

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIII, 20th Year MONTREAL, November-December, 1942 No. 12



Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

IN CANADA

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

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

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

OUTREMONT, Que., 314 St. Catherine Road.

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

CHINESE HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, 112 Lagauchetière St. West, Montreal,
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Religious instruction for the Chinese.

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

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

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

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Sewing-circles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Kindergarten.

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

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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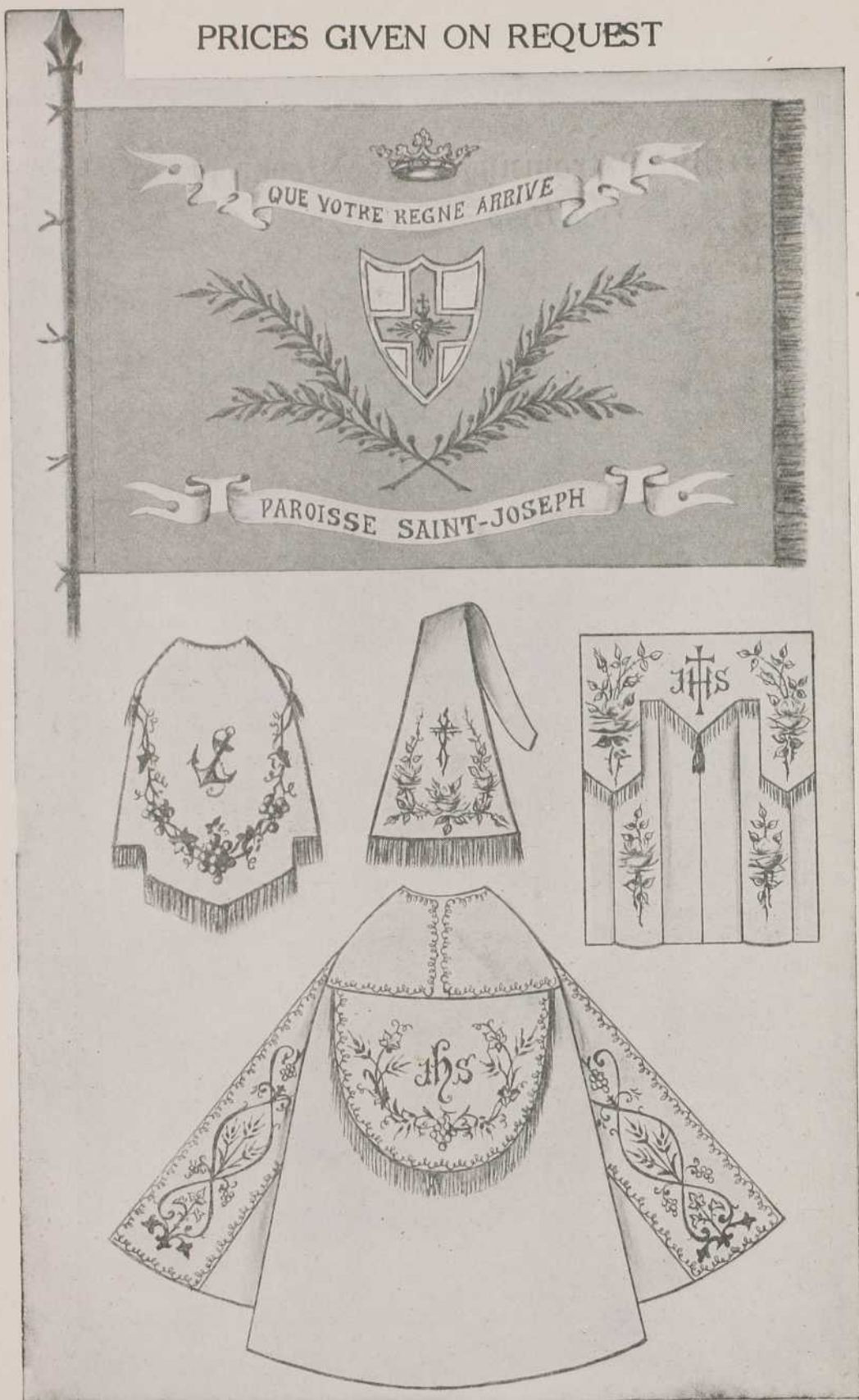
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5 inches.....	\$ 2.50	14 inches.....	\$16.00
7 “.....	4.00	17 “.....	25.00
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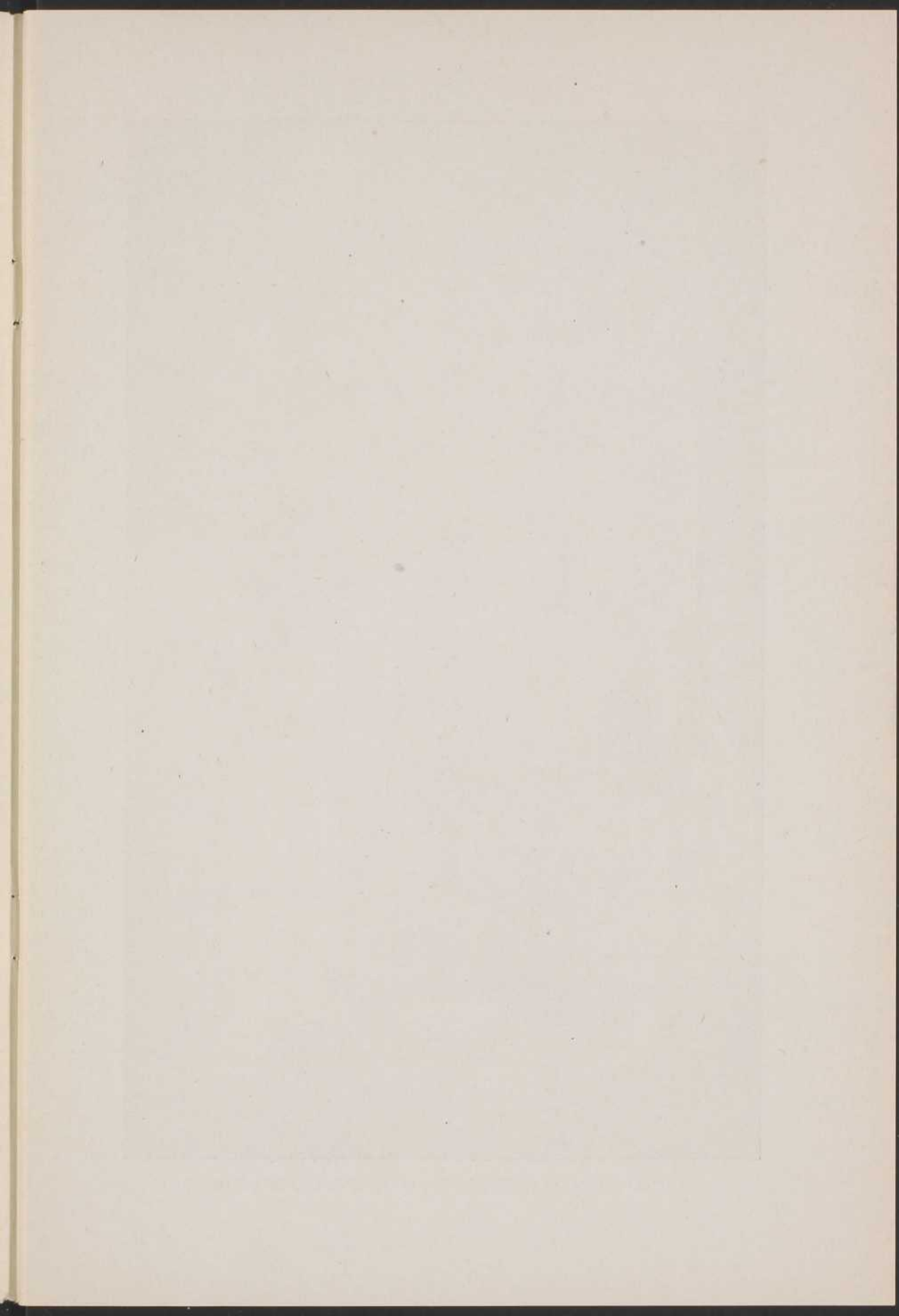
Altar Linens	{ Amices.....	\$12.00 per doz.
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

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Vol. XIII, 20th Year

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For My Immaculate Queen

*Tell me what to sing my Immaculate Queen
I want a new strain for her Festival day.
White flakelets of snow falling chaste and serene
Please whisper to me a soft, gentle lay.*

*Children give their mother surprises galore
When round comes her day, a most beautiful one —
I would tell my Mother I cherish her more
With each smiling morn, with each setting sun.*

*Seraphim on high stringing your tuneful lyres,
For once let me catch their soft warblings I pray,
To cheer my fair Mother my heart sole aspires —
I will search again, I must find a lay.*

*Spirit of the Father, enlighten Thou me,
Inspire my poor soul, Thou sweet virgin-winged Dove.
Oh, thanks! I have heard — my refrain it shall be
One word — only one — e'er new, it is: Love.*

— THE PRECURSOR.

The Immaculate Conception

PATRONESS OF MISSIONARIES



HAT a splendid profession of faith, of thanksgiving and love arises from all our Catholic Missions to the honour of Mary! All the virtues, all the glory of the missionary, all the pulsations of his noble heart, all the vibrations of his soul recall Mary, speak of Mary, sing of Mary! This amiable Mother sheds over his soul a divine light, that light which, by its incomparable beauty, attracts pure souls, children of God and of the Queen of Heaven, even to the outermost regions of the globe, even to the night and ignorance of the most idolatrous countries. Mary shows the ravished soul of the missionary the candid and celestial figure of her Jesus; she makes him comprehend how there is no nobler mission, no holier profession, than being a minister of the great Divine Artist Who is Himself the supreme ideal. And in the vivid brightness with which Mary illumines the spirit of the missionary, his thoughts become more pure, and his affections, more chaste. Ah! yes, the apostolic vocation is a vocation of purity. To see God and God alone in souls, one needs a pure heart, according to the saying of the Master, "Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God". (Matt. V, 8) This truth naturally leads one to the conclusion that the apostolic vocation is the vocation of Mary, who is the holy and immaculate Virgin, at whose sight the mind is filled with chaste visions, whose smile is the joy of pure souls, whose name is the war-cry against the infernal legions. And because Mary is pure and immaculate, because her heart is an enclosed garden barred to the Evil One, because she is the Mother of fair love, the only beautiful souls are the pure ones, those souls which have as Mother and Mistress the Immaculate Virgin Mary.

"Love," says Mary to the missionary, and, showing him the great human family she embraced in the ardour of her virginal charity at the foot of the Cross, "Love this family I give you. Love it as you love Jesus, His words, His agony, His tears, His blood, His heart! In this family, you will find many innocent beings to whose lips, by the ineffable grace of Regeneration, you will bring an angelic smile. You will meet souls able to contemplate celestial beauty and experience that the Lord is sweet. On earth, the reward of your weariness and devotedness will not be the smiles and joys a home promised you: you will receive the cross! But, be not afraid. I was served agony on Calvary; and remember that the supreme proof of love is sacrifice. Then, lift up your eyes and listen, look at the elect in Heaven. The voices in the Fatherland tell you that whoever resembles the most my Crucified Jesus, will be the one closer to Him in the triumph of the Resurrection." And the missionary goes, thinking of the Immaculate Virgin.

Vita, dulcedo, spes nostra. — These words that Holy Mother Church, by a sweet intuition of the most intimate needs of her children, places on our lips, contain all that Mary is for the missionary. — *Vita!* Oh! yes,

Mary is life; through her, the messenger of the Gospel has led a divine life, the most sublime form of apostolate; through her, this life has been transfused into a prodigious number of hearts to which the Virgin most pure has appeared as the invincible apology of Christianity. — *Dulcedo!* A thousand times, the missionary has tasted this ineffable sweetness, when, across valleys, hills and forests, the echo repeated his praises to the Divine Queen. — *Spes nostra!* Never has Mary failed to answer the hope of her apostles. Thus will it be until the end of their lives. With a serene countenance they will leave the miserable exile that Mary had, for them, transformed into a field of heroic combat; and in the day of the immortal triumph, of the acclamations of the angelic hosts, they will kiss the benevolent hand of their dear Mother, and lay down at her feet their glorious trophy, saying in their gratitude: "All that I am, I owe to Mary."

O Mother, by the tears of so many mothers at this moment, cast a look of compassion on all those who have wandered away from the Spouse of thy Son! Oh! how the Church weeps over her sons of predilection dispersed by the dreadful tempest that has convulsed the world! They are the hope of our missions; in their virgin heart burns the apostolic flame. O Mary, by the blessed tears of the Church of God, of that holy Mother who, more than any other, shares the purity of thy beauty, the divine majesty of thy sorrows, the invincible firmness of thy faith, the inexhaustible tenderness of thy Maternal heart, rally the dispersed phalanx of Catholic apostles! Give to the Church new sons of predilection; to the missions, new heralds, to the divine militia, new heroes.

ALL POWERFUL IN THE BATTLE

In spite of our imagination which always allies the idea of weakness to womanly grace, we believe that God has made of Mary especially, a redoubtable warrior.

In history, we see Joan of Arc take the command of the French troops and render them victorious after the great defeat. But a shepherdess embodying the heroism of a nation is but a feeble image of the Queen embodying the might of God.

Mary at the head of an army renders it invincible. God has assigned her this place, facing the enemy, for a great conquest.

There are not two ways of enrolling in God's camp; one alone has been proposed at the beginning of the world: it is necessary to be under the Marian standard.

— Francis CHARMOT, S. J.

* * *

OUR LADY'S BLESSING

May the light of the countenance of My little Child ever shine upon thee, and may the perfection of His actions be seen in all thy works; that naught may be found at the last day but that for which thou mayst be rewarded. May His Sacred Heart be thy refuge when beset by temptations and afflictions, and mayst thou enter It through the pierced Heart of thy Queen and Mother. Be thy last hour the best hour, and may the names of Jesus and Mary seal thy lips till thou meetest Us in eternity. Amen.

Montreal's Tercentenary Exhibition



THE colossal Missionary Exhibition held at St. Joseph's Oratory from September 17th to October 4th, as a close to the Tercentenary celebrations of Canada's metropolis, after having been the object of lengthy elaborations and treasures of devotedness, is now a thing of the past... but of that past whose remembrance endures for all time.

It was solemnly opened by His Excellency Archbishop Joseph Charbonneau, of Montreal, on the evening of the 17th. Present at this inauguration were Most Reverend Joseph Bonhomme, O. M. I., Vicar-Apostolic of Basutoland; Bishop J. H. Prud'homme, of the Foreign Mission Seminary, Pont-Viau; Most Reverend N. A. Labrie, Vicar Apostolic of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; Monsignor Laroche, P. A., President of the Exhibition Committee; Monsignor O. Maurault, P. S. S., rector of the University of Montreal; Monsignor Albert Valois, Vicar General of the diocese of Montreal; and a considerable number of priests and religious, His Honour the Mayor of Montreal, Adhemar Raynault, and a sympathetic throng.

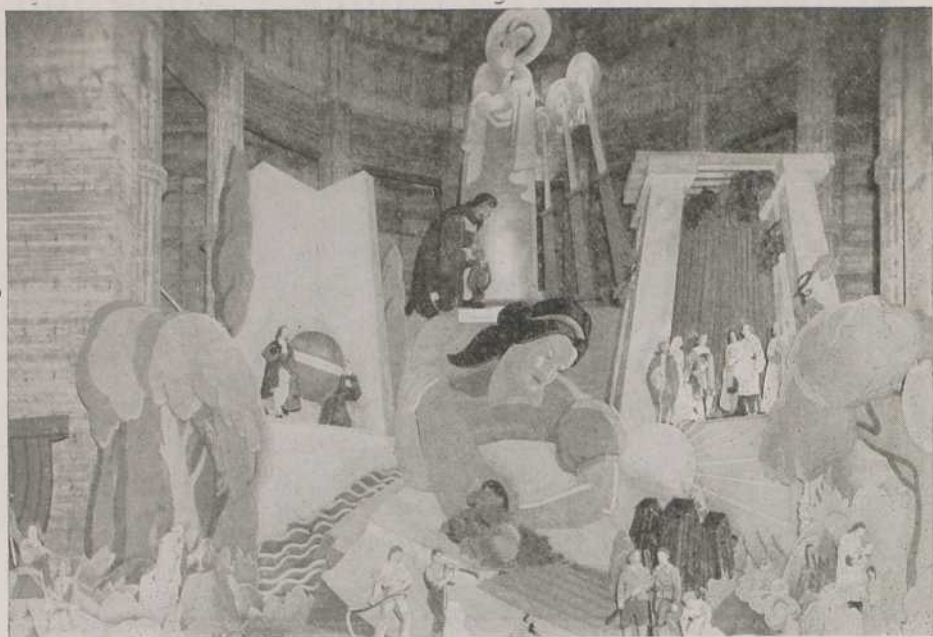
The following days witnessed a spectacular success; so much so that the date fixed beforehand for its closing, Sunday, September 27th, was deemed much too early, and the grandiose manifestation was continued until the following Sunday, October 4th.

Over 225,000 persons visited the splendid demonstration of Ville Marie's apostolic vocation, whose general plan, well conceived in every detail and perfectly realized, has captivated the admiration of all.

The central aisle, bordered with streamers and significative inscriptions,



THE MISSIONARY EXHIBITION OF MONTREAL



APOTHEOSIS OF THE FOUNDERS OF MONTREAL AT THE MISSIONARY EXHIBITION

recalled that it was from the heart of France that came to animate the solitude of Mount Royal the apostolic breath that has created in this unknown isle an intense spirit of missionary zeal.

At the end of this aisle an enormous sphere of one hundred feet in circumference, revolving on itself, represented the terrestrial globe over which the Missionary Apostolate has spread its influence. Directly beneath this sphere, and appearing to hold it aloft, was a large water-jet issuing from an illuminated fountain, symbolizing the waters of Grace whose power generates and uplifts the world of souls and gives to humanity dutiful men, saintly missionaries, heroic martyrs.

In front, the vast apotheosis of the Founders of Montreal evoked the beginnings of the city; it reminded one what deep, supernatural spirit, what sublime virtues, what zeal for the glory of the Divine Master, what spirit of apostolate, presided at its founding. Forty booths, lining the walls and forming aisles down the centre of the Basilica, depicted the immense work accomplished by the missionary sons and daughters of Ville Marie in China, Africa, Oceania, Japan, the Northern Territories of Canada, etc.

Each beautifully constructed according to the architecture of the country evangelized, these booths presented on the whole an appearance of artistic genius and proved captivating to the utmost in every detail. The general effect gave an impression of a rather fantastical looking city, in which were crowded all the constructions to be met with in missionary countries: African huts, Chinese pagodas, Indian tepees, etc., etc. Visitors had thus the fond illusion of being in these various countries.

