

# THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIV, 21st Year

MONTREAL, January-February, 1943

No. 1

# Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

## IN CANADA

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

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

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

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)



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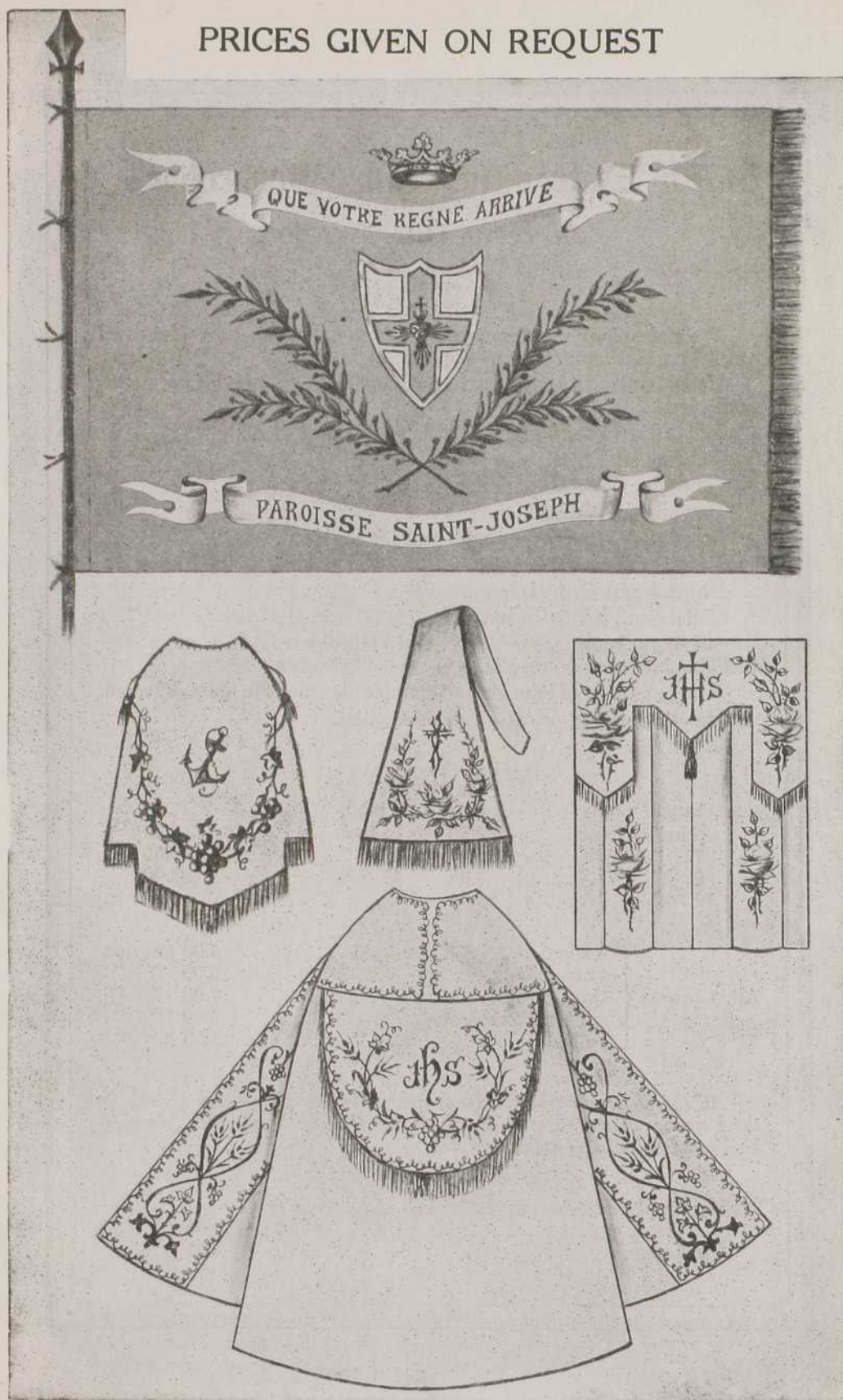
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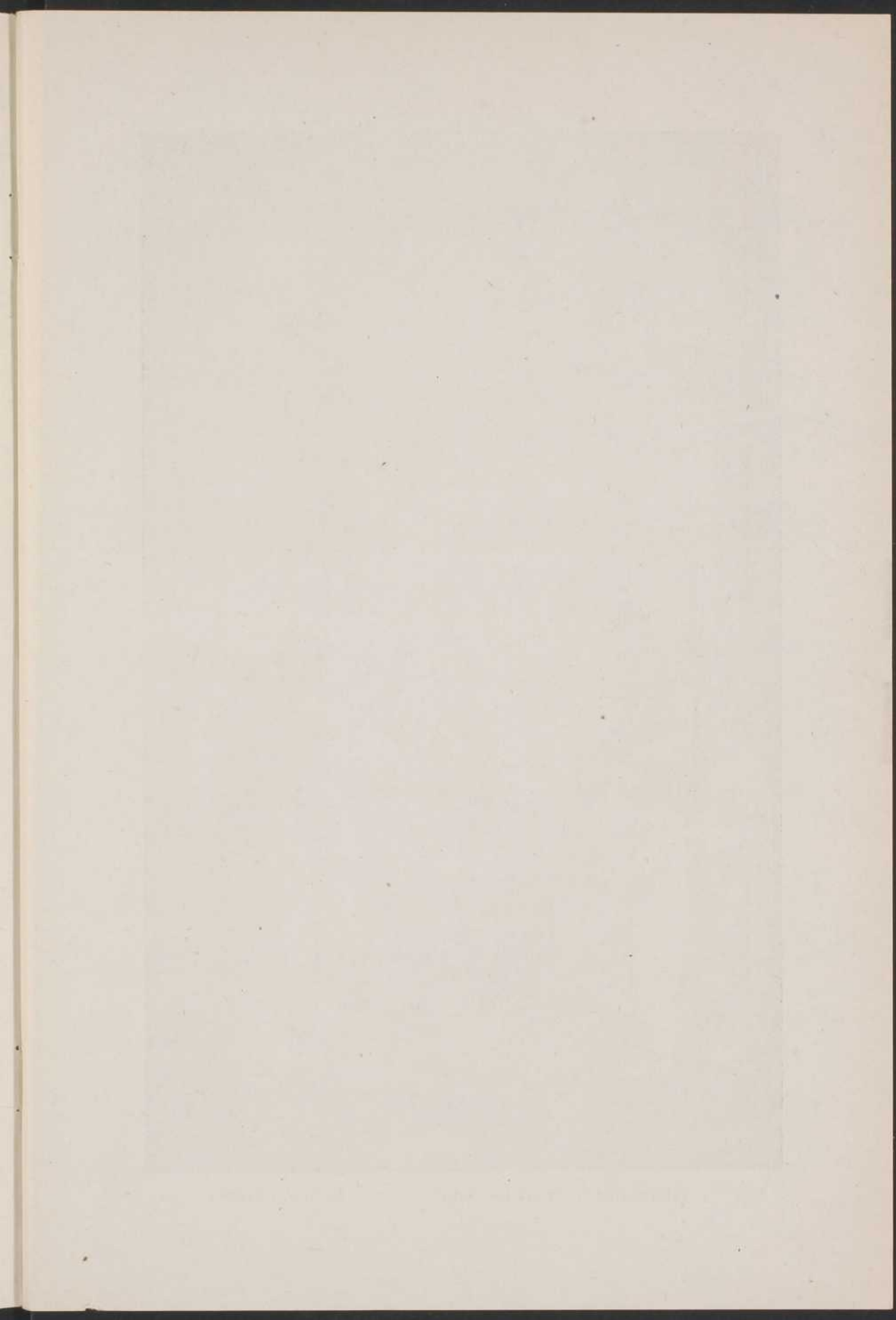
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.



# THE PRECURSOR

Published by the  
**Missionary Sisters**  
of the Immaculate Conception

*with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal*

Vol. XIV, 21st Year

MONTREAL, January-February, 1943

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And the Word was made Flesh

and dwelt among us





## A New Year Prayer

*O Father almighty  
infinitely good, infinitely merciful,  
we pray Thee, through Thy adorable Son  
and Thy Immaculate Daughter,  
give peace to the world in this New Year.  
Send forth Thy Spirit that the face of the earth be renewed  
to the honour of Thy Name and the extension of Thy Kingdom!*

*Bless Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII,  
so deeply afflicted by the sufferings of the Church  
and the sad effects of the present war.  
Bless all the Pastors of the Divine Fold,  
and particularly those to whom we owe respect and submission.  
Bless all the apostles of good, the Gospel-bearers;  
strengthen the spirit of apostolate in the faithful  
that all the dissident peoples  
and pagan nations  
may soon enter into the pale of the Church.*

*Bless our dear Country. May the Authorities governing it  
be submitted to Thy Holy Will and Laws.  
Conserve its faith and Christian virtues, pledges  
of its peace, happiness, and prosperity.*

*Bless all our charitable Benefactors, and lavish on them  
Thy choice graces.*

*Bless our Friends and benevolent Readers.  
May each day of the New Year  
Enrich them with new merit for Heaven.*

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## At the Crib

*Wind and frost once more are with us,  
Earth is robed in downy white —  
In His crib He lies so softly,  
Jesus, fairest Child of Light.*

*Kneeling, we request Thy blessing,  
For in truth, 'tis all we need;  
Little Infant sweet and smiling,  
Give us peace for which we plead.*

*Since this world with war is raging,  
Hearts are rent with anguish deep;  
Jesus, with Thy hand caressing,  
Dry the tears of all who weep.*

*Please disarm all warring peoples,  
Give us wisdom and good-will;  
Cheer all hearts, Thy peace restoring,  
Child Who canst all tempests still.*

— THE PRECURSOR.



★  
Et  
in  
terra  
pax



# Mary Shows Jesus



ON Christmas night, the shepherds were the first to come to the crib where Jesus was born. They were in the neighbourhood, keeping watch over their flock. A bright light shone round about them; an angel appeared to them and said: "I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: For this day is born to you a *Saviour*, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger." (Luke II) And they went with haste to Bethlehem; they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger.

The shepherds were called in the fields, while they were watching their flock. Nowhere else would there be found more simple folks. God rendered salvation as easy as possible to them. They were at a few steps from the grotto; more than once they must have sought refuge there during storms: they knew the place or, at least, they knew what a stable was; everything was levelled to their comprehension and proportioned to their capacity.

Mary did them the honours of her Son. She showed Him to them. The joy of these excellent folks was touching, it burst forth in naive transports.



*Behold I bring you good tidings . . .*

They related the apparition of the angel and everything that had happened to them. The text remarks that Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart. The relations of the little ones of the Gospel surpasses imitation.

To those who can read with the eyes of the soul, the shepherds represent the poor, the Christian people. It is to the poor that the Gospel was first announced. The angel took care to say that the birth of Jesus would be "great joy to all the people". The shepherds were the deputies of the poor folks who constituted the great majority of the Church. Baptized, all these Christians receive from their priests the necessary instructions to be saved. They know enough of the mystery of Christ to believe in it and

serve God in the simplicity of their faith. They work, live a hard life; they are patient, resigned, naturally humble; they expect Heaven and enter therein without difficulty. It is true that they are an object of disdain for the learned, the proud, the philosophers who see in their religion but a heap of ignorance and superstition. But, in truth, all these wise men of the world should be more humble, for, knowing much, they do not know that which alone is necessary. They know the course of the stars, they analyse the molecules of matter; but alas, the greater number of them are not clever enough to read the name of the Creator in the book of the universe. Our simple folks are better informed. They know where they come from, where they are, where they are going; they want to save their souls and they save them by taking straight roads that lead to Heaven.

The Blessed Virgin has a large share in the work of their salvation. It is she who showed Jesus to the shepherds. It is she who still shows Him to the poor of the Gospel. Enter a village of Christians. You will see on the mantle-piece, a crucifix and a picture of the Virgin; Jesus in the arms of His Mother, Jesus in the arms of the cross — He knew no other ones. What is the book of the peasants who are unable to read? The beads. What is the special devotion of our good countrywomen? Devotion to the Blessed Virgin. In their maidenhood it is the thought of Mary that inspires them to remain pure. Mary presides at their wedding. She blesses their home. Later on when they become mothers, the first prayer they teach their children is the Hail Mary. And when their sons are grown-up men, soldiers, over there in the barracks of the great Babylon, they, who have remained in the hometown, go to church to say the beads and recommend them to the Blessed Virgin. It is through the Heart of Mary that they have their blessings pass. Mary is in all their secrets, in all their sorrows. Mary is so fond of the poor! They are, in her eyes, the fathers, the mothers, the brothers, the sisters of the shepherds in the stable. The Blessed Virgin has conserved this love for the little ones of the Gospel; and when she wishes to work miracles it is the poor, the humble, that she chooses; it is to them that she speaks. Was it not the Blessed Virgin who inspired pious Joan of Arc in the fields of Domremy? She would make her see the country on the verge of peril and give her the courage to save it. And in our times, when the Blessed Virgin wished to revive her remembrance in our hearts, was it not to the children of shepherds that she appeared at La Salette and at Lourdes? To ratify these apparitions there are some who ask for miracles that may be ascertained by everybody. But is it not a miracle within everybody's reach, that little peasants should bring Christian multitudes to invoke Mary where there was nothing but rocks and silence? Little children said: "Mary wants to be prayed here," and every year thousands upon thousands of Christians come and kneel at the foot of the statue of the Blessed Virgin, exclaiming like the shepherds of Bethlehem: "Blessed Mother, show us thy Son!" Yes, Jesus' word has found its accomplishment once again: "I confess to thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones." (Matt. XI, 25)



The poor are not the only ones to be called to the crib. The rich come in their turn, after the poor, but they are not so numerous. That can be understood. First of all, there are much less rich people than poor; and then, among the rich there are very few who know the way to Bethlehem or who have enough humility to ask it.

The Magi, ambassadors of the rich Christians, also come to the crib. Mary shows Jesus to them as she did to the shepherds. She receives, in the name of her Son, the gifts they bring Him. It is the office of Mary to show Jesus. The Blessed Virgin will present Jesus to the whole Church.

If devotion to Our Blessed Mother holds a high rank in the religion of the poor, we can say as much of the Christians who are favoured by fortune. Let us count the charitable institutions established everywhere: hospitals, orphanages, homes, boarding-schools, public schools. Often the name of Mary is inscribed on the doors of these buildings. She has been constituted their guardian. And who serves the indigent? Who takes care of our youth? Religious families consecrated to Jesus and Mary. Among these virgins, how many were rich and became poor to be the servants of the poor? The thought of Mary, the Virgin of virgins, inspired these girls. It was to imitate her that they consecrated themselves to God. Let us now enter the rich dwellings of these Christian families who are the honour of the Church, the soul of good works, the providence of our parishes, the inexhaustible sources of alms. How edifying are these great Christians! How they understand the good! What zeal they display to undertake it! What courage to keep it up! Who can speak of the days of a charitable woman? She visits the poor families, assists them, counsels them, consoles them. Who can speak of her ingenuity, her expedients to do good? See her struggling to bring a soul to God! She has prayed, she has spoken, she has pleaded — she has obtained nothing. But now, she has finally succeeded in hanging a medal of Our Blessed Mother around the neck of this sinner. It is a first success. She hopes, she prays with greater fervour. Our Lady of Victories will do the rest. See her with the poor: she distributes bread and garments to them; better than that, she addresses them kind and sympathetic words. She has God enter this abandoned family, and with Him, hope, patience, faith. She does not fail to bring them a picture of Mary, her statue, or even prayer-beads. She knows that to introduce Mary into a house is to bring Jesus there with His grace. Jesus no longer leaves His Mother. It is from Mary's arms that He blesses us.

Let us not forget it. Let us ask the Blessed Virgin to show us her Son. We have read in the lives of the Saints about the charming visions with which God has sometimes gratified them during their pilgrimage. Mary appeared to them holding Jesus in her arms; she gave Him to them for a few moments; like Simeon they had the happiness of carrying Him. We are not saints, but we wish to become such. When we pray before Our Blessed Mother, let us beseech her to allow us only to kiss the tiny hands of her Son — the hands of the Child Jesus are always filled with graces.

— Abbé PERDRAU.



**His Excellency Mgr. F. Z. Decelles**

*Seventh Bishop of St. Hyacinthe*

WHO PASSED AWAY ON NOVEMBER 27TH AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-TWO

He has been good to all, to the Fold confided to his care, but particularly to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, whom he welcomed to his diocese, to whom he always gave his deep paternal affection, tender solicitude, and generous charity.

May the Lord crown with magnificence the abundant merit of the regretted Prelate, and give him in glory and felicity what he has deigned do for His humble Missionary Daughters! Such is the grateful prayer of these Religious and of all their Community.



# His Holiness Pope Pius XII's Address

*Delivered on the 25th Anniversary of His Episcopal Consecration*

*(Continued)*

## UNMISTAKABLE CHARACTERISTICS



THE spiritual profile of this primitive Christianity, whose beginnings are recalled for us by the coming Feasts of the Ascension and Pentecost, is refulgent with four unmistakable characteristics: 1) Unshakable confidence in victory based on a profound faith; 2) serene and unlimited readiness for sacrifice and sufferings; 3) Eucharistic fervor and recollection arising from the deep conviction of the social efficiency of Eucharistic thought on all forms of social life; 4) a striving after an ever closer and more enduring unity of spirit and of Hierarchy.

This fourfold character of the Church's youth presents in each of its dominant notes an appeal and at the same time a hope and a promise to the Christianity of our day, for the true Christianity of today is not different from that of the early ages. The youth of the Church is eternal, for the Church does not grow old, changing her age as she does according to the conditions of time while she marches on to eternity. The centuries that she has passed through are but a day as the centuries that lie before her are but as a day. Her youth in the days of the Caesars is the same that now speaks to us. The confidence in victory of the primitive Church drew its life, soundness, and imperturbability from the words of the Master: "I have overcome the world" (John XVI, 33). They are words which might well have been inscribed on the wood of His cross, the standard of His victories.

Let the Christianity of today be penetrated and inflamed by the burning and luminous fire of that watchword and you will feel in your hearts the peaceful, quiet confidence of victory that reassures you with the passing of these dark days in which so many are living in terror and discouragement. There will come not the terrors which the small-minded dread but the brilliant fulfillment of the hopes of faithful and magnanimous souls. The Church of today cannot simply return to the primitive forms of the small initial flock. In her maturity, which is not old age, she holds her head high and maintains unchanged in her members the vigor of her youth. She remains necessarily what she was at her birth. Always the same, she does not change in her dogma or in her strength. She is impregnable, indestructible, invincible. She is immovable, changeless in the writ of her foundation, sealed with the Blood of the Son of God. Yet she moves, she takes new forms with the age in which she goes forward, on her way progressing, yes, but not changing in her nature. For, as Vincent of Lerins so well puts it, the religious life of souls must imitate that of bodies which, while in the course of their growth



they increase the number of their years, still remain the same bodies that they were.

The Church is in a position to look back with worthy pride, and unafraid, on her past and on the almost two thousand-year old priceless treasure of her teaching and legislation which has increased through the fuller development and clearer understanding of the deposit of truth committed to her, as well as through the effective strengthening and perfection of her internal unity and the expansion of her liturgy, centered on the sacrifice of the Mass and on the sacraments; increased, too, by that leaven of the Christian spirit which more and more, as time passes, has come to enter into all forms and conditions of life. And now that her mission as Universal Mother of believers has attained maturity, in the face of vaster needs and duties, she could not without being untrue to herself retrace her steps and take on the forms of life and activity of these earlier days. The cenacle has become a temple greater than that of Solomon. "The little flock" (Luke XII, 32), now multifold, has crossed rivers and mountains and goes in search of pastures through the world. The grain of mustard seed, as Our Lord promised and willed, has become a great tree in whose shade the peoples rest.

