

THE PRECURSOR



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Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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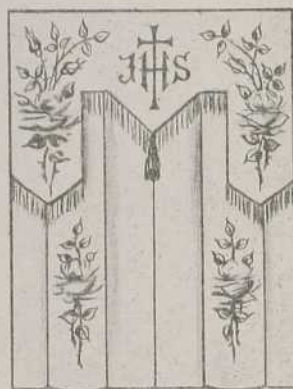
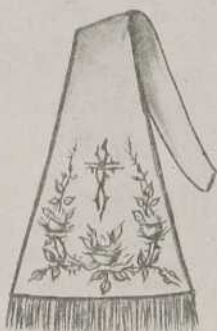
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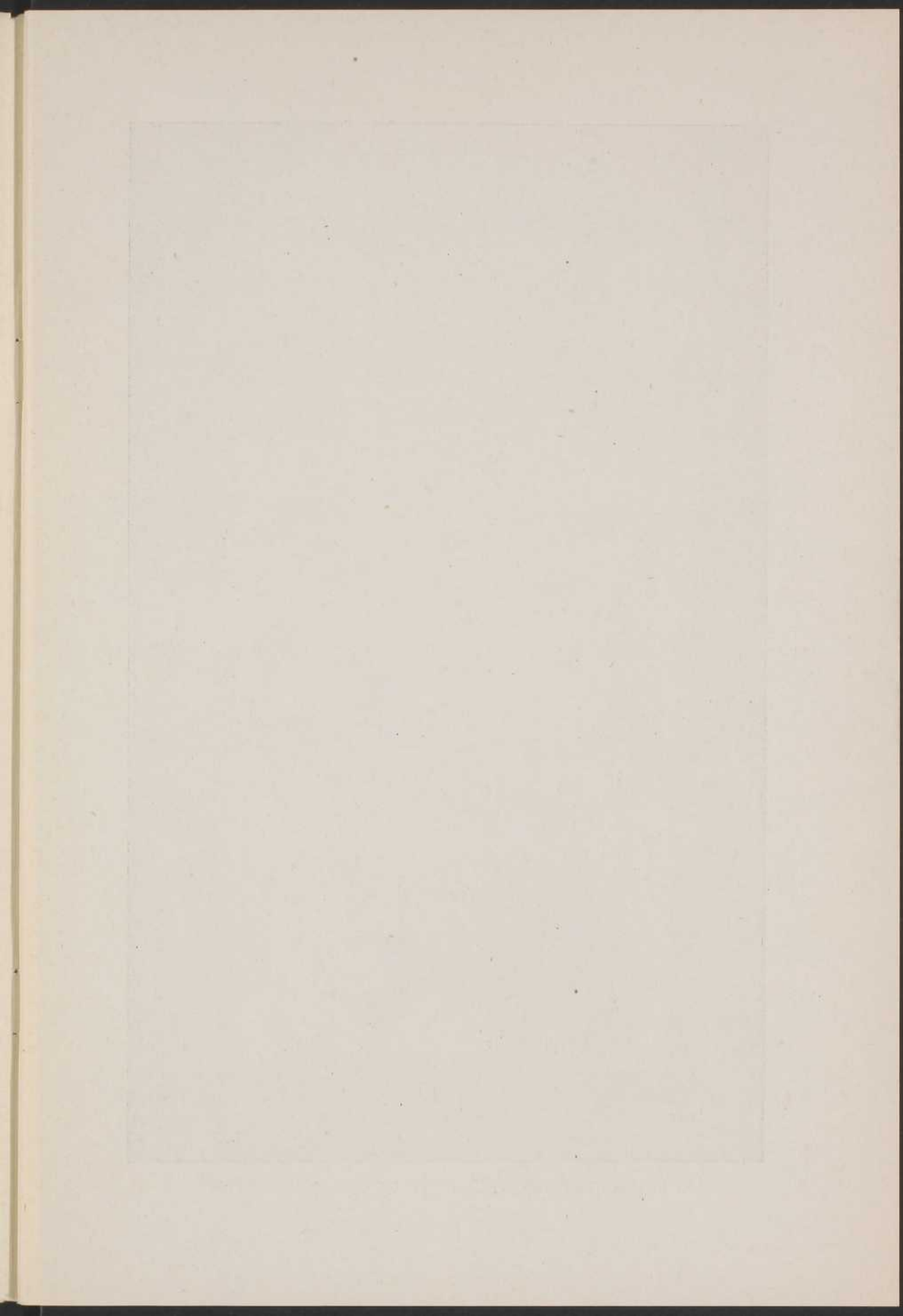
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

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To My Heavenly Guardian

*Celestial Guardian of my soul,
When I awake, please remind me
To give my heart — frail morning bud
To the Most Blessed Trinity.*

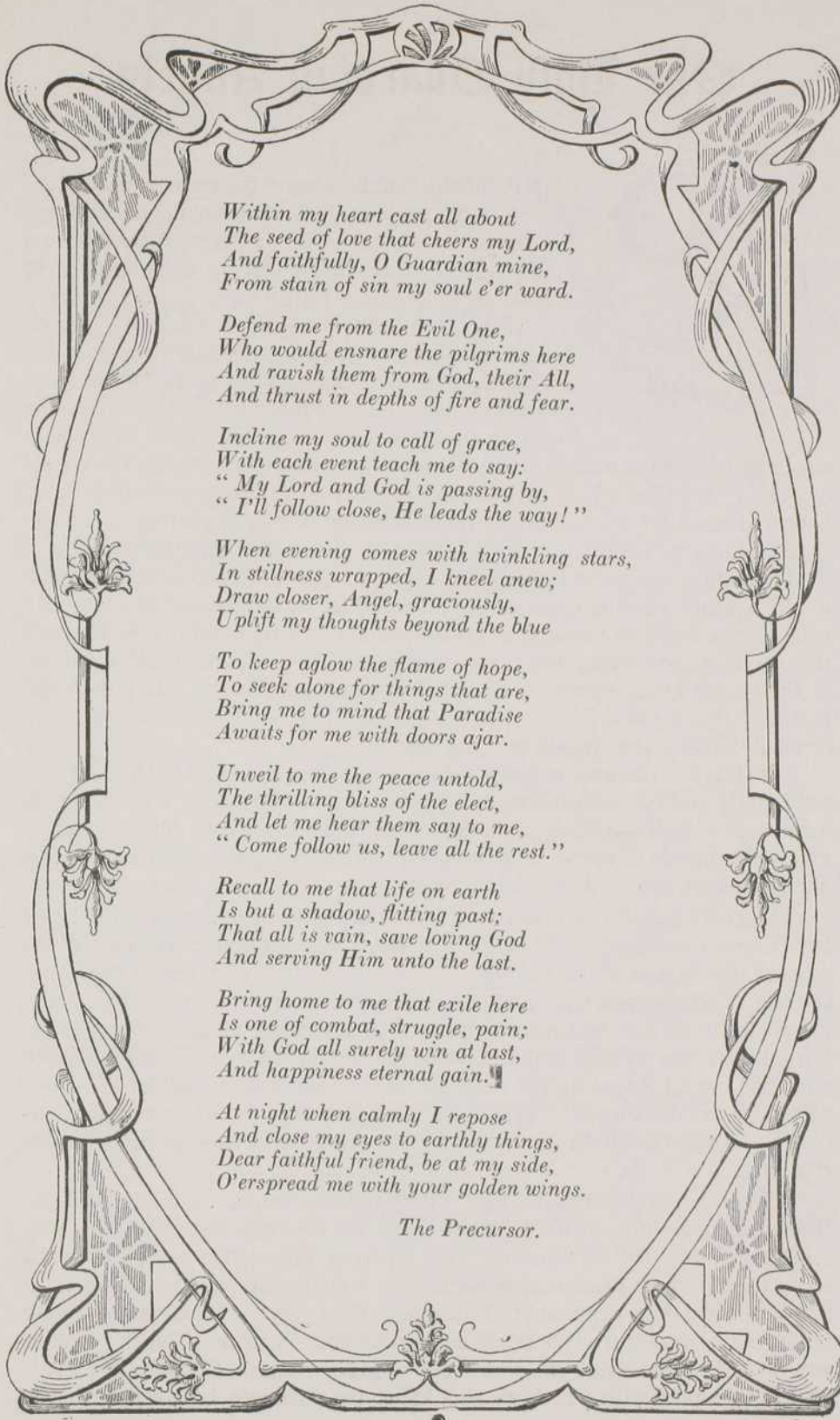
*My spirit keep in His presence,
Till comes for me the moment blest
When on my knees as child I kneel
To pray, adore — delightful rest!*

*That naught may ravish as I pray,
My thoughts that I would have my King's;
And that my heart may soar to Him,
O'erspread me with your golden wings.*

*Throughout the day, whate'er I do,
If I toil hard or recreate,
If sad I be, or when most gay,
Stay by my side, watch o'er my fate.*

*The path of truth reveal to me
When my soul doubts, or wrong I fare —
Yes, when I fall, uplift, console,
Dispense me sorrows to repair.*

*Enlighten me in every way,
Your wisdom all my trust commands;
My hope completely rests in you,
Direct my steps on duty's strands.*



*Within my heart cast all about
The seed of love that cheers my Lord,
And faithfully, O Guardian mine,
From stain of sin my soul e'er ward.*

*Defend me from the Evil One,
Who would ensnare the pilgrims here
And ravish them from God, their All,
And thrust in depths of fire and fear.*

*Incline my soul to call of grace,
With each event teach me to say:
"My Lord and God is passing by,
"I'll follow close, He leads the way!"*

*When evening comes with twinkling stars,
In stillness wrapped, I kneel anew;
Draw closer, Angel, graciously,
Uplift my thoughts beyond the blue*

*To keep aglow the flame of hope,
To seek alone for things that are,
Bring me to mind that Paradise
Awaits for me with doors ajar.*

*Unveil to me the peace untold,
The thrilling bliss of the elect,
And let me hear them say to me,
"Come follow us, leave all the rest."*

*Recall to me that life on earth
Is but a shadow, flitting past;
That all is vain, save loving God
And serving Him unto the last.*

*Bring home to me that exile here
Is one of combat, struggle, pain;
With God all surely win at last,
And happiness eternal gain.*

*At night when calmly I repose
And close my eyes to earthly things,
Dear faithful friend, be at my side,
O'erspread me with your golden wings.*

The Precursor.

Our Holy Guardian Angels



WE should include among the most precious gifts of God to man the communion, or spiritual commerce established between mankind and the Holy Angels, whose glory and happiness we hope to share some future day.

From our side, we honour the Holy Angels with religious veneration, regarding them as glorious spirits, faithful in accomplishing the Divine Will, and we implore them to intercede for us before the Lord; they, from their side, show their interest in our behalf, pray for us and make us feel, in many a circumstance, the effects of their protection. It is in this manner that God, always infinitely wise, holy and merciful, wishes to use these superior beings to carry out the designs of His Providence, with relation to the creatures of an inferior order.

Different passages in Holy Scripture prove that the word angel is a word of office, which signifies *messenger*; the reason for this is because the heavenly spirits have acted as messengers on frequent occasions when it meant man's defence and protection; but the goodness of God proclaims itself above all in the choice He has made of His Angels to be our leaders and guardians. It is here that we find the basis of this mutual charity and joy that will reign eternally among the Angels and the elect.

Man has been created to replace the apostate Angels; but God has permitted Lucifer and his accomplices to lay snares and to turn their wicked efforts against us. This permission has for object only to try our fidelity and to give us occasions of merit, so that by our victories we may assure ourselves the happiness for which we are destined.

The good Angels come to our aid, conformably to the order established by Divine Providence. They keep watch over our souls and protect us against the attacks of our enemies. "Oh, my God!" each one of us should cry out, "Who is man that You deign to take care of him thus, and give him for guides, ministers and princes from Your Heavenly Court? What am I, but an earth worm, a miserable slave of the corruption of sin? Am I to have guarding me an Angel who is so noble, so pure and holy a creature!" "Oh! admirable condescension!" cried out Saint Bernard; "Oh! excess of goodness and love! God hath given His Angels charge over thee to keep thee in thy ways." (Ps. XC)

"We owe our Guardian Angel," declared the Saint, "a triple homage: that of respect, of devotion and of trust. We owe him respect for his presence, devotion for his charity, and trust in his vigilance. Filled with respect, walk with prudence, remembering continually that you are in the presence of an Angel charged to lead you in your ways. Wherever you may be, in the most secret place possible, respect your Guardian Angel. Would you do before him what you would not in my presence? Consider the modesty and respect with which we should behave ourselves before the Angels,

so as not to shock their pure sight, and not to render us unworthy of their company. Woe to us if, by neglect, we offend those who combat our enemies and if we deprive ourselves of their visits! We must avoid all that saddens them, and practise all that may cause them joy; be temperate, chaste, love voluntary poverty, pray with fervour and compunction. At all times the Angels of peace expect from us union and concord. What joy it would be to them to see us retrace upon earth the Holy City wherein they dwell! On the contrary, there is nothing that afflicts them more than the scandal and the disputes they discover in us.

We should not only respect, but also love and honour our tutelar Angel; he is a faithful guardian, a true friend, a mighty defender. Despite the excellence of his nature, his love charges him with the duty to save and protect us. He watches to conserve our bodies, which at times the demons have the power to hurt; but what does he not do for our souls? He instructs and encourages us; he exhorts us interiorly and reminds us of our duties by secret reproaches. With regard to us, he carries out the same office exercised towards the Jews by an Angel who had led them to the promised land; he does for us what Raphael did for young Tobias, serving us as a guide in the midst of life's dangers. With what feeling of thankfulness, of respect, of docility and of confidence must we not be penetrated with relation to our Guardian Angel! Could we thank Divine Mercy sufficiently for that inestimable gift? Tobias, when reflecting upon the remarkable favours received from the Angel Raphael, said to his father: "Father, what wages shall we give him? or what can be worthy of his benefits? He conducted me and brought me safe again, he received the money of Gabelus, he caused me to have my wife, and he chased from her the evil spirit, he gave joy to her parents, myself he delivered from being devoured by the fish, thee also he hath made to see the light of heaven, and we are filled with all good things through him. What can we give him sufficient for these things?" (Tobias, XII, 2,3) "Then they lying prostrate for three hours upon their face, blessed God: and rising up, they told all his wonderful works." (XII, 22)

From the Lives of the Saints



As smoke makes the bees fly away, and bad odour, the doves, in like manner, the contagion of sin puts to flight the Angel charged with the care of guarding us.

Saint Basil



Devotion to the Most Holy Rosary being very proper for the defence of the Church and of the Christian people, it is not surprising that our predecessors have applied themselves to lavish praise upon it and to enrich it with the most precious privileges.

POPE LEO XIII

Holy Father's Christmas Message to the World

(Continued)



None field of social life, where for a whole century there was agitation and bitter conflict, there is today a calm, at least on the surface. We speak of the vast and evergrowing world of labor, of the immense army of workers, of bread-winners and dependents. If we consider the present with its war-time exigencies, as an admitted fact, that this calm may be called a necessary and reasonable demand; but if we look at the present situation in the light of justice, and with reference to a legitimately regulated labor movement, then the tranquillity will remain only apparent, until the scope of such a movement be attained.

Always moved by religious motives, the Church has condemned the various forms of Marxist Socialism; and she condemns them today, because it is her permanent right and duty to safeguard men from currents of thought and influences that jeopardize their external salvation. But the Church cannot ignore or overlook the fact that the worker, in his efforts to better his lot, is opposed by a machinery which is not only not in accordance with nature, but is at variance with God's plan and with the purpose He had in creating the goods of earth. In spite of the fact that the ways they followed were and are false and to be condemned, what man, and especially what priest or Christian, could remain deaf to the cries that rise from the depths and call for justice and a spirit of brotherly collaboration in a world ruled by a just God? Such silence would be culpable and unjustifiable before God, and contrary to the inspired teaching of the Apostle, who, while he inculcates the need of resolution in the fight against error, also knows that we must be full of sympathy for those who err, and open-minded in our understanding of their aspirations, hopes and motives.

When He blessed our first parents, God said: "Increase and multiply and fill the earth, and subdue it." And to the first father of a family, He said later: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

The dignity of the human person, then, requires normally as a natural foundation of life the right to the use of the goods of the earth. To this right corresponds the fundamental obligation to grant private ownership of property, if possible, to all. Positive legislation regulating private ownership may change and more or less restrict its use. But if legislation is to play its part in the pacification of the community, it must prevent the worker, who is or will be a father of a family, from being condemned to an economic dependence and slavery which is irreconcilable with his rights as a person.

Whether this slavery arises from the exploitation of private capital or from the power of the state, the result is the same. Indeed, under the pressure of a State which dominates all and controls the whole field of public and private life, even going into the realm of ideas and beliefs and of conscience, this lack of liberty can have the more serious consequences, as experience shows and proves.

FIVE FUNDAMENTAL POINTS

Anyone who considers in the light of reason and of faith the foundations and the aims of social life, which we have traced in broad outline, and contemplates them in their purity and moral sublimity, and in their benefits in every sphere of life, cannot but be convinced of the powerful contribution to order and pacification which efforts directed towards great ideals and resolved to face difficulties, could present, or better, could restore to a world which is internally unhinged, when once they had thrown down the intellectual and juridical barriers, created by prejudice, errors, indifference, and by a long tradition of secularization of thought, feeling, action which succeeded in detaching and subtracting the earthly city from the light and force of the City of God.

Today, as never before, the hour has come for reparation, for rousing the conscience of the world from the heavy torpor into which the drugs of false ideas, widely diffused, have sunk it. This is all the more so because in this hour of material and moral disintegration the appreciation of the emptiness and inconsistency of every purely human order is beginning to disillusion even those who, in days of apparent happiness, were not conscious of the need of contact with the eternal in themselves or in society, and did not look upon its absence as an essential defect in their constitutions. What was clear to the Christian, who in his deeply founded faith was pained by the ignorance of others, is now presented to us in dazzling clearness by the din of appalling catastrophe which the present upheaval brings to man and which portrays all the terrifying lineaments of a general judgment even for the tepid, the indifferent, the frivolous. It is indeed an old truth which comes out in ever new forms and thunders through the ages and through the nations from the mouth of the Prophet: "All that forsake thee shall be confounded; they who depart from thee, shall be written in the earth: because they have forsaken the Lord, the Vein of Living Waters."

