

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIV, 21st Year

MONTREAL, July-August 1943

No. 4

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

IN CANADA

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

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

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

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

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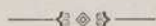
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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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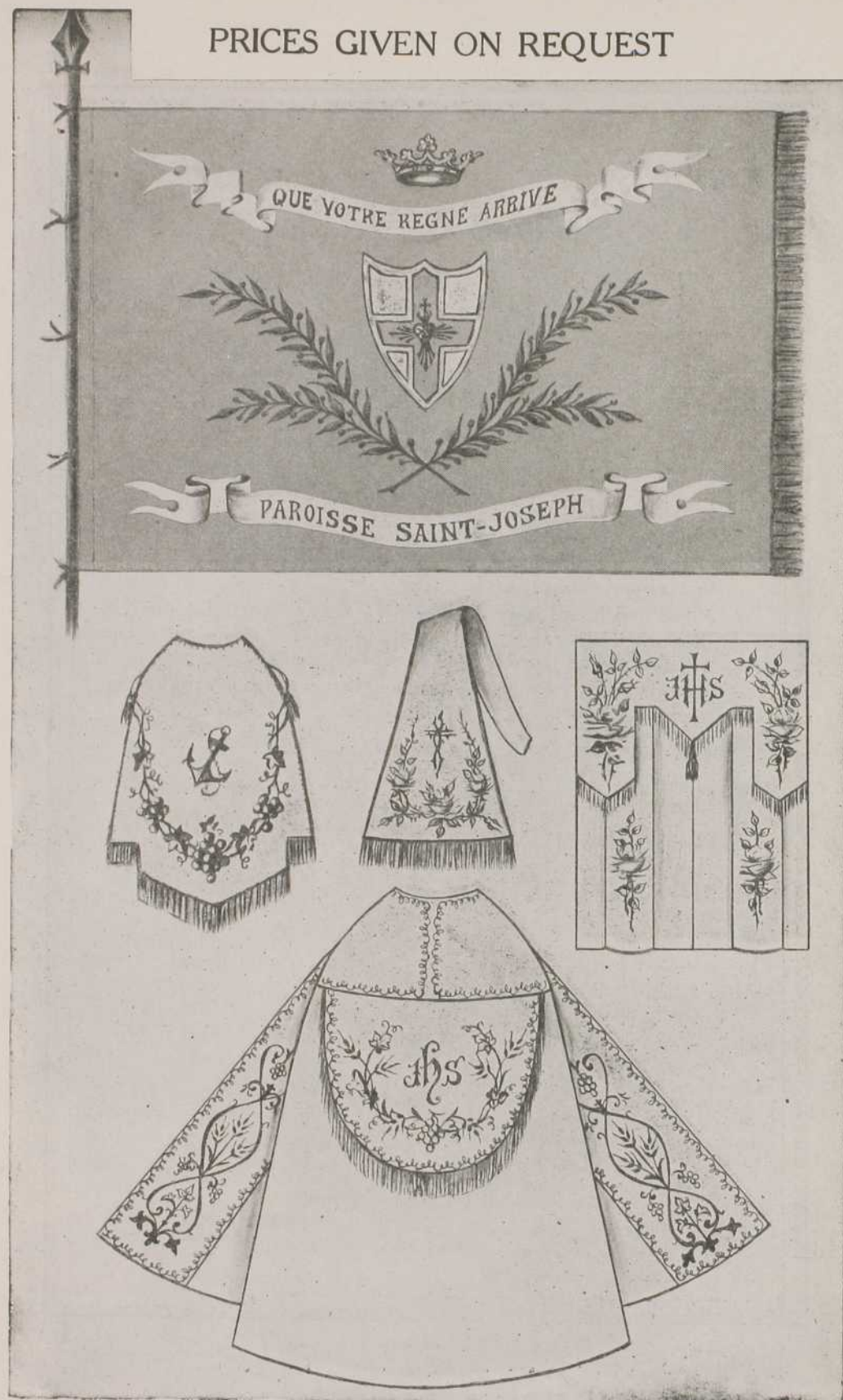
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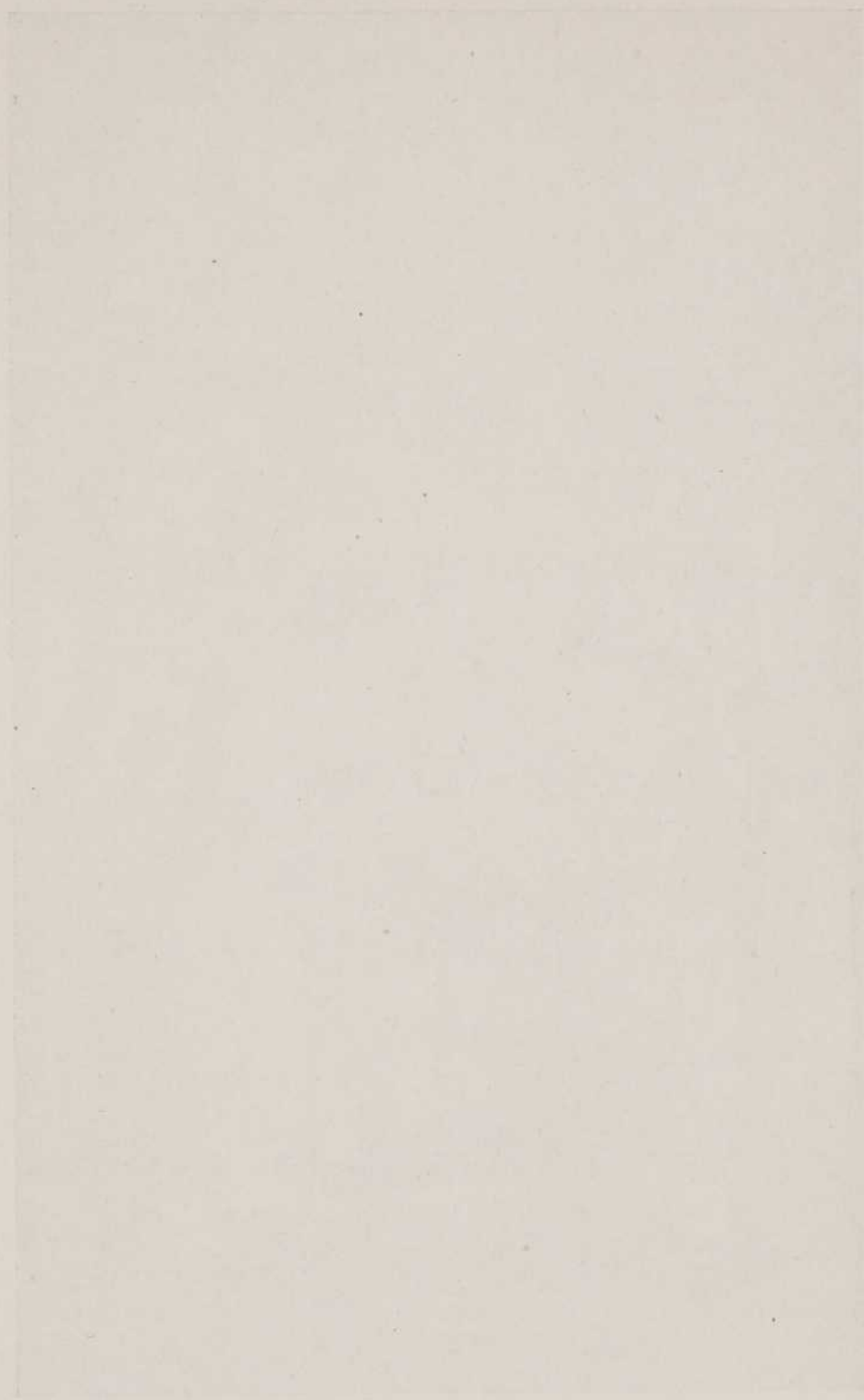
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

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with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XIV, 21st Year

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His chosen few, disciples twelve . . .



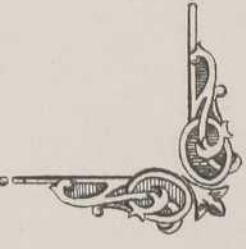
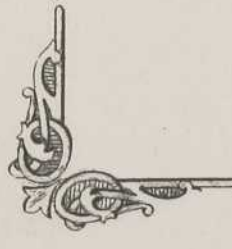
Raise Up Apostles

*When Jesus on this earth appeared,
And trod the plains of Palestine,
A chosen few, disciples twelve,
Walked with their Lord Divine.
The reign of God His only theme,
To thoughts of Heaven men He led;
The throngs were raptured; in their awe,
"No man speaks thus!" they said.*

*They liked to meet Him on their way,
Such goodly light illumed His eyes,
With beauty graven on His face,
And love no man could prize.
They knew His hand was often raised
In gest of pardon after sin;
That it had healed infirmities
And bidden wand'ers in.*

*His name of Jesus, Saviour,
Well said how He had come to save
The souls of men from ways of woe,
Their sins in blood to lave.
Unflinching truth was in His words,
His parables untiring sought
To chisel in His hearers' souls
Great verities forgot.*

*And once He gazed across the world,
"The harvest here is great!" said He.
"But scanty are the labourers;
The Master, friends, pray ye!"
His eyes to Heaven raised, He asked
The Father's grace and tenderness
Upon a sad humanity,
Divine-born happiness.*



*"The harvest's great!" such is the call
Apostles launch to saintly souls.
"We need a thousand times more priests
And Sisters in those goals!"
Great is the harvest in those climes,
Where none has spoken of a God
Whose law is peace and love and right,
Souls joyous, unenthralled!*

*Great also in our Christian lands
The harvest waits — for Faith is low
And pagan modes of life replace
The pure of years ago.
Ah! who with fearless love and zeal,
Will rise to conquer unto Christ
The heathen throng — and Faith restore
Where guilty trends enticed!*

*O Lord, our King, our Master too,
On bended knees, with hearts sincere,
As Thou hast said, we supplicate
For aid in mission sphere.
Raise up apostles, hosts of them,
Our youth is standing ready, pure,
For Thee to beckon, speak the word —
They gladly will endure!*

*Thou knowest souls in beauty garbed,
The beauty of Thy blessed Grace,
All burning for self-sacrifice
In footprints Thou wilt trace!
Redeemer, rally to the ranks
Those thirsting for such noble roles —
To help their hapless human friends
And Heaven give to souls!*

THE PRECURSOR.

The Apostolate of the Infidels



T times, have we pondered seriously over the lamentable situation of the infidels, that is, of the men who have never known the true Faith? What a sad lot is theirs!

Those unfortunate brethren not only do not know Jesus Christ, but in general, they are ignorant of the true God; the only God, Creator of heaven and earth, the Sovereign Judge of the living and the dead, is unknown to them. Some adore an unconscious god who is entirely unable to succour them in their misery, a god totally undistinguishable from inanimate matter. The majority adore the stars, or the elements, or men they have divinised, or imaginary beings, or vulgar idols of wood and stone. Their cult is vulgar, ridiculous or cruel. Morals are in many instances worse than the cult: debauchery under all its forms, at every age; the decadence of marriage; violence, spoliations, massacres, that is what we meet with normally, among those nations.

Now, in those unfortunate territories, there are over one billion infidels⁽¹⁾. Who could fail to have compassion on their profound distress, a general distress, and one which is awesome when looked at from the view-point of the eternal salvation of so many millions of men? It is true that the nineteenth century has launched a great effort for the evangelization of the pagans⁽²⁾. But how insufficient is the number of missionaries! How impeded and fettered is their apostolate! They lack financial resources; they are persecuted by the civil authorities of the country; they have to combat the pernicious influence of the ministers of error, who have no pecuniary worries; moreover, the Catholic missionaries are not strongly encouraged by their co-religionists, who often remain indifferent, we shall not say hostile! In Catholic nations how many savants, wealthy men, magistrates are concerned with that apostolate? How many disdain it, or scornfully deride it?

Shall we be numbered among those who are unmoved by this lamentable situation? Shall we be numbered among those who do not pity the missionaries and will not help them in their labours?

HOW TO WORK FOR THE SALVATION OF THE INFIDELS

We can aid them by our prayers. Saint Paul would often exhort his disciples to pray, that the word of the Gospel should be heard in all the

1. Of the two billion men who people the world, there are:

373 million Catholics
329 million Dissidents (Protestants and Schismatics)
260 million Mohammedans
16 million Jews
1200 million Pagans

2. Statistics published in 1932 by Reverend Father Bernard Arens, S. J., show that there were at that time in the mission-lands 453 Vicariates Apostolic, 15,086 priests, 5,364 Brothers, 30,929 Sisters, 61,941 catechists, men and women, 43,018 teachers, men and women, 9,454 uncloistered virgins and 20,196 other collaborators, in all, a personnel of 186,621. Thus we see that very close to 200,000 persons belonging to 51 different nationalities and to 500 religious institutes are labouring for Christ in the missions.

nations; the Church has unceasingly recommended the faithful to persevere in that prayer. All truly saintly souls have always felt a particular attraction for that supplication: how many times have they not repeated with ardour: "My God, hallowed and glorified be Thy Name on earth!" Do we love to pray often and lengthily for the pagans? The Society for the Propagation of the Faith and that of the Holy Childhood often suggest us that easy mode of apostolate; do we put it into practice?

We must aid the missionaries by our alms. In the first place, what is simpler than supporting the two above-named apostolic Works, so heartily recommended by the Holy Fathers? Some persons give of their own time to make Church vestments and clothes for the missionaries. Others adopt various practices: the ransom of children or of slaves; the annual upkeep of a catechist or of a missionary. Much good can be accomplished with very slender means. Have we thought of it? Do we give, and generously so, to the foreign missions? Do we not sometimes squander worthwhile sums that could be very useful to the missionaries⁽¹⁾? Are we unaware of the fact that Protestants give much more money for their missions than we for ours?

We must aid the missionaries by word and sympathy. In our circle there are persons uninterested in the salvation of the pagans; or who hold to ridiculous prejudices against the missionaries; or who combat that apostolate, on the ground that in our own country there are many wayward souls yet to be converted. It would be an excellent achievement if those persons could be gently instructed and explained out of their false ideas. How many rich and influential Christians would wholeheartedly co-operate in the apostolate of the infidels, if that apostolate were clearly exposed to them! Do we make use of all those means to aid the unfortunate pagans?

M. HAMON, P. S. S.



A Missionary Crusade

A crusade on behalf of the missions has been organized in the United States. The director of the publication *Catholic Missions* goes from one seminary to another exposing the great need of missionaries for the postwar period. Until now, in fact, Europe furnished approximately ninety-five per cent of the mission personnel, and America, only five per cent. France, that alone has furnished fifteen per cent of the missionaries, is actually suffering from a great penury of priests. At the outbreak of the war, two thousand parishes had no pastors. In Germany, a country likewise prolific in missionary vocations, all the seminaries have been closed. In Spain, five thousand priests have been killed during the recent civil war. America will then have to considerably augment her mission-staff. Doubtless Canada will come forward to do her share. But she must think of it now and make active preparations.

Let us note that, according to the last statistics of the Pontifical Annual, in territories dependent upon the Congregation of Propaganda, there are 20,578 priests and Brothers, and 44,894 Sisters.

(*Semaine Religieuse de Montréal*)

3. Also in 1932: 56,519 churches and chapels, 98 grand seminaries and 2,834 seminarians, 213 small seminaries and 8,420 seminarians, 677 hospitals with 242,000 sick, 2,222 dispensaries, 81 lazarettos caring for 14,066 lepers, 1,605 orphanages and 76,528 orphans, 299 homes and 11,341 inmates, 12,000 workrooms, 17 universities, 827 professional schools, 172 normal schools, 1,172 high schools, 26,997 elementary schools, 24,777 prayer schools, 589 catechist schools and 468 colleges.

The Apostle



AN we imagine the outstanding characteristic of the apostle other than zeal? Zeal is a flame tending to communicate itself from soul to soul.

One can be an apostle only on this condition, namely, that he bear in the inmost recesses of his heart an ardent faith and a noble ideal.

The ordinary upright, honourable man, with his wisdom — no matter how little it savours of the world — and his virtue — although somewhat above the usual degree — will never know the meaning of zeal: mediocrity is not a state that fosters the spirit of apostleship.

Zeal, of its very nature, is disinterested. One is no longer filling the vocation of an apostle when one looks for praise, consideration, affection or gratitude, in return for the services rendered.

Self-seeking, in the case of an apostle, always jeopardizes the supernatural work to which he is devoting himself; for self-seeking means this, that the apostle is finding a place, between God and souls, wherein to lodge his miserable being.

But disinterestedness alone will not suffice to ensure the success of zeal.

To succeed, the apostle must not hesitate to place himself at the disposal of those to whom he intends to do good. "To serve" should be his motto.

If he would not see his ideals shattered to pieces, he must shun everything that resembles the spirit of domination. We do not impose truth upon souls, we propose it to them; and it is only the entire devotedness of the person presenting that truth that can dispose souls to accept it.

True zeal is great-hearted and kindly. Its aim is not to augment the strength of a party, whoever or whatever that party may be, but to extend the Kingdom of God. True zeal addresses itself, not to a certain determined class of people, but to every human soul sincerely in search of the Truth.

Zeal becomes all things to all men, and discreetly avoids narrow-mindedness and hasty conclusions, so as not to dishearten the good wills that look up to it.

In fine, zeal, however ardent, must, in its manifestations, be moderated by discretion and patience.

The soul has intimate delicatenesses that demand to be understood and respected, and the slightest blunder on the part of the one who is moulding it can cause that soul to remain closed for all time.

Moreover, not men it is, but God, who appoints the moment of grace and of conversion. As to the apostle, he must have schooled himself to knowing how to await that hour without over-eagerness and impatience.

The action of an apostle on souls is wrought by speech: *fides ex auditu*, or, in everyday English, it is by the sense of hearing that Faith comes to us.

But it is not talent that brings about conversions. Reduced to its own native wits, talent can awaken sterile admiration, yes, but nothing else.

Nor is it discussion, no matter how concise, that leads to the acceptance of religious truth. The only result it can obtain is to break down, in a prejudiced soul, the opinions that had hitherto been barriers in the path to Faith. Its results are for the most part negative.

The secret of the efficacy of an apostle's words lies elsewhere.

The only eloquence that can convert souls is that "unworded eloquence" of a deep and fervent conviction.

And, in the same way, the most impressive proof in favour of religion is that which springs from an existence animated with a strong, living faith.

Nothing is so apt to provoke in distracted or lukewarm souls salutary remorse that can place them on the path of truth, as the meeting with a veritable apostle.

But that may be effected this mysterious transmission of life from one soul to another, words are not required.

The soul of an apostle is outwardly expressed by deeds, more than words.

Example is the best of all predications; and the prudent, tranquil radiation of an intense interior life is the most efficacious of all the means of apostolate.

Virtus de illo exibat — a virtue proceeded from Him — is it said of the Divine Master. That saying of the Gospel can be applied to any disciple worthy of the name.

Whatever he does, his faith shines through his works and edifies those who witness his life.