#### CHURCH CANNOT GO BACKWARD

No, there cannot be for the Church, whose steps God directs and accompanies through the ages — there cannot be for the human soul, who studies history in the spirit of Christ, any going back, but only desire to go forward towards the future and to mount upwards.

In a sense, however, the return of the Church to her beginnings is in our own days a stern but inspiring reality. As at the outset and more than in many other ages, the Divine foundation of Christ, though never wavering before enemies, is struggling in more than one place today for its existence. Combative atheism, systematic anti-Christianity, cold indifference make war on it, making use of conceptions and thoughts which have nothing in common with the friendly usages of polite controversy but frequently descending to the crudity of violence. Today again, as of old in some countries, those in authority, forgetful of moral ties and bent on replacing right by force, trump up against Christians the same infringements of the law which the Caesars of the first centuries pretended to have found in Peter and Paul, in Sixtus and Laurence, in Cecilia, Agnes, Perpetua, and the countless line of these innocent victims who now are refulgent with the halo of martyrs — here below, in the sight of the Church, and in heaven, in the presence of the Lamb. And the crime which is cast up against Christians is always the same, their unfaltering loyalty to the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords.

Nor is there any other explanation why today, too, practical faith in the Son of God, submission to His law, spiritual union with His Church, and loyalty to His representatives on earth have meant in some places a continual succession of mistrust and abuse, of degradations and disabilities, of personal

and social discredit, of shortened means and hard circumstances, of poverty and sufferings, of misery and handicaps and injury, corporal as well as spiritual.

In such an atmosphere of terror and danger what remains, beloved sons, in our time but the imperative need to refashion ourselves on the model of the early Church and on the magnificent example given by those Christians, on their burning faith, on their dauntless spirit, on their conscious assurance of victory; to drink in, as from a pure spring of courage and salvation, a new strength, a new drive, a new constancy as we reflect that all they believed in, hoped for, loved, prayed for, worked for, suffered for, and gloriously won is also our life, our glory, and the incorruptible treasure of the Church?

#### GREATNESS OF VICTORY DEPENDS ON SACRIFICE

May the sight of the victories won by the early Church strengthen and sublimiate your hope and, in the midst of the present storm, open up a horizon of new triumphs. Sooner or later the passing sequence of raging upheavals will serve only to put into clearer light the consoling truth of these words of the beloved Disciple: "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith" (I John V, 4). If the seal of blood which beautified the Church's youth through the centuries of trial, suffering, and sacrifice, appear to us now as the brightest stone in her triumphal diadem, so, too, for the Christendom of today, the greatness of her future victory, won in the fire of terrible tribulation, will correspond to the generosity of her sacrifice.

The stout, determined will of those heroes who went before us with the standard of faith could not be broken by Nero's or Diocletian's fury, or the insidious cunning of a Julian the Apostate. Calm and ready without counting the cost, in the face of every kind of torture and martyrdom they did not tremble or waver before outrage piled on outrage, blow on blow, before the violence or snares of the enemies of Christ. A Christianity that has ever before its eyes the heroism of the first centuries can never fail to be true to the spirit of those words written by Peter while persecution raged. "But if also you suffer anything for justice sake, blessed are ye" (I Pet, III, 14).

It will show itself worthy of the inheritance of its forefathers, and deeply conscious of its exalted mission, will secure in the hour prepared by God — through suffering indeed, but glorious suffering — a peace that will make it exclaim with the Apostle of the Gentiles, "Thanks be to God who hath given us the victory" (I Cor. XVI, 57).

*(To be continued)*



To be unaware of our duty of participating in the work of the Redemption is to be almost entirely ignorant of our dignity as Christians. To strive to shirk it is to shrink from one's most noble and imperious task.

— *Father Plus, S. J.*



# Mother Marie du St. Esprit

APOSTLE OF THE CHINESE WORK IN CANADA



HE recently founded Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception was already carrying the *good tidings* to the unfortunate people of the Celestial Empire, when, by a Providential circumstance, responding to the apostolic desires of the worthy Foundress, Reverend Mother Marie du St. Esprit, a new mission was confided to it on Canadian soil — the Chinese Work.

Reverend Father H. Montanar, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, after having spent fifteen years in China, had gone to the United States to found a Chinese mission in New York City. In 1912, he was preparing to return to the Orient when, during his passage in Montreal, he was requested by His Excellency Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi to establish in his archiepiscopal city a work similar to the one he had created at our neighbours', that we might struggle more efficaciously against the efforts of non-Catholics to win to their different sects the poor Chinese who had immigrated on our soil and most of whom were still pagan.

Until then, Father M. Callaghan, P. S. S., an indefatigable apostle who went after the sheep that were not of Christ's Fold, had brought into the pale of the Church a certain number of Chinese, negroes or others, who spoke a bit of English; but it was to Father Montanar that the establishment of the properly so called Chinese Work was confided, and it was he that was called upon to contribute to the service of the Chinese Colony of Montreal the knowledge he had of the language, morals and customs of the country he had long inhabited.

Very Reverend Canon G. M. LePailleur, Pastor of St. Enfant Jésus Parish, Montreal, zealously collaborated in this generous movement. The following letter reveals to us the share he took in this apostolate; it also indicates how the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception came to largely co-operate in this nascent work which, in later years, through the ingenious zeal of Reverend Mother Marie du St. Esprit, took appreciable proportions.

*Montreal, November 13, 1913.*

*To His Excellency Most Reverend P. Bruchesi,  
Archbishop of Montreal.*

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

I knew what you had done for the Catholic Chinese Colony of Montreal when the Vicar General asked me to extend hospitality to Father Montanar.

For several months, Father had been going to say Mass on Sundays for his few faithful in Our Lady of the Angels' chapel. But this chapel having been closed to him three weeks ago, I offered him a chapel in my church, to which Msgr. Roy gladly acquiesced.



There was only a step from there to finding a classroom where we could group near the altar these poor abandoned Chinese. And, last Sunday, some forty of them, Catholics, neophytes and pagans, seemed happy to study English and French in a Catholic rectory.

There is, however, more than that to be done. As it is impossible to give these pupils teachers who know their language, instruction by foreigners can only be presented with the eyes and the finger on the French or English words placed opposite the Chinese words, which the teacher cannot understand. This requires almost as many teachers as pupils.

I have therefore resolved to found among the girls of my parish a small association of generous souls who will consecrate two hours each Sunday to this apostolate. And, Father Montanar says this apostolate could group around him nearly two hundred Chinese who, from profane instruction, would be led to religious instruction.

Here is, therefore, a good little work to be done, were it to be but of short duration.

I then imagined that a serious direction should be given to it and very naturally or rather, very supernaturally, I thought of your dear Chinese Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception, our neighbours of Outremont. Father Montanar has therefore gone to see them. They studied the project so connected with their works, they favourably accepted and requested that I expose it to Your Excellency.

Your approbation or the tacit consent to trial, will bring these Religious in contact with the Chinese whom they may lead to the *Gospel*, and with our promoters whom they may lead to the religious *vocation*.

Kindly bless this little project, Excellency, and all those who devote themselves to the work it wishes to develop.

G. M. LEPAILLEUR,  
*Canon Pastor.*

Five days later, Archbishop Bruchesi granted his entire approbation in the following terms:

*Montreal, November 18, 1913.*

REVEREND FATHER,

The project you communicated to me concerning the instruction and evangelization of the Chinese of Montreal is very apostolic. I approve it and bless it wholeheartedly. It will please the devoted Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, I am sure. Catholic teaching given in the conditions you mentioned to me will not fail to have consoling results.

Very devotedly yours,

PAUL, *Arch. of Montreal.*

Yes, the project pleased Reverend Mother Marie du St. Esprit; too happy was she to see her Daughters of Outremont, whom obedience and necessity retained far from the abundant harvests, work also for the salvation of that people towards whom God had wished to direct the first labours of the young Society.

The very following Sunday, November 23rd, three Sisters took up their task. It had a happy beginning, since that day, after the classes which were given in the basement of St. Enfant Jésus Church, they had the joy of assisting at the Baptism of four Chinese instructed by Father Montanar. The ceremony took place in the church and it was easy for the new directresses to follow its different phases, since they had been placed in the



#### THE CHINESE WORK OF MONTREAL IN 1913: TEACHERS AND PUPILS

Photograph taken after a Sunday Course in the basement of St. Enfant-Jésus Parish Church. Presiding: Father P. L. McGinnis, Chaplain at the Hospice Gamelin, who generously assisted Very Reverend G. LePailleur for the Sunday Courses. To the right: Father H. Montanar, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, founder of the Work in Montreal; Father E. Ed. Girot, P. S. S., Brother A. Graveline, C. S. V., very devoted to the Work; to the left: The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, zealous collaborators.



sanctuary. They were delighted to hear an instruction in Chinese; they understood nothing of it, but the words resounded harmoniously in their ears. Very Reverend Canon LePailleur spoke also, and recalled to the numerous assistance what is the gift of Faith, and how great is the misfortune of the peoples who live in the darkness of paganism.

It will not be without interest, it seems, to reproduce here the act of Baptism of the happy *Children* who were admitted into the Church on this date, November 23, 1913.

Jules Yee Sheou Wo, 32 years of age, born in the district of San ning (China) of pagan parents, baptized on November 23, 1913. The godfather was Laurent O. Girard, of Notre Dame de Grâce, and the godmother, Eugénie David, his wife.

Paul Tchinel, 43 years of age, born in the district of San ning, of pagan parents, baptized on November 23, 1913. The godfather was Octave Dandurant, of St. Jean Baptiste and the godmother, Clothilde Castagnier, his wife.

Joseph Yee Yoke Tcheung, 38 years of age, born in the district of San ning, of pagan parents, baptized on November 23, 1913. The godfather was Joseph Leclerc, of St. Henri, and the godmother, M. Trudel, his wife.

Philip Hom Toun, 32 years of age, born in the district of San ning, of pagan parents, baptized on November 23, 1913. The godfather was Jacques Hom Yiin, and the godmother, J. Nekin, of St. Patrick's.

From that date on, two or three Sisters went regularly every Sunday to the place where the reunions were held, and they were kindly welcomed by the good Chinese.

The devoted Canon LePailleur, from the pulpit, recommended the Chinese Work as interparochial, and teachers — men, women, young ladies and boys, hastened in larger numbers. They were not only from St. Enfant Jésus Parish but also from St. Patrick's, Westmount, St. Denis, St. Jean Baptiste, St. Henri, etc. . . The number of pupils attaining a hundred and twenty-five, it was necessary to have almost as many teachers to realize the method of teaching described in the above-mentioned letter.

Every Sunday, a class began at ten o'clock in the morning and another at a quarter past eleven; Mass was said in the basement of the church. Teachers and pupils attended. The Holy Sacrifice was followed by a short instruction in Chinese. Another class was held from half-past two to four o'clock, at the end of which a catechism lesson in Chinese was given to the pupils who desired to be baptized. In June, 1914, the Work had already borne fruit. It numbered fifteen neophytes and some twenty catechumens.

St. Enfant Jésus Parish continued to give a shelter to the Chinese Colony till 1915. A letter from His Excellency Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi, addressed to a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception recently arrived in the pagan city of Canton, China, shows that in May of that same year, there were deliberations concerning the place where were to be held the *Sunday Courses*; moreover, there was a question of calling back from China a Missionary Sister knowing the language of the Celestials and a virgin catechist for the teaching of the Doctrine, for the World War of 1914 had obliged Father Montanar, who was French, to return to his country.



The work of the Chinese in Montreal, wrote Archbishop Bruchesi, on May 2nd, 1915, always preoccupies me. I understand its importance and I have its success at heart. Msgr. LePailleur is no longer Pastor of St. Enfant Jésus Parish. He was feeling tired and according to his wish I named him for St. François d'Assise Parish at Longue Pointe where Father Lecourt, the Pastor, had died. It is Father Perrier who replaced him. The question now is to know if the Chinese Class will continue to be held at l'Enfant Jésus Parish or if it will be transferred to St. Patrick's. Father McShane, P. P., is willing to have it at his place. Some zealous persons of l'Enfant Jésus Parish insist, it seems, on having it remain where it has begun. I have decided nothing yet; but you see that all claim the privilege of having your Chinese in Montreal; that must be pleasing to you. At any rate, the Work is going to be kept up.

Shall we execute our project of calling back one of your Sisters with a Catechist? That would certainly be a precious help here. Tell me what you will be able to do. We shall find here the money needed to pay the voyage expenses of our two missionaries.

I bless you and all your Sisters from the bottom of my heart.

PAUL, Arch. of Montreal.

(To be continued)

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## WAR ON THE ACTUAL EVILS

We must combat the capital crime of the modern epoch that sacrilegiously pretends substituting man for God; we must bring the light of the Evangelical counsels and precepts, and that of the works of the Church, in all the problems that the Gospel and the Church have so manifestly and triumphantly solved: education, the family, property, rights and duties; we must re-establish Christian understanding among the different social classes; we must pacify the earth and people Heaven.

— Pope PIUS X.

\* \* \*

## THERE LIES MY STRENGTH

No matter how absorbed we may be in our duties of state, let us reserve a few moments each day and week for our Religious duties. We are not taken up by work more than General Drouot on the battlefield, and yet he always found time to recollect himself and pray. "I do not fear dying or becoming poor," would he say to Napoleon I, who had just appointed him his aide-de-camp, "I fear God alone. There lies my strength." "Well, then, you are the wise man of the Great Army continued Napoleon. That title remained his, and it was a magnificent praise. Yes, he is wise who thinks of God, who prays to Him, who knows how to give Him a place in his occupations.

As we go to press, we learn of the passing of Mr. Charles Paquette, brother of our Reverend Mother Superior General, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

We make it our duty to pray for the repose of the soul of the lamented deceased, and offer to the bereaved family our profound sympathy.

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

# Rich and Poor



QUESTION the Christian mind on the existence of the rich and the poor in this world. Both represent a particular aspect of the Divinity. In fact, this is not an ingenious system, but a rigorous truth. The image of God the Father is in the rich; the image of God the Son is in the poor; the image of the Spirit, Who is love, lies in the bond thrown between rich and poor. Here is a pacifying theory whose mystery is well-worth unveiling. Sublime economy which makes of the happy and the unhappy of this world a society strengthened by ties which recall the Divine Persons! Admirable fraternity of fortune and misery, which should end all our discussions by the union of hearts which once brought forth this cry from an astounded paganism: *See how they love one another!*

It is in reproducing the beneficence of the Divinity that the rich man acquires its features; and the assertion that God is in the rich is so little arbitrary that St. Gregory of Nyssa formerly addressed them thus: "Lend assistance to the unfortunate, and make yourselves God in imitating the commiseration of God." What incomparable greatness to be associated with God in His generosity! After the example of God the Father, the rich are therefore the great benefactors of humanity, and their function consists in bestowing on others their care and liberalities. Not unlike those mountains whose fresh waters give fecundity to the plains, the opulence of the rich is a beneficent crest wherefrom abundance flows in irrigating streams into the valley of society. Is there anything more beautiful than this mortal favoured by fortune, who comes out on the threshold of his home each morning his hands filled with alms, seeking to help those in misery? Revered image of that Heavenly Father Who, since the beginning, opens each day the doors of His eternity to bestow His alms upon earth and to dispense the requisite measure of bread and light, hope and blessings. What greatness to be again associated with the Providence of God! For upon the rich is incumbent the duty of distributing alms, not heedlessly scattering it; and their donations must not be a knightly impulse of foolish vanity which gives of one's own without any concern whatever, but rather a reflected impulse of pious love which studies human misery, discerns and chooses it. And, in this case, the rich man's providence is so great that it seems, as it were, to complete God's own Providence. Yes, this one ministers to the world by general laws; but where the individual who seems neglected is concerned, it is the rich man that represents Divine mercy.

Magnificent nobility, but which obliges as much as it honours, like all nobilities. For wherever riches do not pay a tribute to the needy of this world, the calculations of the celestial prevision seem to fail, and in the sight of this revenue failing to gain entrance in the treasure of the indigent, the impious can cry out triumphantly that God forgets to mind that side of the situation. The most beautiful prerogative of fortune consists, therefore, in



its power to make the temporal government of God adored in opening His hand to the indigent, or in being instrumental in making it be blasphemed by shutting His hand to the same.

See how God the Son is in the poor. He is there firstly by right of the Incarnation. When about to return to His Father, Jesus thought that a suffering posterity like ours needed to possess not only His impassible and veiled features in the Sacrament, but also that each poor man should bear a resemblance, visible and vivid, to Him, *the Man of Sorrows*. Consequently, like Elias to Eliseus, he let fall on the shoulders of humanity His mantle, rude and lacerated. He conceals Himself under the members of those who shiver with the cold, who walk barefooted, who sleep on the bare ground, ever coming and going before a world affrighted at this spectacle; the immortal teachings of His adorable poverty shall last until the end of the world. This presence of Jesus Christ in human misery is not a poetical dream of Christian idealization, for when St. Martin of Tours portioned his cloak with a half-naked mendicant, Jesus told him in a well-known vision: "It is Martin, a catechumen yet, who has clothed me in this raiment;" and when the naive and celestial Duchess of Thuringe, in her charity, had a leper lie on her bed, it soon was Jesus Christ Who appeared in the place of the pestiferous man.

Jesus is in the poor by right of the Redemption. *Redeem yourselves of your trespasses by alms*, this was once the saying of the faithful Daniel. Would this imply that alms may confer sanctifying grace? No, but it predisposes us to it, and the charity which clothes the poor's nakedness calls for the charity which *covers a multitude of sins*. O ye who taste of so many pleasures during a year, wash also away by generous almsgiving the scandals of your examples and the frailties of your affections. Doubtless, alms does not dispense us from repentance, but it is holy when it is the happy consequence of this interior regret, it is holy when expressing a desire for the same. Almsgiving is neither an immunity constituted to favour impenitence, nor the permission of wrong-doing; but it is a sacrifice which is converted in expiation, an act of human mercy which moves Divine mercy; and one of the most beautiful types of Christian reparation will ever be the famous Count of Poitou taking treasures to the Abbey, saying: "I bestow gifts upon St. Martin, for I recall my sins and I want God to forget them."

Since God is the Creator of the rich and the poor, He must have determined the point where the two would come in contact. And in like manner that He has joined the poles of the earth by oceans which bring them near each other, the celestial orbs by harmonious gravitations and wise equilibriums, the supernatural world and the natural by mysterious gearing, He must have similarly united the two extremes of His most beautiful creation: the rich and the poor, in order that mankind might not be cast here below like a seed-plot whose disorder is its beauty, but rather like a chain whose every link is joined to another. And what is the strength of cohesion existing between those links? Some have said: It is *right*. There is no doubt that right is venerable. but unfortunately, everyone pretends having



it for himself, and under this same pretext we see the most noble intentions being joined to the most pervert egotism. Others have claimed that it was equality. Strange philanthropy which would make the tyrant the first magistrate of the land, and which would unite rich and poor by suppressing both! If men are not needful to one another, they will meet but will not be put in gear. We have need of the unfortunate in order that the more endowed may not forget to devote themselves; we need poverty in order to cultivate beneficence; beneficence is necessary to provoke gratitude. Beautiful is this harmony which throws the weak in the arms of the strong, which fits each social disadvantage in a corresponding greatness, and which makes of humanity a sort of electric chain or multiple existence, in which all the movements become common . . . Suppress misery, and the joys of charity become impossible. Suppress the poor, Vincent de Paul will drag an eighty years' existence, his large heart finding nothing to do. Great God, how sad the day whereupon we should have to erase from the vocabulary of this earth the sweet names of benefactors, because no one would be in the need of receiving.