The three Pontifical Missionary Works: the Propagation of the Faith, the Holy Childhood, Saint Peter the Apostle, and also the Missionary Union of the Clergy, were portrayed in very attractive booths, and occupied choice places, as was their due.

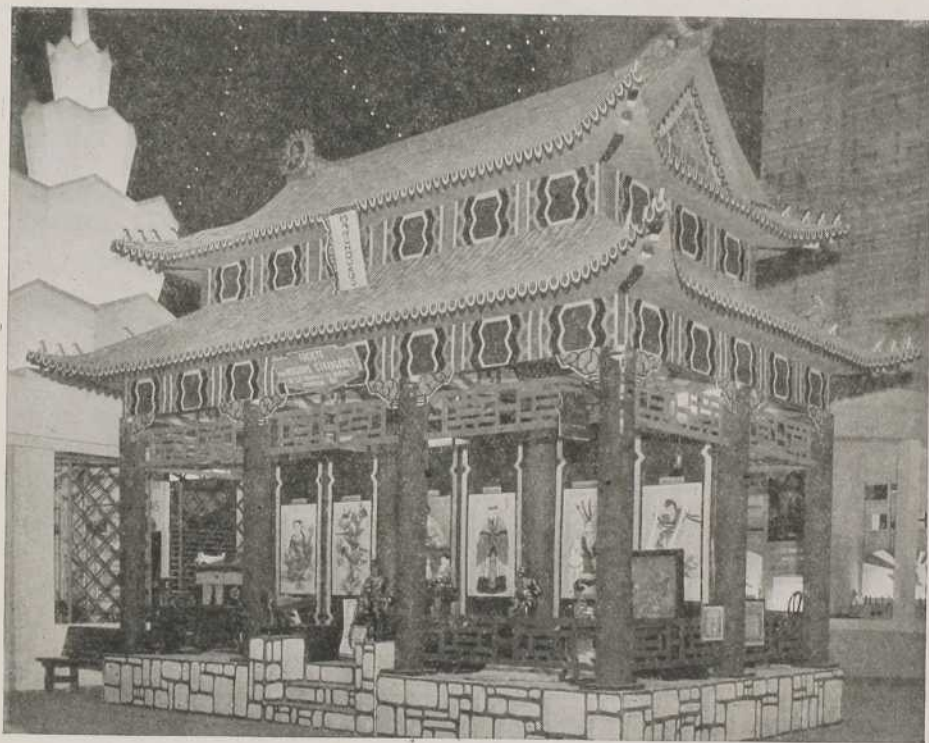
The Student Missionary League also had an interesting corner, designed to attract and captivate our studying population.

VISITORS

During the first National Convention of the Missionary Union of the Clergy, held from the 22nd to the 24th of September in the parish hall of Notre Dame des Neiges, adjoining the Shrine, the Exhibition opened its doors to His Eminence Cardinal J. M. R. Villeneuve, Archbishop of Quebec, His Excellency Most Reverend I. Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, and an imposing number of prelates and priests from every part of the country.

The different missionary study sessions organized for the Religious and the Federation of the Study Circles, the first congress of the Student Missionary League, not only brought visitors to the Exhibition, but also contributed efficaciously to have it reach its noble aim.

Distinguished persons: Members of the Quebec Legislature, Mayors, Presidents, Officers, Professionals, came in large numbers to seek edification and instruction within the spacious nave, rich in salutary lessons.



BOOTH OF THE FOREIGN MISSION SEMINARY, PONT VIAU



BOOTH OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

The public that passed before the booths was very sympathetic and interested. Many visitors went to the Basilica crypt to address a fervent prayer to the great Wonder Worker of Mount Royal, Good St. Joseph, or, better still, to assist at the special Mass celebrated every morning, during which a substantial sermon was delivered by a preacher of renown.

WHAT REMAINS

And the colossal Missionary Exhibition of Montreal, the object of lengthy elaborations and treasures of devotedness, is now a thing of the past . . .

The vast unfinished temple, the future Basilica, is desert once more. Under its vault, silence and solitude have replaced the tumult of words and



BOOTH OF THE CHINESE MISSIONS OF MONTREAL AND VANCOUVER

steps; the quaint constructions, the thousands of exhibits, the brilliant illuminations have disappeared; in short, all that went to make the Exhibition has passed . . . as fades the flower of the field, as vanishes a dream, as come joy and sorrow in the lives of men; but no, one thing remains . . . it is its aim, which we are led to believe has been fully realized.

When visiting the Exhibition, taking part in the Congresses, in the study sessions, assisting at sermons, people have better understood the missionary vocation of Ville Marie and have rendered thanks to God for it; they have been given an idea of the great missionary effort made by the Church to bring to the divine Fold the sheep that are yet far from it; they have fathomed the immense distress of the nations erring yet in the night of paganism; they have admired the moral fortitude of the Gospel-bearers who leave parents, friends, country, to light afar the torch of faith; and, especially, they have sensed the imperious obligation which is every Christian's, to labour, according to his vocation and position, for the extension of the Kingdom of God on earth, by the conversion of the infidels; principally by the means within the reach of all: prayer, sacrifice, and alms for the support of missionary works.

And, having better understood their duty, all have resolved, doubtless, to better accomplish it.



Missionaries

Is there, then, no hope for peace in our days? Yes, there is. There is one group of men and women I know who have nothing but peace in their hearts. Catholic missionaries are men and women who have left their homes behind to wander into far places to bring the word of the Prince of Peace. These are those who bring the message that men are brothers, because they have a common Father and were redeemed by the Son of that Father and made one with Him. There is no war, no force, no injustice in their Gospel. They are the invaders of foreign lands to save, not to kill. They are the living proof that peace among men is possible for men of good will.

There is something we can do about it. We can hush the prophets of hate as soon as they open their mouths. We can penetrate through their hypocrisies even as they utter them. We can drown their cries of violence by hymns of love. We, too, can be missionaries of the Prince of Peace. We can simply refuse to do anything but love another people. If we do that, in vain will the makers of war seek to bring us up to the blind fury of hatred which is necessary before we snatch up our arms and go out to slaughter our fellowmen.

— *Father W. Parsons, S.J.*

If you take these two little words as the motto of your life, "Love and Generosity," they will carry you far on the path to Heaven.

— *Father William Doyle, S. J.*

The Centenary of the Holy Childhood

THE years 1842 and 1843 mark the origin of the Holy Childhood Association. In 1842, Charles Auguste de Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy, with the help of Miss Pauline Marie Jaricot, foundress of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, conceived the project of an Association for the salvation of pagan children and made it known to several prelates assembled at Birmingham, England.

The illustrious bishop of Nancy had known the renowned foundress of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for twenty years, and he nurtured the hope of working in concert with her for the salvation of the orphans of China. On his return from America where he had preached retreats, far-famed in Canada as well as in the United States, he met her again at Lyons, and the project he bore in mind was at last realized. A problem, however, had to be solved. *How graft this new shoot of apostolic charity on the tree of the Propagation of the Faith without injuring or weakening the sap that was to ensure its growth? Pauline Marie Jaricot found the solution. Bishop de Forbin-Janson had sought it during thirty years, replete, it is true, with multiple occupations; he found it after a brief intercourse with the great Christian of Lyons. Why would not the children become the bankers of charity? Could they not find a penny a month to save the abandoned children of China, and make them Christians, apostles, martyrs? The salvation of pagan children by Christian children: the Holy Childhood was founded* (1).

The following year, he established it on a solid basis by forming, at Paris, a Central Committee which held its first sitting on June 20, 1843.

Thanks to the untiring zeal and activity of its founder, the *Children's Apostolate*, as it was called at first, developed rapidly.

It was already admired throughout Europe and forty-eight bishops of France, Belgium, Italy, Bavaria, Switzerland, Holland and Savoy had declared themselves its protectors when, on July 10, 1844, Bishop de Forbin-Janson was suddenly called to his eternal reward. China had also hailed the birth of this apostolic Association with enthusiasm and, from time to time, had begun to receive appreciable sums for the salvation of its unfortunate children.



BISHOP CHARLES AUGUSTE DE FORBIN-JANSON
FOUNDER OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD ASSOCIATION

1. Biography of Bishop de Forbin-Janson.



PAULINE MARIE JARICOT
FOUNDESS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH

But after a hundred years of existence, what progress has been realized by this wonderful Association! With what strides it has advanced!... The countries that have not adopted it have become the object of its beneficent influence; all the Sovereign Pontiffs have blessed it and recommended it to the faithful. Pius XI raised it to the status of a Pontifical Work, and Pius XII, our beloved Pastor gloriously reigning, is its eminent Protector.

In Christian like in pagan countries, it has produced marvelous fruits. What magnificent sheaves of prayers and sacrifices has it not borne before the throne of God on the part of the associates? What precious treasures of charity has it not formed with

the offerings of their hands? What devotedness has it not inspired? What a source of merit has it not been for those who have the charge of educating children? To how many missionary vocations has it not given birth?...

And in the great pagan harvest how many sheaves have been gathered!... According to statistics, more than 35,000,000 pagan children have been ransomed and baptized through the Holy Childhood and almost 1,400,000 are provided for in the foundling-homes, orphanages, schools, workrooms and other establishments supported by the Association.

Very humble at the outset, the Holy Childhood now bears the aspect of a great spiritual and corporal work of mercy, spreading its benefits over the two hemispheres.

A few years after its foundation, the *Children's Apostolate* was established in the Diocese of Montreal, Canada, by His Excellency Bishop I. Bourget; and in 1851, it was placed under the direction of zealous Father Francis de Sales Daniel, P. S. S., and then of his worthy successor, Father F. Lelandais, P. S. S. It progressed rapidly. It was also implanted in the fertile soil of several other dioceses; but for the past twenty-five years especially, under the impulse of the Reverend Mother Marie du Saint Esprit, Foundress

of the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, it has astonishingly developed in our archdiocese and in several other dioceses of the Province of Quebec; namely, Quebec, Three Rivers, Joliette, Rimouski, Chicoutimi, St. Hyacinthe and St. Johns.

But if, since its birth, this admirable Association has borne so much fruit of salvation, thanks must be rendered to God, the Author of all good, the Inspirer of all the new works that come to existence in the Church throughout the centuries. Let us render Him, in this glorious Centenary, a solemn homage of thanksgiving for the countless blessings He has showered upon the gigantic Work since its origin.

— * * * —

The Holy Childhood at the Missionary Exhibition

GREAT DEMONSTRATION BY THE CHILDREN

THE Holy Childhood, a Pontifical Missionary Work, held a place of honour at the Missionary Exhibition of Montreal.

Its booth was vividly interesting, bringing to light the hundredth anniversary of its foundation, its Canadian origin, its beneficent action in heathen lands as well as in Christian countries.

It figured on the program at the Congress of the Missionary Union of the Clergy, where Msgr. Edgar Larochelle, P. A., National Director of the Work, gave a substantial discourse in its favour.

At the study session for the Sisters, a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception spoke in the name of the Workers of the Holy Childhood, and laid out clearly, before the different Communities assembled, the means whereby to organize it in the schools.

At the Congress of the Student Missionary League, it centered for a few moments the attention of all.

But it was especially on Saturday, October 3rd, the day before the closing of the Missionary Exhibition, that it was honoured in a very magnificent way. It was the object of a feast never to be forgotten, and well worthy of its glorious Centennial.

Previously, all the school-children of the Diocese of Montreal, Associates of the Holy Childhood, had been convoked to a solemn reunion in the open, at St. Joseph's Oratory, for the forenoon of Sunday, September 27th; a reunion which was to have been presided over by His Excellency Msgr. Ildebrando Antoniutti, the Apostolic Delegate, during which he was to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In order to fittingly commemorate the Centenary of the Holy Childhood, our kind Delegate, who seems to have a predilection for the blessed Work, had himself requested this feast; and he seemed happy to preside at it. But on account of the unfavourable weather it could

not be held on the appointed day; it was therefore postponed to October 3rd, the feast of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

The little Saint was fervently solicited to obtain fine weather for the occasion, and she answered in her own gracious way — the sun rose radiant and bright, and its warming rays soon dispelled the cool morning air. Then there gathered at St. Joseph's Oratory, from all parts of the city and even from the country, numerous groups of children accompanied by their teachers; they wore the badge and carried the flag of the Holy Childhood. In a most orderly and quiet manner each child went to occupy the place assigned on the roof of the Oratory and on the steps leading to the future Basilica, which was at that time transformed into a vast Exhibition Hall. Soon they numbered approximately 20,000... A beautiful and pacific array

of little conquerors of souls!

Before Mass, which was celebrated at ten o'clock, Msgr. Larochelle, so devoted to the Holy Childhood, spoke to the interesting assembly in the following terms:

As National Director, I am very happy to congratulate you for the splendid manifestation which you are making this morning to celebrate the Centennial of the Work of the Holy Childhood. From here I see all the groupings of pupils and I am very pleased to see you gathered in such generous numbers.

All the children, Associates of the Holy Childhood, must know that their organization is one of great import here in Canada. During the last twenty-five years, the sum of \$1,135,000.00 has opened Heaven to little pagan children. That is magnificent!

Beautiful work, indeed, has been accomplished; and this year, in the diocese of Montreal alone, you have given to the Work more than \$24,000.00!

Since its founding, in 1842, the Holy Childhood has saved and baptized 35,000,000 pagan children who, in Heaven, unite with you in celebrating to-day the hundredth anniversary of the Holy Childhood, in thanking the Founder of the Association, who you know is Bishop de Forbin-Janson, and also



THE HOLY CHILDHOOD BOOTH
AT THE MISSIONARY EXHIBITION

Miss Pauline Jaricot, who suggested him the idea of founding the Work. We must express our thanks to these two great Founders, by praying for them and for their canonization.

I felicitate you, dear children, and I am truly proud of you.

Now, let us say together: Long live the Pope! Long live our dear Archbishop! Long live the Holy Childhood!

Further acclamations followed, as well as ardent supplications suggested by Reverend Father Jean Laramée, S. J., who directed the singing and prayers.

While the little flags in papal colours and bearing the inscription, Long live the Pope! Long live the Holy Childhood! were being waved at arm's length, acclamations of: Long live the Sacred Heart of Jesus! Long live Christ the King! Lord, give us peace; Lord, convert sinners; Lord, convert pagans; issued from every heart, rising to the skies like a mighty outcry that surely must have moved Heaven.

Then suddenly, silence fell, and Reverend Father Louis Pageau, P. M. E., magnetizing the attention of all, pronounced an impressive sermon in which he exposed the origin of the Holy Childhood in Canada. As we know, a few years after its founding in France, the now Pontifical Work was implanted in Montreal, thence to be extended on a country — and even continent — wide scale.

He spoke at some length on the sad lot meted out to the pagan children, who die in vast numbers victims of superstition, of the devil's hatred, or who are brought up in the pagan belief; and on the means the Holy Childhood places at the disposal of our little Catholics to save their unfortunate pagan brethren: alms, prayer, sacrifice.

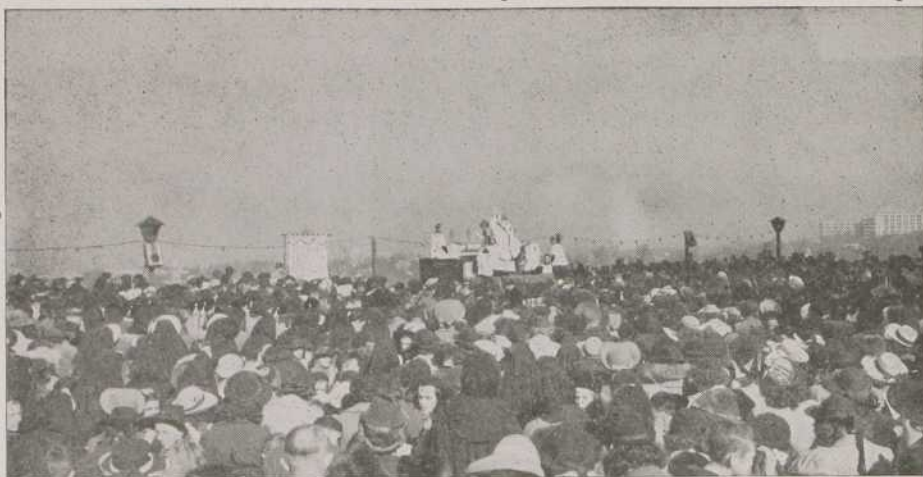
He indicated the highlights of the history and beneficence of this magnificent organization, in pagan as well as in Catholic countries.

"Oh! yes," he said, "the Holy Childhood is an admirable Work. In it the infinite Wisdom of God is well depicted, making use of little ones as you are to do great things. Dear children, bless the Lord Who has given you such great power. And utilize that power which is yours! Multiply your prayers, sacrifices, pennies, to hasten the conversion of the pagan multitudes."

While he was yet speaking, the worthy Archbishop of Montreal, Most Reverend Joseph Charbonneau, arrived, and remained in front of the open altar until the end of the allocution.

Then, His Excellency began the Holy Sacrifice, during which prayers and hymns were executed with truly admirable harmony and piety. At the Gospel, that of the Office proper to the feast of Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, Reverend Father Laramée briefly commented this injunction of Christ to His disciples: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven". (Matt. XVIII, 3)

Before the Consecration, everyone was invited to unite, in adoration of the Lord, to the millions of pagan children who owe their salvation to the Holy Childhood. And, while in the radiance of the gentle, caressing sun, the Sacred Host appeared to all eyes, inviting the gathering to adore, more



HIS EXCELLENCY ARCHBISHOP CHARBONNEAU, OF MONTREAL, CELEBRATING MASS
AT THE GREAT REUNION OF THE ASSOCIATES OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD,
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3rd, 1942.

than one had the feeling that in space a numerous phalanx of rescued baby souls were singing with love and gratitude, *Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!*

After Holy Mass, His Excellency, whose countenance betrayed deep emotion, turned to address the audience in about the following terms:

MY VERY DEAR CHILDREN,

I know someone who would have been, at this moment, very happy to be with us. A few months ago, he had spoken to me of this ceremony reserved to the boys and girls of our schools in Montreal. He was already visualizing the great day on which he was to come to St. Joseph's Oratory with the purpose of saying Mass for your intentions.

That someone, you know him well, you love him much, for he represents Our Holy Father the Pope, the Vicar of Our Lord. He is His Excellency Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, the Apostolic Delegate. Unfortunately, ill-health prevented him from being present this morning; making my words, if I may say, the echo of his, I thank you with all my heart for having come in such large numbers to this ceremony. We had only to make a simple sign to have you come with your teachers to this Mass celebrated in honour of the Centenary of the Holy Childhood.

This morning, in the name of God, of the Holy Father, of the Apostolic Delegate, I wish to thank you most sincerely for the collaboration you have brought to the success of this Work.