The call of the moment is not lamentation but action: not lamentation over what has been, but reconstruction of what is to arise and must arise for the good of society. It is for the best and most distinguished members of the Christian family, filled with the enthusiasm of Crusaders, to unite in the spirit of truth, justice and love to the call 'God wills it', ready to serve, to sacrifice themselves, like the Crusaders of old.

If the issue was then the liberation of the land hallowed by the life of the Incarnate Word of God, the call today is, if We may so express Ourselves, to traverse the sea of errors of our day and to march on to free the holy land of the spirit, which is destined to sustain in its foundations the unchangeable norms and laws on which will arise a social construction of solid internal consistency.

With this lofty purpose before Us, We turn from the crib of the Prince of Peace, confident that His grace is diffused in all hearts, to you, beloved children, who recognize and adore in Christ your Saviour; We turn to all those who are united with Us at least by the bond of faith in God; We turn, finally, to all those who would be free of doubt and error, and who desire

light and guidance; and We exhort you with suppliant, paternal insistence not only to realize fully the dreadful gravity of this hour, but also to meditate upon the vistas of good and supernatural benefit which it opens up, and to unite and collaborate towards the renewal of society in spirit and truth.

The essential aim of this necessary and holy crusade is that the Star of Peace, the Star of Bethlehem, may shine out again over the whole of mankind in all its brilliant splendor and reassuring consolation as a pledge and augury of a future better, more fruitful and happier.

It is true that the road from night to full day will be long; but of decisive importance are the first steps on the path, the first five milestones of which bear chiselled on them the following maxims:

1.—Dignity and Rights of the Human Person.

He who would have the star of peace shine out and stand over society should cooperate for his part in giving back to the human person the dignity given to it by God from the very beginnings; should oppose the excessive herding of men, as if they were a mass without a soul; their economic, social, political, intellectual and moral inconsistency; their dearth of solid principles and strong convictions, their surfeit of instinctive sensible excitement and their fickleness.

He should favor, by every lawful means, in every sphere of life, social institutions in which a full personal responsibility is assured and guaranteed both in the earthly and the eternal order of things.

He should uphold respect for and the practical realization of the following fundamental personal rights: the right to maintain and develop one's corporal, intellectual and moral life and especially the right to religious formation and education; the right to worship God in private and public and to carry on religious works of charity; the right to marry and to achieve the aim of married life; the right to conjugal and domestic society; the right to work as the indispensable means towards the maintenance of family life; the right to free choice of a state of life, and hence, too, of the priesthood or religious life; the right to the use of material goods, in keeping with his duties and social limitations.

2.—Defense of Social Unity and Especially of Family in Principle.

He who would have the star of peace shine out and stand over society should reject every form of materialism which sees in the people only a herd of individuals who, divided and without any internal cohesion, are considered as a mass to be lorded over and treated arbitrarily; he should strive to understand society as an intrinsic unity, which has grown up and matured under the guidance of Providence, a unity which — within the bounds assigned to it and according to its own peculiar gifts — tends, with the collaboration of the various classes and professions, towards the eternal and ever new aims of culture and religion.

He should defend the indissolubility of matrimony; he should give to the family — that unique cell of the people — space, light and air so that it may

attend to its mission of perpetuating new life, and of educating children in a spirit corresponding to its own true religious convictions, and that it may preserve, fortify and reconstitute, according to its powers, its proper economic, spiritual, moral and juridic unity.

He should take care that the material and spiritual advantages of the family be shared by the domestic servants; he should strive to secure for every family a dwelling where a materially and morally healthy family life may be seen in all its vigor and worth; he should take care that the place of work be not so separated from the home as to make the head of the family and educator of the children a virtual stranger to his own household; he should take care above all that the bond of trust and mutual help should be reestablished between the family and the public school, that bond which in other times gave such happy results, but which now has been replaced by mistrust where the school, influenced and controlled by the spirit of materialism, corrupts and destroys what the parents have instilled into the minds of the children.

3.—Dignity and Prerogatives of Labor.

He who would have the star of peace shine out and stand over society should give to work the place assigned to it by God from the beginning.

As an indispensable means towards gaining over the world that mastery which God wishes, for His Glory, all work has an inherent dignity and at the same time a close connection with the perfection of the person; this in the noble dignity and privilege of work which is not in any way cheapened by the fatigue and the burden, which have to be borne as the effect of original sin, in obedience and submission to the will of God.

Those who are familiar with the great Encyclicals of Our predecessors and Our Own previous messages know well that the Church does not hesitate to draw the practical conclusions which are derived from the moral nobility of work, and to give them all the support of her authority. These exigencies include, besides a just wage which covers the needs of the worker and his family, the conservation and perfection of a social order which will make possible an assured, even if modest, private property for all classes of society, which will promote higher education for the children of the working class who are especially endowed with intelligence and good will, will promote the care and the practice of the social spirit in one's immediate neighborhood, in the district, the province, the people and the nation, a spirit which, by smoothing over friction arising from privileges or class interests removes from the workers the sense of isolation through the assuring experience of a genuinely human, and fraternally Christian, solidarity.

The progress and the extent of urgent social reforms depend on the economic possibilities of single nations. It is only through an intelligent and generous sharing of forces between the strong and the weak that it will be possible to effect a universal pacification in such wise as not to leave behind centers of conflagration and infection from which new disasters may come. There are evident signs which go to show that, in the ferment of all the pre-

judices and feelings of hate, those inevitable but lamentable offspring of the war psychosis, there is still aflame in the peoples the consciousness of their intimate mutual dependence for good or for evil, nay, that this consciousness is more alive and active.

Is it not true that deep thinkers see ever more clearly in the renunciation of egoism and national isolation, the way to general salvation, ready as they are to demand of their peoples a heavy participation in the sacrifices necessary for social well-being in other people?

May this Christmas Message of Ours, addressed to all those who are animated by a good will and a generous heart, encourage and increase the legions of these social crusades in every nation. And may God deign to give to their peaceful cause the victory of which their noble enterprise is worthy.

4.—Rehabilitation of Juridic Order.

He who would have the star of peace shine out and stand over social life should collaborate towards a complete rehabilitation of the juridical order.

The juridic sense of today is often altered and overturned by the profession and the practice of a positivism and a utilitarianism which are subjected and bound to the service of determined groups, classes and movements, whose programs direct and determine the course of legislation and the practices of the courts.

The cure for this situation becomes feasible when we awaken again the consciousness of a juridical order resting on the supreme dominion of God, and safeguarded from all human whims; a consciousness of an order which stretches forth its arm, in protection or punishment, over the unforgettable rights of man and protects them against the attacks of every human power.

From the juridic order, as willed by God, flows man's inalienable right to juridical security, and by this very fact to a definite sphere of rights, immune from all arbitrary attack.

The relations of man to man, of the individual to society, to authority, to civil duties; the relations of society and of authority to the individual, should be placed on a firm juridic footing and be guarded, when the need arises, by the authority of the courts.

This supposes (a) A tribunal and a judge who take their directions from a clearly formulated and defined right; (b) clear juridical norms which may not be overturned by unwarranted appeals to a supposed popular sentiment or by merely utilitarian considerations; (c) The recognition of the principle that even the State and the functionaries and organizations dependent on it are obliged to repair and to withdraw measures which are harmful to the liberty, property, honor, progress or health of the individuals.

(To be continued)



The good example of those who, undaunted by human respect, speak highly in favour of the Catholic Church and ostensibly practise our Holy Religion, is a very efficacious means to conserve the Faith.

FATHER BOUCHAGE, C.S.S.R.

Towards Haiti



LABOURERS for Haiti's promising harvest of souls! On Sunday, the 12th of September last, His Excellency Most Reverend L. Collignon, O.M.I., Bishop of Cayes, Haiti, led to his vast field of apostolate a group of Missionaries including Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Brothers of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of Saint Francis of Assisi and Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. The latter were accompanied by their Superior General, Very Reverend Mother Marie de la Providence, who will lay the basis of the new establishment and will return shortly afterwards.



VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AND THE FIRST FIVE SISTERS LEAVING FOR HAITI IN SEPTEMBER:

SISTER EUGENIE DE JESUS (IRENE BLAIS, SAINT BERNARD, DORCHESTER CO., P. Q.), SISTER SAINTE JULIETTE (JULIETTE DESCHENES, LEVIS, P. Q.), SISTER SAINT JEAN DE BREBEUF (ALICE MAGNAN, QUEBEC), SISTER SAINT ADELARD (CECILE FRAPPIER, SOREL, P. Q.), AND SISTER MARIE RACHEL (RACHEL BLANCHETTE, SAINT LIBOIRE, BAGOT CO., P. Q.)

The five Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception who will be the first to extend the apostolic activities of their young Institute on Haitian soil are: Sister Eugénie de Jésus (Irène Blais, St. Bernard, Dorchester Co., Que.), ex-Superior of the Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus House, Rimouski; Sister Sainte Juliette (Juliette Deschênes, Levis, Que.); Sister Saint Jean de Brébeuf (Alice Magnan, Quebec); Sister Saint Adélard (Cécile Frappier, Sorel, Que.); and Sister Marie Rachel (Rachel Blanchette, Saint Liboire, Bagot County).

Doubtless, in the near future, other Sisters will be called upon to lend a helping hand for, there also, "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few."

May the Lord bless and fecundate the efforts of this new contingent of evangelical labourers!

Words of a Missionary

Are we to be blamed if the Master's *euntes ergo docete* continues to ring in our ears? That divine clarion call will never cease to urge us on; we shall never be able to fold our arms while there yet remains a soul to save... And there are a billion souls still awaiting salvation!

We are therefore of a marching Church. Go! onward! run! speak! tire yourself! plough! sow! weep! suffer! die at the task! but go! onward! Jesus alone has been the one to give that astonishing command. Go to the peoples, do not wait for them to come to you! Go! speak! Speak, I say, and do not remain silent! That is why the Gospel-heralds go throughout the world casting with full heart, with full lips, the glad tidings of Jesus Christ. Yes, they go, those sublimely audacious, indefatigable seekers of souls, those eternal pioneers, those immortal wanderers.

Joseph BAETEMAN,
Lazarist Missionary in Abyssinia.

The Mark of the Christian

Charity is the mark of a Christian. To love God with the totality of his being, to love his neighbor for the sake of God, is the Christian's first duty and greatest work. Charity identifies the Christian in time. It is his badge of glory and his eminent and privileged joy in eternity. "Charity never fails."

Growth in charity should be the concern and fill the striving of the Christian. The Christian must, under the influence of the grace of God, bend every effort to pattern his life upon the supreme and Divine Exemplar of Charity, Christ, to attain "to the mature measure of the fulness of Christ."

This growth in charity will be nourished by the abiding knowledge that charity is a mandate of Christ, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; that Christ is our example, "For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so you also should do"; that God is "our Father, who has loved us"; that there is an identification between Christ and the humblest, "as long as you did it for Me"; that Christians compose the Mystical Body of Christ, "Now you are the body of Christ, member for member"; that we have no absolute ownership of our goods but only a stewardship, "What hast thou that thou hast not received? And if thou hast received it, why dost thou boast as if thou hast not received it?"

Mother Marie du St. Esprit

APOSTLE OF THE CHINESE WORK IN CANADA

(Continued)



PON further consideration, it was decided to rent a location on Bridge Street; in the space of a few days it had been furnished, thanks to the generosity of the protectors of the Chinese Mission. The new Chinese foyer was dedicated in a special manner to the Holy Ghost. "We had a thought for Saint Joseph," wrote the Superior at Simard Street to Reverend Mother Marie du St. Esprit, "but it was better for the Chinese that we draw their attention to the Divinity. Even for the pagans, the Chinese word 'Sing San' (Holy Spirit) means 'Wise Spirit'. For us and for our Work it is a devotion of primordial rank; since, what could your unworthy labourers do without the breath of the Spirit of Light? Our poor Chinese would never issue from the darkness enveloping them."

"I have just learnt," she continued, "that Monsignor Lagueux signed the lease to-day, April 1st. God be praised! I shall, in the near future, buy some cotton to make Chinese flags to decorate the hall. We also shall have Sacred Heart and Papal banners. The Chinese are very fond of decorations and I should like the hall to be ready for the first Sunday in May. The rest will proceed gradually."



CHAPEL OF THE "CHINESE HEARTH", BRIDGE STREET, QUEBEC, 1924.

SISTER MARIE DE SAINT GEORGES (CORINNE CREVIER, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION; MALE ANAP, CHINESE VIRGIN; TWO CHINESE CATECHUMENS.



REVEREND FATHER SAUVAGEAU, THETFORD MINES; LING PING WING, A CHINESE BAPTIZED MAY 22, 1926, WITH HIS GODPARENTS, MR. AND MRS. ALPHONSE BLAIS; SISTER MARIE DE SAINT GEORGES (CORINNE CREVIER, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AND MISS ANAP WONG.



TEACHERS AND PUPILS OF THE SUNDAY COURSES, QUEBEC CHINESE COLONY, 1926.

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: SISTER MARIE DE SAINT GEORGES (CORINNE CREVIER, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MISS ANAP WONG AND REVEREND FATHER METIVIER, SUPERIOR OF THE HOLY CROSS FATHERS AND CHAPLAIN OF THE QUEBEC CHINESE COLONY; SECOND ROW: REVEREND FATHER J. BROWN, JOSEPH, CHINESE PATIENT, REVEREND FATHER A. GOGUEN, REVEREND FATHER CHAPLEAU, INTERESTED IN THE WORK, THE REVEREND FATHERS W. MURPHY AND MALAUGHNEY; THIRD ROW: MR. DRUMMOND, LAWYER, MR. A. GAULIN, DEVOTED TEACHERS, AND FIVE CHINESE PUPILS.

On Saturday, May 10th, Monsignor Lagueux, Pastor of Saint Roch's, conferred a heavenly blessing on this "Hearth"; on the 11th, Right Reverend Canon Gignac celebrated the first Mass and Reverend Father Chapleau, first Curate at St. Roch's, gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This hearth of apostolate cost many a solicitude, worry and struggle, as well as much labour, for souls are not bought at a vile price. Now and then, the harvest-Master would give His missionaries the joy of adding a precious bloom to their sheaf. With unfailing ardour, Mother Marie du St. Esprit sustained her apostolic daughters in their zeal by her encouraging exhortations, letters and visits.

"Pray," she wrote on one occasion, "and have others pray for this apostolate: it is a divine work, and divine means are wanted; without these, you will accomplish nothing of value." She gave them new suggestions, proposed certain procedures; she had some of her Religious daughters return from distant China with virgin-catechists; in a word, she spared nothing in order to be able to answer her Lord: "Those whom thou gavest me have I kept." (JOHN, XVII, 12)

On September 20, 1926, the "Holy Ghost Hearth" was closed, Ecclesiastical Authorities having deemed it better that the Chinese Work be

resumed at Simard Street, where it had so well begun. There, the Sunday Courses were re-organized, and the Holy Cross Fathers generously lent their co-operation by devoting themselves as teachers and performing the Church functions. The Sisters and virgin-catechists continued visiting the Chinese of the city, in laundries, cafés and hospitals, to instruct and prepare adults for Baptism, the dying for the Long Journey, etc. About this time, also, the Sisters received a call from Thetford Mines, Lac Noir and Plessisville, to catechize three Chinese whom they had the happiness to see embrace the Faith.

From among its number of friends, however, the Chinese Mission beheld a few who came forward with the proposition that the movement would prosper still more if established anew in the centre of the city. It was then permitted that a new House be opened on Crown Street, and, on November 5, 1927, the Superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception received from Reverend Canon Perron the letter published below:

REVEREND MOTHER,

His Excellency the Archbishop wishes to inform you that he considers it wise to re-establish the *Chinese Mission* in a district more accessible to the Orientals. This Mission is under the immediate direction of Reverend Father Chapleau, a priest from Saint Roch's.

You will be able, as in the past, to teach Catechism under the direction of the above mentioned-priest, in charge of the Mission.

Yours in Our Lord,

Ulric PERRON, priest.

The Chinese were therefore directed towards the new post, where, besides Reverend Father Chapleau, other generous collaborators devoted themselves. To mention only two, the Reverend Fathers Colette and Lavoie lent precious help.

A Sister and a virgin-catechist went there each Sunday for the Catechism Lessons. They continued to exercise all the works of zeal and devotedness they had so well accomplished from the start, since none of the new directors, Religious or laymen, knew the Cantonese tongue spoken by the Chinese of Quebec.

For more than a year, the Missionary Sisters spent themselves in obscurity, but the day came when they had to withdraw altogether from that humble post. It often enters the designs of God that they who sow must leave the harvesting to others. On March 30, 1929, an official letter from the Archbishopric informed them that the Work was being confided to other hands. Here is the text of the letter:

Archbishop's Residence, March 30, 1929.

To the Reverend Mother Superior
of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,
Quebec.

REVEREND MOTHER,

Some time ago, His Eminence the Cardinal charged a Franciscan Father with visiting and catechizing the Chinese of our city. This Religious being sufficiently acquainted with the Work, His Excellency the Auxiliary — as likewise His Eminence

the Cardinal himself — considers that the time has come to confide it exclusively to him. A priest is far more influential with the Orientals, who find it always more or less humiliating to be directed or catechized by women; on the other hand, unity of direction can only further the success of the apostolic enterprise.

His Excellency the Auxiliary highly appreciates the precious services your Community has rendered in the evangelization of our Chinese, and he is hoping that in the future it will deign to give the Reverend Father the assistance he will judge opportune to request in the spiritual interests of the Chinese.

His Excellency, in the name of Holy Church, thanks your Community, and assures that the Ordinary will strive to refund, in the course of the year, the contributions it has generously made to the Chinese Mission of Quebec, the existence of which is in great part attributed to its zeal for the salvation of souls.

Kindly accept, Reverend Mother, the assurance of my religious devotedness.

Ulric PERRON, priest.

Could we believe one moment that the loss of the Work which had cost so much devotedness and so many sacrifices, left the apostolic-hearted Mother Marie du St. Esprit and her spiritual daughters indifferent? ... Oh, no! Great was their sorrow, but the generous Mother knew how to put into practice and repeat once again what she had taught on many an occasion: "As long as good is accomplished, as long as souls are saved, it matters little by whom, we must rejoice."