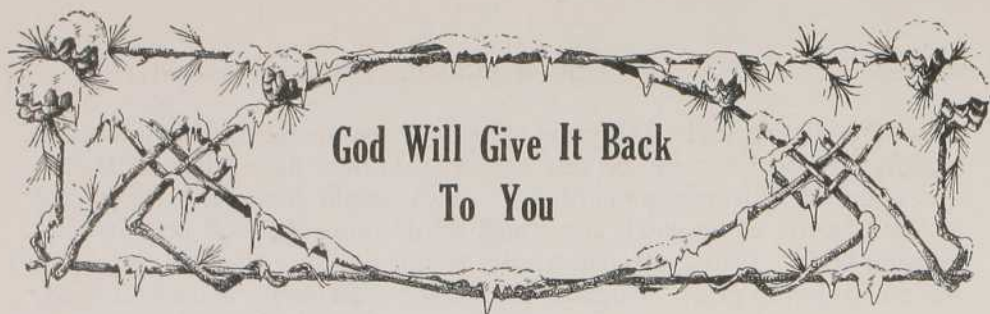
Others have brought forth that the link between rich and poor would be progress, but progress is simply an idea and not a passion of the heart; a system and not a love, and what power have those dreams to melt hearts? What then will be the true link between the social extremities? This pacifying and seductive leveler will be love. "By this, shall all men know that you are my disciples," says God in the Gospel, "if you have love one for another." Love is the Divine heat which unites the great and small. Therefore, it is again God Who establishes the bond between rich and poor, and this is so true that, if we seek the popular term for their mutual sympathy, it is known as charity, and that if we ask the definition of God from the most sublime of the Evangelists, he will say that the name of God is also charity. There is the consummation of the mystery. The Father is in the rich, the Son is in the poor, the Spirit of love is the bond which unites them. Thus the harmonies existing here below are similar to those above, and there are two like societies which respond to each other from time to eternity: that of men and that of God.

— R. P. CAUSSETTE.



### FLY THESE THINGS . . .

We brought nothing into this world; and certainly we can carry nothing out. But having food, and wherewith to be covered, with these we are content. For they that will become rich, fall into temptation, and into the snare of the devil, and into many unprofitable and hurtful desires, which drown men into destruction and perdition. For the desire of money is the root of all evils; which some coveting have erred from the faith, and have entangled themselves in many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, fly these things: and pursue justice, godliness, faith, charity, patience, mildness. Fight the good fight of faith: lay hold on eternal life whereunto thou art called. (St. Paul to Timothy, VI, 6-12)



God Will Give It Back  
To You

It was New Year's Day in the city of X. Outside, heavy snowflakes were falling. They renewed the white carpet of the streets, alleys and gardens; they covered the roofs with a thick coat of fluff; they decked the trees and bushes and capped the posts and poles.

While outside the diaphanous storm was at its outset, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. D., in the fond intimacy of the family, New Year's Day was being joyously celebrated.

Very early, with their first waking breath, children and grown-ups had gathered around the scintillating Christmas tree, whose branches supported the pretty little crib of the Christ-Child. The father, after having recollected himself, had retraced the sublime gesture of faith and piety of his forefathers, calling down on his family the blessings of Heaven. Nor had he overlooked supplicating God to bless also his two oldest ones on foreign soil. Then, before the image of the Christ-Child, all had said the morning prayer, consecrating to the Sovereign Master the day that was fresh and new, and all the days of the New Year, that every one might be meritorious from the viewpoint of Eternity.

After that first duty, fraternal greetings had been exchanged, and a thousand good wishes expressed. After, all had gone to the neighbouring church, there to receive the Bread which makes strong and pure souls and ensures Life Everlasting.

At breakfast, appetites sharpened by the early outing had heartily done honour to the menu, naturally more delicate on this than on ordinary days. Then there had been High Mass, during which all had prayed with fervour, and strived to profit by the Pastor's simple but impressive sermon.

And now, under the home roof, all were gathered again and . . . it was the hour so ardently desired by the little ones, the hour for gifts. The room let in all the Christmas secrets had been locked these last few days. At last it was open! On the heels of father and mother, the children scrambled in. A few moments, and all were joyfully clasping the cherished object of their ambition, a writing-desk, a bicycle, a gold-edged missal, etc.

A holy picture bearing on one side a wish in the father's or mother's handwriting, accompanied each treasure. The candid countenances beamed with satisfaction, and a cheerful *thank you* welled up from every heart. But very suddenly, the littlest one disappeared . . . where was she going anyway? . . . But wait, there she was back again, holding a ribboned basket filled to overflowing with an endless variety of odd little trinkets manufactured on the sly by the filial troop, for their beloved parents. Silence fell. The child recited with her whole heart a beautiful New Year Wish, then deposited her gracious basket on the knees of those she loved



more than the whole world. Affectionate smiles and tears of joy welcomed the present. But time, as always, flew by . . . and mother remembered that dinner figured on the program. With a word, Mr. D. concluded the session, and all stepped into the dining-room.

The table told that a great feast was being solemnized. There were ten covers and . . . two vacant places, those of the oldest ones whose memory remained vivid: Mary, the dear *big* sister, who was now twenty-two. She had left five years ago to become a Missionary Sister. Then there was also Bernard, aged twenty, cherished as much as his sister. He had been in the military service for the past year.



*Shivering with cold . . .*

"Children," said the father, after the recitation of Grace before meals and of the *Angelus*, "let us not forget Mary and Bernard. What are they doing at this very moment? Doubtless, they are thinking of us. We have had no news of them these last few months. In the Far East war is still on, and in Europe the situation is just as terrifying . . . but what do I hear? . . . Gerald, isn't there someone knocking?"

Already mother had reached the door. Through the window she glimpsed two children, scantily clad, covered with snow. Trying to warm themselves, the pair were huddling close together in the entrance. Touched with pity, she made haste to open.

"What are you doing there, children?"

she asked, putting great tenderness in her voice.

Frightened, the little ones would have taken to their heels, but Mrs. D. held them back affectionately.

"Come in, do not be afraid. Tell me, do you want something?"

"Oh!" the girl risked herself timidly, "we are very cold, and we wanted to warm up some, away from the wind, before going on our way."

"Where can you be coming from in a storm like this?"

"From the church. This morning, Mamma who is sick told us, 'Go to High Mass, and, after, ask the little Child Jesus in the crib to send us food for the family, because we have none left.'"

The sad little girl could say no more. She burst in tears, and the lad followed her example.

"Come on, dears, do not weep; you are going to have dinner with us," ordered Mr. D., who, having overheard everything, had left the table and walked over to the door.

Mrs. D., rejoiced by the charitable proposition of her husband, hurried with the few minor details called for by this sudden arrival. She then led them to the dining-room. But, fearing and ravished at the same time, they dared not draw near.

"Come, come," said Mr. D. with kindness, "two places are there ready, just waiting for you. Will you tell us your names first?"

"Mary," answered the girl.

"Bernard." It was the first word the lad had dared.

"Mary!... Bernard!... What a striking analogy!" murmured Mr. D., meeting his wife's eyes.

"Mary!... Bernard!..." the whole family repeated with emotion.

While the newcomers were relishing with contentment and appetite the savoury dishes laid before them, they were harassed with a thousand queries. It was thereby that the family learned their father was dead; that their mother, ill for the last few weeks, was unable to tend to the household duties; that Mary, aged eight, was the oldest of five wee brothers and sisters; that it was very cold in their lodging; that, this morning, a few left-over potatoes had been their meagre breakfast... their New Year breakfast... and that, now, there was nothing left to eat. Here and there, around the table, tears of pity rolled furtively from the children's eyes, while they listened to the narrative of such heartrending distress; for these little ones, with angelic smiles, limpid looks, and pure brows, were incapable of dissimulation.

When the meal was over, it was time to think of leaving, for the poor mother would certainly be anxious, and the little ones would be awaiting the *eats* that Mary and Bernard had gone to ask from the Infant Jesus. But it was not in vain that these indigents had had recourse to the Friend of the poor and humble, to Him Who is the Almighty, to Him Who has said "Come to me, all you that labour, and are burdened, and I will refresh you." (Matt. XII, 28) No, it was not in vain, for Mrs. D. had prepared for them, on the part of the "Little Jesus", a magnificent basket filled with choice provisions, the prettiest fruits from her table and a few sweets which are always a favourite with children, and which procure them long moments of gladness. Now, she consulted her husband. "Yes, give her everything you wish," concluded charitable Mr. D.

At once, Mrs. D. brought the two children into a nearby room to have them don tidy and warm clothes, sacrificing to that end a part of the family's clothing. At the same time, she saw that a bulky package of clothing be prepared for the unfortunate widow and her little ones. Everyone of the family helped in with his or her own personal contribution, the youngest ones even discreetly added in one of their treasured toys. Soon, however, everything was solidly packed and bound.

"Now," said father, "Gerald will lead back these two children to their home and bring this basket and package to their mother."

"Very pleased, father," answered the young man, visibly delighted to accomplish so beautiful an act of charity.

But that was not all. Opening his pocketbook, kind Mr. D. took out a gold coin.

"Here, my little one," said he, handing the money to the lass, "take this; it is for your mother, in remembrance of my big girl. She is a Missionary Sister and her name is Mary, like yours. But do not forget to say a prayer for her each day, that she may be always happy."



Then, there was a gold piece for the boy.

"Here, Bernard." And he placed the coin in the boy's hand. "Hold it well in your mitt and don't lose it, I give it to you in remembrance of my son Bernard who is a soldier. Tell that to your mother, and ask her to have all your family pray for him each day, asking the Child Jesus and His Blessed Mother to protect him."

An affectionate "thank you" translated the gratitude of the two protégés. Mrs. D., like a loving mother, tenderly kissed their candid foreheads; her daughters expressed every good wish to their newly-made friends; then... it was time to leave... The little maiden, holding tightly her brother's hand, was about to cross the threshold of this hospitable dwelling; when, suddenly, she turned back; gazing fondly at her benefactors, and then lifting her eyes towards Heaven and pointing to it, as she had many a time seen her mother do, she spoke in her silvery voice seemingly inspired words, "God will give it back to you!" And just as soon she was out in the white snowy day, following the sympathetic Gerald, and leaving Mr. and Mrs. D. under the charm of the sweetest emotion.

\* \* \*

Of the glad New Year, two months had been borne away on the wings of time. Snow was still mantling the ground, and the icy blast continued to blow over the vast city. But beneath the humble roof of the widow and the five orphans, there were no more hard days. Joy had replaced tears; health, illness; and well-being, utter indigency. No longer was the hearth without a warming fire, and the table without bread. The little family, comfortably clothed, was as gay as a band of baby songsters.

Thanks to the generous benefactors to whom the Child Jesus had disclosed her distress, on that unforgettable New Year's Day, the poor mother was since the object of innumerable attentions. The Pastor, informed of her situation, had hastened to procure her, along with the succours of his ministry, strength and consolation; he had cut off his expenses to aid in the support of the family; he showed interest in the little ones who now reckoned him a very good friend. The doctor had taken assiduous care of the sick mother and had overcome a sickness that had long ailed her and that threatened to become inveterate. And the courageous young woman, a clever seamstress, feeling strong enough to set to work again, had solicited remunerating work. Kind Mrs. D. had found her some and from then on, while remaining under the assistance of her benefactors, she saw in great part to her own subsistence and to the family's.

In Mr. D.'s house, joy had full sway. Two letters had just arrived from foreign lands... the handwriting on them was gladly recognized. How everyone longed to tear them open! "If father can only come home!" repeated the children.

At last! here he was coming. He was besieged on all sides by bearers of the happy tidings. The beloved parent did not conceal his satisfaction. He would finally learn of the situation of his dear eldest ones in alien lands, where war was making so many victims and havocs. His wife had left

him the pleasure of opening the missive. The children formed a circle around their parents.

"Children," said Mr. D., with emotion, "we do not know the contents of these letters so long awaited... is it joy?... or sadness? We shall soon know; but beforehand, let us accept as coming from God's hand all that they will reveal."

Under the attentive eyes, Bernard's letter was the first unfolded. Mr. D. read:

DEAREST PARENTS,

I am writing these lines in the first hours of the New Year, by the glare of a feeble lamp. I ask myself whether they will ever reach you.

If they do, they will tell that my first thought, this morning, after the offering of my day to God, has been for you, beloved parents, and for my dear brothers and sisters. With all the affection of my heart, I have wished you a good and happy year, and prayed for you all.

In thought, I knelt with all the family for our dear father's blessing; I was with you to receive mother's caresses and the fond greetings of my brothers and sisters. Then, considering what enormous distance separated me from all those I love, I wept for sheer loneliness... Soon, however, I mastered my emotion; I offered to God the sacrifice of that separation and... that of my life; for at X., to-day, a formidable combat is to take place. I am among the combattants, and God knows what will happen to me...

If death comes, these lines will tell you that it was not unawares, for, in apprehension of this battle, I have slept very little last night and, as best I could, I have prepared for the Great Beyond.

January 2nd

I am continuing this letter I had to interrupt yesterday. *Deo Gratias!* The battle is over and victory is ours, but at the price of how many lives! My comrades around me have been mown down like grass. I received a severe blow on the head and fell unconscious. When I recovered, I realized that I had soundly slept for some hours. And what a delicious dream I had! It seemed to me I was home again, experiencing the joys of the New Year, and taking dinner with all the family. It was as in the days of my early childhood. Mary was there also, a little girl of nine, and we were both very happy. All at once, — yes, it was a dream — Mary and I were changed into little poor children, or rather, it was no longer we, but a poor boy and girl resembling us, had taken our place. They were the object of mother's kindness, and you, father, gave them a large sum of money. Then I heard a voice saying, "Because of that charity, Mary and Bernard will be protected." And... I awoke. Was not that a beautiful dream?...

I took a few seconds to come out of my lethargy, then, feeling my wound, I realized with satisfaction that, although covered with blood, it was not serious, apparently. I stood up and was appalled to see myself encircled by dead bodies. The combat was over and, not far from me, an ambulance was bearing away the wounded. I started in that direction, and they took me to the hospital to have my wound dressed. It is from there that I am writing; I will stay a few days more until my wound is almost completely healed. I assure you that nothing will remain of that accident. Thanks to God, I have been ostensibly protected; thanks, also, to your good prayers and, perhaps, to your charity in favour of the poor... Then say with me, "*Deo Gratias!*"

Your son who loves you with all his heart and embraces you tenderly, as also his brothers and sisters,

BERNARD.



The letter was finished, but all the family seemed waiting for more. Tears glistened in every eye, and fell abundantly on Mrs. D's cheeks. Mr. D., breaking the impressive silence with a voice full of sobs, continued: "Children, you must thank God for having saved Bernard. As you can see, he has been visibly protected by Heaven. And that dream... that significative dream!..."

Handing the girl's letter to his wife, "Your turn, now," he said. And Mrs. D. read through tear-filled eyes:

BELOVED FATHER AND MOTHER,

I do not know when I shall be able to send these few lines, because of war conditions here; but I cannot resist the desire of writing you on this first day of January, to wish you, with my whole heart, a happy and holy year, and to tell you that, this morning, it was with particular fervour that I heard Mass and received Holy Communion for your intentions.

To pass one New Year's Day without writing to you, while that is still possible, would seem to me unworthy of my filial affection and of my deep gratitude. I will therefore add to this letter all my other ones that have precedingly been returned to me because communications were impossible at the time; all together they will start for my dear native country when... God wills it!

7 p. m. Ah! yes, dear Parents, "Man proposes and God disposes." I had thought of being able to write you in peace this forenoon, but my letter was at the point where you now see it, when of a sudden siren calls announced an air raid. Already the rumbling of enemy planes could be heard not far away...

I hurried to reunite my little charges, our dear orphans. Running to the garden where they were playing, I made them come quickly into the cellar, then, wishing to make sure that the door of the wall surrounding our mission was tightly closed, I ran over to inspect it. Hardly had I returned when a formidable noise in the near distance struck me with terror; a shell had burst near the place I had just left, boring an enormous cavity in the earth, damaging our wall and thrusting a pile of débris in our yard. A few splinters even struck my dress and fell harmless at my feet. I entered precipitately and fell on my knees, thanking Divine Providence and my Immaculate Patroness for having preserved me from those deadly projectiles.



*There were twelve of them...*

Yes, truly, dear Parents, that was danger and death at close range. I was not afraid of dying, I so long to go to Heaven!... but there is so much good remaining to be done on earth, especially in mission lands, where there are millions of souls to save, that I desire to labour long and much for the glory of God, the embellishment of my crown and... of yours also, for in Heaven, as it said, children are in regard to their parents as so many jewels in their diadem.

The actual war, with its disasters and sadness, brings us many unfortunate folks. The Foundling-Home, the

Orphanage, the Refuge, are over-crowded with orphans and aged persons, the latter ill and without a shelter. I often pour the Saving Waters and, each time it is for me a subject of great happiness. Scarcely two hours ago, our gleaner, a woman still alert for her years, whose occupation is the search of forsaken babes, was bringing in two baskets filled with some of these poor little creatures, many of whom were half-dead. There were twelve in all!... Twelve, a number I like... Having received them at the door, I was granted the inestimable privilege of baptizing them all, and of making them heirs of Paradise. I gave each the name of one of the members of our family, and I offered them, these first fruits of the New Year, to Our Lord, as a superb sheaf scented with gratitude. For I well know, dear Parents, it is in great part to the excellent Christian upbringing and the good examples you have given me, that I owe my beautiful missionary vocation.

To-day, my charming little troop of orphans has been increased — a little girl of nine, named Mary, is the new arrival. She came at about four this afternoon, with her smaller brother, Bernard. Both deserved all our compassion. They were sobbing in a way that would have broken your heart. During the air raid their house had burnt down, and their parents, worthy Christians of a few years' standing, and the other members of the family, had been mercilessly killed. The girl, alone in the world except for her young brother, had come to seek asylum in our house. Having previously accompanied her mother to our dwelling, she knew the way perfectly. I need not add that we welcomed them warmly, as though each one represented the Child Jesus, and lavished on them our care and tenderness. And I am right when I imagine you would have done the same... Inasmuch as their names were Mary and Bernard...

We have learnt that Rev. Father C. must leave to-morrow for X. We have every reason to believe that he will be able to mail you this letter from there. Ah! how glad I shall be, for these lines will put an end to your worries in my regard.

Rest assured, dear father and mother, that I do not let a day pass without giving you a large share in my prayers and merits. I also pray for Bernard, so exposed since he has joined the Army, and for the other brothers and sisters who, doubtless, have grown up much since I last saw them. But, on this New Year's Day, it is with renewed ardour that I have requested of the Author of all good His choicest blessings for you.

In a few seconds, the bell will call me back to my "lambs". I therefore will close my letter by embracing you with all the affection of my heart, as also each member of the family, and I respectfully bow under the paternal hand to receive the blessing that has always been the source of great happiness for me.

Your missionary daughter,

MARY.

