal feast it was.

The joy of the day was augmented by the visit in the course of the afternoon of His Excellency Msgr. Jennings, Auxiliary Bishop of Vancouver. With his usual benevolence, His Excellency addressed us a few paternal words in French, then gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The revered Pastor visited our hospital and appeared greatly interested in our missionary endeavour. He favoured each patient with a few words of consolation, and his affability conquered the hearts of all our protégés; even good old Malea spoke ingenuously: "When you have time, come and see me again." "Yes, yes, I shall come again," he answered.

We shall keep of this visit the sweetest and most grateful remembrance.

Tuesday, August 5

Our retreat, begun in peace and silence, was terminated by the pure and profound joys of Religious Profession.

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

During Holy Mass, Sister Marguerite de Jésus⁽¹⁾ renewed her sacred engagements; then, at 9.30, Sister St. Isidore⁽²⁾, brimming with happiness, consecrated herself definitively to the Spouse of Virgins.

In a substantial allocution, Reverend Father Kingston, S. J., preacher of the retreat, after having developed the greatness of the alliance of a soul with Christ, delicately evoked the remembrance of the parents of the elect, and of the sacrifice imposed upon them by their absence on that beautiful day, saying that this sacrifice would bring upon them a more abundant shower of graces.

Before dinner, during the singing of the *Veni Sponsa Christi*, Sister Superior deposited on the head of our happy Sister the crown of white lilies that she will confide to-morrow to her Heavenly Mother, imploring her to render it again to her when death comes.

How good God is! Yes, it is truly the hundredfold which He gives here below to those who have left all to follow Him, and for the time to come, what a promise! a throne of glory in eternal life

Monday, November 10

Lim Kee, one of our patients, was failing rapidly, but he had been baptized and consequently was ready to undertake the great journey. The native catechist Sister persuaded him to ask the good God to admit him soon into His beautiful Heaven where joys are unending. The old man obeyed and made his request, but contrary to his expectations, death did not come, and Paradise neither. Impatient, he complained and violently shook his little bell. "Sister," he exclaimed, "I've been waiting for Paradise for the last half-hour; what can that mean? I have said my prayer well! . . ."

Sunday, November 16

An old man arrived here last night; he did not seem in danger, but towards morning he became extremely weak. Evidently his hours were numbered. A short lesson in Catechism was given him, and he immediately accepted Baptism. Sister Saint Isidore⁽²⁾ was only too happy to pour the Purifying Waters on this pagan brow; and, her hand trembling with emotion, she marked the sign of the elect on another heathen soul, calling the new child of God by the name of Gaston.

While we were reciting our Rosary in the chapel, meditating on the Joyful Mysteries, the newly-baptized man departed for the Great Beyond to sing eternally the sweet canticle of gratitude, *Magnificat!*

Friday, November 21

Wong Ko was at the point of death when he became a child of Holy Mother Church. The grace of Holy Baptism made him so blissful, so confident, that his soul already seemed radiant with the first beams of eternal felicity. "I am not afraid of death," would he say, "I am going up

1. Émilie MARTIN, St. François d'Assise, Bonaventure Co., Que.

2. Jeannette BOUCHARD, St. Hilarion, Charlevoix Co. Que.

there where I'll be happy. There's no need to rub me, I shall surely die during the night; what if I suffer a little more!"

Tuesday, December 2

Mah Sai Ping was a privileged soul. Following cerebral hemorrhages this genial Chinese had vainly spent sums of money for medical care in hospitals. Discouraged at the unsuccessful effects of the treatments given him, and fearing to lose the rest of his money, he finally resorted to our Refuge. Simple and meek, he soon learned to pray; and he evinced, from the first, filial love for the Blessed Virgin. You should have heard him when the Sister-Infirmarian forgot to return him his Miraculous Medal. "Sister," he said, "my medal went to the laundry; I should like to have another!"

A few days ago a bad spell led Mah Sai Ping almost to death's door. At his request, the Regenerating Stream flowed on his brow, and to-day the priest came to complete the Baptismal ceremonies. "How happy I am," said he, "ask God to come and get me soon."

Monday, December 8

Wishing to share with the aged personnel of our household the great joy that was ours to-day, we invited them to come to the chapel.

It was no easy task to prepare these grown-up children!... Finally, they all took part in the procession, one with his red bonnet, another with his black cap, etc. . . and by means of the elevator, our poor infirmis were soon on the chapel floor. A musical march greeted their entry, and our dear folks, marvelling, admired the altar and the decorations of the sanctuary. Their attitude of prayer was rather gauche, for the majority of them were entering into the House of God for the first time. The catechist Sister drew their attention to the Tabernacle where dwells the Divine Guest.

Satisfied and happy, our tottering little troop returned to the Home where sweets were distributed to them; vibrant notes had been awakened in each heart and joviality was at its highest.

Tuesday, January 6, 1942

As the morning sun was dashing over our sleeping earth its first rays of light, one of our Japanese consumptives, Frank Iami, for several years a Catholic, left us for the beautiful Land above where he will offer to the Divine little King the gold of his charity, the incense of his prayers and the myrrh of his supreme sacrifice.

Yes, painful was this young man's sacrifice, for he had to renounce a life full of promise. Frank Iami possessed talents which would have doubtless opened for him a most brilliant career in the world. Pious and resigned as he was, his days of illness were certainly very meritorious. They were also a source of great edification for his companions. He died without agony, very simply, as a child that falls asleep. His awakening in Heaven must have been an ineffable surprise to him, revealing him beauties and joys infinitely superior to those which held a charm for him here below.

Saturday, January 17

Grandma Malea Anna has just left us for a better Clime. Considering, a few minutes before her death, her keen and brilliant eyes, we were reminded of those ancient lamps which, after having given their feeble light, shine more brilliantly when they are at the point of extinction.

The history of that soul is inscribed in the great Book of the everlasting mercies. In the pagan centre where she was living, God had cast His eyes on her and loved her; and in a mysterious design of love, had conducted her to our Refuge. She was coming late, for she had attained the advanced age of ninety-five. Baptism enkindled in her soul a flame far more vivid than that which twinkled in her jet-black eyes, and if to-day the latter is entirely extinguished, it is only to permit the former to penetrate into the Realm of Light where it will scintillate for an eternity.

