

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIV, 21st Year

MONTREAL, May-June 1943

No. 3

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

IN CANADA

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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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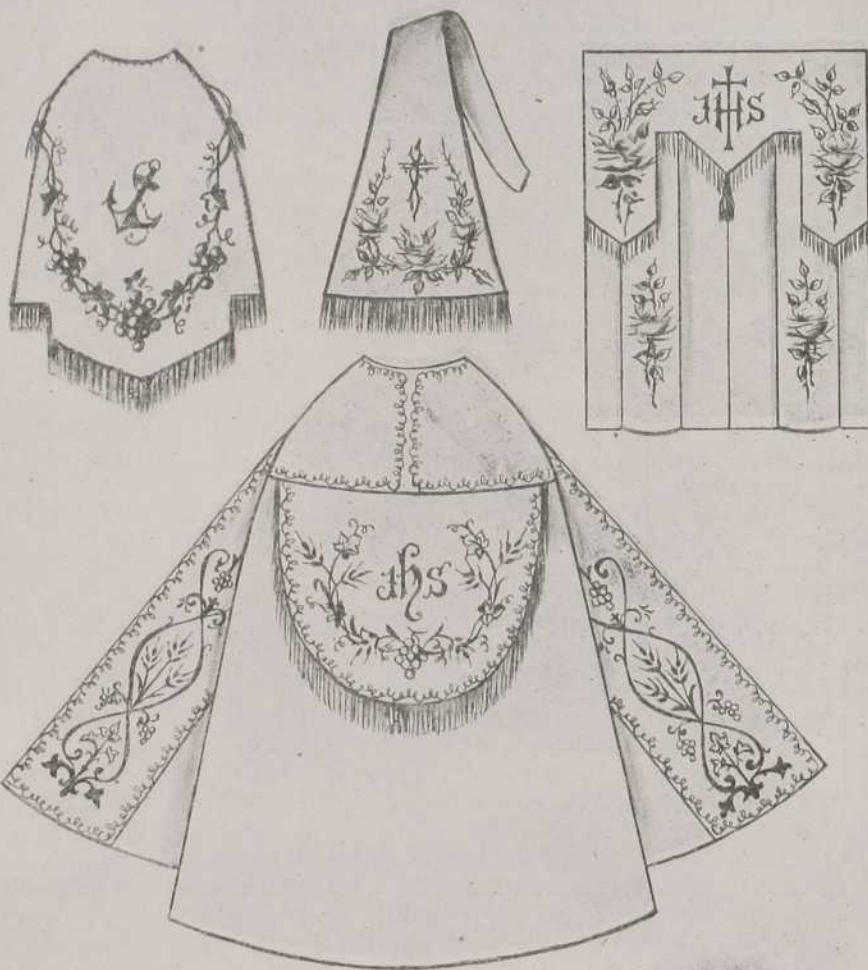
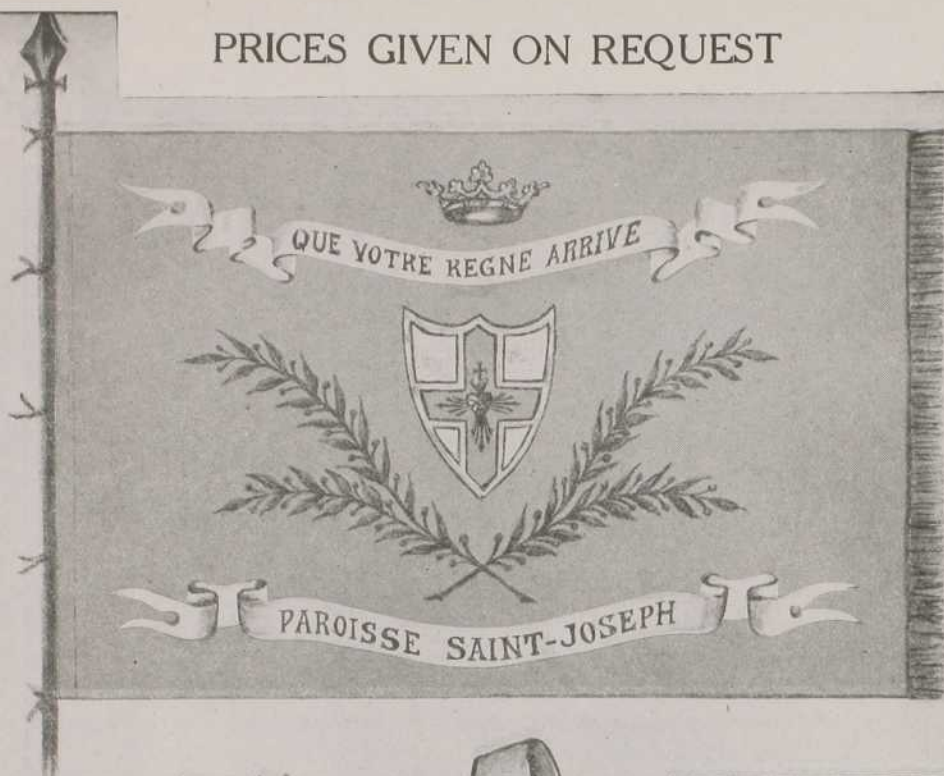
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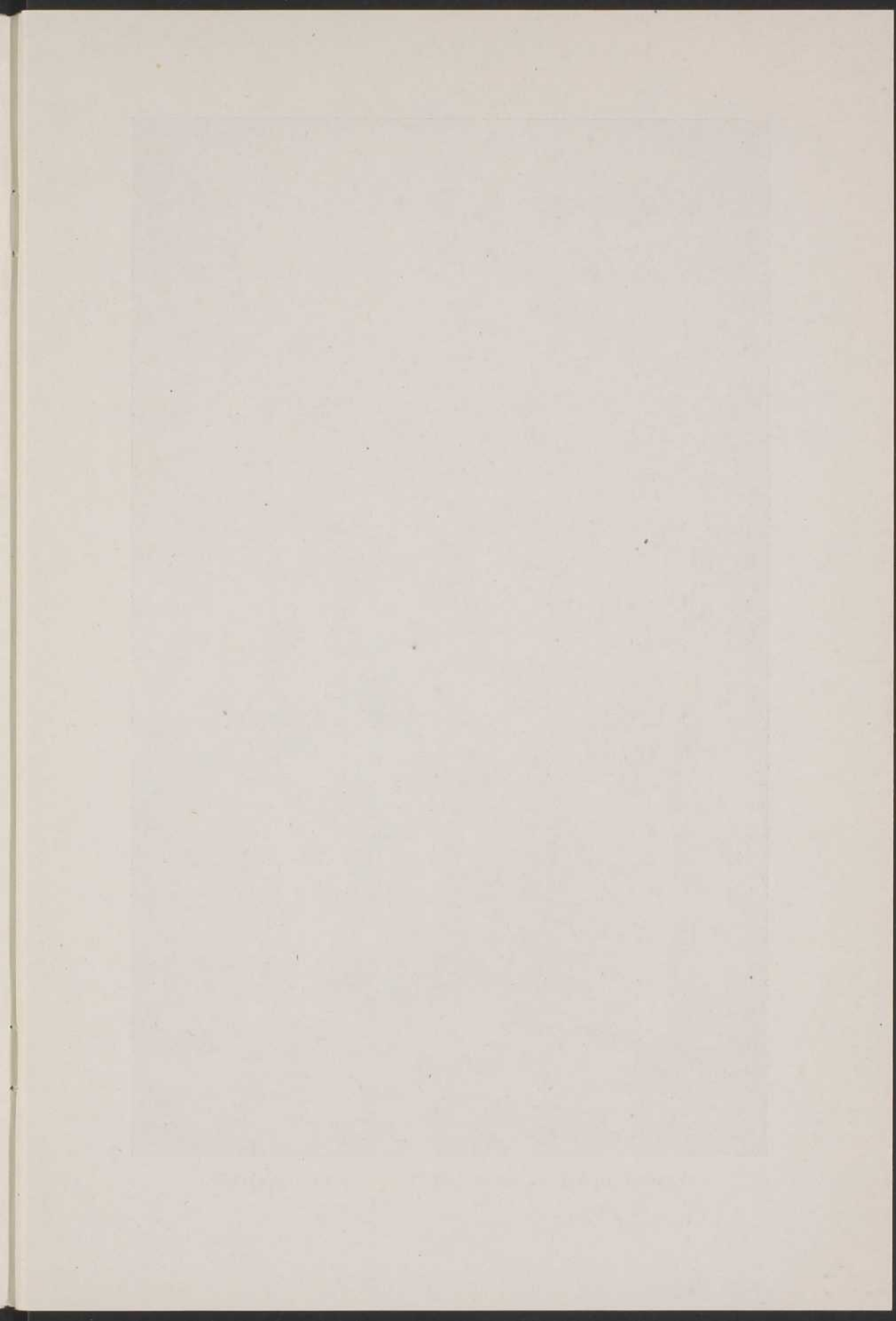
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PRICES GIVEN ON REQUEST







O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

Published by the
Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

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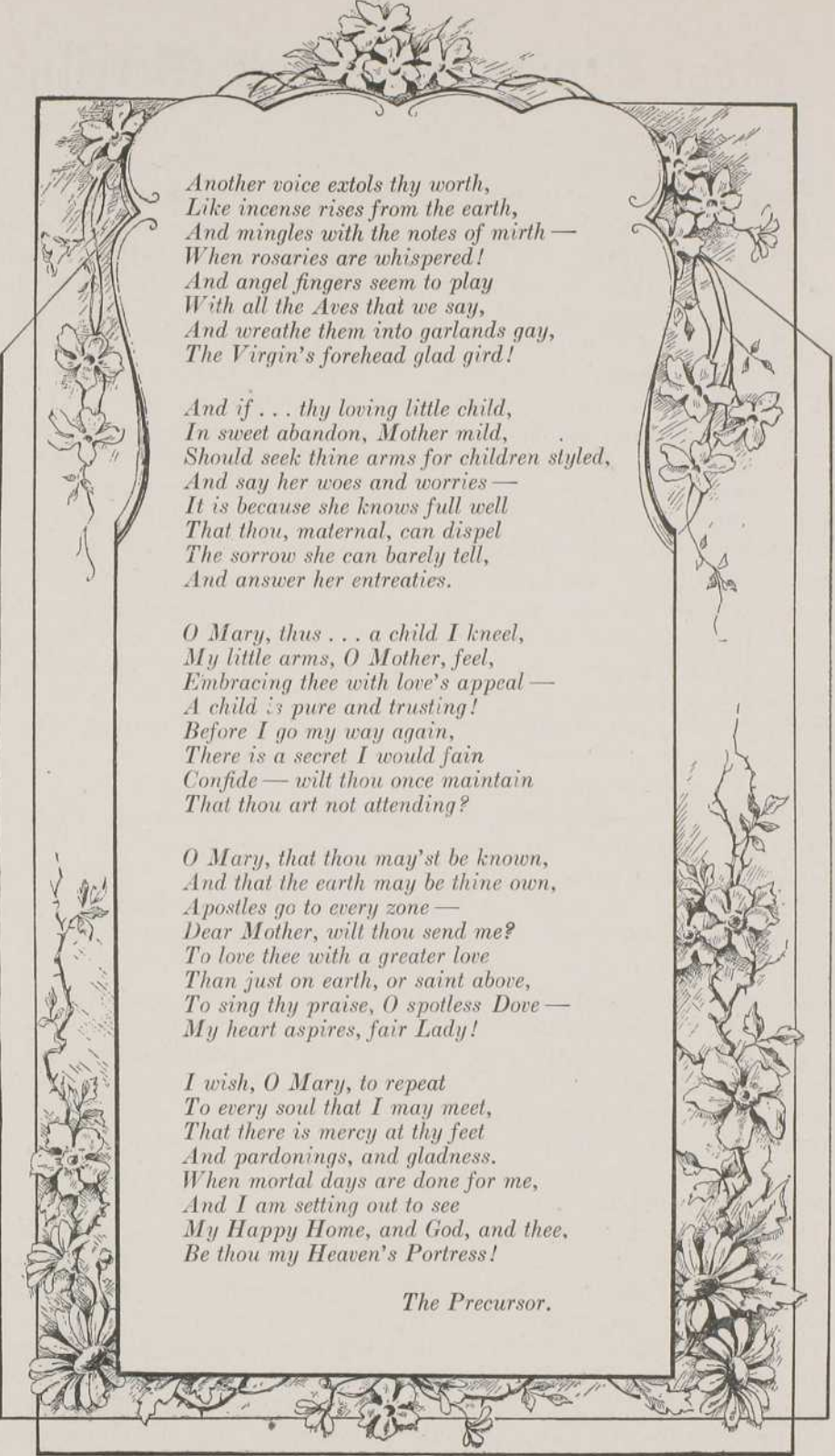


In Praise of Heaven's Lady

*The fairest month of all the year,
Sweet-scented May at last is here;
The swallows twitter in their cheer
Thy name, O Mother Mary!
The long white sleep of Winter's cold
Is ended now — the buds unfold
Their velvet gowns of wealth untold,
In praise of Heaven's Lady!*

*The songs of Spring are loud and sweet
In babbling brook, in lambkin's bleat,
The joy and gladness are complete,
Our Lady's month is merry!
The souls of men have caught the strain,
The melodies from wood and plain —
We humans, too, would sing again
Thy name, O Mother Mary!*

*In virgin white the lily blooms,
The love-lit rose thy face illumines,
The lilac with its breath perfumes
Thy wayside shrines entrancing.
O Mary, fairest of the fair,
The flowers, whom the poets dare
To call the smile beyond compare,
Of God — thy name are singing!*



*Another voice extols thy worth,
Like incense rises from the earth,
And mingles with the notes of mirth —
When rosaries are whispered!
And angel fingers seem to play
With all the Aves that we say,
And wreath them into garlands gay,
The Virgin's forehead glad gird!*

*And if . . . thy loving little child,
In sweet abandon, Mother mild,
Should seek thine arms for children styled,
And say her woes and worries —
It is because she knows full well
That thou, maternal, can dispel
The sorrow she can barely tell,
And answer her entreaties.*

*O Mary, thus . . . a child I kneel,
My little arms, O Mother, feel,
Embracing thee with love's appeal —
A child is pure and trusting!
Before I go my way again,
There is a secret I would fain
Confide — wilt thou once maintain
That thou art not attending?*

*O Mary, that thou may'st be known,
And that the earth may be thine own,
Apostles go to every zone —
Dear Mother, wilt thou send me?
To love thee with a greater love
Than just on earth, or saint above,
To sing thy praise, O spotless Dove —
My heart aspires, fair Lady!*

*I wish, O Mary, to repeat
To every soul that I may meet,
That there is mercy at thy feet
And pardonings, and gladness.
When mortal days are done for me,
And I am setting out to see
My Happy Home, and God, and thee,
Be thou my Heaven's Portress!*

The Precursor.

Most Benign and Most Merciful



HERE is nothing that develops benignity and tenderness in the human heart like purity and innocence. A heart is good, loving, devoted, in proportion as it is pure. There is something, however, that can stifle its kindness and self-devotedness; and that is the passions. From the moment a heart is defiled by vice, particularly the vice of impurity, it becomes hard, egoistic, idolatrous of its own interests and insensible to those of others. Benignity, refinement, generosity, self-devotion, all these noble sentiments have disappeared under the destructive fire of vulgar voluptuousness. In their stead have sprung up the hideous spectres of egoism and indifference, and sometimes even the bloody fury of cruelty and crime. The history of mankind is there to prove it: the most monstrous villainies have always been and still are the deeds of corrupted humans. O ye that weep and are seeking a friendly hand to dry your tears, ye that are needy and forsaken, do not seek assistance from vitiated persons; your troubles and sorrows would not gain entry into their heart. Since they are moved by those things alone that are of interest to them, and since they are preoccupied with their neighbour inasmuch as they find in him interest or gratification, how could they uplift their heart to sacrifice and devotedness?

But if passions chill the heart and blunt kindness, purity elevates the soul, inflames it with generosity. A pure soul is ever open to pity, compassion and sacrifice. The pure-hearted individual always aims to lend himself, to donate himself wholly and with superabundance. Is there a call for devotedness? . . . he is there. He relieves misfortune, he succours misery wherever it crosses his path, and such is the vigour and expansion of a pure soul that it can love God unto ecstasy, and mortals unto heroism!

Now, Mary has, of all creatures, the purest, the most admirable heart. Never, and this is an article of our Faith, never has the slightest sin desecrated her soul. From the very moment of her Immaculate Conception she has been preserved from original sin, garbed in the white mantle of immaculacy, adorned with the radiant and divinely perfumed aromas of virginity to a degree that our tongues cannot express. Her heart after the Heart of Jesus is so exceptionally endowed with the divine perfumes of grace, that never has the infernal serpent dared to cast one glance on her and tarnish the glow of this ravishing lily. Mary, moreover, is so beautiful in her innocence, that God takes it upon Himself to exalt this masterpiece of His powerful love. After the creation of the universe, God, considering all the things He had made, simply said that they were good, *vidit quod esset bonum*. (Gen., I.) But after having brought Mary into existence, how differently He spoke! "Behold," said He, "thou art fair, O my love, *Ecce pulchra es, amica mea*. (Cant. I, 14) Thou art all fair, *Tota pulchra es*. (Cant. IV, 7) My eyes that discover blemishes in the most brilliant suns, and imperfections

in the pure intelligences that are about my throne, find not a spot in thee, *et macula non est in te!*" (Cant. IV, 7) And, addressing those intelligences and glorifying in His work before them, He said: "One is my dove, my perfect one. *Una est columba mea, perfecta mea!*" (Cant., VI, 8)

Such is Mary. Let us judge therefrom of the benignity of her heart, of the intensity of her love, and of her predisposition to mercy. Yes, Mary, we know that since you possess innocence in a sovereign degree, you are likewise benign in a sovereign degree; because you are the all-pure Virgin, you are most kind and benevolent; because you were clothed in the highest sanctity, you possess in their plenitude all mercies, all compassions, and all devotednesses! Mirror of the Divine Majesty, you are the image of His benignity! That is how you constantly feel the need of lavishing upon us the treasures of your immense tenderness. That is how you are able to say with Saint Paul: "The will of my heart, indeed, and my prayer to God is for them unto salvation!" (Rom. X, 1)

Mary is the immaculate Virgin: first reason for her benignity. Here is a second one: she is our mother. That word says all. Mary is our mother; consequently she loves us, she wants to succour us. I pity whoever does not understand that demonstration. It is as though he had never known his mother, not even in the days of his childhood, as though he had never been held on her maternal heart, as though his brow had never been covered with the caresses of a mother. Mary is our mother. If we were to ask then if she loves us, if she is good to us, would we not by the fact misunderstand what a mother is? Can a mother forget her child? Can she, without a sympathetic feeling, witness his sufferings and anguish? A mother is a sanctuary where flames unceasingly the sacred fire of self-devotion; a mother embodies affection under its various aspects; a mother is the providential being stationed beside her child to guard him continually, to uphold and console him! A mother is a heart always disposed to every sacrifice! If her child responds to her tenderness, if he heeds her voice, if he is the pride and sunshine of her life, oh! she loves him greatly. How much does she love him? She could not tell you. She knows but this one thing: if her capacity of loving was a thousand times vaster, she would love him a thousand times more tenderly. If, on the contrary, a mother finds a source of unhappiness in her child, — alas! the case is not rare nowadays, — if her son does not respond to her maternal solicitude, if he even dares, like the prodigal, to abandon the paternal hearth to give way to his evil passions, oh! that mother is undoubtedly wounded in the most sensitive fibre of her soul, her heart is rent with anguish. But would you suppose that she hates her son? Oh, no! she cherishes him yet, her affection follows him everywhere. She knows where he is, what he does, what he suffers. His remembrance is ever present to her mind. She thinks of him in the daytime, she thinks of him at night; and this thought, alas! often makes her shed bitter tears. And if we try to console her, saying: "Why should you weep so, why be in distress for that hard heart that heeds so little whether it pains you?" "Oh," she will reply, almost indignantly, "it is easy for you to speak thus. You do not know what a mother is. Yes, he is guilty as you say; he embitters my life, he

will be the cause of my death; but notwithstanding all this, I am his mother; he remains my son. I cannot help loving him. O my God, if he would only change life, if he would only return, how quickly I should forget everything!" There is a mother's heart! Now I understand those words of a saint: "The heart of a mother is an abridgment of the Heart of God."