"Ah! how good God is!" exclaimed Mrs. D. after having finished the reading. "See how He has amply and delicately rewarded our charity towards His poor ones on New Year's Day. Yes, little Mary was inspired when she said, 'God will give it back to you!'"

And that night, in that family blessed by God, all hearts were filled with lively sentiments of joy and gratitude.

O charity, how beautiful thou art, and how we have reason to admire and love thee!...

O charity, if God, Who considers as done unto Him what is done to the poor, does not leave unrewarded a cup of cold water given in His Name, what will He not grant to those who, by thee, do much more for His love?

O charity, source of joy and happiness, come and radiate forever in my heart and in that of all men!...



## My Peace

*In God are centered all my hopes of peace,  
His Heart entemples all my thrilling joys;  
I bask beneath His smile of changeless love,  
Serenity is mine — that naught alloys.*

*The Holy Will, the mercy of my God,  
His fond affection, pressing, yet so meek —  
All these are now the manna of my soul —  
The Food prepared with love no man can speak!*

*And who is God? — The Mighty and the Great,  
The Beautiful — the Truth, Unchangeable!  
Our souls are but a shrine that hides Him there,  
That holds a Presence most adorable!*

*He also is a Father, provident,  
Whose sweet benignity to men was told:  
He came to earth as God made very small,  
In Bethlehem, one starry night of old.*

*He taught us why, upon this weary sphere,  
The human soul makes pilgrimage of pain;  
And how, from sight of misery below,  
Our gaze must part, His Happiness attain.*

*If only man could cross the vestibule,  
And penetrate the secret of that bliss  
Which is the portion of the friends of God!  
Ah! then, who could this world with sadness miss?*

*For happiness the human soul's athirst,  
And every day his searching is in vain;  
He leaves with tears his dear illusions all —  
Could he but catch one Heavenly refrain!*

*Could he but know that there the Fountain-head  
Of truthful joy will spring eternally,  
To quench the thirsting for the Infinite  
Which is the passion of humanity!*

*Oh! teach me, Lord, to make my days on earth  
A time of telling men Thy Love, Thy ways,  
And bringing souls within Thy Sacred Heart,  
In prelude to sweet Heaven's endless days!*

— THE PRECURSOR

# A Modern Martyr

*Blessed Theophane Vénard*

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

*(Continued)*

Fr. Vénard continues his recital to his sister a few weeks later as follows: —

“ WESTERN MISSION, TONG-KING,

*Vinh-Tri, July 31, 1854.*

MY DEAREST SISTER, — You have doubtless read my letter to Henry and Eusebius, describing our voyage from Macao to Tong-king; we heard afterwards that if we had delayed our landing for a few hours only, the news of our death would have followed that of our arrival; for three royal ships, having heard a rumor of our coming, surrounded the Chinese junk in which we had taken our passage, and examined her minutely in every part, as well as other vessels, so that no escape would have been possible. But God preserved us, and at that very moment we were enjoying the refined hospitality of Bishop Alcazar. We stayed there eight days but I was ill all the time. An Annamite doctor gave me some kind of tonic which enabled me at last to continue my journey. You will wonder at hearing me talk of doctors and medicines, as you probably imagine that I am in a country of savages. But you must know that the civilization of the Annamites equals, if it does not surpass in some points, that of Europe; and they possess physicians of undeniable skill and very high reputations in the country. The one who attended me could tell at once by the pulse the nature of my malady and said that it arose from derangement of the liver. From Bishop Alcazar's we went on to Bishop Hermozilla, a venerable man, like an ancient column standing amidst the ruins. Nothing can equal the simplicity and piety of this good old bishop. One day, while we were there, the heads of the mission came to him with a complaint that the peasants had not paid up what they call 'the rice of the Blessed Virgin,' a species of tithe for the maintenance of the altars, levied on the congregations, and put under Our Lady's protection. The bishop took the side of the poor, as the rice harvest that month had failed, and he finally gained their cause. We stayed only two days at this episcopal *palace*. Don't let the name mislead you. A bishop's residence here means a poor cabin, half wood and half mud, thatched with straw. The houses are all of the same kind and it is easy to get used to them, for the climate is very hot. All one needs is protection from the sun and the rain.

“ The churches are not more beautiful. A straw roof, sustained by wooden pillars, which are hung with silk on festivals, that is all our splendor. A few rough boards form the altar. If the Annamite Church enjoyed any kind of peace, even for a time, more sumptuous temples would be built. But now it is not worth while to construct anything but temporary buildings, which may be removed at the breaking out of any fresh persecution. After a few days we started for the Central Vicariate of the Spanish Fathers. We were to have gone by water, but the wind was against us. So we had



to be transported in hammocks, according to the custom of the country, and in this way to traverse many pagan villages. Once we passed near a great market or fair which was being held on the roadside. We were just in the middle of this fair, when we came upon the house of a mandarin, the *great man* of the place. Now it is a rule that all travellers, unless of superior rank, shall go on foot before these residences, to testify their respect. We did not dare to conform to this usage and thereby show ourselves to the crowd. Our bearers quickened their pace to a trot. Presently came the cry after us, 'Who are those men that do not get down from their nets?' The catechist, at the head of our escort, replied that we were 'sick people of his household.' 'At least let them lower their nets,' replied the sentinel. The bearers were compelled to obey. Fr. Legrand, who knows the language, was in a blue fright. I, on the contrary, who did not in the least understand our danger, thought that we were supposed to get out, and with joy began to stretch my legs. The bearers, luckily, did not give me time, but hurriedly raised us again and trotted on. If the pagans had paid us a visit what a prize they would have found! We soon came to the river and found several Christian junks, into one of which we gladly stepped, our rowers conveying us safely to the hut of Bishop Diaz, Vicar Apostolic of the Central Mission of Tong-king. Two couriers were waiting for us there, sent by Bishop Retord to escort us to our final destination. After a few days' rest we bade good-bye to their cordial, frank, and noble Spanish hospitality, and the last stage of our journey began, not less dangerous. We went in a junk by night, and had to pass a citadel guarded by four hundred soldiers, stationed there to protect a rice granary belonging to the king. When our boat was opposite the citadel, we were hailed and asked who we were. The owners of the junk replied that we were mandarins. The soldiers did not believe this, and very soon we heard a drum sound the alarm, and in a moment a vessel came after us in hot pursuit. Luckily, we had a favorable wind, and as we were some distance ahead, their boat could not reach us. A second junk was behind us, carrying our baggage and attendants. This they attacked, but our men defended themselves bravely, so that they too escaped. This will give you some idea, dearest sister, of the way in which we travel in Tong-king. One goes generally by night, for greater security; sometimes by water, on rivers or canals, with a continual change of boats; sometimes by land, like mighty lords, in palanquins, or on the backs of slaves in a species of net or hammock, with matting at the side which hides you from the passers-by. Sometimes one can go only on foot, without shoes, in the little narrow paths between the rice-fields. If it be daytime, one has a fair chance of escaping the difficulties of the road, but at night one must be content to walk 'clumpity-clump,' falling into holes one moment, into rice-water the next, unable to find a firm footing anywhere; and often, when you think you are going on swimmingly, your foot slips on the greasy, damp soil, and you measure your length in the mud. Now, don't you think this is a very picturesque way of travelling? I don't say that it is not a little fatiguing now and then, but I assure you it is very laughable at times and gives rise to a host of comical adventures.

"On the 13th of this month we arrived at the scene of our future labors, and I was introduced for the first time to my Vicar Apostolic, the illustrious Bishop Retord, whose name you so often read in the 'Annals.' I found His Grace busy giving a retreat previous to an ordination. Bishop Jeantet, his coadjutor, and Dean of the Tong-king Mission, was helping him. Two other missionaries had also arrived on business. We were therefore six Europeans together — two bishops and four missionary priests — a rare event in Tong-king. . . . You can't think how happy I felt to be one of them; there was such frankness and simplicity — such goodness and condescension on the part of our superiors. Very soon we felt as if we had known one another all our lives, and we talked of every conceivable subject — France, Rome, the Russian war, etc.; and before we separated, we sang together a whole heap of new and old songs and national hymns."

Soon after he wrote to Fr. Dallet, —

"Whom do you think I found here with Bishop Retord? Who but my dearest friend, Fr. Theurel, to whom I had said good-bye with such bitter tears only one short year ago. What now of *possibilities*, eh! Father Dallet? Here I have been a month in all the delights of Tong-king, for I assure you there are great pleasures here. Theurel preaches, confesses, burns with desire for work; his health is as good as possible. Mine, perhaps, is not first-rate, but what is the use of complaining? You know the fable, 'Weak health often goes on longest.' So I console myself. Courage! I am always repeating those maxims of St. Teresa's, —

"'Let nothing disturb thee!  
Let nothing affright thee!  
All passeth away;  
God only shall stay.  
Patience wins all;  
Who hath God needeth nothing,  
For God is his all.'"

"I forgot to tell you that all our worldly goods were pillaged by the pagans, so that we are destitute of everything; but what does that signify? He who has God lacks nothing. You will easily believe that my first visit was to the tomb of Fr. Bonnard. It is close to the altar of the College Chapel."

If Fr. Vénard was pleased to find his old friend at Tong-king, the joy to Fr. Theurel was equally great.

"Who would ever have said, or thought, or imagined such good fortune!" exclaimed the latter in a letter to their mutual friend, Father Dallet. "However improbable it may seem, it is nevertheless a positive fact, that here are Father Vénard and I, *together*, in this western mission of Tong-king, actually in the same village, in the same house, in the same room! To describe the pleasure, the joy it has given us! . . . Yes, but then I feel as if you would break your heart at not being here too. Nevertheless, you must take comfort. Will you believe it? Vénard, who has been here only a month, already speaks the language with a perfect accent. I think his little voice is made for it. 'All goes well.' I can only wish you the joy and peace of the poor little Tong-king missionaries."



Theophane's happiness in being at last fairly embarked on his work, and in the very mission he would have chosen above all others, found vent in an enthusiastic poem. This outpouring of his heart was occupied with the three great objects of his life: work, the salvation of souls, and death.

(To be continued)

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## The Divine Plan

When the work of Redemption was undertaken it was formulated upon a divine plan which required, and continues to need, the cooperation of every man, woman and child if it is to achieve the complete and universal success desired by Christ. Pope Pius XI, in his famous "Rerum Ecclesiae" had summed up the matter in the following memorable words: "Even though the missionaries labor zealously; though they work and toil and even lay down their lives in leading the pagans to the Catholic religion; though they employ all industry and diligence and all human means, still all this shall be of no avail, all their efforts shall go to naught, unless God touches the hearts of the pagans to soften them and to draw them to Him. Now, it is easy to see that everyone has the opportunity to pray, and so this help, the very nourishment of the missions, is within the power of all to supply."

Besides this sustaining force which keeps alive the fire of zeal in the hearts of missionaries and melts the frozen hardness of paganism and indifferentism, there is another part of the divine plan which devolves upon those who are not actively engaged in the mission apostolate. This is the support which is given by the laity to maintain the works of the priests, brothers and sisters at work in home and foreign fields, and it is a feature which marked Catholicity from its very foundation. The Acts of the Apostles are filled with references to the generous understanding and cooperation shown Christ's missionaries by the generosity of the early Christians.

With the upheaval caused by the reformation this fire of charity seemed to die or to be limited to those upon whom the blight of denial had not fallen. But by the beginning of the 19th century that fire, which can never be extinguished, was renewed, and The Society for the Propagation of the Faith came into being. The plan for its foundation was not conceived in the mind of a cloistered religious or in the heart of a mighty doctor of the Church. The young Pauline Jaricot, the Society's foundress, was a fun-loving girl of Lyons, France. However her desire for a good time was superseded by her affection for her brother who was studying for the priesthood and intended to work in the missions. To help him and his confreres became the dominant thought in her life—the motivation of her every activity. Day after day she went among the people of her own city, in through the portals of its famous silk mills, asking from each one she encountered, the modest offering of a daily prayer and a sou for the missions. Perhaps the very simplicity of Pauline Jaricot's plan, re-enacting as it did the Redeemer's divine plan—was the reason for its greatness.

Today, after one and hundred twenty years of fruitful effort that same Society is striving for greater aid for the missions, knowing that today they face the most crucial period of their history and that their success or failure depends, according to the divine plan, upon the charity of the faithful. There is no doubt that their cooperation continues for only last August the Holy Father gave personal proof of his satisfaction for what has been accomplished by an eighty-two year old woman of Dublin, Rosanna Byrne. It is over seventy years since she first began collecting for The Society for the Propagation of the Faith but during that period she has obtained 58,000 pounds sterling for the missions. Now, as a mark of his appreciation for what she has done Christ's own Vicar has bestowed upon Rosanna Byrne "La Medaglia Benemerenti" and we know that the Redeemer's divine plan is still being followed.

There are two other concrete evidences of what may be accomplished when the laity really cooperate wholeheartedly in the mission apostolate of the Church. Fifty-four years ago the widow, Stephanie Beigard and her daughter, Jeanne, were moved by the appeal of Bishop Cousin of Nagasaki, Japan, to solicit alms for the education and maintenance of young men preparing for the priesthood in mission lands. As a consequence of their work The Society of St. Peter for Native Clergy was established and the organization has since been raised to the status of a pontifical society.

Like the echo of Pauline Jaricot's zeal, the Bigard charity has found an answer in the United States. An humble and retiring woman of the diocese of Manchester, N. H., Irene Farley by name, caught the torch from the hands of the two pioneering French women, and has accomplished truly remarkable results. Within ten years \$150,000 was collected by her and today, while she is cooperating with the Pontifical Society of St. Peter for Native Clergy, her personal record of achievement proves once more the integral and important part played by the laity in the fulfillment of the divine plan for the mission apostolate.

— Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDONNELL.

# At the Foot of the Crib



*O Jesus, sweet Holy Child! I abandon myself to Thy divine caprice. Imprint within me Thy childlike graces and virtues.*

ST. TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS.

The Sacred Liturgy brings back the celebration of the Birth of our Divine Saviour. In a poor stable, on the straw of a crib, the whole mystery of Christmas is represented: the Eternal Son of God become a little child, born of a Virgin, calling all hearts to Him to reveal to them the infinite love and great mercy of the Blessed Trinity for men, to give them the example of the most sublime virtues, and dispense to them graces of conversion and sanctification.

Christian friends, let us often kneel at the foot of the Crib to learn the many lessons taught us there, and receive the blessings flowing therefrom; to lavish upon our sweet Redeemer our most respectful adoration and all the love of our hearts. Our Lord is pleased to see us honour His Holy Childhood and choose it for the model of our spiritual life. At the school of this adorable Child we shall soon learn to better love our Heavenly Father and serve Him faithfully, that which brings unutterable joy to His tender Heart.

We shall also learn to adorn our souls with the virtues which may merit Heaven for us. "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," (Matt. XVIII, 3) said Our Saviour. The little children with the virtues characterizing them are therefore our models, and He, more especially, Who, being infinitely perfect, came down from Heaven under the features of a child, and wished to be set as an example, that we might walk in His footsteps.

Yes, let us come at the foot of the Crib to meditate on the virtues of which the Christ-Child gives us such touching examples, and let us ask Him to adorn our hearts with them.

Let us ask Him to keep us pure from the contagion of the world, to render us humble and simple in our thoughts and in our dealings with God and our neighbour, to render us perfectly submissive to the Will of God, and to the observance of His law; may He inflame our hearts with zeal for His glory.

And these precious graces, let us ask them also for all men, our brothers; for the sinners, especially, who are living far from God, that, touched by the grace of repentance, they may return to be forgiven; for the unfortunate



pagans who never knew the joys of Christmas, and never tasted the sweetness of a heart to heart conversation with the Divine Babe, that they may come to the light of the Gospel and to the joy and liberty of the children of God.

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## 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
November-December.....		\$39.50	

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

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

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## 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.*

Sincere thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour she has obtained for me. A subscriber. — Thanksgiving to the Little Flower of Jesus for a favour received. Miss L. B., Scarborough, P. Q. — Lively gratitude to St. Teresa for the cure of my daughter. Mrs. R., St. Félix de Valois. — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Miss G. G., Montreal. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a grace obtained through her intercession. Mrs. C. R., Montreal. — I wish to express my gratitude towards the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a favour she has obtained for me. A. T., Village Richelieu. — Homage of gratitude to St. Teresa of Lisieux for a grace obtained. W. G. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour obtained through her intercession; I once more solicit her protection. Mrs. N. L., Amos. — Kindly publish my gratitude towards the dear Patroness of Missionaries for a favour received through her intercession. Mrs. E. L., St. Victor. — I am coming to acquit myself of a promise in thanksgiving for a grace obtained. Mrs. W. M., Frenchville, Me. — A thousand thanks to the "Little Flower of Carmel" for favours received through her intercession. F. L., Rivière Bleue.



## CHINA

### *A visit to the lepers of Shek Lung before the war*

Shek Lung, an island in the Pearl River, is unknown to many and dreaded by those who do know about it. On this island some seven hundred persons gnawed by the most horrible disease — leprosy — live, suffer and pray, lodged in wretched one-room dwellings. All in these poor creatures is repulsive, if viewed from a human standpoint; but, seen through the Heart of Christ, their aspect is quite different; they appear to us as suffering members of our Saviour.

Thanks to the chaulmoogra oil treatments, the horrible sores are not so common as before; but when the patient has a sudden attack, his fingers fall joint after joint, then his hands and feet. His face resembles that of a man who has been burnt. It swells but does not blister. Some can no longer close their eyes, their eye-lids are turned inside out; their ears lengthen. All that is left of their nose is the nostrils which still sensibly close. Some, having no more feet, walk on their knees or make use of a small stool; others are carried on the backs of charitable companions.

In the large hall occupied by the lepers, each one makes himself a little home. Around a few boards placed on trestles, serving as a bed, he arranges all his belongings: clothes, basin, stove, dishes, stool, etc. . . .

To strengthen these weakened bodies, extra food would be necessary, but all our poverty can afford is a meager portion of rice and a small quantity of vegetables; and this only twice a day. Nevertheless lack of food is not what these poor patients consider the most painful. Actually, their greatest sorrow is caused by the cruel prospect of being without a coffin after their death. Wood being extremely expensive and scarce, the Sisters cannot buy any for the making of coffins, so the same bier must serve for all; the deceased person is carried to the cemetery, and when the coffin is lowered in the grave, the bottom opens up, letting the corpse fall; the casket is then brought back to the Lazaretto to serve for another's remains.

Most of the lepers who come in contact with the missionaries abandon the worship of their gods and become Christians. Religion ennobles these poor creatures soured by the hardships of life; and, little by little, faith penetrating into their ulcerated heart, their countenance brightens up with a ray of heavenly gladness. The Lazaretto becomes for them the vestibule



to Heaven; they praise God even for their misfortunes. The devotedness of the Sister-Infirmarians is also a constant predication of the truth and divinity of our Holy Religion. The poor patients are touched by the affection the latter show them, as most of them had been rejected from their homes and no longer knew the joys of friendship.

To prove their gratitude to their Heavenly Father, what courage each one displays to make himself useful to the very last, taking care of those who are worse, weaving, sewing, working in the garden, carrying in the water, which, for all uses, must be painfully drawn from the river.

The harvest of the Island is far from being sufficient for the needs of this large family; all, however, content with what is strictly necessary, are happy: the patients, because they are protected and loved here while everyone elsewhere shuns and despises them; the missionaries, because, working solely for God Whom they see in these repulsive stumps of humanity, they have the ineffable happiness of offering Him souls which, after this miserable life, will enjoy unending bliss.