Thursday, January 29

In the midst of the Chinese quarters, a pagan was dying, alone in a miserable lodging. The door was locked. The moribund's strength was ebbing fast, and he lay there without anybody's assistance, while the implacable Reaper was preparing to accomplish its task. Oh, merciful economy of Divine Providence! . . . suddenly the household proprietor became anxious about his tenant, whom he had known to be sick for the last few days; he called to his bedside Doctor Yip, a relative. The latter betook himself to the given address, but vainly did he rap at the door; no human voice responded to his call. On setting up a ladder he saw through the window the moribund lying on the floor, apparently lifeless. The police was called for and they forced the door open. Fortunately, the wretch had still a breath of life in his body. He was taken to the Home where he was laid on a comfortable white bed. Then the catechist Sister, a Chinese, exposed to him the consoling truths of our Holy Religion. On hearing these words brimming with hope, the dying man smiled and manifested his desire to be baptized. The Saving Waters had hardly moistened his brow when he gently closed his eyes to the things of this earth; his soul had sped to the regions of unending bliss.

Wednesday, February 11

Our Lady of Lourdes has smiled maternally on two patients of our Hospital to-day. Firstly, on Wong Yuen, surnamed "Grandpa" who, having become suddenly weak, received the Sacraments of Baptism and Extreme Unction. He had already expressed his desire to become a child of God several times. We named him Bernard. After Baptism, he exulted in transports of jubilation: "I am happy, so happy!" would he keep saying.

Mrs. Shigeyama had been coldly indifferent to the pressing solicitations of divine grace which urged her to become a Catholic. For the young Nipponese, to be baptized meant to accept death, and she did not want to die. To depart at twenty-five, leaving behind two children and a dearly loved husband, engendered too cruel a sacrifice. And still, she was drawing near the end of her allotted time.

AT GRANBY

Blessing of the Immaculate Conception Patronage and of the Infant School

Sunday, July 5th, was a red-letter day for our little community; it saw the blessing of our new building in the presence of an immense and recollected gathering.

The weather was all we could desire. At three thirty in the afternoon, His Excellency Most Reverend A. Douville, Auxiliary Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, arrived at our convent, solemnly escorted by the following members of the clergy: Very Reverend Canon E. E. Pelletier, Rector of Notre Dame Parish; Reverend Fathers D. Breton, P. P. of Holy Family Parish; T. Dubuc, of Saint Eugene; Reverend Fathers Goulet and Renaud; L. Larochelle, curate of Holy Family, Gaston Girouard, curate at the Bishop's House; Rosaire Vadnais; Maurice Jodoin, temporary curate of Notre Dame; and two ecclesiastics, Fathers Arbour and Tanguay.

The ceremony began outside. Then His Excellency, followed by the foregoing members of the clergy, proceeded to the blessing of the various rooms. Finally, the imposing cortege wended its way to the spotlessly white and pious chapel.

After the newly-erected Temple of the thrice Holy God had been blessed, our worthy Pastor delivered a touching allocution in which he brought into full evidence the grandeur and necessity of churches. "A church," he said, "is the House of God; it is the gate of Heaven."

He evinced deep satisfaction at the establishment of our Religious Community within the bounds of his diocese, and formulated wishes for the prosperous development of our Patronage for young workers and of our school for children whose parents work away from home.

In conclusion, he recalled the progressive expansion that characterized the municipality of Granby. He invited the faithful in a very special manner to kneel often within the shadow of our sanctuary, there to request from God their daily bread, heavenly graces for the Sisters of the establishment, for Very Reverend Canon Pelletier, its founder, and for the population as a whole.

After Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the visitors were allowed into the different parts of the newly-constructed building, while His Excellency and the guests of honour were invited to a modest repast. Prominent among the laymen were: His Honour Mayor P. H. Boivin, Messrs. J. H. Leclerc, deputy; J. G. Fuller and R. Vadnais, aldermen; Albea Messier, President of the School Commission; Jules Toralli, contractor, Simeon Brais, architect, etc.

We trust that this simple yet impressive ceremony will have assured us the encouragement of the public in our work. We hope also that many will love to spend a few moments of recollection in our pious chapel. It is always open to the public and visitors. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is ordinarily given once a week.

May this new sanctuary become a centre of prayer! May it also draw down Heaven's choice blessings upon the town of Granby!

On July 9th, we had the signal honour and the joy of welcoming the venerable Pastor of the diocese, His Excellency Bishop Decelles, whom illness retains in a state of physical inability. Accompanying him were Monsignor V. Quintal, and Very Reverend Canon G. Vigneau, Rector at the Cathedral.

Considering his extreme fatigue, our genial Pastor could not accept the armchair that was presented in order to permit him to come down from the vehicle, and be wheeled to our humble Convent. Yet we should have been so happy to welcome him and have him visit the principal rooms of our new building, in the construction of which he had evinced particular interest. He could only cast a look into our attractive chapel through the widely-opened doors.

Our little community hastened to the vehicle to receive the blessing of our revered Prelate and gather the precious words of him who always showed so much solicitude for the least of the Religious Communities of his diocese.

The honourable visit was very short, for His Excellency was very tired, but the passage of this prince of the Church afforded us a touching blessing, a ray of happiness, and the sweet impression left on those who have the privilege of seeing a saintly invalid.

* * *

AT ST. JOHNS, QUEBEC

The Primate of the Canadian Church at " St. Bernadette " Retreat House

On the occasion of the blessing of the Seminary of St. Johns, His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve deigned gratify the Religious Institutions of the city with a paternal visit.

" St. Bernadette " Retreat House therefore had the signal privilege and great joy of welcoming, for the first time, on Monday, June 29th, the Primate of the Canadian Church, who was accompanied by His Excellency Most Reverend A. Forget, our revered Bishop, Rt. Reverend Msgr. R. Boulé, V. G. Superior of the Grand Seminary of St. Johns, Very Reverend Canon Cyrille Gagnon, Superior of the Grand Seminary of Quebec, Reverend Father Paul Nicole, Chancellor of His Eminence, and Reverend Father Joseph Poissant, Chancellor of His Excellency.

Conforming ourselves to the desire expressed by our Bishop, we were awaiting at the chapel the arrival of our honourable visitors, when His Eminence entered our modest sanctuary. After a short prayer, he addressed us a few substantial words.

Praising our name of Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception, His Eminence deigned establish a certain relationship between him and us, and added that our white Habit recalled the whiteness, the purity of the Immaculate Virgin, while the blue, the colour of the sky, reminded one of Heaven. He said that these symbols should find their realization in us.