After all, the apostle does not need to preoccupy himself with measuring the field of his beneficent action. That care is the Master's, whose ambassador he is.

It matters little to him whether God makes of him the light that illumines the world, or the humble lamp that projects its feeble rays to make brighter the path of a few souls in their quest for God. The great concern of the apostle is to be faithful to the mission with which he has been entrusted.



Indian Gratitude

He was out on a hunt. Suddenly ahead of him the Indian saw something black in the snow. "Was it a black bear?" He quickly poised an arrow. He waited for the target to move. It didn't. "Ugh! Dead," he grunted to himself. Slowly crouching up he gave another grunt, this time of great surprise. It was a Blackrobe stretched out unconscious on the snow. Tenderly the Indian carried the stiffened body to his winter hut near by.

A roaring fire and vigorous rubbing finally brought the Blackrobe missionary back to consciousness. The Indian spoke: "Blackrobe, great honor for Okha you rest in Okha's poor little hut. Here, hot deer soup. Soon you be strong again." When the missionary finally induced the Indian to tell him the tale of his rescue, Okha began: "Last year Blackrobe come to my village. Okha gone lone on hunt. My brothers tell me of Blackrobe visit and the Great Prayer. (Among the Indians "Great Prayer" refers to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.) Okha see you Blackrobe, and thank the Great Spirit. Arrow soon fly, but Great Spirit hold my hand."

Some weeks passed, and Okha was ready for his first Holy Communion. The Blackrobe had used his time well as he was gaining strength after his illness. The following year the Blackrobe again approached the cabin of Okha. It was a year since his last Great Prayer and Communion. Okha was overcome with gratitude and happiness. "Would the Father allow Okha to go to Communion again?"

"Indeed! Just prepare yourself now for your confession. Try to recall all the sins you committed during the past year."

"What sins, Father?" asked Okha in astonishment.

"Why, the sins against the commandments of God and the Church, Okha." The Father became a little anxious. Perhaps Okha had forgotten all he had taught him. Again Okha cried out in painful surprise: "Sins! Could Okha commit sins after the Great Prayer, Baptism and Holy Communion? Never! Okha is not so ungrateful." Here the saintly Indian burst into tears. And the missionary, too, wept as he blessed God for a soul so grateful as to have avoided all sin after even one Holy Communion and Mass.

Brother Jogues, S. V. D.

New Mission in Haiti



At the request of His Excellency Bishop L. Collignon, O. M. I., of Cayes, Haiti, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have accepted with pleasure a post of devotedness in the vast field of missionary apostolate confided to the solicitude of the worthy Prelate.

Consequently, in September or October, four Sisters will bear a branch of the Institute to that Haitian land which holds the honour of having been the theatre of the first Mass celebrated in America, at the time of its discovery by Christopher Columbus, on December 6, 1492. They will firstly devote themselves to works of charity on behalf of the little children, the sick and the aged who need their ministry, seeking above all to show them the blessed light of the Gospel.

The task awaiting these pioneers is vast, for there also the harvest is great and the labourers are few, which makes us foresee that companions will shortly have to go and share their labours and merits.

The friends of the Community and the benevolent readers of *The Precursor* are asked to recommend to God the success of the new Mission.

A Word on Haiti

History:

Haiti, meaning in the Indian tongue *the hilly country*, was discovered on December 6, 1492, by Christopher Columbus. The island is situated in Central America, at the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, not far from Cuba and Jamaica, between 17° and 12° North latitude and 71° and 77° West longitude. The total surface area of Haiti is 77,000 kilometres but, since 1844, two independent republics share the island. These are: in the East, the Dominican Republic (area: 48,350 sq. kilometres; population: 1,400,000); here the official and ordinary language is Spanish. The other republic is that of Haiti, in the West (area: 28,900 sq. kilometres; population: 3,000,000); French is the official and usual tongue.

The Island of Haiti, the most important of the Greater Antilles, if we except Cuba, was the theatre of the passage of two distinct civilizations: the Spanish civilization and the French. The first inhabitants of Haiti were the Indians. These were exterminated, for the most part, by the Spaniards, avid for the gold mines.

Spanish civilization made its influence felt in Haiti for one hundred and thirty-eight years, and French civilization, for two centuries. *Hispagnola* was the name of the island while under Spanish domination. Under the domination of France the name was Saint Dominique. In 1508, the Spaniards introduced African negroes in *Hispagnola*. In 1625, the French occupied the eastern part of the island; they remained there until 1804. Upon Napoleon's resolve to re-establish the slave trade in Santo Domingo,

the natives revolted, under the leadership of a negro of genius, Toussaint Louverture. The latter was made a prisoner and died in France, at Fort de Joux, in the Jura, from cold and privation. Lamartine has said of him that he was *a nation* and has dedicated a magnificent poem to him. Dessalines continued his work and obtained a glorious victory. The independence of Haiti was declared on January 1, 1804, and Dessalines was proclaimed Emperor, under the name of James I.

Only in 1825 did France recognize that independence, in consideration of an indemnity of 120,000,000 gold francs; later, the indemnity was lowered to 60,000,000.

Several men of Haiti won renown in their efforts towards national independence. History cites with pride Pétion, who founded the republic in 1806, and Christophe, who founded a kingdom in the northern part of the island. To-day, we may still admire the Laferrière citadel, a gigantic work testifying to the genius of that king and constructed in a spirit of resistance to the French who were returning to Haiti. Colonel Lindbergh calls this monument he has visited the *eighth wonder of the world*.

Religion:

Catholicism is the State religion of Haiti, in virtue of a Concordat signed, in 1860, between Rome and the Government of Haiti. Thus, Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti, has an Apostolic Nuncio; this is a matter of enviable honour when we consider that other countries of North or South America have, for the most part, only an Apostolic Delegate or a Chargé d'Affaires of the Holy See. Rome's present ambassador to Haiti is His Excellency Monsignor Silvani.

Haiti has five dioceses at the head of which is a Bishop and, in the Capital, an Archdiocese whose actual titular is His Excellency Archbishop Le Gouaze.

Several Religious Congregations, coming chiefly from France, Belgium, and, these last few years, from Canada, are labouring in the country. These saintly missionaries are doing good and fruitful work and are a credit to their land, but, unfortunately, Haiti has only six hundred priests for its three million inhabitants. The labourers are indeed few!

Climate:

The climate is not so hot as we would suppose! It is true that, taking into account the geographical position of the island not so remote from the Equator, we would expect the heat there to be excessive. But although the sun gives more warmth than light, the weather is quite agreeable because, on the one hand, of the very high mountains: 5,000 feet and, on the other hand, because of the island's situation in the canal of the trade-winds; a perpetual breeze from land and sea therefore blows on Haiti. Sometimes the breeze is so sweet in the palm-trees, so pure in the gleaming branches of the latania (Bourbon palm), that one fancies hearing in the light air a divine lyre with exquisitely harmonious chords. And then, heat there is dry, there is no dampness. The lowest temperature is 40° Fahrenheit and the highest,

110°. Hail sometimes falls at Kenscoff (Haiti's Laurentians) which is at forty-five minutes' ride from Port-au-Prince, but it never snows.

The cases of insolation, after the avowal of the doctors, are very rare. And the French priests living in Haiti wear, as in their own country, black cassocks without being ill at ease in them, while in Africa they have to dress in white.

The island has no flesh-eating animals or dangerous insects, nor has it any serpents. There are only a few small grass-snakes whose bite is in no way poisonous. Haiti is the great country for flowers and fruits. Roses bloom there, even in the winter-time, and it is a feast for the eyes to contemplate the island's exuberant nature!

The fruits are succulent: we find oranges, bananas, grapefruits, pine-apples; the mango, guava, peach, soursop are also products of the island.

Mahogany, oak, logwood and bamboo trees grow on the island.

The following products are exported, especially to Europe: coffee — which is reputed one of the best in the world — cotton, cacao, indigo, rum, honey, molasses.

(From the French of Philippe Cantave, Laureate of the Académie Française, in "Le Vrai Visage d'Haiti.")

Haiti Consecrated to Mary

A presidential proclamation published on December 17th has declared the feast of the Immaculate Conception, on December 8th, a national feast, consecrated to honour Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

That great act of faith has been accomplished thanks to the zealous initiative of President Elie Lescot.

On this occasion, a postage stamp was put in circulation, bearing the effigy of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and the inscription, in French, *Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Patroness of Haiti*.

Beautiful instance of Catholic and national faith!



A Mother's Sublime Words

One day, in Lyons, a missionary was recounting to the pious gathering of Associates of the Living Rosary the martyrdom of a confessor of the Faith, to whom had been inflicted unheard-of tortures. Young Pierre Perrin, nephew of Pauline Marie Jaricot, foundress of the Propagation of the Faith and of the Living Rosary, on hearing this relation, told his mother: "Mother! if Our Lord deigned to ask me a sacrifice like that would you consent to it?"

A spontaneous impulse of faith and love drew from the maternal heart this sublime exclamation: "O my beloved! if Jesus Christ honoured you thus, I should not only give you, but I should carry you to the very place of your martyrdom, if I had the strength to do so."

The angelical Pierre gathered those words and kept them as a blessing and a hope⁽¹⁾.

1. Pierre Perrin entered in the Society of Jesus, became a great missionary and died victim of his self-devotion in the Indies, on August 15, 1856.

Holy Father's Christmas Message to the World

(Continued)



REASON, enlightened by faith, assigns to individuals and to particular societies in the social organization a definite and exalted place. It knows, to mention only the most important, that the whole political and economic activity of the State is directed to the permanent realization of the common good. It is to create those external conditions which are needed for the mass of the citizens to bring their natural virtues to maturity, to fulfill their duties and develop fully their material, intellectual and religious life. This is inasmuch as, on the one hand, the family and other associations (to which nature has given precedence over the State) may be physically and morally insufficient for their needs; and on the other hand, God's redeeming will has not established in the Church another and universal society to direct the human individual to the attaining of his supernatural destiny. In a conception of society which is pervaded and sanctioned by religious thought, the influence of economics and of every other sphere of cultural activity represents a universal and most exalted center of activity, very rich in its variety and coherent in its harmony, in which men's intellectual equality and diversity of occupation come into their own and secure adequate expression.

When this is not so work is depreciated, and the worker is belittled.

JURIDICAL ORDER

That social life, such as God willed it, may attain its scope, it needs a juridical order to support it from without, to defend and protect it. The function of this juridical order is not to dominate but to serve, to help the development and increase of society's vitality in the rich multiplicity of its ends, leading all the individual energies to their perfection in peaceful competition, and defending them with appropriate and honest means against all that may militate against their full evolution. Such an order, that it may safeguard the equilibrium, the safety and the harmony of society, has also the power of coercion against those who only by this means can be held within the noble discipline of social life. But in the just fulfilment of this right, an authority which is truly worthy of the name will always be painfully conscious of its responsibility in the sight of the Eternal Judge, before Whose Tribunal every wrong judgment, and especially every revolt against the order established by God, will receive without fail its sanction and its condemnation.

The precise, bedrock, basic rules that govern society cannot be prejudiced by the intervention of human agency. They can be denied, overlooked, despised, transgressed, but they can never be overthrown with legal validity. It is true indeed that, as time goes on, conditions of life change. But there is never a complete break or a complete discontinuity between the law of yesterday and that of today, between the disappearance of old powers and constitutions and the appearance of a new order.

In any case, whatever be the change or transformation, the scope of every social life remains identical, sacred, obligatory: it is the development of the personal values of man as the image of God; and the obligation remains with every member of the human family to realize his unchangeable destiny, whosoever be the legislator and the authority whom he obeys.

In consequence, there always remains, too, his inalienable right, which no opposition can nullify — a right which must be respected by friend and foe — to a legal order and practice which appreciate and understand that it is their essential duty to serve the common good.

The juridical order has, besides, the high and difficult scope of insuring harmonious relations both between individuals and between societies, and within these. This scope will be reached if legislators will abstain from following those perilous theories and practices, so harmful to communities and to their spirit of union, which derive their origin and promulgation from false postulates.

Among such postulates We must count the juridical positivism which attributes a deceptive majesty to the setting up of purely human laws, and which leaves the way open for a fatal divorce of law from morality; there is, besides, the conception which claims for particular nations, or races, or classes, the juridical instinct as the final imperative and the norm from which there is no appeal; finally, there are those various theories which, differing among themselves, and deriving from opposite ideologies, agree in considering the State, or a group which represents it, as an absolute and supreme entity, exempt from control and from criticism even when its theoretical and practical postulates result in, and offend by, their open denial of essential tenets of the human and Christian conscience.

Anyone who considers with an open and penetrating mind the vital connection between social order and a genuine juridical order, and who is conscious of the fact that internal order in all its complexity depends on the predominance of spiritual forces, on the respect of human dignity in oneself and in others, on the love of society and of its God-given ends, cannot wonder at the sad effects of juridical conceptions which, far from the royal road of truth, proceed on the insecure ground of materialist postulates. But he will realize at once the urgent need of a return to a conception of law which is spiritual and ethical, serious and profound, vivified by the warmth of true humanity and illumined by the splendor of the Christian Faith, which bids us seek in the juridical order an outward refraction of the social order willed by God, a luminous product of the spirit of man which is in turn the image of the Spirit of God.

On this organic conception which alone is living, in which the noblest humanity and the most genuine Christian spirit flourish in harmony, there is marked the Scripture thought, expounded by the great Aquinas: *Opus Justitiæ Pax* — The work of justice shall be peace — a thought which is as applicable to the internal as to the external aspect of social life. It admits of neither contrast nor alternative such as expressed in the disjunction, love or right, but the fruitful synthesis, love and right.

In the one as in the other, since both radiate from the same Spirit of

God, We read the program and the seal of the human spirit; they complement one another, give each other life and support, walk hand in hand along the road of concord and pacification, while right clears the way of love and love makes right less stern, and gives it a higher meaning. Both elevate human life to that social atmosphere where, even amid the failings, the obstacles and the difficulties of this earth a fraternal community of life is made possible.

But once let the baneful spirit of materialist ideas predominate; let the urge for power and for predominance take in its rough hands the direction of affairs; you shall then find its disruptive effects appearing daily in greater measure; you shall see love and justice disappear, all this as the sad foretaste of the catastrophes that menace society when it abandons God.

The second fundamental element of peace, towards which every human society tends almost instinctively, is tranquillity.

O blessed tranquillity, thou hast nothing in common with the spirit of holding fixedly and obstinately, unrelentingly and with childish stubbornness, to things as they are; nor yet with the reluctance — child of cowardice and selfishness — to put one's mind to the solution of problems and questions which the passage of time and the succession of generations, with their different needs and progress, make actual, and bring up as burning questions of the day. But, for a Christian who is conscious of his responsibilities even towards the least of his brethren, there is no such thing as slothful tranquillity; nor is there question of flight, but of struggle, of action against every inaction and desertion in the great spiritual combat where the stakes are the construction, nay the very soul, of the society of to-morrow.

In the mind of Aquinas, tranquillity and feverish activity are not opposed, but rather form a well-balanced pair for him who is inspired by the beauty and the urgency of the spiritual foundations of society, and of the nobility of its ideals. To you, young people, who are wont to turn your backs on the past, and to rely on the future for your aspirations and your hopes, We address Ourselves with ardent love and fatherly anxiety: enthusiasm and courage do not of themselves suffice, if they be not, as they should be, placed in the service of good and of a spotless cause.

It is vain to agitate, to weary yourselves, to bustle about without ever resting in God and His eternal law. You must be inspired with the conviction that you are fighting for truth, that you are sacrificing in the cause of truth your own tastes and energies, wishes and sacrifices; that you are fighting for the eternal laws of God, for the dignity of the human person, and for the attainment of its destiny.

When mature men and young men, while remaining always at anchor in the sea of the eternally active tranquillity of God, coordinate their differences of temperament and activity in a genuine Christian spirit, then if the propelling element is joined to the refraining element, the natural differences between the generations will never become dangerous, and will even conduce vigorously to the enforcement of the eternal laws of God in the changing course of times and of conditions of life.

(To be continued)

It Is Going Away . . .



HAT? . . .

Faith. In our Catholics, in our families, in our society, in our country, there is not much faith remaining . . .

In our Catholics. Let us consider one of these. At his first waking moment, what occupies his mind? His needs, his business, his amusements. He does not pray; no elevation of his heart, no gaze of his soul ascend to the Heavenly Father, his Creator and Redeemer, his daily Providence. All his faculties are riveted to the things of this earth and his day is one of slavery to material tyrannies. When night comes, he drifts off to sleep, his mind wholly preoccupied with earthly considerations, his heart many a time ensnared by culpable affections, his conscience heavy with sin and remorse. On Sundays and feast-days it is no subject of sorrow for him to miss Mass; neither will you see him receiving the sacraments.

Where is his faith? . . . His faith of a baptized and confirmed soul, his faith of a communicant, his faith of a child of God and of the Church, and of an heir to Heaven? . . .

Here is another. In the morning when he rises and at night when he goes to bed, he makes a hurried Sign of the Cross, heedlessly murmurs a few words of piety, without reverence, without attention or devotion, without kneeling to humble and recollect himself in the holy presence of God. Throughout the day, similar levity in the occasions of manifesting his faith. People see him at church on days of obligation, but how distracted he is! His mind is not there where his body is and his heart stays cold in face of the sacred mysteries. His soul gathers none of the graces that flow in an abundant stream from the holy altar of God. Can he who acts thus be said to have sincere faith? . . . And why be astonished when witnessing his concessions to the least suggestions of evil?

In our families. How many homes, alas! have dethroned the Crucifix from its place of honour! How many have replaced holy pictures and statues by profane and immoral images!

And the little children, in a host of families, no longer learn upon their mother's knee and under their father's gaze to lisp the blessed names of Jesus and Mary, to know the main truths of salvation.

Prayer in common, morning and evening, the recitation of the Angelus, are daily becoming less observed.

What is the meaning of that, unless it be that faith is going away? . . .

In our society. What are the themes of conversation? What examples are seen on every side? To what works, to what propagandas of good do people devote themselves? Can we deny that, often, certain reunions of so-called Christians strikingly resemble pagan gatherings? . . .

"Faith without works is dead," says Saint James. (XI, 26)

In our country. Doubtless, it is consoling to see so many beautiful churches dotting our cities and hamlets, so many convents and charitable

institutions, hearths of the most exquisite virtues, radiating in the midst of our populations; but in the sidelights, there where Satan strives with might and main to sap the bases of the religion of Christ, what false notions, what erroneous ideas circulate against those monuments, those bulwarks of the Faith!... And that detestable current moves along, gaining more ample proportions; it finds its way here and there into minds... always bent on its work of destruction.

And in the prominent cities of our country, in its provinces and municipalities, does God reign as sovereign?... Is His law of justice, peace and love observed? Is His doctrine understood and practised?... In their conduct in general, are our Christians really Christians?... Alas! we must say again, in our country Faith is going away...

But in the sight of that unfortunate evidence, shall we remain insensible, inactive?