Now, Mary is our mother; — another verity of our Faith — she has therefore for us a mother's tenderness, and that tenderness is so much the greater as she is the most sublime of mothers. Let us not ask any more if Mary loves us. And we can say further: if a mother were to forsake her child, Mary could not forsake us, for she loves us as no mother has ever loved. It is the statement of Saint Bernard: "Gather," says he, "as in a sheaf, if you can, all the love that mothers have for their children; all that cluster of tenderness will not equal the supernatural affection Mary bears the least of souls." It is the assertion of Mary herself. One day when Alphonsus Rodriguez was kneeling at her altar, he told her in the excess of his fervour: "O Mary, I know you love me, but no matter what your love for me, I doubt if it surpasses that which I have for you." Mary promptly answered: "O my son, cease such talk! As much as the heavens are above the earth, as much my love surpasses yours!"

And all men, both just and sinners, are the happy objects of Mary's affection. No one is excluded. Doubtless, since we love preferably those who are like to us, Mary loves you with a love of predilection, ye pure and virginal souls that have conserved your innocence and are cultivating with precious care the blossom of purity. But ye also, sinners, Mary loves you, make no doubt about it! She abhors sin which has put her Son to death, but she has for you deep compassion, deeper still as it is to you she owes the glory of her divine maternity, the Word having been made flesh in her womb in order to be able to redeem you. It is in your favour that she has given her very blood to Jesus Christ: how could she now refuse to intervene, by her prayers, between God and you? It is for your salvation that she has consented to His death: how could she be insensible to the dangers that imperil your soul? At the foot of the Cross she has become especially *your* mother: would it not be blasphemy to suppose she could ever abandon you, ye sons of her dolours?

Have confidence in Mary . . . unlimited confidence! O ye who seem unable to sever the chains that bind you to sin, do not despair, have confidence in Mary! Had you been the victim of every shameful and degrading vice, were you incessantly pursued by the most distressing cortege of remorse and anguish, go to Mary, the refuge of sinners, and you will find near her, rehabilitation, liberty and peace. Were your soul agitated by violent temptations in the midst of cruel doubts and thick darkness . . . were all the passions tossing about in fury the barque of your soul . . . do not despair, go to Mary, help of Christians, and your prayer will excite in her heart the need of lending you assistance. Is your life one of suffering? Are your days tinged with grief? Have you known reverses of fortune? Or have you been wounded in your deepest affections by the cold hand of Death? Do not despair, go to Mary, consoler of the afflicted. She will console you, and if she does not

always dry your tears, for they are the condition of our fallen nature, she will nevertheless take away much of their bitterness. Yes, have confidence in Mary, have confidence always!

Abbé Chas. ROLLAND

Flowers for Mary

The Orphan Confided to Mary



T METZ, in the year 1826, a poor little lad was lying on the roadside. Tears were streaming down his cheeks.

A soldier, a man with a great and generous heart, saw the child. He drew near . . .

"You are weeping, my boy; what is the matter?"

"Oh! I am very unhappy!"

"How old are you?"

"Nine, Sir."

"But why are you crying? What ails you?"

"I lost my father and mother two days ago."

"You are trying to fool me, little one!"

"Oh! I am very unhappy!"

"Are you really telling the truth, then?"

"Yes, I am. You may write to our pastor, he will tell you so."

"Come along, then, my lad."

And the obliging soldier took him to a modest but very respectable hotel, paid for him in advance and said: "Keep this child for me; take good care of him." He then wrote to the pastor who answered him, "Alas, it is too true! Send him to us; perhaps some kind soul will assume the care of that little orphan."

The soldier wrote again. "No, Father, I shall be his own parent, his mother and his father," he promised.

Admirable charity! As he was then at the end of his first term of service, he hired himself again on the same day, and took the sum of money to the superior of a teaching institution.

"Sir, will you keep this child for me? Bring him up well, take good care of him, he is my adopted son. Three hundred francs a year for six years — that sum will provide him with a good education."

And he gave his eighteen hundred francs!

"Take good care of his soul, and I shall see to his body."

The child was admitted.

The worthy soldier then went and knelt at Mary's feet. "Blessed Virgin," said he, "please watch over that child! I consecrate him to you and I give him to you; he shall be half yours, half mine . . ."

At the end of the year he returned to see the child . . .

The superior told him: "Take him back, he is causing trouble here; he has not answered our expectations."

The soldier reflected, then, with tears in his eyes, said: "Sir, will you have the kindness to keep him for another six months? I sincerely hope he will come to

better sentiments . . . I entreat you to try him again . . . Something tells me that God will have mercy on him and on me. Besides, I shall invoke Our Blessed Mother."

He went to kneel at Mary's altar and, in the admirable spirit of faith that was his, he spoke to the Blessed Virgin as he would have to his own mother. "But, Blessed Mary, I had abandoned him to you . . . my child! . . . He was just as much yours as mine! . . . But, Blessed Mary, I had told you to watch over him! . . . Blessed Mary, but you do not think of it! . . . I sold myself for him . . . and you would not do anything! . . . I warn you, Blessed Mary, that I am going to abandon you, or, at least, I shall not ask you anything further . . . Oh! listen, dear Mother, I hope that this time you will protect my child. I will always love you, I will always pray to you!" What faith! What sublime faith!

At the end of the year, the poor child was a perfect model. Later, he had the happiness of being raised to the holy priesthood, and he always was worthy of admiration and imitation.

Happy child! Happy and deserving soldier! . . .

*
* *

The Ocean of All Knowledge



IN THE year 1245, there lived in Cologne a Dominican licentiate of such extraordinary genius that his contemporaries called him *Great*. Although particularly versed in mathematics, physics and medicine, he was at the time a teacher of theology. Having been elevated in later years to the most eminent dignities, he voluntarily abdicated them to return to his school.

The end of his life was remarkable. One day, as he was giving a lesson in public, he suddenly stopped as would a man painfully seeking a thought; and, after some time of silence which astonished and troubled everyone, he spoke thus:

"When I was young, I had such great difficulty to learn, that I despaired of ever acquiring any knowledge; that is why I resolved to leave the Order of Saint Dominic, in order to spare myself the confusion of always being compared to men more learned than I.

"While I was tossing that project in my mind day and night, I fancied I saw the Mother of God in a dream. She was asking me in which branch of knowledge I desired to be especially proficient, whether it were theology or the knowledge of nature.

"I answered that it was in the knowledge of nature.

"She then continued: '*You shall be what you desire and the greatest of all philosophers; but, because you have not preferred the knowledge of my Son, a day shall come when, losing even the science of nature, you shall find yourself as you are to-day.*'

"Now, my children, that day which has been foretold has arrived for me. From this day on, I shall not teach you any more.

"But I confess a last time before you that I believe all the articles of the Creed, and I earnestly request the Sacraments of the Church when my last hour will be at hand. If I have said or written anything against the Faith, I recall my errors and submit all my doctrine to my holy Mother, the Roman Catholic Church."

Having finished these words, he came down from the pulpit, and lived yet three years in wondrous simplicity, he who had been called the *miracle of nature, the wonder of his age*, and to whom posterity conserves the name of Albert the Great.

LACORDAIRE

The Return of the Prodigal

He was a young seminarian of Savoy. He had let himself be thwarted from his vocation by a parent whose main religion lay in his love of money and in his zeal for business. His teachers and parents, aggrieved at this folly, strove vainly to retain him.

He came to Paris, and soon obtained a position in a large commercial building. He earned money . . . too much of it. Bad companions corrupted him; he read evil literature, frequented public balls, and in a few months he had fallen very low. He entirely gave up serving God, neglected everything, everything except a *Memorare*, that he continued to say, inattentively perhaps, when going to bed at night, because he had made a formal promise to recite it, when he had bidden farewell to his professor at the seminary.

After three or four years of unrestraint and reprehensible living, he lost his position, and by odd circumstances gradually fell into utter misery.

His situation soon grew so desperate that he resolved to end it all up. He therefore directed his steps towards the Saint Martin Canal, selecting a secluded spot; but before perpetrating his crime he knelt, and, by a very strange contradiction, recited the habitual *Memorare*. Then he rose and took his start to plunge into the water.

"Look out! Look out!" cried a few voices from a boat he had not observed. He stopped short. He had to wait till the boat was out of sight. A few remembrances of his Faith shot forth in his mind, vague remorse intervened between him and suicide. He thought he could see under the waters of the Canal an abyss of fire. He walked off, half-hazardously, not knowing whither to direct his steps.

He soon found himself in front of a church he had not known before; he entered. Many persons were kneeling at the Virgin's altar; it was adorned with flowers and lighted tapers; there were thousands of *ex-votos* about.

This sight touched him, and a feeble ray of peace penetrated into his soul. Near the altar he noticed an old priest hearing confessions. He let everyone pass before him, then, instinctively, he entered the confessional. He was, without his knowing it, at the feet of the venerable Abbé Desgenettes, in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires. He did not confess, but simply unloaded his poor heart that was a prey to despondency.

The priest was very kind and compassionate; and when the prodigal child had told his story, Abbé Desgenettes spoke: "And I . . . I have something to add to your relation. Several months ago, a bishop was preaching here, a bishop from Savoy; he recommended to the prayers of the faithful a young man he had loved as a son, while he was yet a professor in the seminary, and over whose loss he was inconsolable. 'He is here,' would add the bishop, 'he is here in Paris, avoiding me. But the Blessed Virgin knows him; she knows where he is, that dear prodigal boy. Let us pray her to bring him back to God.' We have prayed much; and now, that bishop was your former professor, your father, your friend; and you are that prodigal child."

The unfortunate young man began to weep and hid his head in his hands.

"My child," gently broke in the priest, "the Blessed Virgin wants to save you, let her do it. It is she who has stopped you on the verge of the abyss; it is she who has led you here."

The aged minister of God heard the young man's confession. He let enter into his heart the soothing balm of peace. He prepared him to crown his return to God and His Church by a fervent Communion.

The Mother of God and of men had brought back another stray sheep to the fold . . . Her happy convert then solicited a humble pardon of his parents, his former teachers, and especially of his good and saintly bishop; and with their consent he entered a penitential Order consecrated to the Queen of Heaven.

At Mary's Chapel

"Soldier, where art thou from?"

"I was at my post, waiting for the battle to begin. The signal was given; I prepared for defense and recommended my fate to Our Lady. The enemy discharged a volley: all my comrades fell about me; I remained alone, standing at my rank. Soon the foe was among us; blood reddened my uniform, I was fighting over the bodies of the dead! When night fell putting an end to this slaughter, I had not received a single wound. What deep gratitude did I not owe! Mary had so well protected me! And that is how and why I am now in her chapel."

"Be thou blessed, upright soldier, for you have shown great faith in Mary!"

"Sailor, where art thou from?"

"I was at sea. A large crew was on board. The sky was clear and beautiful. Suddenly, a violent wind blew from the west, and our boat began to be tossed about by the ocean in fury; the waves piled up mountain-high; the vessel was leaking on all sides. I sprang to the deck. 'O Patroness of Mariners, help us!' I had hardly said my prayer when the gale subsided. Wishing to extend my heartfelt gratitude to the One who had saved us from shipwreck I came to this chapel."

"Be thou blessed, pious mariner, for you have had great faith in Mary!"

"Pray tell me, pale maiden, whence art thou?"

"I was ill . . . my days were numbered. One time I was suffering, oh! so! The doctors were about me, a look of pity in their eyes; my mother could hardly refrain her tears; and I heard in a low voice: 'When the leaves will begin to fall.' What! thought I, so young and I must die! I then promised, if I saw the leaves turning green again, that I would make a pilgrimage to the Virgin. Now the leaves have turned green again, and I have been able to breathe once more the sweet freshness of the woods. To-day I wanted to acquit myself of my promise . . . and that is how I am in her chapel."

"Be thou blessed, pious maiden, for you have had great faith in Mary!"

"Mother with a joyous smile, where art thou from?"

"I had only one son . . . he was called to the army. I shall not try to tell you the anguish that tore my poor heart since that separation. What worries! When I would receive news from him, I was so very happy! Then anew my tears would fall countless, until the arrival of another letter. How many times have I not sobbed at the thought that he might have perished! Still, a remembrance brought me consolation during those moments of distress: I had recommended my child to Mary, and during nine consecutive days, a candle had burned for him before Our Lady of Sorrows. Now my child has returned. I have not forgotten the kind Virgin who has guarded him while he was in peril; that is how you find me in her chapel."

"Be thou blessed, loving mother, for you have had beautiful faith in Mary!"

Amen, I say to you, he who shall invoke Mary shall see his prayers answered!



Consecration of the World to the Immaculate Heart of Mary

At their reunion held on December 1, 1942, Their Excellencies the Archbishops and Bishops of the province of Quebec have deemed it fitting that their faithful participate in the consecration of the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which was pronounced, some time ago, by His Holiness Pope Pius XII. To this end, they have agreed upon the text quoted below, ordaining that, on December 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Pastors and Rectors of our churches and chapels shall read in public this consecration prayer.

Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God and of men, Refuge of the human race, Victress in all God's battles, we prostrate ourselves before thy throne, to obtain mercy, grace, and assist-

ance in the calamities of the war. We ask these thy favours not through our own inadequate merits, but solely through the great goodness of thy maternal Heart.

In union with the Holy Father, the common father of the great human family, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, your Divine Son to Whom all power has been granted in Heaven and on earth we consecrate to thy Immaculate Heart the Mystical Body of thy Son, Holy Mother Church, now suffering in so many places and sorely tried in so many ways; we consecrate to thee the entire world, victim of its own wickedness, consumed in a fire of hate, and torn by fierce strife.

We consecrate to thee our country, already so heavily tried in its population and resources, drawn in the whirlwind of militarism, threatened with all sorts of violence and abuse, and especially wounded in its faith and morality.

We consecrate to thee our families, so grievously affected by the separation of their members, the ones called to fight, or already fallen in the struggle, the mothers and daughters gone from the home, the young people lost to their family influence, the children becoming more and more abandoned, all exposed to the peril of pagan morals, to the neglect of their religious duties, to the unobservance of Sundays, to blasphemy, to intemperance, to luxury and to so many other vices. To all give the courage to accomplish in a Christian manner the duties of their state in life.

May the sight of the widespread material and moral destruction, of the sorrows and anguish of nations, of the tears of mothers, of wives, of brothers, of innocent children, move thee to compassion! So great is the number of lives cut off in the flower of youth, of the bodies mangled in horrible slaughter, and of the tortured and agonized souls in danger of being lost eternally. May so many sacrifices obtain for our country a just victory and salutary peace.

Mother of Mercy, implore God to grant us the graces which will render us able to save all the souls of men, and which prepare, establish and assure reconciliation and peace.

Queen of Peace, pray for us and give to the world now at war the peace for which all the peoples are longing, peace in the truth, justice and charity of Christ. Grant that the hostilities cease as soon as the designs of divine justice shall be accomplished, and that peace be given to the souls of men, that in the tranquillity of order the Kingdom of Christ may prevail. Amen.



Faithful souls, if you hold dear your Faith, if you love Jesus Christ, do not cease praying for Holy Mother Church. Consider the persecution she is enduring on the part of so many unbelievers who, not satisfied with losing their own souls, strive, furthermore, by their writings and discourses, to pervert others, in order to envelop them also in a common perdition. To that end they labour to spread on all sides their pernicious literature: and their detestable publications are read by poor young men who are stimulated by the curiosity of learning new things, or by that desire of unbridled liberty in their disorderliness. Thus, they are impregnated with the mortal poison of those writings, and abandon themselves without restraint to all sorts of vices. Oh! if you have zeal for the Faith, work with all your energy, work by your warnings and counsels, and even your reproaches, to extirpate that abominable evil from the world.

St. Alphonsus



Faith, like the sun, wants to enlighten both worlds, and the man with a lively faith would betake himself unto the barbarians, the savages, the infidels, to preach Jesus Christ; and he would lay down his life if need be, to increase the number of the elect. Those who cannot leave their country can acquire great merit if they pay for the upkeep of missionaries by generous almsgiving. But far more meritorious is the giving of oneself . . . Oh! What noble devotedness is manifested in expatriating oneself for the Faith, in seeking unknown strands whereupon to implant the glorious standard of the Cross!

Reverend F. Bouchage, C. S. S. R.

His Holiness Pope Pius XII's Address

Delivered on the 25th Anniversary of His Episcopal Consecration
(Continued)

VATICAN, TOO, HAS CATACOMBS

Vatican soil, we may say, too, has its catacombs. The excavations begun and carried on at our request in the subsoil of the Vatican Basilica, of which we gave some account over a year ago on the occasion of the inauguration of the tomb of our memorable predecessor, have not yet been completed. But they do not fail to cast new and abundant light on those early times in which the Gospel of the Cross began to resound and to be firmly established with all its sublime attraction on Roman soil and the young Church set itself to ascend the thorny and bloody path of that centuries-long *Via Dolorosa* which was to bring it, under Constantine, to peaceful triumph.

PAGAN CEMETERY LIES UNDER BASILICA

The works completed last year had already revealed beneath the great nave of the Basilica, on a straight line leading to the confessional, with a certainty never before reached, the existence of a large pagan cemetery, the characteristic monuments of which, from the first century on, had arisen within the space of an *area perpetua sepulturæ tradita* already in use. This pre-Christian necropolis furnished the clearest proof of the accuracy of the Roman tradition that had always sought the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles beneath the surface of just such a pagan cemetery.

As the works progressed, there appeared the lines of the foundations of Constantine's Basilica in ever greater precision and little by little were revealed the exceptional technical and physiological difficulties that the emperor's architect had to overcome in the planning and execution of his grandiose designs. Any one who goes down into these excavations and sets himself to contemplate and measure the enormous difficulties of the rough uneven Vatican soil that were overcome in laying the foundations and leveling out a cemetery site with its countless monuments, venerable and dear even to pagan Rome and to many families, finds in those magnificent remains that are now unveiled to us the most convincing proof that the emperor could not and must not have been following reasons of convenience in choosing a site for his Basilica, but that the site was imposed upon him by the fact that here was placed the tomb of the Apostle.

With the guidance of such criteria and the aid of a comparative study of the relevant sources, it was not difficult to unearth the ancient semicircular confessional, going back perhaps to the time of Gregory the Great, on the marble walls of which, from the beginning of the Middle Ages, countless pilgrims cut the sign of the cross as a memorial of their visit.

Between last September and today over 1,500 coins, ancient and medieval have been found. These show that those pious pilgrims came in great numbers not only from Rome and Italy but, one may say, from every part of the then-known world. France, especially, was represented by the coins

of its Archbishops, Bishops, and Abbots; its kings, dukes, counts, viscounts, and lords; then Germany, the Low Countries, Switzerland, Spain, England, Bohemia, Livonia, Hungary, Slavonia, and the Latin East.

