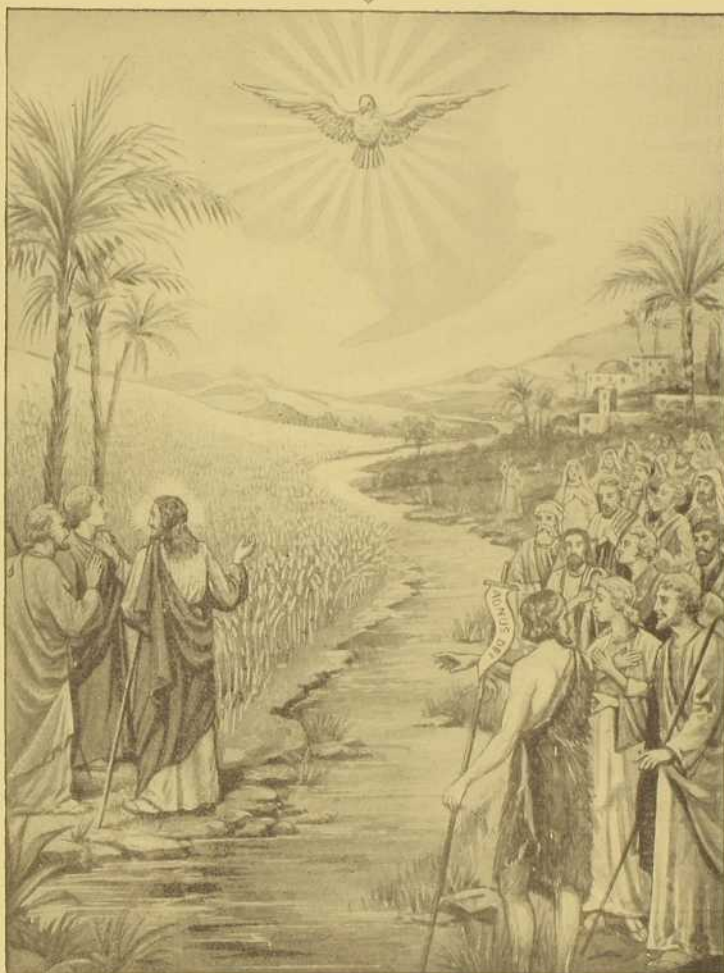


THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIV, 21st Year MONTREAL, November-December 1943 No. 6

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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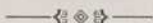
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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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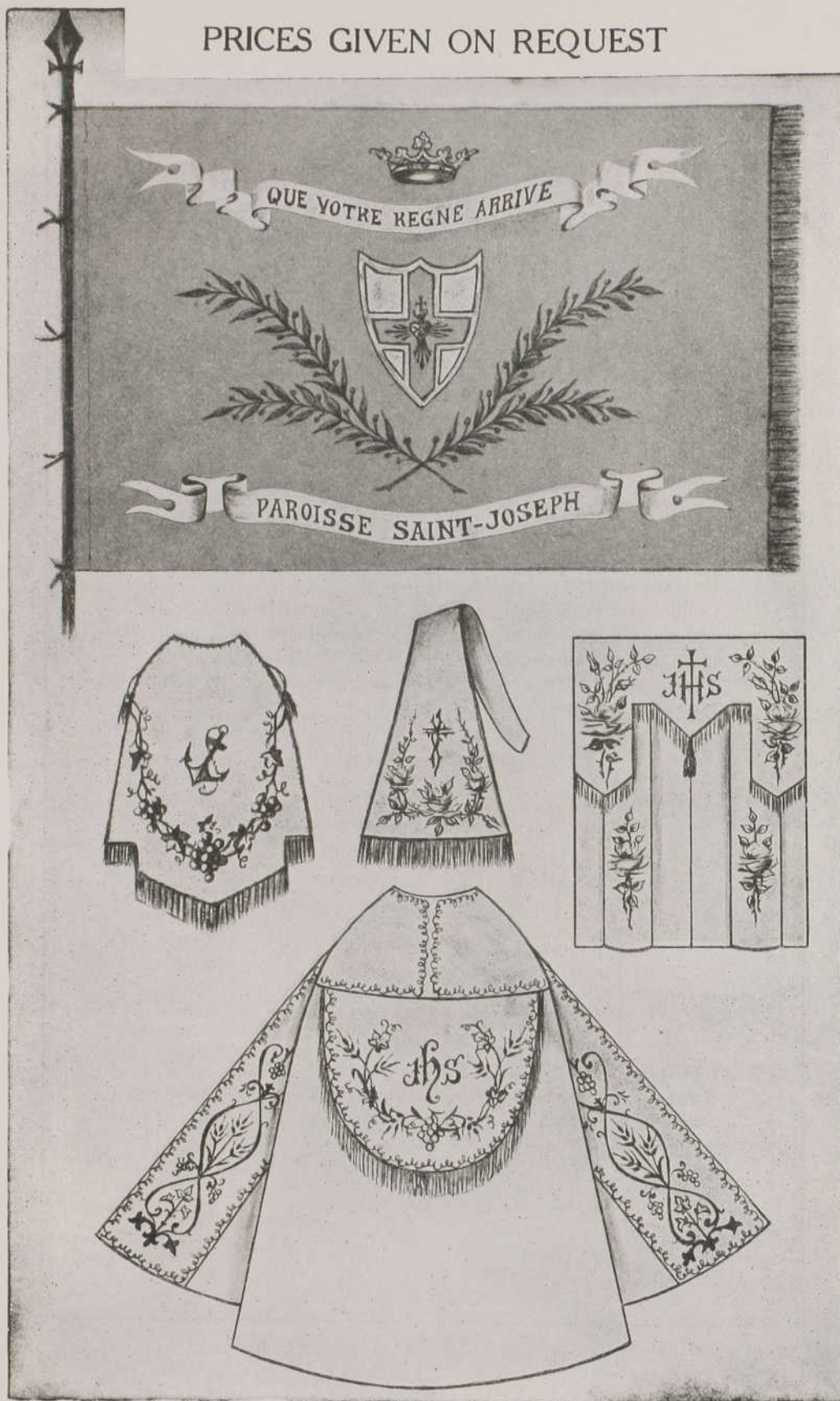
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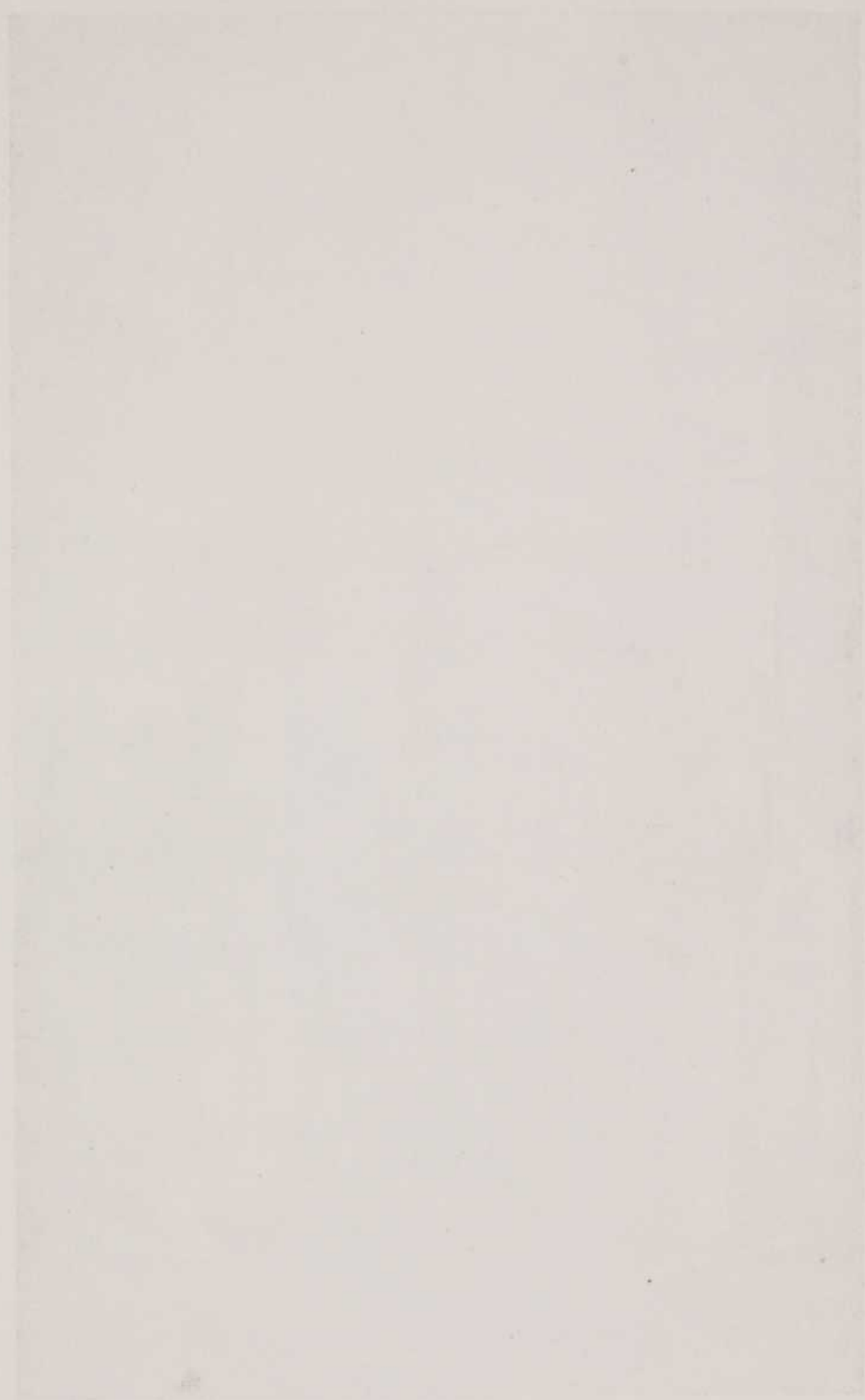
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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