Arise, Christians! Forward, under the holy standard of our Faith! Let us no longer say: *It is going away!* Let us rather cry out: *It shall come back!*... And by the grace of God, by our steady efforts, it shall blossom in our families, in our society, in our country!

Forward! You, Members of our Catholic Societies. Forward, *fearlessly and blamelessly!* With the Spiritual Heads of the Church, confess your Faith, make it wax daily stronger.

Arise! You, pious souls that weep in obscurity over this moral downfall of your compatriots. Multiply your prayers, sacrifices and good works, that God may have mercy on us, and give us anew the intelligence of the eternal truths and energy to remain pure from the depravation heaping upon us on every side.

Let us courageously join the effort, and victory is ours, and victory is God's!



There are two cities, that of good, that of evil; there are two great army corps: the Catholic Church and the sect of hell. We remain too indifferent to that great combat, wherefrom, each day, thousands of souls issue forth, saved or damned. Jesus Christ came to save, He desires but to save, and thousands of His children are being snatched from His hold,—feeble souls, ignorant souls that the wicked excite against Him! The Church is attacked on all sides; if we do not step forward to defend her, where is our faith? What right shall we have to the eternal honours of her triumph?

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

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* *

The sight of a righteous man struggling against misfortune is so great and beautiful that it is worth while that God should for a few moments turn aside from His work of governing the world, to see this wise man generously combatting disgrace and triumphing over misfortune by constancy.

— SENECA.

Mother Marie du St. Esprit

APOSTLE OF THE CHINESE WORK IN CANADA

(Continued)



CONSOLING results are being attained at the humble hospital and at the dispensary. Visits to homes and to the various hospitals where the Sisters are called to assist the dying, produce much good; while the preparation and instruction of catechumens and neophytes are certainly not without interest. Let us state that, actually, at Shawinigan, seven Chinese pupils are the object of the zeal of the Missionary Sisters and of a virgin-catechist. What if the shepherdesses have to seek afar the few lambs that desire to be admitted in the divine Fold! If the salvation of a soul is worth more than an empire . . . more than the whole world . . . is not that tiny group worthy of all solicitude?

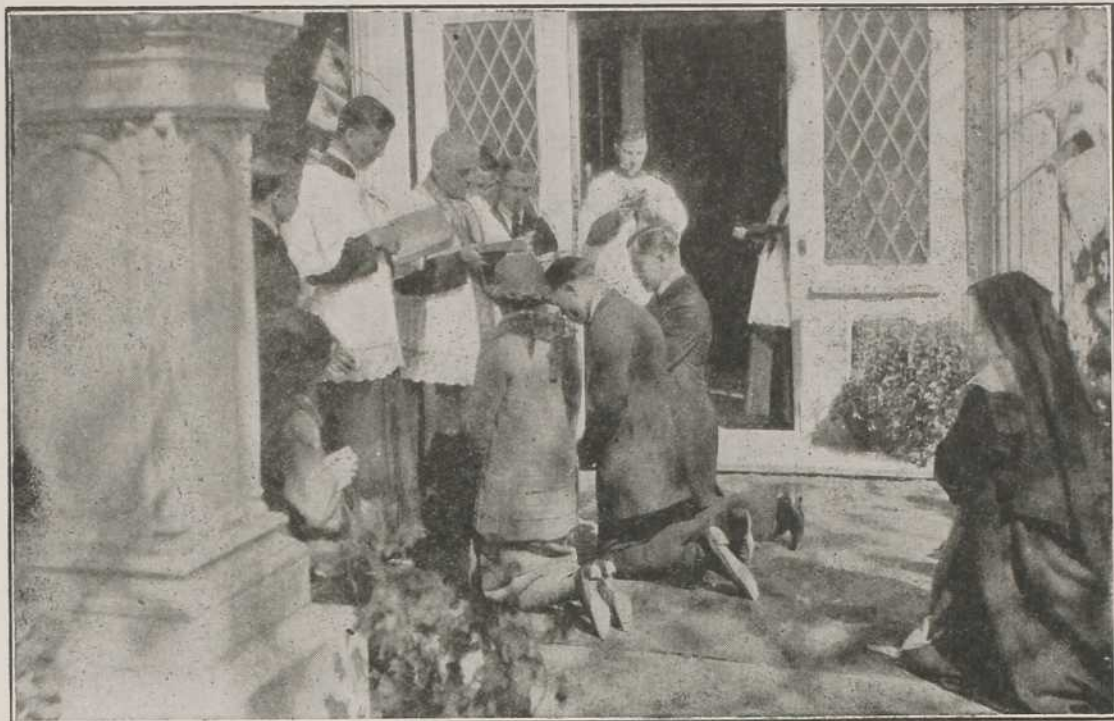
And let us quote in praise of one of them, a Christian that one, converted by the Sisters many years ago, the zeal he exercises on behalf of his pagan brothers. He has bent them upon receiving the doctrinal teachings, he assembles them now and then, and he defrays the journeying expenses of the Missionary Sisters. Would he not be deemed worthy of the Master's commendation: "I have not found so great faith, not even in Israel" ? (Luke VII, 9)

From the time of its origin until December, 1942, the Chinese Work of Montreal has registered 608 Baptisms. A beautiful sheaf! Yet this does not suffice to slake the thirst of apostolic souls . . . but it is amply sufficient to make them intone a hymn of thanksgiving as they present to the Lord, by the hands of Mary, the Gleaner to whom they owe such conquests, this precious and immortal harvest.

Montreal was not alone to be the happy recipient of the beneficent rays of the Work; in turn, Quebec, Three Rivers, Vancouver, were brought within its influence.

One of the first cares of Reverend Mother Marie du St. Esprit on implanting a branch of her Institute in the City of Champlain, in November, 1919, was to establish the Chinese Work as it existed in Montreal. She received the benevolent authorization of His Eminence Cardinal Bégin for this new endeavour, at the same time that she was being confided the Work of the Holy Childhood and that of Closed Retreats.

Soon, one of her Daughters, a missionary returned from China, began to visit the Chinese families and to catechize them in their native tongue, but the exiguity of the convent-home of the little community did not as yet permit to assemble the Chinese for the regular Sunday Courses as had been projected. In April, 1921, the Missionary Sisters acquired a vaster house at 4 Simard Street, for the Work of the Retreats; these were generally held from Tuesday evening till Saturday morning; on Sunday, the reception-hall was transformed into a classroom, and some twenty Chinese adults would follow regularly the courses given by the students in Philosophy of the Seminary and of the Laval Normal School, who were assisted by some devoted persons of the laity drawn by that apostolate. During several



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION, 4 SIMARD STREET, QUEBEC, REVEREND CANON J. N. GIGNAC PROCEEDING TO
EXORCISMS BEFORE THE BAPTISM OF A CHINESE TO WHOM MR. OSCAR HAMEL, NOTARY,
AND MRS. HAMEL, SERVED AS GODPARENTS, JUNE 3, 1924

hours, French, English and Arithmetic were taught, and towards the end of the class a Sister would give a lesson in Catechism to those who desired to study the Catholic doctrine; then Right Reverend Canon Gignac, who bore such lively interest to the Work, would give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament as a fitting closing to the afternoon.

Apart from these Sunday Courses, the homes were being visited; the chronicles of the little community of Simard Street cite passages like the following: "August 5, 1921. We visit the Chinese of Saint Sauveur, Saint Malo and Jacques Cartier. Several of them seem disposed to study our holy Religion; six of them have been baptized and have not gone any further..." Four days later, we read: "We visit the Chinese of the Cathedral Parish, of Saint John the Baptist and Saint Roch Parishes. All those we see at the Y. M. C. A. follow the courses given by the Protestants."

The Chinese Colony was less numerous in Quebec than in Montreal, but as may be seen there was good to be done, and the Work brought forth excellent fruits. On Easter Sunday, 1922, a touching ceremony was held in the humble chapel of the Convent. Two pupils of the Sunday Courses who had been baptized in Saint Sauveur Church, the one eight years before and the other in 1919, after having been further instructed in their Christian duties by a missionary Sister and a virgin-catechist, were admitted to their First Communion and Confirmation by His Excellency Bishop P. E. Roy. Several distinguished members of the clergy as well as honourable laymen were present at the ceremony: Monsignor Rouleau, Principal of the Normal School; Right Reverend Canon Gignac; Reverend Fathers L. Hudon and H. Lefebvre, S. J.; Reverend Fathers Côté and Evain, O. M. I.; and Reverend Father Pagé; from the laity: Honourable Cyrille Delage, Superintendent of the Counsel of Public Instruction; Honourable Judge Dorion; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Magnan; Mr. Hamel, notary, and Mrs. Hamel. The godfathers of the two elect were Mr. Drummond, lawyer, and Mr. P. Otis, pupil of the Normal School, auxiliary professor of the Sunday Courses.

On June 3, 1924, the Feast of Pentecost, there was another ceremony — the Baptism, First Communion and Confirmation of a Chinese. The two first Sacraments were administered by Right Reverend Canon Gignac; Mr. Hamel, notary, and Mrs. Hamel, accepted to become godparents of the new Christian. On the morrow, His Eminence Cardinal Bégin betook himself to the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception to confer the Sacrament of Confirmation on the new child of Holy Mother Church. These were the two most imposing ceremonies that unfolded themselves within the walls of the humble little chapel on Simard Street.

As was mentioned above, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception also devoted themselves to the Work of the Closed Retreats, to which had been added that of Monthly Recollections for former retreatants. The Convent could not accomodate any longer under the same roof the Chinese Work and that of the Retreats. Several devoted friends offered, in the fall of 1923, to build at their own expense an annex which would be reserved especially for the Chinese Colony. A request was presented to His



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL L. N. BEGIN, AT THE CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, 4 SIMARD STREET, QUEBEC, AFTER THE CEREMONY OF CONFIRMATION OF A CHINESE, JUNE 4, 1924

MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION: SISTER MARIE DE LOYOLA (ORPHISE BOULAY, COATICOOK), SISTER MARIE DE SAINT GEORGES (CORINNE CREVIER, MONTREAL), AND SISTER SAINT IGNACE (IMELDA ROBITAILLE, MONTREAL)

Eminence Cardinal Bégin who answered in these terms to Right Reverend Canon Gignac, director of the Chinese Work.

Archbishop's Palace, Quebec, October 17, 1923

Right Reverend Canon Jos. N. Gignac,
Quebec Seminary

RIGHT REVEREND CANON,

I approve and bless the work to be established in Quebec on behalf of the few Chinese residing there. There is but a very small number of them here; they live amongst a Catholic population; every day they witness the admirable works of a religion of which they must recognize the superiority over the rites they have borrowed from their native country. What would be requisite to have them become our brethren in the Faith? Doubtless, prayer is ever the great means of conversion; conversion is the effect of grace, and grace is obtained only through prayer. Pius X, of saintly memory, was writing not long ago: "All the activity exerted by the missionary would remain fruitless and vain if the grace of God did not come to fecundate it; and Saint Paul affirms it: 'I have planted, Apollo watered, but God gave the increase.'" (1 Cor. III, 6)

But there are means of an inferior order which are not to be neglected: two citizens of Quebec, Messrs. J.-A. Gaulin and Alex. Bilodeau, have communicated you their project of coming to the assistance of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception that they may be able to give a room of their Convent which will be the hearth of the Chinese Colony: there the Chinese of Quebec will find honest recreation, good reading and the teaching of Catechism; there especially they will be the object of a charity which will make them see the excellence of the religion inspiring it. All this, with the grace of God, may bring about a few conversions among the sons of the Chinese Empire.

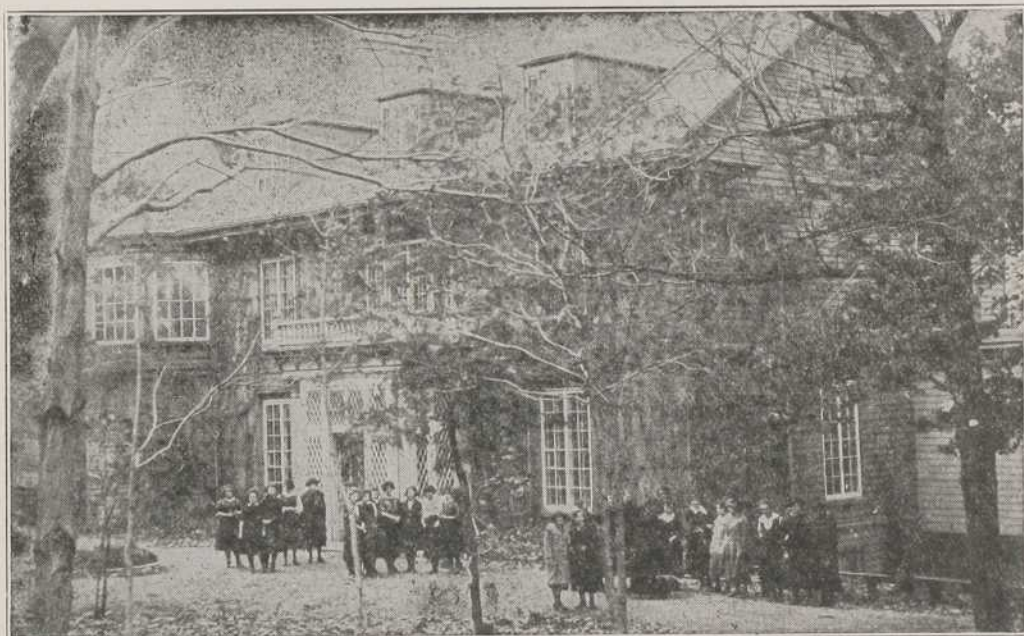
I approve and bless most heartily such a Work and I wish it every success.

I am,

Very cordially yours in Our Lord,

Ls-Nazaire Bégin, Card.

Archbp. of Quebec



CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
4 SIMARD STREET, WHICH BECAME, IN 1921, THE SEAT OF THE
CHINESE WORK IN QUEBEC



TEACHERS AND PUPILS OF THE CHINESE COLONY OF QUEBEC AND ITS DEVOTED DIRECTOR,
 REVEREND CANON GIGNAC
 MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION: SISTER MARIE DE LOYOLA
 (ORPHISE BOULAY, COATICOOK) AND SISTER MARIE DE SAINT GEORGES (CORINNE CREVIER,
 MONTREAL); MALE-ANAP, CHINESE VIRGIN

Shortly after, in January, 1924, there appeared in the *Semaine Religieuse* of Quebec the "Pressing Appeal" which follows:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE WORK OF QUEBEC

DIOCESAN OFFICE OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD

AT THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

4 Simard Street, Quebec, January, 1924

We earnestly solicit the Pastors and all the persons who would be in the occasion, to inform the Chinese residing in their parish or neighbourhood of the opening of classes for them.

Lessons in French, in English, and in Catholic Doctrine are given each Sunday afternoon from two to four, at the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Quebec, by competent and very zealous teachers; every Sunday morning a special Mass is celebrated, preceded by a lesson in Catechism in the Chinese tongue.

It would be a very meritorious act of apostolate to encourage the Chinese to follow these courses, for greater than ever is the proselytism of our separated brethren among the Orientals.

For further information concerning this truly apostolic Work, kindly refer to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood, 4 Simard Street, Quebec.

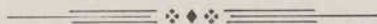
However, after further deliberations concerning the little construction spoken of above, the conclusion was arrived at that perhaps it would be more practical to transfer the seat of the Work to the centre of the city, where our Chinese could more conveniently resort to it.

(To be continued)



Here is a consoling truth: by prayer and fervour in God's service, we can greatly contribute towards the propagation and conservation of the Faith. The invalid offering his pains, the dying person making the sacrifice of his life, the labourer giving his fatigues for the triumph of the Church... all these have an immense power. It is Moses on the mountain who decides the victory as he raises his hands to Heaven, while the combat is being waged on the plain.

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



The afflictions of this world are heavenly joys in the bud.

Father Faber



VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp.....	\$ 25.00
Float or candle.....	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle; font-size: 3em; line-height: 1;">{</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle; padding-left: 10px;"> 10 cents each. 75 cents for a novena. \$ 2.00 for a month. 20.00 for a year. </div> </div>

Let Us Open Our Eyes

— Perhaps you see things in a wrong light? . . .

— No, my dear, unfortunately no! I am in perfect condition to ascertain what is going on in different places. When one's eyes are open, when one's mind and heart are not vitiated, one cannot deny the fact. Yes, I say to you, in this country there is an unlawful propaganda against our religion and the future of our nation. If our Catholics are not warned, if they do not want to open their eyes, if they do not watch over themselves and their children — those dear little ones whose innocence and uprightness the devil and his agents cannot bear — if they do not consent to be unwavering in their love for Mother Church, and if they do not embrace the observance of her law, I say, dear friend, before long we shall see falling upon us the disaster and misfortune that overwhelm other nations.

— But you'll agree with me that the different Catholic Associations are doing good work.

— That is very true, but their aim should be understood still better, and their action should have a wider expanse and be more efficacious; it would be necessary, moreover, that each Catholic be convinced that we are at a critical hour, and consequently that we must be vigilant, that we must pray and sacrifice ourselves.

In general, people grow more and more unwary, pray less and seek nothing but their own comfort and interest . . .

— You are right; we do not fear to entertain friendly relations with evil persons, with the partisans of error; we do not fear to read unwholesome books or false doctrines which are placed purposely under our eyes, in our hands — deadly poisons which bring about their pernicious effects; we likewise freely devour those other poisons, I mean to say certain leaflets gratuitously distributed at our doors.

And then, alas! now that it would be so needful for us to unite prayer to vigilance in order to avoid the numerous snares set to our want of foresight and our weakness, here we are praying less than ever. It is a fact. As to mortification, so necessary to conserve our virtue, we simply fly it. As you remark, many seem to have zeal only where their particular comfort or interest is concerned.

— With the actual ration, which will undoubtedly become more severe if the war continues, everyone is compelled to endure some privation.

— God is not short of means whereby to punish the world in order to bring it to better sentiments. “*Unless you do penance,*” has He said, “*you shall all likewise perish . . .*” Our age has not heeded that word; it has not wanted to make penance voluntarily; and now, by a labyrinth of circumstances, by a necessity truly ironical, it has plunged itself into penance.

— In fact, natural riches have not failed us, the land is not less productive . . . neither is it God that fails men.

— Assuredly no! But men fail God, and if they continue to be obstinate in their evil conduct, what will be the outcome of the actual troubles, I ask, for evidently this war is a heavenly chastisement inflicted on this guilty world?

— It is alarming for our children and grandchildren. As for us, we are on the decline of life and doubtless we shall not have to undergo the subjection wrought by this global conflict for very many more years.

— But these years that still remain to us, I wish they would be spent in propagating good and truth, opposing thereby a barrier to the actual diffusion of evil and error; I wish they would be spent in opening the eyes of those of our compatriots who do not realize how they are being threatened in their Faith and rights.

— What can we do?

— We can do our share, and engage others to do theirs.

— But which share?