But in the central section, where one above the other there arise three altars of different periods, the tireless zeal of the investigators has found a monument that is simple in form but which, long before the time of Constantine, the devotion of the faithful had endowed with the character of a venerable place of cult. This is shown by the *graffiti*, which are to be seen within the monument on one wall, showing the same form as those that indicate the tombs of the martyrs in the Christian cemeteries. These *graffiti*, which bring us back to the days of persecution, provide us historical certainty that we have here that *trophaeum* spoken of by the priest, Caius, about A. D. 200, in jubilant terms, and reported by Eusebius: "I can show you the monuments of the Apostles" — words that now make us see Caius once again amid the mystic shadows of the Vatican grottos. Eusebius himself recalls the monuments adorned by the names of Peter and Paul, which even now are seen in the cemeteries of Rome. Add to this the spirited query addressed by the Doctor of the Church, St. Jerome, to the priest, Vigilantius: "Does the Bishop of Rome, then, do ill when he offers sacrifice over what we call the venerable remains but what you call the worthless dust of the dead men, Peter and Paul, and treats their tombs as altars?"

MAN THIRSTS FOR PEACE OF CHRIST

Thus you will see how these and other testimonials get fresh light and force from the discoveries and the findings already completed. They all agree and fit in harmoniously with the language of the monuments in which stones speak. And from this harmony does there not break forth the cry of certainty and imperishable assurance of the early Church, which grew up in suffering and hardship? It is the cry that is directed as an exhortation to faith in and hope of victory towards those who in our own day, turbulent but as forerunner of great decisive events, are to preserve and give back to a wandering mankind, thirsting for peace, the blessings of Our Redeemer, and to set up to the cross of Christ within the stronghold of this mankind the altar which belongs to it and to it alone.

The Divine mission of the Church, established immovably on the Rock of Peter, has no limits of space on earth and has no limit in its activity but the time limit of mankind; but, like every age that passes, the present moment presents to her and imposes on her new enterprises, duties, cares. The cries for help that each day brings to us would tell us, if we did not already know it, what the present moment in its onward rush asks and demands from the Church — namely, to use her authority to secure that the present terrible conflict may cease and the flood of tears and blood may issue forth into an equitable and lasting peace for all.

HAS LABORED FOR PEACE CONSTANTLY

Our conscience is our witness that from the moment when the hidden designs of God entrusted to our feeble strength the weight, now so heavy, of the supreme Pontificate, we have labored both before the outbreak of war

and during its course for peace, with all our mind and strength and within the ambit of our Apostolic ministry. But now when the nations are living in the painful suspense of waiting for new engagements to begin, we take the opportunity offered by this occasion to speak once again a word of peace, and we speak that word in the full consciousness of our absolute impartiality towards all the belligerents and with equal affection for all peoples without exception. We know well how in the present state of affairs the formulation of specific proposals of a just and equitable peace would not have any well-founded probability of success — indeed every time that one speaks a word of peace one runs the risk of offending one or the other side. In fact, while one side bases its security on the results obtained, the other rests its hope on future battles. If, however, the present lining up of forces, of gains and losses in the political and military sphere, does not show any immediate practical possibility of peace, the destruction wrought by the war among the nations in the material and spiritual plane is all the time accumulating to such an extent that it calls for every effort to prevent its increase by bringing the conflict to a speedy end. Even prescinding from arbitrary acts of violence and cruelty — against which, on former occasions, we raised our voices in warning — and we repeat that warning now with insistent supplication — even in the face of threats of still more deadly warfare, the war of itself, through the perfect technical quality of its weapons, causes unheard-of pain, misery, and suffering to the nations. Our thoughts are with the courageous combatants, with the multitudes that are living in the zones of operations in occupied countries or within their own countries. We think — how could we not think? — of the dead, of the millions of prisoners, of the mothers, wives, sons who for all their love of country are a prey to mortal anguish. We think of the separation of married people, of the breakdown of family life, of famine and economic penury. Does not each of these names of evil and ruin connote a numberless group of heart-rending cases in which is epitomized and condensed the most lamentable, bitter, excruciating phenomenon ever turned loose on humanity and make us fearful of a near future full of terrible unknown economic and social hardships?

For whole decades a gigantic amount of study and the flower of intellect and good will had been devoted to realizing a solution of the social question and now after all this the peoples must behold how the public moneys, whose wise administration for the public good was one of the cardinal points in that solution, are being spent in hundreds of billions for the destruction of goods and life.

INJURED FAMILIES FORM OTHER FRONT

But from the want and sufferings of homes to which we have referred — and which now extend to the whole world — there arises behind the war front another huge front, the front of families injured and in anguish. Before the war some peoples now in arms could not even balance their deaths with their births; and now the war, so far from remedying this, threatens to send the new additions to the family to physical, economic, and moral ruin.

We should like, then, to address a fatherly word of warning to the rulers

of nations. The family is sacred; it is the cradle not only of children but also of the nation — of its force and its glory. Do not let the family be alienated or diverted from the high purpose assigned to it by God. God wills that husband and wife, in loyal fulfilment of their duties to one another and to the family, should in the home transmit to the next generation the torch of corporeal life and with it spiritual and moral life, Christian life; that within the family, under the care of their parents, there should grow up men of straight character, of upright behavior, to become valuable unspoiled members of the human race, manly in good or bad fortune, obedient to those who command them and to God. That is the will of the Creator. Do not let the family home, and with it the school, become merely an anteroom to the battlefield. Do not let the husband and wife become separated from one another in a permanent manner. Do not let the children be separated from the watchful care of their parents over their bodies and souls. Do not let the earnings and the savings of the family become void of all fruit.

The cry that reaches us from the family front is unanimous: "Give us back our peace-time occupations." If one has the future of mankind at heart, if your conscience before God ascribes some import to what the names father and mother mean to men and to what makes for the real happiness of your children, send back the family to its peace-time occupation. As patron of this family front — from which may God keep far all open ways of unfortunate and disastrous upheaval — we make a warm, fatherly appeal to statesmen that they may not let any occasion pass that may open up to the nations the road to an honest peace of justice and moderation, to a peace arising from a free and fruitful agreement, even if it should not correspond in all points to their aspirations.

REKINDLE IN SELVES SPIRIT OF LOVE

The world-wide family front which has at the war front so many hearts of fathers, husbands, and children who, amid the dangers and sufferings, hopes and desires, are beating with the double love of country and of home, will become tranquil in the prospect of a new horizon. The gratitude of mankind and the consent of their own nation will not be wanting to those generous leaders who, inspired not by weakness, but by a sense of responsibility, shall choose the road of moderation and the field of wisdom when they meet the other side, also guided by the same sentiments.

Inspired as we are with this confidence, there remains only for us, dear children, to lift up to the Father of Mercies and the Light of Wisdom our fervent prayers that He may hasten the dawning of that so much desired day. "Ask and you shall receive" was the advice of our Divine Redeemer, Prince of Peace, who, meek and humble of heart, calls us to give us rest from our labors and burdens. Let us rekindle in ourselves the spirit of love; let us hold ourselves ever ready to collaborate with our faith and our hands, after the most extensive, disastrous, and bloody cataclysm of all history, to reconstruct from the pile of material and moral ruins a world which the bonds of brotherly love will weld in peace, a world in which, with the help of the Almighty, all may be new, hearts, words, and works.

(The end.)

Mother Marie du St. Esprit

APOSTLE OF THE CHINESE WORK IN CANADA

(Continued)



HE terrible epidemic of 1918, influenza, which came upon our city in the month of October, was destined to have the most happy consequences for the Chinese Colony of Montreal. From the very outset of the disease, a Missionary Sister and a virgin catechist spent the better part of their time seeking out the victims of the scourge, to obtain admission for them in hospitals and to prepare them for the reception of Baptism before their death. But soon there was no more room for them, and for many others also, for all the hospitals were filled to capacity. The poor Chinese were soon forsaken by their compatriots, who, not animated by Christian charity, were the slaves of superstition. The Sisters would find the unfortunate victims of the disease on miserable pallets, abandoned by all; but how the light of Faith they offered the moribunds appeared sweet and luminous!

The charitable Mother Marie du Saint Esprit, for whom the sad situation of these Chinese invalids was a subject of endless solicitude, requested and obtained from the Archbishop and the civil authorities permission to open for them a temporary hospital. There her Daughters could welcome the sick and care for them; moreover, with what greater facility could they not give them spiritual assistance!

Presently, the modest hospital was opening its doors: it was on October 18, 1918. The building was located at 66 Clarke Street, and Divine Providence saw, on that very day, to all its needs. Upon the request of Reverend R. Caillé, the city defrayed the upkeep expenses; the Benevolent Chinese Society offered to pay the rent, heating and lighting; the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception proffered the services of Sister-Nurses and furnished what it could of bedclothes, furniture, etc.; the Institute of the Clerics of Saint Viator gave twelve mattresses and six pillows; moreover, it sent four Brothers to lend a helping hand in the cleaning, the whitening of the walls, etc.; the beds and woollen blankets were lent, during all the time the epidemic lasted, by the Municipal Administration.

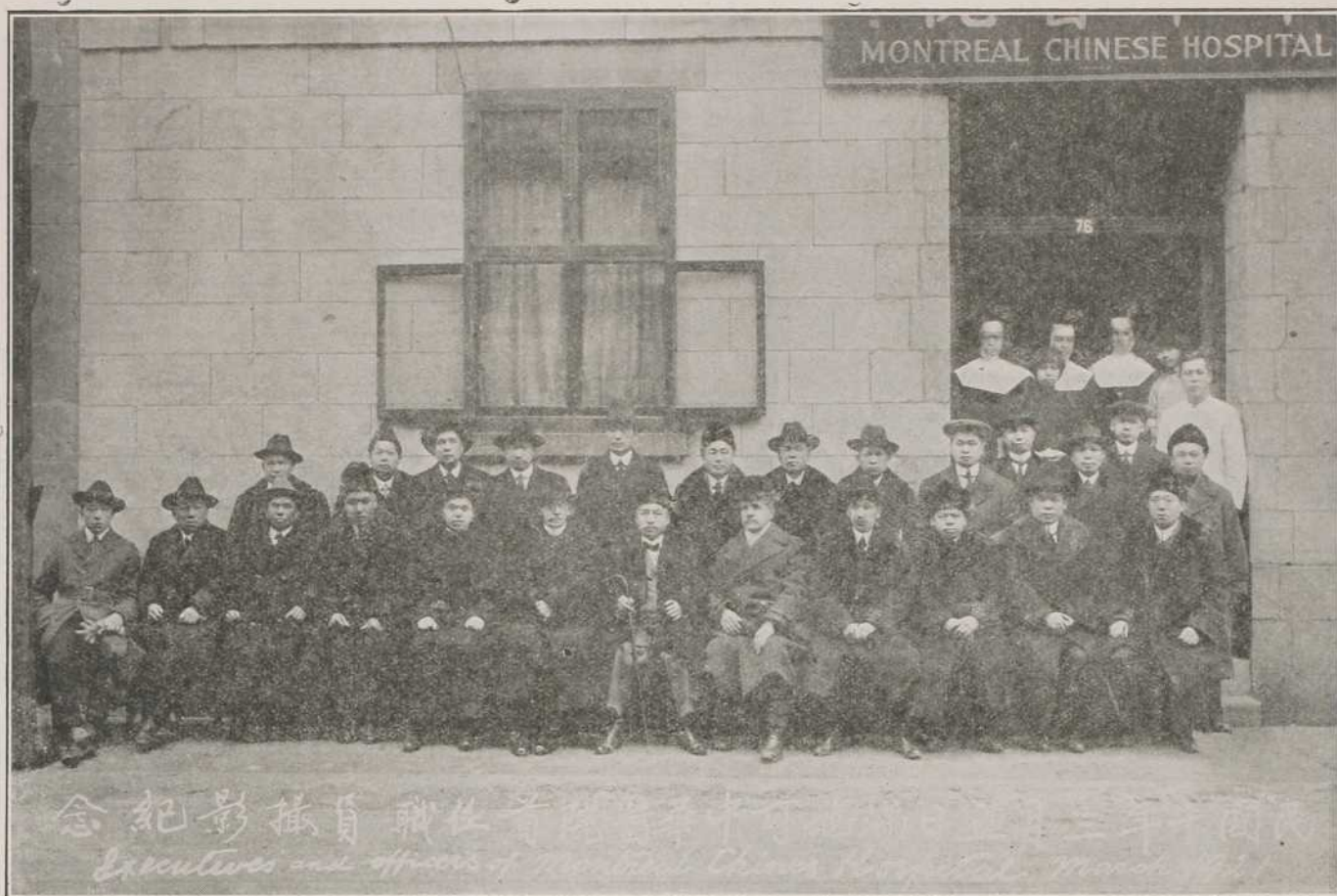
The very night of its opening, the new hospital registered three patients. A beautiful field of endeavour had opened to the apostles in search of souls. During the first month, when influenza was at its worst, death claimed thirteen members of their Chinese family. Of that number, two died without Baptism, notwithstanding the zeal of the missionaries; another had been a Christian for a long time; the ten others received under their care the heavenly passport. Several patients who outlived the dreadful malady have kept a sweet and thankful remembrance of the hospital. A goodly number of parents and friends of the sick tended in the hospital during the epidemic were touched by that Christian charity; they asked to be inscribed as catechumens.



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN OCTOBER, 1918, ON THE OCCASION OF THE INAUGURATION OF THE FIRST CHINESE HOSPITAL, CLARKE STREET. REVEREND R. CAILLÉ, OFFICIATING PRIEST OF THE CHINESE COLONY; MR. CHOW KHO HSIEN, CHINESE CONSUL AT OTTAWA; THE MISTERS L. E. FORTIER AND W. DEROME, M. D., WHO LENT THE SUCCOUR OF THEIR ART TO THE PATIENTS OF THE HOSPITAL FROM THAT TIME ON; AND THE PRINCIPAL CHINESE DIRECTORS OF THE HOSPITAL.

Besides, the Chinese Association of Montreal published some time after in a Chinese paper an article wherein it manifested its thankfulness to His Excellency the Archbishop, to Reverend R. Caillé and the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, for the care given to their sick in the hospital opened during the epidemic. The author ended thus the expression of sentiments of which he was the interpreter: "During the few months that have elapsed since the founding of the hospital, a large number of our sick have been cured. Our Association is at a loss as to how to express its gratitude. That accounts for our writing these few words, to make known to our nation what virtue the religion of the Master of Heaven possesses. Signed: The Chinese Association of Montreal."

As has been mentioned above, this hospital had been but temporarily established; the locality was not favourable to the end in view and to the residence of the Sisters. It had to be closed in June, 1919. The Chinese had appreciated the attention lavished upon them: they conceived the idea of assuring those advantages in the future. On January 17, 1920, the Chinese Association purchased the property to-day occupied by the hospital on Lagauchetière Street, and obtained the services of lay nurses. "But things were not faring well at all," would say Mr. Wong, President of the Committee. Let us hear him relate how things turned out. "When I



PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF THE CHINESE ASSOCIATION OF MONTREAL, IN 1921. REVEREND R. CAILLE, OFFICIATING PRIEST OF THE CHINESE COLONY; THE MISTERS L. E. FORTIER AND W. DEROME, MEDICAL DOCTORS; MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

would go and collect from the Chinese for the hospital, no one would give me anything . . . The minute the Protestants were informed of the opening of the hospital, they did not delay in annoying me with requests to put them in charge of it. I only said that I would speak of it to the Committee. We held a reunion; over fifty members of various Associations took part in the deliberations. Some favoured the Protestants; others, the Catholics. After having listened to them for more than an hour, I rose and said: 'Who came to our assistance when we were in need? Who cared for our sick during the epidemic? What testimony have they given us of the devoted-



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION TENDING
THE SICK OF THE MONTREAL CHINESE HOSPITAL.

ness of the Sisters? To whom now do you suppose we should confide our hospital?' All raised their hand, saying: 'To the Catholics! To the Sisters!' The question had been definitively settled. We asked the Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for religious. She sent us four. As soon as the Sisters had entered the house, difficulties ceased. The Protestants gradually retreated, and peace reigned everywhere. Then, when I would go soliciting for the hospital, all would give . . ."

The official opening of the Chinese Hospital and dispensary was held on March 8, 1920. The Chinese Work being now taken up on a larger scale, Reverend Mother Marie du Saint Esprit conceived the project of forming a class of virgin catechists at the Mother House of the Institute. To that end, she obtained entry into Canada, from the Emigration Office, for Chinese girls who were determined to remain virgins and to consecrate themselves to the evangelization of their compatriots. Seven arrived in March, 1920. Later, others followed their example. They were employed in the various posts where the Society of the Missionary Sisters of the



SISTER SAINT PHILIPPE (ANNETTE BEAUDOIN, CHAMPLAIN), SISTER MARIE DU BON CONSEIL (MARIE CLOUTIER, CHAMPLAIN), MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AND EIGHT VIRGIN CATECHISTS ARRIVED IN MONTREAL FROM CHINA THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF THE VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DU SAINT ESPRIT.

Immaculate Conception had charge of the Chinese Work: Montreal, Quebec, Three Rivers, Vancouver. A few returned to China after some years; one died a very edifying death in Montreal, after having during several years exercised charity and zeal in a most admirable manner; others are continuing their self-devotion on behalf of their exiled brethren.



MR. FONG, A CHINESE BAPTIZED IN MONTREAL, AND HIS INTERESTING FAMILY

Prior to 1925, the Chinese Colony of Montreal had held its religious ceremonies in the chapel of the Plateau Academy; but that same year it acquired a chapel adjoining the hospital, as well as a school for the Chinese children. His Excellency Bishop Deschamps, of Montreal, had the kindness to grant it a solemn blessing and to celebrate within its walls the first Mass, during which a number of Chinese received the Blessed Eucharist, to the edification of all the assistants. This new place of adoration was dedicated to the Holy Ghost for Whom the sons of the Chinese Empire profess special veneration.

As was stated above, the Chinese Work of Montreal had its ups and downs. The latter, unfortunately, brought about the cessation, in 1930, of the Sunday courses. How? . . . One reason for this, is, undoubtedly, as it had happened for the little school, that a large number of Chinese had returned to their native country; and the other causes . . . it would be difficult to fully analyse them. However, the apostles of the Work cherish the expectation that these courses, which in the past have yielded such beautiful fruit, will revive one day and that our exiled "Celestials" will thereby find the way that leads to the true Homeland — Heaven!

(To be continued)

Holy Father's Christmas Message to the World

(Continued)



ORDER, which is fundamental in an association of men (of beings, that is, who strive to attain an end appropriate to their nature) is not a merely external linking up of parts which are numerically distinct. It is rather, and must be, a tendency and an ever more perfect approach to an internal union; and this does not exclude differences founded in fact and sanctioned by the will of God or by supernatural standard.

A clear understanding of the genuine fundamentals of all social life has a capital importance today as never before, when mankind, impregnated by the poison of error and social aberrations, tormented by the fever of discordant desires, doctrines and aims, is excitedly tossing about in the disorder which it has itself created, and is experiencing the destructive force of false ideas, that disregard the Law of God or are opposed to it. And since disorder can only be overcome by an order which is not merely superimposed and fictitious (just as darkness with its fearful and depressing effects can only be driven away by light and not by will o' the wisps); so security, reorganization, progressive improvement cannot be expected and cannot be brought about unless by a return of large and influential sections to correct notions about society.

It is a return which calls for the Grace of God in large measure, and for a resolute will, ready and prepared for sacrifice on the part of good and farseeing men. From these influential circles who are more capable of penetrating and appreciating the beauty of just social norms, there will pass on and infiltrate into the masses the clear knowledge of the true, divine, spiritual origin of social life. Thus the way will be cleared for the re-awakening, the growth and the fixing of those moral principles without which even the proudest achievements create but a babel in which the citizens, though they live inside the same walls, speak different and incoherent languages.