On this Isle of suffering has been established the perpetual recitation of the Rosary. Nothing is more touching than to hear the sweet yet grave voices of the leprous women. From their humble chapel a cry of faith and gratitude rises to the throne of the Immaculate Virgin: *Sa I Fuk Malea...* This uninterrupted hymn of praise to the powerful Queen of the afflicted brings strength and consolation to them in their painful trials.

O you, who have been favoured with the gifts of nature and grace, do not cease thanking God for His liberality. Let your hearts be touched at the thought of these wretched sufferers who, by a permission of Divine Providence, are reduced to utter destitution. May your charity, your gratitude, generous souls, find their expression in



RAVAGED BY LEPROSY

ardent prayers for your unfortunate brothers; may your apostolic zeal render you ingenious in finding means of assisting them in their distress!

## CANTON

### *One Evening at "Our Lady of Providence" Foundling-Home*

It was at the moment when the gleaners would come to the Foundling-Home with the sheaves of children they had gathered on the roadsides, the river banks, or again, in the midst of the ruins of a great city devastated by the horrors of war.

More than one poor babe had been gleaned in an idolatrous family that was about to immolate the innocent victim to appease the wrath of the gods, or to comply with a barbarous superstitious custom.

Since morning ten little babies had been brought to us. They were now sleeping peacefully in their humble cots, sheltered from all harm. Suddenly, an old grandmother was seen plodding painfully along with a five or six-year-old girl on her back. Extreme poverty to which the terrible scourge — war — has reduced the whole population, had determined the old woman to rid herself of her granddaughter, since she had not the means of buying her a coffin — this is considered the greatest humiliation for a Chinese.

\* The sight of this child made us shudder: the rags in which she was wrapped up, her dishevelled hair, her repulsive filthiness and, moreover, the sores which covered her body, her glassy eyes but half open, warned us without doubt that before long the child would no longer be of this earth.



THE LITTLE ONES' DORMITORY AT "OUR LADY OF PROVIDENCE" FOUNDLING-HOME, CANTON, CHINA.



Rejoiced at the thought of offering a new soul to God, Sister poured the Saving Waters upon her livid brow, making her an elect of Paradise, and then saw to preparing her a place in her large family. To this end she withdrew, and, after a few moments, returned to conclude the purchase of the child; but, oh surprise! the little one had already crossed the threshold of eternity. Through a merciful permission of Divine Providence, she had arrived at the Mission just in time to be gratified with the inestimable gift of Baptism!

The Missionary, exulting with happiness because one more soul was to sing the praises of God, thought that, very far from China, perhaps, a fervent soul had said a prayer, or made a sacrifice for the salvation of the poor pagans. And God, accepting this apostolic devotedness, had applied its fruits to this forsaken child.

For the ransom of immortal souls, Infinite Goodness sometimes demands so little: a trifle; but, accomplished through love, it acquires the value of gold, and becomes the source of great graces which flow in abundance, marvelously fecundating the barren land of paganism. One more soul given to God thanks to the offering of a secret sacrifice! . . . What a touching and consoling mystery of the ways of Divine Providence! . . .

## MANCHUKUO

### *A Scatterer of Happiness*

On the dusty road leading to Tchengkiatoen Mission, the Sister-Infirmarian was returning from a visit to sick people who had requested the help of the *Catholic Doctor*. To several homes she had brought joy and comfort, she had opened Heaven to a few dying children, and now, she was singing a hymn of gratitude to Divine Providence for the consolations bestowed upon her.

Before entering the Convent, she paid a last visit to a wretched family in the neighbourhood. The preceding evening, she had christened there a five-year old boy at the point of death, and she wished to see her protégé.

According to a painful superstitious custom, the child was lying on a straw mat at the entrance of the hovel; his dying eyes bore an expression of anxiety. Without trying to find out the cause of this visible fear, the Missionary prepared to give her care to the little moribund, when, suddenly, the latter turning to his mother, seated by his side, asked her: "Mamma, when I shall have been thrown away to the dogs, will you still think of me?" Receiving no answer, he asked the same question to his sister, hoping, no doubt, to receive some consolation from her. But the young girl, a pagan like her mother, remained silent. Sister understood that the time marked by God to instruct her little patient had come. "No," she said, "you will not be thrown away to the dogs, for I have poured the Waters of Baptism on your brow. Now you are the child of God. After your death, the missionaries will buy you a coffin in which you will be laid; you will be carried to the church, then buried."

The livid countenance of the dying child brightened up with a ray of joy at this news. The thought that a coffin would protect his body from the famished beasts made him face death without fear.

In Manchukuo exists a sad custom which demands that the children be never buried, but rather thrown in the fields to become a prey to the dogs and swine. It is even a good sign if the little corpse is devoured almost immediately; otherwise the parents are scorned and despised by their



A MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AND A NATIVE VIRGIN  
LEAVING FOR A VISIT TO THE SICK IN A WHEELBARROW

neighbours who tell them: "What was your child good for? Even the dogs will not have him!"

One will easily guess that another *Magnificat* rose from the heart of the Missionary as she ended her round. She thanked God for the happiness she had experienced on restoring peace to a dying child. She also gave thanks for her fellow-countrymen who never had such fears at their last hour. The poorest of them never apprehended to be devoured by beasts after his death!...

## VANCOUVER

*Diary of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception  
at St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital.*

### Saturday, May 2, 1942

The radiant sunshine seemingly wished to join us in singing the joy which filled our souls. The new house of which we have taken possession yesterday and which, after having been enlarged will become "Mount St. Joseph Hospital", is to be blessed this afternoon.

Great, indeed, is our joy. It is that of the sower in possession of new land in which he will cast seed which will produce a harvest.

From eight to ten patients will arrive soon: the first fruits of the harvest which, we hope, will be abundant.



Mr. and Mrs. Wright, the tenants of the house we have succeeded in buying after a thousand difficulties, are the founders of a modern religion: *The Zion Tabernacle*. Mrs. Wright, herself, gave us the following details: "It had never occurred to my husband and to me that there could be a God. During our stay in the Yukon mines, in presence of that magnificent Nature and the extraordinary facts which were marks of the visible protection of a Superior Being in imminent dangers, we could not help exclaiming: 'Certainly, there is a God, the proofs are too evident not to acknowledge the fact.' After having spent seven years in that distant land, we returned to Vancouver, without gold or silver, but rich with the gift of Faith. It was then that we resolved to found a religion, that God might be honoured and loved, and that charity might be practised towards the poor. Our house has become the resort of every human misery."

These folks are surely of good faith, and we hope that one day or another God will grant them the grace to enter into the only true Church which, by her dogma, moral and worship, satisfies the human soul in its aspiration towards its Creator.

### **Monday, May 18**

Where are these two Sisters going down a street of Chinatown? Let us follow them. There they are stopped before a high dingy door opening on a stairway where the foul air catches your throat. In the corners of the walls, scarcely disturbed by a destructive broom, giant spiders are spinning their webs. At last, the visitors have reached the third storey! In an immense garret, partitioned by rudimentary walls, live forty Chinese. At the moment, all are gone out to work excepting a dying man.

The wretch is lying on a hard bed of boards, having under his head a semblance of pillow. His face brightens up on perceiving the Sisters; these are his friends, and his first care is to show them his gangrened foot, awful to see. It emits a sickening odour; what a wound!...

Such a miserable body conceals an immortal soul which we must especially think of. So, while trying to relieve the sufferings of this poor wretch, the Sister-Infirmarian soothes his aching heart with the consoling truths of our Holy Faith. She recalls to him the catechism lessons he has already heard at the dispensary; then, upon his request, she pours upon his brow the Purifying Stream.

Their patient is now a child of God, ready to go and sing the praises of his Father in Heaven. They entrust him to the care of the Angels and the merciful Virgin, and return, singing the canticle of gratitude.

### **Wednesday, May 27**

Dora Chu, one of our tuberculous patients, was at the point of death, and anxiously the Sister-Nurse watched by her bedside, for the dying girl kept postponing to the morrow the great and most important question of Baptism. "Yes," did she slowly repeat, "I shall be baptized later!" Later! And her pulse was very low; already her hands had grown cold!...

"O Holy Virgin, whom we never invoke in vain," prayed Sister, "through your merciful power, obtain for us the salvation of this soul!"

Oh! what happiness! to another question the patient immediately replied, "Very well!" and a smile of ecstatic beauty revealed her joy. The Saving Waters flowed upon her brow and the priest came to complete the ceremonies of Baptism. Scarcely were the ritual prayers ended, when the regenerated soul of Dora Chu winged its flight to its Creator and Saviour.

### **Sunday, June 7**

It was Corpus Christi and the dark, gloomy sky made us apprehend the impossibility of having the procession.

Preparations were made nevertheless and, towards two o'clock, despite the uncertainty of the weather, we betook ourselves to the Cathedral, rallying point of all the Catholics of the City. The procession was organized and advanced towards the modest repository gracefully adorned with roses and verdure, awaiting the golden ostensorium carried by His Excellency Archbishop Duke.

Along the way, a goodly number of Protestants or unbelievers crowded to see the procession.

During Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, heavy clouds gathered over our heads and the rain began to sprinkle the pious throng. But, oh touching incident! Scarcely had the Sacred Host been raised in a last blessing when the shower ceased and the sky became serene again. Was it not, so to say, a repetition of that act of the Son of God stilling the tempest on the sea of Galilee? . . .

In a substantial allocution, Father Myers set out the marvelous relations existing between Catholic Action and the Holy Eucharist, fruitful source and hearth of all apostolate.

May this day of prayer and earnest supplication draw upon Canada graces, light and protection in the present hours of anguish!

### **Saturday, June 20**

During a first stay at our Hospital, a few years ago, Toshio Isoshima, a Japanese boy, had learnt about the Blessed Virgin and how to pray to her. This kind Mother was to respond to his tokens of filial love by graces of protection and conversion.

A few days ago the patient was returning to us dying. Tuberculosis had become generalized, and all his organs were affected by it. Poor Toshio! all was over for him, then, and so young? . . . No, all was about to begin.

This morning, Sister Superior visited him and, seeing him very pale, of that pallor which dispels all doubts, said to him: "You seem to be suffering very much; how I wish I were able to provide you with your passport for Heaven!" Spontaneously, Toshio stretched out his hand as to receive the precious ticket offered him and his countenance brightened up with a confident smile! Sister explained to him that after receiving Baptism, his soul would be more beautiful than the lovely flowers on his table. "Yes,"



he replied, "I have been hoping to be made a child of God for a long time. This thought haunts me!"

The priest of the Japanese mission was called immediately, and the young patient answered the prayers in his mother tongue. "What happiness!" he exclaimed after the ceremony, "I feel ready to fly up to my Father in Heaven! How good the Blessed Virgin has been to me! Sister, would you give mamma a picture of Our Lady of Lourdes as a souvenir of my Baptism? My medal, my beads and my prayer-book are my friends; since I have learnt to know them, I have always kept them with me." A few moments later he added: "I am suffering very much now, but I offer it all up for Heaven!"

### **Wednesday, June 24**

Mrs. Young Kee, who arrived at our Hospital some time ago, always refused to hear about our Holy Religion. Yesterday, seeing death was close at hand, Sister Marguerite de Jésus<sup>(1)</sup>, her nurse, made a last attempt: "If you accepted a medal of the Blessed Virgin, it seems to me she would help you, you are suffering so much!" To our great joy, the patient acquiesced to what was proposed to her.

This afternoon, her husband came to see her and, anxious, inquired: "Have you given her medicine?" Delicately the Sister-Nurse warned him that there was no hope of recovery for his wife, but that, if he consented to have us baptize her, she would be happy in the next world; her death would be a prelude to eternal bliss. "Of course, I consent," answered he. And this pagan husband made himself the apostle of his agonizing wife, exhorting her to become a Christian. The dying woman complied with this desire and, with the grace of regeneration, received the name Mary Teresa. Shortly afterwards, she quietly expired in the peace of the Lord, kissing her medal. Her last farewell was this consoling statement: "I die happy and content!"

### **Thursday, June 25**

In his deep and childlike gratitude for the great gift of Faith granted him, Eng Young did not exactly know how to thank God. He called the Sister-Nurse lately and said: "Sister, will you please teach me how to pray."

"Pray! Why, that's very easy," answered Sister. "All you have to do is speak to God and to the Blessed Virgin as you speak to me and to your friends. You don't have to take your prayer-book since it tires you."

"Oh! I understand," came his reply. "Thank you, Sister."

A little later in the day, as she passed by the patient's ward, a Sister was edified to see him hands clasped and eyes turned towards the Madonna. He was praying to her like this: "O Blessed Virgin, you are my Mother; you are a nurse also, are you not? So, take good care of me, help me to be good; I love you very much!"

Has not this simple soul received the gift of humble and confident prayer, which causes Heaven to stoop towards the earth?...

1. Emilia MARTIN, St. Francois d'Assise, Bonaventure Co.

**Thursday, July 16**

Poor old Wong! Ill in body and mind, he does not receive much sympathy from his neighbours who too often scorn him and turn him away.

The Sister who takes care of him does all in her power to protect him and show him the kindest devotedness, for she sees in him the suffering body of our Saviour.

In one of these moments when the patient's mind seemed to be lucid, she succeeded in obtaining his consent to be baptized. To-day, with unutterable joy, she poured the Saving Waters upon his brow and called him Joseph Simon Carmel.

**Wednesday, July 22**

Tobacco is very expensive nowadays, and when one is a poor old man of the Home like Tomigaro Abé especially, one must think over things twice before making such an expense! . . . But grandpa found a marvelous recipe to deceive his craving for smoking: that is work. He cannot walk, yet, when the weather is fine, he has himself taken out in the garden, sits on a heavy rug, then, with a pair of scissors and a small spade, he digs, cuts, pulls up the weeds, and sometimes, even, the good plants. . . . No matter, our Japanese is happy. "Oh! Sister," he says, "it does me good to work. I don't feel like smoking and . . . it saves money! When you give me books that speak about God, I like that too!" Then, indicating one of his companions, he continues, teasingly: "Give him books too; he is sometimes disagreeable, it would certainly do him good!"

**Thursday, July 23**

Lum Choy had just had a very bad hemorrhage; he was so weak that we thought he was going to die; but his regenerated soul was ready to take its flight to its Creator. The Sister-Nurse and the Virgin-Catechist who were watching by his bedside spoke to him of Heaven, of eternal happiness, and recited various prayers. To the rhythm of the Lord's Prayer and the Angelical Salutation, the dying man fell into such a deep sleep that on awaking he was altogether lost.

"Am I in Heaven?" he asked, somewhat disappointed. "Have I not died?"

"No, not yet."

"Hurry and tell *Tin Tu* (God) to come for me."

"It perhaps would be better to ask Him yourself."

"Oh! yes, *Tin Tu*, come and get me quick!" And the moribund kissed his crucifix in an act of Faith and Love.

Responding to so confident a prayer, Our Heavenly Father called to Himself His child who had known Him very late, but who loved Him with his whole heart, and wished to go and see Him as soon as possible.

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Zeal for the salvation of souls is but ardent charity, a consuming desire to have them attain eternal happiness by fidelity in God's service.

— Saint VINCENT DE PAUL.



# Jottings

## OUTREMONT

### *An Afternoon at "St. Bernadette" Workroom*

Under the purple and gold foliage forming a dome to the long avenue leading to our Convent, small groups of Ladies can be seen wending their way to the Workroom. For, faithful messenger, October's gentle breeze has thrown, as in the past, a joyous appeal to Christian charity. And, graciously, smilingly, the Ladies of "St. Bernadette Circle" have responded with renewed enthusiasm: "Here we are!"



THE WORKROOM, OUTREMONT

"Here we are!"... and yet, in the cheery room, around the table, here, there, close to the loom, there are vacant places... And the glad meeting after three months of holidays, and the gay laughers and the friendly chats, cannot entirely dissipate the shadow of melancholy hovering over these vacant places all would so like to see once more occupied.

The reason is that "St. Bernadette" Workroom numbers, among its Workers of the first hour, valiant women

whose advanced age does not permit their carrying on activities like in the past. Another reason, we must add, is that God severs, as He does in the richly-tinted foliage of October, sometimes one, sometimes another of these labourers whom a life well filled has rendered ready for the eternal reward.

While active needles are busily plied by nimble fingers, while in this loved atmosphere all hearts are rejoiced, thoughts drift to one, especially whom the Good Master has taken from their midst: dear Mrs. E. A. Marchildon, that so many years in succession have seen faithful to the rendez-vous; who, in a word, has always so well answered the call of the missions, and now realizes the truth of these words, "He who helps the apostle has a right to the apostle's recompense." They think also, and with what immense consolation, that that recompense is royal and eternal!...

And in the buzzing hive, there is friendly and cheerful chatting. Each worker is greeted with a smile and the most cordial affability. When a new one joins the group, she is given the warmest welcome and room is made for her; already she feels at home, she is one of the family... For "St. Bernadette" Sewing-Circle has a heart as vast as the world,

vast as that of its first President, the ever-loved and kind Mrs. Arthur Berthiaume; it opens its doors to all the ladies who wish to devote themselves to mission works and have leisure time. It even invites and urges them to come and co-operate in so beautiful a work.

Do not the Workroom statistics eloquently illustrate the good done during these hours of labour? . . . Does not the voice of the hundreds of orphans who have been clad thanks to this work of devotedness, highly exalt its necessity?

One may protest at the present hour, on thinking that the war has closed the doors of many foreign countries. But who knows if to-morrow they will not be opened anew . . . and then, let us consider the great departure of missionaries; let us see them provided with what is necessary to partly relieve the great distress that reigns over there. . . And if, God forbid, these doors remain obstinately closed, let us not fear that the apostles will remain on our coasts . . . Christ, in an inviting gesture, will show other horizons, and the alms, the benefits, and the work done at the Workroom will be their riches for these new lands.

An afternoon at the Sewing-Circle is very quickly passed. The first one this year is already drawing to a close. Let us admire on the tables the warm underwear almost finished. But a bell rings for the Month of the Rosary. The vast hall is gradually emptied, and all betake themselves to the chapel adorned with symbolical roses. Our Lady lovingly looks upon the ardent and faithful workers, and the Master of the world enriches them with a Divine blessing. Provided with this heavenly treasure, each one cheerfully returns home, saying, "I'll be back soon!"

### QUEBEC

On the 24th of last October, a group of girls who follow the Catholic Action courses given regularly every year in our city, came to "Our Lady of the Cenacle" Retreat House.

During the reunion, a talk on "Closed Retreats" was given. The lecturer spoke thus:

I do not intend to lengthily explain to you what Closed Retreats are. To-day the Work is better known and most of you have perhaps already benefited by these holy exercises. We shall study especially their advantages with regard to *sanctification*, and their advantages with regard to *Catholic Action*, since this question is of particular importance to you.

In studying the History of the Church, we see with what vigilant care this kind Mother watches over the preservation of the Faith and of the Christian spirit in the world. In the different ages she has raised various means to check the false doctrines which threatened to make considerable breaches in the ranks of her militia. Did a new danger arise, immediately she foresaw what remedy had to be given. Nowadays, we do not reflect . . . we let ourselves be taken up by exterior things — the need of activity, of comfort, of pleasures and enjoyment . . . we live for the earth, forgetting that Hell is to be avoided and Heaven to be won . . . Has not the Holy Ghost said: The world is losing itself because it does not reflect? It is a danger which would become ever more serious if the spiritual Heads did not bring the appropriate remedy. And what means has the Holy Ghost inspired to cure this disease from which human society is suffering? "Closed Retreats" . . . You



may say: "Closed Retreats have existed for a long time, since the first one may be traced back to the Cenacle during the life of the Blessed Virgin." Yes, indeed, Retreats are not a recent invention; but, considering the evils with which we are menaced, this work becomes more and more necessary, nay, even, indispensable. It is evident that such is the means chosen by Divine Providence to remedy the evils from which we are suffering.