— I have an idea that I shall communicate to you in the near future. I am letting it come to maturity as I kneel each day at the feet of the kind Virgin, to whom I owe so many favours. She has been the guardian of my youth and the star of my life . . . But here is my street car! Good-bye! I hope to see you again soon.

— Good-bye!



I OFFER IT TO GOD

The Spanish Admiral, Oquendo, a great seaman of the seventeenth century, feeling ill with fever, asked to disembark before dying. Lying on his bed, he said to the doctors, "There is no more hope; I am devoured by thirst; give me a cup of cold water." One was immediately given him. He raised it to his lips, looked at it but did not drink. "I offer it to God," he said. And, as he was laying the cup on the table, he passed away. Thus live and die souls great in the mind of God, under His gaze, in submission to His Holy Will.

* * *

A Saint does not say, "Faith is dead;" he says, "Faith shall live;" and it is born again under his steps.

* * *

LET US PRAY FOR OUR SOLDIERS

Holy Mary, Mother of God and my mother, be mindful of your children in the military service.

By your tutelary protection shelter them from all perils that might attain them in soul or body, in mind or heart.

May your Immaculate Heart inspire them with a profound love for, and an inviolable fidelity to your Divine Son, Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

PERMISSION TO PUBLISH.

† Thomas M. O'Leary, Bishop of Springfield.


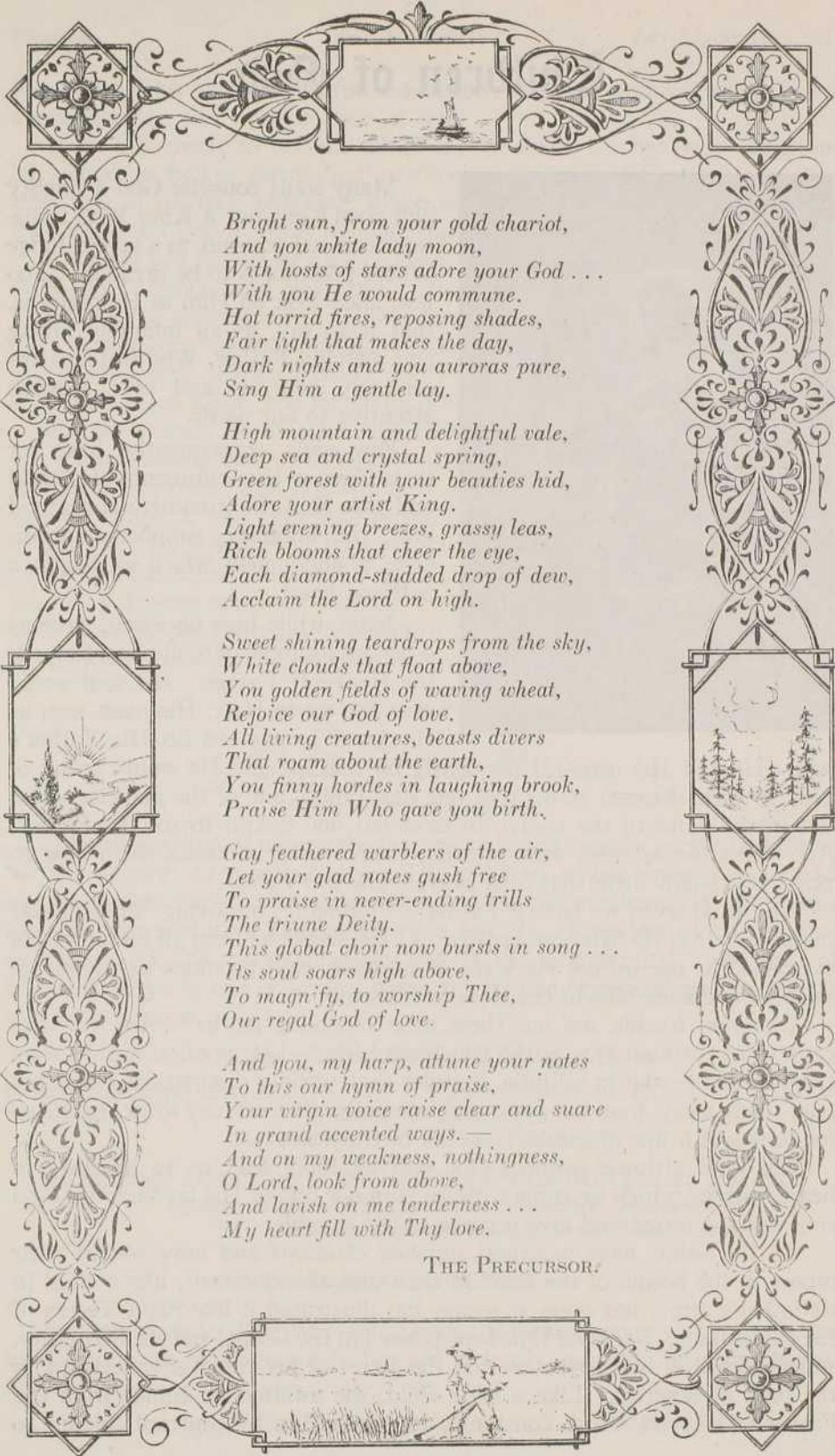


Upon a Harp

*With angels and elect above
And all the just on earth,
I would sing Thee, dear Father mine,
A poem in my mirth.
O let me hymn Thy majesty,
Thy love, omnipotence,
Thy tender Heart with mercy filled,
Thy thrice-sweet Providence.*


*In glee I string my happy harp
And make its chords vibrate,
The grandeur of Thy gifts to tell,
Thy doings to relate.
To bless Thee, Father, I convoke
The brilliant universe —
The firmament with all its orbs,
The earth with things divers.*

*Please lend an ear to my request,
You playthings of my Lord,
For each of you my singing lyre
Has one delicious chord.
Approach in splendid array,
Your voice with awe imbued,
And make this day a gala day —
A feast of gratitude.*




*Bright sun, from your gold chariot,
And you white lady moon,
With hosts of stars adore your God . . .
With you He would commune.
Hot torrid fires, reposing shades,
Fair light that makes the day,
Dark nights and you auroras pure,
Sing Him a gentle lay.*

*High mountain and delightful vale,
Deep sea and crystal spring,
Green forest with your beauties hid,
Adore your artist King.
Light evening breezes, grassy leas,
Rich blooms that cheer the eye,
Each diamond-studded drop of dew,
Acclaim the Lord on high.*



*Sweet shining teardrops from the sky,
White clouds that float above,
You golden fields of waving wheat,
Rejoice our God of love.
All living creatures, beasts divers
That roam about the earth,
You finny hordes in laughing brook,
Praise Him Who gave you birth.*



*Gay feathered warblers of the air,
Let your glad notes gush free
To praise in never-ending trills
The triune Deity.
This global choir now bursts in song . . .
Its soul soars high above,
To magnify, to worship Thee,
Our regal God of love.*

*And you, my harp, attune your notes
To this our hymn of praise,
Your virgin voice raise clear and suave
In grand accented ways. —
And on my weakness, nothingness,
O Lord, look from above,
And lavish on me tenderness . . .
My heart fill with Thy love.*

THE PRECURSOR.

Children of God



Many souls consider God a mighty and good King, but a King Who is distant from us; or again, as a severe Judge Whose presence is to be dreaded. Too few, alas! look on Him as He really is, that is to say, as an infinitely loving and merciful Father, Who watches unceasingly over us and ever remains attentive to our needs.

Few souls, consequently, have for their Creator the sentiments of a child and give Him the trusting and grateful love, the humility, simplicity, obedience, abandonment which so delight a paternal heart.

Jesus, while here on earth, gave us a perfect example of filial piety towards the Heavenly Father. His soul would ever rise up to Him; His meat was, as He loved to say, to do His Father's

will. He had His name so frequently on the lips and He would speak of Him in such eloquent terms that one day Philip, one of the apostles, cried out in the name of the twelve to have but one desire: to see the Father! And when the apostles were pressing their Master to teach them how to pray, He taught them that filial prayer: the *Our Father*.

Yes, in Heaven we have a Father . . . almighty, all-loving, all kind and merciful. It is He Who has created us; He knows us from all eternity; He ever has His eye on us; He loves us infinitely and promises us, if we are faithful, unending bliss in His glorious Kingdom.

Christian friends, are not these most consoling truths? Are they not capable of sustaining us in the combats of life? Let us often meditate on them in silence and in solitude, in order that worldly dissipations may not tear them away from our view, and especially, that we may draw therefrom for ourselves a line of conduct worthy of Christians.

Our filial attitude towards God will infallibly lead us to humility of heart, without which we cannot please Him nor obtain His favours: for God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble.

All the Saints have practised *spiritual childhood* and have sought their repose in the bosom of the Lord in trust and abandonment, like a child in its father's arms; but none, it seems, has illustrated it like Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. *Spiritual childhood*, praised in the Gospel and the Scriptures, was the ideal of her perfection and the secret of her rapid advancement in the path of sanctity. Like a little child, she awaited all things from the Father in Heaven, strove constantly to please Him by constant fidelity to

the duties of her state and to the inspirations of grace; unflinching she faced every sacrifice, every immolation of self.

If we also desire to become saints and to attain the heavenly Kingdom by a short as well as certain and meritorious pathway, let us seek no other than that of *spiritual childhood*, which is at the same time the *royal way* of the Cross, the *way to Jesus through Mary*.

"*Unless you become as little children you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven*", proclaimed Our Lord. His word is formal. It is our duty to listen to it, to understand it in order to put it into execution. It is also our duty to radiate it, not only around us, but even in infidel lands, where millions live in ignorance of their Creator and Father; for a Christian must not be such for himself alone, but for many others.

But how shall we exercise this radiation? By *Prayer*, especially the *Our Father*, asking God with fervour that His Name be hallowed, that His Kingdom may come, that His Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. . . By *sacrifice* which is very agreeable to the Lord and gives great efficaciousness to Prayer. By *almsgiving*, by contributing, according to our means, pecuniary assistance to the works of apostolate, to the upkeep of poor missionaries who, having sacrificed parents, friends, country, extend afar the reign of God at the cost of many a difficulty and privation.

Children of God, let us be such in the full sense of the word!

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
May-June.....			\$247.90

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.

Be kind, even to those who afflict you. If others annoy you, imitate the trees laden with blossoms when they are violently agitated; let your blooms fall on those who pain you.

Abbé Hebant

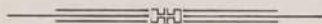
A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

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

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

I am acquitting myself of a debt of gratitude toward Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus who has cured me of a beginning of a cancer. Eighteen months ago, the symptoms which were alarming me disappeared and I am in perfect health. Mrs. J. H. C., **Salem, Mass.** — Lively gratitude to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus for favours received through her intercession. O. G., **Montreal.** — I wish to express my gratitude to the dear Patroness of Missionaries for a grace attributed to her intercession. Mrs. P. A., **Central Falls, R. I.** — I wish to have a Mass said for a favour received through the intercession of dear Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. A friend of the Saint. — Lively gratitude for a favour obtained. I am asking the loving "Scatterer of Roses" to cure a person who is dear to me. Anonymous, **Montreal.** — I heartily thank the little "Flower of Carmel" for a favour she has granted me. Mrs. P. B., **Varennnes.** — Thanksgiving to our dear protectress, Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. L. M., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving to Saint Teresa of Lisieux for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. O. L., **Calumet, Argenteuil County.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise, in gratitude to the dear "Scatterer of Roses". Mrs. O. T., **St. Sulpice.** — The grace I was praying for has been partly granted me; I thank Saint Teresa and hope that all will continue for the best. Mrs. M., **Montreal.** — Many thanks to good little Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour received through her intercession. Mrs. A. M., **Chambly Canton.** — Gratitude to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus for her protection in a special occasion. Mrs. O. T., **Richelieu.** — Gratitude to Saint Teresa for the graces she has obtained me in the past. I solicit her protection for the future. Mrs. E. C., **Victoriaville.** — Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus has obtained me a favour recently; I heartily thank her. Mrs. G. D., **Montreal.**



PRAYER FOR RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS

Ant. Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go ye also into My vineyard.

V. Pray the Lord of the harvest.

R. That He may send laborers into His vineyard.

LET US PRAY

Our Lady of Good Counsel, we earnestly beseech thee to intercede with thy Divine Son for an increase of devoted servants, who, renouncing the world to embrace a life of poverty, chastity and obedience, will spend themselves either in the priestly ministry or in religious life unto the honor and glory of God, their own sanctification and the salvation of souls at home and abroad.

Our Lady of Good Counsel, Guide of Vocations, pray for us.

St. Joseph, watch over us, as thou didst protect the Child Jesus.

Holy Ghost, Spirit of Love, bless Thy Church with zealous, devoted Apostles.

Imprimatur:

† Thomas M. O'Leary, D. D., *Bishop of Springfield.*

* * *

He who loves Christ loves souls. Because he loves Christ he tries to resemble Him, to work for Him, to become imbued with His spirit. Because he loves souls, he desires their salvation and is sorry for their sins. Because of these two great loves which, after all, are but one, he makes his a redeemer's heart, for such was the heart of Christ, and such should be the heart of everyone who wishes to serve efficaciously.

To make ours a redeemer's heart, is to introduce sacrifice into our life, because thus are ransomed guilty lives, and thus, also, is re-established by the love of the ones, the glory of God, compromised by the sins of the others.

Answer...

May had begun spreading her flowery carpet and Nature was teeming with life when Mary Margaret first saw the light of day.

While still very young, her little heart held two great loves: the love of the Queen of Heaven and that of flowers. Each golden summer day would see her roaming in the groves in search of flowerets; light and gracious as an angel, she would cull them with an ever-new joy; and how very gladly would she make of them a dainty bouquet for the Virgin of the drawing-room, before which her mother had taught her to say the *Hail Mary*!

Fondled by everyone, she was happy. She did not know that here below there are many unhappy hearts. But one day, someone told her that in far-away lands there were many ill-treated children, that did not know God nor His sweet Virgin Mother, were not baptized and died in large numbers of misery and hunger.

At this heart-rending discovery, Mary Margaret was deeply moved. From then on, her heart nourished three great loves: the love of the Queen of Heaven, that of flowers and that of the unhappy children.

Mary Margaret grew and so did her three great loves. Frequently, she would be seen motionless before the Virgin of the drawing-room, her countenance in turn beaming with joy or slightly veiled; she was conversing with the Queen of the angels like a child with its mother. And what did she say to her? . . . Beyond doubt, she was telling her over and over again her love and confidence, her hopes and fears, her joys and sorrows, soliciting graces, and perhaps also did she speak to Mary of her future . . . What would the benign Virgin answer? . . . Confidential things, we may well believe, for deep in the azure of her eyes, the lovable girl already seemed in possession of a mysterious secret.

As she had during her childhood days, so now she cherished flowers; she loved to cultivate them, and she also learned to imitate them in the making of artificial ones. Soon her deft fingers had made several lovely bouquets of roses, lilies, daisies, lilies of the valley. How she delighted to place these before her dear Madonna of the drawing-room when the bare earth could offer her nothing but dead leaves or a carpet of snow!

Like a choice flower-bud, her naturally generous and sensitive heart was opening wider every day to compassion, to tenderness towards the unfortunate, particularly towards the little victims of paganism; these she



Gathering flowers . . .



Before Mary's statue . . .

sought to help by fervent prayers, generous sacrifices and slight alms, deducted from her treasure for pleasures and sweets. Often, her eyes lost in the skies she loved to contemplate, her thoughts would bear her in their far-off lands; there she would see them abandoned on the sides of ditches, in fields, exposed to every kind of weather, to the ardent rays of the sun, or dying under the teeth of beasts. Their cries, their tears and their tiny outstretched arms seemed to say to her: "Little sister, come to help us, come to save us, to open Heaven to us ! . . ."

And Mary Margaret, her eyes lost in the skies she loved to contemplate, would think. . . .

* * *

May had begun spreading her flowery carpet and Nature was once more teeming with life when Mary Margaret reached her eighteenth birthday. On that morn-

ing, in order to worthily celebrate the happy anniversary, she heard Mass and received Holy Communion with more fervour than usual. When she had finished her thanksgiving, she went to kneel at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, her immaculate Patroness. Long did she remain there, in the attitude of profound interior recollection. When she rose from there, tears, sweet as drops of dew, were glistening in her limpid eyes, and an ethereal emotion was irradiating her pure countenance: she had just offered up a great, an unconditional sacrifice — the sacrifice of her whole life — to Jesus, to His glory, to His works, by the hands of Mary. She had just renounced the world, pregnant for her with charms and attractions, in order to devote herself to the salvation of pagan souls in a missionary Institute. She had chosen as her only spouse, Jesus, with His love, but also with His cross and His crown of thorns, with His great human family of sufferers. And tears were in her eyes because, to make her sublime idea unfold into a reality, she would soon have to bid farewell to her beloved parents, to the dear haunts of her childhood days, and that sorrow-filled perspective was breaking her heart. . . .

* * *

Ten years have rolled by since the memorable day when Mary Margaret consecrated herself irrevocably to God. Generous, loving and faithful, she has lived to see her apostolic dreams come true. She is wearing a Sister's garb and on her breast, the image of the crucified Saviour; on her finger gleams the ring — testifying to her fidelity to her incomparable Spouse; and now she is spoken of as Sister Margaret Mary.



JESUS, WITH HIS LOVE, BUT
ALSO WITH HIS CROWN
OF THORNS . . .

She has crossed the seas and is labouring with zeal in the great pagan harvest. Life for her is frequently one of hardships; sacrifices are her daily bread, but she goes through it all with a smile, storing abundant merit in Heaven. She is happy! . . .

Her devotion to the Blessed Mother becomes stronger with each new day. Her fellow-Sisters are edified and the dear orphans committed to her care look upon it as a reward just to hear Sister Margaret Mary speak of the Queen of Heaven. So many are the marvellous things she has to say about her that, invariably, their little hearts burn with a fonder love for the Blessed Virgin after each simple instruction.

As she did when a young girl, she even now grows flowers with which to deck the altars and shrines. She also makes very pretty artificial ones and gives lessons in that art to her protégées.

Many are the souls of children she has baptized since her arrival in the missions; children whose sad voices seemed, in years now long past, borne to her upon the ocean waves: "Little sister, come to help us, come to save us, to open Heaven to us!"

Ah! the dear little ones, how she loves them! With what happiness she opens the gate of Heaven to them, with what tenderness she listens to their



The dear orphans she takes care of . . .

least need, with what solicitude, what self-devotion she teaches them, along with the human sciences, the ineffable knowledge of God! Each wee soul she considers a parterre wherein she finds her delights, and she does her utmost to cultivate in each the celestial flowers which are the Christian virtues.

Sister Margaret Mary is happy, yes, very happy! . . . yet, a shadow sometimes overcasts her serene brow; and when, at the feet of the Virgin

Mother, she fingers her rosary, a prayer habitually rises to her lips. "O my dear Mother," she repeats, "I pray you, send us help that we may conquer to your Divine Son the whole of this pagan land! Raise up saintly missionaries in our Christian countries! Over there, at home, how many young men and girls could . . . if they only wanted . . . sacrifice themselves . . . accomplish here so much work, reap such great merit for eternity, while their beautiful years are being squandered in futilities! . . . O my loving Patroness, I beseech you, knock at the door of their heart, show them the grandeur of sacrifice and the sweetness it conceals, teach them to be generous; finally, help them to answer with sincerity, to the call of paganism's harvest-Master, 'My God, here I am!'"