Then with pleasing simplicity, he encouraged us to pursue the work of our sanctification by fulfilling our duty with great love of God, thereby ennobling our most modest tasks. He said he was pleased with the good our Institute endeavoured to do in the missions, China, Japan, etc. . . . and even in Rome where he has already visited our Sisters, and at our Convents of Quebec. "I do not doubt," he added, "that you are doing good in St. Johns Diocese also."

To these words of encouragement and exhortation our revered Cardinal added his blessing which, we hope, will help us to respond to his desires.

Before leaving us, His Eminence had the kindness of offering us his photograph which we accepted with great pleasure.

Too short was this paternal visit, but the remembrance of it will give it somewhat of a lasting character.

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To Work for the Poor is to Work for God

On July 10th, under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency Most Reverend A. Forget, opened, at "St. Bernadette" House, the Annual Exposition of the different works made by the Sewing Circles of the Diocese: Church vestments, sacred linens, and various lingerie.

The members of the Committee of the Altar Society of "St. Bernadette" House were present, besides a few presidents of the affiliated workrooms, and other persons.

His Excellency visited with visible interest the different works displayed, and highly encouraged the devoted workers. He was well pleased with their achievements and expressed his joy on witnessing the proofs of generosity and good will each Circle had given; for the exhibition of all this lingerie evidenced persevering labour and devotedness. He strongly exhorted them to be faithful to the weekly sewing-reunions and suggested that other Circles be organized in the parishes where none had as yet been formed, adding that the Pastors would gladly agree to the proposition.

His Excellency pointed out how beautiful and meritorious it was to work for the altars. Then, considering the future, he said it was necessary to make provisions for the post-war period, and that if, for the moment, there was no possibility of forwarding these articles to the poor missions abroad, this would have to be done as soon as circumstances would permit, for over there as well as here, vestments and clothing wear out and need to be replaced. He kindly assured the Committee of a substantial subsidy to defray the cost of the necessary sewing material. We know that the Altar Society holding their weekly reunions at "St. Bernadette" House have also, in the past, benefited by our kind Bishop's liberalities.

His Excellency blessed the group, calling upon the workers present and absent, as well as on all those interested in the Society, the gifts of the Supreme Requirer.

May His Excellency's warm encouragement and deep interest stimulate our valiant Workers in their task of generous devotedness!



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Friday, May 1, 1942

To honour Mary during her most beautiful month, everything in nature assumes a festive appearance. The breeze becomes softer; the wonderful vegetation hastens to display its foliage and flowers; and our little feathered warblers, thrushes and nightingales, come again to enliven the air with their joyous trilling.

And we, privileged children of the Queen of Heaven, what will our part be? What shall we add to all these notes of beauty and harmony? Ah! it will be the note of love, according to the expression of a certain poet and as this incomparable Mother's affection demands.

All together, birds and breezes,
Waters, sunshine, meadows green,
Let us sing a hymn to Mary,
To Our Blessed Heav'nly Queen.

In this universal chorus,
Love's sweet note will be my role;
Note, which, though it never varies,
Seems new, daily, to my soul.

Truly, Mary is Our Sov'reign,
For her bounty deigns impart
Beauty to your realms, O Nature!
While, with love, she fills my heart.

And we are resolved to fulfil our role so well that this whole month will be a prolonged festival in honour of Our Heavenly Mother.

Sunday, May 10

To-day begins the week of prayer and thanksgiving requested by His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve, on the occasion of the Episcopal Silver Jubilee of His Holiness Pope Pius XII. Acquitting ourselves of this duty with respectful and filial earnestness, we are offering in a special manner, Tuesday, the day assigned for all the Religious Communities.

As we make it our duty to pray and render thanks according to the intentions of His Holiness, it is, likewise, certainly befitting for us to rejoice

in his honour; so a recreation is granted us for this first day, and we conscientiously take advantage of it.

Tuesday, May 12

The preparation of the garden continues with animation: spades, hoes and rakes are going in fine style . . . Thanks to the management of these instruments, the earth is made lighter, is cleared of everything that might be injurious to germination and is, finally, ready to be sown.

Now, woe to weeds! We are there, like sentinels, if not to prevent them from appearing, at least to grub them up pitilessly.

We do not forget the proverb which says: "God helps those who help themselves." What is more just? So, after doing our humble possible, we confide it all to Divine Providence, imploring the blessing which pronotes germination and growth.

For this intention, during these days of Rogation, particularly, our prayers are reinforced by the intensity of their union with those of Holy Church, which has us say in the Litany of the Saints: "That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to give and preserve the fruits of the earth, we beseech Thee, hear us."

This earth, the cultivation of which demands so much care, is truly the image of us, little novices, who must let ourselves be cultivated by our good Mistress. The interest that she takes in our perfection induces her to combat in us the defects or habits capable of hindering the rays of grace and the development of virtues. We must, then, remain very supple in the hands of this zealous gardener of our souls and profit by the sunshine and dew, which are her charitable admonitions.

Thursday, May 14, Ascension Day

When, at High Mass this morning, we saw extinguished the Pascal candle, symbol of the presence of the Man-God on earth, we thought of the Apostles when Jesus left them to ascend to His Father; and, like them, we stopped to contemplate Heaven, understanding more clearly how they must have felt after that last farewell, and wondering what we would become, all of us, without the God of the Tabernacle.

In the face of the present disturbance, of the apprehensions which it provokes and which are becoming from day to day more determined, creating a thousand obstacles to the development of missionary works, we feel to a great extent the fear which possessed the poor Fishermen of Galilee after the Ascension! But what did they do then? Following the advice of the Heavenly messengers, they resumed the road to Jerusalem and awaited help from Above, united in prayer with the Blessed Virgin and under her protection. It is just what we should do and what we renew our resolution to-day to do, confiding to Mary, Mediatrix of all graces, the interests of Holy Church and of our dear Institute.

During the forenoon, our companions of the music course had a match, in which each competitor had to accompany properly a piece of Gregorian chant.

Sunday, May 17

The City of Montreal commemorates to-day the tercentenary of its founding and of the first Mass, celebrated on May 17, 1642 by Father Vimont.

We cannot go to take part in the great religious ceremonies which are being held in honour of this memorable event; but quite a number of our Professed Sisters have the advantage of assisting at them and, no doubt, this evening, they will give us an account of these beautiful demonstrations. In the meantime, we heartily join in the thanksgiving, which rises towards Heaven to-day for the countless benefits showered upon this beautiful part of our Country during the past three centuries.