From individual and social life we should rise to God, the First Cause and Ultimate Foundation, as He is the Creator of the first conjugal society, from which we have the society which is the family, and the society of peoples and of nations. As an image, albeit imperfect, of its Exemplar, the One and Triune God, Who through the Mystery of the Incarnation redeemed and raised human nature, life in society, in its ideals and in its end, possesses by the light of reason and of revelation a moral authority and an absoluteness which transcend every temporal change.

It has a power of attraction that, far from being weakened or lessened by delusions, errors, failures, draws irresistibly the noblest and most faithful souls to the Lord, to take up with renewed energy, with added knowledge, with new studies, methods and means, the enterprises which in other times and circumstances were tried in vain.

The origin and the primary scope of social life is the conservation, development and perfection of the human person, helping him to realize accurately the demands and values of religion and culture set by the Creator for every man and for all mankind, both as a whole and in its natural ramifications. A social teaching or a social reconstruction program which denies or prescind from this internal essential relation to God of everything that regards man, is on a false course; and while it builds up with one hand, it prepares with the other the materials which sooner or later will undermine and destroy the whole fabric. And when it disregards the respect due to the human person and to the life which is proper to that person, and gives no thought to it in its organization, in legislative and executive activity, then instead of serving society, it harms it; instead of encouraging and stimulating social thought, instead of realizing its hopes and expectations, it strips it of all real value and reduces it to a utilitarian formula which is openly rejected by constantly increasing groups.

If social life implies intrinsic unity, it does not, at the same time, exclude differences which are founded in fact and nature. When we hold fast to God, the Supreme Controller of all that relates to man, then the similarities no less than the differences of men find their allotted place in the fixed order of being, of values, and hence also of morality.

When, however, this foundation is removed, there is a dangerous lack of cohesion in the various spheres of culture; the frontier of true values becomes uncertain and shifting even to the point where mere external factors, and often blind instincts come to determine, according to the prevalent fashion of the day, who is to have control of this or that direction. After the fateful economy of the past decades, during which the lives of all citizens were subordinated to the stimulus of gain, there now succeeds another and no less fateful policy which, while it considers everybody and everything with reference to the State, excludes all thought of ethics or religion. This is a fatal masquerade, a fatal error. It is calculated to bring about incalculable consequences for social life, which is never nearer to losing its noblest prerogatives than when it thinks it can deny or forget with impunity the eternal source of its own dignity: God.

(To be continued)



Study, the condition and enlightenment of Catholic Action, must be sanctified by prayer. The apostles of Catholic Action will persevere in their efforts to improve the spiritual status of their brethren, enlightened by study and sanctified by prayer, only if they take it upon themselves to follow now and then, after the indication given to priests and religious, the spiritual exercises of a closed retreat, for they participate in the apostolate and must have recourse to the same spiritual sources.

His Excellency Bishop Courchesne, Rimouski.

* * *

Let us be apostles through prayer, that elevated and fecund mode of action which is also the surest, for it is unknown to men and has power on God for the salvation of Souls.



Behold the Heart that has loved men so much! And the greater number of them make Me no other return than ingratitude!

I promise that My Heart shall pour forth its divine love upon all who will honour or lead others to honour it.

(Our Divine Lord to St. Margaret Mary)

Love is not Loved

*Jesus, our King Divine,
Merciful and benign,
Is God of love.
Heaven He left for earth —
All men must have new birth —
Calvary told the worth
We're prized above.*

*If with us He will dwell —
Dear lonely Sentinel —
'Tis out of love.
Till Heaven He can give,
In us He wants to live;
Sweet Host, you're positive
Proof of His love.*

*Seeking Eternity,
Our barque steers straight and free,
'Tis His true Church.
Do we thank Him each day
For leading us the way
On to eternal Day, —
Sole goal we search?*

*He gladly gave us too,
Mary, our Mother true,
His spotless Dove.
And we His blood-bought race,
His arms would so embrace,
Can we not herein trace
Infinite love?*

*And! still how few who love
That Father up above!
Love is not loved!
How many hearts stay cold?
Men's sins are tyrants bold
Who Love a captive hold,
Love is not loved!*

*Who seeks Him in the strife?
Who wants His grace — true Life? . . .
Love is not loved!
His law of peace, of right,
Is it oft kept in sight?
Is His cold Cross our light? . . .
Love is not loved!*

*We will not pray or pain,
Still Heaven is the gain —
Love is not loved!
Thank we His mercy mild
That oft has reconciled
His sinful, wayward child? . . .
Love is not loved!*

*Earthly goods strong allure,
But still these words endure:
God wants our love.
E'en lips His Host deigned bless,
E'en hearts He would caress,
Curse Him — with sin oppress
Their God of love.*

*Jesus, our earth You sought,
Wishing that hearts be taught
All Your Heart's love.
Oh! who will let that flame
Steel him to noble aim?
Who will bring men Your Name,
Also Your love?*

*Come forward, ye chaste soul,
Charity is your role,
Tell men Christ's love!
Save pagans' woeful plight,
Bring stray sheep back aright,
Give souls the true delight —
Heaven above!*

The Precursor.

Come to Rest . . . and Reflect . . .



LET us not try to evade the fact that the present world is suffering from unprecedented evils. For years to come, men will speak of the war which is at this moment dividing nations, causing incalculable disasters, mowing down thousands of human lives, making torrents of tears flow; but that awesome scourge is but a consequence of an infinitely greater moral evil now covering the face of the earth: the hideous evil men call sin. We can not deny that the iniquities of men have heaped up the measure of their ingratitude towards God; and these very iniquities have called down on humanity the heavenly chastisement which is the present international conflict.

But the divine lesson has been misunderstood by the majority. Why? . . . Because many do not reflect within their own hearts. Caught in the maelstrom of business, plunged in the unbridled gratifications of a sensual life, men have riveted their hearts to the things of the world, to fatal delectations; bewitched by commotion, traffic, public news, the minds of men are filled with these enervations and futilities, and the one thing alone necessary is overlooked: the service of God, the salvation of the soul.

To correct this anomaly, God, in His great mercy and in His desire to save all men, has raised up in His Church a work replete with promises, that of closed retreats, which consists in the establishment of Houses especially destined to procure to souls, during a few days, solitude, quiet, silence, and the recollection which is requisite when one wishes to make a serious examen, and the predication on the great eternal truths, so fitting to awaken salutary reflections and efficacious resolutions.

The closed retreat is becoming all the time more popular, and we see men and women of all ages, young men and girls, children, even, seeking these oases of peace, these modern Cenacles in which the Holy Ghost is pleased to descend and speak to hearts. They remain, by groups, for three or four days, without any worry about bed or board. Far from their habitual preoccupations, they are solely mindful of the needs of their soul. It is for them a physical relaxation; they can pray as they choose, reflect without exterior preoccupations, recover lost fervour and improve themselves morally by a good Confession and well-prepared Communions; there, also, they can gather, in spiritual reading and pious meditation, enlightenment and new energy for the amendment of their lives. More than one, after the retreat, will say, "I have spent here three days of Heaven."

But how many souls that would profit in a signal manner by a closed retreat do not come to it! The reason? Perhaps because they do not know or do not understand its excellence, perhaps because of false prejudices, specious motives, nonchalance, indecision, faint-heartedness. To these souls may these lines repeat: "Come to the closed retreat, come without delaying any longer, come to rest awhile from the turmoil of life . . . come to reflect . . ."

CLOSED RETREAT

for ladies, young women and girls are being held almost uninterruptedly at the under-mentioned Convents of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception:

MONTREAL . . . Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Retreat House, 314 St. Catherine Rd., Outremont.
 QUEBEC . . . Our Lady of the Cenacle Retreat House, 561 St. Cyrille Street.
 RIMOUSKI . . . St. Teresa of the Child Jesus Retreat House, St. John the Baptist Street.
 CHICOUTIMI . . . Our Lady of the Missions Retreat House, 61 Jacques Cartier Street.
 JOLIETTE . . . Immaculate Conception Retreat House, 750 St. Louis Street.
 GRANBY . . . Mary Mediatrix Retreat House, 35 Dufferin Street.
 SAINT JOHN'S . . . Saint Bernadette Retreat House, 430 Champlain Street.
 NOMININGUE . . . Bethany Retreat House, Labelle Country, Que.

For information, write to the Superior of any of the above-mentioned Houses.

A CRUSADE OF PRAYERS

What is this Crusade?

It is a nation-wide campaign ordained by Their Excellencies the Bishops of the Province, to obtain from God, through our prayers and sacrifices, the beatification and canonization of Bishop de Laval, Marguerite Bourgeoys, Marie de l'Incarnation and Catherine de Saint Augustin, Founders of the Catholic Church in Canada.

Founders of the Church in Canada.

We give the title "Founders of the Church in Canada" to those persons who, living in our country from its earliest years, have contributed by their self-devoting labour and their virtues, more or less directly, to found the Catholic Church on Canadian soil.

Four Founders.

We have had as Founders several great servants of God whose examples of piety are worthy of all admiration. Their Excellencies our Bishops draw attention to those of our Founders whose causes are more advanced in Rome.

Prayer and Publicity.

Are we to unite the Four Founders in our supplications?

We must distinguish between prayer and publicity.

The four causes are presented separately, at Rome. We can therefore follow our personal attraction and invoke the individual servant of God towards whom we feel greatest devotion.

We must do likewise when soliciting favours likely to serve in the cause: the cure from a grievous illness or from a serious infirmity, or again, a conversion despaired of. In these cases the novena is addressed to one of the Founders, using, if convenient, the prayer of the novena.

As regards publicity, it is not advisable to separate those whom Divine Providence has united in the work of the implanting of Catholicism in Canada.

The Patrons of the Crusade.

"We ardently pray the all-loving Heart of Our Lord, through the *intercession* of His Immaculate Mother, of Saint John the Baptist, of Saint Joseph, of Saint Anne and of the Canadian Martyrs, to bless this undertaking . . ." (Pastoral Letter)

A Cause of National Interest.

To work for the glorification of the Founders of the Catholic Church in Canada is to aid a cause of national interest. The faithful are requested to do their share by offering prayers, sacrifices and alms.

To glorify the servants of God is to render homage to the Divine Majesty Who has given them to us; it is to honour the Church over whose tender years they have bent in a motherly gesture. It is also to sanctify souls by offering them virtuous examples, powerful intercessors.

Propaganda Office

Their Excellencies our Bishops have instituted a Committee for the Causes. Its Propaganda Office is at the *Canadian Messenger*. Favours received and, in general, all the initiatives relating to the cause of our Founders, are to be communicated to that Office.

Correspondence is to be addressed to the Propaganda Office, The *Canadian Messenger*, 1961 Rachel East, Montreal.

Novena Prayer (1)

O God, Who in Thy kindness wast pleased to raise so many apostles to found the Church in New France, deign grant us to imitate their virtues; grant us also the grace we ask of Thee through the intercession of Thy servant N . . . (2) so as to obtain his (or her) glorification. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

Recite one *Our Father*, one *Hail Mary*, and three times *Glory be to the Father*.

1. His Eminence Card. J. M. R. Villeneuve, O. M. I., has granted one hundred days' Indulgence to all who will recite the above-quoted prayer.

2. Name any one of the four Founders we wish to invoke, Bishop de Laval, Marie de l'Incarnation, Marguerite Bourgeoys, or Catherine de Saint Augustin.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)



UT let us return to Theophane Vénard. Before his arrival in Tong-king and during his passage, he had suffered from an attack of inflammation of the lungs, which seemed to get worse every day, in spite of the prescriptions of the Chinese physicians. His entire recovery can be attributed only to a direct Divine interposition. The account of it will be found in the following letter to his father, written in March, 1855: —

“When I wrote to you last, my dearest father, I was with Bishop Retord, at his College of Vinh-Tri.

At the end of August, the Bishop sent me to a college in the village of Kê-Doan to study the Annamite language, and associated with me two catechists, who could speak a little Latin. As I had to pass by Kê-non, where there is a seminary directed by Bishop Jeantet, Bishop Retord's coadjutor, I stayed there for eight days. Bishop Jeantet is sixty-three years old, and has been thirty-seven years in the mission. He is a most venerable man, kind and amiable. He was never tired asking me questions about France, that country so dear to the missionary's heart. I was also very much interested in the seminary, and stammered some words of Annamite which I had just learned. From here I left for the college at Lâng-Doân. A month in such study as this went like lightning. On the second Sunday in October I ventured to preach a short sermon in the little church. The chiefs of the village came to congratulate me, not that they could understand much of my allocution, but being Annamites, they are very civil and courteous; and though I had made such a hash of their language, they thought it right to compliment me.

“Some days later I fell sick of a pestilential illness which declared itself in the college. I was one of its first victims. My catechists nursed me with great care and attention, and Bp. Retord, Bp. Jeantet, and Fr. Castex, Pro-Vicar-General of the mission, sent me all sorts of medicines, which, with the grace of God, cured me. As soon as I could stand, I went by boat for a change of air to another village, named Kê-Dâm, where an Annamite priest has his principal residence. Remark that I went *in a boat across the fields*, because every year at this time there is a flood caused by the overflow of the rivers, the result of the tropical rains in the western mountains. The whole country becomes like one vast sea. The villages themselves are all under water and the only means of communication is by boats. I found myself well enough on All Saints' Day to say a low Mass. The evening before, all the village gathered around the church to congratulate me on my recovery. The chiefs, dressed in their best clothes, came to conduct me solemnly to church, to the sound of native music and repeated hurrahs.

(To be continued)

A Fruitful Conversation

"Any news from your missionary daughter?"

"Yes, Margaret. Yesterday, a communication from the Minister of Foreign Affairs informed us that she was coming back to Canada. At this very hour, I have no doubt she must be on the ocean with some of her fellow Sisters!"

"I read about that in the paper, this morning, and I didn't lose any time in coming to talk it over with you. Some surprise, Mary!"

"Certainly; but considering the trend of the war, that return could be expected. The family is overjoyed at the prospect, each one says it will be like Heaven to see Teresa again; but for my part, despite my happiness on thinking that I shall soon be pressing that dear daughter to my heart, I cannot keep myself from guessing what anguish must have tormented her when she had to leave her mission, her works, her natives; in short, that pagan land she loved with her whole heart, and where she was so happy to devote herself to the salvation of souls."

"Had she been long in the missions?"

"Six years. I can yet see her at the station on the day of her departure. While we were all in tears, there she was, calm and even joyous, bidding us good-bye, saying 'Au revoir . . . in Heaven!' I am sure she had offered up her sacrifice for life; she did not bear away with her the hope of seeing us again on earth. Truly, God moves in a mysterious way!"

"In fact, I sometimes find myself wondering why God should permit that His missionaries, devoted and consecrated as they are to His service and the extension of His Kingdom, suffer from the war, be handicapped in their apostolate, interned or repatriated . . . while their Christian communities, often barely established in the Faith, and having such great need of them, must be left to their own resources . . . That is a mystery to me."

"Yet, Margaret, it is no so astonishing. The diffusion of the Gospel has at all times been effected in the midst of hardships and persecutions. Souls are priceless and their ransom cannot be brought about without suffering. If Jesus, the Almighty, has suffered His Passion to save them, His disciples, by themselves weak and powerless, cannot save them otherwise. In these days of desolation and disaster, the mission fields seem devastated in many places, but we must not let ourselves be disconcerted by that: the sufferings and tears of the workers of the Gospel will not be in vain, the prayers and sacrifices of the faithful will not remain inefficacious; they will fall on the pagan lands like a fecund seeding which will germinate in silence and obscurity, half-forgotten perhaps, but which, after these days of trial, will wax strong and yield the most happy fruits. If we open the History of the Church we see written in its every page the truth that *the blood of martyrs has always been the seed of Christians.*"

"You have conceptions superior to mine; like thoughts never occurred to me . . . Tell me, why this war which is torturing the world? It is a mystery to me that God, Who is infinitely good, should leave His creatures so long under the yoke of oppression."

"God is infinitely good, but He is also infinitely just. He owes it to Himself to punish the crimes of nations, the public violations of His law, just as much as the multiple sins of individuals. And we see to-day how the divine rights are outraged, contested, done away with upon earth, and how abundant is iniquity! That is why we have little reason to claim against the rigour and tenacity of the war; that scourge is a punishment inflicted by Heaven, and as long as mankind shall persist in misinterpreting the lesson, in not coming to better sentiments, so long can we look for the war to last . . . and to become even more tragic."

"We can then say that the war is just beginning, since the world does not seem to be becoming any better?"

"If we look attentively, we shall see that the words of Our Holy Father and of the Bishops have produced amendments. In certain sections, certain societies or families, God has been re-instituted the sovereign Master Who must be adored, loved, and served by the exact observation of His law. You see that some, at least, are returning to God."

"I read lately in a Catholic magazine an item which deeply impressed me. It is said that during the World War of 1914-1918, a saintly Religious of a Visitandine Convent in Italy, Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero, earnestly supplicated Our Lord to put an end to the tragic scourge; the Divine Master answered that the war was not for the world a chastisement inflicted by His justice, else its sins would have already brought its extermination; that it was, rather, a chastisement imposed by divine mercy to save millions of souls whose salvation was in peril. 'One moment suffices to the Father to gain a soul,' the Saviour added. As to those that would remain obstinate, it was an act of mercy to shorten their lives on earth, so as to mitigate the torments of their eternity. Tell me, are not these very consoling words, revealing at the same time the great mercy of the Heart of Jesus for poor humanity?"

"Mary, would you have the kindness to pass me that review? I may derive profit out of it."

"Certainly, and with pleasure."

"You read much, I imagine?"

"Yes, I do; but only instructive or pious books. After my husband's death, in order to obtain the grace to bring up my children well and to be able to give them sufficient instruction, I promised to God not to read any more novels as long as I should live, and I burnt all those I chanced to have with me at the moment. Those worthless and sometimes unwholesome books were favourites with me. I must add that they were also prejudicial; I could well ascertain the fact, but I did not dare admit it and did not feel the courage to give up their reading. Thus it is that that promise was all a sacrifice for me; but I gradually took an interest in more serious books, in the lives of the Saints, in treatises on perfection, and, even, in meditation

books. And now I delight in pious reading which is food for my soul and light for my mind; I have no liking for novels, those corrupters of the imagination, mind and heart. I see to it that none fall into the hands of my children, and I try to provide them with interesting reading matter by adding in a new book to my home library whenever the occasion offers. I take care that they are instructive, recreative and pious books."

"Are you sure that they read none on the sly?"

"Their conduct proves it."

"Ah! I wish I could say as much of my Jennie! She is passionately fond of novels. Even her health suffers from it, for she loses all appetite and sleep. I am continually telling her to moderate a little, to read less, to seek distractions in making little works of art or embroidery, but she will not listen... When she is home, she spends all her time reading, smoking cigarettes, eating sweets..."

"That is disastrous, dear Margaret!"

"And since she is of age she no longer lets me know anything about her outings. She leaves without saying where she is going, comes in late at night and, consequently, spends her forenoons in bed."

"With that... she cannot be pious."

"Alas! no; I could not even tell you if she says her morning and night prayers; on Sunday I have all the trouble in the world to make her agree to go to Mass. Last Sunday she obstinately refused to accompany me, saying she was too tired. No wonder, she had come in at two in the morning..."

"Margaret, the soul of your child is in danger!"

"Well, what can I do? I am not listened to. Jennie was a model girl a few years ago, but perhaps I have spoilt her too much, and have left her to all her little whims... my only daughter!... how unhappy I am!"