And Sister Margaret Mary feels that a new love has sprung in her heart: the love for missionary vocations. Like select blooms, in her intimate garden, she will multiply them by prayer and sacrifice; and, so as to see them blossom in myriads in the immense field of idolatry surrounding her, she refuses to God no immolation.

Will that consolation be granted Sister Margaret Mary before the aurora of the eternal Springtime dawns for her? . . . that Springtime which, for the Heavenly Queen, dots the celestial courts with immortal flowers? . . . Dear Catholic youth or maiden whom a secret grace solicits to foreign apostolate, answer . . .



The Work of saving souls is one of travail and sacrifices.

Saint Euphrasie Pelletier.

*
* *

Make a habit of prayer, but do not let your praying be from habit merely. Let your thoughts fly upwards with your words.

*
* *

If we knew the need of preachers that is being felt in foreign countries; the misery of the poor pagans; the good we are able to do them; the consolations that mingle with sacrifice; the immense pleasure God derives from it; the incomputable merits we gather there; the beautiful death awaiting us; in fine, all the reasons that incite us to cross the ocean to spread the Faith, we should find it more painful to stay than to leave.

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

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* *

Nothing gives strength to bear sufferings like the thought of the profit we shall gather therefrom some day. The hope of eternal joys must therefore encourage us to endure patiently all the bitterness of the present life. For it is the seed that never fails to produce the most delicious fruits for eternal life.

— Reverend Father **BURGER**, S. J.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)

"You see, dearest father, that the Annamites care for their missionaries. But the evening of the Feast of All Saints was the reverse of the medal. I had hardly gone to bed when they came to wake me, and to announce the arrival of a mandarin for a domiciliary visit. They were in a great fright and implored me to go on to another village. Though the news was not very certain, I thought that I had better comply with their wishes, and so packed up my traps as fast as I could. I was carried with all my little establishment on men's backs in the middle of the night to the said village. This was my first nocturnal flight; since then I have had many others! I remained eight days in the house of a devout Christian in this place, who acted as if he could not make enough of me; and to show my gratitude I made a great distribution of medals and rosaries. Then I went on to a college in the little town of Hoang-Nguyen, where Fr. Castex has his principal residence. Fr. Castex was on a diocesan tour and would not return till December. I was, therefore, the only European in the college, at the head of which was a native priest, an Annamite Father. Here I began to hear confessions, first among the students, and then among the Christians of the village; but I made little or no progress, because very soon I fell sick again with inflammation of the lungs, which endangered my life. But I recovered. Fr. Castex returned with Fr. Titaud, and then another of our missionaries, Fr. Néron, came along, so that we were four altogether. You can fancy what a pleasure it was! After some days of mutual enjoyment, Fr. Titaud went back to his district. Fr. Néron also prepared to leave for his College of Vinh-Tri, of which he is the superior; but he was taken prisoner in crossing the river and very nearly gave us a fresh martyr. By a special providence, the soldier who had hastened to the village to get a reinforcement in order to secure our poor brother, met the chief of the canton, who knew Fr. Néron and had a great regard for him; although a pagan, he connived at his escape and the only loss was a sum of money.

"You want to know more about my health. On New Year's day I was so ill that I could hardly receive the visits of congratulation from the Christians of the district. The bishop sent me his own physician, a very clever man, whose medicines did me some good, but after his departure I fell ill again. Fr. Castex took every possible care of me and was extremely anxious on my account. I was obliged to give up confessing, saying Mass, or Office, even reading and writing, and I was scarcely allowed to speak at all. At last Fr. Castex advised me to make a novena to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and insisted on sharing it with me. We began on the day of the Purification and at once I felt myself getting better; since then all bad symptoms have disappeared and my strength has nearly returned. To the Sacred Hearts of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph be the praise.

"About this time the political horizon darkened; a revolutionary party broke out in Tong-king; a new edict, emanating from the king, denounced

our holy religion; evil-disposed persons betrayed to the mandarins the residences of the missionaries; the College of Kê-Vinh was broken up; and Bishop Retord, with several of his missionaries, had to keep himself in hiding. The mandarin of Kê-Cho, the capital of Tong-king, laid siege to the Seminary of Kê-Non, but Bishop Jeantet had already taken flight to the mountains, whence he wrote to Fr. Castex and me: 'I have been looking up my old haunts, and the caves where I lived at the time of the persecution of Minh-Menh, — not that it is very easy for an old man like me to scramble up and down rocks and precipices. I sometimes wonder how I manage to get on at all.'

"The mandarin found only an Annamite Father and a deacon, whom he released soon after, although not without the payment of 10,000 francs. The College of Kê-Non is at least still standing.

"As for Fr. Castex and myself, after having been chased from one village to another, we have finally taken refuge in a convent near the town of Bút-Dông, where we have lived as hermits with two catechists for the last two months. Very soon, however, I hope we shall be able to show our faces again, as the storm seems to have subsided. Yet we must be prudent, for the denouncer of Bishop Jeantet, having failed to catch him, has offered his own head to the mandarin if he cannot deliver a European into his hands before the end of the year. Everyone, therefore, keeps himself on guard. What will happen, God knows; in any case it is better to hope than to fear. Bishop Retord writes to us, 'Jesus and Mary will not abandon us now any more than they have done before. Pray then with great confidence, and do not let us be discouraged or give way to sadness. If any of us win the martyr's palm so much the better. *Sicut fuerit voluntas tua, sic fiat.*' (Be it done according to Thy will.)

"The rebellion goes on spreading; it wants to re-establish the ancient dynasty on the throne, and the revolutionists say that they will soon present the new king. On the other hand the misery is very great. Last year's rice harvest was bad enough; this year in many places it is simply lost. Thousands of people are dying of hunger. It is enough to move any one to compassion. People in Europe have no idea of the common misery in this unhappy country. The feasts of the New Year, which are generally so gay, have this season passed in sadness and mourning, and it is not probable that the end of the year will be brighter. Now, dearest father, I must stop. Adieu. Do not be anxious about me. *What God keeps is well kept.* Stay well; pray for me; and may the joy of our Lord Jesus Christ fill your heart forevermore."

CHAPTER XI.

LABORS AND TRIALS.

Up to this time Theophane had not said much of his relations with the people. He filled up this void in the following letter to his sister: —

"You say you would like to be a little bird, my dearest sister, and see how I get on with my new children. Well, I assure you I begin to love them very much. The Annamite people are thoroughly good and their respect for the missionaries is very great. Until now the state of the country and my small acquaintance with the language have prevented my doing much, but

the principal people of the villages often come to see me and bring some little present. I could only say a few unintelligible sentences at first, which I saw made them very much inclined to laugh; but they would not have done so for all the world, they are so afraid of hurting my feelings. Very often the peasants come to pay me a visit: one day it is the father of a family who has married off one of his children and brings me a pig's head killed for the feast; another day some mother arrives who wishes to recommend her son just starting for the army; or four or five poor women will come together to offer me a little basket of fruit, or to ask me for a rosary or a cross. I can answer only in a few words but every one goes away pleased and satisfied. It is the custom among the Annamites that no one shall present himself to a superior without offering a present. If our poor Christians ever have any fine fruit, or extra good fish, or any vegetable larger than usual, they take the greatest delight in coming to offer it to the missionaries. I assure you, Mélanie, I love the Annamites very much, and I thank God every day that He has consecrated me to their service. All is not, certainly, *couleur de rose*, but there will always be thorns in every path.

"One word as to these nuns of Tong-king, about whom you make such eager inquiries. They are natives living in community under the authority of an abbess; they do not take vows and are received very young. They work in the fields, prepare the cotton for linen cloths, or *sell pills*, which will astonish you, and probably make you laugh; but it is by this means that they gain access to pagan children who are ill and baptize those in danger of death.

"They live poorly, pray a great deal, give themselves the discipline, and fast far more than ordinary Christians. When necessary they act as couriers to carry letters from one mission to another, in which capacity they are often invaluable; there is nothing in this occupation which shocks the feelings or customs of their country. On such occasions they always go in pairs. They often carry great loads, but they are accustomed to toil and fatigue, as all Annamite women are. The Christians always call them '*Sisters*,' and they are universally loved and respected.

"It is very pleasant to hear the native prayers, especially when they are said well together; their harmony has often touched me more than the most beautiful European music. The people have some very pretty litanies of Our Lady, especially one of the Immaculate Conception. But their acts of thanksgiving after Communion are the most touching; when I hear them, it moves me almost to tears. The Annamites do not know how to pray in silence or in a low voice; and even if there is only one communicant, he intones his thanksgiving aloud, either alone or in company with the choir. The catechists sing the plain chant very well, and sometimes chant High Mass; but then there is always a musical accompaniment. Their instruments are the violin, harp, drums, fife, and cymbals. They have not much variety in their music, and during High Mass will play a single tune over and over till one is satiated with it. But after all, God is, perhaps, as much praised and glorified by this simple, devout congregational music as by the most magnificent harmony, executed by first-class artists. It is the vibration of the heart, and not of the chords, which is acceptable to Him.

(To be continued)



CHINA

*Excerpts from a Letter of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
at Canton to Their Superior General*

Canton, February, 1943.

BELOVED MOTHER,

We were ardently longing to tell you of God's provident goodness towards your great Cantonese family, during the year of strife that has just ended; but how could our letters reach you? . . . We were asking ourselves that very question when we had the good fortune of being favoured with an occasion. And with great happiness we are coming to relate the prodigies of protection wrought in our favour during these perilous times.

This year has not been without anxiety. More than one dark cloud has come to shroud our horizon and to turn the sword which is ever there in our hearts, at the thought that, some day or other, we can find ourselves utterly unable to materially sustain our two hundred and thirty orphan girls; however, until the present, God has not remained one moment indifferent to the cries of His children; responding to their prayers, He has multiplied the bags of rice for His little ones.

The events of December 8, 1941, have overwhelmed us. Our resources were scanty then and we were entirely ignorant of the measures to be taken in our regard. The children were very sad and our Aves were storming Heaven; we had been informed that several missionaries were being brought prisoners to Shameen, etc. . . . Nevertheless, thanks be to God, a visit from the officials was all we had. Our Sisters at "Our Lady of Providence" were not so fortunate. The soldiers in the vicinity wanted to take them to Shameen. The Chinese priest took away the Blessed Sacrament from their chapel and urged the Sisters to leave for Canton; but the tears and wailings of all the little world at the Foundling-Home doubtlessly made an impression on the soldiers for, on the day following, a Captain came and told Sister Saint Viateur⁽¹⁾ that the Sisters were allowed to remain at their post. How many times since then nocturnal visits and other disagreeable procedures have left our Sisters in apprehensions, that can be easily conceived! They then asked these gentlemen to go to our central House at Canton, where a

1. Aurore Lapointe, Montreal.

Sister would be able to explain in their own tongue our aim and our pacific attitude.

After a delay of two months, passes were given by the Japanese to the Sisters who, for the works of charity, have to travel in the city.

Dear Mother, we have no doubt you are asking yourself: how do you live? That is what we should like to be able to say in terms expressing our deep gratitude and our unshaken trust. Kind Providence has come to our aid, from the outset of the war, by that splendid organization which is the Red Cross. The good done by that association in our city is immense. The United States had sent tons of wheat and rice; we were given sufficiently to bear us through the first months. The cotton bags were dyed in red and metamorphosed into smart dresses for our protégées; the eyes of our little



SISTER SAINT EXPEDIT (MARIE ANNE ROMPRE, SAINTE THECLE),
MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, CANTON,
LEADING ORPHANS TO THE CHAPEL

girls seem to sparkle more brilliantly in that colour, a favourite with the Chinese. When they enter the chapel, we can without difficulty fancy ourselves in the midst of the flames of Pentecost . . .

After the taking of Hong Kong, the Chinese who had sought refuge in that city came back by thousands to Canton; this has increased the number of pupils at the Holy Ghost School; actually, they are four hundred and thirty, and new recruits arrive daily. We can teach religion, and the Catechism holds a place of honour in all the classes. Our pupils think themselves invincible with a miraculous medal about their neck. Private lessons in English and music are also being continued and they are a means to help us to complete the four thousand *yen* needed each month to simply sustain our family.

At the beginning of the war, our orphans, except the youngest, generously gave up their studies and sought paying work. Japanese women in great numbers have come to our little workroom, which is under the direction of Sister Saint Barthélemy (1), to procure articles manufactured by our indus-

1. Maria LAMBERT, Saint-Barthélemy, Que.

trious workers. Knitted woollens, in every form and colour, are especially in vogue.

Our dear orphans show much generosity; they never utter a word of complaint and yet they have only two meals a day. Their evening meal is a thick soup or sweet potatoes. Our virgin-catechists are a great help; they understand our devotedness and second us in everything. We have also made a fortune with

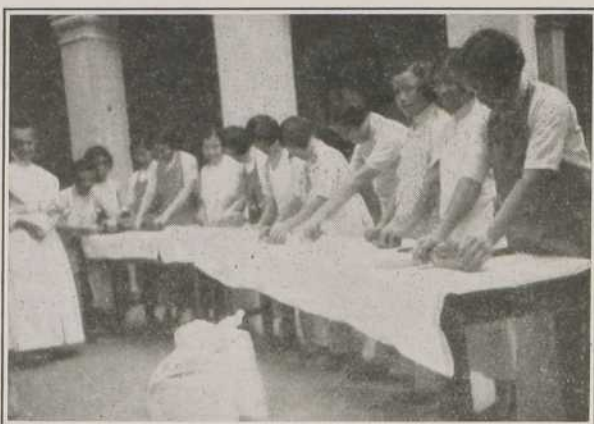
the reserves come from Canada. We sold many dresses, blankets and woollen sweaters sent by the ladies of the sewing-circles, knowing that they would approve us for changing that clothing into rice, in the face of hunger.

Monetary succour has also come to us from Shameen School. It has been re-opened in January under the very sympathetic protection of the Consul of France, who has placed at our disposal the elegant residence of the Marines; but our pupils have diminished by half owing to the departure of the English.

In June, we had no more money to buy rice for July and August, the holiday months. A beautiful doll was raffled at the school; the taking up of a collection was sponsored by the pupils of the English course; and the tidy sum of fifteen hundred *yen* was deposited in the treasury. Since September, the Chinese Government gives us five hundred *yen* each month, but what measures we have had to take to obtain that aid!



THE NOODLES ARE READY FOR COOKING AND WILL CONSTITUTE THE MEAL OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY ORPHANS OF CANTON



ORPHANS OF CANTON, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF SISTER SAINT BARTHELEMY (MARIA LAMBERT, SAINT BARTHELEMY), KNEADING THE WHEAT-FLOUR GIVEN BY THE RED CROSS, TO MAKE CHINESE NOODLES

Now let us glean from our diary other incidents we consider quasi-miraculous. Our loving Father Saint Joseph, during the month especially dedicated to him, had obtained us several remarkable donations. The first two weeks of May had passed and nothing extraordinary had as yet marked the month so dear to Mary's children. Each evening, at the grotto in the garden, hymns and

prayers were fervently wafted towards the Queen of Heaven. One Sister reminded the gentle Virgin that her worthy Spouse had been very generous during his month, and that she should not let herself be outdone. That tender Mother did not await a second reminder: with generosity, she had doubled, in a short time, the alms received in March.



SISTER MARIE IMMACULEE (ALICE VANCHESTEIN, SAINT MICHEL DE NAPIERVILLE), SISTER MARIE CELINA (GRACIA BLANCHET, DRUMMONDVILLE), SISTER SAINT BARTHELEMY (MARIA LAMBERT, SAINT BARTHELEMY), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AT CANTON, AND THE VIRGIN-CATECHISTS, THEIR DEVOTED AUXILIARIES

On August 12th, thieves penetrated into our House by the third storey which is the chapel floor. The most precious of the articles stolen was our Communion cloth. Having no other linen cloth to use in its stead, we were sadly pondering upon our loss when Sister Assistant promised a Mass for the souls in Purgatory, if we recovered our cloth. Finding a needle in a haystack would have been an easier task than finding a Communion cloth in the city of Canton! Three days after the theft, Sister Saint Pierre Apôtre⁽¹⁾ and Sister Saint Joseph de la Sainte Famille⁽²⁾ who had been soliciting charity from a Japanese lady, were returning home when suddenly, oh surprise! there it was under the arm of a Chinese, our cherished Communion cloth! They could not be making an error, the bone-lace contrasting with the black clothes of the bearer was on the instant recognized. "How much would you ask for that cloth?" they queried. Very much pleased with the question, he consents to sell it for fifteen *yen*. He accompanies the Sisters to his shop, where his wife had the other half of the material. Then the

1. Léocadie LANDRY, Saint-Jean l'Evangéliste, Que.

2. Jeannette DELISLE, Worcester, Mass.

police was summoned and our property had to be restored to us. The promised Mass was said on the morrow and we love to consider as one of the year's miracles the recovery of our Communion cloth.

During the month of September, a wealthy Chinese lady, the mother of three of our pupils, fell ill of a disease which baffled medical skill. The children had spoken to their mother of the Virgin of Lourdes at the school and had invited their Catechism teacher to visit the sick woman. Water from the grotto was given to the latter and, a few days later, her cure was pronounced complete. In gratitude, she donated a generous sum to the orphanage and had the signal favour inscribed in gold on a marble plaque placed at the entrance to the grotto. Every day, when the children come to



AN EVERYDAY SCENE IN CANTON

school, they go and recite an *Ave Maria* at the feet of the white Madonna. We hope that the entire family will be converts some day.

Although the great concern of procuring our daily rice occupies every one of our minutes, we have not ceased to cast divine light in the souls of the poor pagans who surround us. Infant Baptisms have totalled the revealing number of 5,583. We have been permitted to baptize the dying children at the Government's foundling-home. Sister Saint Jean Baptiste⁽¹⁾, on her journeys to and from Shameen School, and other Sisters in their rounds in the city, have had the happiness of christening a great number of adults, all of them poor wretches dying from hunger on the street. At the present writing, to speak of Canton is to speak of misery, of famine, of death — woeful consequences of the war. We have had nineteen Solemn Baptisms in our chapel. On the feast of the Assumption, the most noteworthy convert was a pupil of Sister Marie de la Recouvrance's⁽²⁾ music class. Great fervour preceded and followed that conversion.

At Christmas, the Baptism of Miss Som, one of our teachers, the niece of Helena, the Chinese directress of our school, closed up the list of the year's conquests. That young girl had much apprehended her parents' refusal to have her enter in the Catholic Religion, but they willingly consented and,

1. Irène PELLAND, West Glover, Vt.

2. Florina GAUDET, Saint Gabriel de Brandon, Que.

which was more, they congratulated her on her decision. More than one hundred pupils wished to be present at the ceremony. Now the neophyte radiates among her fellow-teachers, and we hope the day is at hand when one of them will follow in her steps and answer the call of grace so visibly soliciting her.