With her, let us cherish the hope that the meritorious Work she implanted in the fervent city of Quebec will survive, and that it will acquire ever increasing vigour for God's glory and the salvation of a vast number of souls.

When the Work was taken from the hands of the Missionary Sisters it passed, as has been seen in the letter quoted above, to the Reverend Franciscan Fathers, who laboured in its behalf for several years; then the Archbishopric took charge of it and the Work became the heritage of a young priest, Reverend Father Caron, who had always aspired to the Foreign Missions, but who had been unable, through ill-health, to realize his noble ambitions. Having studied the Chinese tongue, he gave himself with zeal to the holy apostolate that Heaven could not fail to bless.

(To be continued)

The Church Is Progressing in China

Kweilin City, in Southern China, is actually filled with refugees, a great number of whom are requesting instruction in the Catholic Faith. Unable to accommodate a like throng in their chapel, the Maryknoll Fathers have not shunned the idea of renting a vast pagan temple in the vicinity. Lay co-operators in the persons of several baptized Chinese help them to make the true God known. What if their instructions are given beneath the eyes of the pagan gods posted in their respective age-old niches? ...

This fact illustrates the transformation China is going through at the present hour. The country has 5,000,000 Catholics, with twenty Chinese bishops, 1,800 Chinese priests, 6,000 seminarists and close to 9,000 native Sisters. Of the current leaders of China, one out of every six is a Catholic; one out of every two has received his formation in a Catholic school or college.

Gratitude and an Invitation



NDoubtedly one of the best years of missionary devotedness in the history of Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Sewing Circle, Cote des Neiges, was the one brought to a close on Thursday, June 17th.

Although in the course of this last period of activity the regular purveyors of our Missions have had to do their share in the war effort, they did not for that reason give up their beloved occupation here. The exhibition of the many vestments, knitted articles, needle-work, etc., in our hall this June afternoon proved it eloquently.

A corner of the Exposition, especially, revealed a treasure of unstinted application on the part of our Mission co-operators. On an altar erected for the occasion had been placed a complete set of sacred vessels: chalice, ciborium, monstrance, paten, and other objects used in religious functions: incense-bearer, cruets, candlestands and crucifix, along with a splendid decoration with artificial blooms. The altar linen had not been overlooked by the untiring seamstresses; moreover, an elaborate cope, which will contribute to enhance the splendour of the religious ceremonies in some distant Mission, was the production of their agile fingers.

Let us mention also the complete wardrobe of a Missionary Sister, en route to Haiti in September, and a supply of medicine destined to furnish the pharmacy counters in the Mission.

Our sincere thanks to all the Members of Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Sewing Circle for the zealous and unselfish giving of their time and talents! May our Immaculate Mother and Queen hold in store for them a glorious reward in Heaven; may the kindest of Mothers extend her vigilant mantle of protection over them until they reach the eternal Home!

The latest letters received from our Canton Missionaries told us how the charity of the Members of our Circle is appreciated, and how priceless to our much-tried Sisters have been the supplies sent before the war. If, to our great sorrow, we should again this year be unable to send material succour to our sorely distressed Missions, what is destined for them will be put aside, to be forwarded as soon as communications are open with the Far East . . . convinced as we are of the urgent need in which they will be found before long.

We are therefore extending to all our former Associates the most hearty welcome after the summer holiday season. We are happy to believe that all will return as busy bees to fill the hive cells awaiting them.

If there are benevolent persons wishing to devote themselves to the apostolic and meritorious labour being wrought by Our Lady of the Holy Ghost Circle, they will be most cordially greeted at the re-opening of the weekly reunions, the first Wednesday in October, at our Mother House, 2900 St. Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal.

A Mother's Education

It was a glorious Sunday afternoon. Francis and Louise were frolicking in the garden, gathering a flower here, scenting another there, culling from the bushes their last tiny fruits and twittering as much as the birds holidaying in the thicket. Suddenly, in the farther end of the garden, under the broad maple, they glimpsed newly-fallen yellow leaves, fore-runners of the despoliations of Autumn days. Immediately, the children decided it would be fun to pick them up. Soon their little hands were full; then, sitting on their "bench-for-chats", they looked them over attentively.

"I am picking out the prettiest," said Francis, "to press them in my school-books, in remembrance of my birthday anniversary, since I am ten to-day. And you, Louise?"

"I wish to choose two that are of the very same size and . . . I am not saying what I intend doing with them. That is a secret . . ."

"Oh! girls, they always have secrets . . . but you can be sure that you will not find even two leaves the very same . . ."

"Why, Francis?"

"Because there are no two alike."

At that moment, the noise of footsteps was heard, and a gentle voice interrupted: "What are you doing there, children?"

"Mother, is it true that there are no two leaves alike?"

"Yes, my little girl."

"Why is that, Mother?"

"Because God, who has made the maple and all its leaves, wished it that way, most probably because He is fond of variety. And if you look at the creation, you will see that the lilies are very much alike in form and colour; yet not one has been measured to another. Now, take all the men who live in the world . . . not two have identical faces . . ."

"That shows the power of God."

"Yes, Francis, it does. It proves to evidence the infinite power of God. It is thus also in the world of souls. There are some in every shade and degree of beauty, very much like flowers in a plot."



Culling from the bushes their last tiny fruits . . .

"But we don't see souls, Mother?"

"No, dear, but we understand them. For instance, I know that Louise has a beautiful little soul."

"How is my soul pretty?"

"It is pretty by its innocence, by its candour and the graces filling it; also because Holy Baptism has erased the mark of original sin, and since then it has not been stained; because, in Confirmation, it has received the Holy Ghost and His gifts; then, Jesus often comes to it in Holy Communion, each time bringing it many graces and blessings."

"I wish to be always pure as the lily, Mother."

"Yes, my little girl, and then you will delight Jesus, and give joy to your mother. Confide your lilial soul to Our Blessed Mother and she will keep it pure for you."

"Mother, have I a beautiful soul?"

"Yes, Francis also has a beautiful soul, but it is different from Louise's."

"How do you see that, Mother?"

"By the way you act. It is with your soul that you think, speak and act. Your soul is pure, noble and generous; but you must be very careful to keep it thus, it would take so little to sully and disfigure it: a single venial sin! And what shall I say of the disastrous consequences of a mortal sin! . . . Ah! my dear Francis, you know how I love you, well! I should prefer to see you dead before me rather than see you guilty of a single mortal sin. A Queen of France, Blanche de Castille, had spoken in the same way to her son, the would-be King Saint Louis."

"Oh, Mother, I do not want to commit a mortal sin nor a venial one!"

"For that, you must flee danger."

"Danger, where is it, Mother?"

"It is found outside of duty, in the company of evil persons and in their bad example, in the temptations of the devil; but if you always remain pious and dutiful, God will grant you the grace never to commit sin."

"Mother, I will be pious and dutiful."

"Have the pagan children beautiful souls, Mother?"

"No, Louise. Not being baptized, their souls bear the stain of the sin of our first parents and do not possess the life of grace. When those unfortunate little ones die, they do not go to Heaven, but to Limbo, where they will never see God. What a sad lot is theirs!"

"But when there are missionaries to pour the waters of Baptism on their brows . . . their little pagan souls are made white as snow and become pleasing to Jesus."

"When I grow up, Mother, I shall go and baptize little pagan children."

"Oh! Girls do not baptize; priests do!"

"It is true, Francis, that the sacraments must be administered by priests, but, in urgent cases, any Catholic may baptize. Thus, in the missions where priests are very few, Missionary Sisters often give Baptism. Some of them have baptized as many as a thousand babies."

"I want to become a priest. Then I shall understand souls and be able to do them good. I wish to cultivate them, like we cultivate flowers. It is in the field of souls that I wish to work."

"Then, you would not come with me in pagan lands!"

"You need not know about that!"

"Come, Francis, do not be rude . . . Children, both of you, keep your noble desires, may they grow with you, and God grant I may see them realized! I should be so happy!"

*
* *

That happened ten years ago . . . Louise, now an accomplished young lady, has become an Aspirant-Missionary. Following the invitation of Our Lord, she has transplanted the lily which is her virginal soul in one of those gardens that shelter other lilies, over which the Virgin most pure keeps vigil.

The young girl's mother, with heart crushed but happy, had accompanied her daughter entering the Novitiate; but alas! she will not be there to rejoice and to magnify the Lord on the great day of the betrothal of her dearly loved Louise, or, rather, she will be there in the manner of the Angels and Saints, with whom she dwells at present, a short illness having taken her away from her dear ones. Jesus' little fiancée, after having wept over the loss of the one she loved most in the world, will vividly sense her absence on

this feast-day of her divine betrothal; but by the open wound in her heart, she will render herself more worthy of Him whom she has chosen for Spouse, of Him who reigns by the Cross. She will understand, more than ever, that, to join Christ in His search for souls and to share His eternal Kingdom, one has to be crucified with Him.

Francis is twenty. With his ardent, loyal and generous soul, his superior intelligence and heart of gold, he seems destined for great and good things. His father dreams of wealth and a social position for him. What does not a son like Francis deserve? Since Louise has left, and, especially, since his wife's departure, that fond father seems to love his dear boy more than ever. He has every confidence in him and solicits him to choose a career.

Gifted with every good quality, physical and moral, Francis could cut a brilliant figure in the world, among the best class of society. The world is



... more worthy of Him whom she has chosen for Spouse, of Him who reigns by the Cross.

smiling to him, holding up its charms and attractions, beckoning to him, but he . . . does not return its smile . . . His heart is wrung with anguish, for the moment seems to have arrived when he must confide to his father the vocation he has chosen to follow; and that moment . . . how he apprehends it! He knows what agony his decision will cause to his dear father. He has reason to believe that his father might formally oppose. Never had he let him suspect what his vocation would be, and yet, so long ago had he heard the call! . . . It was exactly on his tenth birthday, when, beneath the spreading maple tree, he had promised always to remain pious and faithful to his duty; after his saintly mother had disclosed to him the beauty of a baptized soul and the intense misery of pagan souls, he had felt arise within him an ardent desire of becoming a Missionary priest in order to go and save them.

Ah! that dear mother, if only she were there! She would broach the subject to his father, she would fix matters so perfectly well! Never had he spoken to her of his projects for the future, but he had concluded that she had easily guessed them. One day, however, the second last of her life, he had revealed his apostolic aspirations. Joining her hands and raising her eyes heavenwards, she had thanked the Lord and shed tears of happiness. The expression of joy that had overspread her features at the time had stayed there until she had passed away. Ah! how well he remembered it all! . . . And that remembrance mitigated the torture of his filial heart caused by the death of his virtuous mother. Of a sudden, a thought flashed across his mind. "Oh," mused he, "if Mother is no longer with me bodily, her soul is closer than ever, she can help me by her credit before God. Dropping on his knees, he was soon lost in a fervent prayer; then he arose strong and courageous. "Not later than to-night I will speak to father about it!" he exclaimed.

The twelve strokes of midnight were heard from the Grandfather clock in Mr. D's home. All was at rest under the peaceful roof. And yet, no . . . someone was still up . . .

Through a door slightly ajar escaped a thin streak of light and the sound of footsteps was heard. Yes, someone was still up . . . it was the master of the home, Francis' father. Preoccupied, nervous, his eyes swimming in tears, he staggered about the room talking to himself in broken sentences. "What have I done!" he repeated, "what have I done! A regular fit of temper . . . The poor boy, I must have torn his heart, and he so dutiful, so obedient; he has never given me anything but consolations . . . My projects, my hopes . . . what a deception! . . . to see him part for ever, what a blow! . . . What shall I do? . . ." His eyes betrayed the agitation of his mind, they shifted from one place to another — the floor, the walls, the furniture, without resting on anything; they seemed bewildered. Suddenly, they fell on an object which seized all his attention and sentiments. With a trembling hand he grasped the article, bathed it with tears, dropped in his arm-chair and lengthily contemplated it. And then, he even talked to it: "You, what do you think of that?" And the answer was heard in his inmost heart, persuasive and touching, for little by little the drawn features relaxed and resumed their characteristic calm, peace and mildness. Evidently, the heart

was bowing in resignation, the will was submitting... That object, which seemed to possess a soul and produced so salutary an effect, was the photograph of his dear wife, Francis' mother. From her home in Paradise, the lamented deceased has seen all, undoubtedly, and heard all; like a comforting and enlightening Angel she has hastened to the loved companion she had left on earth.

After a long time, Mr. D. arose, transformed... And like the sun which seems more radiant after a sullen storm, so also the face of the generous parent seemed irradiated. He put the blessed picture back in its place, when his eyes met those of the beautiful Christ hanging above the fireplace, the eyes of the Holy Victim of Calvary. It was a new ray of grace that forced him to kneel down, humbled, repentant, submissive, generous. On the instant, he recovered all the sentiments of his Christian heart, of his baptized soul, of his believer's faith, and a prayer arose ardent from his lips. Kneeling face to face with the Great Immolated Victim dying for the salvation of the world, he also made an immense sacrifice; he offered to the Heavenly Father, for the conversion of that same world, his worthy and beloved son. "Yes," murmured he, "I agree to have him go wherever God is calling him, unto the farthest corners of the world if necessary, to save thousands of souls! What matters if he be hungry, thirsty; if he suffer privations and tortures, if he die a martyr... his father will be a martyr with him all his life, a martyr... in his heart..."

Soon the harsh sound of the clock was again heard. Mr. D. came back to reality. "Two o'clock! It is more than time for the night's rest!" exclaimed he; "but Francis... what kind of night is he passing? Has he been able to close his eyes after the painful scene of this evening?... " His fatherly heart was anxious... he wanted to know. Finally, Mr. D. left the room quietly, to awaken no one, and went up the stairs leading to his son's bed-room. The door was closed and the light was out. He bent a listening ear, there was no sound. With utmost caution he turned the knob and opened the door slightly; his eyes sought the sleeping young man... but, anguish gripped him — the bed was empty!... A ray of moonlight was playing on the bed-spread which had not even been removed. Where in the world could Francis be?... With much concern he glanced about the room that was plunged in semi-darkness. All at once — oh, joy! — what met his sight but the object of his search!... Francis on his knees before a



"You, what do you think of that?"

statue of the Virgin Mary, the chief ornamentation of the room; at her feet in the clear moonlight could be seen a pretty photograph portraying the loved features of one whom Heaven had borne away from that very home, where she was still regretted. The young man seemed lost in deep reflections, in an intense prayer. How beautiful he was in that attitude!...

But soon, undoubtedly by a vague sensation of someone's presence, Francis turned towards the door. "Father!" he cried out, surprised, moved... "My dear boy," answered the parent, advancing to tenderly kiss his forehead, "receive this pledge of peace. Your prayer has been heard, my heart is changed, I give you irrevocably to God. Go, follow your vocation." — "Oh, Father, thank you!" answered Francis, returning the caress as affectionately. And in that sweet and warm embrace, both had the feeling that another soul was hovering near and shared the emotions and the joys. It was, as they well knew, the soul of the dear little Mother who had gone up Above.

He Had Done as God

An old man was dying. His features, although emaciated by age and suffering, were so joyous and serene that I expressed my astonishment.

"How could it be otherwise?" he answered. "I am so sure of the welcome awaiting me above. I had only one son and I gave him to the Church. At this moment he is a missionary in the Sudan. When I appear before my Judge I shall say: 'Lord, You have so loved men that You have not hesitated to sacrifice for their salvation Your only and beloved Son... *My God, I have done as You; do with me as You please.*'"

Oh! Were there more such fathers!...

R. de MAYNADIER.

The Star of Our Ideal

Youth, do not imitate the egoists. Leave them to their dreams of pride, of pleasure, of wealth. Open your wings to great desires, to generous projects, to the breezes from Heaven. Dream of beautiful self-devotion, of sacrifices for a sublime cause. Let the end for your thoughts and dreams be truth, justice, charity; and whether it be religion or country, science or aesthetic beauty, whatever, it cries out to you: "Forward!" Let the refrain of your ideal lull your soul and through its dreamings, foretastes of Heaven, let the star of your ideal direct your pilgrimage to infinite Beauty, to that Country where all the dreams of earth are effaced by reality.

Canon COUBE.

Faith is the gift that only God can give to man; prayer is the gift that only man can give to God.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)



ND my Latin scholars, you ask, are they very learned? It is difficult for them to be, since they have no dictionaries. At the end of their studies they understand the Catechism of the Council of Trent, and of late years Bishop Retord has started a class of Philosophy which is conducted in Latin. You may well imagine that we do not trouble our heads to teach Ovid, Horace, or heathen mythology to these poor Annamites. Hence the controversy as to the classics must be judged by itself."

In a letter to an old friend about this time we find a touching passage showing the simplicity and *naïveté* of these people in their religious rites: —

"I am quite sure that your first experience in performing a marriage ceremony was widely different from mine. In Tong-King there are no marriage processions and no bridesmaids, as in France. The married couple receive the sacrament as they do the Blessed Eucharist without any demonstration. Well, my *fiancés* having been to confession, and thus prepared themselves, the day was fixed. I went very early in the morning, and sang Mass for the whole population (they keep early hours in Tong-King). Then my catechist made a signal for the young couple — each was about eighteen years of age — to go up to the altar. The young girl mounted the steps; but where was her betrothed? He never appeared. After waiting some time in vain, the poor child was quietly told to go back, and come again at the same time to-morrow. Resigned and gentle, she obeyed. The next day the future husband made his appearance at the proper moment and I blessed the marriage. In the course of the day the newly-married couple, conducted by the sister of the bride, came to pay me a visit, and to thank me. I ventured to ask why the young gentleman had not made his appearance the first day. He answered with perfect simplicity, that he 'did not wake in time.' "

We cannot better describe the people and the life of the young missionary, than by his letters, which are graphic pictures of his daily trials and their consolations. In September, 1855, Theophane wrote again to his family: —

"I hope that my last letters, written in March, have reached you. Since then it has pleased God to throw me again on a bed of sickness. On Ash Wednesday I went to Father Castex, Vicar-General of the mission, who was at the College of Hoang-Nguyên. The distance was not more than a quarter of a league but the road was full of mud and water. I took a violent chill and fever, and from that moment I got worse and worse. I was also obliged to flee by night several times from the mandarins and hide in the rice-fields. This did not mend matters. The people around me thought the end was at hand and prepared everything for my funeral. But God sent me a doctor,

who gave me some new sort of medicine which brought me to life again. I received Extreme Unction twice, and each time God was pleased, in strengthening my soul, to restore my body. I am now staying at Kê-Vinh with Bishop Retord, who hopes to complete my cure; but I am afraid it will be difficult, as my left lung is almost gone. I have terrible perspirations and an oppression on my chest; in the morning I sometimes have such violent expectoration and running at the nose that I cannot say Mass. On the other hand my appetite is good, so that I can go on with my little studies. Do not let my illness make you unhappy, my dearly-loved people! but pray for me, that the sufferings of my body may be for the spiritual welfare of my soul. . . ."