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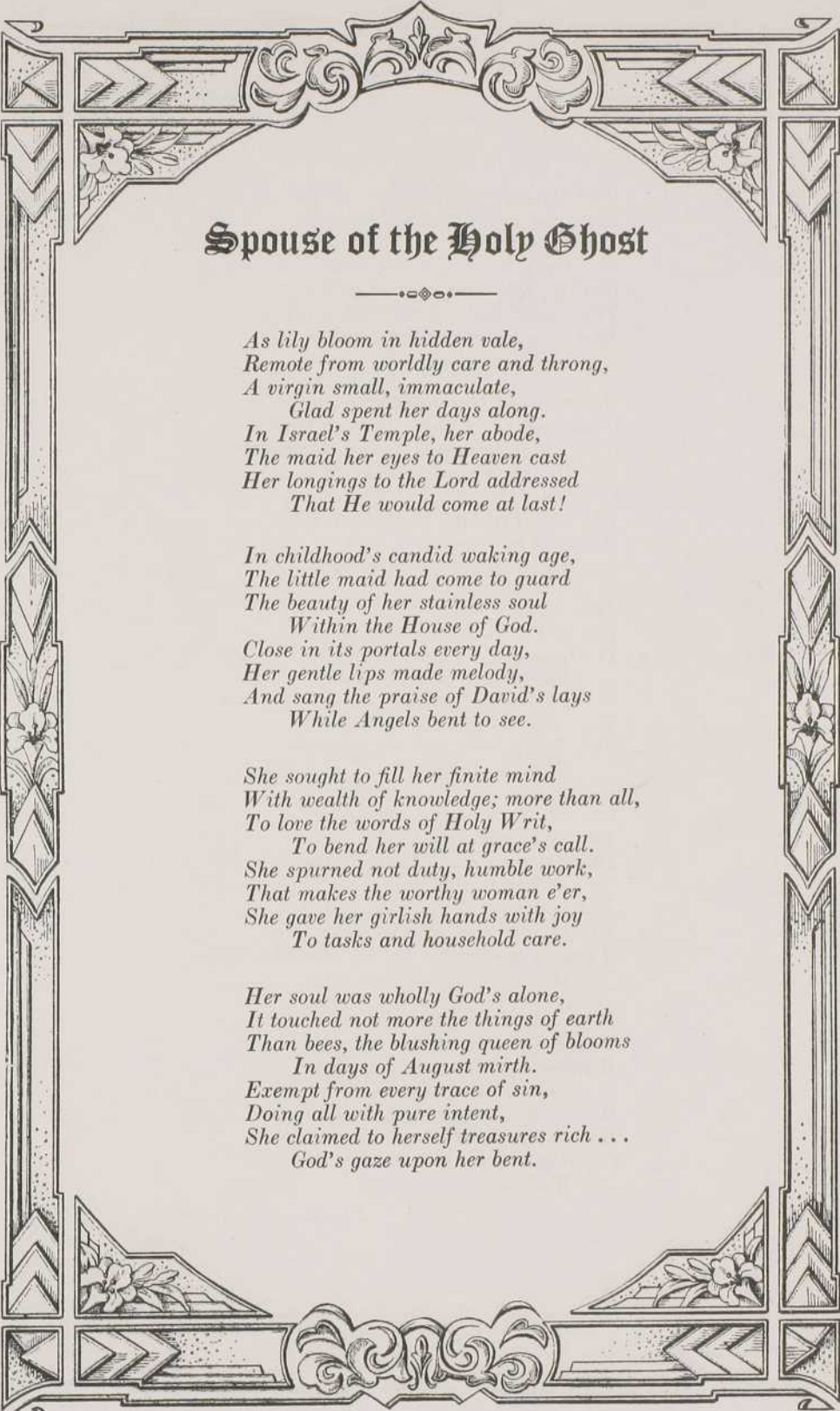
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AVE MARIA GRATIA PLENA



Spouse of the Holy Ghost

*As lily bloom in hidden vale,
Remote from worldly care and throng,
A virgin small, immaculate,
Glad spent her days along.
In Israel's Temple, her abode,
The maid her eyes to Heaven cast
Her longings to the Lord addressed
That He would come at last!*

*In childhood's candid waking age,
The little maid had come to guard
The beauty of her stainless soul
Within the House of God.
Close in its portals every day,
Her gentle lips made melody,
And sang the praise of David's lays
While Angels bent to see.*

*She sought to fill her finite mind
With wealth of knowledge; more than all,
To love the words of Holy Writ,
To bend her will at grace's call.
She spurned not duty, humble work,
That makes the worthy woman e'er,
She gave her girlish hands with joy
To tasks and household care.*

*Her soul was wholly God's alone,
It touched not more the things of earth
Than bees, the blushing queen of blooms
In days of August mirth.
Exempt from every trace of sin,
Doing all with pure intent,
She claimed to herself treasures rich . . .
God's gaze upon her bent.*

And now, we find her there again,
Exemplar of the virtues blest:
The Trinity looks from on high
Upon her soul — the best!
Well is the Father pleased with her,
The Son of God regards with pride;
The Holy Spirit rapture finds
To linger at her side.

Again would He, ineffably,
With tender love and wondrous light,
With mildest counsel, dauntless strength,
Her chosen soul make bright.
For comes the moment when to save
The wayward sons of humankind,
A Son of virgin-mother born,
The trail to earth will find.

The virgin who will give to men
The Son of God a fragile lad,
Is Mary, child Immaculate —
But these are tidings glad!
O Mary, virgin, mother, maid,
You little know what dignity
Will be the fruit and recompense
Of your humility!

For very soon, O favoured one,
Your meekness will the Spirit lure
In mystic marriage-feast, unique,
Incomparably pure.
The Lord will overshadow you,
Illume your soul with countless rays,
When in your womb the Word made Flesh
Descends to mend our ways.

Dear little Lady, you will need
To leave your cherished cenacle,
Because such is the will of God,
To work the miracle.
While waiting, Mary, privileged,
Him magnify, His name extol;
One day to serve Him with your hand
Will be your blessed role!

The Precursor.

The Miraculous Medal



SPECIALLY important for the promotion of devotion to Our Blessed Mother was the decree rendered in 1899 by the Common Father of the faithful. After a lengthy and minute examination, he officially approved the revelations made to Sister Catherine Labouré concerning Mary Immaculate's medal, called since by general consent the *miraculous medal*, and instituted for celebration on November 27th, a feast with a special Office and Mass of the Manifestation of the Immaculate Virgin, under the title of the Miraculous Medal. In so

doing, he placed devotion to the miraculous medal on the same footing with devotion to the scapular of Mount Carmel and devotion to the Most Holy Rosary.