What is meant by Closed Retreats? The word "closed" explains it. It is a stay more or less long in a special house to follow a series of spiritual exercises under the direction of a priest, but where the greater part of the work must be done by the retreatants. The main point of the Retreat, therefore, is reflection; and it is exactly that which constitutes its superiority over parish Retreats, and even over semi-closed Retreats which seem to be becoming more and more common. I would be wrong in depreciating the latter, and it is not my intention. But let us not delude ourselves; in parish retreats, immediately after the sermons, we return to our daily occupations, to our conversations, and these distractions make us quickly forget, or at least, prevent us from thoroughly understanding, the great truths which have been exposed. A retreat without silence is a retreat without reflection. At a Closed Retreat, everything incites one to silence.

Retreat Houses favour recollection, and thanks to the more complete solitude and to the more precise direction these havens of peace afford, with good will one may easily learn to pray better, to reflect, and to regulate his life. After the lectures the retreatants go to the chapel or to their room and there, in the quiet, in the solitude, the word of God gradually penetrates into their souls; the inspirations of the Holy Ghost come to illuminate and fortify them. The necessity of solitude to reflect is evident. Let us open the Gospel, the Imitation of Christ, we find this truth repeated many a time. The Masters in the spiritual life have made it the base of their perfection. And do we not see a St. Leo the Great, a St. Ignatius, a St. Alphonsus Liguori, and many others, urge certain souls to withdraw into the solitude . . . far from the tumult . . . far from their families . . . far from their occupations in order that **alone** with God they may reflect on the great truths. What does His Holiness Pius XI tell us regarding this, in his Encyclical on Spiritual Exercises? "Above all, it is important that, in the solitude, the soul may apply itself to pious reflections, banishing all cares and anxieties of the daily life."

This work of formation or rather of transformation that we expect of Closed Retreats cannot be wrought in a day. We are not plunged in deep recollection at the very first lecture . . . The mind is still distracted; only little by little does one become interiorly calm, and it is then only that the soul is in a position to profit by the instructions and meditations. It has therefore been acknowledged that if we wish to draw real profit from a retreat, we must consecrate at least three days to it. Otherwise, the result that we have a right to expect is not attained, and what remains sometimes is the painful impression felt during the first hours by certain persons unaccustomed to keeping silence. In certain regions, groups ask for a five-day retreat. But, once again, if we wish for serious work, let us at least accept the three-day Retreat. These three days sometimes suffice to make saints, in consequence of the impetus and orientation given to a life. Has not one single thought meditated on a hospital bed sufficed to make a great saint of Ignatius of Loyola? It is therefore in prayer and in reflection that we shall especially learn the secret of being convinced Catholics, Catholics imbued with the spirit of Christ Whom we shall radiate about us.

And now let us see the advantages of Closed Retreats from the standpoint of Catholic Action. Zeal is the overflowing of our love of God upon our fellowmen. And zeal, that need of doing good to our neighbour, is it not a distinctive characteristic of Catholic Action? Here is what we read in the *Semaine Religieuse de Montreal*: "Catholic Action has a double aim: firstly, the personal sanctification of its members; secondly, the sanctification of others, that is, of those whom, by their influence, they will draw to the practice of religion, or to a more fervent life."



THE VIRGIN OF OUR GROUNDS WELCOMES THE RETREATANTS  
ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT "OUR LADY OF THE CENACLE"  
RETREAT HOUSE, QUEBEC

In what measure shall we be veritable lay apostles? Inasmuch as we shall fill our hearts with God. Apostolate is not a lesson to be studied in a book. We must exercise ourselves in it by the practice of the virtues we commend, or that we desire to see in others. At what school shall we gather that science and strength? . . . A young girl wishes to become a musician . . . what will she do? She will take lessons from a person qualified to develop her talent. She will not seek instructions from a cook. And in the same way, will a girl possessing aptitudes for kitchen work ask her formation from a dressmaker? Let us be logical. We wish, in order to exercise a certain apostolate, to acquire the necessary moral qualities; why not begin by drawing close to One Who possesses these qualities in a greater measure than any other, Who possesses them in an infinite degree, and Who can give them to us? If we wish to accomplish good, veritable good, we must necessarily be impregnated with the Catholic doctrine, and it is in Closed Retreats that, meditating on the great truths, and on the annihilations of the God-Man, our

first Head, we shall see the beauties of our Holy Religion; for it is there, and there only, that we find the Beautiful, the Good, and the Truth. Do you wish to accomplish good in society? To influence someone, you needs must be superior to him, that is, surpass him in a certain measure. You will be listened to by others, you will be able to incite them on, if they distinguish in you a superiority constituted by a sum of virtues that you will have drawn at the foot of your crucifix. Closed Retreats being verily schools of apostolate, they therefore call for an elite. I do not mean an elite according to society, but an elite after the Heart of God, an elite of generous and ardent souls — souls susceptible of letting themselves be transformed by the *Silio* of Calvary.

We are sometimes astonished on hearing women and girls invited to a retreat say that they have no need of it; that they lead a good life! . . . What idea must we then have of Religious Communities whose Rule exacts of every member an annual retreat of eight full days? Must we conclude that they do not lead a good life? Evidently not. But, "he that is just, let him be justified still: and he that



is holy, let him be sanctified still." (Apoc. XXII, 11.) Religious need the retreat to renew themselves in the great work they have undertaken — their sanctification — and to acquire new light, and especially new strength. The same holds good for lay persons who want to come in more intimate contact with the Divine Model, and draw at its very source the apostolic impulse they need.

Of these two advantages of Closed Retreats, personal sanctification and preparation to apostolate, we deduce an obligation . . . A sick person who has improved considerably on taking a prescribed remedy will doubtless hasten to recommend this precious talisman to her friends and acquaintances who suffer from the same ailment. And we have seen that society is ill, very ill; and the requisite remedy is reflection in solitude, in silence . . . Therefore let us also make known this marvelous "tonic". Let us speak about it . . . Let us suggest it to our friends, our fellow-parishioners . . . Let us bring as much zeal in making Closed Retreats loved, as Satan's agents testify in spreading their pernicious doctrines. They really want a thing, they take the means and they get it. And we, apostles of Christ, privileged souls, should manifest less ardour for a good cause? Can we not see here the application of these words of the Gospel: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." (Luke XVI, 8.) And let us often recall that other thought able to quicken our zeal; it is from St. Dionysius the Areopagite, "Of all Divine works, the most Divine is to co-operate with God in the salvation of souls."

Before speaking of the organization of Retreats, a word on the beginnings and the progress in Canada of the Work of Closed Retreats for Ladies would undoubtedly interest you. The first collective retreat for men was held in 1919, and as early as 1911, a Closed Retreat for ladies was given at our Mother House, in Outremont, the exercises of which were followed by 42 girls. It is therefore to our Venerable Mother Foundress, Mother Marie du Saint Esprit, born in Marieville, of Canadian parents, that we owe the organization in Canada of Closed Retreats for Ladies. This dear Mother who has been gone for scarcely more than a year, had the soul of an apostle. Dedicating her days by a very special calling to apostolate among the pagans, since God inspired her the founding of two Missionary Institutes: ours and the Foreign Mission Society of Pont Viau, the works of Catholic Action in her own country did not by any means leave her indifferent. Guided by the Holy Ghost, she immediately grasped the importance of the new movement which was striking roots in Canada, and she resolved at all costs to co-operate in the development of this work of sanctification. For the next ten consecutive years, the Work begun in Outremont did not cease to progress and bear fruitful results, since 1,347 retreatants inscribed their names in the course of these retreats. In 1921, space having become altogether too restricted on account of the increasing personnel of the Institute, our Venerable Mother was obliged to discontinue the Closed Retreats at our Mother House. Notwithstanding this momentary halt the Work was not abandoned, for it already numbered four new Houses: Nominigüe, Rimouski, Quebec and Joliette. To-day, the Institute has eight Retreat Houses in the dioceses of Montreal, Quebec, Joliette, Rimouski, Chicoutimi, St. Hyacinthe, Mont Laurier and St. Johns. The first House which had been the cradle of the Work in Canada, after the construction of a more spacious building for the Mother House, was able to resume in 1939 the Work to which it was entitled. God has certainly blessed the apostolate of Closed Retreats, for since the beginning our different Houses have welcomed 64,000 retreatants.

"Our Lady of the Cenacle", the Retreat House of Quebec which you will visit in a moment, and which particularly interests us to-day, dates from 1928. The Religious Authorities confided us the organization of the Work in the diocese in 1921. It originated in our convent on Simard Street. Till then, retreats had been given from time to time in different convents; but the first retreat organized by our Sisters dates from April 1921, and was followed by eighteen girls. Until 1928, when, to answer to the needs of the retreatants who were becoming more and

more numerous, a new construction was called for, the number ran up to 4,102 retreatants. The House "Our Lady of the Cenacle", more spacious and furnished especially for retreatants, was instrumental in the expansion of the Work, and to-day this House counts 18,000 retreatants, making a total of 22,102 retreatants in the two Houses since the beginning.

At first sight that number may seem eloquent. But if we compare the annual number of retreatants with that of dioceses of minor extent, we find no longer any subject of pride . . . We must remember that the diocese of Quebec comprises 268 parishes, several of which are towns of some importance. The largest effective has been 2,000 retreatants yearly. If we divide that number among the 268 parishes, we shall have less than 10 retreatants per parish. And it must be noted that last year was the first to attain 2,000.

What are our 22,000 former retreatants doing? . . . Some there are, thank God, who interest themselves in the Work and supply it with recruits. But those may be easily counted . . . And still, all those who make the experience of a Closed Retreat unanimously claim that the recruiting must be effected by former retreatants. If the latter have derived good from these days of prayer and care not to speak about it, who will do so? Without blaming anyone, I think there is a deficiency here.

I agree with you that the organization of retreats for ladies and girls is somewhat complicated, but it is certainly not impossible. If you will permit me to do so, I shall, profiting by the experience of others, give you a few counsels concerning this matter. The first thing to do, in my mind, is to submit the project to your Pastor, and if need be, to interest him in your cause. The priests have so much to do in a parish that they cannot foster all the works. The ladies do not speak about retreats, and so no one thinks about them. A good word from your pastor spoken from the pulpit will efficaciously promote your work. Then great devotedness is called for on the part of the organizers, even visits to the homes. I have not mentioned prayer, but you understand that it must rank first. We have but a few parishes which organize yearly retreats: two or three. Their organizers are persons of good will. One of them, and this bears honour to the Catholic Action courses, is one of your predecessors and accomplishes a great work of apostolate in her parish. From a population of some 3,000 souls, she succeeded in forming this last year two



CHAPEL OF "OUR LADY OF THE CENACLE" RETREAT HOUSE, QUEBEC



groups of 33 ladies each. And she is at this hour preparing a group for the coming week. Another one who had met with all sorts of difficulties was telling me: "You know, Sister, obstacles, I overcome them . . . If I had not known how to overcome them, I should not be at my seventeenth Closed Retreat . . ." One must be determined to succeed at all costs. Recall the proverb: "A woman will have her own way." Shall I point out the pretexts suggested not unfrequently by the enemy of all good? . . . The first is the question of time: "I haven't time! . . ." When a sudden illness renders urgent a stay at the hospital or even a costly operation, we submit to it. And we would not do for our soul what we would for our body? . . . The second pretext is the pecuniary question. "It costs too much . . ." And still, is money so very scarce? We find some for the movies, for hockey games, for amusements in general, for pleasure trips, cigarettes, and what not? Would there be a lady or girl, though poor, unable to enjoy the privilege of a Closed Retreat, if she tried to penetrate its importance, and if, in prevision for these days of prayer, she laid aside a few pennies each week? Who wishes an end takes the means leading to it. Besides, the Retreat House welcomes every person desirous of profiting by the exercises of a Closed Retreat, and retreatants are never refused because of incapability to pay expenses. And the proof is that we receive at reduced rates, each year, from 400 to 450 retreatants. One who has little gives little, and one who has more gives more. Is it not just that each one should leave a donation proportioned to her means? The Closed Retreat is a work that is supported by charities, and only in Heaven shall we know the merit of persons who aid it, for it is, above all, a spiritual work of mercy. But let us renounce enumerating all the other pretexts. And let us remember that we must be, principally, convinced persons, if we wish to convince others. I shall end by imparting you a few impressions left by former retreatants. These were found in their rooms and prove that the apprehensions sometimes felt at the beginning of a retreat are soon dispelled in face of the reality.

On April 5, 1936, one of them wrote: "After three days so beautiful, my soul is flooded with sunshine!" On October 16, 1936, I read: "How good God is! It is the exclamation that escapes from my heart at the close of this beautiful retreat. Never would I have thought that these three days of silence were to bring me so much real joy and happiness. What choice graces God has in store for those who wish to benefit by a retreat!" These words were not intended for publication; we feel that they are the overflow of a glad heart.

Ladies and girls having but little instruction sometimes leave magnificent thoughts that the Holy Ghost alone can communicate to these souls filled with God. Here is another note dated September 13, 1938: "Thank You, my God, for so much kindness! Thank You! My gratitude is so great that no word can express the joy I feel interiorly. And if I shed tears this morning, they are tears of happiness. It seems as if I were too happy!"

Let these acknowledgements of former retreatants help you to vanquish the resistance you may meet with when confided the organization of retreats in the future, or, better still, when you will have the courage of undertaking such organizations for the greater glory of God.

After an exchange of ideas capable of enlightening on certain points, the attendance proceeded to the chapel where, after a pious hymn, a prayer was addressed to the Blessed Virgin, beseeching her to bless all the Retreat Houses and to bestow upon our dear country that desire of solitude and prayer.

The visit of the House seemed to interest our kind visitors; then they bid us good-bye leaving us the hope that they were returning from this reunion with stronger convictions on the necessity and the advantages of Closed Retreats.



# EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

(Continued)

The aspirants to the Investiture then received their all-white Habit; after they had donned it there followed the proclamation of the names.

These are: Miss Carmen Beaulieu, La Tuque (Sister François de la Passion); Miss Lucienne Robillard, St. Félix de Valois (Sister St. Félix); Miss Colombe Gagnon, St. Roch de l'Achigan (Sister Marie Edouard); Miss Gisèle Thérberge, St. Simon de Rimouski (Sister Ste. Gisèle); Miss Madeleine Bolduc, St. Damien de Brandon (Sister Estelle de Jésus); Miss Simonne Frigon, Cowansville (Sister Marie Théotime); Miss Simonne Talbot, Montreal (Sister St. Guy); Miss Jacqueline Brault, Val Racine, Frontenac Co. (Sister Françoise Thérèse).

The following Sisters made their Final Vows: Sister Marie Calixte (Marguerite Champoux, Quebec); Sister Maurice de Thèbes (Yvonne Clouâtre, Montreal); Sister Marie Alfred (Marie Marthe Dubé, Notre Dame du Sacré Cœur, Rimouski); Sister St. Jean Chrysostome (Lucile Brouillette, Montreal); Sister Rose des Anges (Adrienne Granger, St. Gabriel de Brandon); Sister Marie Georges (Agathe Bolduc, St. Damien de Brandon); Sister Marie Berthe (Berthe Alice Champagne, Montreal); Sister Marie Lucienne (Lucienne Déry, St. Anne de la Pocatière); Sister St. Odilon (Constance Dubois, St. Ferdinand de Mégantic); Sister Candide de Jésus (Candide Pellerin, St. Boniface, St. Maurice Co.); Sister Marie Pauline (Pauline Pageau, Quebec); Sister Jean d'Avila (Marie Jeanne Villeneuve, Quebec).

At our Oriental Hospital in Vancouver: Sister Marguerite de Jésus (Emilia Martin, St. François d'Assise, Bonaventure Co.).

After the singing of the *Te Deum* and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the personnel of the Novitiate gathered in the Reception Hall where Msgr. Perrier gave us his blessing; he then spoke a few words dealing with the supernatural spirit which should animate our lives, as members of the mystical Body of Jesus Christ, and also, as missionaries.

"Live, therefore, in intense union with Christ; this interior life is more necessary now than ever on account of the trying times, and because it is considerably diminishing in the Christians of to-day. The closer your union with God, the more fruits will you bear for eternity."

## Thursday, August 6

We were greatly honoured to welcome in our midst this morning His Excellency Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate, accompa-



nied by Msgr. E. Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society.

Our illustrious Visitor, on entering the Reception Hall, expressed his regret for not having been with us yesterday. "I should have had the pleasure of meeting all the retreatant Sisters," said he. Then, seeing in the audience a few professed Sisters wearing crowns of white lilies, His Excellency, with gracious amiability, inquired as to the meaning of this custom. On learning that the crowned Sisters were those who had taken their Final Vows the preceding day, he added: "And how long will they wear that crown?" Our Mother replied: "This evening, they will deposit it at the feet of the Blessed Virgin." "And so," continued His Excellency, "after the crown of lilies, the crown of thorns," and he explained how in every life one must expect to see the thorns of difficulties and tribulations replace the beautiful lilies of the feast-days, and that one must not forget that the crown of thorns is here below, the convenient lot of the missionary.

His Excellency inquired about our Sisters on foreign soil; then, alluding to the feast of the day, the Transfiguration, he spoke approximately in the following terms:

"Yesterday, you were on the Tabor, for the retreat is a Tabor. You were with Our Lord, conversing with Him in your contemplation, begging His graces and light. But to-day, you must come down, resume your daily occupations with their tediousness and their difficulties. But the effulgence of that Tabor must remain as a stimulant. There was beauty on Tabor; like the apostles you may have said, 'It is good for us to be here,' but like them again, you must come down to fulfill the mission Divine Providence has confided you, to lay up treasures for yourselves in Heaven to which, in imitation of Christ, you will ascend on the day of glory and recompense. As we go we shed tears and are in sorrow, but coming, great joy shall be ours.

"Never forget that you are missionaries. While seeking your personal sanctification, you are expected to labour for the salvation of all. Always bear in mind the aim of your Institute and keep intact the spirit of your Mother Foundress.

"At the moment, missionary life in the Far East is one of hardships, due to the terrible scourge that weighs upon the world. The pagans, ignorant of the welfare of charity and of the supernatural aim of Catholic missionaries, suspect them to be persons in the service of foreign powers. Missionary action is hence restricted, but, when these dark hours shall have passed, there will be a great reconstruction.

"The Church of Christ is not responsible for this state of things. On the contrary, it is precisely because men have turned away from her, that conditions are so appalling. Providence, desirous of the sanctification of the faithful, sends this trial to cleanse the world. When this purification will have been accomplished, the apostles will resume their labour. Take advantage of these times to sanctify yourselves, so as to be ready when the world will be at peace again.

"Like the Blessed Virgin, your Patroness, often repeat these loving words, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord'. Pronounce them with sentiments of faith, of humility, of conviction, acknowledging your nothingness

and poverty, and striving, above all, to penetrate their meaning. God looks down on the humble, but He disdains the proud. He has looked down and He always looks down on the humility of His handmaid and, seeing her humble, generous, confident, through her and by her He does great things."