In this September letter he alludes as follows to the persecutions:—

"They threatened to be terrible; but thank God! our worst apprehensions have not been realized. Our purses have suffered most; for one could close the mandarins' mouths only by bars of silver. Our poor missions have indeed been bled to satisfy pagan rapacity. These poor Annamites are always the victims of some misfortune of some act or oppression. One year an inundation comes; the next, a drought. The harvest almost always fails. A bowl of rice is all that the people want, and even this much they cannot always obtain. Yet these rapacious gentlemen, the mandarins, who are nominally their fathers and protectors, think of nothing but pillage and robbery, and how to suck wealth out of these unhappy people like so many leeches. I really believe there is no such thing as an honest man among the mandarins. The Christians are a capital bank for them; their religion being proscribed by the king, it is the easiest thing in the world to accuse them at any moment of 'treason and rebellion against the state.' From the village mayors up to the mandarin governors of the provinces, every man will have his share in the plunder. In a village which is half Christian and half pagan, the Christians pay a heavy ransom to have liberty of conscience. . . . This year we have had no martyrdom. I have heard of a doctor and his two brothers who were thrown into prison by the mandarin and who are still in captivity. I know this physician; he is a most fervent and excellent man, and has already been a Confessor for the Faith in the Minh-Menh persecution. Thanks to the interposition of a friendly mandarin at court, Bishop Retord has been able to return to his college; and Bishop Jeantet has also gone back to his seminary. So after the storm comes the calm, and God protects His own. Since January, I have not had a line from any of you and am getting rather anxious for tidings. May God and His Holy Mother preserve you, my dearest father, and sister, and brothers, from all evil, now and forevermore!"

A little later he writes:—

"I am dying out like a candle, and holding to life by a mere thread. I think the doctors have given me up but I can still rejoice in whatever God appoints. Perhaps this is the last note you will receive from me. Pray for me, that, though my poor body perishes from day to day, my soul may be saved through the merits of Him Who died for me. We shall meet one another in a brighter and better home. Adieu!"



On the 1st of December he wrote again to his sister, saying that he had recovered his strength; that his left side was much better; and that she must join with him in thanking and praising God for having so unexpectedly restored him to health. He continues: —

"We are in a period of comparative peace, so that our schools are re-opened. The bishop can officiate pontifically on festivals; and we may go, *in the day-time*, to walk in the college gardens — a favor of which you would understand the magnitude better if you had been confined, like us, for so long a time in one room, without daring either to sing or speak above a whisper. Lately the government has been put in a state of excitement by the appearance of an English man-of-war at Touranne, which is close to the capital of the kingdom in Cochin-China. I believe that the Governor General of Hong-Kong and the Plenipotentiaries of Queen Victoria came to propose a treaty of commerce to Tu-Duc, the Annamite king. However, this 'gracious sovereign' would not receive the despatches; so the English had to retire without doing anything. But the consequences have been rather disastrous for us, as they choose to fancy that we sent for the English. We have had no news from home for more than a year. I try to be patient but each courier who arrives and brings no letters is a fresh mortification. Pray for me, that I may strive to live above all these feelings and become a more worthy priest of Jesus Christ; so that in the difficult post which I now occupy, I may have the necessary grace and prudence. As for me I never cease to pray for you all. Remember your poor little Theophane!"

At this time the Crimean war and the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception occupied the minds of men of every class in Europe. Although sixteen months had elapsed since Theophane had received any letters from home, yet the news of these two great events reached our missionaries and rejoiced their sad hearts. Theophane wrote to express his joy to his sister, and adds: —

"Since my last letter the persecution has been renewed and one of our native priests, Huông, has been martyred. This did not prevent Bishop Retord from preaching his Lenten missions, and, thanks to Our Lady's protection, we have not had to take many more precautions than usual. As far as I am concerned, I had the pleasure of accompanying His Grace in one of his diocesan tours, where the work was arduous and incessant. He celebrated the Offices of Holy Week and Easter at Kê-Vinh before an immense congregation, and everything passed off well, and in comparative peace, if such a word can be used in connection with people in our position. You will perhaps wonder how, being continually on the 'qui vive,' and in hiding, with a price put upon our heads, we can think of keeping feasts and talk of peace. But it seems as if a special protection of God and the Blessed Virgin rested upon us, so that we may 'serve Him without fear.' Besides, when we do get a little liberty, we set it against the continual vexations and constraints to which we are generally subject. We are like rats coming out for a little bite, regardless of the cat, and hastening to regain our holes on the first alarm or sound of danger."

(To be continued)





Autumn Sighs



*In pensive mood I trod
My garden plot one day;
October's smile was weary so!
It's green was gloomy gray.
Where are the strains of summer gone?
Its sun the livelong day?
With sudden sadness I then thought
On how all human things decay.*

*Two months ago I'd seen
The thrilling joys of earth,
The roses blushing in their glee,
And swallows' mellow mirth.
Then something briny from my eye
Fell with the faded leaves;
I wept at beauty gone to shreds,
At naked boughs of wailing trees.*

*I understood how we,
As mortals here below,
Will flourish for a moment, then
To tryst with death must go.
But when on summer's fruits I mused,
On ripened harvests fair,
On all the wealth from Heaven's store,
On blossomed beauties precious rare,*

*I knew that for a cause,
A purpose grandly good,
The Lord had minted summer days;
And thus I understood
That we must lead a noble life
With inspiration filled,
To give the living, when we die,
The aims with which our spirit thrilled!*







*That I, a mortal man
With life divine in me,
Must purify that priceless soul
With God's sweet sanctity;
Must leave to men the heritage
Of virtue and of love,
And help to make a better world,
A bit like Heaven above.*

*The fight for sanctity,
For virtue's steep-set path,
And ways of love and gentleness
In place of vice and wrath —
Dear Lord, all these You will from me,
I know You give the grace, —
I trust You faithfully,
But tell me how my steps to trace.*

*The breeze was whistling loud,
In havoc with the trees;
And God, who gave the breeze its breath,
And God, who made the leaves,
Was telling of the Masterpiece
Arisen from His hand,
"To Mary, Mother Mine and yours,
Explain, she sure will understand!"*

*With Mary for my Love
My Model and my Queen,
Since that October day, she knows
How happy I have been!
I trust in her, and make her loved,
And thus my life's short day,
Will, as a fruitful manna, help
The souls that come, to keep the Way!*

THE PRECURSOR



“The More You Honour Me, the More Will I Favour You”



This consoling promise was made by the Child Jesus to His devoted Servant, the Venerable Sister Marguerite du Saint Sacrement, a Carmelite nun of Beaune, who died in the odour of sanctity in 1648.

Fallen from the lips of Him who is Truth itself and who is infinitely powerful, this word should well be able to win our hearts. Every one of us has need of heavenly favours; for no one can attain salvation without the grace of God, without help from above.

How can we honour the Divine Infant? By our devotion, by striving to imitate the virtues of which He has given us a perfect example when He dwelt on this earth; also, by our zeal to extend His cult.

By our devotion. Let us keep in our possession a statue or a picture of the adorable Infant, and not allow a single day to pass without regarding it, in order to arouse pious sentiments in our hearts. Let us find joy in offering before that image, with an ever-renewed fervour, our adorations, praises, thanksgivings and supplications to our little Sovereign.

Oh! how very sweet is the devotion to the Holy Child! It is replete with charm! Through it souls make giant strides in the *way of spiritual childhood*, the short and certain path that leads to the kingdom of Heaven.

By striving to imitate His virtues. Considering the Divine Child will incite us to meditate His virtues and thence to practise them; for we are naturally inclined to imitate one whom we hold in admiration; however, an energetic resolve to apply ourselves to the work of our perfection will be of immense help in its realization.

The Christ Child possesses all the virtues. While He was upon earth, notwithstanding the veil which hid His divinity from the mortal eye, it radiated on His whole exterior with a most lively glow. People marvelled at His exquisite purity, His fond simplicity, His unaltered mildness, His perfect obedience, His profound wisdom. A tradition has it that He was called “Amiability”, or again, “Suavity”. “Let us go to see ‘Suavity’,” would say the children who had the privilege of being His companions, captivated as they were by God, made a frail young child for love of them.

By our zeal to extend His cult. It is not impossible to all of us, to spread

devotion to the Holy Child in our neighbourhood, and for this end to distribute small statues, holy pictures and medals of our august little King.

This apostolate will rejoice the adorable Heart of Him who has said: "The more you honour Me, the more will I favour you," and whose almighty though tiny hands are only too glad to make that magnificent promise a reality.

Moreover, let us strive, by the means in our power, to make known this lovable cult beyond the precincts of our own everyday realm; let us make it penetrate into pagan lands, where millions of souls live in ignorance of so beautiful a devotion, of so consoling a promise.

But we need help for this divine task. Let us have recourse to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, the glorious Patroness of missionaries, the faithful lover of the Divine Infant, the incomparable promoter of the *way of spiritual childhood*. She will not fail us; and to reward our zeal, she will shower down upon us clusters of superb heavenly roses.



REPRODUCTION OF THE MIRACULOUS STATUE HAVING BELONGED TO VENERABLE SISTER MARGUERITE DU SAINT SACREMENT, AND AT PRESENT VENERATED IN THE BEAUNE CARMEL.

Child Jesus Burse

for the support of a missionary

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

Offerings received for the Child Jesus Burse

November-December 1941.....	\$ 1.00	March-April.....	\$ 39.04
Year 1942.....	460.65	May-June.....	247 90
January-February 1943.....	105.43	July-August.....	47.00

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

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

A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

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

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

I am fulfilling a promise to the Little Flower, St. Teresa, for a great favour received. Mrs. T. B., North Bay, Ont. — Lively gratitude towards Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus for favours received and request of new graces. Mrs. L. C., Ville Lasalle. — Gratitude for a great favour received through the intercession of Saint Teresa of Lisieux. I solicit another grace. Mrs. A. T., St. Paul de Montmagny. — I wish to express my gratitude towards the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for relief from sore eyes. Mrs. D. C., Holyoke, Mass. — Homage of gratitude for a favour received through the intercession of the "Little Flower of Carmel". Mrs. P. B., Varennes. — Many thanks to the dear Patroness of Missionaries who has helped us in our difficulty. Mr. and Mrs. S. B., Acton Vale. — Gratitude for a favour obtained. Mrs. L. L., Whitinsville, Mass. — Homage of gratitude to Saint Teresa for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. B. D., Montreal.

A Summit

Spiritual childhood is a summit whereon are revealed the innermost secrets of eternal wisdom. What approaches that summit is not the ignorance of the child; it is its candour, its uprightness, its humility. What causes distance between God and us, is our belief that we have something of ourselves; it is the voluntary error, intolerable in His sight, which consists in finding self-gratification in our poor merits; it is our forgetting that all we have comes from God, our forgetting to render to our Creator the homage of our mind and heart for all the things He has given us.

FATHER DOMINIQUE de l'ASSOMPTION, O.C.D.

*
* *

We can bear Our Lord in three ways: the first is to bear Him on our lips by our words; the second, in our heart by our affection; and the third, in our arms by good works.

SAINT FRANCIS of SALES.

The Aged Christian

The pagan world has seen the old man go by. He was going down a hill, staff in hand; his white head was unsteady in the evening wind. Observing him thus wending his way bent towards the earth, antiquity bowed to him, compassionately, respectfully. The old man was returning to the earth. And that reverence was a last farewell.

The Christian world has seen the new old man. He was going up with a tranquil step towards a summit, invisible perhaps, but very near. He was at the last stage of his long career. His bald head was held erect, as though seeking, or rather, already greeting the desired summit. He was coming very close. The clouds were under his feet. A light from above illumined his forehead... Heaven opened. From there, filled with smiles, animated voices called to him: "Come with us!" Meanwhile, from the earth, other voices were saying: "Au Revoir!"

No, the old man, for us Christians, is not a mortal for whom everything is over, he is an immortal for whom everything is just beginning.

MONSIGNOR BAUNARD.



MANCHUKUO

In the first days of July last, kind Providence afforded us the consolation of receiving word from our Missionary Sisters in Manchukuo, from whom we had not heard anything for more than a year.

The letters, dated February 10, 1943, had been sent us under separate cover by our five companions, at the time in the mission-post of Taonan: Sister Marie des Cinq Plaies⁽¹⁾, Sister Sainte Anne⁽²⁾, Sister Thérèse d'Avila⁽³⁾, Sister Marie Germaine⁽⁴⁾ and Sister Sainte Angèle de Foligno⁽⁵⁾.

Excerpts from this Oriental mail will undoubtedly be of interest to our benevolent readers; likewise they will reassure the parents on the lot of their dear children who are our fellow-missionaries.

Catholic Mission, Taonan, February 10, 1943.

"How great is our joy on finding ourselves in a position to send you news, it being so long that we have been prevented from doing so!

"If, as we are confident, our message reaches its destination, we shall hope to receive in return a few letters from Canada; they will be welcomed, you may well presume, with unspeakable happiness.

"Thanks be to God, all our Sisters of Manchukuo are in good health and continue their work at their respective posts, with the exception of those at Fakou. The dispensary of Fakou having been closed on October 27, 1941, our Sisters parted from the Mission in July, 1942. The latter is now under the guardianship of two native Sisters and two Christians.

"On May 13th last, we were grieved by the death of dear Sister Saint Denis⁽⁶⁾, who fell a victim of heart trouble, from which she had suffered for a number of years. She had been confined to bed since the evening of the 6th after a laborious day of domiciliary visits, and died on the 13th at 9.45 P.M. This was for us a very sore trial, but Our Lord and His Blessed Mother continue to console and protect us, as ever.

"Do not worry about us, we are not at all deprived of necessities. Often enough Providence spoils us by very delicate attentions when we least expect them, and this from the material viewpoint as well as the spiritual. It

1. Blanche DION, Montreal.

2. Marie Louise GOSSELIN, St. Sophie de Mégantic.

3. Thérèse SAUVE, St. Scholastique.

4. Germaine GRAVEL, St. Prosper, Champlain Co.

5. Angèle BENOIT, Three Rivers.

6. Anne Marie DUBE, St. Denis de Kamouraska.



IN THE CENTRE: SISTER SAINT DENIS (ANNE MARIE DUBE, SAINT DENIS DE KAMOURASKA, P. Q.) WHO DIED IN TAONAN, MAY 13, 1942, AFTER HAVING DEVOTED HERSELF FOR SEVERAL YEARS ON BEHALF OF THE PATIENTS AT THE DISPENSARY AND IN DOMICILIARY VISITS. SHE IS HERE ACCOMPANIED BY SISTER SAINTE ANNE (MARIE LOUISE GOSSELIN, SAINTE SOPHIE DE MEGANTIC, P. Q.).

was one of those sweet regards of Providence that procured us, this week, the consolation of a beautiful Retreat preached by a French-speaking Father of the neighbouring diocese. It was over a year that we had not heard any sermons in our mother tongue.

"Since December, 1941, we have a Chinese priest for Chaplain, because all the Canadian Missionaries are concentrated at the Bishop's Residence, Szepingkai. They are well treated, nevertheless, and may celebrate Mass daily; the Antonian Sisters prepare their meals. His Excellency Bishop Lapierre is at liberty in the Mission Compound; assisted by a Chinese priest, he assumed charge of the religious services at the Cathedral, as well as of the native Sisters and our Religious, who actually number eighteen.

"On August 30, 1942, Sister Sainte Jeanne de Chantal⁽¹⁾, Sister Marie Alice⁽²⁾, an Antonian Sister and seven Foreign Mission Fathers left for Canada; but we have since been informed that they are still in Japan. May our Heavenly Mother keep them safe! As for us, we have abandoned ourselves to Divine Providence, hoping the not-too-distant future will bring an end to the storm that convulses the world. Kindly help us with your prayers in order that we remain faithful and courageous until the much longed-for time of peace.

"We would be truly grateful if you would have the goodness to communicate this news to our dear families, assuring them that we always bear them whole-hearted affection."

1. Jeanne CARON, Montreal.

2. Marie Alice LADOUCEUR, St. Geneviève, Jacques Cartier Co.

SAVED FROM A CRUEL DEATH

"Sister, a young pagan woman of our neighbourhood is seriously ill, do come to see her."

Such was the invitation that a few Christians one day presented a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception at one of the mission-posts of Manchukuo.

Similar requests are ever welcome to a missionary who, for the love of God and of souls, has forsaken parents and country to exile herself to a foreign land. For the salvation of a soul, what would she not undertake?

Supplied with the most common remedies, the Sister-Nurse accompanied by another Sister directed her steps towards the dwelling indicated.



POOR LITTLE ONE THAT HAS JUST BEEN THROWN BESIDE THE WALL!

The invalid was alone at the time. She gratefully received the two strangers who, along with comforting words, came to bring her physical relief. She listened attentively to some explanations given her on the consoling truths of Faith and manifested her desire to see the Sisters again.

While seeming to leave, the latter sought to discover the babe of a few days that they had failed to see in the mother's room. But where was it? . . . Would it have been laid in some hidden corner, or had it been done away with already? . . .

After having scrupulously examined all the corners of the hut, the sad-hearted missionaries were about to set out on their return trip when suddenly one of them noticed a man in the back of the yard. Could her eyes deceive her? . . . He was holding up by its feet a frail little child that he was about to dash against the wall.

A cry of horror and indignation escaped the lips of the Missionary Sister. "Stop, stop, give me that child," she cried out.

The man, who thought himself seen by no one, let drop his murderous arm and a sharp discussion arose between him and the inopportune visitor.

"Give me that baby," repeated the Sister in a suppliant tone, "I shall take care of it."

"But it is my child," replied the father with a heart of stone. "What is it to you if I kill it? It has caused the mother's illness. She will probably die... the child must be punished!"