You have just been told, and eloquently so, how the little pagan children are dealt out a very unhappy lot. Who better than you could come to the aid of these little waifs? Who better than you could offer prayers for their intentions, make sacrifices for the salvation of their souls, give alms, however humble, to aid in their rescue?

Dear Children, I thank you most sincerely for interesting yourselves with enthusiasm in this so beautiful and admirable Work. I thank you for these acts you have often repeated, and I count on you to continue devoting yourselves to this Work of salvation. When its representatives go to your schools, you will be glad to deposit in their hands the few pennies you have gathered; these will be consecrated to the salvation of souls in mission lands.

I wish to thank you, dear Teachers, for all you have done hitherto for this Work. I thank the educational authorities who constantly survey its normal functioning

in their schools. And I desired to celebrate this Mass, to thank God, first of all, for the benefits that have come to us through the Holy Childhood.

When we do something for this great Master, when we deny ourselves for the salvation of pagan souls, God, Who is never outdone in generosity, gratifies us with favours, blessings, and inspires us with salutary thoughts. That is why, this morning, it was my duty to give thanks to God, as it was my duty to thank you for all you have done for the Holy Childhood.

I was happy to bless you in Our Lord's name, but now it is His Vicar who is going to bless you, for we have received a cablegram from the Holy Father who, in his paternal kindness, has had a thought for us, and who sends us his most precious blessing.

My dear children, I shall read you the message:

*Msgr. Larochelle,
Montreal.*

His Holiness is deeply touched by many expressions of homage. Paternally felicitates the organizers of the Missionary Exhibition.

Sends to the hierarchy, communities, Holy Childhood, Student Missionary League, to all the partakers, to yourself, apostolic benediction.

Cardinal MAGLIONE, Secretary of State.

His Excellency then gave the papal benediction. After further acclamations and supplications, all the children promised to hear a Mass for the intentions of the venerable Pastor.

The worthy celebrant having departed, Msgr. Larochelle again spoke a few words, and brought great pleasure to everyone by giving free entry to the children who had not the number of pennies required to visit the Missionary Exhibition.

Soon after, the youthful throng was leaving Mount Royal, bringing a vivid and lasting remembrance of the feast.

Later on in the day, the National Director, in answer to the telegram he had sent during Mass to His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, received the following message:

*Msgr. E. Larochelle, National Director of the Holy Childhood,
Pont Viau, P. Q.*

Deeply touched by homage dear children assembled Saint Joseph's Oratory. Present in spirit Centenary Celebration Holy Childhood, renew hearty congratulations, ardent wishes, special blessing.

Archbishop Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate.

Long live the representative of Our Holy Father the Pope in Canada!



VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp.....\$ 25.00

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

Twenty-Five Years in the Service of the Holy Childhood



T WAS on February 26, 1917, that His Excellency Archbishop Paul Bruchesi, in a pastoral letter, consigned the admirable Work of the Holy Childhood to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception who constitute the first Canadian missionary Institute.

But long before that date, the venerable Foundress of the Community, Mother Marie du Saint Esprit, Délia Tétreault, of Marieville, P. Q., a truly apostolic soul, had been interested in the gruesome fate of the pagan children. In 1908, she had introduced the Work of the Holy Childhood in St. Viator's Parish, Outremont, by organizing a suggestive recreative program with the object of making known the Work and obtaining resources for it. This entertainment was presided over by Reverend Father O. Joly, C. S. V., and rendered by the little group of pupils attending the school directed by the Missionary Sisters. The pupils' parents, and friends of the Community composed the audience. The collection in favour of the pagan children was given to the Diocesan Director of the Holy Childhood, Reverend Father F. Lelandais, P. S. S.

From then on, the Work held a place of honour in the Immaculate Conception Academy, encouraged as it was by the zealous Mother and her Daughters.

In 1916, the devoted Foundress, doubtless under divine inspiration, undertook with archiepiscopal authorization, to establish this beneficent Association in all the schools of the City, making it known to and loved by teachers and pupils, and encouraging them to devote themselves to it.

Consequently, on Saturday, May 20th of that same year, after having placed herself under the protection of the Immaculate Virgin, she went to see Reverend Father Leclaire, S. J., Pastor of Immaculate Conception Parish, who gave her a letter of introduction to the different teaching establishments under his jurisdiction.

On the following Monday, inaugurating the labour of love her spiritual Daughters were to perpetuate, she came with a Sister to the Académie St. François Xavier, which is under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools; thence she proceeded to the Académie Proulx, in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary; thirdly, to Mount Royal Convent, directed likewise by the latter.

And the apostolic work continued . . . Interrupted during the holidays, it was ardently resumed in September, and so satisfactorily did it progress that, during the term the majority of the schools of the diocese had been visited and enrolled in the Holy Childhood. The grace of God fecundated the endeavours of the humble workers, crowning their hopes with success — the receipts of the Work at the end of June amounted to \$4,944.09.



THE VERY REVEREND
MOTHER MARIE DU SAINT ESPRIT
DURING THE LAST YEARS OF HER LIFE WHEN SHE WAS ILL

The next year, results were even more consoling: the sheaves of prayers and sacrifices were heavier, more abundant; and the pecuniary resources totaled \$9,223.94.

In the spring of 1918, Mother Marie du Saint Esprit had the joy of seeing the Work of the Holy Childhood in the diocese of Rimouski confided to her Community by His Excellency Bishop A. Blais. Immediately apostolic rounds were organized throughout that beautiful diocese. In 1919, the same appreciable favour was granted in the dioceses of Quebec and Joliette by His Eminence Cardinal L. N. Bégin and His Excellency Bishop G. Forbes.

The active Workers, in their extended field of labour, scattered apostolic seed in the souls of little children, seeking at the same time to interest grown-ups in the imperious

cause of the missions; but the zeal of the ardent Mother, like a devouring fire, would spread in all directions. And what lively gratitude did she not render to the Lord when, in May 1926, His Excellency Bishop F. X. Cloutier, of Three Rivers, allotted to her Daughters a new field of apostolate!

A soul with high aspirations, she ever looked forward, longing for more, dreaming of greater things. . . . Harkening to her prayers and wishes, the Sovereign Master conceded to her two new territories in 1930. One of these was very dear to her heart, for there she had first seen light: the diocese of St. Hyacinthe, under the paternal guardianship of His Excellency Bishop F. Z. Decelles; the other, at a great distance from the former, but not less fecund and promising: the vast territory of Chicoutimi, then administered by His Excellency Bishop C. Lamarche.

Four years later, when a section of Montreal became St. Johns Diocese, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Workers of the Holy Childhood, with the benevolent authorization of His Excellency Bishop A. Forget, took up the Work in this, their eighth field of apostolate.

But at this time, the one who had been the soul of the movement in Canada, the one to whom the Holy Childhood owes its actual development in the above-mentioned dioceses, was stricken by disease. Lying on a bed of suffering, she could no longer co-operate actively; her mission here below seemed to be ended, but during seven long years she was to accomplish two great things for the glory of God and the salvation of souls: prayer and suffering. And when on October 1, 1941, she left this earth, her afflicted Daughters soon became convinced that from on high she was still interested

in the Holy Childhood, for, on the 25th of the following month, thanks to the intervention of Msgr. E. Larochelle, National Director, the Work was confided to them in the diocese of Mont Laurier by His Excellency Bishop Limoges; this favour had been ardently desired by the beloved deceased.

Yes, the loving Mother Marie du Saint Esprit has gone to receive the reward of her life of devotedness, but her spirit and her works endure. Chosen by God to kindle in Canada the flame of foreign apostolate, she has accomplished her task in a saintly manner. Two Missionary Societies have sprung from her zeal: the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception and the Foreign Mission Seminary at Pont Viau; two great Missionary Works, the Holy Childhood and the Propagation of the Faith, have been amplified by her untiring devotedness. Her first efforts in favour of the latter were made in 1917, and on December 2, 1918, His Excellency Paul Bruchesi confided it to her Community in the entire archdiocese of Montreal. In 1919, the Bishop of Joliette, and, on August 21, 1922, the Bishop of Rimouski, did likewise. On the 27th of the following November, His Eminence Cardinal L. N. Bégin, in a pastoral letter, entrusted the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception with the care of seconding the Diocesan and Parish Directors in the important task of re-organizing the Work in his territory. The apostolic Mother ardently desired to see this great Work of the Propagation of the Faith bear abundant fruit throughout Canada, and, employing herself wholeheartedly in the sphere of action allotted her, she gave it a vigorous impulse.

The first Workrooms or Missionary Circles for Ladies and Girls have also been inaugurated by her in 1914; the first Apostolic Schools for girls and boys founded in Canada are due to her zeal. That for girls she herself established at Cote des Neiges on October 2, 1902. It numbered several pupils and existed seven years. Another for boys was undertaken at her pressing request by Reverend Father Boncompain, S. J.; it received the approbation of His Excellency Paul Bruchesi on August 12, 1913, but opened definitively only in the month of September, 1927. A third one for girls was founded by the Reverend Mother in Rimouski in 1921.

But if she conceived noble aspirations, if she passionately loved mission works, she was particularly fond of that of the Holy Childhood. How many of our Canadian missionaries partly owe her their vocation, how many little souls of pagan children owe her their salvation? God alone knows; but we are led to believe that a significative dream of her childhood has been fully realized. While yet a little girl, she had seen in a dream a vast field of wheat, the heads of which had all at once been changed into a multitude of children's heads, and she had at the same time the impression that these were as many souls of pagan children.

Oh! how these little rescued babes must have rejoiced in Heaven, when hailing the arrival of the one to whom they owed their eternal happiness!

And now, how this apostolic Mother must rejoice from on high on seeing the new impetus given to the Holy Childhood in Canada in this centenary year of its foundation.

Doubtless, also, on the 3rd of October last, she sang and praised the Lord for the good accomplished by the dear Association, along with the millions of souls saved by it, as she witnessed the splendid gathering of twenty thousand Associates at St. Joseph's Oratory.

His Holiness Pope Pius XII's Address

Delivered on the 25th Anniversary of His Episcopal Consecration



TOMORROW, on the solemn Feast of the Ascension of Christ, Our Savior, to heaven, surrounded by the loyal, devout congregation of the people of the Eternal City and in intimate paternal communion with millions of Christian believers throughout the world, we shall go up to the Papal altar in the patriarchal Vatican Basilica to offer to God, with profound humility and fervent devotion, the Eucharistic sacrifice. An intense feeling of gratitude to the Giver of all good things inspires us and draws us on, for our soul is filled with an ineffable joy as this day brings back to us the memory of our Episcopal consecration twenty-five years ago at the hands of our venerated and unforgettable predecessor.

It is a dear memory which, while it calls forth from us an anthem of praise to God, makes us also invoke with all our heart the blessing of heaven on Our Lord's flock, entrusted to our pastoral care, and on all that the Church is doing and suffering for the salvation of the world. This day, which should be one of pure and serene joy for the Catholic world, comes at a time of the gravest anxieties and sufferings, of which the words of Our Savior seem to be a vivid description: "For nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom and there shall be pestilences and famines and earthquakes in places" (Matt. XXIV, 7). In the midst of such widespread calamity, how could we hold those celebrations, even though strictly religious, that are proper to joyous and happy days?

The infuriate tragedy of the events through which we are passing summons us not to joy but rather to penance and amendment, urges us on to self-examination and purification, warns us to reset the course and change the path of our thoughts, our aims, and our conduct.

It is for us then, dear children, a source of joy, of deep satisfaction, and of reassurance to know that our jubilee is being celebrated throughout the Catholic world with prayers and sacrifices for the welfare of Holy Church and with generous almsgiving to the thousands and thousands of brethren, who, in their many grave needs, knock with confidence on the door of

Christian charity, which suffers patiently along with them in the midst of strife and of the universally felt sorrows of the present moment. The impenetrable designs of God have disposed that it is we who should support the weight of pastoral anxiety which 25 years ago was borne by that great-souled one who imposed hands on us at the altar of the Sistine chapel and gave us the plenitude of the priesthood.

IS HOLY HERITAGE BUT FULL OF SORROWS

It is a holy heritage, but, oh, how heavy and full of sorrows the road by which the beloved Providence of God guided us.

It led back again to the Sistine, where on our weak shoulders was laid the dignity of Supreme Pontiff, a dignity of which we feel deeply our unworthiness. And with that dignity came a gigantic burden, which, with the outbreak and extension of this second World war, has become so heavy as even to surpass that which the first World war brought with it in the days of Benedict XV. But for all that, dear sons, we should have passed in vain through the school of Leo XIII, with his brilliant wisdom; of Pius X, so outstanding for his piety; of Benedict XV, so gifted with far-seeing wisdom; of Pius XI, so full of holy courage and enterprise, if in the midst of this hurricane of universal grief we were to allow, even for a moment, to waver in us the certainty founded on faith, strengthened by hope, ripened by charity; the certainty that Our Lord is never more watchful, never nearer to His Church than in those hours when His children, under the stress of fear and tempest, might be driven to cry out: "Master, doth it not concern Thee that we perish? Lord, save us, we perish" (Mark IV, 38; Matt. VIII, 25). And this unruffled sense of security, where does our soul strengthen and stabilize it? At the Tomb of Peter, first Bishop of Rome. When we kneel before that tomb and fix our thoughts on the beginnings of the Church, we seem to see the first Pope, destined by Christ Himself to be the cornerstone of the Church, lift up his head proudly and say to us: "I beseech you, who am myself an ancient, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, feed the flock of God which is among you" (I Pet. V, 1). Then we see in spirit all our good children throughout the world gathered around us, countless as the sands of the sea shore, and our heart expands and we feel deep within us a compulsion to speak and to feed the soul of each of you with that confidence which sustains our own soul.

THREE GREAT SOLEMNITIES

The Church, too, had and has her springtime, marvelous as herself. Do not the three great solemnities of Easter, Ascension, and Pentecost, coming in the season when nature awakened to new life bedecks herself with greenery and flowers and prepares by her hidden travails to bestow her gift of harvest and fruit; do not these solemnities form a springtime of the spirit, which makes nature's springtime more welcome, more precious,

more beautiful? For us these feasts are as a sum of three great mysteries, three sublime truths, three great historical facts, three mysteries of first magnitude in the work of Redemption. They are three fundamental and unshaken pillars of the gigantic edifice which is Holy Church. In their light, in their supernatural power, these truths equally present and equally vivid to all generations of the faithful in every era of the Church's history, throw the light of their historic reality on the springtime of Christianity, on its tender beginnings, its green growth and full flowering even while winds and gales were blowing. For Christianity was born a giant, its forehead encircled by the rays of those three truths that mark the opening of that epoch which is so justly termed heroic; that is the three centuries between the foundation of the Church and the peace made with the Roman empire in 313.

In the time of Constantine these three fundamental mysteries, resplendent beams of that Light of the World which is Christ, direct and accompany the forward march of the young Church, Spouse of Christ. They watch her steps and give her heart to rise above the savage mist of paganism and reach the heights of her predestined greatness.

With their minds tenaciously, perseveringly fixed on faith in the Risen One and in their own resurrection; with their eyes ever intent with holy anticipation on the Glorified One sitting at the right hand of the Father and on the heavenly Jerusalem, everlasting abode of happiness for those who remain faithful to the end; with their souls filled with the certainty of the strengthening presence of the Holy Spirit promised and sent by Jesus, you can see the early Christians, when professing their faith in the midst of strife and suffering, rise to heroic stature, thanks to their noble thoughts, their vigorous action, the valiant rivalry they displayed in the arena of moral giants.

They have left behind them an example whose conquering force expands and propagates down the centuries even to our own days when to save and keep the honor and the name of Christian one must undergo struggles and face trials not unlike theirs. Before such athletes, on whose brows the victorious laurels of the militant Christian are often intertwined with the palm of martyrdom, all uncertainty and hesitation vanish.

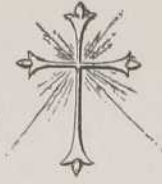
Does not the great lesson of their heroic life suffice to clear all mists from our minds, to put new life into our hearts, to raise aloft the heads of the Christians of today, making them conscious of their exalted dignity, eager to reach greater heights while they ponder the responsibility which their Christian profession stamps upon their souls?

(To be continued.)



We love the Good Master too little and our love is so finite! We must make up for this by having others know, love and serve Him; if Faith makes us the disciples of Jesus, love renders us His apostles.

— Blessed Father EYMARD.



Hope !

*One day, he knelt before God's Altar fair,
And prayed in love the Silent Presence there,
When suddenly,
A gentle voice spoke these inviting words —
He knew they were his tabernacled Lord's,
"Come, follow Me!"*

*"The harvesting calls many helping hands,
The scanty workers in the distant lands
Have need of you!
The heavy sheaves surpass their steady care,
They sorely want assistance over there,
They are so few!*

*Each priceless sheaf, a hungry human heart
That thirsts for truth when passing gods depart,
For changeless God.
And I, your Saviour, the Divine and True,
Collaborators call and count on you,
Those fields to plod!"*

*Those very words the Master whispered low,
In solemn twilight hush long days ago.
So free, yet bound,
The valiant harvester is forced to wait
Till global strifes have stilled their deadly hate
On battle ground.*

*Here, ready, generous, fain would he leave;
There, broken missionaries would receive
With gratitude
His ministry, that brighter may arise
The light of Christ 'neath Oriental skies,
In faith renewed.*

*My friend! Of old in days of Galilee,
One Master Hand bade silence to the sea;
That majesty
Can heal our wounds and, quenching fear in souls,
Give dawn of peace! Hope onward to your goals
Invincibly!*

*Hope on! and keep alight the burning flame
Of apostolic zeal no hardships tame,
No pains abate.
God's Lovely Lady in your heart enshrine
And may she keep your youth's untainted prime;
Pray, love and wait!*

— THE PRECURSOR.



The Apostle

He loves, and as love is the overflowing of self on men, he sets out in search of his brothers in order to communicate to them that Divine life which overwhelms his soul. He constitutes himself preacher, missionary, apostle. It is a prompting need of his soul, a necessity of his condition. If he has eagerly contemplated beauty in prayer, it is to better communicate it to others; if he has received light, it is to better reflect it; if he has slaked his thirst at the fountain of Divine Love, it is to better love his neighbour and induce him to come and drink at the same source.

And the worldly will not misjudge him; instinctively they will perceive the Divine radiated by this soul united to God. They will readily accept the doctrine of suffering and of the Cross from the lips of one who has become crucified with Christ; the doctrine of the supernatural in faith, hope and charity, from the mouth of him who believes, hopes, and loves but in God and for God. His example exercises a quicker and stronger influence than his preaching, and his action on souls is deep and lasting because in him are verified the words of Our Lord: "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit." (John XV, 5)

— John DANRAY.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued.)



ON the 2nd of June our two missionaries left Macao, and we read the following account of their journey in the letters of Theophane to his family:—

“ Tong-king,

The Eve of St. John, June 23, 1854.