At "Our Lady of Consolation", Fong Tsun's Insane Asylum, Sister Marie Céline⁽¹⁾ has prepared twenty adults for Baptism. Christmas was for them the long hoped-for day. Remarkable was the conversion of an Infirmarian with his two wives; the first was baptized with him, and the second has also consented to being baptized. The latter generously abandoned all rights to the first spouse. The personnel of the Asylum is now entirely Catholic, as also several patients. A large house, transformed into a chapel surmounted by a pretty, if tiny, bell that announces the ceremonies, makes the place one of piety. Recreative programmes, interspersed with religious tinges and streaks, come, on every feast-day, to interrupt the monotony of existence for the Infirmarians of the numerous family of weak-minded children God asked us to mother. In December, 1941, the Asylum numbered 180 patients, and with the changes of 75 new arrivals, 18 deaths and 88 leave-takings, the great majority being much improved, not to say completely restored to health, the number is now 149.

Our Sisters there have had much to suffer from annoyances by thieves, so much so that they were compelled, in order to preserve what little harvest they had on their grounds, to have five night guards to sentinel the place. In their turn, undesirable black ants, then white ones, the latter being notorious destroyers; finally, indescribably famished rats strove to devour their meagre reserves. A perpetual chase had to be kept up.

On December 8th, despite the anniversary of the war and our surplus work, Sister Marie Céline⁽¹⁾ and the teachers had the pupils celebrate the patronal feast of dear Sister Marie Immaculée⁽²⁾. The play, *Une Miraculée de Lourdes*, was executed with grace and simplicity by our pagan pupils. The successful outcome of that feast inspired us with the idea of renewing the principal scenes and to exact an admission fee, thus aiming to furnish pecuniary help to the orphanage. The sale of tickets exceeded our hopes, and the play was again presented on December 25th, 26th and 27th. Each item of the programme left a deep lesson of religion and morale in the hearts of those present.

At Christmas, considering circumstances, we had to give up all prospects of a Midnight Mass. The feast was intimate and marked with the seal of the poverty and destitution of the first Noel's Crib.

Several times since the war broke out, we had attempted to learn of the situation of our dear Sisters of Hong Kong, whom we knew interned at Stanley. In September an answer came, telling us that they were well and asking us if we would be able to receive them here. On December 18th, five of them were arriving: Sister Marie du Saint Sacrement⁽³⁾, Sister Saint

1. Gracia BLANCHET, Drummondville, Que.

2. Alice VANCHESTEIN, Saint Michel de Napierville, Que.

3. Anna BOURBEAU, Saint Hyacinthe, Que.

Stanislas Kostka⁽¹⁾, Sister Marie des Victoires⁽²⁾, Sister Saint Jean de l'Eucharistie⁽³⁾ and Sister Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus⁽⁴⁾. The remaining four: Sister Marie de Saint Georges⁽⁵⁾, Sister Saint Antoine de Padoue⁽⁶⁾, Sister Saint Etienne⁽⁷⁾ and Sister Saint Philippe⁽⁸⁾ have stayed in the Camp, where there is much devotedness to exercise. Our dear Sisters had to suffer from hunger during the first six months but, since that time, the Geneva Red Cross has sent relief. They did good work among the internees, making known and loved our Holy Religion, teaching Catechism to the Catholic children, some of whom were sadly ignorant of their Religion. They were given the happiness of getting twenty of them ready for their First Communion. Not a few adults also owe to them their return to the Church they had forgotten for several years. Nevertheless, that daily and close contact with so many persons was painful to our Sisters. To be able now to lead their Community life makes them happy beyond telling. The splendid family spirit which reigns in our House and among the Chinese personnel makes them look more lightly on the unpleasant situations of their captivity, and compensates a little for the sorrow that was theirs when their Convent and school at Hong Kong were plundered by thieves.

His Excellency Most Reverend C. M. O'Gara, Canadian-born, and Vicar Apostolic of Yuanling, China, happened to be in Hong Kong when war was declared. Interned in Stanley Camp, he was the soul of that family of six hundred Catholics. In July, he was free to return to his Mission. The Maryknoll Fathers also were liberated, but two of them asked to stay in the Camp to spend themselves in that vast field of souls caught in the grips of misfortune.

And what, dear Mother, makes us sing an endless *Magnificat*, is the marked contrast between our protégés and the poor in the city. The Asylums, all of them, have been closed and their inmates, whom the Catholic Mission has long sustained, have been sent by the Government in the country, where they die of hunger. Many poor unfortunates, at our door and in the streets, stretch out a hand to us for help; but how relieve the distress of so many needy? Twenty cents' worth of food would only prolong the agony of one of them a few hours . . . Many a time our hearts are torn and we ask God to have pity on these penniless and homeless humans. Rice is now rationed to only eight ounces a day for each person. And the price! Fifty *yen* for a hundred pounds! Why wonder that so many die of hunger? We know that in many sections half of the population has died out of sheer misery. Oil, salt and sugar also are rationed. And you understand that, as far as we are concerned, butter, potatoes, milk, coffee, etc., are far from our table. Sister Saint Joseph du Sacré Cœur⁽⁹⁾ makes bread with flour received from the Red Cross, but we eat mostly rice.

1. Germaine GONTHIER, Montreal.

2. Joséphine BOLDUC, Saint Victor de Tring, Que.

3. Jeanne MOQUIN, Eatsman, Que.

4. Yvonne GERIN, Coaticook, Que.

5. Corinne CREVIER, Montreal.

6. Yvonne FOREST, l'Ephiphanie, Que.

7. Aurore PLOUFFE, Montreal.

8. Annette BEAUDOIN, Champlain, Que.

9. Marie Louise CHEVRETTE, Saint Majorique de Grantham, Que.

Our Sisters at Shek Lung were favoured with a special protection, since they were working under the French flag. Thanks to the Red Cross and to a slender subsidy from the Government, the personnel of the Lazaretto, brought down to four hundred patients, has been able to subsist so far, although very miserably, with a ration of six ounces of rice a day and one-seventh ounce of salt; but on a like diet, doubtless many of these poor disowned persons will not delay in going to see God. The courage of our dear Sisters and their attachment to their charges is admirable.

In the midst of such sufferings, dear Mother, our joy springs from our gratitude. We firmly believe that the past is a guarantee of the future. At the head of our great family, dear Sister Marie Immaculée⁽¹⁾ is worthy of all admiration for her self-possession and confidence and, with her to pilot us, we feel strong with the help of Divine Providence.

You do not know, dear Mother, with what eagerness we await news from you! It is so long since we had some! We are asking all our dear Mothers and Sisters at the Mother House to help us to thank God and to beseech Him to continue helping us, that we may be able to sustain our family until the so-desired days of peace.

YOUR LOVING DAUGHTERS OF CANTON.

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* *

VANCOUVER

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

Saturday, February 6, 1943

Not very far from the hospital there lives a Chinese family whose condition is truly pitiable. The mother died two years ago, leaving seven orphans, the youngest a babe of a few days. The little one was later confided to an aunt. The father, a pagan notwithstanding, is apparently very attached to his children and most kind to them, but his health is gone, and misery is at times intense in his home.

Some time ago, the poor man, taken ill, sent us one of the family to ask for help. At once, two Sisters repaired to his abode. They were surprised and saddened to see no fire in the house, although the days were at their coldest. Around an empty table stood the youngsters, pale and shivering with the cold. The father, with tears in his eyes, told the story of his distress.

Sister Superior was informed of the situation. She saw at once that a box of food be prepared, besides a bag of coal and some wood. This she sent over by one of our employees.

The children, watching at the window for the promised help, clapped their hands and cried out for joy on seeing the messenger. Like the little starved waifs they were, they dived on the food. "Make a good fire first,"

1. Alice VANCHESTEIN, Saint Michel de Napierville, Que.

said our employee, deeply moved. But one little girl answered: "Oh! I would rather eat, I am too hungry!"

We need not say that the family continues to interest us. Lina, the oldest, comes to do us little turns and we can see she is very happy to thus show us her gratitude. The other day, she was saying to one of us: "Oh! how happy I am in your house; the Sisters are so kind to me. I have learned to know the Blessed Virgin, little Teresa, and now I would like so much to know and love God."

The young girl, who is fifteen, is now working for a merchant. We are somewhat sorry, but all the same confident that our Heavenly Mother will protect her. She will come to take Catechism lessons here every Sunday. Her younger brothers and sisters will go to school or to kindergarten at the Catholic Mission.

Monday, February 8

In order to propagate the divine seeding of truth in the souls of our dear sick people, we have just tried out a sort of stratagem. Since the newcomers are rather suspicious and a prey to human respect, we have set up in each room a book-stand containing some fifteen very attractive books, in which they will, unknowingly perhaps, gather maxims of faith and truth. May that new net capture many *fishes* and bring them to Our Lord!

Wednesday, February 11

We visit to-day the tuberculous Japanese interned at Hastings Park Camp. Several of these invalids will not live much longer and yet their souls are still plunged in the darkness of paganism; their failing lips do not know they can say to the Heavenly Father: "My God, I love You, forgive me my sins!"

Pictures of Our Lady of the Sick are distributed to all, with a few words of encouragement. A poor dying woman particularly draws our attention. She avidly listens to the words of consolation we address her and her expressive eyes seem to wish that we stay longer with her.

As it is impossible for us to speak of Baptism there, we come back sad-souled. What anguish for a missionary heart to see the harvest white and to be unable to garner it!

Saturday, February 20

Some time ago, the Duncan Protestant Hospital had announced us the coming of two sick Chinese. Unhappily, one died before leaving; the other was dying when he arrived. However, there was yet time to tell him about God; this the virgin-catechist hastened to do. "How beautiful!... What are you telling me?" would Chung Sun Yow exclaim. "Say it again, your words do me good."

The moribund having had a weak spell during the night, Sister Marie Florida⁽¹⁾ had the inestimable happiness of pouring the holy water of

1. Clara LEBLANC, Glen Robertson, Ont.

Baptism on his forehead. Less than an hour after, the happy predestined soul was going to enjoy the unaltered vision of that God Whom simple Catechism lessons had made him conceive so beautiful and so great.

Monday, February 22

Lee Yee Sing is brought to us dying, and, after a summary instruction in religious matters, receives his ticket to Heaven. But if death is there, very near, the moribund does not suspect it; he has only one thought, one desire: go back home and save money, plenty of money.

Fearing to pain the patient, his cousin finally decided to take him home. Before the departure, we pin a miraculous medal on Lee Yee Sing's breast, telling him to always wear it with confidence, and that the Blessed Virgin will protect him. "Yes," added one of our old men, "and especially take care not to lose it, for that medal is an extraordinary article that wards off evil and sends the devil away." On hearing these words, the cousin asked with anxiety: "The medal is marvellous, may I have one also?"—"Certainly," returned the virgin-catechist, glad to put in a word about God and our tender Heavenly Mother. Once in possession of his precious talismanic oval, our Chinese was all smiles as he placed it on his watch-chain; then, giving us a little donation to help along the work, he added: "I know that the Catholics are kind and charitable and that they help others to become so. I hope that one day I shall become a member of that religion."



A GROUP OF INCURABLE AGED PATIENTS AT THE VANCOUVER ORIENTAL HOSPITAL
TAKING THEIR MEAL ON A FEAST-DAY

Friday, March 5

Mr. Yip, whom we have already twice hospitalized, was coming back to us Wednesday, in a condition that excited much pity. Doctor Yip, a relative of his, told us, out of the patient's hearing: "This time, I am bringing him here to die, for, see his head continually bent down; that is an ill sign for an Oriental." An evil sign? perhaps, but for us, more alarming was the fact that the invalid refused to hear us speak of our Holy Religion. Nothing daunted, the virgin-catechist came back to the charge, and spoke of God's lovely Heaven and of the necessity of being purified before entering there. "Listen," would the dying man say, searching about in his memory, "I have already been baptized in a Protestant church; I was eighteen then, but I never practised my religion. Now I am old and if I become a Catholic, I shall be unable to gamble any longer . . . it is impossible, impossible!"

To our great joy, old Yip's dispositions are altered this morning. He sends for the Chinese virgin and admits that, having well reflected on and weighed all things, he is consenting to being baptized. Not too prone to credit that almost incredible change, Sister Thérèse fetched a crucifix and invited him to kiss it. Immediately, he lovingly placed his lips on the redeeming Cross, then pressed it to his breast. There was no longer reason for doubting, the all-powerful grace of God had descended on that soul and transformed it. "When shall I be baptized?" questioned the moribund, "To-morrow?" — "Not to-morrow," broke in his neighbour — a pagan he is, but very well disposed in favour of our Holy Faith — "not to-morrow, but to-night." And he whispered in the Sister-Nurse's ear, "To-morrow, perhaps it will be too late." So our dear Oriental prepared for the great event; he certainly did not seem sorry. During the afternoon, a Sister noticed that the heavy crucifix was still on his breast. She told him that he could lay it on the table, so that he might not get tired with it. "Get tired!" he protested with energy, "but it is nothing; I must do something if I wish to go to Heaven!"

With recollected attention he followed the ceremonies unfolding themselves under his eyes; to him, everything was mysterious: the small white table, the lighted candles, the prayers, etc. Finally, the solemn moment had arrived.

"Joseph Francis, I baptize thee . . ." said the minister of the Sacrament, pouring the Purifying Water on the forehead of this new child of Holy Mother Church. The latter then drew a long sigh of relief and became all transfigured: of the enormous burden of his failings and anxieties, that weighed heavily on his soul, he had just been liberated.

After the ceremony, the newly-baptized pressed the priest's hand and the nurses' and thanked them with effusion. "How glad I am! In a few minutes, I shall be going to Heaven," said he; then, turning to his fellow-patients, to one he gave his tobacco, to another, his cigarettes. Upon which Sister-Nurse observed that he might have to wait longer than a few minutes to go to Heaven and enjoy eternal happiness. "Yes, yes, but I am not smoking any more, I am a Catholic!"

The conversion of that inveterate pagan is a fresh proof that the treasures of divine mercy are always ready to be shed upon souls.

Here and There

OUTREMONT

Montreal, March 12, 1943

DEAR MARGARET,

I have just finished my retreat and I am literally all enthusiasm, not to say very much excited . . . That is why I am dropping you these lines. I wish you to be the first to share the overflow of happiness which is mine. Listen and I shall tell you all about it . . .

I had gone quite against my will, last Thursday, to a closed retreat. In the first place, I did not see that it was at all necessary; secondly, I had to give up a holiday I had arranged to spend in the North with friends; moreover, I had before my eyes that perspective of three long days of solitude contrasting with my very active life, and the fact was really paining me. Well, I had to go, for I had promised to a friend who desired I should accompany her, and you know that once I have given my word, I keep it!

And there was another reason, which I do not mind revealing now, for finding that retreat period more or less agreeable . . . I had been a prey, through the last few months, to certain insidious temptations; more than that, I had frequently fallen . . . in a word, I was tumbling down, and fast . . . By the fact that you live in the country, you are probably less acquainted with the situation at times confronting the ordinary young lady of Montreal, our great Babylon.

I was therefore regarding my retreat as a bore. The tramway I took at eight o'clock was filled to the doors with movie or night-club adepts, and the foolish idea came to me that I might as well turn back and go to my own usual pastimes; but looking through the window, I suddenly made out, at the top of a small knoll white with snow, a scintillating crown haloing a Madonna whiter than the snow.

Here I was; could I turn back? . . . no; besides, this vision of whiteness and purity chased away all other thoughts and I briskly ascended the slope leading to the convent. A heavy wind was blowing white flakes around the illumined statue; I bowed to the Virgin as I passed by, and under her rock-hewn features I caught a sweet smile that warmed my heart.

At the Retreat House I was allotted a white room, a white bed and, suspended on the wall, a white crucifix . . . there were bright long corridors also in white; a few missionary photographs representing gentle forms bent over some misery or other of China were their only ornamentations; a statue of our Heavenly Mother, with something truly heavenly in her gaze, surrounded with foliage and blooms, placed at the further end of the corridor, was stretching out motherly hands. All was calm, restful, pure . . .

Oh! that peace, that quiet, that purity, what a contrast with the bustle and unsightliness I had left behind a short while ago . . . and how that impressed me!

No matter how little I felt like beginning a retreat, I simply could not resist that sweetness, that immaculacy, that piety and . . . willing or not, by the second day I had settled downright to those spiritual exercises!

The various instructions given by the retreat-master, while very captivating, put me in mind of the great truths of our religion to which I had not given much thought for some time: I am always so busy! Then, without my noticing it, he made me review my whole life so well that when I went to speak to him after the conference of the second evening, all the great black spots of my girlhood were uppermost in my memory; in the twinkling of an eye he detected them, and, contrary to my apprehensions, without any difficulty, without my even being able to find out an explanation to it, everything was clear . . . I then went to confession and a kindly absolution was called down upon me . . .

It must have been past nine o'clock when I again sought my room, so very happy that I was almost breathless. There, beneath Mary's tender look, I grasped my crucifix and bathed it in my tears . . . It was then that I realized how I had run along the edge of the precipice. I glimpsed into what an abyss I should have fallen had not the infinite goodness of God held me back.

That thought of God's merciful love for His undeserving child was so suave to me, that no pleasure experienced until then could have equalled it. Never, no, never had I experienced within myself such pure bliss; I was wishing to die at that moment to go to Heaven! I would have desired, at least, to stay awake all night to relish my immense happiness! . . .

A Sister, chancing to see the light in my room, discreetly rapped at the door . . . my tears did not appear to surprise her, she understood . . .

"Oh! this white house, so calm, so restful, so pious," I said to her between my sobs, "how good it is, how we need it! And those sermons . . . I had never realized how famished for them I was! You see, I have only my Sundays; I hurriedly hear a low Mass, very often the sermon does not answer my needs; then, when I have this good food dispensed so profusely here! . . . Yes, at any cost, keep your House for closed retreats, keep it as it now is, quiet, soothing, pious; it will contribute to a great extent in saving from utter disaster many girls like me."

The next day at our noon recreation we were all so delighted with our retreat that we had no other topic of conversation. Sister Directress told us how, on June 26, 1911, the first retreat for ladies had been opened in this same House by the worthy foundress of the Community, the Very Reverend Mother Marie du Saint Esprit; how she had later begun this movement in Joliette, Quebec, and the principal centres of the province. At Outremont, after a breaking-up of some twenty years, owing to the straitness of the convent, the Work was taken up again in 1940, and recollection days were added.

Thus, each Sunday, a few groups of young ladies engaged in Catholic Action organizations come to renew their spiritual energy in this pious House. We hardly see them, for the solitude of the retreatants must be considered before all else; rooms are reserved for them in another wing of the convent. Last Sunday, two groups came; the one, numbering seventy-two young ladies, remained all forenoon, while the other, forty, remained all day.