It was in 1830 that the hallowed hour struck for the loving Heart of Mary to grant us one of her most signal favours. A considerable reaction in favour of religion had taken place in minds and hearts; many prejudices against the Church had fallen. If the wicked were feverishly active, the just were awakening. The spirit of devotedness and generosity had succeeded that of apathy; many Christians were ready to battle, determined to fight the holy combats of the Lord. On the other hand, a formidable conjuration of the infernal powers was about to attempt to engulf Christ's Work of salvation in the impure waves of materialism and debauchery. Good will had to be encouraged; threatening dangers, to be scattered. The Queen of the universe, the Patroness of the Church, intervened; she showed herself to the world.

She appeared, but to whom? She appeared to a peasant maiden, pious but minus instruction and talents, to a humble novice of the Daughters of Charity. It was not otherwise with the apparitions at La Salette, Lourdes and Pontmain.

She appeared, but what was her message of mercy? Let us read Blessed Catherine's notes on the memorable event, in which she was Mary's privileged child:

"On the 27th of November, 1830, which was a Saturday, and the eve of the first Sunday of Advent, at half past five in the evening, whilst making my meditation in the chapel, I heard on the right side of the sanctuary a noise like the rustling of a silk dress. All at once, I perceived Our Blessed Lady standing near the picture of Saint Joseph; she was of a middle size and her face indescribably beautiful. She was dressed in a gold colored gown, very plain, high necked, with flat sleeves. Her head was covered with a white veil which floated over her shoulders down to her feet. Her hair was parted, and confined in a sort of fillet trimmed with narrow lace. Her face was not concealed. Her feet rested on a globe, or rather one half of a globe, for this was all that could be seen. Her hands which were on a level with her waist, held in an easy manner another globe (a figure of the

world). Her eyes were raised to heaven, and her countenance beamed with light while she offered the globe to Our Lord.

"Suddenly her fingers were covered with rings and beautiful precious stones. Rays of dazzling light darted out of them, and the whole of her figure was enveloped in such radiance that her feet and dress were no longer visible.

"The jewels varied in size as did also the rays of light they threw out." Sister Catherine declared herself unable to say what she felt and learned during that short space of time.

"As I was busy contemplating her, the Blessed Virgin fixed her eyes upon me, and I heard an interior voice which said: *"This globe which you see represents the world, especially France, and each person in particular."*

"It is beyond my power to give an idea of the beauty and magnificence of the rays. The Blessed Virgin added: *"Behold the symbol of the graces which I will bestow upon all those who ask for them;"* this made me understand how generous she is towards those who pray to her and how many graces she grants to those who ask her for them with confidence! . . . At this moment, I cannot say if I were alive or not, all I know is I was happy!

"After a while, a sort of oval frame surrounded the Blessed Virgin on which were written in gold letters these words: *"O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."*

Then a voice said to me: *"Get a medal struck after this model; those who wear it when it is blessed will receive great graces, especially if they wear it round the neck; graces will be abundant for those who have confidence."*

"At the same instant the oval frame seemed to turn round. Then I saw on the back of it the letter M, surmounted by a cross, with a bar beneath it, and under the monogram of the name of Mary, the holy Hearts of Jesus and of His mother; the first surrounded by a crown of thorns and the second transpierced by a sword."

No mention is made in Sister Catherine's notes of the twelve stars which surrounded the monogram of Mary and the two Hearts. However, they are always figured on the back of the medal. It is morally certain that this detail was given by the Sister at the time of the apparitions, for the apparition on November 27th is not the only one granted the holy Religious. No mention is made of the serpent, that the Blessed Virgin crushes with her vanquishing foot, but there is every reason to believe that Sister Catherine gave directions to that effect by word of mouth.

The miraculous medal is for us the reminder of all our duties towards the august Queen of Heaven: the duty of humble respect and deep veneration for her sublime excellencies and incomparable privileges, symbolized by the *crown of twelve stars* encircling her monogram and her Sacred Heart. Then, the duty of unlimited confidence; on seeing her charitable hands showering plenteous blessings over the world, on considering her gentle and lovable countenance, can our hearts fail to go to her with complete assurance? Yes, let us go to Mary, and through Mary, to Jesus. Let us have recourse to Mary in prayer, with filial enthusiasm. Her kind heart will refuse us nothing; she is powerful, for she is God's Mother; she is devoted beyond

our thinking and telling, for she is our Mother! Oh! prayer! In the blessed medal, Mary gives us the formula; the short but eloquent formula, the formula her heart prefers, because it relies on her Immaculate Conception, that privilege the cause or reason for all her other privileges! Yes, in all our necessities, whether public or private, let us say and incessantly repeat with faith and confidence: *O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.*

Let us wear the miraculous medal. It is the image of our Mother, our protectress, our dear usher to the eternal dwellings.

Let us all wear it. Children and adults, rich and poor, just and sinners should wear it. To sinners it will obtain conversion, to the just, perseverance in virtue!

Let it be our constant companion! Thus, it will also be our safeguard, our protection, our defence!

Let us wear it with confidence, with love, with holy pride!

Abbé Charles ROLLAND.



Flowers for Mary

A Page of History Concerning the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception



UNINSTRUCTED and poor was the young shepherd-boy whom two Friars Minor met one day in the fields of a British countryside. The Religious asked to be taken to his father's house.

The lad accompanied them to the paternal home where they took a little rest, which they sanctified by teaching the shepherd-boy to pray God. They were much surprised to hear the child, who had not even known the Our Father, repeat it unhesitatingly after having once listened to its recitation. It was the same with the other prayers they gladly taught him. The Friars were delighted over these auspicious dispositions in a hitherto uninstructed child; they made a proposition to the parents to bring their son back with them to the Monastery and have him brought up in the Community. The parents willingly accepted.

The young shepherd became a Religious in the Franciscan Order. He was given a Doctor's degree at nineteen and, three years later, occupied with glory a Theologian's Chair at the celebrated University of Oxford.

In 1305, we find him in Paris, where the Minister General of the Order had sent him to occupy a Chair at the Sorbonne, then the world's first University. At that time, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was still freely spoken of in the Schools.

The great question was being discussed with animation at the University of Paris. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception counted many adversaries, whose talents and reputation had to be respected and revered. Moved by the conflicts and wishing to terminate them, the Pope ordered a public debate to be held at the same University, in the presence of his Legates. The Friars Minor, avowed partisans of Mary's privilege, designated Duns Scotus to defend their thesis; he was the young Oxford Doctor. Duns Scotus professed a special devotion to the Immaculate Virgin Mary, from whom he had received a signal favour during the period of his Novitiate.

On the day appointed for the controversy, a multitude of Doctors assembled.

The gathering was most impressive. Duns Scotus, Mary's invincible champion, left with his Brothers for the Sorbonne University. Placing all his confidence in God and His glorious Mother, whose prerogatives he was preparing to defend, he prostrated himself before a statue of the Immaculate Virgin and addressed her this humble prayer: "*Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata: da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.*" Vouchsafe that I may praise thee, O sacred Virgin. Give me strength against thy enemies." On the instant, the statue bowed graciously to him, as though to assure him that his prayer had been heard. Since then, the miraculous statue maintained this position, to publish in the centuries that followed, Mary's maternal love for her faithful servitor.

Encouraged by this assurance of heavenly protection, Scotus appeared before the illustrious assembly. They were astonished on seeing so young a defender, and several judged that there was presumption on his part in wanting to combat all by himself against so many Doctors who had grown old in the study of the sacred sciences. Scotus modestly exposed the subject of the controversy, and then asked what they had to oppose to the Marian privilege. Two hundred Doctors and more arose in turn to combat his thesis; when all had given their objections, Scotus spoke. He brought up, in a résumé, the two hundred arguments presented by his adversaries. With a truly prodigious power of memory, he repeated them all in the order of their exposition; then he solved them one by one, explained the Scripture quotations, laid out the true meaning one had to give them, and proved that they were not contrary to Mary's privilege. He left no equivocal statement undeciphered, no doubt unbanished, no sophism persisting, no reasons to which he did not answer victoriously. The Doctors, the students, all the members of the august gathering listened in profound silence, admiring the vast learning for which sacred science held no secret.

When he had annihilated all the arguments held by his adversaries, the Franciscan Doctor exposed his own in favour of Mary's Conception. He expounded his thesis with such clarity and depth, he upheld it with arguments so forcible and convincing, that his opponents could find no answer. Scotus grew silent and waited; the quiet reigning on all sides proclaimed loudly the victory of Mary's advocate and the defeat of his antagonists. The debate over, the Legates arose, and an immense thunder of applause pealed out from every corner of the room, in honour of Mary Immaculate and of Scotus, her invincible defender. The humble son of Saint Francis slipped away to elude the triumph and sought the obscurity of his convent.