And, once again, the arm was drawn to accomplish the criminal act. At the same moment, her strength and energy rendered dauntless by her love and zeal for souls, the Missionary thrust forward bravely and snatched the innocent victim from the murderer's hold. The man, dumbfounded at such audacity, let the intrepid ravisher speed away with her conquest.

How the dear apostle's heart must have thrilled with joy and emotion when, towards nightfall, she poured the holy waters of Baptism on the brow of the infant she had saved from such an inhuman death! A few days later, the little one was brought to the Pamientcheng Orphanage where she is being reared together with the other happy protégés of the Holy Childhood.

The valiant-hearted missionary to whom the child owes its life, Sister Saint Denis⁽¹⁾, went to receive her heavenly reward in May, 1942. May she keep watch from on high on her fellow-Sisters in the apostolate, who are sorely tried at this moment, and may she obtain them the grace to continue unhindered the works they have undertaken for the glory of our Father in Heaven!

FOUR ORPHANS



MANCHU CHILDREN SUFFER FROM THE COLD, SINCE THEY ARE TOO POOR TO BUY CLOTHING.

They were a Manchu lad with his three sisters. Their mother had just left for the Great Beyond and misery led them to the Catholic Mission. It was in the winter season, one of Manchukuo's hard winters.

The father, who laboured strenuously from morn till night to earn a living for himself and his loved ones, had followed the advice given him by a good Catholic neighbour to take his children to the missionaries; he himself would never have thought of this, for he was a pagan.

It was decided that the lad would be placed in the men's catechumenate and the girls in the Orphanage. The scene of the separation was heart-rending. Notwithstanding the misery which was their lot, the dear orphans loved one another tenderly, and if their hearth was without fire, their innocent hearts were warmed up by the flames of fraternal affection. The sacrifice was finally made with generosity and each one received, with touching grati-

1. Sister SAINT DENIS (Anne Marie Dubé, St. Denis de Kamouraska).

tude, the bowl of rice destined to appease any appetite for a long time unsatisfied.

The stomachs once seen to, the children were washed, and warm clothes replaced the ragged dresses and worn-out stockings which had far from protected them from the biting frost.

The youngest was barely three. When Sister tried to remove her stockings, her surprise was great, for she was unable to succeed at the task. The wool stuck obstinately to the little one's limbs, which were full of open sores. The child did not cry with pain but her round eyes now and then dropped a silent tear. Poor child! A true martyr of the cold! Her feet had been frozen and no one had been able to give her the necessary care. Already gangrene had set in, surely the leg would soon have to be amputated.

To remove the stockings from the putrefied flesh, it was necessary that the child soak her legs for a long while. When the horrible wounds had been disinfected, bandaged, and hot compresses applied, a sigh of relief escaped the young victim's lips and a thankful smile lighted up her suffering countenance.

The two elder sisters likewise sang their gratitude at having found mothers so sympathetic and devoted. Each day from then on, their brother paid them a visit. Together they would talk long on the delicate attentions the missionaries showed them. Life at the Mission was very pleasant and the little folks did not have the slightest worry as to what they would eat or drink.

A day came, however, when the father, always poor, but still loving, ceded to his paternal longings and wished to have his children once more with him. Filial affection had a struggle that day with the care of one's well-being, and filial affection won the cause . . . the children set out for their miserable little dwelling. But on leaving the place of refuge that had hospitalized them so charitably, they took with them the remembrance of kindness lavished upon them, and moreover, the desire to know more some future day about this good God of whom the missionaries had spoken so often, and who has planted such great charity in the hearts of Christians.

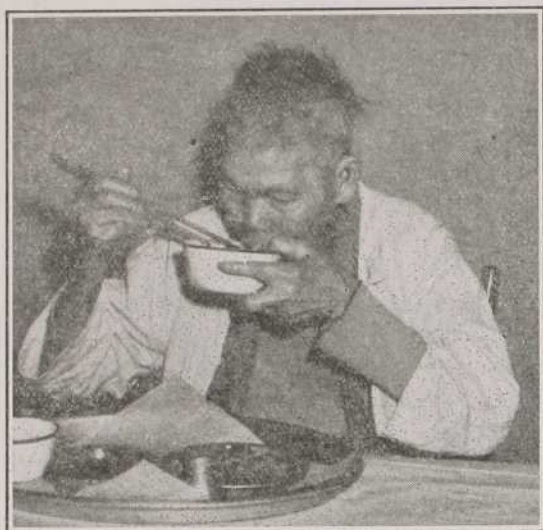
* * *

VANCOUVER

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

Monday, March 8

A fortnight ago, while visiting a Protestant hospital, our Sisters noticed a Chinese lad of some ten years. He gave his name as Tommy Wong. As he was suffering much and his condition alarmed them, they gave him then and there a short Catechism lesson, after which they tendered him a miraculous medal, recommending him to wear it faithfully and to say the invocation, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."



LEE GOO, WHO PASSED AWAY AT THE AGE OF 85, ON THE EVENING
OF THE CHINESE NEW YEAR DAY, AT THE
VANCOUVER HOSPITAL.

What was not our surprise to-day to hear little Tommy tell us with a broad smile that he was cured and would soon go back home!

"The Blessed Virgin cured me," he said. "I have always worn her medal on me; when it hurt too much, I would press the medal to my heart and say, 'O Mary, conceived without sin...' and right off I would feel better."

Thanks to our Immaculate Mother for this new favour, which will be all to the greater glory of her Divine Son!

Friday, March 12

Two other moribunds were made children of God this evening. With great joy, we presented these two souls as a feast-day bouquet to Saint Francis Xavier, on this last day of the novena in his honour.

Friday, March 19

The feast of our dear Father Saint Joseph, coinciding as it does with the opening of the Forty Hours, afforded us the double privilege of manifesting our veneration for the glorious patriarch of Nazareth and of offering our adoring homage to the Divine King exposed on the altar.

Wishing to have our dear aged folks share in the holy joys of the solemnity, we led those who could walk to the chapel. Their eyes fixed on the altar with a bewildered and admiring look in them, those grown-up children did not tire looking, while their hands joined in a gesture of prayer.

Dear old Joseph Francis, who has not yet left for Heaven, trying to tell his companions the impressions of his visit, said naively: "I went to Heaven and... I came back; it is beautiful, so beautiful. There are flowers and lights everywhere!"

Saturday, March 20

Poor old Peter, now completely paralyzed, must spend his days and nights in an invariable position, which makes him suffer greatly.

"Sister," said he with sadness to the Infirmarian, "can you do nothing to cure me, then?"

"Peter, offer your sufferings to God and think of what Our Lord suffered when He lay stretched on the Cross. Nobody relieved His pain and He accepted all out of love for us."

"That is true," answered the patient, smiling; "Sister, every night I offer my sorrows and sufferings."

Sunday, March 21

His Excellency Archbishop Duke, accompanied by two priests and our Chaplain, honoured us by coming for the closing of the Forty Hours Devotion.

Despite the smallness of our chapel, we made the procession of the Blessed Sacrament; it was, doubtless, the shortest and humblest our revered Archbishop had ever followed.

After Benediction, His Excellency addressed us a few words in French, then, on coming out of chapel, the Sisters, in turn, kissed his ring.

"God's visit is never without bringing great graces," said His Excellency. May we not add that that of His delegate, the Pastor of His flock, possesses likewise that privilege? Shall we not keep of it an impression of the benignity and peace which does good to the soul and raises it towards God?

Monday, March 22

Saint Joseph continues to shower graces of conversion on our hospital. This evening, two moribunds received, with lively sentiments of faith and piety, the Sacraments of Baptism and Extreme Unction. Those happy predestined souls will not delay going to Heaven to acclaim their celestial Protector.

Sunday, March 28

There are souls of good will, on which grace has only to fall in order to bring forth immediate fruits of salvation. Yip Jack is certainly of that number. He arrived only these last days, exhausted and dying. Sister Saint Delphis⁽¹⁾, who received him, hastened to speak to him about God and Heaven.

During the afternoon, after having tried in vain to make himself understood by the Sister-Nurse, the sick man, in a supreme effort, grasped Sister's crucifix and said with animation: "That is what I want." He wanted a crucifix. Hardly had one been placed in his hands when he kissed it lovingly. That evening, having received Baptism and Extreme Unction, Yip Jack was dying in the joy and peace of the Lord.

Monday, March 29

Our tubercular Japanese, already transferred to Hastings Park, must to-day board the train for a further destination, but six of the most sickly were brought back to us for an unlimited length of time. Mr. Mori was one of them.

We have already spoken of that prodigal child towards whom the Divine Shepherd has multiplied graces and attentions. Seven or eight years ago, he was christened following severe pulmonary hemorrhages that put his days in danger. With much care lavished on him, he recovered enough health

1. Clara BERGERON, Sturgeon Falls, Ont.



A FEW PATIENTS AT SAINT JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER:
CHINESE, INDIANS AND A NEGRESS.

SISTER SAINT MARC (ALIDA TALBOT, CACOUNA, P. Q.), SISTER MARIE GABRIEL (EVANGELINE GIGUERE, QUEBEC), SISTER SAINT DELPHIS (CLARA BERGERON, STURGEON FALLS, ONTARIO), AND SISTER MARGUERITE DE JESUS (EMILIA MARTIN, SAINT FRANCOIS D'ASSISE, BONAVENTURE Co., P. Q.), SISTER-NURSES AT THE HOSPITAL.

and vigour to be dismissed. Once away from the hospital, in continual contact with pagan parents and friends, he soon forgot his Baptismal and Religious duties, but the dreaded tuberculosis having preyed upon him once more, his return to our Home set him again in the right path.

It was with sorrow that we had seen him go, in October last, and now we were fearing his departure for another post; but God, who wants at any cost to save this soul, is confiding it to us once more, the doctors having decided not to make the trip with a dying man aboard.

Poor Mr. Mori! Only a few days separate him from the great journey to eternity. Dear Sister Saint Marc⁽¹⁾ made supreme exhortations in Japanese. He consented to receive the Sacraments of Penance and Extreme Unction; and divine pardon, descending on his soul, prepared it for the joyous meeting with its Creator and Saviour.

Wednesday, March 31

Our kind and powerful Protector, Saint Joseph, has granted us another favour; if it is the last in his blessed month, it certainly is not the least. A Protestant Refuge for aged Chinese having recently been closed, the latter were sent to us and, moreover, the lady who had charge of the Home generously offered us the beds, mattresses, tables and various lingerie intended for the patients.

1. ALIDA TALBOT, Cacouna, Que.

We have only one regret: lacking accommodation space, we are unable to accept all those unfortunates. Three were sent to our little Home, Mount Saint Joseph, which is by the fact filled to capacity; we shall keep a few here; as for the others, they are, unhappily, without a haven. May our Mighty Protector grant that we may soon enlarge our walls, to be able to take in God's disinherited ones!

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Here and There

MONTREAL

IMPOSING CEREMONY

June 27th and 28th will go down as memorable days in the chronicles of our Mother House.

On Corpus Christi Sunday, our modest chapel witnessed one of the most beautiful and touching ceremonies of Catholic liturgy: the conferring of the priesthood on four deacons, Members of the Foreign Mission Society, Pont Viau: the Reverend Fathers Emile Morin, Germain Lemire, Henri Landry and Florian Roch.

What if it has thousands of times been renewed since twenty centuries, this spectacle of young levites receiving from a Bishop's hand the holy unction that gives them the power to perpetuate the divine mysteries of the Last Supper and Calvary, takes on a character of inexpressible grandeur. We would believe Christ, the one High Priest, to be there present to breathe upon His ambassadors the Spirit of Light and Life who invests them with His own power.

The happy parents and friends of the elect and likewise the Community had been present a few minutes in the nave, when, to the strains of the organ, the procession advanced towards the sanctuary. The consecrator, His Excellency Most Reverend A. Turquetil, Vicar Apostolic of Hudson Bay, was accompanied by Monsignor Edgar Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society, who filled the function of archdeacon, by the four deacons to be ordained, and by members of the clergy who took seats in the sanctuary. Were present: Reverend Fathers Clovis Rondeau, P.M.E.; H. Ferland, Pastor of St. Elizabeth Parish; Paul Lachapelle, Chaplain of the Mother House; R. Roch, Military Chaplain; Henri Deschênes and R. Valois, of Amos College; F. Gaudry and Jacques Desparts, P. M. E.; Gaston Pageau, Denis Cossette, Henri Fournelle and Marcel Vallières, M. E.

The ceremony of ordination commenced, unfolding before our eyes the touchingly symbolical rites which Mother Church has been rehearsing since the first days of her founding.

After the Gospel, His Excellency Most Reverend A. Turquetil, addressing



Souvenir d'ordination de
MM. les Abbés E. Morin, G. Lemire,
H. Landry et F. Roch, P.M.E.
en la chapelle de la Maison Mère des
SS. Missionnaires de l'Immaculée Conception
le 27 juin 1945

the congregation, outpoured the joy and gratitude filling his apostolic soul, and invited us to raise our hearts with the new priests to sing the joy and thanksgiving which abounded on that day. "I am here," said he, "in the chapel of a Missionary Community; the four young levites, who are already priests, are also missionaries. God has asked them to cross the seas to convert souls, far from their country, far from all natural satisfactions, in the midst of peoples oftentimes hostile. They have not refused; they are ready to go to the confines of the world. Let us pray that their life may be a true immolation and that their Ordination Day remain always, in their eyes and in the sight of God, as a reward and not as a reprobation. If our hearts beat in unison with theirs, the Lord will shower His graces with profusion upon them and upon us. Yes, let us give thanks, let us be grateful!"

From then on, the new priests celebrated with His Excellency. Their voices united with his own so vibrant with ardour and emotion; one would think that the prelate wished to enkindle in their souls the fire animating his. Together, they offered the bread and wine, recited the Preface, etc.; it was truly their First Mass. What an indescribable moment it was when, in the imposing quiet of the Holy Place, rang out the five words of the transubstantiation: *Hoc est enim Corpus Meum!* Christ was there on the altar to give Himself, as at the Last Supper, in the breaking of Bread. For that reason, a few moments later, the suave canticle of friendship was repeated: "I will not now call you servants, but I have called you friends" (JOHN, XV, 15) . . . because I have made known to you what things I have done.

The newly-ordained were then invested with the power to forgive sins, after which His Excellency, with the most touching and paternal kindness, gave them the kiss of peace.

After a last exhortation by the Pontiff, the hymn of thanksgiving, *Te Deum Laudamus*, was intoned.

The liturgical ceremony was over! Four new priests will remain^{so} for all eternity. Like other Christs, they will offer the Sacrifice in reparation for sin; they will offer themselves body and soul for the salvation of their brethren. Missionary priests, they will cross the ocean to bear the fruits of the Redemption to nations yet plunged in the darkness of paganism. Hardships will at times be many, but He who has made of them His heralds in lands where He is not known, will be their strength and consolation, until the hour of eternal retribution.

It was in favour of their cherished families that the young^{pr} priests used their ineffable power in calling down upon them their first thrilling^b benediction.

Meanwhile, His Excellency had the kindness of coming to the Community to see the Sisters; he addressed them a few words imbued with fatherly benevolence and apostolic ardour.

"The best manner of preparing for the missions, of helping the missionaries," said His Excellency, "is to do God's holy will; it is to accept all the little sacrifices we meet with, and not to seek extraordinary things. God knows how many occasions for self-denial compose your day. You have

your Rule, be faithful to it in the slightest details. The great things we invent by ourselves are not worth much. But it is especially by the practice of charity that we are missionaries."

After having granted us his blessing and a holiday, His Excellency suggested that we form the habit of "always saying a prayer to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus before recreation, asking her to convert the pagans of the whole world," and then to enjoy ourselves to our heart's content, assured that God is pleased with us.

In their turn, the four young priests came to give us a fervent collective blessing. They evoked with feeling the remembrance of our venerable Mother Foundress, who is also their Mother, beholding from her throne in Heaven the morning's feast and rejoicing that these, her sons, have become priests of the Lord. "It is she," declared one, "who has cleared up all the difficulties set against our vocation, and who has guided us to the happiness of this day."

Oh! yes, what joy must be that mission-minded Mother's, on seeing the work she has prepared in humiliation and suffering, take extension and give to the Church true-hearted missionaries who are going to spread the Faith and gather with their anointed hands thousands of souls for Christ!

Monday, the 28th, was a prolongation of Sunday's feast; for the first time, the new priests went "unto the altar of God".

Reverend Father Morin, brother of one of our Sisters, had chosen our chapel for his first *Introibo* . . . His pious parents were in the front pew, as also his two sisters, both Religious; while his brother, a layman, assisted him at the altar. A group of friends were present, also wishing to experience the sweet emotions of the pure solemnity.

In the sanctuary were: the Reverend Fathers Clovis Rondeau, P.M.E.; R. Marcotte, Curate at St. Arsene, Montreal; O. Villeneuve, of Mont Laurier Seminary. The latter, after the reading of the Gospel, extolled the grandeur and beauty of the priesthood and the Mass in a substantial allocution. He ended by speaking of the mission which the young priest of the morning will be called upon to fulfill in the West Indies, and, foreseeing the sorrows and trials awaiting him there, he added: "Souls are not purchased at a vile price, but at a great cost. In the midst of his hardships it will be a consolation for him to know that we remember him in our prayers. We shall therefore join him in asking God to keep this new priest through life His irreproachable Minister. May we never hear it said that he is unfaithful, for by the mediocre priest moral ruin commences, and what a terrible responsibility that is!

"You also, dear parents, unite your prayers to ours, for, after having given your son to God, your happiness will be in seeing him garner a plentiful harvest. Your prayers, requesting for him the strength he needs, will help him to fill his sublime priestly role and, if necessary, to be loyal even to martyrdom. That is, perhaps, the fate in store for the faithful representatives of Christ, but it will be at the same time the most precious grace that could be granted them.

"Let us, then, ask God to keep our priest. Such will be our spiritual bouquet for him on this blessed day."

At Communion, the young priest placed upon the lips of those who gave him existence the Author of life, the King of Heaven and earth. The scene was unutterably touching.

Hymns appropriate to the occasion were sung during the Holy Sacrifice. The last, a prayer and a consecration, was an offering to Mary: "My Queen, My Mother!"