His Excellency then asked a few questions of actual interest concerning the Novitiate, the number of years before the First Profession, etc., adding, "I am bringing you the Holy Father's blessing. Pray much for him; remember, he is the first Superior of your Community."

With touching simplicity, the representative of the Vicar of Christ distributed souvenir-cards of the Holy Father, asking us to keep them and especially not to forget the prayer for the Pope's intentions.

His last word was an exhortation to fidelity, a wish for perseverance, not for final perseverance only, but also perseverance in our vocation, for it is not enough to begin well, one must persevere if he is to be crowned.

His Excellency then departed, leaving us a paternal blessing and a papal holiday. Gratitude overwhelmed our hearts at the thought of his touching kindness, delicate condescension, and precious counsels that will remain indelibly in our memories.

#### **Saturday, August 8**

Since the recent Clothing Ceremony, that is, three days ago, the hall for the postulants was desert and silent. We were happy to see animation in it again: a new recruit of aspirant-missionaries came to reinforce our ranks. Need we say that we extended to all the most fraternal welcome... and that we wished them perseverance, a grace we fervently request of Our Mother in Heaven?

#### **Thursday, August 20, 1942**

In the beginning of the vacation, as usual, we had made the sacrifice of our weekly conferences; but, in compensation, God, in His goodness, has given us three during the past five weeks.

To-day, Reverend Father Roberge, P. M. E., took advantage of the octave of the Assumption to display before our eyes, like a beautiful Marian film, all the privileges and prerogatives of the Mother of God. From her Immaculate Conception to her crowning in Heaven, the Blessed Virgin appeared to us as an ocean of graces, an abyss of purity and holy love.

After showing us Mary's sublime spirit of faith, our ardent Speaker proposed it to our imitation. Considering everything as coming from the Hand and Heart of God, and smiling at every event, whether it be gay or sad, is the secret of joy, of harmony and, especially, of progress in the path of holiness.

We beg the Virgin of the Assumption to impress upon our novice hearts these wise counsels, which will contribute to develop in us the love of God and of holy abandon, as well as true filial devotion towards herself, the Queen of missions and missionaries.

#### **Thursday, August 27**

Two of our Sisters from Japan have just arrived at the Mother House. For quite a long time already, we knew that they were en route to Canada



and we fervently begged the white Star of the sea to guide them safely into harbour. We must, then, thank God and the Blessed Virgin for their happy voyage.

On the other hand, we regret with our dear Missionary Sisters that circumstances have obliged them to leave their Mission, when the apostolic works over there require so many workers. Let us hope that, some day, not too far away, difficulties may be cleared up and that they may be permitted to resume their beautiful work of evangelization. In the meantime, it is for us another occasion to adore the secret designs of Divine Providence, Who disposes of events in such a way.

### **Friday, August 28**

We received a telephone call from the Mother House informing us that our dear Sister St. Denis, a missionary in Manchukuo, died during the month of May last. The news was brought by our Sisters from Japan. The impossibility of communication on account of the war explains our not knowing it sooner and, also, our lack of details concerning the last moments of our lamented deceased.

Without delay, we offer for the repose of her soul, the suffrages prescribed by our Constitutions; but we are confident that God has already established her in His beautiful Kingdom. Must He not hasten to crown His valiant workers who fall, so to say, on the field of honour, in arms, after having made the sacrifice of their family and their Country for His Divine Love and having spent their life winning souls for Him? . . . Our Lord's promises to consecrated souls confirm this hope: "Every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, for My Name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall possess life everlasting."

Sister St. Denis, née Anne Marie Dubé, of St. Denis de Kamouraska, had thirteen years of religious profession.

### **Sunday, August 30**

This Sunday, which we call "Providence Sunday" on account of the Gospel of the day, brings again to us our good Mother Superior General's feast. Is it necessary to say that, on such a day, all the little birds are in a mood to warble? Yes, to warble fervent prayers for the beloved Mother, who surrounds them all with the most tender solicitude, and to warble, also, the wishes of their filial affection, of which our elders, the Professed Sisters, are glad to be the messengers. Several of them have, on this occasion, the pleasure of going to take part in the big family reunion at Cote des Neiges.

As for us, novices and postulants, who remain at home, we rejoice in our elder Sisters' happiness; and, while enjoying a holiday, we prepare for our Mother's next visit.

### **Monday, August 31**

For some time past, we have been endeavouring to discover who dared attack the statues of the little shrines in our grove. Their features, which had theretofore been touched only by the wings of the wind or the still more gentle ones of chilly little birds, appeared more damaged from day to day.

And, yet, every supposition turned out to be but a vain conjecture. Was there not something mysterious about it?

One morning lately, especially, the statue of St. Joseph was found in a pitiful condition: fingers gnawed, part of the hair and beard gone, the cloak scratched, etc. . . . The wretch that had brazened it out had to be found.

This morning, one of our elder Sisters surprised him in the very act, in the Blessed Virgin's shrine. After climbing to the top of the statue, the little rogue, a squirrel, was preparing to continue gnawing it. His inquisitor's look gave him to understand that it was better to flee; so he quickly scampered down, leaving us the answer to the puzzle.

As for the statues, it was necessary to find a safer shelter for them. They took, therefore, the road to the house, where a charitable hand, no doubt, will heal up their wounds; but, alas! our grove has lost their sweet appearance and charming smile.

### **Tuesday, September 1**

At 9 o'clock, this morning, we had the first instruction of Reverend Father A. Cossette, P. M. E., the new Chaplain that Divine Providence has just assigned to us in the place of Reverend Father L. Lomme, P. M. E.

The year's programme will comprise, especially, the study of virtues that we should practise as missionaries. We imagine how practical these instructions are going to be for our sanctification and formation to the apostolic life. We implore the Holy Ghost and Our Immaculate Mother to bless our efforts so that the holy seed sown in our souls may yield its full production.

### **Thursday, September 3**

It was our turn to entertain our good Mother Superior General.

At almost eleven o'clock, this dear Visitor arrived, accompanied by Mother Assistant, Mother St. Jean François Régis and Sister Madeleine du Sauveur, who returned from Japan a few days ago.

We hurried to greet them with smiling faces, which grew brighter and brighter as we affectionately approached to receive the maternal kiss . . . The entertainment prepared for the occasion took place in the afternoon. It consisted principally in a pretty missionary play, and the whole was terminated by the singing of the Magnificat and the offering of a Spiritual Bouquet, in token of gratitude.

Our dear Mother then said a few words to us on the importance of fidelity to grace, which the representation just performed had so well depicted. Finally, to crown the family festival, our missionary from afar spoke to us of the apostolic works over there and her long voyage. It is needless to tell you how attentively we listened; we like so much to hear about the life in the missions, the object of our ardent desires.

### **Friday, September 4**

Our Mother had to leave us early in the afternoon, but the holiday in her honour is to continue until this evening, at least. That does not mean that our hands are idle . . . Oh! no, far from that. We are mindful that



winter is near and, like Lafontaine's ants, we are making provisions to-day. All have been invited to help in canning tomatoes. The work is going at a good rate, and the gay repartees, likewise. How true it is that mirth and work often go together!

### **Saturday, October 3**

The Feast of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus cannot pass unnoticed by us, Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception: prospective missionaries, 'tis true, because we are still novices, but we are trying to make up for our present inability by as many more generous sacrifices and fervent prayers. It is the secret confided to us by our glorious Patroness to win souls for God. And . . . we are making use of it, thinking that it is one of the best ways of honouring her and exalting her virtues, just as the joyful holiday which her feast brings us signifies that we are sharing her happiness.

### **Wednesday and Thursday, October 7 and 8**

One, a day of roses; the other, a day of mourning: the chapel, which was brilliant yesterday in honour of Our Lady of the Rosary, is stripped to-day for the anniversary Mass for our Venerable Foundress.

Yes, indeed, if October brings us several beautiful feasts, it also recalls sorrowful memories to our hearts. It was on the first day of this month, last year, that this beloved Mother was taken from us and, on the seventh day, she was buried.

Reverend Mother Superior General and Mother Assistant came to spend with us the anniversary of these sorrowful hours. The solemn High Mass was celebrated by Reverend Father Clovis Rondeau, assisted by Reverend Fathers V. Forcier and R. Roch, P. M. E., as deacon and sub-deacon. Msgr. Edgar Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary, assisted in the sanctuary. All the Foreign Mission Seminarians, as well as some Antonian Sisters of Mary, were present, also, to render homage to the memory of our venerable deceased.

### **Sunday, October 18**

Feast of the Propagation of the Faith. According to the spirit of the Church which, to-day, devotes special attention to the immense work of evangelization which still remains to be accomplished throughout the whole world, our entire day is directed towards this sacred cause. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, meditations, prayers and hymns speak of the price of souls or re-echo once more the Divine Master's complaint: "The harvest is great, but the harvesters are few."

And these serious reflections strengthen our good resolutions to make use of every means in our power to give souls to Jesus and Jesus to souls. They also increase our gratitude towards God, Who, in His infinite goodness, has deigned to call us, little as we are, to work for His glorious Kingdom.

### **Friday, October 23**

The classes commenced almost two months ago; and, as it is good to make a little review of this first part of the programme in order to assure the

knowledge already acquired, Mother Mistress is invited to come for an examination this afternoon. Let us hope that to none of us may be applied the saying: "The memory is a faculty that forgets."

### **Sunday, October 25**

This year again, Our Lady of the Rosary decided to invite one of us to go to celebrate in Heaven the beautiful Feast of Christ the King, and her choice fell upon our dear Sister St. Zita, née Zita Clarke, of Orillia, Ont. Yesterday, Saturday, at 9 P. M., her soul took its flight to our Heavenly Home.

The information was communicated to us this morning, after the prayer; so our pious suffrages in her favour began with our assistance at two Masses, a privilege that we have every Sunday.

Her remains were brought here this afternoon and rest at the foot of a statue of the Blessed Virgin, holding in her hand a wreath of white lilies, symbol of the one that our dear deceased had prepared for herself during her nineteen years in Our dear Master's service. Near her coffin, according to our custom, the recitation of the Rosary continues uninterruptedly.

### **Thursday, October 29**

Our dear Sister St. Zita's funeral Mass was celebrated this morning in our chapel by Reverend Father R. Roch, P. M. E. Reverend Father Clovis Rondeau, P. M. E., gave the Absolution, and Msgr. Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary, was present in the sanctuary.

Besides her sister, who is a religious in our Community, two other members of her family, a brother and a sister, assisted at the Mass, after being with her during the days that she was exposed, and accompanied her to her last resting-place.

### **Friday, October 30**

While the autumn bleakness has almost completely despoiled the grove and garden of their charms, our little cemetery has become eloquent, on account of the precious object with which it has been endowed. A beautiful, pure white Christ, very expressive, has been attached to the big white cross, which commands it.

His Head, inclined towards the grave of our Venerable Mother Foundress, seems to show us by this sign that, as He accomplished His Heavenly Father's Will, so does He wish us to observe this good Mother's teachings, which, we are sure, are the expression of His Holy Will.

Still more, no doubt, than in the past, we shall feel ourselves attracted to the foot of this cross and shall profit by the lessons which it discloses. What do they not preach to missionary souls, the outstretched Arms of Our Saviour on the Cross and His pierced Heart? What pious memories, too, and fervent prayers should not this august representation, in such a place, evoke in favour of the dear departed ones, whose remains lie here under its shadow!



# A Novice's Day

(Continued)



ND the little Sister, quickly throwing the handful of weeds she has just pulled, arises and takes a step to go and seek refuge by the one whose mission it is to direct her in the path of perfection; but suddenly, she stops . . . she has just heard a sweet voice, her Angel's. Acquiescing to the Holy Will of God, this blessed Spirit has left his protégée a prey to the attacks of the Enemy, but God, Who never permits a soul to be tempted beyond her strength, sends him now to succour her. "Be faithful to your Jesus," whispers he with infinite sweetness.

"O my Jesus, I want to be faithful in life and death," she exclaims, "but come to my assistance, I conjure Thee! Mary, my good Mother, succour me, guard me!" Instantly the darkness of her spirit disappears, for with the holy names of Jesus and Mary, Satan and his accomplices have fled, terrified . . . furious. . . .

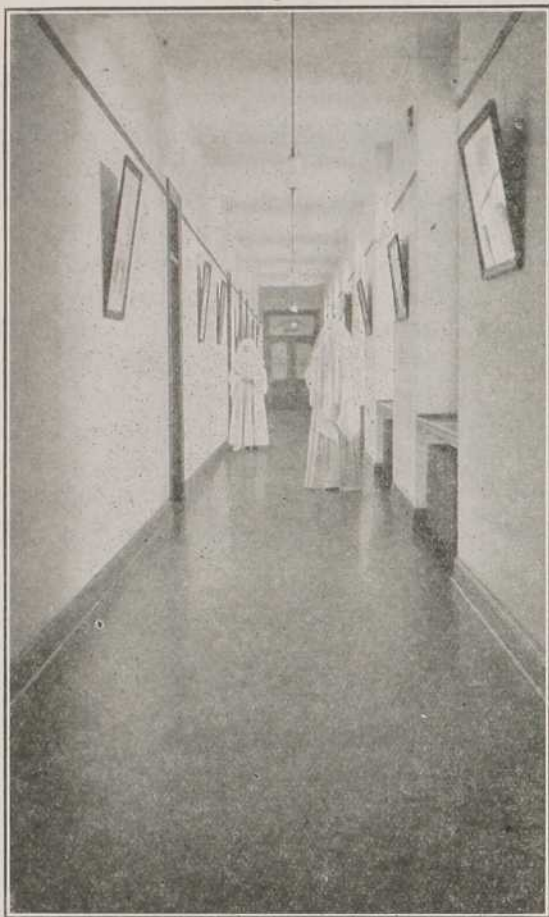
Delivered from this uneasiness which burdened her, and feeling her courage returning, she says to herself: "No, I will not leave my work, I will wait to speak to Mother Mistress," and a warm prayer springs to her lips.

And not in vain does she pray . . . instantly help is sent her. Here comes a companion who hastens towards her saying, "Mother Mistress wishes to see you."

Surprised and somewhat intrigued, our young Novice hastens towards the house. On the threshold of the Novitiate Hall she finds herself face to face with Mother Mistress who, on looking at her, seems to guess what has happened, so the Novice tells her everything. . . . The devoted Directress discloses to her daughter that she has undergone a dangerous temptation, reproaches her gently



NOVICES IN THE ALLEYS



CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE CHAPEL

with not having, on that occasion, practised custody of the eyes, and puts her on her guard for the future. The Novice finds happiness in opening her heart to a Mother so kind and experienced, but soon the "Voice of God" is heard once more, inviting the personnel to the Catechism class.

It is twenty-five minutes past four when the Novices, in their woollen habits and blue sashes, piously kneeling in the lecture-hall with their Mistress, begin the recitation of the prayers preparatory to the study of the Catechism of the Vows: *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, the Litany of Humility and invocations; then, standing, they sing a hymn, according to the devotion of the day, to the Holy Ghost, to Our Blessed Mother, to St. Joseph, the Guardian Angel, etc.

The lecture-hall is that room where, once a week, at this same time in the after-

noon, a Priest of the Foreign Mission Seminary of Pont Viau comes to speak to the future Missionaries of the Immaculate Virgin of the Christian Doctrine or the religious virtues. On other days, excepting Sundays, Fridays and certain feast-days, when this time is spent in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, Mother Mistress explains the Catechism.

According to the resolution which she took in her retreat and which she renews every morning in her meditation, our valiant Novice puts her whole heart into this new action. She is fully attentive, in order to receive and profit by the precious knowledge which is given to her at this moment. The study of the Catechism of the Vows attaches her more than ever to her vocation, by revealing to her all the grandeur and merit of it.

During this task, the minutes fly past rapidly. When the big brass voice announces that the last one has taken its flight, all the students rise and, without finishing the word already begun, make the Sign of the Cross, lay down their books, take their ranks two by two and proceed to the chapel to assist at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. More than one pious



desire, more than one act of love, more than one generous offering slips away from the long white line and precedes it to the dear Master's Feet.

At five o'clock, the Chaplain enters the Sanctuary and exposes the Sacred Host; then, in chorus, are sung the Eucharistic praises. Uniting her voice with those of her companions, our little Sister is happy to glorify God thus, like the angels, that sing unceasingly the eternal *Sanctus* before the Almighty. She does not forget, however, the violent temptation which assailed her during the afternoon. Humiliated, she asks her Betrothed to forgive her her weakness, places all her trust in Him and begs Him to preserve her from every infidelity. When, from His Monstrance, Jesus blesses the assembly, she feels a mysterious dart penetrating her heart; she is reanimated, strengthened and determined to suffer everything and to die rather than to abandon her vocation.

The Way of the Cross is made in common after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; then, vibrating sounds are heard not far off: it is the evening *Angelus*. With renewed fervour, all recite this last greeting to the dear Patroness, after which they leave the chapel to repair to the refectory reciting aloud six *Paters*, *Aves* and *Glorias*.

Thus recollected, they are quite disposed to draw great profit from the pious reading, which will be a refectory for their souls while their bodies will be nourished by the frugal meal. First, the Reader announces the saints whose feast the Church will celebrate on the morrow and mentions the names of the Sisters of the Community whose death occurred on the same date; then, she reads the life of the saint who is particularly honoured on that day.

Towards the end of supper, during five or ten minutes, she reads a few passages from a treatise on the Blessed Virgin. After grace, all leave the refectory, reciting the *De Profundis*, and go to the different employments.

A quarter of an hour later, the bell reunites the Novices again for recreation which begins like the noon-hour one. This hour of relaxation at the close of the day assumes a characteristic of intimacy all its own. The bonds of friendship and charity which unite all hearts become more tender and more deeply felt. Is it not likewise in well-constituted families?

At ten minutes past seven, the merry conversation is hushed; the sewing or other work which was the occupation during recreation is continued in silence. After five minutes, a few strokes of the bell is the signal for all to kneel. The Holy Ghost, invoked in the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, comes to enkindle anew in their minds and hearts the fire of His Divine Love. While reciting the Litany of Divine Providence, so efficacious in drawing souls to the Heart of God, all the little spouses of the Divine King confide themselves to this Heavenly Father. Then, continuing their work, they listen attentively to the spiritual reading.

(To be continued)



We do not love Christ when we do not love the souls for which He has given His life.

— St. Francis Assisi.



# *The Children's Page*

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

Happy New Year! Happy New Year to all and . . . Heaven at the end of your life!

What, you smile at my wishing you Heaven at the end of your life?

Perhaps you think this is a wish for old people, but, no, it is appropriate for young and old alike. And I shall tell you how . . . just listen.

Firstly, if I cast a glance on my host of little Friends, I see there are several absentees. Little girls and boys who were among you last year, are no more. Where have they gone? . . . Like the rosebuds which, freshened by the pure morning dew, raise up their tiny heads graciously, but are suddenly broken off from the stalk and carried away by the breeze, your little companions have been mown by that great reaper — Death. Their bodies, not many summers old, rest in the graveyard; but their immortal souls, where are they?

— In Heaven!

— Doubtless, they are in Paradise, enjoying, near God, unending bliss; but they may also be in Purgatory . . . and perhaps even in Hell!

— Oh!

— That thought grieves you? It tortures me, also, but it is nevertheless a thought we must dwell upon, for it is salutary. There are, it is said, in the eternal flames, more children than one would suppose.