On the following day, the Doctors of the University reunited under the presidency of the Legates. It was resolved that Scotus' doctrine on the Immaculate Conception would be taught in the University of Paris, that the feast of Mary's stainless Conception would be celebrated with great pomp each year, and that the title of "Subtle Doctor" would be conferred upon Scotus. Later on, it was decreed that no person would be raised to the dignity of licentiate or Doctor, without having first sworn to teach and defend the mystery of the Blessed Virgin's Immaculate Conception. The Holy Father wrote to the youthful Doctor, congratulating him on his victory and confirming his honourable title of Subtle Doctor, that had been bestowed upon him by the University, to manifest the perspicacy of his views, which was the Institution's glory.

We would love to follow the brilliant champion of the Immaculate Conception until the end of his career; he did not live many years longer.

Duns Scotus had been teaching at Paris three years, when the Minister General of the Order sent him to Cologne to occupy a place in the city's University. It was while out walking with his disciples beyond the city walls, that the Minister General's letter was brought to him. After having read it, he bade farewell to his disciples, without even returning to Paris despite their supplications. He made haste to the city where holy obedience called him. The journey was made on foot; Duns Scotus begged his sustenance on the way, and he carefully avoided being recognized by his hosts. His was the admirable example of perfect obedience, of heroic self-abnegation, and at the same time of Christ-like poverty.

Scotus, prince of scholastical theology, had not yet attained his thirty-fourth year, when he was ripe for Heaven. Cologne possessed him only a short while, but it had at least the honour of keeping his tomb.

It was on November 8, 1308, that that great light was extinguished. From time immemorial, he has been called Blessed, either by reason of his saintly life, or of the miracles attributed him.

F. DE GHYVELDE, O. F. M.

* * *

Converted by the Miraculous Medal



UNBELIEVER and a follower of Voltairian doctrines, a learned man of noble birth was at the point of death. His had been a long life. The worthy Pastor of the parish hastened to pay him a visit.

"Father," said the sick man, "I thank you for your zeal, but I do not know the Faith; I am a follower of Voltaire."

The Pastor withdrew, weeping. He attempted a second call. "Father, please do not come again."

Then, friends came for me. "Father, suppose you were to go..."

"I? After having seen the saintly Pastor fail?... Impossible! But if you help me, I shall send the dying man a person who will not fail."

"Who is that person?"

"The Blessed Virgin."

"And how, may I ask?"

"Have Mr. X... wear this miraculous medal, as a means of obtaining his cure; simply suggest him to unite to the prayers that will be offered for his intentions."

"He will refuse..."

"Catholic friends, if you do not succeed in having him wear that medal, I shall say you are not clever."

They would not tolerate this; so they did their best and won the moribund. He accepted the medal, just as I had figured he would. And, I being the friend of one of his relatives, managed to be received, in my quality of friend, by the sceptic.

I entered the drawing-room. The ladies were a little worried.

"But, Father, how will you go about it?"

"How? That is half done. I shall follow you..."

I walked in and began by thanking the sick man for the honour he was doing in receiving me. I congratulated him for his noble heart and his benefactions to the poor, of which I already knew. Shortly after having given a signal agreed upon, we were left alone. Feeling our Blessed Lady was helping me, I asked a few questions, to which he answered with childlike simplicity. Finally, pursuing my point, I obtained quite a satisfactory confession.

Then I called the family.

"Well, now, dear Mr. X., tell these people here, if you are pleased."

"Very much pleased!"

"We have made a fine little confession, have we not?"

"Certainly."

"Are you satisfied with the pardon God has granted you?"

"Assuredly."

"Then, revered friend, allow me just this: to save you by calling in the world's greatest doctor, I mean God."

"Quite willingly."

"And we are going to grant you a privilege these ladies and I have not: you will receive Communion even though you are not fasting. You will receive the Holy Oils for the body, and the Holy Eucharist for the soul."

"As you please."

All was done to the edification of the persons witnessing the scene of conversion. The dying man was fully conscious. Shortly after, he fainted away. I returned the next day; he was in the same state.

"I am going to bring him back to consciousness" I told the relatives. "Mr. X., do you know me?"

"Egad! do I!"

I suggested him the sentiments with which a Christian should be animated on his death-bed, and I gave him the plenary indulgence. He died the following day.

FATHER MILLEROT.

* * *

Marshal Bugeaud's Medal



AFTER having received a miraculous medal from the hand of his daughter, on her First Communion day, Marshal Bugeaud never parted with it. One day of expedition, two hours after leaving, perceiving that he had forgotten his medal, he called a cavalier and said: "My brave boy, your Arabian horse can do four leagues an hour. I left my medal hanging in my tent at camp, I would not yield to battle without it. I will stop the army and, watch in hand, will await you in an hour."

The horse-man was off like a shot and back in one hour.

When he presented the Marshal with the medal, the warrior, fearless and blameless, kissed it in the presence of the whole body of soldiers, and placed it on his breast, saying: "Now I can march on! With my medal on me, I have never been hurt. Forward, men! Let's go and beat the Kabyles!"

The following year, in honour of the victories over the Kabyles, Monsignor Dupuch, Bishop of Algeria at the time, invited the Marshal with twenty of his principal officers to dinner. After the meal, as they were conversing, seeing the venerable Prelate playing, by distraction, with his Episcopal Cross, Marshal Bugeaud smiled at him and said: "Perhaps, Monsignor, you believe you are the only one wearing a similar thing on your breast?" — "Would Marshal Bugeaud by chance be aiming for the honour of the episcopate?" — "No, Monsignor, but that does not prevent me from wearing on my breast something similar to your Cross." And the valiant soldier showed his medal, saying: "This is my safeguard. Ever since I received it from my daughter, I have never left for battle without wearing it."

* * *

Power of Mary



AT THE time of Saint Gregory the Great, a cruel plague desolated the city of Rome; each day saw hundreds and thousands of victims perish; in a single hour eighty persons died; hands and courage lacked to bury the dead; houses and streets in certain quarters were strewn with corpses; entire desolation was at its worst.

Saint Gregory, moved by the misfortune of his people, exhorted them to penance, re-animated their confidence in Mary and ordered them to go in procession from the different churches of the city, to the Basilica of Saint Mary Major. There, Pontiff, prelates, magistrates and faithful, prostrate before the miraculous image of Mary, tearfully invoked the Refuge of Sinners,

Comforter of the Afflicted and Help of the Sick. Then, coming out of the Basilica to the singing of litanies and bearing triumphantly the image painted by Saint Luke, the great procession advanced through the most desolate streets towards Saint Peter's Basilica. When the Sovereign Pontiff arrived in front of Adrian's Mole, he lifted

his eyes heavenwards and saw the Angel of the Lord alight on its highest point and put back in its scabbard the bare sword he held in his hand.

It was the minister of God's vengeance who had ceased to strike his victims. The plague stopped at once and not one sick person died. At the instant, the Angels of Heaven proclaimed the power of Mary, Queen of the earth, by singing the words that the Church has inscribed in Her Liturgy for Easter time; *Regina cæli lætare, alleluia. Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia, Resurrexit sicut dixit, alleluia.* The people heard the hymn from Heaven, and the holy Pope, overwhelmed with the joy of having been heard by Mary in the terrible desolation, united his voice to those of the Angels, ended the anthem with these words: *Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia.*

Since that epoch (590), Adrian's Mole bears the name of Chateau Saint Ange, and this building's name together with the bronze statue towering over it recalls to the entire universe the power of Mary, Queen of the earth.

ABBE GERARDIN.

There Is the Salvation and the Life



TER misery reigned in an Alpine village, where an avalanche had just wrought destruction. Soldiers who had come on the run to rescue the inhabitants, found among the ruins a woman and her daughter who had passed twelve hours in undescrivable horrors.

The mother related that her child had remained unconscious for several hours and that she had believed her dead. In her turn, she asked for death so as not to agonize over the little corpse.

Then, she suddenly felt her daughter's icy hand.

"*Margherita!*" she called.

"*Dove siamo mamma?*" (Where are we, Mother?)

"*Povera, siamo nelle mani di Dio!*" (Poor little thing, we are in the hands of God!)

Their doom was sealed, and the two unfortunate individuals had made the sacrifice of their lives. Towards night-fall, they heard a deafening noise: it was the shovels of the soldiers who had come to their aid. From that time these poor buried persons felt their hopes arise.