Sunday, May 24

A triple distinctive mark classifies Whitsunday among the feasts that are dearest to us. Already, one of the first of the Liturgical Year, it can also be said to be apostolic, since it recalls to us the great transformation wrought in the Apostles by the Holy Ghost and the starting-point of their enthusiasm for the spreading of the Gospel. It is, besides, the patronal feast of our Venerable Mother Foundress. Although she has left us for the Eternal City, we have not relinquished the custom of offering her our modest presents. A spiritual bouquet of prayers, sacrifices and acts of virtue, that we have gathered and endeavoured to enhance as much as possible during the month of May, was presented to her to-day in token of our filial gratitude.

We take pleasure, on this feast, in representing to ourselves this dear Mother inclined on the edge of Heaven, smiling at her daughters on earth and accepting, with tender emotion, as formerly, our humble marks of attachment. Doubtlessly, also, she must have solicited for each of us, this morning, an abundance of the Gifts and Fruits of the Holy Ghost, towards Whom she always had, we are told, most confident devotion.

Friday, May 29

Our Mother Superior General and Mother St. Jean François Régis arrived here unexpectedly, just as the bell was ringing for dinner. You ought to have seen, then, the surprised look and glad smile on all our countenances.

Monday, June 1

Mother Assistant General and Mother St. Marie Madeleine came in their turn to visit the Dove-cot. Their stay with us was very much too short, in our opinion; but, just the same, we appreciate all these dear visits, which always do us good.



One will perhaps say of the pagans: "They are unknown to us, why should we care whether they be saved or lost, whether they live or die?" Always, of each one, Jesus says, "He is one of mine!"

— Reverend Father BEAUDOT, S. J.

A Novice's Day

(Continued)

HERE the *Benedictus* is recited in Latin.

This visit to her Jesus of the Tabernacle is a source of joy for the fervent Novice, whose thoughts and affections dwell often, throughout the day, with the Beloved of the altars.

On coming out of the chapel, some Sisters proceed to the kitchen to wash the dishes, others peel the vegetables for supper, whilst a number busy themselves in the washing or ironing room, etc., etc.

At 12.50 A. M., all the little white Sisters are gathered once more in the Novitiate-hall, this time for recreation which opens with a hymn, differing on feast-days, and on Tuesdays when the Angel Guardian is honoured, but always the same on ordinary days. Here are the words of it:

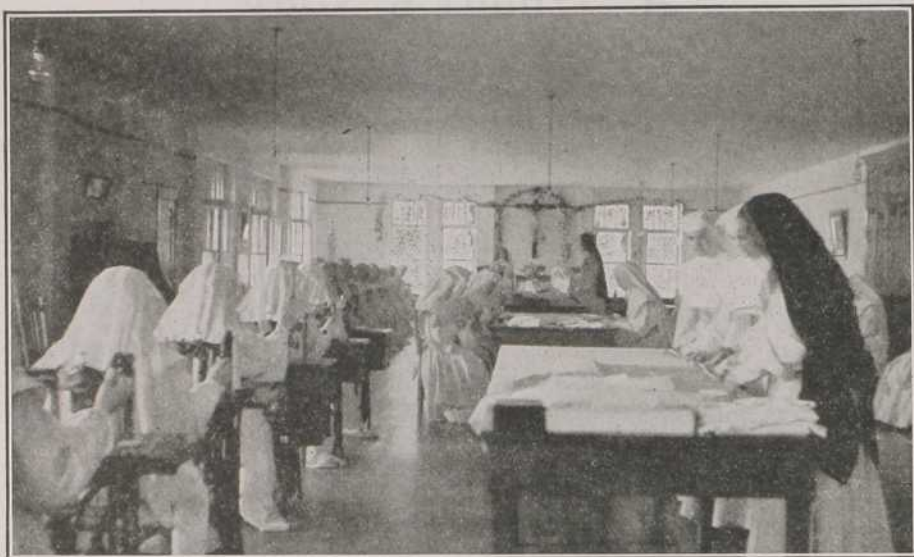
My God, I offer Thee
This task now given me,
For Thy glory.
Oh! please, disdain it not,
For my heart ne'er seeks aught
But to love Thee.

My Lord, I beg Thy grace;
I'll act to Thine own taste —
Thou within me.
May all my deeds proclaim
That I have one sole aim:
E'er to please Thee!

"Praised be Jesus!" says Mother Mistress. "Praised be Jesus, Mary and Joseph!" answer all in a chorus. And immediately the chatting commences, gay, animated, captivating, filling all space in the vast apartment. Vast is, in truth, the Novitiate-hall, for it measures thirty by a hundred feet. It has no pillars and is favoured with many large windows through which sun and light may enter at leisure. Above the Mistress' desk, a large Crucifix hangs on the snowy walls, and is surrounded with beautiful green ivy. This Crucifix and a statue of the Virgin of the Temple, the loving Patroness of the Novitiate, are the principal ornaments of the room. Holy pictures and pious sentences are appended in diverse places; tables, chairs, sewing-machines, a piano, constitute the furnishings of the apartment . . . not forgetting the old grandfather clock, rich in years and reminiscences, that, on many occasions, speaks to the little Novices.

It talks about "Bethany" of Nominingue, located in a charming environment among the Laurentians, wherefrom it has been brought; that all-white House which was formerly the Novitiate of the Institute, where it has lived so long and witnessed so many events . . . O loved clock, that has wafted heavenwards so many fervent prayers and sighs of love, so many acts of obedience and of regularity, continue through the years your noble task! Among the youthful generations of aspirant-missionaries which are forever being renewed in the dear "Garden of Mary", keep your heart ever young and for them, defying old age, may it beat relentlessly through the long vista of years.

Our Novice participates in the joyous conversation which echoes in the distance, while busying herself at the same time, like her fellow-sisters, in manual labour. This recreation, simple and cordial, has a peculiar charm



THE NOVITIATE HALL

for her and she is prompted to repeat with the Psalmist: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for Sisters to dwell together in unity!"

Suddenly the sound of Mother Mistress' handbell attracts the attention of all. Instantaneous silence. The grave voice of the former begins the following invocations to which everyone unites:

O Blessed Trinity, be my All in all things!

O my God, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven!

My God, have mercy on me and on the whole world!

O most sweet Jesus, be not to me a Judge, but a Saviour!

O Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, by your first pulsation in the virginal womb of Mary, by your last palpitation on the cross, make me live by faith and die of contrition and love!