"You must not lose courage. Doubtless, bad books are in her case the chief cause of the evil you deplore; but you must without delay help her out of that sad state. Suppose we confide her conversion to Our Blessed Mother, so powerful on the Heart of Jesus? Her beautiful month is beginning tomorrow; we must not let it go by without obtaining that grace."

"That cannot be done in a day."

"Why not?... Grace can work wonders... Nothing is impossible to God... Here is a picture of Our Heavenly Mother; when you are not observed, put it in the book your daughter is reading at present; I am sure the sight of that image will impress her, and the prayer on the back will not fail to do her good."

"Oh, the beautiful Virgin!... Thank you, Mary. How kind you are!"

"And now... does Jennie wear the Scapular or a medal?"

"Most probably not."

"Then... leave me the pleasure of giving her myself this blessed talisman which will be a protection for her."

"But... it is a jewel!"

"On which are engraved the Scapular medal and the Miraculous Medal of Our Lady. It was meant for Marjorie, for her birthday."

"But you do not think of it... and Marjorie?"

"I shall give her something else."

"I am confused by your act of charity. It must be a sacrifice for you!"

"We can never do too much when souls are to be saved! Souls are of such great worth... that they cannot be saved without prayer and sacrifice."

"Well, I should be the one to make those sacrifices!... I cannot, like you, give up novels, since I do not read any. My only pleasure, pastime and solace is to listen to the radio from morning till night, while doing the housework, or while sewing or knitting... But, I am thinking now... I could forgo that satisfaction... and while busying myself with needle or crochet-hook, I could nourish my soul with pious reading."

"That would be very pleasing to God. It would certainly facilitate the obtention of the favour you so desire."

"Well, then, I promise it to you."

"Not to me, Margaret, but to God."

"My God! I promise, as long as I live, not to turn on the radio solely for my own satisfaction; grant me the grace to be faithful!"

"Your resolve moves me deeply, Margaret. It must also be powerful on the Heart of Our Lord, Who is never outdone in generosity, you can rest assured."

"I owe it to you if..."

"Come! Do not say that... Let us earnestly hope to obtain, during the month of Mary, the conversion of your daughter, that she may give you nothing but joy and consolation in the future!"

"I will also make it a duty to hear Mass every morning and to follow the exercises of the month of May at church for that intention."

"I shall do the same."

"And as soon as I detect any improvement in the conduct of my 'prodigal child', I shall let you know of it."

"I shall appreciate that. Perhaps I shall be in the occasion of calling you up soon. It may be that Teresa will arrive shortly, for we do not know the day the boat is expected to come in. The Community will undoubtedly give her permission to spend a day in her family; then I shall invite you to come and see her."

"That will be putting the finishing touch to your kindnesses, for I should be very pleased to know your daughter. Oh! how can I ever thank you for all the good you have done me to-day! I have no words to express my gratitude."

"Instead, thank the Blessed Virgin, for it is she, I love to think, who has arranged for this conversation and presided over it."



Leave me the pleasure of giving her myself this blessed talisman...

Lay Up to Yourselves Treasures



Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth . . . But lay up to yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also.

It is for having meditated these words fallen from the lips of the Incarnate Word, the infallible Truth, and for having faithfully put them in practise that the Saints have become so wealthy in eternal goods.

Shunning honours, gold, earthly pleasures, they have been looked upon as fools by the worldly-minded; but, truly, how wise they have been, from the eternal viewpoint! They have been this world's only wise people.

The worldling, after having quaffed the enchanting cup of life, must necessarily admit that he has experienced therein only disenchantment, disgust, remorse; and when comes for him the hour to appear before his Judge, he sees his poverty, his utter indigence, the guilt of his conscience. The servant of God, on the other hand, the more he advances in life, the more does he taste the happiness concealed in fidelity to the law of the Most High, in the loving acceptance of daily crosses, in constant submission to the divine will, in the practise of all the virtues; and when comes the evening of his life, somewhat like the labourer priding himself on his plentiful harvest, he is filled with joy. And his joy becomes still more intense when he reflects that his merits will have won for him everlasting glory in the Heavenly Kingdom.

Lay up to yourselves treasures . . . in Heaven . . . But what are these treasures, and how are we to lay them up in God's Home?

What they are? They are of an altogether different nature from that which constitutes what mortals call fortune. We can say they are not visible, palpable, computable. God and His angels alone can see, touch, and count them. They belong to the realm of the spirit, which spirit itself is invisible and immortal. They germinate and grow in our spirit like flowers in a parterre. They can be multiple and varied to the infinite; they can be most exquisite; their charm can admit of degrees. It is among these blooms that the King of Heaven has set His throne. The soul in the state of grace, has someone said, is a paradise in which God delights to dwell.

How to lay them up? We can acquire and increase those treasures in our souls:

1° — By the state of grace. A soul in the state of mortal sin is dead in the eyes of God and cannot, consequently, acquire merit for Heaven.

2° — By the avoidance of venial sin. For venial sin weakens the life of grace in our souls and renders them less holy, less pleasing to God.

3° — By assiduity to prayer, habitual mortification, relentless combatting against our passions, fidelity to the duties of our state in life; also, by the practise of good works and of the virtues of charity, humility, detachment, etc., and chiefly by purity of intention, which consists in accomplishing all our actions solely in view of pleasing God and meriting Heaven.

We can also multiply our treasures by working for the salvation of our fellow-men by all the means at our disposal: prayer, sacrifice, virtuous example, instructions, almsgiving, and the complete donation of self. That field of merit stretches out indefinitely, for, on earth, so many sinners, so many heretics, so many pagans are yet awaiting salvation; and in Purgatory, so many suffering souls are calling on us to set them free!

Christian friends, see how you can *lay up to yourselves treasures* in Heaven. After the example of the Saints, let us be docile to the words of our Divine Saviour, let us be prudent. Let us not treasure up for this fleeting world; everything will have to be left behind when we die. Let us make use of this world's goods in the manner of the traveller who does not linger on his way, who pays little attention to the things that serve him during his trip. This world is but an exile; our homeland is Heaven, abode of eternal rest and eternal joy, where our Creator and Father has prepared a place for us, but a place we must merit and embellish during our short earthly pilgrimage. This has become comparatively easy for us since the Son of God, through incomprehensible love, took on our human nature, constituted Himself our model, taught us by His word, gave us in His Church superabundant means of salvation, and made Himself in the Holy Eucharist our travelling companion, our life and consolation.

Among the teachings of our Divine Saviour, there is one that, in a few words, tells us what can render us unfit for the Abode of bliss. *Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven.* (Matt. XVIII, 3) and again, *the kingdom of Heaven is for such.* (Matt. XIX, 14)

The Saints have all followed that doctrine, they have made themselves little with regard to their Creator and Father, they have striven to acquire purity, humility, simplicity, obedience, confidence, abandonment and a tender love for God and for their neighbour; but no one, it seems, has better understood and illustrated that lesson than Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus; no other, perhaps, has attained to such a degree of merit through that *little way of spiritual childhood* in so few years. And it is for that reason, likely enough, that God has placed the dear Saint in the firmament of the Church, like an eminent exemplar of the simple virtues, that all may imitate her.

If we, also, desire to lay up to ourselves immense *treasures* in a few short years, let us not hesitate to take the place befitting us as children of God, the place and attitude of loving little children before the best of fathers.

Let us pray the Holy Child, Who came down on earth to be our perfect Model; let us pray the Immaculate Virgin who has been God's most cherished creature; let us pray good Saint Joseph, so pleasing to the Most High; and

then also let us pray Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, that faithful copy of the Divine Child, to make us understand the excellence of the *way of spiritual childhood*, and to aid us to make giant strides therein, and to make it radiate around us, all for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Let us pray in a particular manner that dear Saint, the Patroness of the Missions, to aid all the apostles of the Gospel to bring a great number of pagan souls to the knowledge and love of the Divine Father, to the light of the teachings of Christ, that they also may live as children of God and heirs to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Child Jesus Burse

for the support of a missionary

A burse is a sum of money the interest of which forms a perpetual income for the support of a missionary. The religious whose upkeep is assured by the foundation of a burse becomes for life the missionary of the donor and his representative among the poor infidels. Founders of burses participate in all the spiritual advantages of the Community. The sum of \$1,000.00 given in one or several payments by one or several persons, forms a complete burse.

Offerings received for the Child Jesus Burse

November-December 1941.....\$ 1.00	January-February 1943.....\$105.43
Year 1942.....460.65	March-April.....39.04

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

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

A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

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

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Homage of gratitude for a favour obtained through the intercession of Saint Teresa. Mrs. Louis Laferrière, **Whitinsville, Mass.** — I am happy to fulfill my promise in honour of my favourite Saint, Teresa of the Child Jesus, who has obtained me a great favour last summer. I solicit another grace. **M. B., Ste. Angèle.** — Homage of gratitude towards the "Little Flower of Carmel" for a grace received. I ask her to obtain that my son may not be called to the army. Mrs. A. St. L., **Quebec.** — Saint Teresa has obtained me the grace to be able to resume my occupations; I thank her with all my heart and I solicit a perfect cure. I request also my son's cure. Mrs. E. Leclair, **L'Original.** — Lively gratitude to the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a grace received through her intercession. Mrs. R. Fontaine, **Central Falls, R. I.** — A thousand thanks to the Patroness of Missionaries for a grace obtained through her intercession. Anonymous. — We cordially thank the loving Patroness of Missionaries for having found a position for our son. Mrs. Rheault, **St. Luc.** — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour granted us. Mrs. O. A. Fortin, **L'Assomption.** — Lively gratitude for a favour received through the intercession of Saint Teresa of Lisieux. Anonymous, **Sorel.**



CHINA

Letter from His Excellency Most Reverend Cuthbert M. O'Gara, C. P., Vicar Apostolic of Yuanling, Hunan, China, to the Superior General of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, giving her news of her Missionary Daughters interned in Hong Kong.

The Catholic Mission,
Yuanling, Hunan, December 29, 1942.

Dear Reverend Mother,

I am a little late in sending a report of your nine Sisters of the Hong Kong community who were interned in the Stanley Concentration Camp. Although it is already five months since I left Hong Kong for the Interior I have had several protracted stays in hospitals and am only now beginning to take up correspondence.

I met the Sisters of your community for the first time on January 20, 1942, at Stanley, Hong Kong, when all the foreigners of the Colony were interned at that place. We had rooms in the same flat of one of the big apartment houses formerly called the Wardens' Blocks. Nine Sisters occupied one fairly large room with a veranda attached. That room served as community room, dormitory, oftentimes kitchen, and every morning as chapel. Daily there were always two Masses said in the Sisters' room and frequently three.

Father Murphy and myself shared a tiny room behind the kitchen. I was at Stanley for over four months, and during that time the Sisters despite all the inconveniences of their surroundings and the meager diet, were in excellent spirits, and by their generosity and practical charity set a splendid example to their fellow internees.

The Sisters were kept extremely busy all during this time. Several Sisters taught in the Camp children's school, others conducted classes in French and music, and others again taught catechism to the children. Beside there were many sick to be visited and lukewarm Catholics to be encouraged. The Sisters were an immense help in the work which we tried

to accomplish in the Camp. In fact without them it would have been difficult to have made any progress.

In May, we had a very beautiful First Communion ceremony, the children having been instructed by the Sisters. Also to the zeal and activities of the Sisters we owed the First Communion suits, badges, dresses, veils and wreaths which the children wore. No detail was neglected. We had two confirmation ceremonies in the Camp, and here again it was due to the artistic skill and ingenuity of Sister Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus⁽¹⁾ that we owed the miter and the crozier for that occasion. On the twelfth of March, Sister Saint Stanislaus de Kostka⁽²⁾ celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her Religious Profession. It was a very joyous occasion and many of the traditional ceremonies were able to be carried out. It was a very happy and memorable day.

Personally I owe a great deal to the care and solicitude of the Sisters. I doubt whether I would have survived the experiences of internment had it not been for the help of Sister Saint Jean de l'Eucharistie⁽³⁾. I can never forget all that I owe to the Sisters. We had many pleasant hours discussing past experiences and acquaintances in Canada. For many reasons I felt very close to your community. Not only was there our common Canadian background, and the fact that I am an alumnus of the Grand Seminary, but I discovered that Sister Marie des Victoires⁽⁴⁾ was a Bolduc, which family were for many years very close friends of ours. I also know Sister Stanislaus de Kostka's father very well. It was with the greatest regret when leaving Stanley that I had to see the Sisters remain behind. Since that time I have had no word of their release. I can only remember them daily and pray fervently that they have already gained their freedom in Hong Kong.

You have every reason, dear Mother, to be proud of your Daughters in Hong Kong, and of the fine record that they have made. For my own part I can only hope that sometime in the future I may be able to show my appreciation for all that they have done for me in a practical way. In the meantime be sure of a continual remembrance in my prayers and holy Masses. With assurances of my personal esteem, I am

Very cordially yours,

Cuthbert, M. O'Gara, C. P.

*Vicar Apostolic of Yuanling
Hunan, China.*



The propagation of the Gospel presents obstacles; to overcome them, apostolic labourers trained in the school of the Cross are needed; labourers forged for a struggle of every moment.

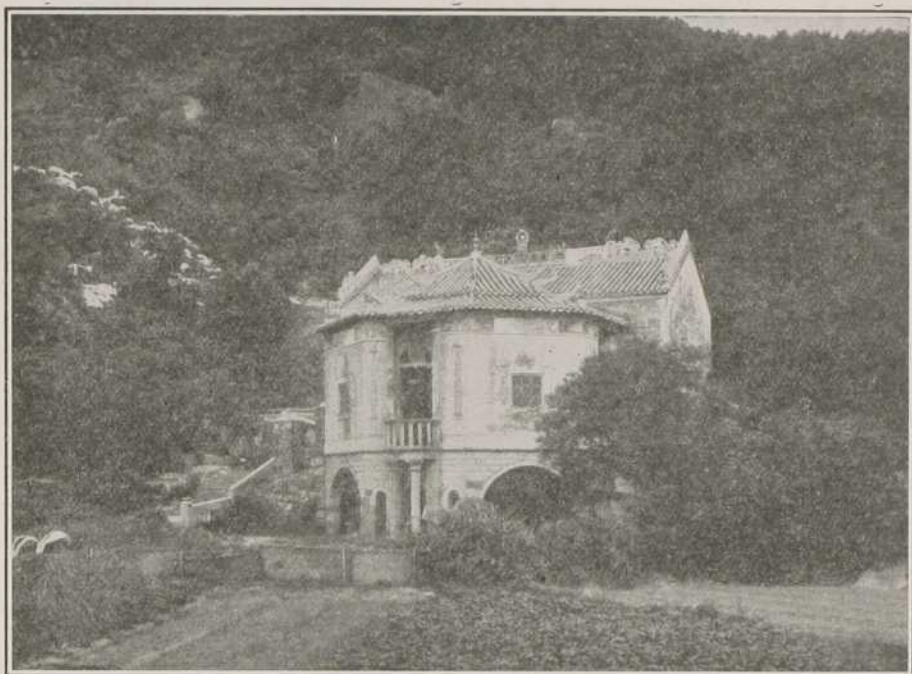
— *Father John Barrier, M. E.*

1. Yvonne GERIN, Coaticook, Que.

2. Germaine GONTHIER, Montreal, Que.

3. Jeanne MOQUIN, Eastman, Que.

4. Joséphine BOLDUC, St. Victor de Tring, Que.



ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN, HONG KONG, CHINA



A STREET IN HONG KONG

Hong Kong and Vicinity Before the War

There is perhaps no section in China combining so many and varied attractions as Canton and its environs, Hong Kong, Macao, Heugtcheo. Not only is nature incomparably beautiful there; not only is the limpid water bathing these islands charming beyond the power of words to tell; — exquisitely delightful is the tourist's arrival in Hong Kong, especially during the night hours, for then he can fill his eyes with the myriad lights placed in rows one above the other all along the rocks. If the steamer drops anchor in the daytime, the traveller, from his viewpoint in the roadstead, sees in the distance what looks very much like entrances into caverns disposed with meticulous precision; these holes will often also put him in mind of avenues leading to a prominent commercial city in the very entrails of the mountain. When illusion cedes before reality, he finds out that these weird hollows are but the windows of the enormous, many-storeyed buildings — offices and stores.

When he is at last on firm ground, he discovers that greenery is not lacking, nor the possibility of pleasant jaunts in the woods; there are also superb vistas of the greenish-coloured sea or of the blue-tinted masses of spring water accumulated in the lake reservoirs. The sober and somewhat crushing aspect of the city as seen from the port is soon forgotten.

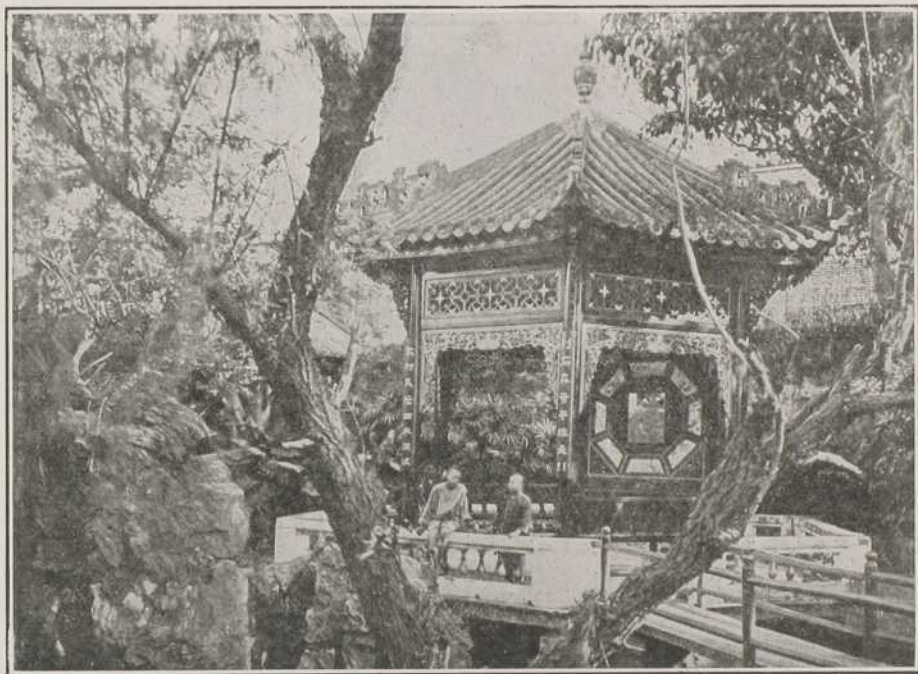
Quite another thing is the landing in Macao, after three or four hours on the boat from Hong Kong. There, on the contrary, the visitor comes upon a fresh, young city, not at all melancholy-looking! The pargets are splashed in clear and at the same time delicate hues: cream, mauve, water-green, sky-blue, rose, and yellow. The age-old banyans, bushy and covered with pregnant shoots, show vigour and verdure in striking contrast with the decrepitude that comes upon old trees, as upon all things grown old; the ramparts and fortifications of time long past, now heaped ruins — a few sombre masses hardly distinguishable from the heights — do not seem to overwhelm the city and weigh down on this pleasure-haunt. The whole of this splendid quarter is situated in a small bay. The waves are playfully dashing against its rocks. Each boat that comes in appears as though making a review of the whole city before rounding the cape and mooring at the pontoon of the interior port, in the Chinese section. Situated on the other side of the peninsula, its aspect is just about as monotonous and regular as that of Hong Kong, with the interminable line of its bays, but sadder still because of the dilapidated barracks of its business section, barracks which are in desuetude, disproportionate and seemingly disaffected of their primal destination for having passed into the hands of occupants who do not look at all at home in them.