"*Avanti, eccoci, siamo da questo parte! Eccoci, per l'amore di Dio e della Madonna, avanti!*" (Come forward! We're here, we're on this side. We're here, for the love of God and of the Madonna, come forward!)

Towards five o'clock in the evening, they were saved. The mother's hair had turned white during the twelve hours of sepulchre; and the two of them showed the medals they wore about their necks, and exclaimed: "*Ecco la salute e la vita!*" There is the salvation and the life!"

As we go to press, we learn about the decease of Monsignor Emilien Masse, priest of the Pont Viau Foreign Missions, Prefect-Apostolic of Lintung, Manchukou, that survened towards the end of July at the Szeppingkai Concentration Camp.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception offer their deepest sympathy to Msgr. Edgar Larochelle, P. A., Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society of Pont Viau, for the great loss caused to the Society and the Missions by the death of this virtuous priest, this zealous apostle, only forty-two years of age.

They will make it a duty to present their pious suffrages to God for the soul of the regretted deceased.

Holy Father's Christmas Message to the World

(Continued)

CONCEPTION OF THE STATE ACCORDING TO THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT



He who would have the star of peace shine out and stand over human society should cooperate towards the setting up of a State conception and practice founded on reasonable discipline, exalted kindliness and a responsible Christian spirit. He should help to restore the State and its power to the service of human society, to the full recognition of the respect due to the human person and his efforts to attain his eternal destiny.

He should apply and devote himself to dispelling the errors which aim at causing the State and its authority to deviate from the path of morality, at severing them from the eminently ethical bond which links them to individual and social life, and at making them deny or in practice ignore their essential dependence on the will of the Creator. He should work for the recognition and diffusion of the truth which teaches, even in matters of this world, that the deepest meaning, the ultimate moral basis and the universal validity of "reigning" lies in "serving".

RENOVATION OF SOCIETY

Beloved children, may God grant that while you listen to Our voice your heart may be profoundly stirred and moved by the deeply felt seriousness, the loving solicitude, the unremitting insistence, with which We drive home these thoughts which are meant as an appeal to the conscience of the world, and a rallying-cry to all those who are ready to ponder and weigh the grandeur of their mission and responsibility by the vastness of this universal disaster.

A great part of mankind, and let Us not shirk from saying it, not a few who call themselves Christians, have to some extent their share in the collective responsibility for the growth of error and for the harm and the lack of moral fibre in the society of today.

What is this world war, with all its attendant circumstances, whether they be remote or proximate causes, its progress and material, legal and moral effects? What is it but the crumbling process, not expected, perhaps, by the thoughtless but seen and directed by those whose gaze penetrated into the realities of a social order which — behind a deceptive exterior or the mask of conventional shibboleths — hid its mortal weakness and its unbridled lust for gain and power?

That which in peacetime lay coiled up, broke loose at the outbreak of war in a sad succession of acts at variance with the human and Christian sense. International agreements to make war less inhuman by confining it to the combatants, to regulate the procedure of occupation and the imprisonment of the conquered remained in various places a dead letter. And who can see the end of this progressive demoralization of the people, who

can wish to watch impotently this disastrous progress? Should they not rather, over the ruins of a social order which has given such tragic proof of its ineptitude as a factor for the good of the people, gather together the hearts of all those who are magnanimous and upright in the solemn vow not to rest until in all peoples and all nations of the earth a vast legion shall be formed of those handfuls of men who, bent on bringing back society to its center of gravity, which is the law of God, aspire to the service of the human person and of his common life ennobled in God?

Mankind owes that vow to the countless dead who lie buried on the field of battle: the sacrifice of their lives in the fulfillment of their duty is a holocaust offered for a new and better social order.

Mankind owes that vow to the innumerable sorrowing host of mothers, widows and orphans who have seen the light, the solace and the support of their lives wrenched from them.

Mankind owes that vow to those numberless exiles whom the hurricane of war has torn from their native land and scattered in the land of the stranger; who can make their own the lament of the Prophet: "our inheritance is turned to aliens: our house to strangers."

Mankind owes that vow to the hundreds of thousands of persons who, without any fault on their part, sometimes only because of their nationality or race, have been consigned to death or to slow decline.

Mankind owes that vow to the many thousands of non-combatants, women, children, sick and aged, from whom aerial warfare — whose horrors we have from the beginning frequently denounced — has, without discrimination or through inadequate precautions, taken life, goods, health, home, charitable refuge, or house of prayer.

Mankind owes that vow to the flood of tears and bitterness, to the accumulation of sorrow and suffering, emanating from the murderous ruin of the dreadful conflict and crying to heaven to send down the Holy Spirit to liberate the world from the inundation of violence and terror. And where could you with greater assurance and trust and with more efficacious faith place this vow for the renewal of society than at the feet of the "Desired of all Nations" Who lies before us in the crib with all the charm of His sweet humanity as a babe, but also in the dynamic attraction of His incipient mission as Redeemer?

Where could this noble and holy crusade for the cleansing and renewal of society have a more significant consecration or find a more potent inspiration than at Bethlehem, where the new Adam appears in the adorable mystery of the Incarnation? For it is at His fountains of truth and grace that mankind should find the water of life if it is not to perish in the desert of this life; "of His fullness we all have received." His fullness of grace and truth flows as freely today as it has for twenty centuries on the world. His light can overcome the darkness, the rays of His love can conquer the icy egoism which holds so many back from becoming great and conspicuous in their higher life.

Do you, crusader-volunteers of a distinguished new society, lift up the new call for moral and Christian rebirth, declare war on the darkness which

comes from deserting God, on the coldness that comes from strife between brothers. It is a fight for the human race, which is gravely ill and must be healed in the name of conscience ennobled by Christianity.

INVOCATION OF THE REDEEMER OF THE WORLD

May Our blessing and Our paternal good wishes and encouragement go with your generous enterprise, and may they remain with all those who do not shirk hard sacrifices — those weapons which are more potent than any steel to combat the evil from which society suffers. Over your crusade for a social, human and Christian ideal may there shine out as a consolation and an inspiration the star that stands over the Grotto of Bethlehem, the first and the perennial star of the Christian Era. From the sign of it every faithful heart drew, draws and ever will draw strength: "If armies in camp should stand against me, my heart shall not fear." Where that star shines, there is Christ. "With Him for leader we shall not wander; through Him let us go to Him, that with the Child that is born today we may rejoice forever."

(*The end.*)



An Incident in the Life of Bishop de Forbin-Janson

One evening, the Bishop was entering the rectory at Lunéville; his hand was raised in blessing over the throngs that knelt at his passage. As he drew near the house, his eyes fell on a child of some five or six years who was awaiting him, resting on the Servant of God his candid gaze, not fearing to show his face devoured by a scab. The Bishop stopped and asked with benignity who was this child. He was told that it was little Xavier Barbelin, the last offspring of a very religious and patriarchal family, worthy of ancient times, and likewise the brother of one of his seminarians at Nancy. The Bishop stooped, smiling, and traced a sign of the cross on the brow of the child, who slipped away very happy, to relate his good fortune to his family. On the morrow, when he awoke, there was not a trace left of his ulcers; no more repulsive scars! Xavier presented a fresh rosy cheek to his parents' kiss.

The child became in later years the Reverend Father Barbelin, of the Society of Jesus, founder of the Apostolic School of Amiens, transferred to England in 1880.

(*Life of Bishop de Forbin-Janson, by Reverend Philpin de Rivière.*)



At the present moment, it depends on me that more Divine life shall be in the world. If I forget or neglect to sanctify myself at this moment, there will be for God, eternally, less supernatural treasures to lavish on the millions of men who are or shall be in the future.

— Father PLUS, S. J.

Mother Marie du St. Esprit

APOSTLE OF THE CHINESE WORK IN CANADA

(Continued)



AT THE time when the Chinese Work of Quebec began to fall from her hands, the courageous apostle who was Mother Marie du St. Esprit undertook, on another field of action, a similar apostolic organization on behalf of emigrants from the Chinese Republic.

On May 1, 1926, His Excellency François Xavier Cloutier, Bishop of Three Rivers, gave entry in his episcopal city to a group of Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

One month later, Monsignor Louis Chartier, V. G., called at the new little convent to request the Sisters to take in hand the Chinese Work in the diocese, adding that he himself had had charge of it in the past, but seeing that neither he nor the Franciscan Fathers who helped him knew the Chinese tongue, he would be pleased if the Missionary Sisters would accept the post. The proposition was submitted to Reverend Mother Marie du St. Esprit; without delay it received an approbative answer, and a Missionary Sister who spoke the language was soon sent to the Chinese colony in that region. This colony comprised some fifty Chinese of the city, with several others scattered in main centres, such as Grand'Mère, Shawinigan, Louiseville, Le Cap, etc.