His thanksgiving over, Reverend Father Morin came to share with the Community the sentiments of joy welling up in his soul. "You understand how I feel," said he, "you who are missionaries and who have made the entire sacrifice of your lives. There is a striking likeness between the gift of self made by the priest and your own self-donation. You have heard Jesus telling you on your Vow Day: 'You have given yourself entirely to Me; I am giving Myself entirely to you!'"

"Pray for me every day, I am a poor instrument for the great mission which shall be mine: the conversion of souls in Cuban territories. I have chosen as motto, 'Love and suffer to save souls!' Ask, through the intercession of Mary, that I may be always faithful to my ideal."

After recalling a few intimate details concerning his vocation and the Blessed Virgin's kindness in his regard, the young apostle parted, leaving each a memorial picture of his ordination and departure for the West Indies.

OUTREMONT

AT THE SAINT BERNADETTE WORK-ROOM

314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont,

the first Monday in October

THE SAINT BERNADETTE SEWING CIRCLE

will resume its activities.

Ladies and Girls who are free and desire to help the missionaries
are invited to join the workers previously inscribed.

To all we extend the heartiest welcome!

Arrival at 2.00 P.M.—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 5.00 P.M.

GRADUATES ARE CHATTING

It is four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. I am in the lovely vast garden belonging to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, of the Closed Retreat House.

On all sides, flowers scatter their delicate fragrance while the sun reflects itself in the brook that comes babbling down the mountain.

I have just finished my pious pilgrimage. First of all, I bowed to the Mistress of the surroundings, Our Lady of Lourdes in her rustic grotto; she

welcomed me with a gracious smile and the flowerets encircling her seemed like so many graces lavished upon me by that tender-hearted Mother.

Then, Saint Anthony in his hermit cell attracted my attention. I implored him to help us recover the world peace we all call for so earnestly. As I walked on, the ancient trees shading the pathway were talking among themselves in a melodious murmur, which only the trees of cloisters know. I was alone; for a long time I listened to them, it was very pleasant! . . . Finally, with a slow step, I turned back for my third station. This time it was before Saint Joseph. In this last halt all the needs of Holy Mother Church were enumerated! . . .

When finishing my prayer in the small shrine, I am suddenly aware of the presence of three young girls about the age of sixteen or eighteen, not very far from me. They sit down on the benches of the little bridge; the gentle smiles meant for me are an assurance. It will not be indiscretion on my part to prolong my stay in this pleasant oasis.

I sit down to read, but my attention is soon diverted by those companions whose animated conversation is invincibly captivating.

I observe the three of them; they are some twenty steps away. Soon I know even their names. The first, Gertrude, tall, dignified, with jet-black eyes, deep and serious as can be, reminds me of my Carmelite aunt. The second, Teresa, not quite so tall, with cheeks as red as the roses around her, has curly hair and the bright and sparkling eyes characteristic of very ardent natures. Lastly, the third, Mary, of the same height as Gertrude and as delicate, is blonde like the ripe wheat and bears in her blue eyes the expression of a will full of promise for the future.

Under the climbing vine of the pretty little bridge where they are framed, as it were, they make one think of three dainty flowers . . .

"What sweet remembrances I have kept of this spot," says Teresa. "It was here that during my Retreat, last May, I would sit down after each conference to pass the sermon in review. The brook was then rushing down with such impetuosity that it was bearing down everything that happened to be in its way, and that made me reflect . . ."

"And on what were you reflecting?" the blonde girl breaks in with animation; "is it here that you learned to reflect?"

"Well . . . well . . . what if you make me bashful, Mary? . . . Do you want to know the truth? I was thinking just this: If I want to do something in life, I need energy, strength of will; with that, I shall be able to follow straight in my path and, even, urge many along with me . . . But, also, I was telling myself that there was no time to lose in getting down to that, for, does not life flow by as swiftly as a brook?"

"Great!" exclaims one of the two friends; "if the little brook always speaks as eloquently and strikes as correctly, it will send us valiant chiefs for our Movements . . . for it is only since your Retreat, I have been told, that there has been a hundred per cent transformation and that you have become . . . a leader."

"Well, yes! Despite many an advice and reproof from our Chaplain and my teachers, I would never understand. I had been named directress of a

section of the J. E. C. (Catholic Student Youth) at the beginning of the year. Time and again they told me I had the capacity requisite for filling that office. I would listen to no one, and, when I led, it was to silly blunders; do you remember, Mary?" she asks, looking frankly at her friend.

"Alas! yes, I remember it only too well . . . especially your last prank, a few days before my influenza in April."

"The Retreat has done me good!" continues Teresa. "I needed that to open my eyes . . . Now, you see, my Eleventh Year is finished; my parents cannot send me back to school next year, but my future is decided upon. I shall remain in the world, then . . ."

"Then, you are going to marry in the fall?" Gertrude teases.

"How silly! Remember I am only sixteen, but from now until I have my own home, I shall not waste my time as I used to. There is much good to be done around me. I will be a conqueror and, like my little brook, draw in the right way all those whom I meet. And then, the Retreat-Master warned us of a host of dangers to which we had never given a thought; for instance, those met with in offices, on outings, even with a good companion, the suggestive clothes we wear without consideration of others, etc., etc. . . . Mother would put me on my guard against all that, but I never thought it dangerous, because she was only taking me for a child."

"And it is the very opposite," breaks in Gertrude, "it is dangerous precisely because we are no longer children. What imprudences I have unknowingly committed these last summers! What perils has Our Blessed Mother sheltered me from, I prayed to her so! . . ."

"What beautiful Retreats those must have been," sighs Mary. "How lucky you were!"

"You could have followed our example . . . why did no one from your school go on a Closed Retreat?" asks Teresa.

"Because money is needed, bed and board must be paid. This stately site, your attractive room, the food, the stipends for the Retreat-Master . . . the perfume of the roses around you will not pay for them, nor the plums of those plum-trees; and you know how poor the parish is. However, when we expressed our desire, Teacher did her best, for Retreats were often the topic of conversation in the Tenth Year. She even phoned several of our parents who did not understand the use of a Closed Retreat; but, in the end, we had to admit that we had started planning too late! . . ."

"Too late, yes, you have the reason; for, when teachers think of it at the opening of the year, as ours did, a Retreat can be easily organized."

"Easily?"

"Why, yes, listen. The programme for the year was traced out in September. There were to be such and such feasts and expenses, the Closed Retreat headed the list. In view of these expenses, an account was opened to our name; then, as soon as we had some money, say twenty-five cents, we would hand it in. Do you know that by November my Retreat was all paid for? That was luck for me, because, real imp as I was, I would have drawn back when the time came to leave for the three-day recollection. Oh! when I think what I would have lost! . . ."

"And how is it you were able to come in October, Gertrude?"

"Our teacher did like Teresa's. Only, you must understand that by October we had not collected all the money required. There were some parents who furnished the balance for several, but it seems that a good number of pupils had not succeeded in obtaining the desired amount."

"Then?"

"Then, Sister Directress thought of organizing a lottery for Teacher's patronal feast, October 3rd. She thought that sweetmeats and candies would be a success. Tables were installed in the recreation-hall and all the pupils of the Academy had permission to come and buy. Since we are two hundred and fifty pupils, in three hours, without having made much publicity or canvassing, we had \$26.01, and our counters were empty..."

"That was a good idea. Who had provided the dainties?"

"Well-to-do mothers. We would bring whatever we chose; biscuits, cakes, candies, fruits, etc. Apples dipped in boiling sugar were an unparalleled success. Our Directress, who is greatly in favour of Closed Retreats, gave several articles for the lottery, and this was a great help; if you knew what a pleasant afternoon we spent!... I hear that in certain schools the Alumnae Association assumes the charge of filling deficits."

"That is a happy innovation. Our Holy Father approves Closed Retreats so highly. But why did you all make your Retreat so soon? I believe it was around October 20th?"

"Exactly. From October 20th to the 23rd. The first reason, or at least the one given us, was that we had in our class several of Teresa's sort, for whom Teacher wished that this year be one worthwhile; the Retreat made her wish come true."

"And the second?"

"The second was not clearly explained; but we were asking ourselves if it were not with a mind to help us decide our vocation. Our good teacher who had been watching over us for a year — she is teaching the Tenth and Eleventh Years — doubtlessly realized that several religious vocations were budding in her class and that we did not seem in the least aware of the fact. As regards me, it was a revelation, and the Retreat in the fall months was a real benefit; for I had a whole school-year during which to ponder upon my decision, and to be encouraged when necessary by my teachers. With that, you see, I am entering the Novitiate in August."

"You mean it? And where?" ask the two friends.

"At the Holy Cross Sisters, where I studied. I certainly would not be entering so soon had I made my Retreat in June, for the Retreat-Master was bent upon my ripening the decision during several months, and if I had taken it only at the school-closing, I would be..."

"You would be like Margaret C. in our class," interrupts Teresa. "She is eighteen. After having followed the May Retreat, she clearly settled her vocation. She means to enter with the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. But the Retreat-Master advised her not to enter until a few

months later, in order to strengthen her in her vocation; so she had to look for a position in an office . . ."

"She has found something great," adds Mary with energy, "and a salary! . . . handsome gentlemen . . . in short, one could ask nothing better. I saw her yesterday; I fear lest her ideas of the Religious life go on wings . . . she already has a friend . . ."

"But she is serious," says Gertrude.

"Yes, very serious, I am sure she will remain good. Her Retreat will safeguard her. But what of her vocation? . . . Life is so wonderful when we are young, when we have plenty of money, friends and . . . Margaret is good-looking at that!"

"It would be too bad," says Gertrude. "Listen, Teresa, why not try to help her out? Maybe you would turn out to be her guardian?"

"I was thinking of it. But how difficult it must be to preserve another's vocation! . . ."

"God has been so good to me," continues Gertrude; "think of my happiness! I am entering in a few weeks. Oh, this has been a fruitful Retreat! I enjoyed it immensely! . . . Shall I tell you something? Every evening in the twilight I would go to the lonely chapel. Kneeling at the altar-rail so as to be very near the Tabernacle, I would close my eyes and bury my face in my hands; there I would see only the Divine Captive. I would see Him so well that I thought Him beside me. I was there at His feet like Magdalen, and we looked at each other. He spoke gently, sweetly, so divinely that I could hear nothing else and time flew . . . Then, I would be surprised out of my reveries by Sister Directress coming to tell me in her own loving way that the bell had rung for an exercise . . . long ago!"

"How I should have liked to be present at your little ecstasies," sighs Mary. "I am going to make my Eleventh Year next term; whatever the cost, we will attend a Closed Retreat! We shall tell Teacher about it the very first days of September; a teacher as wonderful as she will assuredly find a means . . ."

The young girls are silent. Through the open window of the chapel, there floats a melody of Aves, then some gentle hymns ascend like incense towards Heaven. The three friends leave their verdant nook and direct their steps towards the Holy Dwelling, while I, absorbed in my own thoughts, remain alone . . .

So far I had not understood the why of Closed Retreats for young people. I saw in them nothing but a waste of time or a pious distraction, quite useless in their last school-year, each hour of which is so precious to prospective graduates. But my notions are not the same now! . . . And I am happy to have come on this pilgrimage; after all, I had intended only to visit anew loved spots of my childhood.

How many mothers, how many lay teachers perhaps, would need this little chat to break down similar prejudices! Now in view of doing a bit of good, please allow my old pen to leave you its scribblings.

A HUMBLE OUTREMONT PILGRIM.

GRANBY

At 35 Dufferin Street, Granby, in Holy Family Parish, is a building of very sober appearance, in truth attractive beyond words to souls eager for rest and quietude. It is known as the Mary Mediatrix Retreat House. This oasis has, in the course of the past twelve years, opened its doors to thousands of women and girls who have come, influenced by a heavenly inspiration or by the good example of some friend or fellow-worker, to renew their spiritual strength. And what ineffable happiness have not these souls found in their intimate communings with the One who had sent them the divine invitation: "I will lead her into the wilderness: and I will speak to her heart"! (Osee, II, 14) Their faithful response to the Good Master's appeal has won them invaluable graces, for a friend like Jesus cannot possibly let Himself be outdone in generosity. During these days of prayer and meditation, these souls have learnt to know God, to love Him; also, they have acquired that precious "knowledge of self", of their faults, of their frailties; under the inspiration of the Divine Spirit, they have taken serious resolutions to avoid all that the world presents contradictory to the evangelical moral.

One of these souls, experiencing for the first time the suave emotion of a Closed Retreat, left us her impressions: "A Retreat is beautiful, great and good... It is a halt in the turbulent life of to-day that permits the questioning mind to find comforting peace, enlightenment and a sure guide to continue one's way. A Closed Retreat, that means three days spent with the Divine Friend who helps and consoles us, because He loves us and would make us happy." Then she added: "I wish I had made my first Closed Retreat long ago. What joy, what graces and consolations I have lost unawares, and what useful advice I would have received had I answered sooner to the invitation of grace!" How many similar regrets have not been formulated!

Great is the number of women and girls who have come to "renew the inner person" at the Mary Mediatrix Retreat House, but we dare say that the number of those who could have come, or could still come, is just as considerable. An endless file of pretexts will confront the companion or the organizer who invites to the Closed Retreat: "I dread those exercises... silence and quiet are not for me... I lead a good Christian life, why make a Retreat?... There is no possibility of obtaining a leave at the factory... That means expenses that I cannot allow myself... I am afraid of being cold or unable to sleep... etc., etc." Objections inspired perhaps by the Evil Spirit who knows the immense good wrought by a Closed Retreat. "You dread those pious exercises?" said a Retreat-Master one day; "that is evident proof that you need them."

Answer Jesus' call with generosity, and you will merit your share of the happiness and peace He gives to souls of good will.

The Mary Mediatrix Retreat House, operated by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, has several Retreats on the programme for the fall months. Ladies and girls desirous of following them are asked to address themselves directly to the Superior of the House.

On the second Sunday of each month is also held a recollection for former Retreatants. Those from the city are numerous and always come with pleasure. This forenoon of prayer puts them in a position to live over the sweet hours of their Retreat. The same Jesus is awaiting them in the modest, all-white chapel. The Virgin with the heavenly smile, who received their filial consecration, seems to become even more motherly as she welcomes them. After Holy Mass, ordinarily celebrated at eight o'clock and heard by all with the greatest piety, the celebrant makes a quarter of an hour's thanksgiving with the little flock; then a light refection is taken in common, while a choice spiritual lection serves as food for the mind. Recreation is then given . . . tongues are unloosed to express the joy of the reunion. Pleasant reminiscences are awakened, dates of coming Retreats are asked; many promise to constitute themselves apostles of the Work. Then the bell, interrupting the amicable conversations, calls the "Retreatants" to the chapel; there the beads are said, followed by a substantial conference in which all find matter for meditation and practical amendment.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brings an end to these hours of recollection. Filled with new courage drawn from the Master's Heart, and which will aid them to affront the manifold perils of the world, these former Retreatants, under the vigilance of the Immaculate Virgin, return to their homes, after having made another appointment for the following month.

When one beholds them leaving thus, joyous despite many probable inward trials and sufferings, one can feel the truth of these words: "Taste and see how the Lord is sweet to those who willingly carry His yoke and His burden."



VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp.....\$ 25.00

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



Perpetual Vigil Light for the First Saturday of the Month

Assure yourself a perpetual vigil light, by contributing the sum of twenty-four dollars; the same, placed at 5%, will furnish annually the price for twelve vigil lights (one vigil light costing ten cents) which will burn before the statue of the Blessed Virgin, in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Saturday, May 1

The beautiful month of May came all powdered white. When thinking of its return we regretted to see the earth still stripped of the flowers and the verdure that the late spring holds paralyzed. It is probably to offer us a compensation that Heaven sent us this night a beautiful coating of snow. Be that as it may, this unexpected white adorning speaks in its own language of the Immaculate Virgin, whom we propose to honour our best during this her lovely month. If the season is reluctant to display its attire, it must not be so with our hearts in the manifestation of our love towards Mary.

We know her choicest flowers are called virtues. These we can make bloom in abundance, and at will, in the garden of our soul. Forward then, young beloved of the Immaculate, let us see who can make better flourish the garden of our soul for the exaltation of our Queen and the greater glory of Jesus!

Sunday, May 9

This evening at the invitation of our Sister Musicians we took our places in the reception-hall, to assist at a musical review which proved very interesting.

After a short prayer to Saint Cecilia in the Gregorian fashion, we see the geometrical figures of two, three and four time bars displayed: straights, verticals, triangles, lozenges, that the equal hand movements trace, under the rhythmical influence of joyous songs. A lovely round in four parts brought an end to the scale singing which certainly will not be out of place in our "missionary bag".

We thanked our companions for having communicated us a few sparks from this noble art praised by the Prophet King. May it serve some future day to draw the pagan souls to God!

Sunday, May 23

Vespers had just come to an end when the presence of honourable visitors was announced. In fact, a few minutes later, we greeted within our walls His Excellency Most Reverend J. L. Collignon, O.M.I., Bishop in Haiti, accompanied by two Religious of the same Congregation.

The benevolent smile and the paternal accents with which our distin-

guished visitor spoke quickly won our confidence; and, overcoming the distance, in an instant there we were exploring the island of Haiti.

This new field of action which will soon open to the missionary activities of our Institute, is divided into five dioceses, one of which is an archdiocese. The Cayes diocese, Bishop Collignon's territory, counts about 630,000 souls and has at its disposition only thirty priests, each having an average of 20,000 baptized Christians. It suffices to state the vast work which imposes itself and the impossibility for the Catholics to benefit by the sacraments as often as they should, or for the children to receive the Christian education they claim. Everywhere these souls are ready to receive the light of Faith, they only wait for one thing: to know God and to love Him.

To what race do the Haitians belong? And what language do they speak? That is what always interests us. Their colour, it is said, runs up the whole scale from brown to yellow, almost white. With this, eyes that are always black, glowing like burning-coal, that fix with eagerness upon you when you speak to them of God. As to the language, it is French, and a French which astonishes. What an advantage for our future missionaries to be able to make themselves understood from the moment of their arrival in this mission!