O Holy Will of God, be my food, my life!

O Holy Ghost, enlighten and inflame us!

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, may I love and serve you or die!

Blessed be the Holy and Immaculate Conception of the glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God!

O blessed Heart of Good Saint Joseph, pray for us.

These pious invocations, coming from a soul inflamed with the love of her God, devoted to Mary and confident in the august Protector of virgins, recall the Divine presence, renew the purity of intention and often put to flight invisible foes. They are repeated throughout the day within the walls of the Novitiate and in the different Houses of the Institute, each time the clock strikes the hour or the half-hour.

After that short uplifting of the mind and heart to God, conversations proceed with no less gayety, and fingers resume their task with new activity — charming scene which must rejoice the Guardians Angel, as numerous in the apartment as the white or black veils. "Oh!" they must say in their ravishment, "here indeed is Paradise upon earth!"

Ding . . . dong . . . ding . . . dong . . . All eyes glance at the clock, and one expression appears on all countenances. "So soon! . . ." every one says to herself. Yes, it is really 1.15 P. M. Instantly things vary: gay laughings are hushed, smiles are stumpt, words are left unfinished and gestures incomplete. Moved, as it were, by some magic power, mending and sewing are replaced on the tables and in the work-baskets. Each one hurries to place the chairs and to leave everything in order, for in five minutes a "spiritual exercise" will begin. The interruption of her work for prayer, at this hour of the day, is to the ardent Novice what a short halt in a refreshing oasis is to the tired traveller.

At 1.20 P. M., the personnel, according to the season and weather, gathered in the chapel or in the shady grove, is absorbed in profound recollection for the examen preceded by the recitation of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. From the heart of the faithful and generous fiancée of Jesus, there firstly springs a sigh of love, of abandonment and gratitude toward the Divine Lover; then, suddenly, she becomes thoughtful. "What is the value of this half-day in the eyes of the Lord? . . ." she asks herself. "On this and that occasion, how have I practised virtue? . . . Ah! that predominating defect, how much merit does it not make me lose . . . and how very hard it is to extirpate! . . . it is not unlike the couch-grass of the garden . . . but I must conquer it at all costs! . . ." Memorandum in hand, she registers her victories or defeats. She excites herself to contrition, makes a firm purpose to do better, and has recourse to Jesus, Mary, and to her Guardian Angel; then, five minutes having elapsed, the second part of the Rosary begins. Everyone, beads in hand and meditating on the Divine mysteries, joins in the praises of Mary which are closed by the *Magnificat*. Oh! that canticle of gratitude of the Mother of God, how appropriate it is on the lips of a Missionary of the Immaculate Conception — daughter of the



UNDER THE TREES

Virgin — who, on the beautiful day of her Profession, has vowed to the Sovereign Master her total existence as a perpetual holocaust of thanksgiving, in her name and in that of all men! . . . Consequently, the future Professed of the Immaculate learns at the very outset of her postulancy to cherish this sublime hymn that the Venerable Mother Foundress of the Institute preferred above all others and wished to be often recited by her children, making of it, after the example of their celestial Mother, the ineffable expression of their soul filled with gratitude.

The novices proceed from this pious exercise to the English Class which continues until 3.00 P. M. Knowing how useful this language may prove in the future to the aspirant-missionaries, everyone brings to it all her good will; and in order to obtain more rapid progress, the teacher of the course organizes contests and debates.

On coming out of this class, the Sisters fulfill different occupations which vary according to the actual needs. If in summer, they go to the garden to sow, weed, water and harvest. With ardour each one assumes her task which is somewhat recreative, and while hurrying, whispers fervent Aves. And in order that these mystical blooms may be more agreeable to the Queen of Heaven, they are presented to her under the form of a Rosary; but since the fingering of the beads is impossible on account of her work, the novice who presides at the recitation counts the Aves of each decade by uniting with the choirs of angels. After having named the mystery and recited the Our Father, she says:

With the Angels—	Hail Mary . . .	With the Archangels—	Hail Mary . . .
With the Powers—	"	With the Principalities—	"
With the Virtues—	"	With the Thrones—	"
With the Dominations—	"	With the Cherubim—	"
With the Seraphim—	"	With the Heavenly Court and the just on earth—	Hail Mary . . .

Glory be to the Father . . .

The mystical crown completed, silence reigns, but the work continues. Soon fatigue weighs down the zealous workers, but they do not stop to think about it, for they have learned that in the Community where they wish to live and die, work is the principal penance. The Rule does not impose the use of the discipline, there are no long and rigorous fasts, but each one works firmly, according to her physical strength and aptitudes, in a spirit of renouncement and apostolate. The members learn to become useful everywhere, in order to render greater services to the Community and later on, in the missions, to make the natives benefit by their acquired knowledge. This thought holds their courage high and from a warm heart they lovingly repeat: "For Thee, my God! for the salvation of souls! . . ."

(To be continued.)



Souls — dear Lord, we must have souls! Above all, souls of apostles and of martyrs, that through them we may inflame the multitude of poor sinners with love of Thee.

— Saint TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS.



The Children's Page

DEAR CHILDREN,

With cheerful hearts you have returned to school, determined to increase both your intellectual and moral powers. Fine! Youth is a golden opportunity; it is seeding-time. When maturity or old-age will have been attained, it will be time to harvest what you have sown.

Doubtless, you have seen, on a beautiful day of spring, a sower scattering seed in the furrows. How broad is his gesture, how generous, how earnest! He sows profusely for he wishes the harvest to be abundant; and he hastens at the task, for he knows that sowing-time is of short duration and once it has passed it does not return. His countenance is beaming with serenity, for his heart is filled with hope. Of his arduous labour, the genial showers and the hot rays of the sun, he expects a rich harvest. But, b'essed is he, if he places his hope above all in the power and goodness of the Sovereign Master of harvests, and if, while covering the seed, his soul, in a hymn of praise and petition, rises to Him Who created the sun, Who fashions the clouds, Who fertilizes the soil and fecundates the seed, for heavenly blessings will descend upon his field and, with joy, he will gather in his harvest.

Thus must you do, dear Children. You are in the springtime of life, in the seeding-season, and the field you must cultivate is your heart, your mind. Like the good Sower, cast abundant seed in the furrows and be diligent at your task for the beautiful days of childhood will soon be scattered like the petals of a rose; they will pass away like the waters of the brook; they will vanish like a dream.