In 1942, almost 1,600 retreatants have come to receive the heavenly dew of God's graces. We were finding these most consoling results when Sister Directress remarked that that number did not represent the feminine population of an ordinary Montreal parish, and that there are over two hundred and forty parishes in the diocese. "And why do not they come in vaster numbers? Making a retreat is so grand!" I had quite forgotten past repugnances when I said that! — "We need more gentle angels to recruit them," she answered with a gracious smile, "we need organizers; and still there are hundreds of souls on fire with the spirit of apostolate yearning to do their share of Catholic Action; yet we must regretfully admit that organizers are what we lack most!"

Need I tell you how that conversation made me reflect . . . I have been favoured with so many of God's graces during my retreat . . . does not my Father in Heaven ask something from me in return? . . . Is it not for me a duty to have other souls take advantage of similar graces? . . . If no person had come to invite me, to force me, so to say, to make a retreat, would I have ever come? . . . It is true I follow our parish-mission every year, but how different it is from a closed retreat! We were thirty to acknowledge the fact yesterday. After the sermon in a parish retreat one falls right away, at the very church-door, into the crowd, the bustle, the thousand and one distractions of current life; in a closed retreat, on the other hand, one remains in the spirit of the instruction which has been given, assimilates it in calm and prayerfulness, converses in heart-to-heart intimacy with God, heeds in silence the Holy Spirit speaking to the soul, and seeks friendly and disinterested counsel. Then, one takes practical resolutions to walk straight in one's own particular way of life. It must be added that every one feels the influence of that atmosphere of piety which is an inherent element in all Religious Houses.

After all, thinking over the parish-missions I have previously attended, I can tell you frankly that while appreciating them, and being more determined than ever to follow them, I have never gathered from them the tenth part of what I have found in this retreat; more than that, if I had to wish a great, a very great good to a friend of mine, I should wish her nothing else.

As to you, always dreaming missions, you would have been all eyes and ears at Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Retreat House. Firstly, it is the convent in which the foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception has spent the better part of her life; then, the Superior is a former missionary to Japan. She came back last year. You can well imagine that, at recreation, we overwhelmed her with queries! For nearly a year,

the unfortunate Sisters, six of them, had been interned in their little convent-home in Koriyama, Northern Japan, when one day the Superior, the one of whom I am speaking, was compelled, with a companion, to leave her mission and return to Canada on a ship bearing prisoners and war-internees; you can guess the sorrow of the Sisters, and the sadness of those two missionaries on leaving a mission very dear to them, a mission they can never forget. Their voyage lasted two and a half months; they passed by Africa, where took place the official exchange of the prisoners.

Pardon me that digression; I am coming back to my retreat. I have decided to organize a few groups for next fall. The Directress of the closed retreats is not so exacting after all, she asks us to make her sure of from fifteen to twenty recruits, and she will complete the group. It is left to ourselves to choose the date and even the retreat-master, if we wish. May I count on you to help? Bring four or five of your friends, please, and success is ensured.

Au revoir! Let us pray that I may keep my resolutions and that my life may not be the useless and questionable life of the past.

Remember that if you would live three days of Heaven, the closed retreat has them ready for you and in full measure.

Your happy friend,

BLANCHE.

P. S. Be not surprised if, some day or other, you find this letter published somewhere. The Directress, seeing my enthusiasm, had asked me to write her a line in favour of retreats. Not knowing just how to conveniently write an article, I thought of sending her a copy of this letter.

* * *

RIMOUSKI

The Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus Closed Retreat House, which the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have had constructed at Rimouski, in 1932, with the approbation of the Episcopal authority, will hereafter serve to a new purpose.

His Excellency Bishop G. Courchesne, of Rimouski, has asked to purchase that House for the convenience of his seminarians who, at present, lack space in the Seminary of the town. The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception bow before the will of the revered Prelate, who sacrifices the Work of the Closed Retreats, which had been confided to them in 1918, and to which they have always been pleased and happy to devote themselves.

In the future, the Closed Retreats for Ladies and Girls will be given only in the summer-time in various places of the diocese.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception will continue to operate in Rimouski their Apostolic School and the Work of the Holy Childhood, in their small location on Saint Germain Street, bought in 1926, after their convent had burnt down.



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Sunday, February 28, 1943

This afternoon, a few Professed Sisters go to the Foreign Mission Seminary to attend a departure ceremony of two missionaries who, to-morrow, will be en route to Cuba, where the Society now has a field of action. We conjecture that the ceremony has been very impressive from the reflection of a Sister, on returning: "The missionary ideal of my twenty-years shot up before my eyes, more alluring than ever."

While awaiting the hour when we also shall be able to display our zeal, we rejoice with Our Lord to see new apostles set out to labour in His vineyard, and we ask for them from the Queen of the Missions a long and fruitful career.

Tuesday, March 2

March came in like a lion, will it go out like a lamb, as the old proverb has it? We have raw cold weather this morning and with it a regular snow-storm. Old Sol peeps out once in a while, seeking as it were to moderate things a bit, but to no avail. Winter seems to battle with Spring as once Goliath with the young David.

Within our convent walls we joyfully repeat: "O ye fire and heat, bless the Lord." Activities offer us also many a variation. The classes are being resumed to-day as well as the music lessons, both having been interrupted over a month ago, on account of the retreat and the additional work called for by the Clothing and Profession, as well as the changes in the personnel occasioned by the latter.

Even in the uncertain notes of the young novices — debutantes in the art of the Gregorian chant — we discover that much ardour is brought forth; our little Sisters desire to profit by this occasion as best they can, in view of the apostolate they may have to exercise in later years.

Saturday, March 6

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. J. A. Champagne, signal benefactress of the Community, and mother of one of our Professed Sisters. Prepared for the Last Journey by a lengthy illness borne in a Christian manner, she set out with confidence for God's beautiful Heaven.

She had, we are told, a tender devotion towards the Blessed Virgin.

This loving Mother seemed to manifest her pleasure by coming for her servant on a first Saturday of the month, a day that the pious departed was ever faithful to sanctify, as she did the first Friday. And by a coincidence we are inclined to call a delicateness of the Queen of Heaven who wants to confirm our hopes, our calendar cites us to-day a consoling thought from Monsignor Sylvain: "Oh! to fall in those maternal arms wide open to receive us! 'Tis the outpouring of an affection for a long time restrained. 'Tis the joy you reserve us, O Mary, when on the threshold of Paradise you will say: 'I was waiting for you!'"

The entire Community unites its sorrow to that of the bereaved family, more particularly the Doctor, the husband of the deceased, who for many years has been lavishing gratuitously on the personnel of the Novitiate his professional care, and this with untiring devotedness. Needless to say that our gratitude makes it a duty for us to offer ardent prayers for the repose of the soul of the dear departed.

Sunday, March 7

This is a day our hearts hold dear. Ten years ago to-day His Holiness Pius XI was definitively approving our Constitutions. With what tender emotion must not this favour have been received by our venerable Mother Foundress, for it gave her simultaneously the assurance that she had realized the design of God. This date has become a feast of thanksgiving and we profit by it to renew our good resolves to be ever more faithful to our holy Rules. As this anniversary coincides with a day of the carnival when Our Lord is, sad to say, more offended than usual, we join acts of reparation of honour to our hymns of thanksgiving, to make Our Lord forget, at least in part, the ingratitude of His wayward creatures.

Wednesday, March 10

The beautiful altar decorations of these last three days have disappeared this morning. There are no more flowers in our chapel, and in our ears resounds this grave sentence: *Remember, O man, that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return.*

The holy season of Lent is opening. In order that this time of penance may prove salutary, we strive to make ours the spirit of the Church that recalls us these inexorable words only to exhort us to mortification and humility. God disdains the proud and, without penance, no man will be saved. The Saviour Himself has proclaimed that truth.

Friday, March 19

We acclaim our good Father Saint Joseph, glorious Patron who, after Jesus and His Immaculate Mother, merits all honour among us. The chapel has given up its Lenten aspect and appears gay and luminous. Pious canticles repeat the praises of the amiable Saint; soon the signal is given for the traditional holiday; everything, in a word, foretells that this day will be spent in an atmosphere of gayety and fervour. For if we delight in joyous conversation while we ply our busy little needles, we delight also in speaking with him whom we invoke in turn as Patron of the universal

Church or of Canada, as Upholder of communities, Guardian of virgins and also of Christian homes. Those titles alone would suffice to make us include in our prayers all those for whom we must pray: our Pastors, benefactors, our Institute, our dear Parents.

We are mindful that to-day is also the patronal feast of our dear Mother Assistant General. We are happy to transmit her our wishes and affectionate homage through some of our Sisters who are going to the Mother House for the occasion.

We also profit by our hebdomadal conference; it contains useful instructions for our spiritual advancement.

On the evening of this beautiful day, we feel in our hearts more ardent love for our missionary Community, deeper gratitude towards our Superiors, and new devotion for our good Father Saint Joseph. We likewise feel that our venerable Mother Foundress rejoices in Heaven to see our hearts filled with those sentiments which were hers and which she desired should increase each day in the soul of her daughters.

Sunday, March 21

The calendar announces to-day the arrival of Spring. And truly, he has these last days made it obvious that his coming was at hand. The Rivière des Prairies has been shaking off gradually its heavy mantle of ice, the fragments of which are borne triumphantly over its running waters. The sun, when it decides to shine, sheds a more brilliant ray. Here and there, in roadways or parterres, we see streamlets; the snow melts off like a charm, yielding its place to smiling April which will not delay in coming.

Here is another proof of Mr. Spring's arrival: for several days, after the noon exercises, we see certain young Sisters circulating across the grove and throwing a scrutinizing glance at the maples, in the hope, we may presume, of perceiving a few drops of the delicious Canadian nectar.

Each season of the year has its precious advantages and glorifies God in its own way; but the gay Springtime bears a particular seal which makes it the favourite season of mostly everyone. As for us, we profit by the occasion to bless and exalt our God, so good, so great, so powerful, Who has created these marvels that we may joy in them, we, His little creatures so unworthy of such benefactions.

All ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord: praise and exalt Him above all for ever.

Thursday, March 25

The Catholic universe repeats to-day the words of the humble Virgin of Nazareth: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." It is the feast of the Annunciation, the feast of humility. Oh! how we beg our august Mother to grant us on this day that virtue her heart held so dear, that virtue she practised to a degree such as merited for her the grace of the divine maternity.

We, also, shall please God by our humility; by it we shall learn to say more perfectly our *fiat* to the divine Will, and, due allowance being made, we shall be able to say in our turn: "Behold the little handmaids of the Lord." And is it not to make of these words a perpetual act that we have come here?

As a festal bouquet we offer that Immaculate Virgin a renewal of our consecration to her, promising, in order to become ever more agreeable to Jesus, to be more united to her, to act in all things through her and with her, in imitation of her devout servitor, the Blessed Grignon de Montfort.

A debate, organized by our English teacher, is on the afternoon programme. The subject, *Advantages and utilities of the needle and the pen*, was warmly discussed by all who took part. Thus, thanks to the zeal of our teacher, we gradually familiarize ourselves with a language that we know will not fail to prove useful to a missionary.

Sunday, April 4

Here dawns a *Lætare* Sunday more joy-filled than ever. Indeed, not a little cloud alters our happiness. Our loved Mother Superior General whom we have not seen often since the beginning of the year, comes to spend three days in our midst, days which seem like three short minutes.

At the recreation hours, which her presence multiplies, we group around her, wishing to lose not one of her words or anecdotes wherein there ever finds way a precious counsel, a practical reflection. Listening to our good Mother recalling reminiscences of her recent voyage in our missions, we set out on a missionary expedition to China, Japan and Manila. Our Mother relates most benevolently and as to us we journey with delight. The imagination of the novices is not a dried-up fountain by any means and their missionary life will never be too intense nor too vivid.

Our Mother's visits have that gift of inflaming our zeal and intensifying our desire to work one day on foreign soil for the salvation of souls. Could our dear Mother be ignorant of this perhaps? . . . for we should have doubtless more frequent visits and . . . perhaps also we might all become . . . other Xaviers!

Saturday, April 10

Notwithstanding the grave attitude of which this epoch of Lent is suggestive and which we are mindful to respect, a note of joy is heard throughout the Novitiate: to-day, the feast of Saint Mechtilde, is the patronal feast of our beloved Mother Mistress. This morning at Mass we have prayed with our whole soul for her who is so solicitous for our well-being and we have asked Jesus to dispel her cares, to alleviate her burden. We have prayed the Blessed Virgin to lavish on her precious favours and to keep her long to our affection. Thus was expressed for the time being our gratitude, and, on our part, we have renewed our resolution to respond ever better to her devotedness by being more fervent and faithful.

Sunday, April 11

Yesterday afternoon we were going by groups to the Foreign Mission Seminary to render homage to the Divine Host, exposed on the occasion of the Holy Hours. This morning, a few Professed Sisters as well as the postulants respond to the invitation received by assisting at the closing ceremony — a very solemn Pontifical Mass. All return happy and bless God for this splendid and pious forenoon.

During the evening recreation the Sisters of the English class execute a little play which is terminated by a chorus and the presentation of a spiritual bouquet to our devoted Mother Mistress.

Sunday, April 25

This is the day which the Lord hath made: let us be glad and rejoice therein. If that invitation brings joy to every Christian on Easter morning, it has an ineffable reverberation in our young hearts. The meditation of the sufferings of Jesus, favoured by silence these last three days, has aroused in us an intense desire to see the triumph of that Divine Victim.

At last we see the blessed aurora of the Resurrection, and, united to the Immaculate Virgin, we hail it with the singing of the *Regina Cæli*, the first echoes of which invite us to the chapel.

Our morning religious duties over, we gather together for the holiday; gay chatting and merry laughter are the order of the day. At three different intervals the Rosary draws us from our amusements and conversations to attune our souls to the joyful Alleluias of the angelic choirs who incessantly repeat: "Queen of Heaven, rejoice! Alleluia!"

To-day also the dear missives that have piled up during Lent are being distributed. Some are several weeks old, some date from yesterday. But fresh or not, they are equally welcomed; those which have had a long wait have kept all their perfume under the discreet seal of sacrifice. This evening, we manifest our gratitude towards Sister Superior and our loved Mother Mistress whose feasts we have not been able, it being Lent, to celebrate as we should have liked to. We present in their honour a recreational programme including the following numbers: a duet, an appropriate song, and a beautiful religious play. We close the entertainment by a *Magnificat* and the offering of a spiritual sheaf and a few manual works that we have hurried to finish for to-day.

This great day has like all others its setting; but it is that very decline that carries our thoughts and desires towards the eternal Easter which will gather us all near Our glorified Saviour, Who is risen but to procure us the true, the only Life.

A LITTLE APOSTLE WRITES US

Amos, April 8, 1943.

Reverend Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,
Montreal.

Reverend Sisters,

By saving up my pennies, I have succeeded in becoming god-mother of a little pagan likely to live. I wish to name him Joseph Simon Denis.

I should like my little godchild to become a priest, that he may make many other little pagan children love the good Jesus.

Armande Guyon.





The Children's Page

MY GOOD FRIENDS,

I am thinking of something . . . that I have omitted . . . luckily that it comes back to me now . . . for it is better late than never.

It was something about which I meant to speak . . . how can it be that it has stayed undisturbed back in my mind? Doubtless because I have had, since then, to entertain you on many other subjects; and in the multiplicity of things one may forget at times . . . but once more, it is better late than never.

I remember that last fall, while relating you my visit to the splendid Missionary Exposition of Montreal, I spoke briefly of the Centenary of the Holy Childhood. I should have liked to talk lengthily with you on that Work I esteem and love, but my time being then limited, I had resolved to come back to you before long to narrate its admirable and touching story. This I have not done as yet and I am rather confused, seeing that the Centenary Year 1942-1943 is drawing to a close.

The majority of you are acquainted with this beneficent Association and are numbered among its members, but there are still many who know it not or but vaguely. As to your Great Friend, he has been its promoter for a long time and he bears the Association deep interest. And his great desire is that you also love this magnificent Work and be devoted to it — for, Children, it is particularly your Work. To this end, listen to its beautiful story.

Some hundred years ago there lived in France an unhappy prelate whose soul, however, was totally apostolic. And so good, so holy was he, that one day Pope Gregory XVI said of him: "I do not know a more saintly bishop than he."

His name was Charles Auguste Marie Joseph de Forbin-Janson. He was Bishop of Nancy and Toul, Primate of Lorraine, a Papal Count and Assistant to the Pontifical throne. Of late he has also been called: Founder of the Holy Childhood.

He was born in Paris, on November 3, 1785, of an illustrious family whose lineage bore ecclesiastics and military men of distinction; but he was nobler still by his merits.

After his ordination to the holy priesthood in 1811, he would have chosen to devote himself on behalf of the foreign missions, and to this end he had consulted Pius VII who had counselled him to lend assistance firstly to the peoples of Europe. Immediately, he had overrun the whole of France preaching everywhere the verities of the Faith with great zeal and success.

In an expedition to the Holy Land and Asia Minor, in 1817, he had also accomplished everywhere the doings of a missionary.



BISHOP CHARLES AUGUSTE
DE FORBIN-JANSON

On June 6, 1824, the ardent apostle had been consecrated bishop and he then applied himself to the duties of his state with great solicitude and complete devotedness. The titles of Papal Count and Assistant to the Pontifical Throne had been bestowed upon him in 1842, by Pope Gregory XVI, as a mark of gratitude for the signal services he had rendered Holy Mother Church; however, he was an unhappy bishop, for political troubles and the stratagems of the wicked had compelled him, in 1830, to abandon his diocese, and he lived far from his flock, like the Father deprived of his beloved children to whom he would so do good.

During his exile and the painful trials that accompanied it, he had not ceased acting for the glory of God. In 1839, he had come to America where he had

manifested the extent of his zeal and the eloquence of his word in famed missions preached in the United States and in Canada. His great consolation, during his stay in Canada, had been to be able to implant a huge cross on Mount Saint Hilaire, Rouville Co., and after one of those impressive allocutions of which he had the secret, to have Jesus and His Cross acclaimed by a throng of some thirty thousand spectators.

On returning to France in 1842 he had gone to Lyons in the month of July to see Miss Pauline Marie Jaricot, the foundress of the Propagation of the Faith, whom he had known for twenty years and with whom he had had many relations. This holy young woman who, by her generous alms, was the providence of many missionaries and of many other people in need, had more than once come to his assistance in his works. On this occasion, he had spoken to her of a project that had long occupied his mind, that of establishing an association to succour the abandoned children of China and other heathen countries, a project that he knew not how to execute without hindering the Work for the Propagation of the Faith, already so meritorious and so highly recommended.