How many historical remembrances are connected with these first landings! Here it was that Occidentals put into port and settled, to enter in relation with the yellow race. They were the Arab merchants, regular visitors of these coasts in the tenth century. The Portuguese landed there in the first years of the sixteenth century, the Dutch, English, and French, in the seventeenth. There was enacted the battle-drama to which Hong Kong owes its birth.



A VIEW OF CANTON, CHINA

By degrees, Canton was extending its bounds and outreaching beyond its walls into the precincts of East and West, all along the Pearl River. There we find to-day a commercial centre, a centre of active and modern life yielding the palm to none, not even to Shanghai. China has probably no section in which political agitation is more turbulent and restless than



SUMMER-HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, CANTON

in Cantonese districts; none in which initiatives are more venturesome, wills as decisive as they are self-confident, enterprises as important, and results as great as at Hong Kong.

Even the pacific and antique Portuguese foundation has felt this fever of modern life. As a matter of fact, this part of the coast is by far the most fertile. The delta of the Western River, a rich alluvial soil and well cultivated, very populous, is by no means inferior to the delta of Tong-king.

Hong Kong is one of the world's three or four great ports of international commerce; but at the entrance to China, it is neither Chinese territory nor Chinese production. It is the foreigner's citadel, and the colony is, in truth, a strategic position like Malta or Gibraltar, provided with ultra-modern batteries and protected by imperial troops and volunteers. The colony has its charter, its laws, its court, its budget and, even, its currency. There, the English are their own masters, not at all influenced by the environment; it is rather the Chinese who take on another nature when coming into port, just as they change their clothing. Hong Kong is as far from China as England is. Hong Kong is outside of China, even modern China.

It was only in 1655 that, after having bombarded La Bogue, the English gained a footing in the place. At the expiration of the East India Company's monopoly, which had lasted one hundred and fifty years, and after the installation of the Canton factory in 1684, difficulties broke out; the crisis led to war and resulted in the capture of Canton, in 1841; there followed the treaty that ceded Hong Kong to Great Britain and was to open Canton to trade. At that time the island was almost desert; Admiral Napier had simply discovered the excellence of its anchoring-ground; it had been occupied during the opium war, when Macao was abandoned following a contention between the Chinese and English marines. The English then made considerable improvements; which fact did not prevent an expenditure of two millions dollars being made in Canton, with France paying one-fifth of the sum, to isolate an island from the city-block and arrange the concession of Shameen in replacement of the factory and buildings the Chinese had destroyed. The peninsula of Kowloon was annexed to Hong Kong and the territory was again extended in 1898, forming an area of over a thousand kilometres square of which a lease was taken for ninety-nine years.

During these vicissitudes, the two cities were prospering, the English one thanks to the Chinese, if not at its expense; and in the same degree as the strength of the firms, the interior comfort, exterior respectability, and general wealth were increasing in the Island, in the Chinese city luxury was becoming finer, agitation more nervous; and all that is unstable in the Chinese nature when it is not overruled by its classic civilization was daily becoming aggravated.

As Hong Kong was growing, in Canton fever and effervescence increased, followed by disilibrium, disorder and that strange mixture of agitation and giddiness favoured by prosperity.

The enormous brick constructions of Canton's gigantic wharf before which the garden of Shameen appears like a toy, can imitate Hong Kong's



THE CANAL BETWEEN CANTON AND SHAMEEN

granite wharf, but Canton remains none the less tributary to Hong Kong, since boats sinking 6 m. 90 can ascend the Pearl River only as far as Wongpou, which is fourteen kilometres from Canton; and only those whose sea-gauge is not above three metres can attain Canton. Behind the European façade, we meet with narrow streets, most of them dark and filthy.

This city of Canton which, opposite Hong Kong, appears to be without principles, is full of wealth and seductions. It is a sort of immense bazaar where the streets form something like store counters, each containing its particular article: La Laque Street, Painting Street, Fan Street, Precious Stone Street, Furniture Street, Pottery Street, Silks, Woollens, Toys, Ivory, Woodwork, Jewellery Streets; there is no object that has not its gilded markets where it is praised to the exclusion of all others.

Hong Kong's industrial as well as commercial activities are considerable. Not to mention its marine establishments, the city has refineries, spinning-mills, manufactories, miscellaneous mills. The dyeworks, tanyards, tin foundries are operated by the Chinese; in these last factories Yunnan's ore is smelted. Paper, soda, glass, matches, cigars, are also manufactured there; from these all kinds of products are thus on the market for China's importing purposes.

(*La Chine Moderne*)

* * *

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

A communiqué from the Minister for Foreign Affairs, at Ottawa, informing us that our dear Sisters in Manila were all in their Convent, has been received with joy at our Mother House. We are publishing below the re-assuring missive.

Ottawa, March 18, 1943

Reverend Mother,

We have just heard through the kindness of the Ministry of His Majesty the King of England, at Bern, that twelve Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are at the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, Manila: Brigitte Auger (Sister Saint Gabriel); Ida Carrière (Sister Gabriel de l'Annonciation); Mary Donovan (Sister Marie Angéline); Anna Girard (Sister Saint Louis de Gonzague); Agnès Guénelle (Sister Saint Mathieu); Adeë Hébert (Sister Saint Pierre Claver); Marie Alice Houde (Sister Saint Christophe); Irène Pinsonnault (Sister Marie des Lis); Aurore Racette (Sister Marie du Précieux Sang); Yvonne Routhier (Sister Joseph de Bethléem); Juliette Simoneau (Sister Saint Maurice); Anne Marie Tessier (Sister Anne Marie).

Kindly accept, Reverend Mother, the expression of my respectful sentiments,

N. W. McKinley
for the Under-Secretary of State
for Foreign Affairs

MANCHUKUO AND JAPAN

From our several missions in Manchukuo and Japan, as also from those of China, if we except the post of Hong Kong, in the course of the last months, no news has reached us concerning our dear exiles. We cherish the hope that all are alive and that most of them are able to continue their works of apostolate.

ITALY

In the beginning of March, through the medium of the Red Cross, our Sisters in Rome wrote us, in an official letter, a few lines assuring us that they were all well, despite their precarious position, inevitable in these troubled times.

We are happy to be able to transmit this glad news to the parents and friends of our dear fellow Sisters in the Eternal City.

* * *

VANCOUVER

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

Friday, October 16

An old Chinese lady arrived at the Home to-day. Her brow is furrowed by the years but her eyes are yet bright and animated. It would be difficult to tell her age. As for *grandma*, she claims having seen more than a hundred winters; which fact is inconsistent with her wearing a gracious red beret on her head, and a light coat with a rose in the buttonhole, a dozen sparkling necklaces about her neck, and, lastly, brooches and bracelets. We were struck with amazement on seeing, among this gleaming jewelry which our old Chinese wears with pride, a beautiful miraculous medal! Whence this precious talisman? Who had given it to her? *Grandma* knew nothing about it; she had forgotten everything. But the Blessed Virgin has not forgotten, and that is certainly the reason why our protégée came to spend her last days at our Refuge.

Saturday, October 24

On going out of the clinic, this afternoon, Sister Marie de Béthanie⁽¹⁾ and the virgin catechist went to see a sick man whom we had been obliged to refuse for lack of room.

This poor unfortunate had a lowly hut for a dwelling; it was so very dark that our guide needed a flashlight to introduce the visitors into it. The bright rays of light suddenly fell on a human form stretched on the floor. It was an old man who in a scarcely audible voice related his sad story. He had been lying there on the ground since morning, and no one had come to his aid. "I thought I would die," said he, "for I haven't eaten for a long time."

After having tried in vain to replace the moribund on his hard board

1. Berthe PICHE, St. Basile, Portneuf Co.

bed, the Sister and her companion exhorted him to hope for eternal happiness. His altered features became quickly illumined and he willingly consented to receive Holy Baptism. In this obscure and infected corner, the Regenerating Waters washed away the stain of sin from another soul, making it the Temple of the august Trinity.

Notwithstanding the exiguity of our Hospital, this invalid was admitted to-night among our patients.

Tuesday, October 27

Harry Jang, a former patient, came to us in the ambulance. This time it was for pneumonia. Poor Harry! already suffering with tuberculosis, this other illness would certainly not make life any easier for him! This he knew very well, and he said to the Sister who received him: "Oh! how foolish I was to leave the hospital against the doctor's advice, last year!"

Through the night, even if the invalid did not seem in immediate danger, Sister Marie Gabriel⁽¹⁾ assiduously kept close to him, and often suggested him acts of love of God.

Day was dawning, and the Sister-Nurse was on the point of going to chapel for Mass, when, seemingly inspired, she returned to the patient's bedside. What a surprise was hers! The man was dying. The priest was informed without delay, while Sister St. Marc⁽²⁾ prepared the moribund for the Supreme Voyage. Hardly had the patient been anointed when he breathed his last.

That young Chinese, baptized a few years ago, had remained attached to his Faith, despite certain wanderings; we cherish the hope that a lenient judgment has been pronounced in his favour.

* * *

The three companions Divine Providence sent us in the beginning of September have been doing fine work since their arrival in Vancouver, and they are already experiencing the consolations that the Master is pleased to lavish on those who devote themselves to the harvest of souls.

On November 4th, Sister Saint Delphis⁽³⁾ had the joy of pouring for the first time the holy waters of Baptism on the brow of a moribund.

He was old Jang Jing Wah. He was very close to death's door and still refused to become a Christian. On the Sunday preceding, the pastor of the Chinese Mission had paid him a visit. He had touched the great question, but all had been unavailing. On Wednesday of the same week, Joseph Yee, a former patient, and let us add, a fervent Catholic, chanced to be spending some time at the hospital. One of us invited him to visit Mr. Wah. Joseph did not await a second invitation and, a smile betraying his satisfaction, he bent over his comrade, the while showing him the crucifix. But the moribund refused the proffered words of consolation and, even, evidenced nothing short of fury. "Let us pray the Blessed Virgin," said the Sister-Nurse, almost discouraged by such obstinacy. While the beads were passing

1. Evangéline GIGUERE, Québec.

2. Alida TALBOT, Cacouna.

3. Clara BERGERON, Sturgeon-Falls, Ont.

through his fingers, our genial old catechist repeated in his native tongue: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners." Oh, marvellous efficacy of Mary's intercession! The invalid grew calm again and asked to be baptized. Her hand quivering with emotion, Sister Saint Delphis poured the Sacred Dew of the Regeneration on his forehead, and gave him the name of her beloved father. A few hours later, Joseph Delphis, our happy neophyte, after having kissed with love the Sign of our Redemption, was going to see his Creator and Saviour.

Only these last days, Sister had the signal privilege of leading into the fold N'g Dick, a former patient of ours who had been transferred to the General Hospital to undergo a serious operation. Fully conscious, the invalid manifested joy and deep gratitude. His religious instruction will be continued, if the Lord does not call him Above immediately.

At her charges' bedside, Sister Marie Gabriel also finds intimate happiness in seeing how God blesses her efforts and makes fruitful the seeding she seeks to cast in the souls confided to her care.

One night, at bed-time, she came to say a last good-night in the girls' dormitory. Noticing that Yaeko did not answer, she drew near her bed and saw the young girl had covered her head in the sheet. Sister lifted the sheet; amicably and almost roguishly, she said: "Good-night, Yaeko, is there anything the matter? Are you not going to answer me?" The girl then opened wide her black eyes and whispered low, for fear her companions should hear her: "Oh! yes, Sister, everything is fine, but you see, I was saying my prayer, and when we pray we must not talk, is it not so?"—"No, my child, continue your prayer; God will bless you!"

To another, a pagan ill with tuberculosis, Sister asked, on the eve of the



SISTER MARIE GABRIEL (EVANGELINE GIGUERE, QUEBEC) AND MAY WONG, A YOUNG CHINESE CONSUMPTIVE OF SAINT JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER

Immaculate Conception: "Should you not like to say the *Ave Maria* to please Our Blessed Mother whose feast it will be to-morrow?"

"Yes, I should like to," answered the sick person, "but I do not know how to pray."

"Oh, that will be easy! Just repeat what I shall say."

When Mrs. Lee had said the praise to Mary, radiant with joy she exclaimed: "O Sister, how beautiful it is! How happy I am when I pray!"

As to our dear fellow Sister Marie Florida⁽¹⁾, not less than we does she taste the consolations hidden in the perfect accomplishment of the duty imposed by the divine will. Whatever her occupations, the Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception is everywhere a missionary; everywhere she works for the salvation of souls; if she is not in direct contact with the latter, her charity reaches out to them just the same, and her prayers lead them to God.

Gently, like the ephemeral flower detached from its stem by the wind, our dear little Helen Lum took her flight to Paradise on the morrow of the feast of the Presentation. The story of that pure and fragrant soul is proof evident of the infinite mercy of God. The oldest daughter of a Chinese family, Helen was made much of at home. One day, alas, she began coughing; there were hollows in her cheeks, while her eyes were brilliant with fever; a terrible diagnostic was not to delay in being pronounced. However, hoping against all hope, her mother would close her eyes against the evidence of her daughter's condition; she could not make up her mind to part from her child. In October last, convinced the case was beyond all cure, she at last resigned herself to part with her little Helen.

To this young soul so candid and lily-white we spoke of Jesus, of His Heaven, of the gold-winged angels playing with little children. Helen was all smiles at the thought; her child's heart was attracted to Jesus Whom she did not as yet know. Her parents, although pagans, consented to her being baptized. The ceremony was held on November 21st. The mother was there, witnessing the pious rites. What mysteries for her! Her daughter seemed so happy, why all that joy? Drawing close to the Chinese virgin, she inquired what it meant.

During the night hours, Sister suggested to the young girl that she should pray for her when in Heaven. The little child answered: "Yes, yes, I will pray for all of you, and especially for you, Sister; I shall ask that you always take good care of the sick, just as you have taken care of me." Those were her last words. Raising her penetrating, limpid eyes, she held them fixed on the crucifix hanging on the wall, and passed away in this loving attitude.

Wong Lum was a kind old man on whom years and sufferings had left more than one trace. He arrived one November morning. He was entirely worn out with fatigue; and what is more, he was in a dying condition. After an instruction in the rudiments of our holy Faith, he was given his admission ticket for Heaven. It was not too soon, for, an hour later, Joseph Odilon was going to Heaven, there to rest from the weariness of his long toil-filled life.

1. Clara LEBLANC, Glen-Robertson, Ont.



SISTER THERESE, VIRGIN CATECHIST OF SAINT JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER, MR. FOON SIEM, MEMBER OF THE CHINESE ASSOCIATION, AND A FEW PATIENTS CELEBRATING THE CHINESE NEW YEAR, IN FEBRUARY 1943

Lum Fat, baptized a few days ago, is waiting for death, but death is slow in coming. His sufferings are acute. In a moment of discouragement he calls for the Sister-Nurse. She comes on the scene. Picking up a crucifix, she shows him Jesus' wounds. "See how much He suffered for you; would you not suffer something for Him in your turn?" Tears glisten in the eyes of the moribund. He bows his head and expresses sorrow for his moment of frailty. A little later, his lips pressed on the image of the Redeeming Christ, his Divine Friend, Lum Fat left us for the eternal Abode of calm and peace.

Good old Michael passed away on January 9th last, giving every assurance of predestination. When the priest came to administer him the last Sacraments, he showed great joy. "That's good, that's very good," would he say. He wore a continual smile despite the fact that he was suffering most cruelly. He passed away peacefully; he was in his ninety-fifth year.

Pon Kee, one of our old men, likewise set out for Heaven some two weeks ago. Affected with a throat-cancer, he was extremely thin, while his eyes, continually secreting a purulent matter, gave him an almost repulsive aspect. Yet, upon closer consideration, that pale and pain-drawn countenance, with simple goodness stamped on its every feature, made one think of the bruised Christ, crushed with pain and anguish. A few days prior to his death, the Sister-Nurse noticed that the patient, no longer able to hold the crucifix

in his hand, had fastened it to his wrist by means of an elastic band, thereby showing his intention of keeping the Saviour's sacred image close to him every moment. His sufferings are over now, and he is happy, happy of that unalloyed happiness of possessing his God in the eternal Home up above.

Wednesday last, our loving Father Saint Joseph sent us two Hindus affected with tuberculosis, and also a young negress. The following day, a Protestant minister, likewise a Hindu, came to visit his compatriots. We asked him what Church he represented. He answered, "I belong to the United Church. There used to be a Scottish minister to head that religion here, but he died, and there was no one to take care of us; so I took the matter in hand and try to help those of my nation."

"What do you think of the Catholic Church?" queried Sister Superior.

"Oh! I believe that it is the best!" he responded.

"Then, why not make it known to your friends, you would be teaching them truth instead of error. If you wish, I shall give you books in which you will find all that you must believe and practise."

He seemed to approve; but we doubt much as to his sincerity. What a grace if the divine Light should shine into his soul! What seedings of good he could cast among these Hindu musulmans who, in Vancouver as everywhere else, are so defiant of the one true Faith!

One of the two Hindus having become suddenly very ill Friday night, Sister Marguerite de Jésus⁽¹⁾, after invoking the merciful Virgin, spoke to him of Heaven and of Baptism, the key to that place of bliss. "If you are willing," said she, "then press my hand." At once she felt the moribund's cold hand placed upon hers. With unutterable joy our dear Sister hastened to pour the regenerating Stream on the moribund's brow. In the morning, the new child of God was entering the eternal Abode of felicity.

The beautiful feast of Christmas has been, as always, most joyous in our little hospital. In every room there was a Christmas tree brilliant with multicoloured lights; gay streamers in varied tints proclaimed also the joy of the day.

During the two night Masses the personnel united in prayer with the Little King of the Crib asking peace for our troubled world. The third Mass reunited us in the morning; then, after the recitation of the first part of our Rosary, the joyful recreation opened.

Faithful to his tradition, Santa Claus paid a visit to all our dear patients. Gayety reigned everywhere. No one was forgotten and the gifts distributed were both useful and attractive.

Towards the end of the afternoon, we received a telephone call from a Protestant hospital, informing us that a Chinese patient we had visited was at the point of death. Immediately, Sister Saint Alphonse Rodriguez⁽²⁾ and Sister Saint Delphis⁽³⁾ answered the call. As the moribund remembered the main principles of the Faith that had been taught him the preceding

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

2. Cécile ANCTIL, Montreal.

3. Clara BERGERON, Sturgeon-Falls, Ont.

weeks, our Sisters provided him at once with his passport for Heaven; they named him Joseph Noël. Soon this newly-purified soul was awakening to the glorious rays of the eternal Day. A poor, obscure room exchanged for a palace of glory! . . . Excessive bounties of our good God!

Sow Jen, an octogenarian, must have some presentiment of her approaching death, for she has lately made a complete distribution of all the treasures she fondled: necklaces, brooches, ear-rings, etc. Everyone was so good to her here, was it not fitting that she should testify her gratitude by gifts? . . . Even the Sister-Nurse was the happy recipient of an enormous pin — to be worn on her guimpe, we suppose . . . Helpers and nurses, no one was forgotten. Then, blithe as a lark, our old friend returned to her room.

The great Patron of Mount Saint Joseph is beginning to people his domain: now and then, homeless aged folks are glad to be sheltered under our roof. Sister Saint Isidore⁽¹⁾, who is the Infirmarian of these old charges, is very interested in them and sees to it that their new home be as pleasant as possible; she keeps up gayety and a good spirit. Unfortunately, all her patients do not understand English very well, and it happens that her orders are sometimes wrongly interpreted. The other day, she told one to go and wash his hands before dinner. Docile as none, he went . . . and took a bath. When half an hour had elapsed, here he was coming out smart and proud of himself. Of course, the Sister-Nurse had to warm up the meal again. Thirty minutes' waiting had cooled it considerably.