Out of the silences they rise,
Those sweet remembrances of yore,
Of carefree, jolly childhood time —
Days dead and gone forevermore.

Too soon have fled those moments blest,
That springtime morning of my days!
Yet retrospect no sadness brings,
For love of duty traced my ways.

With lithesome spirit reveled I
In sports and games and healthy fun;
And sought to fill my finite mind
With knowledge that a school gives one.



THE DIVINE SOWER

Relying on a Heart benign
I sowed and watered hopefully,
And Providence then gave increase
And blossomed buds of one short day.

True, from my lips more than a prayer
Was wafted, even at my play,
I called on one, Immaculate,
To keep me good and pure away.

How faithfully that Mother mild
Keeps vigil over my poor soul,
And gives the blessing of her love
To mark my years as on they roll!

That carefree, jolly childhood time —
What happiness for me it bore!
Its mem'ries linger as a scent,
And give me joy forevermore!

All of you, dear Friends, are solicitous about spending your youth in a manner that will cause you no regrets in the future; you wish it to be rich in promise and replete with sweet remembrances — make God and the Blessed Virgin the very corner-stone of your life and of everything you attempt. Remember that it is through Mary that all blessings come to us from Heaven. So let Jesus and Mary be your first hope and the principal objects of your love.

Blessed Grignon de Montfort who received such signal favours from the Mother of God spoke from experience when he wrote: "Tell my brother Joseph he will come out one of the best of his class if he confides his studies to the Blessed Virgin, his kind Mother; let him keep up his little practices in her honour and she will give him all that is necessary."

That great apostle of Mary always kept a picture of Our Lady before him when he studied. He often looked at it and kissed the Madonna's feet with filial piety. The renowned Albert the Great, the illustrious Abbé Rupert, and several others, were indebted to the Queen of Heaven for the great science that won them the glory and admiration of their time.

"When I look at a picture of Mary," said St. Edmund, "not only is my spirit enlightened, but my eyes grow less weary, so sweet is it for them to contemplate my beloved Mother."

After the example of these faithful servants of Mary and of so many others, dear Children, place before your eyes a picture or a small statue of your Heavenly Queen when you study or do other work. This powerful and loving Mother will be pleased with your act of filial piety and will marvelously help you, especially if you implore her aid. This is what she did for the saintly Curé d'Ars, when he was nine years of age.

One day, when the child had gone to work in the vineyard with his elder brother, Francis, he tried to do as much as the big lad of fifteen. Broken and exhausted when he reached home at night, he said to his mother: "I tired myself out trying to keep up with Francis all day long."

"Francis," said the compassionate mother, "don't work so fast or help him a little. You see very well he's not so strong as you are."

"Oh!" replied Francis, "Jean Marie doesn't need to do so much as I do. What would people think if the elder brother didn't do more than the cadet?"

These words did not dishearten Jean Marie, they rather incited him to turn to his Heavenly Mother for help. The following days, provided with a little statue of Our Lady he had received as a gift, he piously kissed her feet before starting his work and threw it ahead of him. On reaching it he would pick it up respectfully, repeat his act of veneration, throw it again in front of him, and so on till evening. To his brother's great surprise, the little lad did as much work as his elder brother without feeling tired. And things lasted thus for eight days.

His laborious task finished, the saintly child rested while saying his beads. Doubtless, it was his numerous *Aves* that merited for him so many favours from Heaven!

THE BEADS

If one "Hail Mary" well said pleases the Blessed Virgin, how she must be touched by the fervent recitation of the beads, or better still, of the Rosary, which repeats the blessed praise fifty or a hundred and fifty times, recalling to her the sacred mysteries of her incomparable life. Upon those who, to honour Mary, piously say the beads or the Rosary every day, she bestows marvellous graces. Here are a few examples out of thousand.

Christoph von Gluck, a renowned musician and a fervent Catholic, was born of poor parents. When a child he sang in a basilica and crowds of people were attracted by the charms of his voice. One day, after having admirably sung a motet of Clari, he was accosted, on coming down from the choir, by a religious who, impressed by the boy's beautiful singing, congratulated him and said: "My little friend, I have nothing to give you as a token of my delight, nothing but prayer-beads . . . Keep them, however, as a souvenir from Brother Anselm and especially, promise me to say them each night. This practice will bring you happiness." Christoph, surprised and touched, accepted the beads and promised to recite them every day as long as he lived.

When Gluck was eighteen, he made up his mind to go to Rome to continue his studies in music. But where was he to find the means of carrying out his project? Wholly confident in the Blessed Virgin Mary, he said his beads for that intention. One evening, when he had just acquitted himself of this pious duty, there was a knock at the door. It was the choir-master of St. Stephen's, in Vienna, who, appointed to go to Italy to make a collection of Palestrina's works, came on the part of the Archbishop to ask Christoph to accompany him as his secretary. You can imagine the young man's joy. His parents gave their consent and a few days later the artist left for Italy, where he remained twenty years. He remained faithful to the promise he had made of saying the beads every day. When he returned to Vienna, and later on at the Court of Versailles, where he was overwhelmed with honour, he would manage to retire in a corner of the royal parlour, where he was admitted as any of the greatest personages, and there, recited what he called the *musician's breviary*. He

kept those religious dispositions all his lifetime; and the hand which had written the somber and lyric *De Profundis*, still clasped Brother Anselm's beads when, struck with apoplexy, the immortal artist commended his soul into the hands of his Maker.

Hadyn, the great artist, confessed that he sought inspiration in difficulties by rising from the piano and reciting the beads which obtained for him the gift he wished to offer to God.

Mozart, a musical genius who died at an early age after composing a great number of instrumental works, always was a fervent Catholic. He prayed, received Holy Communion and said his beads. After the successful performance of one of his symphonies, he said his beads in thanksgiving.

Kings, emperors, learned men, nobles and warriors also left us marks of the great esteem and love they had for the recitation of the beads. "Every day, after saying the Rosary of the Mother of God," said Charles V, "I listen to the news of the war." Philip II, king of Spain, would say to his successor Philip III, "My son, if you wish to keep your kingdoms and maintain peace in them, always have your Rosary on you."

"It is neither by our generals, our battalions nor our arms, that the victory has been obtained," said the Senate of Venice; "it must be attributed to Our Lady of the Rosary." John, king of Bohemia, used to say: "The Rosary is my hope for salvation."