MY DEAREST BROTHERS, — To you I am going to write my first Tong-king letter. I arrived safe and sound at the mission of the Spanish Dominican

Fathers, and I write now to give you some details of our voyage. Fr. Legrand and I embarked at Macao on the 2nd of June, towards evening. We thought our Chinese captain would weigh anchor immediately. Not a bit of it. A Chinaman will never do anything directly. They had to deliberate as to the voyage, consult the Devil, take precautions against pirates, etc. We were to sail in company with other Chinese junks; but the Chinese mistrust one another, and before making an actual start, they feign to go several times, to see if the other ships are ready and trustworthy. There we were, two poor European missionaries, among a people who don't admire anything from Europe, and who are always ready to insult those who do not inspire them with fear. We were thrust into a little hole where we could only sit or lie down, breathing foul air, and covered with vermin. Here we had to stay day and night, for if we attempted to leave it the Chinese called us 'Foreign Devils,' and amused themselves by examining all we had on, and all that we did. If the departure was delayed, if the wind blew, if we were threatened by pirates, it was *we* who were to blame. It was impossible to please them. If we tried to be kind or familiar with them, they insulted us; if we talked little, and maintained a certain gravity and reserve, we were cold and haughty. The only source of strength and consolation to the missionary in these miseries is the cross. He thus passes over many things which would otherwise irritate and wound; so we can maintain a certain equanimity, a necessary virtue in the East, though sometimes rather difficult to attain. But the courier is waiting. . . . We set sail at last, in company with seventy vessels, whose skippers, after parleying, had come to an understanding with our captain; they were obliged to make a formidable appearance in numbers so as to intimidate the pirates. We caught sight of six of the latter's vessels in a place called Tin-Pac, and being well armed, we fired upon them with the small cannon in our bows; they retreated, and we made all sail towards Hai-Nan, a large island, where we remained several days, anchoring under a town which is said to contain two hundred thousand inhabitants. We did not dare to land, or in fact, to show ourselves in any way. One of our missionaries from the diocese of Poitiers, Fr. Bisch, is working here, but we could only

salute him with our hearts. On leaving Haï-Nan, the Chinese junks separated, only a small number steering for Tong-king. Until then the sea had been calm and beautiful; afterwards it became windy, and I paid my usual tribute to the fishes. . . . Two days later we sighted the shores of Tong-king. I cannot tell you my feeling as we neared the place of disembarkation. I offered myself again to God, begging Him to dispose of me for His glory and honor, and I invoked my Mother Mary, and my guardian angel, and the Patron Saints of Tong-king. . . . The general view of the country is magnificent, — rich plains, with grassy hills, a luxuriant vegetation, such as one reads of in Robinson Crusoe, and the whole backed by a superb range of snowy mountains. We entered the harbor by the mouth of a beautiful river which glided through woods and gardens till we cast anchor at a place called Cuâ Câm, which is the centre of the contraband Chinese trade. We were no longer allowed to see the light of day, and even at night we dared to breathe the fresh air on deck only with very great precautions. This state of things lasted (fortunately for us) not more than forty-eight hours. The mandarin of the Custom House came to inspect our vessel. We could see this august personage through the cracks of our prison, while we scarcely ventured to breathe and most carefully abstained from all noise or movement; but the old fox returned to the shore without having scented the nest. The next day a Christian boat came for us, for nearly all the inhabitants of Cuâ Câm are Christians. There was a misunderstanding between our Christians and the crew; but the Christian rowers, seeing that we were not afraid, took courage and managed to bring us in a few hours to the flourishing Mission House of the Spanish Dominicans. Bishop Hilarion Alcazar received us in his episcopal *palace* (which, you must understand, is in these countries a simple hut or cabin), and treated us with that generous and delicate hospitality which makes one think of the early Christians. He has insisted on my resting here a few days to recover from the effects of the late voyage, and I am enjoying that ineffable peace and joy which seems to me especially sent by our Lord to His missionaries."

(To be continued.)



LET US KEEP OUR FAITH

Alas! Alas! Faith, to-day, is undergoing a violent crisis. The truths are curtailed among men; the shadows of doubt, the darkness of error, are spreading; and, progressively, they dim Divine light in souls. An ungodly press, an overflow of immorality, an unprecedented weakening of Christian spirit, contribute to the destruction of this virtue, the foundation of Christianity, the upholder of families, of states, the bulwark of civilization. Oh! let us keep our faith with a zeal only the more ardent! Let us have recourse to Mary, to study and contemplate in her heart the loving example of that virtue! Let us have recourse to Mary, and beseech her to obtain us from God a firm and solid faith that no temptation of the Evil One can shake; that she may place in our hearts the twin guardians indispensable to our holy belief, humility and purity.

— Abbé Chas. ROLLAND.

For Us and for All Men



God is our Father infinitely good, infinitely powerful, infinitely amiable and loving. All of us, human beings that people the earth, are His children; to Him we owe our life and conservation.

"My son, My daughter, My child," God says to each one of us; and what should we call our Creator if not as the little child: "Father"? Our Divine filiation demands that we bear this infinitely perfect Father whose Heart — the model of ours — delights in the love of His creatures, the most delicate feelings of respect, tenderness, gratitude, confidence, and zeal for His glory.

But how does the large human family fulfill this duty of love towards God Who has said: "My delights are to be with the children of men." (Pro. VIII, 31) "If a woman should forget her infant, yet will I not forget thee." (Isaias, XLIX, 15)

Let us cast a look upon the world and consider the heart-rending spectacle: more than a billion men plunged in the darkness of paganism do not know their Heavenly Father and, therefore, do not pay Him homage; millions of others know Him but little and serve Him very negligently; others, alas! deny His existence, outrage His Name, violate His law. O my God, how small the number of those who have for Thee the true feelings of a child; who in all their actions try to please Thee, try to know and accomplish Thy holy Will, thank Thee unceasingly for all Thy benefits, surrender to Thee all their cares; who, in fine, love Thee and make Thee loved!

Oh! who will help us to better understand our duties towards our Creator! Let us ask this grace of Him Who, to become our Model, came down upon earth as a little child and from the Crib to the Cross offered us a perfect example of filial love for God. Let us ask it also of the Blessed Virgin who was, here below, and ever remains the beloved daughter of the Father; let us ask it of the saints who followed the "way of spiritual childhood", especially St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, who was intrusted with the mission of teaching it to the world. Let us ask this precious grace not only for ourselves, but also for all men, for the multitude of pagans, that they may soon come to the knowledge and love of their Creator, and that from their soul may break forth the cry which goes straight to the Heart of God and which, each day, should rise from the earth, "Our Father"!

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	May-June.....	\$22.00
January-February 1942.....	\$228.50	July-August.....	\$33.65
March-April.....	\$18.00	September-October.....	\$59.00

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

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

A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

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

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for great favours obtained. Mrs. Wm. Kirby, **Brownville Jct., Me.** — Heartfelt thanks to St. Teresa for favours received. Mrs. R. L., **Ludlow, Mass.** — Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained after promising to have it published. A subscriber, **Iberville.** — I am pleased to acquit myself of a promise made in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus as I have obtained my mother's cure. Mrs. L. L., **Whitinsville, Mass.** — Homage of gratitude for graces received through the intercession of the dear "Scatterer of Roses". Mrs. R. F., **Central Falls, R. I.** — I wish to thank St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for helping us in a very critical affair. Mrs. M., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude to the powerful Patroness of Missionaries for favours obtained through her intercession. A friend of St. Teresa. — My sincere thanks to the "Little Flower of Carmel" for the help she has given me. L. P. D., **Montreal.** — I gladly acquit myself of a promise made to St. Teresa for she has granted me her protection. I implore her assistance in a new undertaking. Mrs. A. C., **Central Falls, R. I.** — Thanksgiving to my dear protectress, St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, for a special favour attributed to her intercession. Mrs. L. M., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude to the dear Patroness of Missionaries for the obtention of a grace after promise to publish. G. G., **Montreal.** — I wish to thank St. Teresa for the favours she has obtained for me. F. L., **Rivière Bleue.**

Nothing gives greater contentment to God than the salvation of a soul. It is the subject of all the Scriptures, the end of all mysteries, the aim of all His works.

— *St. John Chrysostom.*



"How upset you seem to be, dear Friend! . . . What has happened?"

"Oh! Father, you do not know? . . ."

"No, what is it? . . . An accident? . . ."

"A sudden death."

"A sudden death? . . . Who?"

"Mr. Roger X . . . about an hour ago."

"Did he receive the last Sacraments?"

"Alas! No. When the priest arrived, all was over. It happened so quickly! Poor Roger was at his office, and we were discussing some very intricate business when, suddenly, his features changed, he lost the power of speech and fell back unconscious in his arm-chair. I immediately sent for the priest and the doctor; but when they arrived, Roger was no more. Oh! Father, what a blow! . . . I am still all upset by it."

"Doubtlessly, God granted the dying man a few seconds to repent."

"Roger was a good fellow, he must have been ready . . . but I, what sentence would I have had, if I had been struck like him!"

"We must always be ready, dear Friend. It is the Lord's formal warning: 'I shall come as a thief, at what hour you think not.'"

"That is just what I was thinking, when you met me, Father. While waiting for the street-car, I was looking at the crowds coming and going and I was saying to myself: 'Among all these people, how many are ready to pass instantly into Eternity?'"

"It is a thought that I, too, often have while travelling. When one is a priest and a missionary, devoted to the salvation of souls, one naturally seeks to penetrate them in order to do them good."

"Happily, our souls are invisible."

"To the eyes of men, yes; but, to the eyes of God, they are all visible, and there is no instant in which the Divine gaze does not penetrate into the innermost recesses of them. It is this gaze, and not men's, that must be feared and loved; for it is God Who will judge us."

"Ah! poor Roger, he is already judged! . . . The excellent man that he was, he is doubtlessly in Paradise now."

"It is necessary to be so pure to enter Heaven that few are the souls that can go there without passing through the flames of Purgatory."

"Ah! Purgatory, what do I care for that! . . . If I can avoid Hell, Purgatory matters little to me!"

"What are you saying, dear Friend? Do you not know that the sufferings of this place of expiation surpass in intensity all the torments



THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS IS OFFERED
FOR THE RELIEF AND THE DELIVRANCE
OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY

here below? . . . Certain souls that have escaped Hell, through God's mercy or Mary's mediation, may remain in Purgatory until the end of time, if no person prays for them or offers sacrifices for their deliverance, especially the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

"I never pray for the Souls in Purgatory."

"Then, you are running the risk, if you go to these cleansing flames, to remain therein without relief, and be forgotten by those that you have loved on earth. 'For', says Our Lord, 'with the same measure that you shall mete withal, it shall be measured to you again!'"

"Is that quite true?"

"It is the declaration of Him Who is to judge us all."

"Then, Father, take this money . . . Say or have said some Masses for Roger and the abandoned Souls."

"Would you permit me to offer one, also, for your intentions . . . for your conversion?"

"My conversion! . . . but I am not a pagan! . . . If I have given you to understand that I am not ready to die, it is because I have not been to confession for a long time . . . because bonds that are difficult to break keep me in certain habits . . ."

"Dear Friend, these bonds must be broken without delay."

"It is impossible, Father, at present . . . Later on, circumstances may change."

"Nothing can hinder returning to God a soul that sincerely wishes to do so."

"I really wish to do so . . . but I am in a critical position . . . My case needs to be explained, and this is not a favourable place for such a conversation. I have time; if you are not in too great a hurry, Father, shall we get off the car?"

"Willingly, I am quite at your disposal. Look! we are in front of St. Peter's Church; would you like to go to confession?"

"Go to confession? . . . Oh! no, not to-day; I am not prepared for that."

"That will come gradually; I shall help you."

"Another day . . . to-morrow."



*The Evil Spirit confused by his defeat...
The Guardian Angel covering his happy
protégé with his wing...*

"It is better not to put off till to-morrow what we can do to-day. Who knows if there will be a morrow for you?"

"Decidedly, Father, you wish to win me. Well, I consent."

And the good religious and the worthy functionary proceeded towards the church entrance. Soon, they crossed the threshold and disappeared under the sacred vault.

A long time after, the functionary reappeared at the entrance, his countenance beaming with joy. At the confessor's feet, he had laid the heavy burden of his sins and had been generously forgiven. He had received from this wise Director light and counsel to break the bonds which, until then, had seemed infrangible; he had taken the energetic resolution to return to the

path of duty and to stick to it at any price. Very happy, he felt ready to die.

If the veil which conceals the spiritual world could have been raised at that moment, it would have been possible to see, not far from the convert, the Evil Spirit confused by his defeat in regard to this soul, but contriving a new plan of attack to get back his prey; on the other side, exulting with joy, the Guardian Angel, covering his happy protégé with his wing; and, in the heights of Heaven, a multitude of celestial spirits rejoicing at the conversion of a sinner.

Our Lord's Words

I am going to tell you something astonishing; you must believe it with unflinching faith. Listen, if the whole world were but a globe of fire and a handful of flax were thrown into it, I tell you, the flames would no sooner have devoured this handful of flax than the faults of the repentant sinner be consumed in My mercy. More than that: for the flax to take fire in a world of flames there would be required but an instant, very short, it is true, almost imperceptible; yet, between repentance and forgiveness, between the moan and grace, there is not even a second.

— Our Lord to Blessed Henry Suso.

One thing alone is necessary: to work for the salvation of souls. The world passes, its glory passes, and so do its pleasures; God alone remains.

— BOURDALOUE.

Retreat Notes

ON RETREAT

1st Evening

Well! here I am on retreat! . . . Who can have led me here anyway? . . . I was asking myself that very question a few moments ago, while on my way to the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Then my eyes met the statue of the Virgin holding out her hands in a welcoming gesture. I have always had a great love for Mary; she it is, undoubtedly, who has led me here. In the second place, my decision is owed to a friend who is coming to this retreat with a group of ladies from her parish. Naturally, I hesitated a little to accompany her; it meant leaving the family, six loving children and my husband! However, our maid is quite reliable and serious, and besides, the little ones listen well to Mildred, our eldest, who is now in her early teens . . . and after all, their father is at home and will see to everything. But be that as it may, I dislike leaving them . . . and leaving home also . . . then, what's the use of it all? I follow the exercises of our own parish retreat each year, and too many things solicit my attention for me to be continually at devotions . . . Just the same, I am rather satisfied that I came; this is my first acquaintance with a regular Closed Retreat House. Everything is simple, but very hospitable and commodious; my room is just all I could desire. There is running water, a rocker, a prie-dieu, a writing-table and a comfortable-looking bed. At any rate, everything is beyond my expectations, and these three days of tranquillity will be a great rest for me.

First day

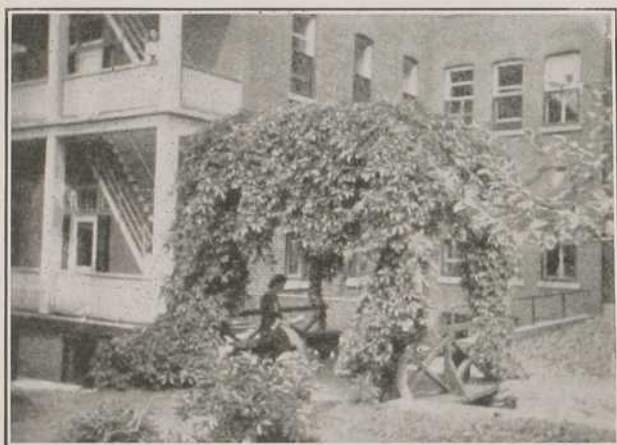
Mass at seven-thirty; piously heard by all the retreatants. The modest



A RETREATANT'S CELL
RETREAT HOUSE "OUR LADY OF THE HOLY GHOST"

chapel, tastefully adorned, impregnates me, as it were, with sentiments of recollection; it is many years since I have prayed as well as this morning . . . The first conference was at 9 A. M. The Retreat-Master, both convinced and convincing, spoke eloquently on the necessity of closed retreats, and gave us indications as to how this one should be made. The conference was well presented. He advised us to spend our spare moments to-day in meditation on

death... Meditation... that's too distracting for me... He counsels equally the taking of notes, well, that's more appealing! I go down to the garden, and sitting on the attractive little bridge covered with foliage, watch the charming brook going its way; its shining waters gilded by the sunshine, and rendered tumultuous by the many miniature cascades, vividly interest me. My eyes seek, as far as possible in the mountain, the spot where that brook begins, then, if I follow it in its impetuous course, I see it turbulently leap under the bridge and rush onward always, and that very far, when my eyes finally lose sight of it. When I consider the hasty flow of that brook, I am quite naturally led to think of my life. Yesterday, I was young, very much so; to-day, I am nearing my forty years... and how rapidly have the years followed one another, especially since my marriage!... All that has happened!... and what precipitation!... At this moment, I can fancy myself passing under the tiny bridge... only a few cascades more to descend, a few incidents, a few days and I shall be gone... For me, life is all smiles at present, as it is for the jovial brook mirroring the sun; but am I ready to set out on the long journey to Eternity?... Is my life like a limpid drop of water, ready to plunge in the Ocean that suffers no alloying substance?...



MEDITATING ON THE LITTLE BRIDGE...

My eyes are now drawn to a grating placed under the bridge to free the waters of the leaves and boughs picked on their way: my retreat, my confession of to-morrow — will not these be a purifying grating for me?... and that will be done so suavely in this dwelling of peace where everything breathes tranquillity, happiness...

Second day

I prayed long after confession. I felt inundated with happiness and that peace which was given me defies my description! I went to the garden, it appeared even more beautiful than yesterday; the air was mild; I walked about in the shaded avenues; the flowers smiled up at me; the birds were

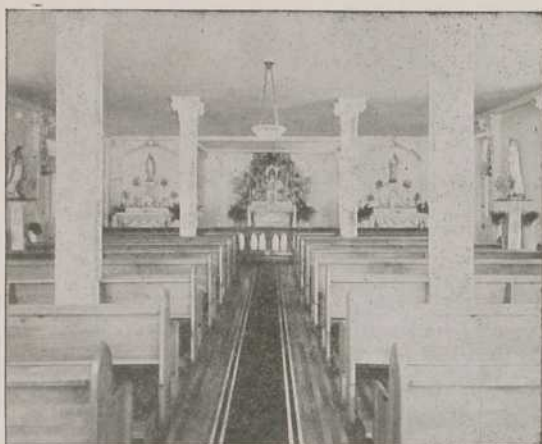
playing in the bushes, the sun was splashing its golden rays on the mountain; the brook was gurgling merrily as it ran on; in a word, all nature seemed uniting to me in praise of the Lord. I leisurely ascended the by-path to the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. The Immaculate Virgin was smilingly waiting. There, on bended knees, I addressed her *Aves* overflowing with gratitude. Gradually, I grew more calm and across my mind flitted this last recommendation of the confessor: "There is no more need of worry over the past; now, look ahead and direct your future life."