On July 9th, the newspapers published the following announcement:

Special courses for the Chinese of the Three Rivers district. — The Reverend Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, established at Three Rivers since the month of May, have lately begun a series of special courses for the Chinese living in the city or districts.

These courses are given every Sunday afternoon, from two to four, in the Catholic Syndicates Hall, 21 Royal Street. French, English and Chinese are the subjects taught, and in the language desired by the pupil.

To these is added a regular course in Christian Doctrine, especially in the Chinese tongue. Several Chinese have already enrolled and their number increases each week. These courses are absolutely free of charge.

The chronicles of the House show that in Three Rivers, as in Montreal and Quebec, the Sunday Courses were not the only means adopted for evangelizing the poor infidels; this new portion of the Lord's Vineyard was cultivated with all the zeal and enthusiasm it deserved; the missionaries resorted to the mode of action that had already been proven successful. Beautiful ears resulted for the apostolic sheaf. But to avoid repetition, we shall simply tell in a few words the story of a little flower culled from the desert of paganism, in the Catholic city of Three Rivers. At her birth, as it often happens in China, her parents, having already four children, judged it sufficient and resolved to do away with the unwelcome arrival. Informed

on the matter, the Sisters consulted the Ecclesiastical Authorities immediately; then they went to see the parents who were only too glad to be rid of the inopportune child. A paper of donation in good form was then signed before a notary; the dear little child was soon afterwards taken to the Cathedral where she was baptized and received the names of Marie Josèphe Délia Jeanne. The day after, she was adopted by the mother of one of the Missionary Sisters, to be brought up a fervent Catholic. And this is how little Marie Josèphe, unwanted by her parents, became a well-loved child of God and one the most privileged.

May the other children of her race, young and old, who still roam on the arid plains of paganism, and who have the advantage of being in daily contact with the Catholic population of Three Rivers, let themselves be drawn to the refreshing oasis open to them: God's Holy Church!

*
* *

One of Canada's most beautiful fields of apostolate in behalf of the pagans is, undoubtedly, the city of Vancouver, the headquarters, if we may say, of Oriental emigrants to our country. Long had the apostolic Mother Marie du St. Esprit been considering and coveting it when, in 1921, projects were elaborated with the purpose of founding a branch of her Community in Vancouver.

On March 15th of the same year, Vancouver's spiritual Head, Archbishop T. Casey, wrote the Reverend Mother:

We are in dire need of your good Sisters for our poor Chinese of Vancouver, as you doubtless know from my interviews with your Sisters who are spending some time in the city. Here in Vancouver we have over five hundred Chinese children, and the Anglicans and the Methodists strive to win them over to their cause; besides, no provision is made in our Holy Catholic Church for these poor little pagans.

I explained conditions to your Sisters, how we are struggling in every way for the Faith; we also have to fight against great obstacles, heavy debts, etc., but those children must be saved. It seems to me that you could come here as in one of China's prominent cities, and lay the basis of a humble foundation which, please God, will progress and be a welcome halting-place for your Sisters China-bound.

There are also a great number of Japanese children, although we have a kind woman, a convert, devoting herself in their behalf. With the coming years we hope to do much to save those poor foreigners, and the hour to begin has come.

Two or three Sisters will have to suffice at first, and I am sure that, with the Lord's blessing, the Mission will prosper indefinitely. As regards details, the Sisters, with their personal experience and special graces granted them by God, will learn in a short time more than I could tell them.

So, dear Reverend Mother, I hold great hopes that you will be able to help us in Vancouver by aiding us in bringing those poor little pagans to the Divine Master.

Praying God to bless you and yours, I am,

Devotedly yours in Our Lord,

† T. CASEY, *Archbp. of Vancouver.*



PHOTO TAKEN AFTER THE CONFIRMATION OF TWO CHINESE,
VANCOUVER, OCTOBER 7, 1924

Centre: HIS EXCELLENCY ARCHBISHOP T. CASEY, VANCOUVER. *Right:* SISTER SAINT VIAEUR (AURORE LAPOINTE, MONTREAL). *Left:* SISTER SAINT LOUIS DE GONZAGUE (ANNA GIRARD, CLAREMONT, N.H.).

Left to right: MR. CASEY, BROTHER OF HIS EXCELLENCY; REVEREND FATHER FORGET; MR. F. FILION, GODFATHER OF CHARLES, ONE OF THE NEWLY CONFIRMED; CHARLES; REVEREND FATHER THAYER, O. M. I.; MRS. P. LE BLANC; MRS. D. SWEENEY; PHILIP, A CHINESE; MRS. F. FILION; MR. YEUNG YOUNG, CATECHUMEN; DOCTOR D. SWEENEY, GODFATHER OF PHILIP; REVEREND FATHER O'BOYLE, VICAR GENERAL.

Two months later, in May, 1921, a tiny contingent of four Sisters went to open a new hearth of apostolate on the Pacific Coast. They firstly had a little school for pagan children on Keefer Street. The poor little Chinese, boys and girls alike, for the most part obliged to work several hours daily, came in at any and every hour. "Their free time is not always free for us," wrote one of the Sisters, "but that matters little; we must renounce ourselves if we wish to save souls."

Besides the school, the Sisters undertook visits to the poor and sick among the Chinese. It was on one of these apostolic rounds that the Missionary Sisters came upon a pitiable refuge wherein Vancouver's most unfortunate Orientals were gathered. Thereafter, they paid it regular visits and had the happiness of pouring the Regenerating Stream on the brow of several moribunds, and of preparing others to become children of God.

What pathetic stories could be told concerning the destitute refugees in that bare hovel! Poor old men of sixty and more, their clothing in shreds,

had to pass nights lying on the hard floor or curled up on chairs, without pillow or blanket, in the February weather. In the day-time, if they had strength enough to do so, they went about here and there begging for food.

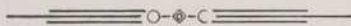
In April, 1924, the Superior of the House wrote the Foundress, Mother Marie du St. Esprit: "How we would wish to shelter those poor aged folks under our roof! Two of them implore the favour, assuring us that they will beg what they need to keep alive . . . but where can we find room for them in our small House?"

The charitable Mother sought, as did her spiritual daughters, a way whereby they could be of greater help to her "dear old Chinese children".

A property was bought by the Community on Campbell Street and, on May 26th of the same year, 1924, a little dispensary was opened. A few days later, permission was obtained to transform the second and third floors into a refuge. Four Chinese came to dwell in it immediately: the youngest was seventy years of age and the oldest, ninety. They did not delay in requesting Baptism. One of them, eighty-two years old, wept before dying, at the thought of "not having known Jesus and His holy Mother sooner," as he said it.

Several other patients also requested admission and were received with open arms, although the new abode lacked accommodation space. Kind Doctor Sweeney, a Catholic physician, offered his services, looking up to God alone for his reward. Generous benefactors procured food for the disowned abiders of the new Refuge; let us mention, especially, that, from that time until 1934, the good Sisters of Providence at St. Paul's Hospital provided a great part: cooked meats, vegetables, pastries, etc., which a charitable lady made hers the duty of fetching from the Hospital kitchen. As to the Missionary Sisters, they went from home to home in "Chinatown", collecting provisions for the need of their protégés, who then numbered fifteen. These were already too numerous, considering the smallness of the Refuge, and other unfortunates soliciting admission kept coming daily.

(To be continued)



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

* * *

When one is generous and sensitive at heart, one suffers to be forever receiving without giving anything. Well then, give to Jesus! yes, give Him your heart to love Him, your soul that He may reign therein, your will that it may obey His holy law and His own adorable will.

REVEREND J. BAETEMAN, C.M.