The humble Pauline Marie Jaricot, who had co-operated in and inspired many other works, found a solution to this problem. *Why would not the children become the bankers of charity? Could they not find a penny a month to*

save the abandoned children of China, and make them Christians, apostles, martyrs? The salvation of pagan children by Christian children: the Holy Childhood was founded. It had issued forth from the heart of a virgin-apostle, vast in her holy desires, in her charitable works and in suffering; from the heart also of an exiled and persecuted bishop, a man of God athirst for the divine glory; yes, it had issued forth from two hearts victim of their zeal for the salvation of their brethren — in a word — from two crucifixions; there is the reason, doubtless, why it was so admirably fecund. For, ever since the Son of God died on the Cross for the salvation of the world, it follows from this His plan of redeeming humanity, that all the conquerors of souls be consecrated beforehand to sacrifice and suffering, that all the works of apostolate be established on the cross. The celebrated foundress of the Propagation of the Faith, wishing to be *the first of the children-associates*, liberally contributed her alms to the nascent Work.

Bishop de Forbin-Janson had thus found an apostolic occupation for the last years of his earthly pilgrimage. His health had placed a barrier between him and the great missions of the New World. Henceforth he would be in his own country and elsewhere the missionary, the apostle of the Holy Childhood. He preached it in France, England, Germany and Belgium; he would organize committees and gather subscriptions.

As you can see, dear Children, the origin of your beautiful Association goes back to 1842, and its founder began to spread it that very year; however, it was only on June 20, 1843, that it held its first reunion and was proclaimed officially founded.

The following year, on July 11, 1844, Bishop de Forbin-Janson was returning to God, but he was leaving to the world, along with the remembrance of his great virtues, this immortal Work which had already known a marvellous expansion, for forty-eight bishops of France, Belgium, Italy, Bavaria, Switzerland, Holland and Savoy had declared themselves its protectors. A few years later, it was established firstly in Canada, in the diocese of Montreal and elsewhere, then in the United



MISS PAULINE MARIE JARICOT
AT THE AGE OF 17



THE HOLY CHILDHOOD WORK HAS BECOME
A GREAT TREE . . .

States. And now, like the grain of mustard-seed, it has become a large tree, covering both hemispheres, and on its branches the birds of Heaven seek shelter in multitudes. Who do you think are those birds of Heaven?

— The pagan children?

— Yes, they are the pagan children. And do you know how many of them have sought shelter and have warbled in the tree of the Holy Childhood, since a hundred years?

— ? . . .

— Thirty-five millions! A beautiful phalanx, you will agree. Thirty-five million children born in paganism and forsaken by their parents, gathered with tenderness, drawn from Satan's claws, made children of God and of His Church, and heirs to Heaven! . . . Oh! this is beautiful, sublime, divine! . . . Actually some eight hundred thousands of these little unhappy waifs are thus being saved yearly, and over a

million are being brought up in foundling-homes, orphanages, schools, workrooms, etc., upheld by the Holy Childhood. Is not this admirable?

The birds of Heaven which seek shelter in the tree of the Holy Childhood are also Christian children, in innumerable numbers, who are members of the Association and work for the salvation of their little pagan brothers. And this gigantic tree bears incomparable, magnificent fruits; the angels come to gather them and bear them to Paradise for the immortal glory of those who have brought them about; these are the prayers, the sacrifices and alms of the Associates, and the prayers, the alms and thanksgivings of the ransomed children.

Do you not think the story of the Holy Childhood a beautiful one? You will take part in the vast Association and devote yourselves to it with ardour, will you not? For this, you must fulfill as best you can your obligations of Associates. These are: prayer, sacrifice and alms.

Prayer consists in the daily recitation of an *Ave Maria*, followed by the

invocation: *Holy Virgin Mary, pray for us and for the poor pagan children. (100 days' indulgence)* Oh! recite it each day, that little prayer — and with your whole heart — it will not only save your young pagan brothers, but, moreover, it will draw down upon you precious graces.

Sacrifice consists in offering to Jesus slight privations, minute acts of renouncement, repeated as often as possible; for, remember, to save souls, sacrifice is absolutely necessary.

The *Alms* required to admit one into the Association is twelve cents a year; but which of you cannot offer more? My dear Children, when you have pennies to dispose of, do give a generous share to the poor pagan children. The drops of water make the ocean, you know, and the grains of sand, the mountain; in like manner, your pennies joined to those of the other children-associates will form a considerable treasure which will procure to the little pagans Baptism, a Christian education, and the temporal well-being which is your happy lot.

Oh! dear Children, how very privileged you are to have been born in a Catholic country, to have kind parents that take care of you every moment, that have taught you from your very early years to know and love God! But, tell me, do you thank Our Lord each day for that signal favour? . . . I read in your eyes that until now you have not thought of that; in the future, little ones, you will be careful never to forget that important duty, will you not?

God cherishes in a particular way the child who thanks Him for benefits received, and each new mark of gratitude inclines Him to grant this child new gifts.

Oh! my good little Friends, may it never be said that in the garden of your heart the flower of gratitude is nowhere to be seen, for in that case, one would not find there the flower of charity, the virtue which should especially characterize an apostle of the Holy Childhood.

Gratitude, O fairest flower
That in human heart can grow,
Bloom in mine for my dear Master . . .
Bloom all white as virgin snow.

Let your pleasant perfumes uprise
Like incense, so pure, so sweet,
To my Home beyond the blue skies,
To that Home with joys replete.

Tell, O tell my well-loved Jesus
"Thank You" in a gladsome way;
For His cares and tendernesses,
Sing to Him some tender lay.

Oft in vain in hearts He seeks you . . .
Come, my Father dear delight;
Glad expose your bloom to His view —
Lovely you are in His sight.

In bidding you "au revoir", dear Children, I leave you this little posy of thoughts. May it find access in each one of your wee hearts and drop there a fecund seed of gratitude!

Your Great Friend,
THE PRECURSOR.

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

For Favours Obtained.

Gratitude for a favour obtained. Anonymous, **Marlboro, Mass.** — I desire to thank the Blessed Virgin Mary for favours received through her intercession. **Mr. C. K., Anthony, Rhode Island.** — I have received many favours and blessings. **A. J., Montreal.** — Please publish my lively gratitude towards Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a favour received through her intercession. A subscriber. — I am singing my *Magnificat* to the good God for the graces He has granted me through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and especially for the cure of my father. **R. G.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in gratitude for favours received. I solicit other graces. **Mrs. A. V., Levis.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received; I request prayers for the obtention of a position, also for a cure. **Mrs. A. L., Montreal.** — Gratitude to Our Blessed Mother for a favour received. A subscriber, **St. Barthélemy.** — I thank the Blessed Virgin for a grace obtained through her intercession and ask her to exempt my son from the military service. **Mrs. G. J., Marieville.** — Thanksgiving for a grace received. I solicit another favour. **Mrs. W. D., Waterbury, Conn.** — I am fulfilling a promise, in gratitude to Our Blessed Lady for my son's successful examinations. **Mrs. F. D.** — I am happy to acquit myself of my promise, in thanksgiving for a favour I ardently desired and which has been granted me. **Mrs. C. G., Sainte Justine.** — Lively gratitude to Our Blessed Mother for a grace received through her intercession. A subscriber, **St. Jerome.** — Homage of gratitude for a favour received. Anonymous. — I am fulfilling a promise, in gratitude for a favour received. — Thanks to the Immaculate Virgin Mary for her protection. I recommend to her a soul in danger. **Mrs. M. T.** — I thank the Blessed Virgin for having exempted one of my boys from the military service. **Mrs. J. E. D.** — Gratitude for the return of my son in the family. **Mrs. H. G., Montreal.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. I request prayers for the success of a very difficult examination. **Mrs. H. E., Vaudreuil.** — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. **Mrs. G. G., Montreal.** — I heartily thank Our Heavenly Mother for favours she has granted me and hope for her constant protection. **Mrs. P. D.** — Lively gratitude to Our Blessed Lady for a favour received through her intercession, after promising to publish. A subscriber. — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. **Mrs. O. G., Montreal.** — With joy, I am fulfilling a promise to Our dear Heavenly Mother whom I heartily thank. I solicit other favours. A subscriber, **G. N.** — Gratitude for a favour received. I request my cure and the conversion of a family. Anonymous, **Montreal.** — I thank the Blessed Virgin for having preserved my husband from going to the war. **Mrs. A. A.** — I heartily thank Our Heavenly Mother for having obtained a favour for my daughter. **Mrs. A. C., Baltic, Conn.** — I received the grace I was soliciting. I am thanking Our Blessed Mother. **Mrs. L., Verdun.** — I am happy to prove my gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for the favours with which she has gratified me during the past year. I solicit prayers for my cure and the conversion of a young man. **Mrs. J. A. L.** — Lively gratitude for favours obtained; I request other graces. **Mrs. A. G.** — All my gratitude to Mary! **Mrs. E. L., Malartic.** — I received a grace through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. I joyfully acquit myself of my promise, in testimony of gratitude. **S. G., Montreal.** — Thanksgiving to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favour obtained during the requested novena. **Mrs. S. J. R., Outremont.** — Lively gratitude to Mary Immaculate for favours received. **Mrs. J. B. L., Albion, R. I.** — Deep gratitude for a position obtained in favour of a person dear to me. A subscriber to **THE PRECURSOR.** — Sincere thanks to Our Heavenly Mother for her protection. **Mrs. A. S., Charny.** — I desire to testify my gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained through her intercession. **Mrs. J. L. H., Hochelaga.** — Lively gratitude to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favour received. **Miss T. G., Montreal.** — Deep gratitude for a benefaction attributed to the Blessed Virgin. I solicit prayers for the cure of my young daughter. **Mrs. P. A. C., Ste. Rose.** — A hearty "thank you" for a favour received. **Mrs. L. R., Ile Bizard.** — Lively thanksgiving for a favour obtained. **Mrs. V. R., Ste. Geneviève de Pierrefond.** — Please help me to thank Our Immaculate Mother for favours she has granted me. I solicit her protection for my large family. **Mrs. A. S., Ste. Anne de la Pocatière.** — I am happy to publish my gratitude to Mary for the favour she has obtained for me. **Mrs. L. M., Willimansett, Mass.**

A MASS is celebrated every week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Subscribers to the "PRECURSOR" and all their living Benefactors.



PETITIONS

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

Please pray for a young man of nineteen, of the R. C. A. F., on his way overseas. Mrs. F. G., **Montreal**. Please pray for my husband who has been in ill health for some years and who has strayed away from the Church. Mrs. L., **Springfield, Mass.** — Please say a little prayer for a special intention. Mrs. J. C., **Montreal**. — I request health for my daughter and a position for my son. Mrs. E. S., **Montreal**. — Remember us in your daily prayers as we had a lot of sickness this past year. N. G. — Will you kindly make a novena for two special intentions. Mrs. C. B., **Granby**. — Please remember us in your prayers. Mrs. E. S., **St. Vincent de Paul**. — I would ask your prayers for my intention. Miss C. L., **Maidstone, Ont.** — Please pray that through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin I may be cured of neuritis in my leg; also pray for my son in the Army. Mrs. E. F., **Salem, Mass.** — I am asking Our Blessed Mother that my husband will not have to be operated on, and if so that he will be successfully and will come home to us again. Mrs. G. McK., **Ville Lasalle**. — I hope you will pray for me that I may recover my health

without having an operation. Nothing is too great for Our Lady. I hope her Divine Son will answer our prayers. Mrs. J. C., **Watford, Ont.** — O Immaculate Virgin, help our poor unfortunate child. A subscriber, **Ville Lasalle**. — A prayer for my intentions. H. D. — The settling of an important affair. Mrs. L. B., **Ville Emard**. — May Our Heavenly Mother help my husband keep his position. A subscriber, **Montreal**. — The conversion of a doctor and that of a young girl is requested. F. L. — Relief is fervently requested. Anonymous, **Montreal**. — A cure is requested, also the conversion of a whole family. A subscriber, **Montreal**. — Would you make a novena for my son who is addicted to drinking. A subscriber. — I am requesting from Our Lady of Lourdes a special favour for my son who is the father of a large family; the cure of another son, and the conservation of his position; more faith for my husband, and other intentions. A subscriber. — I am soliciting a novena for the conversion of my son and of my husband; health and courage for myself. Anonymous. — A widow, the mother of seven children, asks prayers for the settling of affairs. Anonymous. — Please pray for a position for my son. A subscriber to **THE PRECURSOR**. — I am asking the grace for my husband and myself to make a good retreat, and other favours. A subscriber. — I earnestly recommend to your prayers a child whose character inspires me with apprehensions. Anonymous. — I am confiding to the Heart of Jesus and to Our Blessed Mother the success of a cause despaired of. Mrs. A. M. — Please say a prayer for my son who is a soldier and from whom I have not heard for some time. Mrs. E. D. — I am confiding to Mary Immaculate my two sons in the military service. Mrs. E. R., **Springfield**. — I solicit a novena in honour of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for the obtention of a special and urgently needed favour; for peace in our family and health for my father and for myself. M. B. A. — I am asking for faith in my prayers, peace in my family and in the whole world; health for myself, and the conversion of my young son; divine protection for my two sons in the military service. A subscriber to **THE PRECURSOR**. — Pray that I may be paid a sum of money owed me; also that my husband may obtain a new position. Mrs. G. L. C., **St. Barthélemy**. — May the Blessed Virgin obtain me my complete cure. Mrs. A. D., **Montreal**. — I request the protection of our kind Heavenly Mother for my soldier boy. Mrs. O. G., **Coteau Station**. — I ask prayers for my two brothers in the military service. Mrs. M. D. — Please pray for the cure of my mother, also for the cure of my goitre. A subscriber. — I ask spiritual and temporal favours for myself and family. G. L., **Montreal**. — Several favours are solicited through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Miss M. B. — I am confident of obtaining favours; help me with your earnest prayers before Him Who can do all things. Anonymous. — Please help me to pray Our Heavenly Mother for a special intention, that I may be able to follow my vocation. I also ask graces of courage and resignation. An orphan, **Mont Laurier**. — I solicit my cure or at least some improvement in my health. Mrs. R. L., **Montreal**.

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 15; cures, 57; positions, 4; special intentions, 65.



NECROLOGY

Reverend Philippe Morin, pastor, **Price**; Reverend J. B. Ranger, **Pointe aux Trembles**; Reverend Sister Marie de Saint Gonzague, Sisters of the Holy Cross, **Montreal**; Mr. J. Hébert, **St. Johns**, father of our Sisters Saint Pierre Claver and Saint François d'Assise; Mr. Eméric Filteau, **Ste. Emélie de Lotbinière**, father of our Sister Sainte Bibiane; Mrs. G. Julien, **St. Augustin de Portneuf**, mother of our Sister Saint Julien; Mrs. Alpha Paquette, **St. Vincent de Paul**, sister of our Sister Marie Cécilia; Mr. Joseph Grondin, **Ste. Anne de la Pocatière**, grandfather of our Sister Marie Lucienne; Mrs. Victorin Désilets, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mr. Arthur Lussier, **Montreal**; Mr. Jean Baptiste Mousseau, **Berthierville**; Mr. S. Earl, **Joliette**; Mrs. Andrew Mitchell, **Montreal**; Mr. David Kennedy, **St. Columban**; Mr. Philip Kennedy, **Montreal**; Mr. Florient Lojko, **Montreal**; Miss N. McCrory, **Pointe St. Charles**; Mr. Peter McManus, **Montreal**; Mr. J. A. Shannon, **Verdun**; Sergeant A. E. Stacey, **Montreal**; Mr. Michael Clune, **Pointe St. Charles**; Mr. P. Ciaciak, **Ville Lasalle**; Mr. John Butt, Mrs. Sarah McGinn, Mr. Thomas Creaney, Miss Mary Creaney, Mr. Louis Tardif, Mr. Paul A. Bélanger, M. D., Miss Annette Spedding, Mr. Raoul Reid, Mr. Alphonse Moquin, Mr. Ovila d'Amboise, Mrs. Evélina Lemieux, Mrs. Arthur Lamontagne, Mr. Eugene Prud'homme, Mrs. Napoleon Leduc, Mr. Oscar Ledoux, Mrs. G. C. Payette, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Desormeaux, Mr. Michael Allard, Mr. Auguste Valade, Mr. Gustave Lorrain, Mrs. Ulric Cherrier, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dumberry, Mr. Emile Hudon, Mrs. Alfred Cusson, Mr. Adélar Quintin Dubois, Mrs. S. Crive, Mr. Emery de Ladurantaye, Mrs. Joseph Eulalie Poulin, Mr. Isaac Leroux, Mrs. Mathias Gauthier, Mr. Albert Sansfaçon, Miss Desrochers, **Montreal**; Mr. Bernard Dumesnil, **Ville La Salle**; Mrs. Charles Simard, Mrs. T. MacMitchell, Mrs. Azilda Chicoine, Mrs. Georges Bélanger, Mr. Cyrille Berthelet, Mrs. O. Chamberland, Mr. Paul Beaugrand, **Ville Emard**; Mrs. Emile Robichaud, Mr. Maurice Perreault, Mr. J. B. Marion, Mr. Louis Lacombe, **Viauville**; Mrs. Edouard Laperrière, Mr. Hubert Grégoire, Mrs. Moïse Allard, Mr. Victor Balet, **Rosemount**; Mrs. Edmond Armstrong, **Montreal East**; Mr. Alex. Comptois, **Verdun**; Mrs. Ludger Lapierre, **Pointe St. Charles**; Mrs. R. Morin, **Pointe aux Trembles**; Mrs. L. Ernest Larue, **Quebec**; Mr. Albéric Descôteaux, **Three Rivers**; Mrs. Joseph Jules Tessier, Miss Angèle Aylwin, **Ste. Thècle**; Mrs. Olivier Michaud, **St. Barthélemy**; Mrs. Alphonse Houle, **Deschailions**; Mrs. Henri Duranleau, **L'Acadie**; Mrs. Edmund Lavoie, Mrs. J. D. Lefrançois, Mrs. Thomas L. Tremblay, Mr. Thomas Martin, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. and Mrs. Osée Fortin, **Jonquière**; Mrs. Thomas Gagnon, **Chambord East**; Mr. Armand Girouard, **St. Pie de Bagot**; Mr. Armand Levesque, **St. Modeste**; Mr. Emile Roy, **Thetford Mines**; Mr. Jules Archambault, **St. Antoine**; Mr. Pierre David, **St. Josaphat**; Mrs. Charles Dastous, **Rimouski**; Mr. Omer Paquette, **Lachute**; Mr. François Guilmain, **Granby**; Mrs. Gabriel Martin, **Oka**; Mrs. Sérica Belles-Isles, **St. Fabien de Rimouski**; Mrs. Pierre Chabot, **St. Lazare**; Mr. Philippe Roussel, **St. François d'Assise**; Mrs. C. O. Gagnon, **Chateau Richer**; Mr. Lucien Girouard, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Prudent Langlois, **L'Anse du Cap**; Mrs. Olivier Boucher, **St. Louis du Ha! Ha!**; Mrs. Marie Vermette, **Caribou, Me.**; Mr. Edgar Charles, Mr. John Brady, Mr. Lucien Wolff, Mrs. John Daley, **Waterbury, Conn.**

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

SHAMEEN. School.

FONG CHUEN. Insane Asylum

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

Lazaretto.

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

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

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IN JAPAN

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IN ITALY

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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.