Close to the grotto, in the thick foliage, feathered songsters drew my attention; with infinite precaution I bent towards the noisy nestlings. There they were, six of them crowded against one another; the father was keeping vigil; the mother had, but a moment ago, spread her wings; I saw her flitting around the topmost branches of a tree and letting out a melodious warble. She was fluttering here and there, then within the fraction of a second, almost, she was back home. Six little beaks opened wide, and to each she dispensed the gathered food. Those little creatures left in their father's care reminded me of my own loved family, at home. Like the mother-bird, I flew away from the cosy nest to seek the food needed for their souls. Oh! how it is all evident to me now that I was poor in supernatural light, in life of faith, in love of God, etc. . . . How could I give what I had not? . . . Clearly I see that my apostolate must be extended, a bit of Catholic Action must be done; my servant-girl who has come from her home in the country is left too much to her own devices; I must show greater interest in her life, her outings, her amusements, in order to preserve her if need be. And about that poor family to whom I send the children's old clothes . . . I never took the trouble to call on them; and yet, the mother is sick and often gives way to discouragement; a kind word on my part would certainly do good . . . And poor old Bernard, who sees to the furnace . . . Have I been good to him, if only a little? . . . He doesn't practise, people say. Kindness, remedies for his sore legs, would win his sympathy, after, God would inspire me. Finally, our parish works . . . I never was interested in them. Why? . . . through apathy; I had my own family, and then . . . but I see where I'll have to do my part, and give something of myself. If all the women said like me, what would become of our so necessary parish works?

Oh! Mary, what a horizon opens out before my sight; how I needed this retreat! From now on I confide you my life that I wish to live under your maternal regard, dispensing to all the food, the enlightenment I have gathered in this holy house.

Last day

The Blessed Sacrament is exposed in the chapel since morning. There I have just spent the happiest hour of my life. O God, how could I know one was able to taste such happiness in praying to You? . . . I went to the chapel immediately after the 9 o'clock instruction; the altar was brilliantly illuminated, the beautiful monstrance and its Divine Captive attracted the look of all.



CHAPEL OF THE RETREAT HOUSE
"OUR LADY OF THE HOLY GHOST"

envied that wondrous nature, and most of all the limpid brook that, since years, has been running its waters so near the chapel... when, in a vivid light, the Good Master made me sense that this water was an image of my life, that His look rested uninterruptedly upon me as it did upon the passing brook. But was not that look unutterably more loving for me than for the laughing spring? It came home to me that I had always been the subject of His attentive care, of His love... and that this constant and benign look had beheld all the important events in my life, all my joys as wife and mother... This illumination unveiled many other things that brought me indescribable happiness; so much so that for an hour that appeared a fleeting moment to me, I shed tears of unaltered joy.

And to think I had expected to rest here! But I find life, supernatural life with its consolations and strength. O my God, thank You for these three days of Heaven; in return, my whole life is Yours; my days to the very last will serve to merit eternal happiness for myself, for those I hold dear, my husband, my children, etc....

I shall be leaving shortly; I bid adieu to my cosy little room in which I have experienced so much happiness, and that I retain for another year. Then I deposit on the table a few retreat-notes, leaving Sister Directress every permission to publish them if she chooses. They are a humble tribute of gratitude owed the good Sisters who have been so devoted to us during these three days. They are also the expression of a heart filled with happiness and thanksgiving, that feels the necessity of telling to all the great amount of good three days of solitude can procure; may they share in these spiritual graces, all the Ladies who will peruse these hastily-penned notes!

— A *Retreatant*.

Retreat House "Our Lady of Holy Ghost,"

St. Viateur d'Outremont

June 30, 1942



JAPAN

On the 26th of last August, two of our Missionary Sisters at Koriyama, Japan: Sister Madeleine du Sauveur⁽¹⁾ and Sister Marie Alida⁽²⁾, re-entered Canada, after a long voyage. They were among the Canadian and American subjects, living in Japan, who have been repatriated in exchange for Japanese prisoners.

Their companions remaining in Koriyama, as well as those of Wakamatsu Mission, are all courageous and cheerful.

CHINA

Canton: Our dear Sisters in this city are continuing their numerous works, so it seems.

Shek Lung: No news of our Sisters of the Lazaretto.

Hong Kong: Interned at Stanley Camp, our Missionaries of this post are doing apostolic work among the various families, tending the sick and teaching catechism to the children. They even prepared a First Communion Ceremony in the month of May. They also give lessons in languages and arts.

Tsungming and Süchow: Our Sisters in these Missions were still able to carry on their works freely, up to June 7th.

MANCHUKUO

It is with painful certitude, that we have learnt of the death of our dear Sister St. Denis⁽³⁾, which occurred in March or April. News of it was communicated to our Sisters of Koriyama by a telegram sent from Taonan, where the lamented deceased resided.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Manila: A communique from Ottawa, received on August 28th, informed us that our Sisters of this Mission had just been liberated.

1. Alice LABELLE, Montreal.

2. Rose Aimée DEMERS, Quebec.

3. Anne Marie DUBE, St. Denis, Kamouraska Co.

It is the hour of trial for our Missionaries, but their sufferings and privations, endured with faith and love, will certainly produce fruits of salvation and conversion for the poor peoples still sitting in the shadows of error and pagan'sm. After these dark and evil days, will not the sun of Faith shine with greater brilliancy upon the immense infidel lands? . . .

ACROSS MANCHUKUO

Related by a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, on a visit at Szepingkai, in 1940.

"Quick, quick, my mother is dying; come quick, she is very ill!" Such was the cry repeated by a poor little boy in rags and tatters on arriving, out of breath, in the waiting-room of the Dispensary at Szepingkai. "The sorcerer came to our place," continued he, "but the gods seem deaf to our prayers; my mother wants the Catholic doctors!"



MISSIONARIES LEAVING FOR A VISIT TO THE SICK
IN A RUSSIAN CARRIAGE

Confident that God was calling her to the conquest of another soul, the Sister-Nurse was ready in a few instants to follow the child. Divine Providence having permitted me to be at the Dispensary at that moment, I had the pleasure of accompanying her — pleasure which I enjoyed so much the more as, having arrived but shortly in Manchukuo, I was eager to become familiar with the Chinese customs and manners, which are so different from ours.

As the sick woman's dwelling was a few *li* outside the city, we were obliged to take a Russian carriage, driven by a Manchu wearing a *mao tse*, a wide pointed hat particular to the Orientals. Beside him, as straight as a picket and looking like a conqueror, was the little fellow that had come for us. The ditches along the unpaved streets in this Chinese city are reeking with refuse of all kinds and are a favourite resort for the black swine, which run

free in the streets of Manchukuo as the dogs do in our Country. The houses, being but one-storey buildings, are completely hidden from sight by a wall about ten feet high which surrounds them. Formerly, these walls were constructed to preserve the dwellings from the frequent incursions of bandits; the custom has been maintained.

In the open-air, on the side of the road, I could see: here, a general store; there, a restaurant; farther on, a fruit and candy merchant, dusting his wares with a rag, the original colour of which could not be distinguished; a shoe-maker was moving about, with all his materials on his back; another man was making pancakes, heedless of the wind which was copiously seasoning them with the dust and sand of the street... All of them were shouting and vaunting their merchandise, jostling one another in making a passage for themselves...

What a deep and sad impression it made on me to see that crowd of pagans living in complete ignorance of their Divine Creator, slaves of the devil, devoted to the adoration of idols, oppressed by the tyranny of barbarous superstitions and paying the tribute of their noble faculties to the prince of Hell. And yet, is not God the Father of these men of good-will, as He is Ours? How grateful should be those who, by gratuitous predilection, have been brought up in the knowledge and love of Our Heavenly Father! More than ever, I understood the transports of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, who desired to have been a missionary since the beginning of the world and to be so until the end of time, in order to win the hearts of all the infidels to Our Divine Father's love.

Outside the city, at a turn in the road, two filthy old men were chatting amicably on the edge of the ditch, while hunting the numerous parasites lodged in their miserable clothes.



MOUND COVERING THE TOMBS IN MANCHUKUO

A little before arriving at the village of Pekeu, whither we were destined, a cluster of trees attracted our attention. It was a surprise to see this tiny grove; for Manchukuo is not much favoured with the riches of Nature. These trees had been planted to shelter the last resting-place of the members of a family buried there. According to the custom of the country, some bury their dead on their own property: very big coffins, laid even with the ground and covered with grass, form little mounds, that are not mounted by any monuments or crosses!

All the houses of the village are wretched earthen huts, about eight or ten feet in height. Mules, sheep, swine, ducks, hens, etc. are left loose in front of the dwellings; and, when we entered

one of these gloomy hovels, followed by a dozen inquisitive persons drawn by the arrival of foreign doctors, the whole menagerie intruded with us.

A poor woman, devoured by fever, was lying on the *kang* (bed of heated bricks). Hanging on the wall, near the household altar dedicated to Buddha, was a canvas bearing the painting of a clawed hand, which seemed ready to seize its victim . . . Was it not a vivid reality of what was happening: the devil lying in wait for his prey, in order to drag her into his abode of perdition? . . .

While my companion was doctoring the dying woman, I was able to examine at leisure this Manchu home, wherein poverty and uncleanness



A POOR MANCHU DWELLING

prevailed. The patient, with nothing but rags to cover her, was lying in the midst of all that can be found in a house: clothes, carpets, baskets, dishes, etc. There was, even, a hen setting not far from her, on the *kang*. A swarm of flies, that had free entrance by the only window, just opposite the stable, were buzzing incessantly around her, alighting upon the soiled dishes and some vegetables lying on a table, or covering as with a cataplasm the sores of the youngest child of the family, suffering from the itch.

Noticing a little triangle of red cotton hanging on the back of the dying woman's neck and suspecting a superstition, I inquired the reason of it. The patient herself explained that, two days previously, she had sent for the sorcerer of the city, in order to have him deliver her from her disease. After lamentations, then grotesque dances, he had minutely examined some ants coming and going on the ground. According as they made more or less zigzags towards the direction of the patient, he diagnosed that the devil was in her. He then invoked the spirits and wrote, under their inspiration, some mysterious characters on a paper, which he folded in a triangle (the sign of a message from the gods), inclosed in a piece of red cotton (this colour surpasses all the others, in the opinion of the Chinese) and sewed

carefully. After attaching it to a string, also red, he hung it at the dying woman's head, declaring that, if she always wore this talisman with confidence, the spirits would protect her, restore her to health and bring wealth and happiness to the home. Woe to her, though, if she took it off! The gods, irritated, would inflict the worst of punishments on her. Since that time, the patient's condition had only become more serious; but, just the same, she seemed to have great consideration for the wearing of this talisman, the pagans have such fear of the divine wrath.

Unable to bear the thought that, after leading such a hard life, this poor creature, who, despite her superstitions, did not seem opposed to the teachings of our holy Faith, would remain bound to the devil during Eternity, without ever enjoying the happiness of Heaven, we resolved to interpose between her and Satan the Immaculate Virgin Mary, who could once again crush with her virginal foot the infernal enemy of souls. Very gently, I untied the string, stole away the triangle and replaced it by the blessed Miraculous Medal, by means of which Our Heavenly Mother has so often manifested her merciful goodness. Leaving to Mary the care of accomplishing her task, we withdrew, promising the sick woman to return soon.

All the way home, heart-broken by such distress, physical as well as moral, we fervently recited the beads for our dear pagan, confident in the ineffable power of Her who is never invoked in vain.

Having had to leave the region shortly after that visit, I took preciously with me the little red triangle, delighted in having deprived the devil of one of his arms for tyrannizing souls and feeling assured that the Blessed Virgin had interceded with the Heart of Her Divine Son, in order to obtain one more soul to praise Him and bless Him during all Eternity.

VANCOUVER

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

Wednesday, February 11, 1942

Last Sunday, an invalid had repeatedly rejected all propositions concerning Baptism, when towards evening, Sister Superior succeeded in making her kiss a crucifix. Did that one act of love weigh down the scale of God's mercy? A while later in the evening, the dying woman readily agreed to our advances in a very decisive tone, and she was immediately christened. Instantly things appeared in an altogether different light: death to her was repose, something good leading to eternal beatitude.

Mr. Shigeyama, as yet a pagan, was present this evening when Wong Yuen was anointed; having witnessed his joy, he requested a similar privilege for his wife. "Sachie is going to die to-night," he added with sobs in his voice, "she has told me so, and said she had seen by her bedside our son who died some time ago."

Hardly had our patient been marked with the seal of the holy unctions when she cast a look on the persons assisting her as if to bid them adieu, and that was all . . . Her last smile had chilled on her lips.

Mr. Shigeyama, faithful to the pagan custom, would have liked to have the corpse incinerated, but Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ having dissuaded him from doing so, he consented to give his wife a Christian funeral.

Saturday, February 14

Frank Mah, a Chinese consumptive, was a stealer of Paradise. Just yesterday, he was filled with hatred, ready to vociferate execrations, as he listened to the kind exhortations of Sister Superior⁽¹⁾. In God . . . he did not believe; he had assured us of the fact on diverse occasions. One thing alone was uppermost in his mind . . . he wanted his cure. "Sister," said he, "tell me if I shall be cured." "No, Frank, you will not be cured; you must make your sacrifice." These words chilled him . . . as the toll of a funeral bell.

"You must make your sacrifice; but listen, God loves you, and He wants to save you, He is offering you His own Heaven."

"No, no, that cannot be, I have been too bad!"

"Well, if you have been bad, do like the good thief;" she answered. Then in emotional terms the great story of Golgotha was told.

But Frank was not converted. Sister Superior would have him kiss a Miraculous Medal but he turned away his head in horror. The precious talisman was nevertheless pinned on his clothing and his poor soul was confided to the Mother of Mercy.

As soon as she went on duty this morning, Sister St. Mark⁽²⁾ hastened to the bedside of the dying man. "Good morning, Frank," she ventured. He was startled and began to scream: "Who is there?" "It's the Sister-Infirmarian. Have you spent a good night?"

"Oh, it's you," he murmured with a sigh of relief, "no, I haven't slept well; I was frightened. There was someone going about my bed; all night long he tried to throw me out of the window and I could not defend myself . . . I am afraid!"

"Frank," answered Sister, "that was the devil who was going about you; you belong to him since you do not want to pray to God and become His child. The devil wants to bring you down to hell." — "No, Sister, I believe in God now, I wish to be baptized, and right away!"

The priest was called at once and the Waters of Baptism flowed on the brow of this moribund who, pressing his lips on the image of his crucified Saviour, kept murmuring, "My God, I love you, forgive me my sins!"

Such were the sentiments of this labourer of the last hour, veritable heavenly bandit, who breathed his last tenderly clasping his crucifix.

Monday, March 23

A blind man of ninety-two was brought to our Refuge. His utter indigence was his entry ticket—his sole possession consisting in the tattered

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

2. Alida TALBOT, Cacouna, Que.

clothes he had on his back. At first he seemed diffident; for, being blind, he did not know where he was and could not see the persons about him. But one of the Sisters on paying him a visit, immediately recognized a patient christened some time ago in a Protestant hospital. "How good God is!" she exclaimed; "It is Michael Wah!" When he learned that he was with the Sisters who had procured him the great grace of the regeneration, the new-comer was overjoyed; he made a large sign of the cross to show that he had forgotten neither his Faith nor his Baptism.

Easter Sunday, April 5

Easter! Easter! Day of gladness and jubilation! To acclaim with us the risen Saviour the sun peeped out of the horizon this morning, glowing with radiance; entering through the chapel windows, it seemed to delight in the flowers adorning the altar, accentuating their delicate tints. And in our hearts also, joy had full sway.

Throughout the forenoon, Sister Superior⁽¹⁾ and a few Sisters distributed to the sick pretty little baskets in a variety of colours which contained Easter eggs and other dainties. A diabetic patient on receiving his portion, was recommended only to look at it. But he, perceiving a little hen in chocolate said: "It's chicken... Oh, then I can eat some, that agrees with me!"

The happiest, assuredly, are the old men of the Refuge. Michael, notwithstanding his ninety-two summers and his toothless mouth, certifies that nothing is so good for him as candy... Poor patients! their joy is our joy; is there not as much and even more happiness in giving than in receiving?...

Saturday, April 11

Sister Marie de Béthanie⁽²⁾ returned from her visit to the homes her heart overflowing with joy: three times to-day she has had the consolation of pouring the Waters of Baptism on dying brows. One of these privileged souls went to meet its God almost immediately after its regeneration. The other two were soon following it in the Kingdom of Joy where they are now singing the eternal *Alleluia*.

Monday, April 20

The weather is so mild that we have been making our noon exercises in the garden. How beautiful Nature is! The fruit trees were in full bloom, and we strolled beneath their boughs while reciting the *Aves* of our Rosary. Now and then the breeze would detach a petal, fling it about in the air a few moments and drop it on the lawn, delicately flowering nature's green carpet. What a great moralist Nature is! Her lessons, meditated in silence, always bear fruit. What tongue will ever tell the sublime thoughts of the Son of God when, at the close of His laborious days, He would cross the fields of wheat and the meadows gay with flowers?...

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

2. Berthe PICHE, St Basile de Portneuf, Que.

Friday, April 24

The bell was announcing dinner when a Chinese came up to the information office, requesting a bed for his friend. "All our beds are occupied," answered Sister Superior; "Is your friend very sick?"

"Oh yes! who knows if he will not die to-night or to-morrow?"

"Very well, in that case, we shall go and see him, and if we can manage, we shall prepare a bed for him."

We found the poor man on a miserable straw bed with not even a sheet to cover him. His pulse, very feeble, and his mortal pallor convinced us that life was fastly ebbing out. Though unable to utter a word he was fully conscious; after having shown him the crucifix and told him a few words about God, we made haste to christen him. The patient was then taken to our Hospital. The catechist Sister explained him in her mother tongue the signal grace he had just been granted. Smiling and peaceful, the moribund pointed to Heaven; one moment more and he was closing his weary eyes in death — the death of the Elect!

Sunday, April 26

This date marks the twenty-first anniversary of the arrival of our Sisters in this Hospital. Under the sweet guidance of the Immaculate Virgin and our good father Saint Joseph, they set out four for this littoral home, leaving behind their beloved Outremont.

The seed these pious labourers cast without ostentation, in humble tasks, in their joyous fidelity to painful duties, has sprung up beautifully, watered as it has been by the penetrating dew of grace; and magnificent sheaves have been harvested or Paradise. Now these apostles of the first hour have sought other fields wherein to throw the vital seed of the word of God. And we who have taken in hand their noble task, cast a glance on the whitening harvest, waiting to be garnered, but our granaries are too strait to store it all; and we await with legitimate eagerness the day when a more spacious Hospital will open wide its doors to all the Orientals of Vancouver who request our care.