Love and Sacrifice

*In the morning of life, at a turn of the road,
I met Love tabernacled on altars of earth;
In the depths of my soul a fond feeling arose,
There, I knew that sweet love for my Lord had found birth*

*But as soon as my heart had told Jesus its love,
Its first thrilling sensation of felicity,
I remembered the good with the rose as its pledge
With no thorns and no cross is not worthy to be.*

*Now that love to preserve and its heights to ascend,
I stretched out my whole self to sore Sacrifice meet;
With a smile on my lips I consented to pain —
Then the sorrow with Grace was not bitter but sweet!*

*Love and Sacrifice — terms of unfathomed import,
They combine the great secret of happiness here;
The true peace of the heart is the work of the two,
While the joy of all virtues is their offspring so dear.*

*If the Lord has united to Sacrifice, Love —
It is only to help poor humanity's trend
To the Kingdom of Bliss where the sorrow, the pain,
Will be banished forever at Home with The Friend.*

*As the flame of a furnace ascending to God,
They give cheer to His Heart and buy graces for souls;
And when prayerful accents accompany them,
Love and Sacrifice reach to far heathenish goals.*

*Love and Sacrifice, gifts far beyond those of earth,
I am calling for them in a measure unbound,
For these gifts of the Lord are a currency rare,
That will purchase a place where the Angels are found.*

*Soon shall I with the Saints and the Spirits that throng
All the glorious courts of the Kingdom of Joy,
In that infinite rapture, the presence of God,
For Eternity's Day, His affection enjoy.*

THE PRECURSOR





"Ah! I tell you, Agnes, nowadays life is complicated! At times I lose my temper with those taxes, the ration, with . . ."

"What does that give you, Mary? It doesn't remedy the evil."

"No, but it relieves me . . . You are very lucky, I find, to have such a good character. There's nothing that irritates you . . . nothing surprises you . . ."

"That's because I endeavour to take things from the good side."

"I'm asking myself where you can find a good side in the payment of taxes, in . . ."

"The good side of everything, Mary, and the best when there is more than one side, is to take the thing always as coming from the hand of God. Nothing, after all, arrives without His permission; not even a hair of your head will fall without His command. And this excellent Father wants only our good. The effects of hardships and sorrows must be to make us re-enter into ourselves, to detach us from the earth, and, by the practice of virtue, to draw us to Heaven. For those who want to be saved, hardships are good."

"War is a benefit, then?"

"War, not to doubt it, is a punishment. Even as a father or mother anxious for the welfare of their children, punish them when they are culpable, so does God, by the great love He bears man, owe it to Himself to punish us, in order to call us from our straying. He must punish sin since it is so great an injury."

"But God doesn't want evil."

"No, certainly not, God doesn't want evil; much less does He bring it about. *Evil* comes from the devil, it is men that want it and cause it, but God allows it, seeing that He has given His reasonable creatures the liberty to choose between good and evil, so that the happiness of Heaven, immense happiness, everlasting happiness, may be the price of their fidelity in good, of their victories over wickedness. From wickedness He draws good. The greatest evil, the sole evil, is sin; sickness, loss of fortune, famines, wars, etc., are always trials when they are not the consequences of sin."

"You speak, dear friend, like a preacher . . . Where did you get those nice reflections?"

"From my daily meditations."

"Do you meditate?"

"I have formed a habit of it since I attend Closed Retreats, and I am very glad of it. There has been a radical change in my life since I started to do, assiduously, about half an hour's meditation every day on the truths of salvation. It is not without foundation that Saint Teresa of Avila so strongly advised even the laity, to practise daily mental prayer; that she

has affirmed that whoever is of good will and does mental prayer for at least a quarter of an hour every day could not be damned."

"Quite a confining practice for people in the world!"

"It's a matter of putting ourselves to it and then we get to like it. Meditating time is now the time of the day I like best."

"Have you a book for that intent?"

"The one Father X., preacher of my first Closed Retreat, recommended for me."

"I'll have to make a Closed Retreat, too. I've been thinking of it a long time. Perhaps it will do me good."

"You certainly will not regret it, Mary."

"What I dread is the silence we must observe during three days."

"The regulation gives a little recreation each day, but it is the silence that assures the success of a Retreat. How do you expect to commune with yourself without concentration, without solitude? If there are so many abominations in the world, if it is swarmed with wretchedness, it is because the world in general leads a totally exterior life, because it hardly reflects on how to act according to truth and the conscience. These words of the Holy Ghost apply themselves in these days more than ever perhaps: 'The world is losing itself because it does not reflect.'"

"Nowadays, life for the majority is a foolish race."

"Yes, an unbridled chase after prosperity, after joys and pleasures, after money which procures them. And once they are gotten, what do we feel ordinarily? Disenchantment, distaste, remorse . . . Some, noticing then that they had abused of their life, would like to start again, but . . . either they are touching the decline, or . . . the bad habits are too deeply rooted, or . . . it is too late! Happy, if they plunged themselves into the infinite mercy of God and gave themselves to compunction and penance — thus, they would not be frustrated from Paradise!"

"Oh! Heaven, if we only thought of it . . . we'd be able to endure many things. But we hardly think of that . . ."

"Because we never reflect, we never pray . . . If, for only a quarter of an hour every day, each would meditate on the truths of salvation, the face of the earth would change."

"Without doubt it would. By the way, did you get any news from your soldier son?"

"Yes, last month. Poor Michael, I read between the lines that he's as lonesome as ever. The rough military



"Oh! Heaven, if we only thought of it . . . we'd be able to endure many things."

life is certainly incompatible with his mild and tranquil character, his conciliative spirit, his delicateness and sensitiveness. I never stop encouraging him to show himself valiant, to render himself fearless and blameless, to make the sacrifice of his life to God every day. As for myself, every morning, I offer him as a victim to the divine will, to the adorable justice for the return of peace and the world's salvation, and I am living in the apprehension that I shall learn one moment or another that he is no more . . ."

"You are heroic!"

"But it isn't without continual heart-breaks . . . nor without tears . . ."

"Ah! this war, if it will have accumulated ruins and caused floods of human blood to be shed, it will also have made many mothers weep. Now then, when will it ever finish?"

"In my opinion, it will not end, as the Sovereign Pontiff demands, in justice and charity, before the people fall on their knees before God, humbled, repentant, and resolved to observe His Law."



The Cult of Our Founders

It is three centuries since Bishop de Laval, Marie de l'Incarnation, Marie Catherine de Saint Augustin and Marguerite Bourgeoys landed on the shores of New France. They brought to our forefathers the benefits of the Redemption. But, we in the twentieth century, are also the beneficiaries of their apostolate, for they live and act in the works they founded and the Institutions wherein these are perpetuated; and their holy lives can be held up as models for us, as long as our country and, even, as long as time shall be.

Consequently, let us in our turn hear God's invitation to Israel: "Look unto the rock whence you are hewn, and to the hole of the pit from which you are dug out. Look unto Abraham your father, and to Sara that bore you." (Isaias, LI, 1, 2) Let us at last return in thought to those souls who have given us supernatural birth, and whose children we are for all eternity. They are our glory. We must be their crown and joy. We have forgotten them and have not placed sufficient confidence in them. Yet, they are always our assiduous protectors and intercessors before God's throne. Their incessant prayers obtain Heaven's blessings on our Canadian Church and country. What was valuable and enduring in the past, what is holy in our land to-day, we owe to them. And our future will be but a vain and illusory promise if we do not solicit their aid in its preparation. If, in time gone by, we let them drift into forgetfulness, the duty of gratitude incumbent upon us is all the more pressing. In truth, all the Saints of the universal Church are ours. It is, however, very normal for us, Canadians, in a grand and irresistible outburst of gratitude and confidence, to address ourselves especially to those who are more particularly ours and who will remain with us for all time. Since, in designs of Providence, they are our mediators, would we not be answering God's purposes in confiding them the care of our earthly and supernatural destinies?

But there is more. We have to repair long years of forgetfulness in their regard. The human tributes of honour we pay them will always be unworthy of their merit. What they rightfully expect from us is the homage of our hearts and souls in the infallible Church's exaltation and attestation of their sanctity before the whole world.

CARDINAL VILLENEUVE, O. M. I. (Translated)



Courage, indeed, is the sun of adversity; it generates light, warmth and vigour, and by it the winter of our distress is often made glorious summer.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)



T last, after a nineteen months' *fast*, the poor missionaries received their letters from home. Theophane then wrote: —

“On the feast of St. Peter, Bishop Retord called in all his missionaries and his coadjutor, Bishop Jeantet, to meet him at the College of Kê-Vinh. We made a retreat in common, and passed fifteen days in the most perfect calm and peace, in spite of the emissaries of the mandarins

who were spying in the neighborhood. We sang heaps of French songs and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Just before we parted, a courier arrived from Cochin-China, bringing news from Europe of the allies' success, the proclamation of peace, the birth of the Prince Imperial, and the rejoicings of the people at the new dogma. We were told also of the embassy sent by the Emperor to negotiate with the Annamite king, so as to stop the persecution of Christians, and especially of the French missionaries, whose blood this king, a worthy successor of his father, has so cruelly shed. We were about to disperse to our respective missions and had already taken leave of one another, when a tremendous inundation came, worse than any in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and it compelled us to stay where we were. The flood lasted a whole month and the waters covered four large provinces, besides breaking down the dykes in many places. The newly-sown rice was completely lost; that which was almost ready for the harvest was submerged, and the greater portion rotted; many villages were destroyed, and thousands of persons drowned, or killed by the falling of the mud walls of their houses. Many took refuge in the mountains; others huddled close to the dykes which had resisted the rush of waters, and remained there without food for days; others again, like ourselves, were kept prisoners in their houses, obliged to battle with the ever-rising flood. Often it was necessary to take up the flooring and make a temporary standing-ground in the upper story or close under the roof, which had to be pierced to give air.