*Pius X loved to honour the Blessed Virgin
by the recitation of the beads*

"Tell the faithful," said Pius IX one day, "that the Pope does not only bless beads, but that he says his Rosary every day and invites his children to follow his example." His glorious successors were not less faithful to honour the Blessed Virgin by this pious praise.

If I have related these little facts to you, dear Children, it is because I have your happiness at heart, and the Holy Rosary is a pledge of it. The Blessed Virgin looks down with kindness on those who respectfully wear blest beads, and her look is already a protection. To those who say them piously, she grants abundant graces.

Mingle, therefore, dear Children, mingle *Aves* with the seeds of science you scatter in your minds and

those of virtue you throw in your hearts, and this seed of prayer, tinging the others with supernatural, will render them fruitful and worthy of Heaven.

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.

Young Men, Would You?...

Young men, do you wish to be able to cope with the arduous obligations that await you? Be more than ever clients of Mary and her imitators.

It is pride that causes humanity to err; to keep calm and collected, *be humble* like your Mother. Corruption pervades us; *be pure* like Mary. The spirit of defection casts its breath upon souls and leads them to abandon the most holy of causes; like Mary, *be faithful*. Egoism envenoms the wounds of society, spurs class hatreds and aggravates the menacing conflicts of the hour; show yourselves the worthy sons of the loving Virgin who for our sake has gone to the outermost frontiers of sacrifice; who, standing at the foot of the Cross, consented to the immolation of her adorable Son, accepting the sentence that substituted Him to the culprits, accepting the exchange that gave as children to the Mother of Jesus the very ones for whom Jesus was dying.

— Msgr. d'HULST.

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.

My health is much better, thanks to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and Almighty God. I ask prayers for my son who has strayed from the right path. Mrs. R. P.—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Miss C. L., **Ste. Agnes de Dundee**.—My health has been restored after a serious illness from which I did not think I would recover. My most heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. M. N., **Montreal**.—I have already received two favours and thank the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph for helping me. My health is improving every day and I wish more prayers for another favour which I hope to receive. Mrs. R. P., **Ste. Agathe**.—Thanksgiving for a favour received through the intercession of Our Lady, St. Joseph and St. Thérèse. Will you please pray for me as I have a very serious decision to make. Mrs. O. D.—Thanksgiving for a favour received. Mrs. A. G. M., **McRogue, Sask.**—I heartily thank the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained. I am asking you to pray for a very special intention. Mrs. L. G., **Fairfield, Me.**—I want to thank you most sincerely for the help your prayers have brought me. I am feeling much better. Please remember my other intentions, and most of all my son who is in the service for his country. Ask God to protect him and have him return safely to me. A sad mother, **Worcester, Mass.**—

Heartfelt thanks to Our Lady. Mrs. Chas. A. O'Brien, **Ste. Agathe des Monts**.—Thanksgiving for my husband receiving employment. Trusting you will remember us in your prayers. Mrs. E. C., **Detroit, Mich.**—Many thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained.—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a great improvement in health. Mrs. V. C., **Montreal**.—Thanksgiving to the Holy Mother of God for favours received, especially for success in the studies of a seminarian. I solicit prayers for another boy who is studying to be a priest. Mrs. J. A. L.—Lively gratitude to Our Lady for a conversion obtained. Mrs. H. H., **Montreal**.—Thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for a great favour obtained. Mrs. E. G.—Homage of gratitude to Mary for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. G. L., **Maniwaki**.—Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Mr. S. R., **Tétreaultville**.—Thanksgiving for a cure

obtained. Mrs. O. G., **Sorel**.—Grateful thanks to Our Lady for a cure obtained. Mrs. D. P., **Ste. Anne de Sorel**.—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin who has hearkened to my prayers. J. H. B.—Lively gratitude to Mary for five great favours obtained through her intercession. A subscriber.—Kindly help me to thank Our Lady of Seven Dolours for a cure obtained. Anonymous.—Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a great favour obtained. A mother.—Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a grace obtained. Mrs. F. P., **Joliette**.—Thanksgiving to Mary for the grace she has obtained for me. I solicit my cure if it is the will of God. Mrs. A. L., **Ste. Anne des Plaines**.—Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a grace obtained through her intercession. E. M. A., **St. Pie**.—Kindly have a votive light burn in front of the statue of the Blessed Virgin, in thanksgiving for a favour granted to my son. A subscriber, **Ste. Thérèse**.—Please have a votive light burn in honour of the Blessed Virgin in thanksgiving for a favour obtained. I request another cure. Mrs. E. L., **Forestville**.—After having prayed for a grace seven years, my request is granted. A thousand thanks to the Immaculate Virgin! Mrs. J. C., **Brockton, Mass.**—Thanksgiving for a grace received. Mrs. E. T., **Lewiston Me.**—Lively gratitude to Our Heavenly Mother who has helped me in my trials. Mrs. F. D.—I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for the graces she has showered upon me. I solicit another favour. Miss R. R., **St. Alexis**.—Grateful thanks to the Immaculate Virgin for a grace received. We hope to obtain other favours through her intercession. May she continue showering her blessings on my family and myself. Miss G. L., **St. Johns**.—Heartfelt gratitude to Our Heavenly Mother for the return of my husband. Anonymous, **Jackman, Me.**—Gladly do I acquit myself of my promise in honour of the Blessed Virgin, thanking her for a grace obtained. Mrs. C. L., **Montreal**.—Lively gratitude for a favour obtained. Mrs. X. Fortin, **Lourdes**.

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."