This evening, on the occasion of the feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel and Saint Joseph's Patronage, was held the blessing of the little bell which will ring in the duty hours at "Mount Saint Joseph" (the name to be given to our new Hospital). It received the names of Marie Joseph Delia Anna, names held dear by our filial piety.

Report of Saint Joseph's Oriental Hospital for the year 1941:

Adult Baptisms.....	50	Fluoroscopic examinations.....	860
Holy Communions.....	139	Laboratory tests.....	2,825
Extreme Unctions.....	32	Dressings.....	3,057
Home Visits.....	1,144	Hypodermics.....	1,899
Radiographs.....	221	Treatments.....	11,038
Medications.....	28,241	Patients registered.....	175

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

Footings

MOTHER HOUSE

Wednesday, August 26, 1942

The day we have so long looked forward to has dawned at last. The special train conveying the Canadian subjects returning from Japan is coming in this afternoon, and our dear Sisters Madeleine du Sauveur⁽¹⁾ and Marie Alida⁽²⁾ are supposed to be on it.

Our hearts leap for hope and joy! They will no longer be tortured by that cruel anxiety which has overwhelmed them for long months. We shall be informed of the situation of our missionaries on Japanese soil.

While dear Mother General with a few Sisters go to the station to meet our travellers, the Sisters at the Mother House get busy preparing the warmest welcome for them.

Around four o'clock the personnel of the Mother House goes down to the door; but hearing that the train is late, we return to the chapel for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We are all seized with emotion when, after the blessing of our Eucharistic Lord, the organ peals the joyful notes of the *Magnificat*. All doubts are dismissed — our expected Sisters have arrived. The sublime canticle of the Virgin at Hebron sings our grateful thanks to the Lord for the happy issue of this perilous voyage which has lasted over two months.

Willingly we concede to the parents and relatives of our dear travellers the few minutes left before supper, for they will not, like us, have the whole evening to chat with our Missionaries.

As soon as our dear Sisters have taken their refecton, we all hasten to the Reception Hall to welcome them heartily.

Having been deprived of the Sacraments during the last months they spent on Japanese soil, our two Sisters were amply compensated for it during their voyage, for twenty-five Masses were said regularly each morning on the boat. There were eighty-five priests on board, most of them Maryknollers.

DEPARTURE CEREMONY

Monday, September 7

Farewell greetings are exchanged to-day. Three of our Sisters: Sister Marie Gabriel⁽³⁾, Sister St. Delphis⁽⁴⁾, and Sister Marie Florida⁽⁵⁾, are leaving us to go and lend a helping hand to our dear Sisters at St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Vancouver.

1. Alice LABELLE, Montreal.
2. Rose Aimée DEMERS, Quebec.
3. Evangeline GIGUERE, Quebec.
4. Clara BERGERON, Sturgeon Falls, Ont.
5. Clara LEBLANC, Glen Robertson, Ont.

The singing of the *Itinerarium* (the Church's prayers at the beginning of a journey) after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the last fraternal embrace, then the so impressive hymn "Mother of God, Bless Us..." before leaving the warm nest of Cote des Neiges, all recalls to us the touching ceremonies of departure for the foreign missions which occurred yearly in the past and revived in our hearts the flame of zeal and apostolic desires. When shall we again see our Missionaries fly to the assistance of our Sisters of the Orient who are growing weaker under the strain of privation and under trials of all sorts? . . .

While awaiting to be able to realize this wish, our three departants are happy to go and work for the relief and conversion of the Oriental patients on the Western coast of Canada. Their mission is inaugurated under the auspices of the Virgin Mary, since the Church is singing at present the first Vespers of the Nativity. We are therefore confident that our Heavenly Queen will grant them special protection in their apostolate.

HONOURABLE VISITORS

The great Missionary Exhibition which has been held from September 17th to October 4th has afforded us the privilege of receiving at the Mother House two Prelates of the Church.

On September 18, 19, 20, we had the honour of extending hospitality to His Excellency Bishop N. A. Labrie, Vicar Apostolic of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In his immense territory only seventeen priests minister to the Canadians and Montagnais living on the Coast.

His Excellency requested prayers, that the religious development of his Vicariate may keep pace with the material progress which makes one foresee, for the near future, a considerable increase in population.

Then on the 24th of the same month, His Excellency Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, honoured us by saying Mass in our chapel.

At seven o'clock, to the sound of a solemn march, the revered Prelate entered the sanctuary and celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, assisted by Reverend Fathers J. L. Quelo, Eudist, Superior of St. Jean Eudes College, Quebec, and P. Lachapelle, our devoted chaplain.

Were also present in the sanctuary: Reverend Fathers A. Poulin, L. Si-rois and A. Gallant, Eudist Fathers, missionaries on the Northern Coast. Before taking his breakfast, the worthy representative of Our Holy Father the Pope blessed the Community assembled in the Reception Hall, and with paternal kindness spoke to us somewhat as follows:

"When I was at the Novitiate, over a month ago, I promised to come and pay you a visit during the Missionary Exhibition. A telephone call, last night, reminded me of this promise which I had not forgotten.

"I wished to speak with you a few moments to rejoice with you at the work you have already accomplished; but, also, to share your sufferings at

the thought of so many of your Sisters who are greatly exposed in Mission territories. But, you know, we are always in the hands of God and, as Pope Pius XI used to say when stating this truth, 'we are in good hands', even in the midst of the difficulties and sufferings your Sisters in the Far East have to undergo.

"We are engaged in a real battle for the Faith and we shall come out victorious only if we abandon ourselves into the hands of Divine Providence. You do not go to the Missions only to obtain success, but, as good Christians and good Missionaries, to suffer, and by this means bring souls to God.

"It seems to us that the hour has come for these Religious to share the sufferings of Our Lord; and, in a special manner these days, we send our prayers to Heaven, that they may be preserved and protected, and that, after the war, they may be able to resume their works.

"We must prepare for other struggles. We are living in very difficult times; we must always be ready to do what Divine Providence expects of us. It is only with this thought of total abandonment in the hands of God that our actions will bear the supernatural mark.

"Visiting the Missionary Exhibition must have increased your zeal. But you must consider the great lessons that are to be drawn from this Exhibition in which you are taking a direct part, since you are missionaries.

"The Missionary Exhibition speaks to us of the past of the City of Montreal which bore a missionary character, of its present which also is missionary; and its future must likewise be missionary. On seeing the different booths we immediately understand that unity directed the different works. It is the same God, the same Faith that appear to us in such a striking manner. As you enter the Exhibition Hall you see booths of China, Japan, Africa, Oceania, America, Canada, and everywhere that same unity reigns, that same intention directed towards the same light, towards the same goal. That unity is proved even by the multiplicity of Congregations and works tending to the same end: the salvation of the soul, personal sanctification and the extension of the kingdom of God; following the same directions: those of the Pope or his representatives in the different countries. This is a thought of unity which must comfort us when hatred, to-day, plunges humanity in, we may say, one of the most bloody of all wars. Only in the Catholic Church can we find this unity.

"Another lesson to be drawn from this Exhibition is holiness. The spirit of holiness is needed to leave family and country and to sacrifice oneself. This spirit of holiness which is a property of Catholicism, reaches out even to the forgetfulness of self for the sake of suffering humanity. And the fruit of this holiness is the salvation of souls.

"If God does not always crown with success the work of the Missionaries toiling in pagan lands for the salvation of souls, He is obliged to give them all that is necessary for their own sanctification. Although we cannot in every case canonize those who work in the missions, on account of the great severity of the Church in declaring that a servant of God has practised virtue in an heroic degree, if they accomplish their work supernaturally, they will

certainly be of the family of Heaven. We must sanctify ourselves to sanctify others and become worthy of that vocation. We must strive to become as worthy as possible of the mission that has been or may be confided to us. Another mark presented by the Exhibition is Catholicity, that is, universality. Only the Catholic Church adapts herself to all countries, to all souls. Not only does she exist in the old countries of Europe which were the first, so to say, to receive the light of the Faith, but moreover, in Asia, Africa, Oceania, etc. . . .

"If our Religion can be adapted to every country, to every nation, those even which present the most contrasts, it is because it is made for the human soul, for the men of primitive tribes as well as for those of civilized countries. It is therefore a Catholic Religion. Apostolicity is the mark which denotes that we directly belong to the Vicar of Christ. The works of the missions cannot develop if they are not under the dependence of the Pope whose authority is exercised by his representatives. If we trace back the founders of the Church we come to the first Pope. The work of preaching to the different kingdoms began during the life of Our Lord Himself; the twelve apostles afterwards announced the Gospel and chose successors. And in the very early days of the Church we see pious women helping the apostles in their work of evangelization. St. Paul writes: 'Those women that have laboured with me in the gospel'. (Philip, IV, 3) After twenty centuries we may say the same thing of the persons who devote themselves in Mission countries.

"The Missionary Exhibition also speaks to us of the beginnings of Montreal, which was at first but a tiny mustard-seed, but which has developed with marvelous rapidity. On reading the first pages of the history of this city, it is easy to see what difficulties and sufferings the first colonists had to endure; but the village of Ville-Marie has become the metropolis of Canada. It will always be thus in apostolic undertakings, and the same results will be renewed for the Missions.

"'But it is one man that soweth, and it is another that reapeth.' (John, IV, 37) We may sow, others will reap; the joy of him that scatters the seed is the same as that of him that reaps. If you are faithful to your vocation God will reward you."

His Excellency then blessed us in a special manner, extending his blessing to our absent Sisters, those especially who in distant missions are sorely tried, that they may be comforted and remain courageous.

This assurance of Divine help granted to our Missionaries is a sweet consolation for us, and we are deeply grateful to the kind Delegate of His Holiness Pope Pius XII.



Suffering is a worker of virtues and merit; it projects on life light that brightens the way and directs the soul in the right path.

— Msgr. P. E. Roy.

GRANBY

Eucharistic Days and Marian Hours in the Chapel of the Patronage

The beautiful devotion of Adoration in the chapel of the Immaculate Conception Patronage was inaugurated on Thursday, September 3rd last, by solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Hereafter, this great and signal privilege will be ours every Thursday from 8.30 A. M. to 5.30 P. M. Is it not our duty now more than ever, to draw nigh to God, if we would have Him draw nigh to us and spare our beloved Canada from the effects of His fully-justified wrath? . . . Not more than the unfortunate European countries does ours merit to be shielded from the terrible scourge of the present World War!

Very Reverend Canon E. E. Pelletier, Pastor of Notre Dame Parish and devoted founder of the Patronage, celebrated Holy Mass at 7 o'clock. After having offered the Divine Sacrifice, the minister of the altar exposed the monstrance on the throne that had been especially prepared for it, and from which it was to receive the pious homage of the fervent population of



CHAPEL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION PATRONAGE, GRANBY

Granby. Hour by hour and without intermission, from thirty to forty persons knelt to adore and pray in our chapel; we had the consolation of seeing that number double at the Holy Hour that was held from 4.30 to 5.30, a fitting close to this radiant day spent in sweet intimacy with the God of Love, Whose Heart is unceasingly disposed to forgive and bless.

Let us hope that this act of fervour will many times be renewed in the flourishing city of Granby. May it draw down upon our cherished families treasures of graces! May it be, for our diocese and country, a source of

salvation and of peace! Yes, God grant that the chapel of the Patronage become a veritable "Centre" of piety, adoration, and thanksgiving! We pray that its spotless sanctuary, with its fresh blue colourings, its simple and modest adornings in Marian hues will be considered somewhat as a little corner of Heaven, where many will come to pray and render thanks, or again, to seek comfort in their sadness; and may they obtain that delicious peace which is found in heart-to-heart conversation with Jesus, — that peace which has aroused in many a devotee of that Eucharistic Day, the sincere exclamation, "How beautiful!"

The Marian Hour on Saturday, September 5th, assembled in our pious chapel a numerous assistance roughly estimated at a hundred persons. It was in truth a manifestation of lively faith and entire confidence in Mary Immaculate, Mother of God and Queen of Peace. The Rosary was recited, accompanied by meditation on the Mysteries; it was ended by the singing of the *Magnificat*. Followed a plea to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and the Prayer for Peace. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed this Marian Hour that all found too short for their filial devotion. Of this Hour, also, it has been said with deep sincerity, "How beautiful!"

WATCH YE...

Every year, every day even, the fervour of our charity must augment; our soul must acquire new strength and be rendered more beautiful by new virtues and merit. As a plant whose growth is suddenly stunted, is in peril of death, so, in the realm of the spirit, a soul is in danger of being lost when it does not go forward in the pathway of virtue.

Let us then redouble our ardour as we come closer to the end of our course and to that great day when each one shall receive according to his works. The moment of death for us is probably less remote than we deem. Are we certain that we shall see the end of this year? A host of men who are not preoccupied more than we about this thought, will make the bitter experience of it. Let us dread a surprise with consequences so terrible and irreparable. Let us prepare for the minute and rigorous account the Lord will demand of us. Let us watch, so as not to be asleep when He will knock at our door; and, above everything else, let us implore the assistance of grace, without which we can do nothing. "Watch ye," says Our Lord to each one of us. Yes, "watch ye", and pray always, so as to appear with confidence before the Son of Man!

— LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

* * *

TO-MORROW

The Lord is nigh: soon death, breaking our bonds, will bring us before His Judgment-Seat. The world and its vanities last only a moment. So is it with crosses and humiliations. Soon we shall be launched into Eternity.

Let us always keep before our eyes the moment of death: "To-morrow, I shall leave all, and all will leave me. Why then be attached to persons and things of the earth? To-morrow, retribution for all: Why envy or be jealous? To-morrow, eternal rest in eternal joy if I am faithful: why grow impatient? And why not, rather, multiply good deeds?"



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Wednesday, June 3

This is a date which sparkles in memory's treasury. It reminds us of that blessed day, forty years ago, when our dear Institute was founded. Spontaneously, our thanksgivings rise more ardent towards Our good Lord, Who thought of us all then and predestined us to become members of it.

This beautiful day opened with a High Mass, which enabled us to render, we may say infinite thanks, for the Divine bounties and favours.

We expressed our gratitude to the Immaculate Virgin, also, in singing before each decade of the Rosary: "May our lives, dear Mother, be devoted to praising Thee!" In realizing this pious wish, we shall be responding to the ideal of our Venerable Foundress: to work with Mary to win souls for Jesus.

On this day which recalls this beloved Mother to us with special affection, we beg her to use her influence up above to help us to become what our beautiful vocation demands of us, that is to say, missionaries filled with love for God and zeal for souls, and capable of devoting ourselves unreservedly.

Thursday, June 11

Ideal weather, last Sunday, facilitated the procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the city streets and in the country; and how rejoiced we were by this triumph of Our Eucharistic Lord! As usual, we had the happiness of joining the parishioners of St. Christopher in this cortege of honour. We hope that Jesus, in passing, has showered abundant blessings upon the families and harvests.

To-day, the octave of Corpus Christi, we had the privilege of assisting at another of these pious demonstrations in honour of Our Eucharistic King: a procession composed of the personnel of the Foreign Mission Seminary, of the Reverend Antonian Sisters of Mary and of our Novitiate.

In the Tabernacle, Jesus becomes, by turns, Our Friend, Our Brother, Our Father; but, to-day, He was especially Our King. Consequently, what beautiful decorations were made around our convent and the pretty repository erected in one of the porches, where flowers, foliage and lights intermingled, replete with homage and prayer. We so much wished Jesus to be pleased on this temporary throne that we were so glad to offer Him.

At half-past three, singing liturgical hymns, the procession began to defile, following the usual route. It permitted us to enjoy for an instant the happiness of the Apostles accompanying Jesus on the roads, and the

stop at the repository reminded us of the joy with which the family at Bethany received this good Master. Our Lord blest us from His monstrance; then, we conducted Him to the Seminary Chapel, where we had Solemn Benediction.

Wednesday, June 24

The classes are finished since a week ago; however, the bell was heard to-day at the usual study-hour. Was it a surprise? Oh! no, the little novices, who are ready to leave their Country to go to pagan lands, have patriotic hearts, and the merry sound of the bell reminded them that to-day was the Feast of St. John the Baptist.

The maple leaves which adorned the altar presented Canada's homage to Our good Master; and, all day long, we continued to repeat the pious hymns sung during Mass, begging Our Lady of Canada to bless and protect our Country, and asking the holy Precursor to obtain for us through Mary an ever-increasing number of generous and valiant apostles.

Oh! there was a surprise this evening: we had supper under the green maples of the grove... and during the recreation which followed, it was again the History of Canada that animated the conversation.

After such a day, we feel more than ever proud and happy to belong to such a Country and we thank God for having made it so beautiful!

Sunday, June 28

The Solemnity of St. John the Baptist prolonged our lovely national festival and brought us another holiday.

A little entertainment, which had been secretly prepared, was executed with great simplicity this evening before the whole personnel reunited. At it was represented a charade in three acts, suggested by the history of our Country, the apostolic character of which, especially, was made conspicuous. There were also songs, music and recitations. We had a very pleasant recreation. Many thanks to our dear companions for this kindness!

Thursday, July 2, 1942

The beautiful feast of the Visitation recalls the day on which Mary revealed to us the grandeur of her soul in her touching canticle, the *Magnificat*. We gladly profited by this occasion to renew ourselves in the spirit of gratitude which is eminently the spirit of our Institute.

These words quoted by a Jesuit are very truthful: "To us also God grants His gifts, and sometimes very great gifts. Our life, so humble, so short, and even, in the eyes of some wordlings, so insignificant, is a succession of benefactions and promises of glory. Let us not be so ungrateful as to forget it, and let us not foolishly cast away our eyes from this truth. We also, should sing our *Magnificat*".

Saturday, July 11

This afternoon we were gratified with a beautiful conference delivered by Msgr. E. Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society. The subject dealt with was very practical, one of ultimate importance to us:

"The Holy Rules or Constitutions". We shall try, to summarize briefly his substantial allocution.

"I should like to give you," said Monsignor, "convictions on the observance of your Holy Rules. An intense Religious life is incompatible with the absense of deep convictions. Whence these defections and relaxations in Communities? From an insufficient knowledge of the Rules of one's Institute, from a want of faith in them, or from one's considering certain points as outdated or trifling.

"Fidelity to the Rules implies renouncement and sacrifice — the renouncement of self-will. A person who would come here intending to follow her own will would not stay long. The observance of the Rules calls for strength and generosity. But where is that moral vigour found, where will you nourish it if not in your affectionate sentiments regarding the Constitutions of your Institute?

"Every society has laws which bind all its members. A young girl in a factory is obliged to submit to the regulations, or else consent to lose her position. Therefore, as she needs money, she obeys, but through fear or servitude. The soldier in the army must submit to discipline. If he refuses, he is relegated to the dungeon. And you, likewise, must obey all your Rules, but through a much superior motive — through love for God.