I am going to relate you a fact; a mother had a little girl of four — her only child — very beautiful and intelligent. She was very fond of her and cherished great hopes in her heart; but suddenly, the child was struck down by death. Then in her despair the mother murmured against God, saying: "What have I done unto the Lord that He should treat me thus? He is not just!" These words were unworthy of a Christian — and the kind pastor, a saintly priest, desiring to bring to better sentiments this mother who was going astray in her anguish, asked God to inspire him words that could console her and make her generously accept His holy Will. And God, Who always answers charitable prayers, revealed to the priest that the little girl who had just died had offended Him much, that she was in Purgatory for a long time and that, moreover, if she had lived longer she would have been damned. Adoring once again the great mercy of the Lord, which appeared here in broad daylight, the good pastor prayed with yet more ardour, then paid a visit to the bereaved mother to communicate the revelation he had had. Astounded, the poor mother, who desired above all the eternal happiness of her child, repented, and blessed the Divine hand



that had exercised such mercy on her dear little girl. Moreover, she hastened to have Masses said, prayed and had many prayers offered for the child's prompt deliverance from the purging flames.

There was also a father, a great devotee of Saint Joseph, who celebrated the Saint's feast with great fervour each year. He had three children; one of them died on the very day of the solemnity; the following year, on the same date, a second one died. This double loss so aggrieved the good father that he resolved not to celebrate a third time the feast of the Saint, fearing to lose, on that occasion, his third and last son. Then, whether yielding to his fears, or wishing to dispel his sorrow and his anxieties, he undertook a journey. While in a pensive mood he was walking along, he raised his eyes and saw two young men hanged on a tree. At the same time an angel appeared and told him: "Do you see those two boys? Your two sons would have ended their days like them if they had lived; but because you were devoted to Saint Joseph, he has obtained from God that they might die in childhood, in order to spare your household that dishonour, and especially to assure them, by an untimely death, life eternal. Go and celebrate the feast of the Saint, and fear nothing for your remaining child; he shall be a bishop and shall have a long life." Things turned out exactly as the angel had predicted.

As you see, dear Children, it is not unseasonable to wish you Heaven at the end of your life. And that wish, which springs from my heart as a prayer, I trust that God will grant it, for He always answers the prayers offered for His glory when they are well said.

#### THE GLORY OF GOD

Doubtless, you have often heard these words, "For the glory of God;" perhaps, even, you have been told: "Children, we must work for the glory of God." What did that mean? We must work in order that God may be better known, loved and served by ourselves and by all men, for that increases His outward, or extrinsical glory, as the theologians have it. As to His inward glory, no one can add to it, for He possesses it in an infinite degree, being Himself infinitely happy and perfect and self-sufficing in all things.

For His external glory, He has made the world. Contemplating the beauty of the skies, the holy king David loved to exclaim: "The heavens show forth the glory of God!" He has also created men for His glory, that they might adore, love and serve Him here below, and then be happy with Him in Paradise where they will glorify Him during all eternity.

But, alas, how many men are there on earth who seek above all to glorify God? Their number is small, and that number must be taken from the Catholics who, throughout the world, total only 304 million against a billion infidels. Anguishing statement!...

But why are there still so many infidels, so many men who as yet know not their Creator and Father and live outside His law?

Because the Catholics are not devoted enough in extending His reign.

Why is it that among the Catholics such a great number are not what they should be?

Because God, in creating men, gave them the faculty of reason and has left them free to love and serve Him, wishing to be glorified by them of their own free will; they are free, consequently, to choose between His divine service which calls for the accomplishment of good and leads to eternal happiness, and the service of the devil which consists in evil-doing or sin and leads to hell.

#### CONCLUSION .

You are, dear Children, in the morning of life; two roads stretch out before you: one is straight and luminous; from afar, it seems rugged and difficult, bordered as it is with thorns and brambles, but under the latter grow delicately perfumed flowers; it is a path in which one carries each day the cross of duty and renouncement that seems heavy, but whose burden in the course of time becomes sweet and light; a path in which one loves God, prays, mortifies self, works that God may be better known, loved and served by all men; one prays, practises mortification to merit for sinners the grace to come to the knowledge of truth; it is a path in which one experiences a great interior peace and an ever-deepening joy; a path in which the Guardian Angel is happy to guide his protégé, and whose term places one in possession of eternal felicity.

The other path, winding and strewn with shadows and mirages, seems, from afar, smiling and easy, bordered as it is with enchanting flowers and fruits, but these conceal a serpent that bites, poisons and torments the heart; it is a path in which one throws aside the daily cross of duty and renouncement to seek pleasures forbidden by the Divine law; we meet here other crosses which we likewise reject, and we dance on the edge of the precipice; it is a path wherein not only does one not pray, does not mortify self, does not work to glorify God, but where one sneers at those who pray and do good; a path in which one burdens one's conscience with burning remorse and anguishing sorrows; a path wherein Satan, the most wily seducer and the greatest liar, strives constantly to draw us; and it is the path which leads to the eternal flames. Which of these two paths do you choose, dear Children?

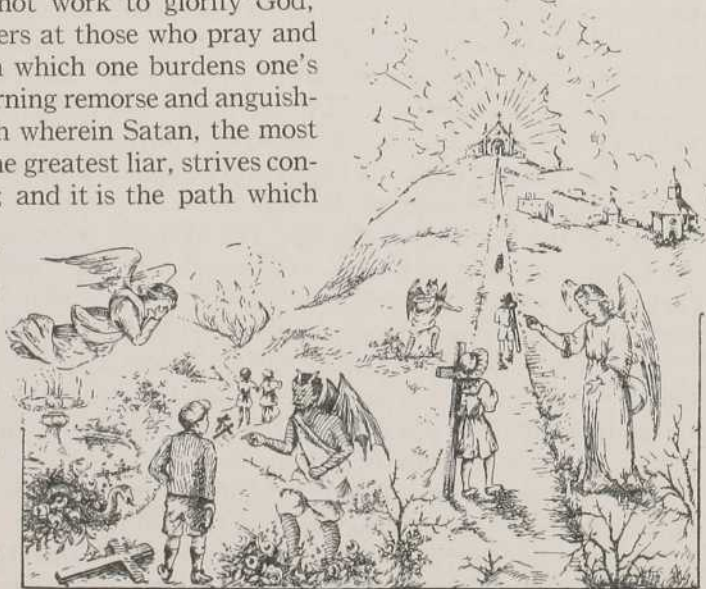
—The straight path.

—For all your life?

—For all our life.

—You promise that to Jesus?...

—We promise!



THE TWO PATHS . . .



— Well, Children, I am pleased, very pleased with you. Keep your promise, and . . . at the *end of our life* we shall be forever together in *Heaven*.

*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.

Thanksgiving in honour of Our Lady of Victory for past favours received. Mrs. M. H., **Schenectady, N. Y.** — Thanksgiving for all the graces and favours we have received during the year. Mrs. C. L., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for Our Lady's loving care and protection. Mrs. G. D., **London, Ontario.** — I thank the Blessed Virgin for favours granted. Mrs. L. StL., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Please publish in THE PRECURSOR that I have received a favour from Our Lady of Lourdes. A client of Mary, Mrs. J. M., **Montreal.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise made to the Holy Souls for favours received. Mrs. A. M., **McRogue, Sask.** — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Mrs. G. B., **Penn, North Dakota.** — Gratitude for a favour granted in the past. Mrs. E. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — Thanks for a favour granted to my daughter. Mrs. E. T., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — I promised the Sacred Heart and His loving Mother to publish the favour, if our dear boy didn't have to be sent away and if he would be a good boy. My Novena was answered and he was sent home to-day. Now would you please start another novena for his intentions and that he may remain a good and loving boy. — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Will you please continue to pray for the safe return of my husband, who is in the Merchant Marine. Mrs. J. B., **Hudson Heights, Que.** — Please pray for us. Mrs. O. P. P., **Holyoke, Mass.** — I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady for granting part of my favour. Please continue praying until Our Lady sees fit to answer the whole request, if it be God's Holy Will. A Child of Mary, Miss J. B., **Point St. Charles.** — Lively gratitude to the Immaculate Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. I. M., **Montreal.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a grace received. One who wishes to help the lepers. — Gladly do I acquit myself of my promise to prove my gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, who has hearkened to my prayers. Mrs. A. L., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving for favours obtained. Mrs. S. L. G., **St. Hyacinthe.** — Thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for a favour received. Mr. J. L., **Montreal.** — I heartily thank Our Heavenly Mother who has exempted one of my brothers from war service. I confide her another one. A. F., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude to Our Lady for a favour obtained. Mrs. F. V., **Woonsocket, R. I.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise made for a favour received. Miss Y., **Montreal.** — My son has found work; help me to thank the Blessed Virgin, that he may have a steady position. Mrs. A. L. — Sincere thanks to the Immaculate Virgin for her protection. A. D., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude to Our Heavenly Mother for a grace attributed to her intercession. Mrs. V. P. — Homage of thanksgiving towards the Blessed Virgin on behalf of my two children. Mrs. C. C., **Sault au Récollet.** — Sincere thanks to Our Mother in Heaven for peace in a family. Anonymous. — Lively gratitude for favours obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. E. M. P., **Vaudreuil.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Mrs. O. P., **Montreal.** — I thank the Blessed Virgin for her protection and I solicit with confidence a conversion and a cure. A subscriber. — Lively thanks for a favour received. Mrs. G. M. A., **Montreal.** — Sincere gratitude for a favour obtained. Mrs. E. S., **Milan, N. H.** — I had begun to make an hour of adoration every Thursday at the Patronage, intending to make a novena to obtain a position for my son. Kindly publish in THE PRECURSOR that I received my favour on the seventh Thursday and I desire to express my gratitude. Mrs. B., **Granby.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Anonymous. — Lively gratitude for the cure of my little Yvette, after promise to publish. Mrs. A. G., **Oliver Siding, N. B.** — Hearty thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for a favour obtained. Mrs. R. B., **La Providence, St. Hyacinthe.** — I thank the Blessed Virgin Mary, Queen of all Hearts, for a cure without an operation. Mrs. A. T., **Ville Emard.** — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for success in our affairs. Mrs. L. P., **Ste. Thérèse de Gatineau.**

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 recommend the following intentions: my son who is in England; two other sons in Labrador; health for my husband and myself. A subscriber, **Matheson**. — A prayer for my intentions, please. **Mrs. O. C., Les Cedres**. — Please help me to obtain the following graces: the return of a parent to the Sacraments and that he may stop drinking. **O.P.** — Will you please pray for me for a very special intention, for health and success in business. **Mrs. O. D., Montreal**. — Please pray for my intentions. **Mrs. A. L., Thompsonville, Conn.** — Please pray for my husband who is sick, and for my oldest boy overseas; also for other intentions. **Mrs. M. C., Montreal**. — Please pray that my little boy will sleep better; that I won't have to undergo an operation; also please pray for a very dear friend of mine. **Mrs. W. J. B., Digby Co., N. S.** — I ask your prayers for a favour if it is God's holy Will; for my husband's promotion, and for my health, that it may be improved in the near future. **Mrs. A. V., Montreal**. — Please help me during your novena to the Immaculate Conception. Pray that I may get over a steady pain that I have in my head every now and then; and also for my family that they may all stay in good health and away from all evil. **Mrs. D. Z., Rumford, Me.** — Please pray that our dear Lord will cure my sore back, also that He will cure a little boy of kidney disease. **Mrs. W. S., Montreal**. — Would you kindly say a prayer for my intentions. **Miss R. S., Outremont**. — Will you please pray for my daughter. **Mrs. M. N., Notre Dame de Grace**. — I ask you to make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for our boy who is in the hospital with infantile paralysis; also for my husband's knee. **Mrs. L. D., Orleans, Vt.** — I come to beg you to please petition Our Dear Mother as the refuge of sinners to obtain the conversion of a Catholic fallen away for years. **Mr. G. N. T., Troy, Vt.** Please pray for my brother who has spinal meningitis, that he may not become a cripple and that he may have a prompt recovery. **Miss R. G., Putnam, Conn.** — I am asking for prayers that I may overcome spells of dizziness that bother me very much. Also that my husband will stop drinking. **Mrs. L. B., Three Rivers, Mass.** — Pray for my cure, if it is God's holy will. **Mrs. B., Springfield, Mass.** — Will you kindly make a novena for me with a light burning before Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph for two special intentions. **Mrs. J. B., Woodslee, Ont.** — The cure of a baby is requested. **Mrs. L., Millbury, Mass.** — Please pray for favours I am asking. **Mr. M., Montreal**. — Would you be so kind as to start a novena for my intentions. **Mrs. A. B., Rochdale, Mass.** — Please pray for my special intentions. **Mrs. M. N., Portland, Me.** — Please pray for my brother and for a special intention. **Mrs. E. W., Montreal**. Pray for a special favour. **Mrs. W. H., Verdun**. — Will you kindly make a novena to the Blessed Virgin for my special intention, and also remember this intention in your Masses and prayers. **Miss S. B., Ste. Justine de Newton**. — I am asking your prayers for recovery from a nervous breakdown. **Mrs. J. J., Plympton, N. S.** — Please pray for me. **Mrs. M. B., Haverhill, Mass.** — Please pray for the recovery of my health and that my husband will keep up his courage and enjoy good health. **Mrs. N. V., Spencer, Mass.** — Dear Blessed Virgin Mary, please help me with my side, I believe I have strained it in some way. **Mrs. D. Z., Rumford, Me.** — Pray for a very special intention. **Miss J. P., Anthony, R. I.** — I am requesting my cure that I may be able to work. **Mr. P. H., Jewett City, Conn.** — Will you please pray for my intention. **Miss M. H., Johnstone**. — Please continue to pray for my special intentions. **Mr. B. H., Schenectady, N. Y.** — Will you please have a novena made for my intentions. **Mrs. G. B.** — Please pray for my eyesight and for the cure of my husband's knee. **Mrs. R. D., Millbury, Mass.** — Please pray to the Immaculate Conception for my intentions. **Mrs. E. X., Timmins, Ont.** — I am asking a novena for a special favour. **Miss F. R., Montreal**. — Please say a little prayer for my boys in the army, for the welfare of their soul; also that they will come back to me. **Mrs. H. McC., D. Dracut, Mass.** — I ask the cure of my infirm child. An afflicted mother. — The cure of a person and the conversion of a family. Anonymous. — I ask for my cure through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. **Miss E. L., Lachute**. — Please pray for my intentions, as I am leaving for the hospital. **Mrs. B. D., Lotbiniere**. — Please pray for a father addicted to drinking. A subscriber. — Please pray that my husband may find a position. **Mrs. L. G., Lachute**. — Pray that I may be completely cured. **Miss T. L.** — A subscriber asks work and very important graces through the intercession of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin. Anonymous. — I solicit prayers for the successful outcome of an affair. **E. L.** — Please pray for two conversions. A subscriber.



— I ask that my girl may be protected and my son cured. Mrs. E. L., **Berthier**. — Would you kindly make a novena for a special intention. M. T., **Montreal**. — I recommend to your prayers a family of five children whose mother does not lead an edifying life. Anonymous. — Please pray for a cure and for the conversion of a family. A subscriber, **Montreal**. — I pray Our Lady of Perpetual Help to protect my daughters throughout the coming years. An anxious mother. — A mother asks prayers for her son. Anonymous. — Prayers requested for: the return of a person to the Faith; a profitable position; the settling of an important affair; other intentions. Mrs. A. B. — I recommend my husband who does not lead an exemplary life. Anonymous, **Quebec**. — I am requesting your prayers for the sale of a house. Mrs. O. L., **Rosemount**. — I ask the Blessed Virgin to keep my sons with me. Mrs. C., **St. Emélie de l'Energie**. — Pray for the protection of the Blessed Virgin for my brother who is a military chaplain, and for the cure of another brother, who has been ill for two years. Mrs. R., **St Ignace du Lac**. — A favour is requested through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes. A friend, **Montreal North**. — Pray for my son menaced with blindness. Mrs. A. B., **St. Geneviève de Batiscan**. — Please pray for my cure if it is God's will. Miss M. L., **Three Rivers**. — Please ask for graces that I have been soliciting a long time; also pray that I may be able to sell a vehicle. Mrs. E. M., **St. Théodore**. — I ask a second novena for the obtention of a grace. Mrs. J. L., — Prayers are requested for my son, the father of five children, who is actually a soldier in England. Mrs. D. D. — Pray for my cure, or for patience to bear up with my illness. E. D. — I solicit the Blessed Virgin to obtain the freedom of my son, a prisoner in Germany. Mrs. M. L., **Montreal**. — I ask protection for my son who is in the military service. Mrs. L. L., **Adams, Mass.** — Pray for my cure and good health for my husband. Mrs. C. V., **Ville Saint Pierre**. — A prayer, please, for my son ill since birth; for peace. Anonymous. — Pray for the conversion of my sons; also for the cure of one of them. Mrs. T. — I request prayers for the cure of my son ill with pneumonia. Mrs. G. G., **L'Annonciation**. — Pray for my son who is in England; ask protection for my daughter. Mrs. A. D. O Mary Immaculate, obtain for me two cures and a particular grace. — I ask that my son may be exempted from the military service. Mr. C. B. — Pray that my father may have steady work; also for two exemptions; temporal favours; grace of a happy death for all the family. 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

Right Reverend Monsignor Célestin Lemieux, P. D., **Levis**; Reverend Father Alfred Martel, P. P., **Val Barrette**; Reverend Father D. Desroches, **l'Epiphanie**; Sister St. Zita, Missionary of the Immaculate Conception, **Montreal**, sister of our Sister of the Holy Name of Jesus; Sister St. Germain, Grey Nuns, **Nicolet**; Mr. J. O. Lacoursière, **Three Rivers**, father of our Sister St. Gabriel Lalement; Mrs. John Tourigny, **Bécancour**, mother of our Sister St. Jean Népomucène; Mrs. Justinien Coulombe, **Giffard**, mother of our Sister St. Justinien, novice; Mrs. Joseph Paré, **Upton**, grandmother of our Sister Ste. Virginie; Mr. Antoine Roy, **Montreal**, grandfather of our Sister St. Jean Eudes; Mrs. E. F. Ayers, **Lachute Mills**; Mrs. Vivian Walsh, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mrs. Alice Murray, **Albany, N. Y.**; Mrs. Sarah Slavin, **Montreal**; Mr. Michael Charles Rinahan, **Montreal**; Mr. Joseph Kuryleek, **Montreal**; Mrs. Michael Reid, **Montreal**; Miss K. Bronstelter, **Montreal**; Mr. James O. Morton, **Portland, Me.**; Mr. Donald E. Jones, **Montreal**; Mr. M. C. Richardson, **Timmins, Ont.**; Soldier Jones, **Toronto**; Mr. Marcus Steele, **Sherbrooke, P. Q.**; Mr. Stanley Bernard, **Summerside, P. E. I.**; Mr. George Lipscombe, **Montreal**; Mr. C. J. Phelan, **Montreal**; Mr. Joe Wall, **Notre Dame de Grâce**; Mr. William Philipps, **Notre Dame de Grâce**; Mr. Thomas Ryan, **Montreal**; Miss Maria Rooney, **Montreal**; Mrs. Fabiola Rennison, **Holyoke, Mass.**; Mrs. Edmund Myers, **Huntingdon, P. Q.**

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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.

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## IN MANCHUKUO, VIA JAPAN

TCHENGKIATOEN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1927).

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PAMIENTCHENG, 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.

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Dispensary.

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Dispensary.

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## 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.

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## IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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

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

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## IN ITALY

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Procure for the Missions.

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of the

## Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

---

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

## Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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