Poverty dwells sovereign. Since a number of years, in order to help out in the principal needs, an admirable Society called *La Charité, s'il vous plaît* (Charity, if you please), devotes itself. Started and well lead until now by the laity, at present they wish to confide this Institution to a Religious Community. Thus the poor, the sick, children and aged, as well as the unfortunate stricken with framboesia (a contagious disease prevalent in the Antilles, characterized by raspberry-like excrescences), will continue to be helped and consoled at the same time as they drink at the fountain of Christian Doctrine.

Minutes flew by, the apostolic words of the worthy prelate brought us back to our Novitiate. "It is," continued he, "on the intensity of interior life acquired during our years of formation, that depends all the success of our future apostolical labours. Try to develop in you, as much as possible, this interior life, and I am assured of the good that you will do in mission countries."

These were the last words, the precious counsel which His Excellency gave us before bestowing his blessing. We make them the theme of our meditations, certain to find there food for the zeal we wish to keep burning and fertile.

Monday, May 31

The beautiful month of May is already gone. It is with sorrow that we see the last petal fall. The canticle which greeted our Heavenly Mother each day has died away. But there still remains in our hearts the sweet perfume of our Marian piety always in full bloom and the murmur of a prayer that will not be quieted. May we not say that, at the Novitiate of the Immaculate Virgin, every month is a month of Mary, seeing that there we better learn to love and serve her from day to day and from month to month?

Thursday, June 3

The feast of the Ascension dawned radiant. The sun, doubtlessly in remembrance of Jesus' glorious triumph two thousand years ago, dispersed the clouds which for a few days had marred the beauty of his vast azure domaine. He knows that innumerable eyes will be lifted towards this region which of old received the Divine Passer-by. And since it is the anniversary of the founding of our Institute, we have double reason to direct our thoughts towards Heaven. Thus, in union with the Blessed, and at the same time as much as we can with our venerable Foundress, we sing one after another the glories of the Saviour's return to His Father and the benefits of our happy vocation.

Our first religious duties once accomplished, we were all enthusiastic to take part in the holiday, which put the final touch to our joy.

The evening brought us a wonderful surprise. We had the pleasure to see unravel before our eyes a beautiful film entitled *A la Croisée des Chemins* (At the Crossing of the Roads). It was the story of a senior collegiate, who, at first undecided on what way of life to choose, finally sees his ideal present itself before him in the works and achievements of a missionary devoting himself among infidels.

If this cinematographic roll did not give us the starting point for a great decision, it certainly affirmed us in our vocation and developed zeal in our hearts for the salvation of souls and love of sufferings, from which arise conversions. This beautiful setting was presided over by Monsignor Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary, accompanied by Reverend Father Gaudry, P.M.E., to whom we renew our already expressed gratitude; this marks deeper the fraternal union which inclines towards the same end the efforts of the two Missionary Institutes of Pont Viau.

Sunday, June 6

It seems as though the Divine Master, during the octave of the Ascension, wishes to remind us of our calling to evangelize the world, the mission that He confides to the apostles of all times. Thursday, an interesting film gave us a good glimpse of apostolic life in China; this evening, thanks to the kindness of Reverend Father Biron, Missionary in Africa, we found ourselves with the Mussulmans; then we penetrated right to the centre of the country of the Blacks. We admire the constancy of the missionaries who at times work among the fanatic disciples of Mohammed many long years without any apparent success. This goes to show how important it is to habituate ourselves to supernaturalize all our activities, and to labour for God alone.

To the sad spectacle presented of Mussulman obstinacy and blindness followed one more consoling, that of the simple and open faith which the negroes of Africa display. We acquainted ourselves with a people whose customs are often the very opposite to ours. There was nothing more interesting. We witnessed what progress the nation has realized thanks to the preaching of the Gospel, and that there as everywhere else, are found beautiful souls, souls truly generous. We see, for instance, children of twelve

years who leave thier families in order to be instructed in seminaries, and they persevere there for more than seventeen years so that they may reach priesthood. We also concluded that we, who enjoy so many spiritual advantages, are not permitted to lack generosity in the service of God. We sincerely thanked Father Biron for the beautiful apostolical soiree and assured him our humble prayers in return.

Sunday, June 13

This morning the hymn *Veni Creator*, which opens each of our days, bears a particular accent. It is the feast of Pentecost. We had prepared ourselves by a novena of fervent supplications made in special union with the Blessed Virgin. We have learnt from experience that novices often resemble the Apostles as before their transformation: timid, awkward, and so little generous. In that case, following their example, we implored the Holy Ghost to communicate to us His precious gifts which form dauntless missionaries. The hopes that our prayer would be heard grew with the intuition that we were not alone to pray. Our venerable Mother Foundress, who always had great solicitude for the "doves", will, on this her patronal feast, intercede for us in Heaven. We beg her to obtain for us the heart of a true apostle, a heart similar to her own, burning with zeal for the salvation of souls.

Thursday, June 17

We learn that the Mother House, by medium of the Red Cross, has received sad news. Our dear Sister Marie d'Ephèse (Jeannette Luneau, Saint Norbert, Arthabaska Co.) died at Tsung Ming on August 7, 1942.

This message directed by Divine Providence gave us reason to reflect. We can ask ourselves who will fill the vacancies in apostolical fields occasioned by the death or the return of their soldiers. Since at the present time we cannot dream of crossing the ocean, we owe it to ourselves to be worthy apostles by our generosity in sacrifice and prayer, while waiting to give ourselves body and soul. If we forget ourselves entirely to remember souls, God will not forget about this ripe harvest which is only waiting for workers.

Monday, June 21

This morning, our hearts, in union with that of a new elect to the priesthood, praised the Lord who bestows His choicest graces on those whom He draws to Himself. The brother of one of our Sister novices, Reverend Father Frigon, O.M.I., ordained two days previously, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in our chapel. We shared his joy, expressing it by cheerful singing and lively thanksgiving. After the ceremony, the happy missionary whose aspirations are a little like ours, deigned to address us a few words and gave each one in particular a fraternal blessing.

Thursday, June 24

There are many feasts included in this day but the most beautiful is surely the one that honours Christ in the Holy Eucharist, the one that commemo-

rates the institution of His sacrament of love. Last week's conference on the Sacred Heart of Jesus came back to our minds with its practical considerations; profiting, therefore, by this feast of Corpus Christi, we presented our homage and thanksgiving to the Divine King.

At a second Mass this morning, our chapel is also the witness of a touching ceremony: a little girl's First Holy Communion. Truly, it is a week of emotions. In becoming and gracious style: long dress, white veil and crown, the dear child showed all the happiness she felt in the contact of Jesus' first kiss.

Exquisite, unequalled moment! . . . who could express its sweet emotions, the memory of which persists through the years . . . and which comes back more lively at the sight of a First Communicant! Our thoughts wander back to that blessed day of our childhood when, like the happy child, we received Jesus for the first time. Pious aspirations arose heavenwards. Gratitude filled our hearts for our parents who first led us to Jesus in His Host and in this manner to our vocation.

Towards noon, most of the "doves" had the pleasure of helping to build a repository which was to shelter for some moments the Divine Eucharistic King. This afternoon there will take place the procession, comprising the priests of the Foreign Mission Society, the Reverend Antonian Sisters and the personnel of our Novitiate.

The weather was very pleasant. Flags and banners were placed on both sides of the way as continuous acclamations. While the flowers mingled their perfume with that of the incense-bearers we, privileged creatures, offered with the strains of hymns our love, adoration and gratitude. The Master blessed us in return; twice from His ciborium He traced the Sign upon us. Has He not choice blessings for those who offer themselves totally to His service?

But the day is not ended. There was something else in store for us. We were told that St. John the Baptist of whom we speak little to-day always reserves us some surprise. An outdoor supper had already been prepared, and in no time Sisters and provisions were under the big trees of the parterre. Truly we would like to believe for a moment that we are taking part in the Gospel scene of the multiplication of the loaves. Like the crowd at that time, we had been accompanying Jesus on His route, and He still seems to be among us. As to our nourishment, is it not His Providence that multiplies it continually, without our hardly noticing?

With hearts as joyful as the little birds chirping around us, we returned thanks to the Creator, who, in His infinite goodness, spreads before us such magnificent things, and often affords us such beautiful days. We concluded that if we have given the Saviour a little, He Himself does not cease to shower His gifts.

Towards the end of the day, we gave a thought to the national feast always celebrated on June 24th. Gathered together in a circle, we sang old Canadian songs and patriotic hymns, such as, "The Maple Leaf", "O Canada", etc.

The Efficacy of the Rosary

It happened prior to 1880. A mother came to confide her sorrow to a Dominican Father in Lyons. Her son, brought up in a Christian manner, had ended up by forsaking all his religious duties: leading a licentious life, he was the shame of his family. The priest consoled the unhappy mother and exhorted her to put her trust in the Rosary. A sublime idea came to her; she imparted it to her daughter. Both promised to rise each night to say the whole Rosary on their knees beside their bed, until the wayward young man should be converted.

Six months during, they had been faithful to their heroic resolve. One day, the poor stray youth passed in front of a church, a centre privileged with the Rosary devotion. Grace urged him to enter. He began by admiring the stained glass windows; but, when he came to stand before the altar of the Rosary, he was as though forced by a superior power to kneel down. His heart overflowing with emotion, he cried out like another Saul: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" Then all his life of guilt sprang up in his mind; he was horrified and the prodigal son resolved to change his life.

Nearby a priest was hearing confessions. The young man walked in the confessional, freed himself of the heavy burden of his sins and arose a convert.

What was not the surprise and joy of his mother and sister when, on the morrow, without having informed them of the happy change, he knelt beside them at the Communion rail! Returned to God, he was thereafter a model Christian and led a zealous and edifying life.



And Jesus, Looking On Him, Loved Him...

Christ saw a young man, and, "looking on him, loved him." *Looking on him.* We say that the eyes are the living and expressive mirror of the soul. It is in the eyes that we read sadness, love, reproach. When emotion is strong, the soul can be read in the eyes. The sympathetic look is a caress of the eyes. Thus are the eyes of men. And the eyes of Christ! They were clear, wonderful. What a beauty-filled gaze! It alighted on the young passerby. Their limpid eyes met.

Jesus loved him. Note the cohesion. Jesus looked on him, and loved him; there was no transition. Why? Because youth is naturally rich and enthusiastic. The heart of Christ was captivated by that of the young man. Christ loved him, and not only him personally; He loved not the young man alone, but *youth*.

— Father HOORNAERT, S. J.



Imagine any success, any triumph you please; the joy of being loved as one longs to be, but never is; the highest splendours of fortune; imagine all these and whatever else you choose. Ah! I challenge you, there is nothing that can fill the Christian soul, nothing so sweet, nothing so durable as this thought: A soul has returned, a culpable life has been made pure, a heavy sin with far-reaching consequences has been avoided, and God has made use of me for that work.

LOUIS VEUILLLOT



The Children's Page

MY VERY DEAR CHILDREN,

We hear it said that God is angry, very angry with men to-day. Are we to be surprised at that? Men, the vast majority of them, are so wicked nowadays.

God is our Father in Heaven. He it is who has given us our existence and continues to create us, as it were, at every moment. His adorable hand profusely sows good things about us, gives them life and delights in multiplying them for us, His children. And every human creature dwelling upon our sphere, whether he be white, yellow or black, is a child of God.

Do you know how many men people the earth? Somewhat more than two billions, or two thousand millions. What a prodigious throng, you will say . . . That vast army of humans is divided up into 373,000,000 Catholics, against 1 billion 200,000,000 heathens and 605,000,000 men professing false creeds: Protestant, Schismatic, Mohammedan, or Jewish.

One billion 200,000,000 pagans, that is to say, people who do not know their Creator and Father, who enjoy His benefits without ever rendering Him the adoration, the praise and gratitude which are His by right; people, again, who are sadly in ignorance of the great truths of salvation and who have never experienced the consolations they afford; people, in fine, who grope their way in the darkness of doubt and superstition, unarmed and unaided against the incessant onslaughts of the devil, whose furious envy spurs him on to tear souls away from God and drag them down into Hell! Children, could anything be sadder? And now there are men, 605 millions of them, who know their Divine Father and His law, but who do not belong to His Holy Church, *out of which there is no salvation*. What a sorrowful reality! . . .

Catholics . . . they are 373 millions. But how many of that number are Christians only by name, for they are enemies of God through the habit of mortal sin. Oh! if we could belie that heart-rending truth!

Poor God, how little You are loved on earth! How tiny is the number of those who think of You often, who adore and love You with their whole heart and above all things, who spend themselves for Your glory!

And more than ever before, sin — the grievous offence against the Sovereign Majesty, the black ingratitude towards His love and liberality — abounds in the world . . . Divine glory, instead of augmenting, is daily diminishing . . . Why, then, should not the Lord be angry? To bring men to better sentiments, He has sent them the terrible scourge of war, but men

seem blind to the harsh lesson, they do not improve their mode of living. What is to be done? . . . Wait, I have an idea! Listen well, dear Friends.

All of you are the little ones of the great human family and the Father up above has a very special fondness for you, because He sees in your bap-



*Your innocence, your candour
are most powerful on His heart . . .*

tized souls His image and likeness, pure and unstained by the malice of sin. Your innocence, your candour are most powerful on His heart and your slight acts of virtue please Him, oh! very much; *so much* that He has promised His Heaven to you alone, and to those grown-ups only, who will be likened to you.

Because of the advantages that are yours when you approach God, because of your strength that can overcome His heart, I have thought that perhaps you

would have splendid success at . . . appeasing God's wrath. Is not that a beautiful role? What have you to do for that?

You will imitate the loving little child who, seeing his father sad, perhaps angry, goes right up to him, climbs on his knees and tries out all his caresses, sweet words, childish promises, until at last the parent's brow is unclouded and lit up with a sunny smile.

In this way, also, you will go right up to Jesus in Holy Communion, in prayer, in sacrifice, in the avoidance of all sin.

In Holy Communion. Daily, if possible, go and receive Jesus at the Communion rail. Ask your parents' permission, ask it earnestly, and you will not be refused. And when Jesus is your very own, throw yourselves in His arms and nestle on His Sacred Breast; adore, love Him with all you can find of love in your heart; and that, not for you alone, but for all those who neither adore nor love Him. Ask Him to forgive all those who offend Him: the ungrateful sinners, the guilty indifferent; implore with confidence the grace of their conversion and salvation; ask Jesus to restore peace in the whole world; ask a great number of missionary vocations, that all the pagan nations be at last brought to the knowledge and love of their Divine Father, to the light of truth and salvation. Do not think for a moment that Jesus will find the time long with you. *My delight*, has he expressly said, *is to be with the children of men*. Your innocent prattle, your trusting abandonment, your generous love will make Him forget the crimes and the insults of sinners, will make Him smile, will make His anger cease.

In prayer. Throughout the day and at night before going to sleep, you will renew your morning's sweet conversation by a simple thought, a desire or a short invocation. They will be like so many darts piercing the Heart of Jesus, and make graces of mercy flow upon the guilty world.

God is infinitely just, that is why He punishes vice and rewards virtue; but He also is infinitely kind and merciful. It is even said in Holy Scriptures that His mercy is above all His other works, which means that He loves especially to forgive. He will lavish His pardons, provided we earnestly

beg Him to do so. Why? Because He will not save us without our co-operation, having created us to work out our salvation at liberty; but in many cases He waits only a slight prayer, a tiny sacrifice, to shower on those for whom we pray marvellous graces and salutary forgiveness.



SAINT TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS
AT THE AGE OF THREE AND A HALF.
WHILE YET SO YOUNG, SHE LOVED
GOD WITH HER WHOLE HEART,
PRAYED TO HIM WELL AND OFFERED
HIM LITTLE SACRIFICES.

We read in the life of Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus that she learnt, at the age of fourteen, how pleased God is to answer prayers made for the salvation of souls.

I heard people speak of a notorious criminal, Pranzini, who had been condemned to death for several horrible murders. He was impenitent, and in consequence it was feared he would be eternally lost. Longing to avert that greatest of misfortunes, a calamity beyond all repair, I employed all the spiritual means I could think of to obtain the ransom of this poor sinner; and knowing that of myself I could do nothing, I offered up the infinite merits of Our Saviour together with the treasures of Holy Church.

In the depths of my heart I felt convinced my request would be granted, but, that I might gain courage to persevere in the quest for souls, I said in all simplicity: 'My God, I am sure Thou wilt pardon this unhappy Pranzini, and I shall still think so even if he does not confess his sins or give any sign of sorrow — such is the confidence I have in Thy unbounded mercy. But, because this is my first sinner, I beg for just one *sign* of repentance to reassure me.'

My prayer was granted to the letter. Though Papa never allowed us to read newspapers, I did not consider it an act of disobedience when, on the day following the execution, I hastily opened the paper, *La Croix*, and looked for the part concerning Pranzini. What was it I saw? . . . Tears betrayed my emotion and I was obliged to run from the room. Without confession or absolution Pranzini had mounted the scaffold, and the executioners were dragging him towards the fatal block, when all at once, apparently in answer to a sudden inspiration, he turned round, seized a crucifix which the priest held towards him, and *kissed Our Lord's Sacred Wounds three times!* . . .

In sacrifice. What a wonderful little key! When united to prayer, it can open the recesses of the Heart of Jesus and pour their treasures on the world. Your Great Friend is hoping that you hold this magic key continually in your hands. You should, during the day, grasp every occasion that offers to present Jesus with a few acts of self-denial, no matter how trifling; a look suppressed, a word held back, a little turn done for another — all these count. These minute sacrifices, made solely for the love of Jesus, for His glory, for the salvation of souls, have more or less value in our eyes, but in sight of the Angels and the Saints, how great they are! . . . They are like the drop of dew that, poured in a vase of perfume, mingles with the latter and becomes fragrant. To this end, take — to-day — the good habit of saying on every



... it can open the recesses
of the Heart of Jesus . . .

occasion: "Dear Jesus, I unite my prayers, my sacrifices to Yours for the salvation of souls and for peace in the world."

In the avoidance of sin. Ah! that is the great sacrifice we must make to please Jesus, the sacrifice that, confronting us daily, becomes the battle of a life-time. It is only by struggling incessantly that you will keep your soul white, garbing it daily in greater beauty, and thus rendering it more and more pleasing to God.

God is angry with the world precisely because the world refuses to make this sacrifice, because it runs after sin instead of fleeing away from it. Would you, Children, sadden Him by doing similarly? I cannot believe you would. Promise to avoid the least sin for all your life. Will you do that?