"To obey through fear of punishment is worth nothing. To obey through pride, in the vain pursuit of honours and a good reputation, is to obey pharisaically. The Pharisees fasted, paid their dues, bestowed alms ostentatiously; and what does Our Lord say of them? He condemns them. To obey through routine, or because one has a good character, is not worth much; and if I speak to you about this, it is to warn you against these modes of obedience.

"Obedience motivated by a supernatural aim is alone worthy of a recompense and pleasing to God.

"We often say the 'Holy Rules', the term is not exaggerated. In a letter written to the Superior Generals of the different Orders and Congregations, the Sovereign Pontiff Pius XI even qualified them as 'most Holy Rules'. In fact, they are the expression of the Will of God, He Himself has dictated them. In the eyes of the world, especially in the eyes of rationalists, the Constitutions sometimes appear as things out of date; but considered in the light of the Faith, the very smallest point, the slightest precept has an exceedingly great value.

"Your Constitutions bear a triple seal of sanctity: in their origin, in their nature and in their sanctifying effects. Firstly, in their origin: all the Founders are unanimous in proclaiming that these have not been dictated by themselves, but by God. While St. Francis of Assisi was writing his Rules, some importuned him, asking him to be mindful of what he was writing. The Saint replied: 'God will answer you'. And God actually permitted that His voice be heard. It said: 'Francis, all you have written comes from Me. It is My Will and not that of men'.

"St. Peter Fourrier once fell asleep at his work-table and the candle that was on it set fire to his papers. Everything was burnt except his breviary

and Constitutions. All these examples prove to us that the Rules come from God and that He knows how to preserve them.

"The Rules have a sanctifying virtue. When your Venerable Mother Foundress wrote yours, she had one aim alone: to sanctify herself and to sanctify you all. Your Rules have not been written for such and such a community, but for the sanctification of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. There is nothing slight, nothing small in your Constitutions. Everything in them is impregnated with the spirit of your Foundress; and to underestimate them would be to underestimate God Himself.

"Let us consider the circumstances that led your venerable Mother to the founding of your Institute. It stands out to evidence that every detail has been arranged by a Divine hand. As a young girl, she sought to enter Carmel and met with a refusal. Accepted in the Community of the Grey Nuns, she had to leave because of ill-health. Following this, she devoted herself to various social works for the space of twelve years. Finally, the time marked by God had come, and, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, she founded her Community. The beginnings were very humble; she never dreamt that her Institute would progress so rapidly in so short a time. So has it been with all the founders of Religious Orders. Ignatius, Theresa of Avila, Bernard, Dominic, Marie du Saint Esprit, all were far from spanning the marvelous expansion that was to be God's blessing on their foundations.

"When the Constitutions receive the approbation of the Church, it is a solemn confirmation of the fact that they are nothing less than the expression of the Will of God. It is, if we may say, a spiritual Baptism conferred upon them by the supreme authority of the Church.

"What is the Gospel? Is it not the life of Christ? Your Constitutions are a radiation of the Gospel. The Sacred Book is reflected, it is hidden, it is found in your Constitutions. In the Gospel, we find all the virtues: kindness, meekness, humility, charity, self-abnegation, self-forgetfulness, love of God and of our neighbour, etc.; you have all these in your Rules. The Eucharistic Host is made with the finest wheat-flour; your Constitutions are kneaded with the purest maxims of the Gospel.

"Therefore, observe your Holy Rules religiously and faithfully. They are the most precious heritage left to you by your venerable Mother Foundress, and it is by living up to them that you will become saintly Religious."

Our hearts burned with renewed fervour and were animated with generous resolves after that beautiful instruction.

Tuesday, August 4

The Retreat is already over! All agree that it did pass very rapidly. And now we are confronted with two duties: that of thanking God for these priceless days of grace, and that of making the lights received from on high illuminate our daily existence.

Reverend Father H. Schelpe, S. J., our Retreat Master, showed us, in the light of the Gospel, how to respond to Christ's invitation, "Come, follow Me", and how to reproduce in every detail the Divine Exemplar.

May Mary Immaculate bless our firm resolution to follow with generosity

our Leader, and that, with more earnestness each new day, our hand in His, and our feet in His own foot-prints!

Wednesday, August 5

As is the custom, religious oblations crowned our annual Retreat. What holy joy brightens the day when God, after having chosen souls, deigns to contract with them the most intimate union! This was the happy lot of thirty-three of our Sisters who, in turn, knelt to-day at His Altar.

This morning, in the intimacy of our chapel, took place the ceremony of First Vows, presided over by Reverend Father Saint-Amand, brother of one of the elect. Until to-day, however, our fellow-novices were the fiancées of Jesus, but now they are His happy spouses. Their cherished desire is fulfilled. With them and for them, we sing the *Te Deum*, the Church's sublime expression of thanksgiving.

Msgr. Perrier, Vicar General of the Montreal diocese, deigned preside at the two afternoon ceremonies at which many relatives and friends were present.

Several members of the clergy assisted in the sanctuary. These were: Reverend Charles Pellerin, S. S. S., Quebec; the Reverend Fathers George Pellerin, Universitarian Seminary, Ottawa; Od. Gosselin, Quebec Seminary; Oscar Robitaille, St. Vincent de Paul; Ernest Lapierre, curate at Cowansville, and the Reverend Brother Philemon, S. S. S.

When donning the Holy Habit, our little Sister-postulants offered to Jesus the first-fruits of their Religious life. The more privileged ones were the Professed who came to offer their life to their Heavenly Spouse as a holocaust of perpetual thanksgiving.

After the singing of the *Veni Creator*, Reverend Father H. Schelpe, S. J., delivered an appropriate allocution, taking as text: "And Jesus was invited, and His disciples, to the marriage . . ." (John, II, 2) For the consolation of our dear parents, we shall quote a few extracts:

"The Gospel tells us that Christ attended the marriage-feast to encourage human affection, and not solely to encourage it, but, moreover, to sanctify and bless it, to make of it a Sacrament.

"If Christ showed so much benignity towards those who had invited Him, what will He not do for the young hearts who, this morning, vowed themselves to Him for the first time, and for those who will do so definitively — He, Love itself, Who cannot fail us! For the Religious vocation — the Final Profession especially — is a mystical marriage. That is why the Church takes precautions, for this is a serious matter. She takes the requisite time, in order to respect the liberty of her daughters, and she proceeds gradually. Firstly there is the Investiture, the Temporary Vows, then the Perpetual Vows. And generally she has these ceremonies presided over by ecclesiastical dignitaries.

"The Religious vocation is developed by degrees. The Lord has been fashioning the soul of your daughter, dear Parents, for a long time past. When she came into the world you welcomed her; she was brought up under your guardianship, in your intimacy; the father gave her the exemplification of work, pointing to her the serious side of life, and the mother, while bestow-

ing her care and caresses upon her, inculcated piety into her soul. Perhaps was the latter the most joyous of the children, the most affectionate. One day, she went to the Catechism class and she was glad to hear about God. She grew and her soul was not contented with the vulgar pleasures of life; she had lent an ear to some mysterious voice, a portrait was being traced most clearly in her soul, more beautiful than all the passing things of this world; it was the portrait of Jesus Christ . . . and softly, gladly, her soul responded.

"The Catholic Church, in like manner, prepares the mystical espousals gradually, and that is how you will be assisting at a first step. The young girls all clad in white, will don the Holy Habit; some have made their First Vows this morning; and lastly, there are others who, after three years of experiment in Temporary Vows, will give themselves definitively to God. As a result, your daughters become members of a family they love; they show thereby that they prefer to detach themselves from worldly things; from everything that is not spiritual. They leave their mother, but they will find other mothers to replace her; that is how Religious call their Superiors by the name of Mother. But you may rest assured that your daughter will not cherish you any less for all that, she will, moreover, provide for the eternal happiness of her parents. For the Lord has spoken thus: 'Every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall possess life everlasting.' (Matt. XIX, 29) So God must bless likewise those who allow their children to depart from home. Give her, therefore, to God, that you also may obtain eternal life.

"Your daughter has chosen a French-Canadian missionary Community, and, of the Religious vocations, this is truly the most beautiful one. The Gospel says: 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace!' (Isaias, 52) She will therefore work for the conversion of souls, and, remaining virgin, she will often be mother of souls.

"I recall a little incident in the life of St. Francis of Assisi. The Saint had just been transformed into a veritable crucified and Brother Leo, who who had seen him, so beautiful, becoming now like another Saviour, imagined that Francis, under this transformation, would not like him any more. The Saint having asked for a manuscript, wrote a poem below which he added these words: 'God bless you, Leo!' Thus you see that supernatural love does not change human love at all; those who will love you best will be, in most cases, those who are Religious. There is something, dear parents, to provoke a smile through your tears."

The Retreat Master concluded in an exhortation to fix the eye of our spirit on the Blessed Virgin, as did the little shepherd spoken of in a certain legend of the land of the mountains. It is said that while watching his flock he had contemplated a statue of the Virgin so much and so well, that his own features had acquired a similarity with hers. You also, let your glance rest constantly and lovingly on her, so that, when you will knock at the door of Paradise, Our Lord, seeing in you the features of His holy Mother, will gladly welcome your arrival in His Kingdom.

A Novice's Day

(Continued)

FROM among her Sister-companions, what has become of our Novice? Here she is. But what has happened? . . . See how her features, usually serene and joyous, are now troubled . . . how her brow is clouded and her lips pressed . . . is she going to weep? Oh! let us say it in a very low voice, for only the souls who have confronted similar things will be able to understand her fully: she is a prey to a violent temptation. Let us lift the veil which shuts from our view the world of spirits, and we shall see wily imps which harass her and inspire her with perfidious ideas. "If you had remained in the world, you should never have had to work thus," says one. "You should have known nothing but pleasure," adds another. "Look over there," continues a third one. And the candid Novice, by a regretful imprudence, looks out in the distance . . . but what does she see? . . . Yonder, on the limpid waters of the river, joyous barks of promenaders glide peacefully as in an enchanting dream . . . Ah! how happy they seem to be!

"If you stay here, you will never again go in a row-boat," continues the Evil One.

"I shall never again go in a row-boat," murmurs the little Sister to herself. "Yes, they have told me so; our Mother Foundress has promised for her daughters that they would never go in a row-boat, except in a case of absolute necessity, in order to draw down Divine protection on the numerous trips and long crossings. That is admirable, but what a great sacrifice!"

"A sacrifice too great for you! . . . See . . . those young promenaders . . . they are speaking of love . . . they are relishing sweets . . . they are free . . . And you, you can neither eat nor drink without asking permission. What subjection!"

"What subjection!" echo sadly the heart strings of the young Novice.

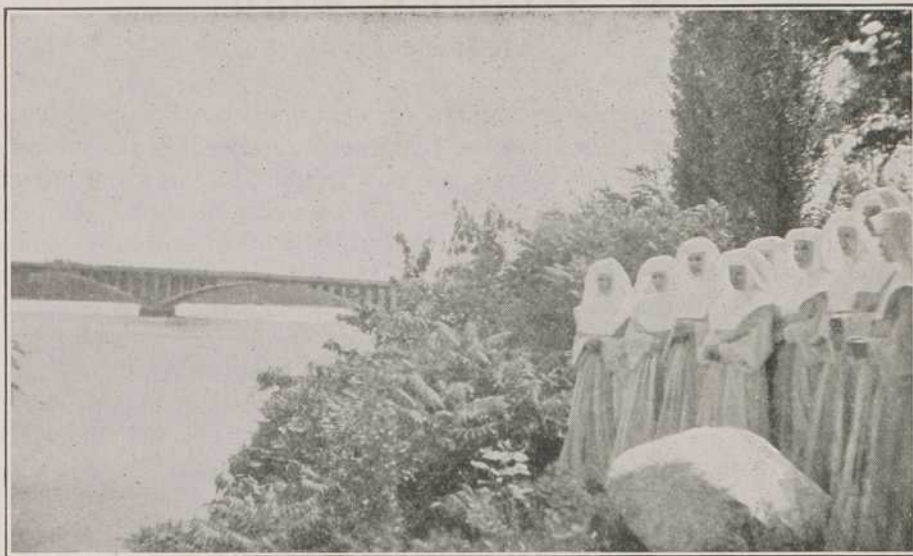
"And it will be thus all your life! . . ."

"All your life!" responds the same mournful voice.

"In the world you would have enjoyed the beautiful years of your youth; but in this sad enclosure of a Convent what do you do? . . . To-day, you are raking the earth . . . to-morrow perhaps you will be minding the hens . . . and if you were to be asked to care for the bees, you that are so afraid of them! . . . Lift up your eyes again and see on the bridge . . . all those brilliant automobiles that are speeding by . . . Not long ago you delighted in driving your father's car and, your hair floating in the breeze, you sought new horizons to charm your vision. Were you not happy then? . . . If you stay here, you will never drive an auto again . . . never!"

"Never!" sighs the poor Sister, tormented.

"At this very hour, your father is perhaps on the road with your mother and all the family. They are lonesome for you and, seeking distraction, they have left on an outing . . . Those dear parents you love so, why have you ever left them? . . . What foolishness was yours to thus break your



THE RIVIERE DES PRAIRIES AND THE PRETTY BRIDGE NOT FAR FROM THE NOVITIATE

existence and theirs! Return to them . . . They will be so pleased! Leave this prison without delay; the sooner the better."

And so saying, the infernal Seducer spreads over his victim a thick veil of smoke which overcasts her spirit with utter darkness and suffocates her heart. Courage fails her and tears would fill her eyes. "Oh!" says she, "I can bear this no longer, I must see Mother Mistress."

"Tell her you have decided to go home," laughs satanically the Spirit of darkness. "Tell her you are leaving to-night but do not add anything more . . . you are so bashful with your Mother Mistress . . . she will not understand you . . . and then what will she think of you? . . ."

"No, I will tell all! . . . No, I do not want to leave! . . . no, never! . . ."

(To be continued.)



NATIVE CLERGY IN CHINA

In 1842, there were only 15 native Chinese priests. There were 470 in 1900; 963 in 1920 and 1,822 in 1936. At present, the Chinese native clergy represents a third of the clergy indigenous in all the mission lands of the world. In China, 96 missions out of 119 have their small seminaries frequented by over 5,000 seminarians. The number of grand seminaries is no less than 23. In these, over 1,200 seminarians are in training for the priesthood. The consecration of the first six Chinese bishops by His Holiness Pope Pius XI, in 1926, has remarkably contributed to suscite more and more vocations. Let us ask Mary in prayer to raise apostles yet more numerous to fill the gap made by the penury of foreign priests in the missions of China.

* * *

The cross is the royal entrance to the temple of holiness.

— *St. Francis de Sales.*

The November Mission Intention

*That the Native Art of Mission Lands Be Promoted
to Interpret the Catholic Religion*

The universal or catholic character of the Church has been one of Her outstanding marks during the past twenty centuries. The humble Twelve who constituted the nucleus of Her earliest hierarchy was soon augmented by newcomers, raised to the priesthood in every land where Catholicity was established. However it was not only in the training of a native priesthood and sisterhood that Holy Mother the Church devoted Herself. Every detail which would lead to the spiritual and cultural development of Her sons and daughters in every nation became of highest import. Thus when the greatness of Grecian and Roman power were destined to oblivion Catholicity became their guardian and protectors, even as She proved the Patroness of the arts of the world.

It is not surprising therefore that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide would make the following statement on the subject which is recommended to the prayers of the faithful during the month of November.

“The question of art is an accessory question and yet it has an immense importance as a representative element of an idea that is not accidental but universal. It is necessary in fact that the Catholic Church should appear in an attractive form and not as anti-Chinese, and this especially in view of the pagans who are to be converted. Furthermore, as it would be strange and ridiculous for the Chinese to pretend to impose their traditional architecture and painting upon Europe, so it would be no less strange and out of place to introduce into China the forms, however excellent they may be, of western or classic art. These forms would naturally stamp the Catholic Church with a foreign aspect which cannot be agreeable to those who have formed their mentality and their taste in eastern lands.”

This statement regarding China has a definite bearing upon all foreign lands in which the mission apostolate is continued. And it was because The Society for the Propagation of the Faith was desirous of making known the universal character of Christian art in mission lands that it used for the illustration of its 1942 calendar “The Madonnas of the World” and placed enlargements of these illustrations at the disposal of Catholics of this country. Let us take as a case in point the picture for the month of November, “Our Lady of Java” painted by the native Javanese artist Abdullah, and representing the Blessed Mother as the gateway to heaven. It is deeply religious in presentation with a spirituality which would seem to be an outgrowth of centuries of Catholic training. Thus we see that, with the wisdom of ages “the Church has always entrusted to artists the task of speaking to the faithful the artistic language of the epoch, of the race, being careful at the same time to advise them and to supervise their work.”

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



The Children's Page

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

Having just returned from the Missionary Exhibition, I am coming to chat a while with you.

Although my heart and mind are filled with all I have seen and heard there, I shall not undertake to relate it to you, for my letter would have no end. Besides, I know that a number of my little Friends have visited the marvelous Exhibition, and soon, no doubt, interesting articles will be published to immortalize its remembrance. I shall restrict myself to telling you what feelings this grand apostolic display has stirred in me.

The enormous sphere revolving on itself and representing the terrestrial globe upon which missionary apostolate is exercised; then, the giant water-jet issuing from an illuminated fountain symbolizing the grace of God that uplifts the world of souls — these first caught my eyes and I remained there a long time.

Indeed, I said to myself, it is grace that uplifts souls, transforms them, sanctifies them and makes them Divine. By the grace of God, I am what I am, would St. Paul repeat. (1 Cor. XV, 10) It had transformed the persecutor of the Christians into a zealous defender, the disciple of the synagogue into the Apostle of the Gentiles. "Without me you can do nothing," (John XV, 5) said Our Lord. And how does Jesus abide in us? By His grace. United to our good will, the grace of God ennobles the mind and heart of man, raising them above the things of this world and rendering them capable of understanding the things of Heaven. It is grace that renders the good works fruitful, creates dutiful people, virtuous missionaries, heroic martyrs. . . . But what is grace?

— ? . . .

— Come along, children, the answer of your catechism. What is grace?

— Grace is a supernatural gift of God bestowed on us, through His mere bounty and the merits of Jesus Christ, for our salvation.

— Good! How many kinds of grace are there?

— There are two kinds of grace, sanctifying or habitual grace, and actual grace.

— What is sanctifying grace?

— Sanctifying grace is that which dwells in the soul, and makes it holy and pleasing to God.

— Can we lose sanctifying grace?

— Yes; one mortal sin suffices to make us lose sanctifying grace.

— And what about venial sin?

— Venial sin weakens spiritual life in us.

— Wicked sin that deprives us of such a precious treasure, weakens it, or prevents it from increasing in our souls!... And what do you know about actual grace?

— Actual grace is that passing help, by which God enlightens our mind and moves our will to avoid evil and do good.