Again I come to ask prayers for our baby who will go for an examination soon. I am still in hopes of her cure. Mrs. F. M., **Montreal South**.—Will you kindly pray that I may sell my property soon and get my price. Mrs. A. J., **Willimantic, Conn.**—Please pray for a very special intention of mine. Miss M. B., **St. Mary's, Ont.**—Again I am asking prayers to the Blessed Virgin, that I may regain my strength and that my daughter may be cured. Mrs. A. L., **Sweetsburg, Que.**—I come to ask you to kindly pray to Our Blessed Lady for me. I feel sure she will not turn a deaf ear to my plea. Please pray perpetually until my favour is granted. A client of Mary, **Point St. Charles**.—Please help me to pray to the Blessed Virgin for my cure and other favours. Mrs. N. V., **Spencer, Mass.**—I am hoping for a special favour; please pray to the Blessed Virgin and good St. Anne for me. Mrs. C. F. B., **Granby, Que.**—Will you kindly light a float or candle before the altar of Our Lady for the intentions of all suffering souls on earth, for our soldiers at war, for peace, for mercy for the souls in purgatory and for the conversion of sinners. Please pray for my intentions. Miss E. A., **South Bridge, Mass.**—Please make a novena and pray to Our Heavenly Mother, that my brother may obtain his exemption from military training if such be God's Holy Will. Miss C. M. R., **Hemmingford, Que.**—Will you pray for my sister-in-law and my brother. Anonymous.—Please say a prayer for the protection and safe return of my son who is with the armed forces and for all mothers' sons. Mrs. C. C., **Holyoke, Mass.**—Please pray to the Immaculate Conception for all my intentions. Mrs. E. R. W.—Please pray for my brother in camp. Mrs. J. W., **Norwich, Conn.**—Please pray for my girls who are sick and have to work. Mrs. S. G., **Dundee, Que.**—Would you join me in making a novena to Our Blessed Mother for a very special intention. Mrs. R. P., **St. Léonard de Port Maurice**.—My health is improving but my sight is giving me a great deal of discomfort. Please make a novena that it will not grow any worse. Please continue to pray for my husband's health also. Mrs. R. D., **Millbury, Mass.**—Will you kindly begin a novena to Our Blessed Lady for me as I am ill with heart trouble. M. H., **Montreal**.—Please say special prayers to Our Lady, that I may recover my hearing. Miss R. G., **Putnam, Conn.**—Please have a candle burn in honour of the Blessed Virgin for a special favour. M. J. B., **Pineville, N. B.**—Please pray to the Divine Child Jesus, the Immaculate Conception and St. Joseph for my intentions. Mr. J. K., **Blythe, Ont.**—

I am not feeling well. Would you kindly pray that I may recover my health. Mrs. E. B., Webster, Mass.—Will you please pray for a few special intentions. Mrs. Wm. T. F., Worcester, Mass.—Please continue to pray to Our Lady for my petition. Mrs. B. T. H., Schenectady, N. Y.—Please remember my husband in your prayers. He was operated on. Mrs. J. M., Worcester, Mass.—I implore you to pray to Mary Immaculate for my daughter's health and that she may find work she can do. Mrs. E. R. Y., Indian Orchard, Mass.—Kindly pray for a very special intention. K. H., Verdun, Que.—I am coming to ask you to pray for me as I have been sick since January. Mrs. E. F., Salem, Mass.—Would you please pray to Our Immaculate Mother and her Divine Son for my intentions. Please remember my Aunt and Uncle in your prayers. M. T. M., St. Chrysostom, Que.—Please pray for us, that we may have food, luck, and be able to repair our shattered buildings. Mrs. F. F. C., Caribou, Me.—Would you please pray for a very important favour we would like to obtain within the year. Mrs. G. W.—Please have a votive candle burn in honour of the Blessed Virgin for a special favour. W. E., Montreal.—Kindly offer very special prayers to Our Lady for two important favours. Mrs. J. B., Maniwaki.—Kindly remember me in your prayers, that I may obtain a special favour that is very important. Mrs. L.—I would like you to make a novena for my little boy who has been sick. Please ask Our Lady to cure him as soon as possible. Mrs. L. S., South Troy, Vt.—Would you please have a Novena of lights burn for my intentions. Ask the Mother of God to help me, only a miracle can straighten things for me. A miserable wife and mother. M. S., Verdun.—Kindly pray for me as I have lost a good position and it has caused me lots of worry. I also ask you to pray, that I may recover the good will and friendship of one dear to me. A. H., Matapédia.—Would you please remember our baby in your prayers. According to medical science he might be an invalid for life. We have dedicated him to the Blessed Virgin Mary since his birth and we are sure she will not desert us now. However, we are sure that through united prayer results will come much faster. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR.

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



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Very Reverend Canon C. A. Beaudry, St. Hyacinthe; Reverend Father O. Mousseau, P. P., St. Zotique Parish, Montreal; Reverend Father Alphonse de Grand Pré, C. S. V., Joliette; Reverend Sister Thérèse de Jésus, of the Grey Nuns, Montreal, sister of our Mother St. Jean François Régis; Reverend Sister Jean des Lys, of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, Outremont; Mrs. Philias Goulet, Ste. Sabine, mother of our Sister Ste. Sabine; Mrs. Joseph Veilleux, St. Clément, Témiscouata Co., mother of our Sister Ste. Clémentine; Mr. Alfred Ledoux, Spencer, Mass., father of our Sister Hélène de Jésus; Miss Albina Crevier, Montreal, sister of our Sister Marie de St. Georges; Mrs. E. Mitchell, Montreal; Miss Mary A. White, Beverly, Mass.; Mr. Toussaint Major, Ottawa, Ont.; Mrs. Alice Rochon, Maniwaki; Miss Mary O'Brien, St. Agathe des Monts; Miss Rosanna Daigle, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. M. Perego, Montreal; Mr. Patrick Gorman, Marblehead Mass.; Mrs. Jos. Brennan, Notre Dame de Grace; Mrs. Anthony Parent, Salem, Mass.; Mr. Eudger Michaud, Salem, Mass.; Miss Almira E. Finnegan, Huntingdon, Que.; Miss Alice Conway, Westmount; Mr. J. Hemans, Montreal; Mrs. James Clark, Montreal; Miss Mary Demers, Montreal.

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of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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 2. — **Protectors**, those who by the donation of \$500.00, provide the dowry and trousseau for a poor novice. By combining their alms, a parish, community or family may have a right to this title.
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 3. — **Subscribers**, those who give an annual offering of \$25.00.
 4. — **Associates**, those who give the sum of \$2.00 a year.
-

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

1. — A special intention in all the Masses heard and Communions received by the Sisters.
2. — A Mass offered every month for their intentions.
3. — Every Friday and Sunday in the year, the Sisters offer, for their Benefactors' intentions, their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the Mother House. (The names of Founders and Protectors are placed on the Altar of Exposition).
4. — For the same intentions, the members of the Community make, every day, the Guard of Honour to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. This Guard of Honour is also made in China, at the Shek Lung Lazaretto, where the poor lepers, in succeeding groups of fifteen, continue the Rosary for the intentions of the Society's Benefactors.
5. — A Requiem High Mass is sung every year for deceased Benefactors.
6. — A share in the merits of the Way of the Cross, made daily by the Sisters, is also granted to deceased Benefactors.
7. — Two Masses are celebrated every week in the Chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all their Benefactors, living and deceased.