— Yes.

— A great big 'Yes', if you please, and with energy!

— Yes! Yes!

— Fine! Oh! if we could grasp the beauty of a soul in the state of grace, never would we consent to sully it with the slightest imperfection. Its beauty is so marvellous that nothing here below can be likened to it; we could not behold it without dying of happiness. It is the image of God, the Supreme Beauty! What more need, or can we say?

The soul defiled by sin is, on the other hand, so horrible and so repulsive an aspect, that we would be unable to behold it for a fleeting second, without dying from dread and sorrow.

It is precisely because souls are very precious to God that the devil, His immortal enemy, does all in his power to draw them away from Him by temptation.

If it has not already come your way, temptation under every appearance will soon entice you to sin. Oh! then, dear Children, reject it quickly, flee from it! . . . Call Jesus to your aid, invoke Mary, your Immaculate Mother, in order that no impure breath may reach your soul to tarnish it, that you may never fall, not only into mortal sin that gives death to the soul, but into the least venial sin that disfigures it and renders it less worthy of God.

Oh! how happy you will be at the hour of your death if, having deliberately committed no venial sin, you can present your soul to God in its baptismal purity, its first freshness, its primal beauty! That is not impossible with divine grace; what we need is to want it efficaciously.

Doubtless, after sin one can recover soul-whiteness through the Sacrament of Penance, but in the same way that a new garment carries with it a freshness which the washed garment has not, so also is innocence more beautiful than repentance.

There, dear Children, are the four means you will make use of to appease God's anger, to convert the world and to restore peace and happiness to the earth. Try them out! You will meet with success. Are you willing? . . .

With you, in the same struggle and in the same hope,

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.

The Power of the Pater and the Ave

A band of youngsters, accompanied by their catechist, were coming one day to the Mission. They met — which is a rather rare occurrence in our section — an enormous lion that, as they drew near, roared furiously and barred their passage.

Terror-stricken, the children began to scream, to weep, to seek protection close to the catechist, like frightened little chicks that flee to their mother at the menace of danger.

What could be done? The encounter with the beast had been so little expected that even the friend of the missionaries had not for a moment envisioned the necessity of providing himself with a spear for the journey.

A large tree stood near the pathway. To climb it and thus save himself would be an easy matter. It was his first thought . . . but the little ones confided to him, could he forsake them? Summoning all his faith and his confidence in God, he said to the children: "Do not be afraid, stop crying! Get down on your knees, all of you, and pray! God is almighty!" And grasping his rosary, which our Christians always wear around their necks, he walked towards the lion, as though to defend his small flock, fell on his knees and from his heart arose this fervent prayer: "Beloved Father of Heaven, look how our lives are exposed. Save us! What will the pagans say? And, above all, what will the Nyaou say if we, who come to pray in Your House, in Your church of Bembéké are eaten by that beast? No, Lord, You will not let that happen!"

And while with all the ardour of their souls the children repeated: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us," the catechist, in God's Name, ordered the lion to let them resume their way.

The terrible brute obeyed! Letting out one fierce roar, he ploughed the pathway with his claws and bounded off into the jungle. The travellers were saved!

REVEREND FATHER BOYER, W.F.



One Must Be a Man and a Child at the Same Time

Before men, be a man; before God, be a child. Before men, show the power of your nature, manifest your will by feats of strength; before God, acknowledge your weakness and destitution; in His presence, the fervent prayer only has credit. You perhaps feel lonely on this vast universe? Be a child, and God will be your Father.

Have the thoughts of a man, the heart of a child. Tread your path dauntlessly in life; to this end alone has your soul been given energetical impulses; in the welfare of your brothers should result all your activity. Thus will you prelude a nobler love and, in the purity of your heart, prepare the Heavenly flowering.

Be a man in regard to the world, a child in regard to yourself. When evening draws nigh, you may sigh at the thought of the old homestead, in remembering the years of your childhood; however all this will not be lost forever. One more step and behold the flowers, the pleasant grove destined to you as of old by the blessing of a father. Joyful child, hasten to meet this father.

— REINICK.

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN For Favours Obtained.

Thanksgiving for a favour received. A grateful client of Mary, **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother for a favour received. Mr. C. K., **Anthony, R.I.** — Gratitude for a favour received. Miss J. P., **Anthony, R.I.** — I have obtained a favour from the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower. A subscriber, **Ludlow, Mass.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise made in order to obtain employment. Miss C. L., **St. Agnes de Dundee**. — Thanksgiving for favours granted us. Mrs. L., **Springfield, Mass.** — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for the cure of my throat. Mrs. V. C., **Jewitt City, Conn.** — Gratitude for past favours. Mrs. R. D., **Millbury, Mass.** — Will you please publish a thanksgiving to the Blessed Mother and the Little Flower, a favour having been received from each. C. M., **Woodslee, Ont.** — We are all very happy and grateful to God that my husband has regained his faith. — Gratitude to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal for a favour obtained. Mrs. N. V., **Spencer, Mass.** — Gratitude to the Sacred Heart and to our dear Mother of Perpetual Help for great favours received. A. S., **N.D.G., Montreal**. — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary. M. B., **Pineville, N. B.** — Gratitude for a favour received. Mrs. A. A., **Timmins, Ont.** — Lively gratitude to our Heavenly Mother for a great favour received after promising to publish. A subscriber, **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. L. D. — I am coming to thank Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a special favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — In gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin, I wish to have published in THE PRECURSOR a sudden cure after application of the miraculous medal. Anonymous. — Many thanks to our kind Heavenly Mother for a favour received. Mrs. S. B. — Gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for a grace obtained through her intercession. Mrs. C. C., **Hochelaga**. — Homage of gratitude to Our Lady of Lourdes for a cure. Mrs. G. P., **Montreal**. — Gratitude to Mary Immaculate for a great favour she has granted me. Mrs. M. F., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for an important favour attributed to her intercession. Mrs. A. M., **St. Germaine**. — Homage of gratitude for a favour received. Mrs. E. R., **Montreal**. — Gratitude for a cure obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. G. E. D., **St. Rosalie**. — Mass stipends in honour of our Blessed Mother, in gratitude for a favour received. Mrs. V. R. — I have confided myself to the Blessed Virgin and have been answered for my brother's discharge from military service. A thousand thanks! Miss A. C., **Breakeyville**. — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin who has obtained exemption from military service for my husband. Mrs. L. R., **Montreal**. — Thanks to our kind Heavenly Mother for the obtention of my cure. Mrs. E. M., **St. Sophie**. — Gratitude to Our Lady of Lourdes for an important favour received. Miss L. B., **Quebec**. — Gratitude for a favour obtained. Anonymous. — Homage of gratitude to Mary, Queen of All Hearts. I request my cure without an operation. Mrs. E. F. — Many thanks for a favour received. Mr. J. L. S., **Montreal**. — I wish to thank our Heavenly Mother for a grace she has granted me. I request her protection, for I am ill. Miss J. L. — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. I solicit protection for my two sons. Mrs. A. L. — Thanks to our Heavenly Mother for a favour received. Miss R. B. — Gratitude for the cure of my son. Mrs. A. G. — Gratitude for a favour received. Mrs. J. B., **Hochelaga**. — Thanks to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, I have found a location. A thousand thanks! Mrs. E. L., **Fall River, Mass.** — My best thanks to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, who has answered my prayers. Mrs. J. T., **Péribonca**. — Gratitude to Mary Immaculate for a favour received. Mrs. A. D., **Valleyfield**.

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin and St. Teresa for a great favour obtained. Mrs. P. D., **Montreal**. — Homage of gratitude to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin for restoring me to health. Mrs. H. G., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving to Saint Joseph and Brother André for a favour received. Mrs. C. E., **Valleyfield**.

* * *

Mary is "Mother of God" to obtain all and "Mother of men" to grant all.

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



PRAYERS

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

Will you kindly pray for us that we will continue with good health. Kindly pray for my sister and sister-in-law. Mrs. J. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — Will you remember me in your prayers for my health, happiness and luck. I have a son in the American Army; will you remember him in your prayers also. Mrs. L. DeB., **Blenheim, Ont.** — Would you be so kind as to start a novena for my intention to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. I trust God will hear our prayers if it is His holy will. Mrs. P. O., **Montreal.** — I am again requesting prayers for my two sons in the service of their country. Please pray for my intentions also. Mrs. A. C. D., **Worcester, Mass.** — Please pray for a conversion and for our health. Mrs. G., **Williamstown, Mass.** — I am humbly soliciting your prayers for my intentions; for all the intentions of our Holy Father the Pope, for universal peace, for the unfortunate victims of this deplorable war, for the enlightenment and conversion of all unbelievers and sinners, for our beloved dead, for the success of your mission and your worthy missionaries. I am earnestly beseeching our loving and compassionate Mother to obtain me relief from physical disabilities, that I may be better able to work. J. N. B.,

Ottawa, Ont. — Please think of my young brothers on active service somewhere in England in all your prayers. Mrs. R. L., **Rosemount.** — Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. T. P., **Maniwaki, Que.** — Please pray for the healing of a sore I have had for quite a while; also for the safe return of my two boys in the Army. Mrs. A. O., **Rhode Island.** — Would you please offer a novena to the Blessed Virgin for a special intention. I. T., **Montreal.** — Will you please pray that a relative of mine may obtain a position. A friend, **Maniwaki, Que.** — Will you please remember my husband and loved ones and myself in your prayers; also a friend who was badly hurt in an accident, that he may recover completely, if it is God's holy will. Mrs. W. H., **Verdun, Que.** — Please remember in your prayers my fifteen-year-old son, that he may be fortunate in getting on in the world. Mrs. J. R., **Rumford, Maine.** — I have been troubled with very sore legs and head noises for a long time. I ask your help to pray the Blessed Virgin to cure me if it is God's holy will. Mrs. J. G., **South Rustico, P.E.I.** — Please pray for my intentions so that my sons will be safe and peace be restored. Mrs. V. L., **Thompsonville, Conn.** — I request prayers to the Blessed Virgin that my wife may enjoy better health. J. L., **Springfield, Mass.** — I enclose intentions to be remembered in your prayers to Mary Immaculate and the Little Flower. "Client of Mary", **Alexandria, Ont.** — Please remember my very special intention in your novenas and prayers. A devoted servant of Mary, **Ottawa, Ont.** — Would you kindly have a novena said for a very special favour. H. M., **Westmount.** — Will you please pray that my son will have success in his exams. Mrs. L. St. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — I would like to have prayers offered up for a favour. I have a piece of property which I am very anxious to sell, and feel that I would like spiritual help. A subscriber, **Chambly Prov., Que.** — Again I am asking you for your kind prayers. I have a very important favour to ask Our Mother and I promise alms each month if she deems it better that I obtain my request. Sgt. A. P. — Kindly pray for my son who has left home many years ago, and from whom we have not heard for nine or ten years. Also for my wife that she may recover good health. J. W., **Frankville, N. S.** — Please pray for me to St. Anthony and the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. L. S., **Rosemont Blvd., Montreal.** — Please pray for me. Mrs. M. A., **St. Lambert, Que.** — Please remember me in your prayers. W. H., **Greenfield, Ont.** — Please help my husband in his work, watch over and protect him, O Immaculate Mother! May he continue to have his health. Mrs. D. Z., **Rumford, Me.** — Please pray that we may always prosper as we have done since we subscribe for your messenger. Mrs. S. G., **LaSalle, Ont.** — I wish you to pray for my intention. Mrs. J. B., **Fort Kent, Me.** — I am praying for something I urgently want. Would you please join me in prayer? Mrs. J. D. — Kindly pray for my husband who is sick, that he may get well, also for myself. Mrs. J. F., **Dundee, Que.** — Please pray for me to the Immaculate Conception for a special intention. Mrs. E. Z. — I request the help of your prayers for the good of my children. Mrs. F. Q. — Please pray for my son a young man of the Canadian Army now on his way overseas. May our Heavenly Mother protect him. A subscriber, **Montreal.** — Please pray for me. Mrs. L. G., **Marlboro, Mass.** — Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. M. H., **Schenectaday, N.Y.** — Please remember us in your prayers. Mrs. D. G., **Cranston, Que.** — May the Blessed Virgin help me and all who are dear to me, and most of all help my boy and make him strong after a severe illness. Mrs. L. S., **Rosemont Blvd., Montreal.** — Say a little prayer for me. Mrs. A. J., **St. Lambert.** — I appeal to you to pray for me in my time of trial. I am requesting the favour of overcoming bad habits and of being helped out of financial difficulties in which I am engrossed. G. B., **Montreal.** — Will you please make a novena for two special favours I am greatly in need of. Mrs. R. C.



NECROLOGY

Reverend Father A. A. Desrosiers, P.P., **Sayebec**; Reverend Father P. Grondin, **St. Anne de la Pocatière**; Reverend Father Pascal Lavoie, **Petite Rivière**; Mrs. Adrien Rouleau, **Coteau Landing**, mother of our Sister Saint Adrien; Mrs. Adélard Legrand, **St. Philippe de Laprairie**, mother of our Sister Sainte Rita; Mr. Jean Louis Buteau, **St. Evariste**, brother of our Sisters Marie Esther and Marie Bénigna; Miss Marguerite Jacques, **St. Joseph de Beauce**, sister of our Sister Louise de France; Mr. Robert Dugal, **Quebec**, brother of our Sister Madeleine de Pazzi; Mrs. Antoinette Dufort, **Montreal**, sister of our Sister Saint Gabriel Lallemand; Mrs. Isidore Guillet, **Montreal**, grandmother of our Sister Léon Marie; Mr. G. Zeajman, **Coteau Station, Que.**; Mrs. Annie Feeney, **Galway Eire, Ireland**; Mrs. Florence Mary Stewart, Sgt. Nav. William Sprowell, Mrs. Rosalie Scullion, Mr. Alphonse Lafleur, **Montreal**; Miss Elizabeth McGowan, **St. Johnsbury, Vt.**; Mr. Thomas E. Kelly, **Beverly, Mass.**; Mrs. Josephine Laurent, **Lynn, Mass.**; Mr. Ferdinand Machabée, **Montreal**; Mrs. Emma Dauphinais, **Fletcher, Ont.**; Mrs. Josephine Richard, Mr. Maurice Poulin, Mr. Ernest Morel, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mrs. Mary Deschamps, **Maxville, Ont.**; Mr. Cleo. Bouchard, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mr. Jack Tibbins, **Maxville, Ont.**; Mrs. Katherine Wasel, Mrs. Dora Grandpré, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mrs. Ida Trottier, Mr. Alfred Turcotte, **South Bellingham, Mass.**; Mr. John Nadeau, **Salem, Mass.**; Mrs. Mary A. Bona, **Beverly, Mass.**; Mrs. Mary Murphy, **Salem, Mass.**; Mrs. James McCormick, **Vankleek Hill, Ont.**; Mrs. Frank Lockwood, Mr. Frank Lockwood, **Salem, Mass.**; Mrs. Mary Deslauriers, **Vankleek Hill, Ont.**; Mrs. Théophile Larocque, Mr. Charles E. Murphy, **Salem, Mass.**; Mr. Ernest Vincent, **Plainfield, Conn.**; Mrs. Anna Lacourse, **St. Johnsbury, Vt.**; Mrs. David Leblanc, **St. Thècle**; Mr. Arthur Vallée, **Outremont**; Mr. E. H. Laframboise, Mr. M. Martin, Mrs. Art. Dion, Mr. Arthur Lemieux, Mr. Auguste Vinson, Mr. Ferdinand Beauchamp, Mrs. Ludger Gariépy, Mr. Noel Poisy, Mrs. Théodore Sourdif, Mr. Rosario Quintal, Mrs. Hubert L'Italien, Mrs. George Lafortune, Mrs. Albert Demers, Mr. Dominique Huard, Miss Armandine Labelle, Mr. L. Gauvin, Mr. Nestor Leclerc, Mrs. Nap. Aubin, Mr. G. Moreau, Mr. A. Hadd, Mrs. Darcy Charbonneau, Mrs. A. Provost, Mrs. Nap. Derome, Mr. Alphonse Moquin, **Montreal**; Mr. A. Tremblay, Mrs. Rosario Forest, Mrs. Léonidas Faucher, Mr. Pierre Tessier, Mrs. Octave Bérubé, Mrs. Cyprien Parent, Mrs. Art. Lajeunesse, Mr. Maurice Lacombe, Mrs. Louis Labrie, Mrs. L. A. Morissette, **Viauville**; Mr. Wilfrid Huot, **Montreal North**; Mr. Elzéar David, Mrs. Louis Bessette, **Terrace Vinet**; Mr. Ulric Lamoureux, **Tétreaultville**; Mr. Adélard Sauvé, Mr. Jos. Crevier, Mr. A. L. Lachapelle, Mr. Angelo Boily, **Longue Pointe**; Mr. Edouard Belliveau, Mrs. J. Melançon, Mr. Ulric Lanoue, Mrs. Joseph Lavigne, Mr. Charles Constantin, Mr. V. Métivier, Mrs. François Goyer, Mr. Antoine Bougie, Mr. Jean Cyr Legal, Mrs. Ovila Pelletier, **Hochelaga**; Mr. Ulric Levac, Mr. Pierre Drolet, Mr. Victor Brisebois, Mrs. Wilfrid Goulet, Miss Aline Desrosiers, Mrs. Geo. Doyle, Mrs. Geo. Vanches-tein, Mrs. Albert Coursol, Mr. A. Belley, **Lachine**; Mrs. Achille Ack, **Bois Franc, St. Laurent**; Mr. Ferdinand Perrier, **Pointe Claire**; Mr. Maxime Charbonneau, **St. Benoît**; Mr. René Raymond, **Lachine**; Miss Hélène Désilets, Mr. Léon Deguise, Mr. Adrien Bourret, **Sorel**; Mr. Honorius Chabot, **Cap Rouge**; Mrs. Albert Girard, Mrs. Misaël Beauregard, Mr. Wellie Delage, **St. Césaire**; Mr. Joseph E. Lesage, **St. Léonard**; Mrs. Wellie Bourassa, Mrs. Méri-dée Tremblay, Mrs. Joseph Desbiens, Mrs. Théodule Ménard, **Jonquière**; Mrs. Herménégilde Bouchard, **St. Joseph de la Rive**.

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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.