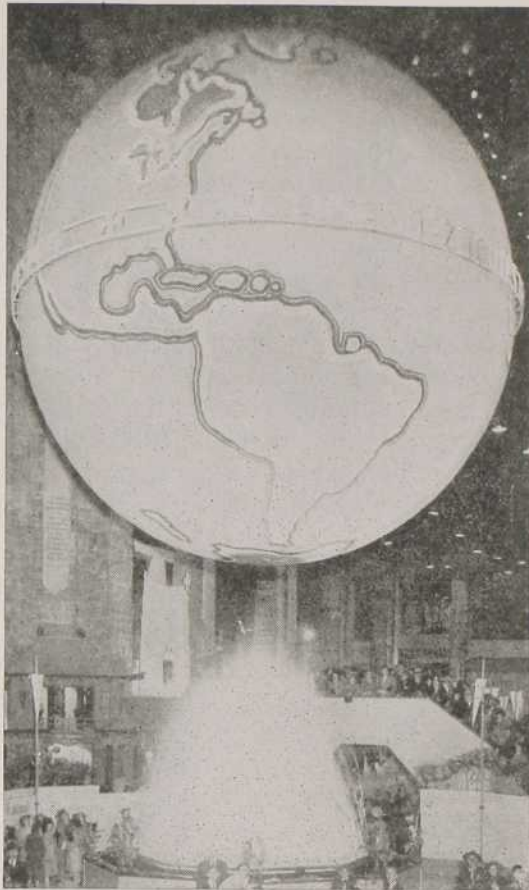
— Can we resist the grace of God?

— We can, and unfortunately often do resist the grace of God.

— While considering the symbolical fountain I was thinking of all that, and said to myself: How many persons among the crowd actually visiting the Exhibition have the life of grace and "have it more abundantly"? And how many are there throughout the world which is so well represented above that fountain? How many?... God alone knows, He Whose eye embraces and penetrates space and souls, He Who is the very source of grace and Who is pleased to dispense it to whoever asks for it and is faithful to it.

Before leaving my place to other visitors, I said from the bottom of my heart, with the Samaritan woman, Lord, give me this water... this water that shall become in my soul a fountain of water springing up into life everlasting for me, for the whole world, and particularly for my little Friends, the children.

Then, advancing a few steps, I became absorbed in thought before the apotheosis of the Founders of Montreal. Considering the scenes evocative of the beginnings of the large Canadian metropolis, I interiorly exclaimed: Oh, what a marvelous work of grace was the founding of Ville Marie! Indeed, it was by an effect of Divine grace that Mr. de la Dauversiere, Mr. Olier and their co-operators, worked at this foundation, that Maisonneuve, Jeanne Mance, Marguerite Bourgeoys and others, expatriated themselves to come in the solitude of the Island of Montreal to convert the



THE SYMBOLICAL SPHERE AND FOUNTAIN AT THE MISSIONARY EXHIBITION OF MONTREAL

Indians and sow in this new land the seed of the Gospel. They were not prompted by a human motive. It was not gold or silver these courageous missionaries were seeking in coming to this country to endure the greatest hardships and expose themselves to be tortured and massacred by the Iroquois. They were guided by a supernatural motive, inspired by grace, they were seeking the glory of God, of Our Lady, and of good St. Joseph. Their labours and pains were not fruitless. After three centuries past what transformation has been wrought on the Island of Montreal! The scanty handful of pioneers has multiplied to a million inhabitants, the primitive forest has become the active city of to-day, the crosses and steeples have increased in number and the spark of apostolate from the heart of the Founders has kindled a large fire whose flames have reached out not only to the extremities of America but to the countries beyond the seas, among the pagan nations of Asia, Africa, Japan, Oceania. And what benefits have they brought to these poor peoples sitting in the darkness of paganism and in the shadow of death? It is what your Great Friend wished to fathom as he visited the forty booths of the different Communities of Montreal that are working in the missions.

Soon he was moved and tears filled his eyes on seeing the good accomplished in the distant fields of apostolate by the priests and religious of our Missionary societies. Oh! he said to himself, there again is a marvel of Divine grace, of that grace which flows abundantly within the Catholic Church through the seven inexhaustible sources... Children, can you tell me what are these great sources?

— The Sacraments.

— Yes, the Sacraments. What respect one should have for the Sacraments! How we should love Holy Mother Church who dispenses them to us, and the Pope who is her infallible Head and who represents Our Lord Himself here below! It is in the name of the Church, one, holy, catholic and apostolic, in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff, that the missionaries bring to the pagan nations, with the doctrine of salvation, the luminous waters of grace that have their sources in the Church, but that issue from the very Heart of God as so many drops of love and mercy... Oh! what a beautiful apostolate is that of the missionary!... I understand St. Theresa of the Child Jesus who exclaimed: "I should wish to have been a missionary from the world's creation and to remain one till the end of time!"



THE SEVEN INEXHAUSTIBLE SOURCES...

After having visited everything and admired all I saw, I returned to a booth which had particularly interested me. What booth do you think that was?

— The Holy Childhood Booth?

— Exactly, because it was my little Friends' booth. I saw that the great Pontifical Work is celebrating its hundredth anniversary. I saw that the pupils of the Diocese of Mon-

treal alone, by dint of sacrifice, have collected more than \$24,000.00 last year for the ransom, Baptism and Christian education of their unfortunate pagan brothers. Excellent! How pleased I am to hear that!

I saw that the Associates of the Holy Childhood do not sacrifice only their pennies, but that they pray fervently and often deny themselves to obtain the grace of salvation for the poor little victims of paganism.

Oh! How beautiful is the Work of the Holy Childhood: *the salvation of pagan children by Christian children.* Continue devoting yourselves unreservedly, my dear little Friends, for in doing so, you are doing the greatest thing that can be done here below; you are working for the salvation of souls.



THE REPRESENTATIVE OF OUR LORD ON EARTH,
OUR HOLY FATHER THE POPE PIUS XII

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.

Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin FOR FAVOURS OBTAINED



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

BL. HENRY SUZO.

Holyoke, Mass. — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin and St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for favours obtained. Please pray for me. Miss J. P., **Anthony, R. I.** — Kindly have votive lights burn before Mary's altar in thanksgiving for a favour received. Please pray for my little boy. Mrs. H. H., **Verdun.** — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the success of my daughter's operation. Please pray for my special intention. Mrs. R. A. S., **Montreal.** — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Please continue to pray for us. Mrs. P., **Worcester, Mass.** — I acquit myself of a promise made to obtain a special favour. Please continue to pray for my intentions. Mrs. E. R. T., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for favours received.

Thanksgiving for a favour I have received after praying to the Blessed Virgin and St. Teresa. Please remember my intentions in your prayers. A friend, **Cornwall, Ont.** — Thanksgiving to Our Immaculate Mother and her Divine Son for my cure of a nervous breakdown. Please pray for the complete cure of my eyes. Mrs. E. F., **Salem Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. I would like to have another novena started for a very special favour. Please burn a candle for this intention. Miss M. H., **Millbury, Mass.** — My son is improving a little in health, so will you kindly thank the Blessed Virgin. Please keep praying for him. Mrs. J. D., **Brunswick, Me.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. **Anthony, R. I.** — Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a favour received. M. C. S., **Simcoe, Ont.** — I wish to express my gratitude for a favour received. Please pray for special intentions. Mrs. O. D., **Montreal.** — Grateful thanks for help obtained; kindly continue to pray for me. M. P. C., **Thompsonville, Ont.** — I wish to thank the Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Perpetual Help and dear Saint Joseph for favours received; please pray for my two boys. M. P., **Ste. Agathe.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. I am requesting another. Mrs. L. St. L., **Montreal.** — Grateful thanks to the Blessed Virgin and St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for favours obtained. Please pray for me. Miss J. P., **Anthony, R. I.** — Kindly have votive lights burn before Mary's altar in thanksgiving for a favour received. Please pray for my little boy. Mrs. H. H., **Verdun.** — Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Mother for the success of my daughter's operation. Please pray for my special intention. Mrs. R. A. S., **Montreal.** — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Please continue to pray for us. Mrs. P., **Worcester, Mass.** — I acquit myself of a promise made to obtain a special favour. Please continue to pray for my intentions. Mrs. E. R. T., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for favours received.

A. L., Windsor, Ont. — Thanks for favours received during the year. Mrs. G. C., Brunswick, Maine. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained. Miss R. S., Limestone, Maine. — Kindly have a votive light burn in honour of the Blessed Virgin in thanksgiving for having had my son exempted from military service. A subscriber, Ste. Monique. — Thanksgiving to Our Heavenly mother for a favour obtained. Mrs. J. A. L., St. Hyacinthe. — I acquit myself of my promise and heartily thank the Blessed Virgin for my cure. Miss T. H. — Gratitude for a favour obtained. Mrs. F. P., Ste. Anne de Bellevue. — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained through her intercession. I solicit another grace. Mrs. D. T., St. Simon. — Gratitude for the successful outcome of an operation after promising to publish the favour in THE PRECURSOR. A thousand thanks to Mary Immaculate! Mrs. G. C., Pointe Claire. — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a cure obtained. Mrs. J. F., Ste. Marie de Beauce. — I acquit myself of my promise in thanksgiving for a benefit received. Mrs. A. G., Ste. Rose. — Please join with me in thanking the Blessed Virgin for my complete cure. Mrs. W. E., Maniwaki. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Miss C. L., Chambly Bassin. — Thanksgiving for a favour received. A subscriber, Montreal. — Kindly publish my thanks to the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained. A. G., St. Ludger. — Lively gratitude for the safe return of my son who is in the aviation corps. Anonymous. — I desire to express my gratitude for the obtention of a favour. Mrs. A. S., Mont Tremblant. — Thanksgiving for a favour received. A grateful client, Montreal. — Heartfelt thanks to Mary Immaculate for a benefaction. Mrs. J. N., St. Hyacinthe. — All my gratitude to Our Heavenly Mother for a great favour received through her intercession. G. R. — The Blessed Virgin has exempted me from undergoing an operation; please publish my lively gratitude. Mrs. A. D., Debert, N. S.

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."

I have been suffering from a stomach ailment for almost a year and I wish you would mention my intention in your prayers. Mrs. C. A., Pawtucket, R. I. — With confidence I beg the Blessed Virgin for the cure of a young man who is very nervous. Please pray for my husband and myself. Mrs. V. — Would you please remember my boy in your prayers as he is in the R. C. A. F. Mrs. R. B., Montreal. — May I request your prayers to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a special favour. A client of St. Teresa. — Kindly pray for a special intention. W. G. — I wish to ask you to pray for me. Mrs. E. S., Pawtucket, R. I. — Would you be kind enough to remember me and the members of my family in your prayers. Also a special prayer for the departed members of my family. Miss L. R. McA., Montreal. — Please pray that my sight will grow no worse and that my health will continue. Please remember my husband also. Mrs. R. D., Millbury, Mass. — Please make a novena for my husband that he may get the position he has asked for and ask our Lady to send us help to pay our bills. Please pray for the souls in Purgatory. Mrs. R. B. — Kindly pray to the Blessed Virgin, that a song I wrote will be published. Mrs. E. B. — Please pray for a special intention of mine. Miss E. MacM., North Adams, Mass. — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin, that my daughter may get a position. Mrs. S. F., New York, N. Y. — Will you please make a Novena in honour of Our Blessed Mother for my sister. She suffers with terrible pains in her legs from varicose veins. Mrs. G. M. S., Bristol, Conn. — Please pray for me that I may not become blind. Mrs. J. C. — Please pray for my urgent requests: health for my husband; that my son may not go overseas as we need his help; and that I may gain strength. Mrs. M. C., Verdun. — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin for my son who has been sent overseas, that he will return safe. Also for my little daughter that she may get better. Mrs. L. F., A subscriber, Detroit, Mich. — I am asking a special favour of our Lady of Perpetual Help. Will you please join me in prayer. Mrs. F. R., Montreal. — Please pray for me as I have to go through an operation and I am afraid I can't make up my mind. Mrs. M. M., Bridgeport, Conn. — Please pray for the protection of my son who is in the army, and also for my family's health. Mrs. D. Z., Rumford, Me. — Remember me in your prayers. W. H., Greenfield, Ont. — Please pray that a very special favour shall be granted me. Miss M. L. H., Millbury, Mass. — Would you kindly pray for my intentions. Miss E. A., Southbridge, Mass. — Please pray for me. Mrs. M. M., Port Huron, Mich. — Please remember me in your good prayers. I am very weak since my operation. Mrs. F. M. S., Montreal. — Please pray for me, so that I may regain my health. Miss B. P., Augusta, Me. — May I ask you to pray to Our Lady for my intentions. Mrs. M. B. H., Schenectady, N. Y. — Will you kindly make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin so that I may regain my health. Mrs. G. B., Haverhill, Mass.

— I have received word from Ottawa that my boy is missing and believed killed. My husband and I have suffered very much on this account. Kindly make a novena that he may be found well and alive. Mrs. M. M., **Notre Dame de Graces**. — Please pray for my son who is overseas and for another at home. Mrs. E. B., **Kippawa, P. Q.** — My son has just received his call to join the army. We need his assistance at home; however, we place everything in God's hands. He always ordains for the best. Please pray for our intentions. Mrs. A. F., **Windsor, Ont.** — Please make a novena in honour of the Sacred Heart and His loving Mother for my son. I wish to express my gratitude for favours already received. Mrs. P. E. C., **Renfrew, Ont.** — Please pray for my children and myself that we may have good health; also for another intention. I thank the Blessed Virgin for past favours. Mrs. G. W., **Notre Dame du Nord, P. Q.** — I ask you to make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for my little boy who is in the hospital with a very sore hand. Please ask Our Blessed Lady that he may have the use of his hand again. Mrs. M. P., **Worcester, Mass.** — I am asking prayers for the cure of a weak stomach after gall bladder operation. Mrs. H. R., **Astorville, Ont.** — Would you be so kind as to have a Novena made for my dear nephew who is missing overseas, also for my intentions. R. I., **Notre Dame de Grace**. — Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. J. R., **Rumford, Me.** — I ask a novena in honour of the Blessed Virgin, for a desperate cause. T. J., **Beaumont, O.** Mary Immaculate, obtain me this very special grace I am requesting. I recommend you also my family and particularly my brothers who are in the army. Anonymous. — Prayers, please, for a conversion. Mrs. G. C., **Lowell, Mass.** — I request a cure. Mrs. P. B., **Lowell, Mass.** — Please help me to obtain a cure and the conversion of an entire family. A subscriber to **THE PRECURSOR, Montreal**. — Please pray for the cure of my little girl. Mrs. C. H., **St. Damien de Brandon**. — I ardently desire several spiritual and temporal graces, and I solicit prayers in the hope of obtaining them. Miss R. A. M., **Anse au Griffon**. — I recommend to your prayers a young orphan girl who has contracted bad habits. A friend of **THE PRECURSOR**. — I solicit prayers that I may find a good husband. A discouraged soul. — Please pray for the cure of a sick priest; for the success of a very important affair; for several other favours. Anonymous, **Ahuntsic**. — Please help me to obtain the cure of my throat and graces for all my family. Anonymous. — With confidence, I implore the Blessed Virgin to cure my kidneys. A subscriber.

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



NECROLOGY

Sister St. Denis, Missionary of the Immaculate Conception; Sister M. Irène de Jésus, Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, **Outremont**; Sister Marie Victor de Jésus, Presentation Sisters, sister of our Sister Anne Marie; Lieutenant Jean Paul Sabourin, aviator, **Egypt**, brother of our Sister Léon Joseph; Mrs. Wilfrid Tremblay, **Hochelaga, Montreal**, grandmother of our Sisters Marie Estelle and Ste. Suzanne; Mr. James Weatherbre, **Charlottetown**; Mrs. William Chanée, **Thompsonville, Conn.**; Mr. Nelson Agnew, **Lawrence, Mass.**; Mr. John Hill, **South Lawrence, Mass.**; Mrs. Dan O'Mara, **Iroquois Falls, Ont.**; Mrs. Andrew Bellerose, **Montreal**; Miss Agnes Mulcair, **Montreal**; Miss Mary Beatrice Gilmour, **Montreal**; Dr. T. J. Hackett, **Montreal**; Mrs. Esther Hasham, **Brockton, Mass.**; Mr. Adelard Ouellette, **Brockton, Mass.**; Mrs. Clara Emond, **St. Johnsbury, Vt.**; Mrs. O. Kennedy, **Montreal**; Mr. John Pickering, **Ailsa Craig, Ont.**; Mr. Henry A. Chapeskie, **Barry's Bay, Ont.**; Mr. Frank McCrory, **Montreal**; Mr. William M. Hylands, **South Wales**; Miss C. Kennedy, **Montreal**; Mr. Xiste Bouthillette, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mrs. Emile St. Pierre, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mr. Edward Gauthier, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mrs. Mildred Giard, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mr. Philip Boulé, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mr. Zéphirin Bissonnette, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mrs. Mary Bissonnette, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mr. Edward Grégoire, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mr. Charles Hamelin, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mr. Fred Grégoire, **Marlboro, Mass.**

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By procuring work for them.

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

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

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

We paint to order, spiritual bouquets, calendars with pictures of Our Lady, the Holy Family, the Little Flower, St. Bernadette Soubirous, and mission scenes, First Communion and Confirmation souvenirs, braces, scapulars, *Agnus Dei*s, badges for congregations, monograms, different tableaux, cushions, and fancy articles.

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Chinese embroidery and lace are on sale. The work is done by our Chinese orphans. In buying these, you co-operate in the salvation of many young pagan girls who, while earning their living in Catholic workshops, receive at the same time the light of Faith.

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The erection of Chapels in mission lands.....	
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Annual support of a maiden catechist.....	50.00
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TO KOM HANT, Foundling-Home "Our Lady of Providence". Orphanage

SHAMEEN, School.

FONG CHUEN, Insane Asylum

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

Lazaretto.

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

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

Orphanage. Foundling-Home. School. Native Novitiate "St. Teresa of the Child Jesus".

SUCHOW, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1934).

Training of native virgins. Dispensary.

IN MANCHUKUO, VIA JAPAN

TCHENGKIATOEN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1927).

Dispensary.

PAMIENCHENG, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1929).

Dispensary. Orphanage. School.

FAKOU, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1930).

Dispensary. School.

TAONAN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

Dispensary. Boarding-School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

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

TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1932).

Dispensary. School.

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

Dispensary.

KOUNGTCHOULING, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1933).

Dispensary.

IN JAPAN

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

Kindergarten.

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

Kindergarten.

IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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

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

IN ITALY

ROME, 26 Via Acquedotto Paolo, Monte Mario, (Founded in 1925).

Procure for the Missions.

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.
2. — **Protectors**, those who by the donation of \$500.00, provide the dowry and trousseau for a poor novice. By combining their alms, a parish, community or family may have a right to this title.

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

3. — **Subscribers**, those who give an annual offering of \$25.00.
 4. — **Associates**, those who give the sum of \$2.00 a year.
-

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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