"When you go to bed, take off your stockings and I shall wash them," was she saying to another. The little old man takes off his stockings and undergarments, and puts them to soak. "What ideas they have!" thinks Sister.

On New Year's Day, our Sisters at Mount Saint Joseph and their patients came to celebrate with us. A charitable benefactor having put his truck at their disposal, the trip was rapidly made without any accident whatsoever.

Sisters and patients alike found joy in that pleasant day and each rendered thanks, in his or her own way, to the loving Father in Heaven.

Report of Saint Joseph's Oriental Hospital for the year 1942:

Adult Baptisms	75	Fluoroscopic examinations	723
Holy Communions	61	Laboratory tests	3,930
First Communions	1	Dressings	2,000
Extreme Unctions	43	Injections	1,931
Home Visits	246	Treatments	9,401
Radiographs	306	Patients registered	190
Medicaments		19,438	

Report of the Vancouver Chinese Dispensary:

Patients	605	Physical Examinations	83
Treatments	55	Vaccinations	8
Dressings	55	Radiographs	32
Prescriptions filled		472	

1. Jeannette BOUCHARD, St. Hilarion, Charlevoix Co.



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Friday, January 1, 1943

It is at the feet of our Eucharistic Lord that, for us, 1942 cedes its place to 1943. This consecration to the loving Master of the last moments of an old year and the first of a new one, is it not an eloquent protestation of our intention to live for His divine service each of our days? . . . to accomplish every one of our actions for His own good pleasure?

Also, in order to erase in our dear Lord's memory the thought of the breaches our frailty has made in those good intentions, during the dying year, we repeat with our whole heart the humble *Miserere*; then, the grateful remembrance of benefits received awakes in us a fervent *Te Deum*.

The moment has come to intone our last "cantic of love"; in the midst of the intimate communings it provoked with the Tabernacle Guest, the New Year was ushered forth into the world. Slowly, the clock rings the twelve strokes of midnight . . . Gone is 1942! Hearts and souls look forward!

We present our greetings to our Father in Heaven, to our Immaculate Mother; from them we implore blessings, — a multitude of them — for all those we hold dear and to whom we owe gratitude: our Religious family, our Pastors, our parents, our friends and benefactors. In this pious heart-to-heart conversation the second part of the Holy Hour draws rapidly to an end. It is closed by the *Magnificat*.

If, like children, we have solicited New Year gifts from our Heavenly Father, we can offer Him some also, in our turn, despite our littleness and poverty. Are not the two Masses celebrated this morning most worthy presents? They are the offering par excellence which we are sure is infinitely acceptable to Him. We profit by the occasion with pleasure and fervour.

Towards half-past nine, the joyous holiday is proclaimed. First of all, dear Mother General's greetings are transmitted to us, then her precious gifts for which we eagerly long to say, "Thank you". During the forenoon, Monsignor E. Laroche, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary, deigns to come and express his New Year wishes. They are accompanied with appropriate and seasonal counsels and sealed with a bounteous blessing. The letters from home are so many voices blending in the chorus of "Happy New Year" wishes which are heard on all sides and rush in from everywhere. Happy to respond to the invitation of our Chaplain, we pass this day

particularly united to our dear Sisters of the foreign missions, whom present difficulties will doubtless deprive of many advantages we here enjoy. Their situation prompts our wishes and prayers for them. This year again, we shall have to forgo the pleasure of their fraternal and stimulating missives. In advance we offer that sacrifice for their most pressing intentions.

Wednesday, January 6

The places left vacant around the Infant Jesus, since Christmas, have this morning received their three denizens: Kings Melchior, Jasper and Balthazar. It is with pious reverence that we have welcomed them, but with what ardour especially have we prayed them to grant us faith, generosity and perseverance like unto theirs!

"The Epiphany, why, that is 'New Year's Day' for the novices," was one day smilingly saying our venerable Mother Foundress, wishing, we make no doubt, to signify that she was adopting that day to visit her littlest children, it being impossible to do so on New Year's Day. Dear Mother General had promised us last year to stand by the tradition. Unfortunately, she sees herself obliged to break it this once, as an *untimely* cold detains her at Cote des Neiges. Deception is general. We accept this decree of Providence in the real missionary spirit; our answer is: "May God take our sacrifice into account and have her whom we so love, benefit by it!"

Friday, January 8

"Dring! dring! dring! Oh! so often that ring strikes our ears that it passes very nearly unnoticed. However, half-a-dozen Sisters, by a very natural telepathy, have guessed the presence of loved ones, visitors, in the Novitiate. On the first suggestion of a Professed Sister, they understand the invitation to go and meet them.

It is the "feast of the little sisters". Four Professed Sisters from the Mother House come to spend the day with their little Novice- or Postulant-sisters. What a touching attention on the part of our Superiors! All the forenoon, they chat and chat again in a very amicable manner. A special table is set for them in the refectory; black veils fraternize with the white, white dresses with the black... Oh! what joy is ours on beholding the happiness of our Sisters!

Sunday, January 10

We have the pleasure of assisting this evening at moving pictures presented by Reverend Father J. M. Poitevin, P. M. E.; but we can not say this was a hundred per cent surprise, since His Excellency Monsignor Larochelle had had the kindness of offering them to us on his New Year visit.

This time on the screen we are present at the religious commemorative feasts held in Montreal on the occasion of its three hundredth anniversary. And since they are talking movies, explanations accompany the exposition of each scene. It is therefore a miniature history of our city that is unrolled before our eyes and makes us admire once again the action of Divine Providence in the trying times of the beginnings of the colony.

To fittingly bring to a close the very pleasant entertainment, a film on the beauties of China is presented. Here indeed is something to inspire artists and fascinate amateurs in ornithology. Instinctively, we praise the Creator at the sight of all those marvels, and of the very attractive resources He permits His creatures to exploit. How can it be, we wonder, that that Divine Author is yet so little known!

For this evening interesting as any, we renew to Reverend Father Poitevin the expression of our sincere gratitude.

Saturday, January 30

However edifying may be their custody of the eyes, we are quite sure that the Novices, one and all, had a number-one distraction this evening on entering the chapel. Upon a pillar not far from the altar of our Blessed Mother, has been installed the most beautiful Little Jesus we have ever seen. All His attitude incites to prayer; His arms and eyes raised towards Heaven would indicate us how we must pray: sever our mind from material occupations and hold it absorbed in God — the God whom we have, like Him and thanks to Him, the joy of calling our Father!

On the opposite side, we also notice another pretty statue, that of Saint Francis Xavier. On the instant we guess that those are some more kindnesses of our dear Mother General. Rightly did we suppose for, at recreation, our Superiors confirm the idea we had advanced. A filial "Thank you" goes out to our dear Mother, who thus gives us another proof of her solicitude for the Novitiate.

Monday, February 1

Our dwelling has the happiness of opening its doors to a new band of little birds: to-day is the day set for the postulants' entry. With what cordiality do we not welcome those little Sisters! Is it not the same loving look of the Master, the same apostolic ideal that draws them, as formerly it drew us, to this barque of the Immaculate, where we are moulded to virtue, to perfection, while preparing our nets for the day when we shall launch out into the deep to fish for souls?

We earnestly pray Our Heavenly Mother to bless the first steps of these newcomers and to lavish on them all the graces that go in the making of virile missionaries.

Tuesday, February 2

More than a hundred and twenty Professed Sisters from our various Houses come to join our personnel for the annual retreat which is opening to-night. This great rally is the occasion of many a joyous meeting. Also, who could tell the number of smiles and greetings that blossomed in that auspicious atmosphere of fraternal affection!

And in that gay recreation, there seems to flutter out to us echoes of that exclamation of the Psalmist: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." (Psalm CXXXII)

Towards four o'clock, the somewhat stern voice of the bell calls us to the chapel. It is the opening of the holy exercises which will be preached

by Reverend Father P. Trudel, O. P. "We are going to have a fine retreat!" said some of the eldest who, a dozen years or so ago, were able to appreciate in his sermons a practical and convincing exposition of the obligations of the Religious life.

And now our House is another Cenacle. Souls are plunged in silence, prayer and reflection for eight days. Surely they will be under the especial protection of the Blessed Virgin! Are not these days of grace framed in between two of her feasts: the Purification and Our Lady of Lourdes?

Thursday, February 11

This day's solemnity which is like an echo of that of the Immaculate Conception, holds one more title to our sweet rejoicings. For the happiness of the ones is the happiness of the others, and how great is that joy springing from union with Jesus, as Spouse or Betrothed, to which are invited to-day forty-five of our Sisters!

At ten o'clock, the Profession ceremony takes place for the eldest of the Novitiate, in presence of the Community intimately assembled at the chapel. The ceremonies of the Investiture and of the Final Vows are held in the afternoon. They bear this time a character of high solemnity, for we have the honour of welcoming under our roof His Excellency Most Reverend Joseph Charbonneau, Archbishop of Montreal, who deigned to preside over those religious consecrations. Parents and friends of the elect took part in a goodly number. After the processional entry and the singing of the *Veni Creator*, His Excellency delivered an unctuous allocution, saying in part:

DEAR SISTERS,

I should wish for a few moments to consider with you the signification of the gesture which, this afternoon, in all the generosity of your heart, you are going to accomplish before God in the presence of the Church's Representative. It will be, dear Sisters, the time to live over again the history of your vocation. Does not that history, always so captivating, recall to you the great benignity, the endless vigilance of God in your regard, and what in return you owe Him of gratitude?

We know that God has created us that during our life-time we may aspire to Him, and operate our salvation. That is why, to all the faithful He grants the graces they need to reach a blissful Eternity. But, although He calls all souls to Him, still there are some whom He appears to love with a love of predilection. Even from their Baptism He has been prodigal in His gifts to them. He has placed them in families that became His co-operators by giving them a truly Christian education. It is in these choice environments that germinate and develop Religious vocations.

At what particular moment, for the first time, have you thought of giving yourself to God? In what circumstance have you heard His voice telling you, "Come, follow Me"? Where have you said like the young Samuel: "Here am I: for thou didst call me"? (1 Kings, III, 5) or like Our Blessed Mother, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to Thy word"? . . . You, and you alone, know it, but you remember that circumstance which has placed you in a position to choose between the ordinary state of life and the vocation which was to draw you closer to God, the missionary vocation in which, while consecrating oneself totally to Our Lord, one assumes the charge of saving souls for Him, those souls, especially, that still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

This afternoon, you recall what passed in your heart and how God has loved you. You have reason to thank Him therefore with all your heart. You have come in

this Community; you have studied its Constitutions and its Rules; you have observed, tried, and that first attempt has encouraged you; nothing prevented you from entering the Novitiate, where you have learned more perfectly what the Religious life is. You have been told that it is a fixed state in which souls bind themselves to observe not only the commandments of God but also the Evangelical counsels; you have been taught all these things and you have seen that such was in truth the best manner of sanctifying your soul, of preserving it from what would draw it away from God. You have not hesitated, you have said: "Yes, I will free my soul from all that ties it to the world. I will make the vow of poverty which will free me from the perishable wealth of earth. You have also wanted to liberate yourselves, by the vow of chastity, from all worldly pleasures that divide the heart and entice it away from Heaven. And finally, defiant of your own selves, you have wanted to make the vow of obedience, by which you promise to obey your Superiors, whom you will see as representing God in every event and in the regulation of your lives. And thus, dear Sisters, having freed yourselves of the obstacles that could hinder your progress towards sanctity, you are resolutely entering the Religious life.

You are leaving a loved family, but you are going to find other little Sisters, who have made similar sacrifices and wish to give themselves to the salvation of their brethren in mission-lands. Dear Sisters, you are gaining by the Religious Profession a new family, a Religious family, and with her you will lead community life. I must tell you that that common life will bring you joy, but also sacrifices. When we constitute a family, we must know how to forget self and give of self. We must also, like everywhere else, often know how to forgive and forget. And, dear Sisters, if such be your dispositions this afternoon, you will be happy in your vocation, and you will not fail to contribute to the peace and spiritual advance of your Institute.

When I consider the decision you have taken, I cannot refrain from congratulating you on the good sentiments with which you are animated, and thanking you in the name of the Church, for it is to better serve the Church and souls that you are taking those engagements. Oh! once your resolution determined upon, do not look backward, but forward, always forward! From this moment, it becomes for you a duty to progress every day in the path of perfection. You have as guides your Constitutions, and the Superiors whom Divine Providence has placed at the head of your Community.

This afternoon's ceremony is of sovereign importance; you have carefully prepared for it. Tread with courage; and be assured of the fervent prayers of all those here present witnessing your act of donation.

I know that having left your family grieves you; that sorrow is natural, and, consequently, good. But, dear Sisters, if you have left your family, do not say that in your heart you will forget father, mother, brothers, sisters. No, you must not forget them. Often, on the contrary, those who give themselves to God in the Religious life love them more because they love them better than in the past. You will therefore keep on loving them, and writing to them when the Rule permits.

There remains for me to thank you, Christian parents, because you are about to give your child for the conquest and the sanctification of souls; you also will have done something out of love for Our Lord, out of love for souls. Have faith, God will know how to reward you a hundredfold. Continue praying for your child, fill always your role of kind father and loving mother in her behalf. It will be a manner of giving her to God with all the generosity you can command.

We are going to ask Him all together to bless the gesture to be accomplished by these Religious, to bless their good intention, to accompany them with His graces that they may be faithful for all time to the vocation they are embracing, and attain to the degree of perfection God has marked out for them. For, if it is He Who calls us from the very beginning of our vocation, it is He Who awaits us at the other end, with open arms, to receive us into Heaven. Amen.

After these consoling words, the elect to the Clothing Ceremony advance to the foot of the altar, there to formulate their promises and then receive from the hands of His Excellency, the livery of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

Here are the names of the new novices: Miss Germaine Prévost, Saint Charles de Bellechasse (Sister Marthe du Sacré Cœur); Miss Cécile Blais, Sherbrooke (Sister Cécile de la Trinité); Miss Lucie Derome, Ahuntsic, Montreal (Sister Saint Rupert); Miss Jeanne d'Arc Rioux, Trois Pistoles (Sister Marie Béatrice); Miss Micheline Lefebvre, Westmount (Sister Marie Micheline); Miss Etiennette Bilodeau, Montreal (Sister Jeanne Leber); Miss Jeannette Légaré, Montreal (Sister Sainte Agnès); Miss Lucia Ho, Canton, China (Sister Marie Lucia); Miss Elise Bélanger, Saint Jean de Dieu (Sister Marie Florence); Miss Thérèse Cloutnez, Saint Hyacinthe (Sister Saint Gilles); Miss Thérèse Gagnon, Petit Saguenay (Sister Thérèse d'Alençon); Miss Liliane Lemoine, Saint Hyacinthe (Sister Marie Dolorès); Miss Laurette Héту, Montreal (Sister Antoine de Jésus); Miss Lucille Vandandague, Saint Johns (Sister Lucille de Jésus); Miss Yvette Bouchard, Val Alain (Sister Saint Gérard Majella); Miss Thérèse Beaulieu, Saint Eusèbe (Sister Joseph Oscar).

Thirteen Professed Sisters then definitively pronounce their sacred engagements. They are: Sister Marie Théophile (Béatrice Girard, Hébertville Village); Sister Saint Frédéric (Germaine Fréchette, Drummondville); Sister Sainte Patricia (Patricia Blanchet, Southbridge, Mass., U.S.A.); Sister Marie Blanche (Idaline Beaulieu, Saint Urbain, Chateauguay); Sister Marie Rachel (Rachel Blanchette, Saint Liboire); Sister Anna Marie (Jeanne Roy, Paincourt, Ont.); Sister Marie Lucien (Cécile Nicole, Montmagny); Sister Saint Ludger (Claire Gauvin, Jonquière); Sister Gabriel de l'Incarnation (Laurette Laurent, Quebec); Sister Jeanne de Rouen (Jeannette Héту, Montreal); Sister Catherine de Jésus (Catherine Drolet, Three Rivers); Sister Thérèse de la Croix (Thérèse Côté, Beauport); Sister Sainte Odile (Elmire Roseberry, St. Pierre de Broughton).

Were present in the choir: Monsignor E. Larochelle, P.A., Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary; Reverend Fathers Osias Vandandague, O.F.M.; Oscar Langlois, S.J.; Ant. Biron, P.B.; G. Bilodeau, S.J.; Conrad Blanchet, M.S. La Salette, Attleboro, Mass., U.S.A.; Bernardin Verveille, O.F.M., Three Rivers; Clovis Rondeau, L. Lomme, A. Cossette, J. Roberge, J.M. Poitevin, P.M.E.; Patrick B. McCluskey, C.J.M.; P. Joachim, O.F.M. Cap.; Arthur Fréchette, P.P., Mont St. Michel; Armand Desgagné, Immaculate Conception Orphanage, Chicoutimi; F. Olivier, La Patrie, Sherbrooke; Laurent Nicole, St. Raphael de Bellechasse; Lucien Mallard; P. Lafleur; Reverend Brother Salustien, of the Brothers of Charity.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, during which is sung the *Te Deum*, worthily crowns that imposing ceremony. After which we gather in the reception-hall where His Excellency deigns to address us a few paternal counsels regarding our missionary role; He then gives us a glad holiday; and lastly, he imparts to us a precious blessing.



The Children's Page

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

Your Great Friend should be happy, for the season he loves best is here again — the gay springtime. Everything about him assumes new life; the warm rays of the sun, the caressing breeze, the soft murmur of flowing waters, the tender grass, the fragrant flowers, the myriad warblings, the thousand and one voices which beneath the boundless dome of blue sing the praises of their Creator and bring cheerful notes into our existence.

Do you hear the birdies' warbling,
Do you catch the breeze's sigh?
Happy springtime voices blending —
'Tis to praise their Lord on high!

Your Great Friend should rejoice for another reason, for here is the month he cherishes, May, the blessed Mary-month. It always stirs in his heart new harmonies with which to sing his happiness, and to proclaim anew his love and gratitude to his well-loved Mother, the Sovereign of his thoughts and affections.

Do you hear glad Nature singing,
As she spreads her carpet gay?
She extends a tender greeting
To the Blessed Queen of May!



The gay springtime . . .

Yes, your Great Friend is really *very happy*, but not entirely — something veils his contentment just like, at times, the clouds shut off the delightful rays of the bright sun.

— And why is our Great Friend unhappy?

— You ask why, my dear Children? Well, I shall tell you. It is on your account . . .

— On our account?

— Why, yes; and that, because your souls, so beautiful, so pure, so pleasing to God, are now in great peril. The devil, more than ever before, wants to tear them away from Jesus. With the present war he has invented new means to ensure his conquests. Here is one of those means: he inspires many of your mothers to leave you and go out to work, in the day-time or at night, not through necessity, but to have more spending-money. Some of my dear little Friends, thus deprived of the maternal vigilance, scamper away and the ravening wolves pervert their souls. Those wolves, ever in quest of some novel prey, like their master Satan, are the sowers of bad example, the corrupters of innocent souls.

Oh! my dear Children, keep away, keep away from the grown-ups and the little companions who want to draw you into sin; who mock our dear Lord, the Blessed Virgin or the priests of Holy Mother Church; who try to dissuade you from praying, from respecting and obeying your parents, your teachers, or to keep you from doing any other duty. Keep away from them, yes, keep away from them! For otherwise, in their contact, your souls more pure than the lily will soon lose their perfume and be covered with ugly blemishes, if they do not become filthy, unclean, like the snowy-white tablecloth which has become soiled and covered with stains. And then . . . and then . . . how very sad your soul will be! God will have fled from it with His grace, and you will have no more peace . . . no more happiness.

PEACE AND HAPPINESS

"Peace and happiness" — two little words which have a magical bearing on all souls; they are the expression of a happy state desired by everyone, but which few possess. Why is that? . . . Because those two great benefits, the most precious here below, are given only to the good conscience. They have their source in God Himself Who dispenses them abundantly, suavely, to pure and virtuous hearts.

A child, for instance, that carefully avoids the least sin, that does his duty at all times and that, moreover, multiplies fervent prayers, that imposes upon himself slight mortifications and does acts of charity, etc., to please Our Lord, to render his soul more agreeable to Him, or to obtain graces, that child draws into his heart deep peace and happiness which are sometimes reflected on his countenance. Another one, on the contrary, who cares not to avoid small faults, neglects prayer or his other duties, advancing ever onward to the abyss of grievous sin, cannot have peace within himself, oh, no! Trouble, disquiet, remorse gnaw at his heart and his agitation is so great that it may be depicted in his features. And the

same thing holds true for grown-ups. "There is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord." (Isaias XLVIII, 22)

Doubtless, in the course of your life, you will suffer a diminution of fervour in accomplishing your duty, you may even fall into grievous faults, and lose that great treasure which is peace; but, immediately, you must regain it by a good confession, by an energetic resolve to be more vigilant in the future to conserve it, and by the use of three means which, I assure you, will be most efficacious in helping you to tread always in the path of virtue: the remembrance of the divine presence, frequent Communion, and devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

AN EXAMPLE

A very pious mother had a little boy she tenderly cherished. She wanted to make of him a perfect Christian that he might be happy in this world and in the next. Consequently, she strove from his very early years to inculcate upright principles in him; and in order to incite him to avoid the least evil and practise small acts of virtue, she would oftentimes repeat to him these words: "Remember, my child, that God sees you always." On one of the walls of his bedroom she had placed a beautiful picture representing the Eye of God; below it could be read in large print these words: "God sees me". The eyes of the child often rested on this object and his pure heart delighted beneath the gaze of the God he loved.

Julian, for this was the boy's name, was very docile to his mother's teachings; but one day, alas! — he was then scarcely eight years of age — his dear mother was snatched away from him. Death robbed the boy of his treasure. His father, a man without faith or piety, seeing his young son would not be consoled over this loss, placed him in a boarding-school where religion was not taught. The child was very unhappy at first in this new abode where so many things wounded his delicate and candid conscience. For a long time he wept out of sheer loneliness for his dear mother, and, in secret, he would say the prayers she had taught him; but with the years he made friends with companions who drew him little by little into the evil path. Then he forgot the holy counsels of his mother and gave up saying his prayers; soon he even forgot his duties as a Christian, and when he became a youth, he let his passions have full sway, and he fell into grievous sins.

One day he even set out on a robbery. Revolver in hand, he broke into the apartments of a rich proprietor. He was on the verge of committing his crime when, suddenly, in a feeble ray of light he beheld on one of the walls this cutting sentence: "God sees me". Dumbfounded, he stopped... a world of reminiscences had sprung up in his mind: the little room of his childhood, the beautiful picture representing the Eye of God, with this very inscription... the fond thought of his mother repeating: "Remember, my child, that God sees you always"... and all the joys of his child-



Suddenly, in a feeble ray of light, he beheld...

hood, when his heart was as pure as crystal and his soul as white as the snow-flakes now falling from the heavy skies . . .

Suddenly, he became very uneasy, he was ashamed of his behaviour, he felt the Eye of God upon him and his conscience was tortured with remorse. . . . "No," said he to himself, "I will not commit that infamy," and precipitately he betook himself from that place. Stealing away from his comrades, he wandered about, needing more than ever solitude and reflection.

As he was treading along, he passed before a church where a light was shining. The light, at this late hour, in the residence of the common Father, in the home open to all, seemed to press him to enter. He hesitated, however; for, his soul stained by sin, he thought himself unworthy of entering this place of sanctity. But the invitation becoming more and more vehement, he stepped into the vestibule of the church; he directed his steps whence came the rays of light. There, several men, doubtless belated, were kneeling beside the confessional, where a priest of venerable aspect was receiving the avowals and distributing pardons. Julian knelt a few steps away and let his head drop into his hands; his mind was soon plunged in reflection. All the phases of his life passed before the inward eye of his soul. And the minutes sped onward . . .

Of a sudden, he felt a friendly hand on his shoulder. Looking up, he found himself alone in church, face to face with a priest in whose eyes he could read compassion and tenderness. "My friend, do you wish to go to confession?" said the priest. "I had not come in that intention," answered Julian, "but, please permit me to remain here a while longer." — "Very well, I shall wait for you," answered the pastor. And a short distance away he knelt to pray, his eyes riveted on the tabernacle. For whom was he praying? . . . Doubtless for that stranger whose soul seemed so needful of assistance; for before long, the young man, overcome by grace, felt urged to throw himself at the feet of God's minister and to reveal to him all the sins of his life. Responsive to this divine inspiration, he effectively confessed his sins, tears betraying the intensity of his sorrow.

After having called down a salutary pardon and heavenly peace in his soul, the kind priest led the young man to the Virgin's altar, adorned with flowers and verdure for the great feast which was already dawning on the outside world — the Immaculate Conception. With touching fervour Julian consecrated himself irrevocably to his Blessed Mother, then prepared his heart to receive the great Sacrament which makes one strong to battle against the passions and keeps the soul for eternal life. A few hours separated him from the sweet moment when he would be united to his Creator and Saviour, but he would not leave the church. The time did not seem to him too long to prepare himself in a worthy manner for this great act, to thank God for the astounding mercy bestowed upon him, to find in prayer the means of breaking forever with his dissolute companions, and to walk from now on without faltering in the pathway of salvation.

His prayer was answered. Clearly he saw how he could in the future direct his life as a Christian should. He promised; and since that memorable night he faithfully kept his word. His life was most edifying. It was not exempt from difficulties and struggles, but he overcame these by three efficacious means: the remembrance of the divine presence, frequent Communion, and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Each day he would remind himself of his mother's words: "Remember, my child, that God sees you always". Each day, also, he would communicate, sacramentally every time this was possible, and spiritually when he was prevented from going to church. Each day, moreover, he recommended himself to the Blessed Virgin, invoking her, not only morning and evening, but also throughout the day. He died esteemed by all who knew him and abounding in merit and good works.

May this story, dear Children, be a lesson to us. If since his early years Julian had made use of these pious practises, never would he have committed

the grievous faults over which, after his conversion, he wept bitterly, and which rendered fruitless for Heaven a good part of his life; for we must remember that all the years, months and days a soul passes in the state of mortal sin are void of merit and, hence, lost for eternity.

Yes, may this story be a lesson to us; and during the beautiful month of May consecrated to Our Blessed Mother, let us pray that powerful and tender Protectress to make us fully understand the excellence of those three means of salvation: the remembrance of the divine presence, frequent Communion, and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Let us also ask the grace to put them faithfully in practise every day of our lives; that thus all our moments, without exception, may serve to embellish our immortal crown. This is the ardent wish of

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR

The Audacity of a Little Malagasy Girl



It was in Madagascar, some years ago. The missionary Father had made friends with a little maiden of six years, a very pious lassie. Every day, no matter what the weather, she would come to Mass and pray as only angels can. Our Lord placed in her young heart a strong desire of receiving Him in His Eucharist. She then came to see the missionary about it, and expressed her resolution to make her First Communion.

"But you are much too small," answered the priest.

"I think I am big enough," replied the lassie.

"You have not reached the age fixed by the Church," continued the missionary.

Several times again did she attempt, but the priest kept firm in his determination.

Within her candid mind she pondered the answer: "You are not old enough!" She resolved to prove that she really *was*. So the little maid of six summers ran away to . . . the head-office of the Civil Administration. She came upon a very large room almost full of papers; there were copyists, functionaries, in their white uniforms; on one side, she saw the European administrator sitting at his desk, and, in the midst of that imposing *ensemble*, a skirmisher ready to do away with all intruders. But she was not dazzled by all that show, nothing frightened her. In the coquette way that was hers she draped her *lamba*, came in, and bowed respectfully.

"Men of the Government, would you have the kindness to look up my age in your big books? Father says I am too small to make my First Communion, but I am quite sure I have reached the age of reason."

The paternal-looking administrator adjusted his gold-mounted eye-glass to consider this audacious but candid child. He gave orders to a functionary to turn the pages of a heavy register, certainly less immaculate than the child's soul. The young man read aloud the names and dates, and the Government, in the person of the administrator, fixed matters for the child.

"Little one, go and tell the missionary Father that you are six."

And the maiden who had indubitably reached the age of reason, having brilliantly passed her examination, made her First Communion.

Reverend Father CORDIER, S. J.

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

For Favours Obtained.

I am asking a novena of lights to be offered in thanksgiving for a favour received. **M. P., Maniwaki P. O., Que.** — I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. **Mrs. A. L., Montreal.** — I wish to extend my sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin for many past favours obtained. **Mrs. R. D., Millbury, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received. **St. E.** — Homage of gratitude for a favour received. I request continual protection. **H. D.** — I thank the Blessed Virgin for having conserved my husband's health and solicit her protection for my children, also the conversion of two persons. **Anonymous.** — Lively gratitude to Our Heavenly Mother for a favour obtained through her intercession. **Mrs. Ph. M.** — Lively gratitude for a grace received. **M. G. Farley, St. Eugene de Grantham.** — I am happy to acquit myself of a duty of thanksgiving towards the Blessed Virgin. I ask prayers for a mother anxious about her two sons. **Mrs. F. Donato.** — Gratitude to Our Blessed Mother for a favour received. **Mrs. A. Martin, Montreal.** — Thanksgiving to Our Heavenly Mother for a grace received through her intercession. **Mrs. O. Frappier, Rosemount.** — I am coming to acquit myself of a promise made for the obtention of a favour. **Mrs. G. E. Morin, Thetford Mines.** — Homage of gratitude to Mary Immaculate for a favour obtained through her intercession. I solicit her protection for an orphan child who is ill. A subscriber. — Lively gratitude for a favour obtained. **Mrs. A. D., Outremont.** — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a cure without an operation. **Mrs. D. C., Montreal.** — Many thanks to the Blessed Virgin for the cure of my little girl. **Mrs. O. B., Lac du Cerf.** — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for all the favours she has granted us! I solicit her constant protection. **Mrs. A. D., La Reine.** — Kindly thank Our Blessed Mother for a favour received through her intercession. **Miss G. G., Montreal.** — Things have been going well during the last few months. Thanks to Our Heavenly Protectress, the Virgin Mary! **Mrs. A. S., Charny.** — I am pleased to fulfill my promise, the Blessed Virgin having answered my prayers. A thousand thanks! **Miss G. L., Bordeaux.** — It is with pleasure that I acquit myself of a debt of gratitude towards Our Blessed Mother. I beseech her to protect my daughters. **Mrs. J. A. M., Bourget, Ont.** — Thanksgiving for the cure of my foot. **Mrs. F. D., Fort Kent, Me.** — Homage of gratitude for a favour obtained. **Mrs. A. C., Montreal.** — Many thanks to the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained through her intercession. I ask her to bestow her blessings on my husband and children. **Mrs. J. J. G., Hammond, Ont.** — Lively gratitude for a favour granted me. **Mrs. G. D., Montreal.** — Gratitude to Mary Immaculate and a request for other favours: a conversion and the complete cure of members of a family. A subscriber. — I wish to thank Our Lady for her protection. **Mrs. A. P.** — Homage of gratitude for a favour obtained. I solicit new blessings for our family. **Mrs. H. E., Vaudreuil Village.** — Grateful thanks to Mary Immaculate for favours received. **L. R., Albanel.** — I am coming to thank Our Blessed Mother for a favour received through her intercession. **Mrs. Simard, Mont Tremblant.** — Homage of gratitude for a favour obtained from Our Heavenly Mother. A subscriber, **Highgate, Vt.** — Gratitude for favours received. **L. V., Montreal.** — Thanksgiving for the obtention of a position for my son. **Mrs. E. P., Montreal.** — Many thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a position obtained. **Mrs. A. L., Les Cèdres.** — I wish to express my gratitude for a favour granted me. **J. A. H., Worcester, Mass.**

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

I am thanking the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Mother for a cure. **Mrs. I. M., Montreal.** — Gratitude to Our Heavenly Mother and to Saint Anthony for a favour received after promising to publish. **Mrs. W. Troy, Rosemount.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in honour of Father Damian, the apostle of the lepers, in gratitude for a favour obtained through his intercession. **Mrs. A. N. D., Montreal.** — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin and to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour received. **Mrs. R. M., St. Basile le Grand.** — Lively gratitude for a favour received through the intercession of our Blessed Mother and Saint Joseph. **Mrs. A. Chouinard, Montpelier, Vt.**

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.



PRAYERS

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

Would you kindly make a novena for me. I am suffering with neuritis in my spine, and I have heart trouble. Mrs. K. B., Montreal. — Please pray for me as I have been laid up with rheumatism for two years. Mrs. E. T., Athol Ville, N. B. — Will you think of me in your prayers so that I will get better. Also pray that my husband will find work. Mrs. E. B., Temiskaming, Que. — Will you kindly make a special novena for me as my throat is very bad again. Miss M. H., Montreal. — Will you please make a novena with me for my intention, so I can receive my favour. Mrs. A. S., Montreal. — I would appreciate it very much if you would remember me in your prayers. Miss R. S., Outremont. — Please pray for me, M. D., Montreal. — May I ask your prayers for a special favour which will mean much to the person in question. A faithful subscriber and friend, Maniwaki, Que. — Please make a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes for a complete cure and three favours if it is God's holy will. Mrs. A. W., Notre Dame du Nord, Que. — Will you please remember us in your novena to Our Blessed Mother and Saint Anthony and Saint Joseph. I have been sick for quite a long time. Please pray that I may be cured if such be the holy will of God, and that I may be able to rejoin my family; another favour, that my boys may find steady work. Mrs. J. M., London, Ont. — Will you kindly say prayers to Our Blessed Mother for all soldiers and nurses who are sacrificing themselves in this war. E. A. — Kindly have a novena of lights burn for a very special intention. I trust Our Blessed Mother will grant me this favour. Please pray for me and my mother. One who has great faith in St. Teresa and the Blessed Virgin Mary. Mr. C. K., Anthony, R. I. — I request my cure. Mr. J. P. C., Quebec West. — I earnestly recommend the cure of my husband. Mrs. R. S., Montreal. — Please ask the Blessed Virgin to make my son a more dutiful boy; I am anxious for him. A mother, Rosemount. — I solicit prayers for my husband who is ill. A subscriber, Rosemount. — Prayers are requested for a young man who is in danger of death. Mrs. E. P., Rosemount. — I ask the cure of my mother who has been bedfast the last four months, suffering from a nervous breakdown. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. — With fervour and confidence I solicit my cure through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. A young mother, St. Philip. — I ask a novena for the cure of a mother of four children and also for the oldest of my daughters who is suffering from a nervous breakdown. Mrs. J. P., Ste. Agathe des Monts. — I solicit more prayers for another favour. May the Lord let Himself be moved. Anonymous. — I request the conversion of my son and the cure of his eyes; he can barely see with his left eye and he has need of it for his work. A subscriber. — Will you kindly make a novena for a favour ardently desired. A tried soul. — Please continue to pray for my intentions; I shall be deeply grateful. A poor soldier. C. B. — I solicit special prayers for a boy of fifteen and for two conversions. M. W. S. — I request your prayers for the obtention of a great favour. Anonymous. — I ask Our Lady of Perpetual Help to grant me a prompt cure or the courage and strength necessary to bear this trial; I solicit also strong faith for my husband; protection and health for all my family; world peace and the favour to be able to return to my country after the war. A child of Mary. — I ask Our Heavenly Mother to grant my husband a better position and also a special grace for myself. Mrs. L. T., Verdun. — I request the cure of my brother, a Franciscan, and that of another brother suffering from a cancer. Mrs. P. D. T., Grand'Mère. — I come to solicit, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, the cure of my mother and health for my father. A subscriber from Lake Saint Paul. — Please pray for me that I may be able to walk again. Mrs. E. T., Athol Ville, N. B. — Would you kindly remember my husband in your prayers. He has been very ill with a lung ailment; also for my son who has gone overseas. Mrs. C. G., Montreal. — Please pray for my husband that he may recuperate and enjoy good health, that he may continue working. Pray also that my sight will grow no worse and that my health may continue. Mrs. R. D., Millbury, Mass. — Please make a special novena for my niece who is at present quite ill with pyelitis. Also for the restoration of my sister's health. She is very nervous and in poor health. A devoted child of Mary, Miss G. M., Huntingdon, Que. — Please continue to pray and kindly make another novena for two other special intentions. Mrs. A. L., Montreal. — Would you please say a little prayer for me, that I may find suitable lodgings for our family of three. Mrs. G. K., Viauville. — Will you please pray for me as I am suffering very much with sore legs. Mrs. P. M., Lachine. —

Will you please pray for a friend that is very ill in the hospital and also for a favour. — Please pray for my three boys who are in the service. Mrs. P. K. — Would you have the Sisters make a novena for my intentions and perhaps you would be kind enough to remember my intentions in all devotions and prayers. Mrs. M. J. C., **Montreal**. — Would you kindly make a novena to St. Joseph for a very special favour for me. M. W., **Westmount**. — I ask your prayers for my husband that he may stop drinking and be a better father to our children. Also that he will go back to church. He has not been to church for a year. A subscriber. — I am a very sick man. Please pray for me so that I can get well again. E. C. — I solicit prayers and a special novena that the Blessed Virgin may come to my assistance. Also that my husband may find work if it is God's holy will. Mrs. A. V., **Montreal**. — Please pray to the Blessed Virgin and St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, asking them to completely cure my lungs so I will become well and strong and be able to live a normal life again soon; also ask for the cure of my eyes and my nerves. Mrs. J. D. M., **Montreal**. — Kindly offer prayers for my husband that he may come to better sentiments and that he may practise the Faith. Anonymous. — I solicit my cure and a special favour. A young mother. — I solicit the following graces: a change of life for certain persons; spiritual and physical health for myself; the success of an important affair; the refund of a loan. A subscriber.



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



NECROLOGY

Reverend Father R. Portier, P. S. S., **Montreal**; Reverend Father Alphonse Belzile, **Rimouski**; Reverend Sister Sainte Eugenie, of the Sisters of the Assumption; Mr. George Gonthier, **Outremont**, father of our Sister Saint Stanislas de Kostka; Mrs. Alphée Champagne, **Montreal**, mother of our Sister Marie de Lourdes; Mr. John J. Donovan, **Glen Roy, Ontario**, brother of our Sister Marie Angéline; Mrs. Misael Ledoux, **Cap de la Madeleine**, grandmother of our Mother Marie du Bon Conseil; Mr. Benjamin Rioux, **Trois Pistoles**, grandfather of our Sister Marie Béatrice, novice; Mr. John Norton, **Montreal**; Mrs. Gastien Riberdy, **Montreal**; Mrs. Wilfred Leger, **Salem, Mass.**; Mrs. Onésime Lafortune, Mrs. André Trudeau, **Joliette**; Mr. George Barton, **Denvers, Mass.**; Mrs. Octave Auclair, **Saint Hyacinthe**; Mr. Auguste Beaudry, **Saint Marc**; Mr. Ernest Derome, **Saint Jacques le Mineur**; Mr. Elzéar Ouellet, **L'Isle Verte**; Mr. Thomas Dumont, **St. Jean de Dieu, Rivière du Loup Co.**; Mrs. Eugène Labadie, Mrs. Eugène Sévigny, Mr. Arthur Joncas, **Sherbrooke**.

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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

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.