“In the villages where inundations are an annual occurrence, there is a system of boats, which are kept ready in case of need, but in other places you can imagine the misery! Besides, the gardens are all destroyed, trees killed, and cattle and domestic animals drowned. As for ourselves, the students of the college, by working day and night, contrived to build a dyke sufficiently strong to protect the church and our place of refuge, but the bishop's house was full of water. In the midst of this I fell sick of a violent fever with an attack of asthma, and it was in one of the worst fits that your letter was brought to me and acted like the dew on the parched ground. Don't fancy that this is a figure of speech. I do assure you it is a fact that the sight of your hand-writing, and the joy that I felt, reacted on my whole system, and the fever was sensibly diminished. However, just as I was

beginning to rejoice in a kind of convalescence, I caught typhoid fever, which again brought me to the very gates of death. Bishop Retord and my fellow-missioners said Masses for me to St. Peter of Alcantara (to whom, St. Teresa says, our Lord refuses nothing), and I got better from that time. The end of all this succession of fevers is, that although I am about again, I am still very weak; but as my appetite has returned, I hope to be able to work soon. My left side no longer gives me so much pain; and as God has preserved me until now, I hope that He will do so to the end, and enable me to do something for His glory before I die."

After receiving these letters, his family naturally feared that the following courier would bring the news of his death. Their surprise and joy were therefore very great at the contents of a letter, dated June, 1857, in which he says, "At the end of the year 1856 every one thought I was dying. So I took the advice of Bishop Retord and consented to try a Chinese remedy, which is used only in extreme cases, and is called, in Annamite, '*Phep-Quenou*'. In Europe it would be considered a species of cauterization. It consists in applying little burning balls of a certain herb, something like absinthe, to different parts of the body. There are, the Chinese doctors say, three hundred and sixty points in the human body which may thus be burnt. The difficulty is to know which is the right spot; otherwise, you may be lamed, or become blind, or have your mouth drawn to one side, etc., etc. I was burnt in five hundred different places, about two hundred of which were near the lungs. At the end of a few days these cauterizations, or inoculations, produced a little yellow pustule full of matter; this is a sign that the operation has been successful, as the system is supposed thus to reject all that is noxious. The result has been that I am wonderfully better, and my patience in enduring this small purgatory for several hours has been rewarded. But enough of my wretched ailments, for to be sick is natural to me; and Bishop Retord declares that I have chosen sufferings for my specialty.

"I would rather talk to you about the state of our poor mission. We were at Kê-Vinh in February, when one Monday, at eight o'clock, one of the villagers came in hot haste to tell us that the mandarin of the southern province had surrounded the village and was coming to seize us. Bishop Retord was forced by the students into a subterranean hiding-place; Father Charbonnier and I were stuffed into a place between two walls, where we remained for four hours without seeing the light of day. At the end of this time, some one came to announce to us that the domiciliary visit was over, and the mandarin gone; but that he had carried off with him the director of the college (a venerable priest named Tinh), one of the catechists, and the mayor of the place. The truth was, that in the neighboring province certain Christians had been forced by blows to reveal the bishop's residence; and a poor woman, who was the bearer of some European letters to one of our missionaries, was seized, and, being put to the torture, confessed in her agony, that they were destined for the College of Kê-Vinh. But this was only the beginning of a series of misfortunes. In March the mandarin returned with two hundred soldiers to destroy both the church and the college; but we had

received warning in time, and had all taken refuge in the mountains. The next day we returned to find everything in ruins, and as we were surrounded by spies, it was thought best to leave the place for a time. I went by night, secretly, in a boat, to my old quarters at Hoang-Nguyên, while Bishop Retord and Father Charbonnier returned to their hiding-places in the mountains. Father Castex and Father Theurel, the superior of the college, were at Hoàng when I arrived; but the former was soon seized with rheumatic fever, and became dangerously ill. Bishop Retord, hearing of this, came down from the hills to administer the last consolations to our dear friend and brother, who expired on the eve of Trinity, after great sufferings. His death was, however, perfectly peaceful, and he slept the sleep of the just. To me, who had lived in great intimacy with him for two years, the loss is very great, and I have scarcely courage to face the future. Bishop Retord has given me his post, for which I feel utterly unworthy. May I only imitate the holiness of my predecessor and win as many souls for our dear Master as he did!

"Our good old priest, Tinh, of whom I spoke as having been carried off by the persecutor, made a glorious confession of faith, and was instantly beheaded. The Christians had no time to help him in his last moments, but he was one who kept his lamp always burning. The sword of the executioner broke in halves during the operation. The mandarins thought this a bad omen, and in consequence offered pagan sacrifices to appease the dead ancestors of the victim. Poor Tinh's three companions, having also generously confessed the faith, were condemned to perpetual banishment in a distant, unhealthful mountain. A few months later, a pagan prefect, having taken a spite against Bishop Diaz, a Dominican, denounced him to the mandarins, and his Lordship was seized at his residence in the village of Biù-Chu and dragged to the prefecture, where he is now imprisoned and rigorously guarded. We expect every day to hear that he has been condemned to death. The great mandarin has a special hatred for all Christians just now, and has placed crosses at the gates of the town, so that everyone going out or coming in shall trample them under foot. The unhappy Christians have been subject to domiciliary visits day and night. Fortunately, however, they were warned in time, and the greater number have taken flight. In Cochinchina the state of things is still worse.

(To be continued.)



THE MILD CHARGE

Oh! how mild the charge to appear before God: that of our alms, sacrifices, privations! Would that we bend under the weight . . . Would that we, ravished and charmed, cry out: "Lord! To whom, and when, have I given these things?" And may the eternal voice respond: "What you have given, I return to you a hundredfold, as I promised." For our benefit let us keep this beautiful thought and occasionally make it circulate among ourselves as a light and a guide: "We shall bring on high only what we shall have given."

FATHER Y. D'ISNE



In Praise of Xavier

*The souls of the heathens his passion were,
Far more precious than wealth or life;
And the man who had followed fleet renown,
Who had wielded the sword for a monarch's crown,
Went forth to a nobler strife.*

*Then Xavier had thought of no greater aim
Than to lead all the souls of men
To the feet of his Lord, the changeless King —
What could matter the strain, what, the suffering?
Still more would he bear again!*

*He trod in the wildness of lands unknown,
There the souls he had sought he met;
While of sword he had one, the Cross of Christ,
And he led their sad steps to the cheery tryst
With God when their life's sun set.*

*To-day, in the lands of the Eastern clime,
The apostles who took from him
The great torch to be lit — the lamp of Faith —
Hold it high with a courage naught can abate;
Not once will its brightness dim!*

*That heathens may dwell in this light and warmth,
More apostles with burning zeal,
We request of the Lord in Xavier's name —
Always more and with visions of fadeless fame —
Mark souls with the Cross and Seal!*

THE PRECURSOR.



We seem to hear the Saviour say, as to Peter in the olden days, *Launch out into the deep*; so much that fatherly love urges us to direct towards His Heart the innumerable humans actually living upon earth. The Church grows and flourishes always under the influence of the Divine Spirit. And the pains and struggles of the numerous apostolic workers who labour for her extension will know no unsuccess. Their example will continue to entrail others to follow them, and with the aid of charitable and devoted benefactors, they will arrive at winning more and more souls to Jesus Christ.

POPE BENEDICT XV

That Which Matters



What are worth of themselves comfort, wealth, pleasures, honours, science, in which people too often squander their existence? . . . All that is but vapour, but nothingness for Eternity . . .

The important affair here on earth is to save one's soul, by living *as a child of God and an heir to Paradise*.

Living *as a child of God* — what does this mean? It means acknowledging God, our Maker, invisible to our eyes but always near us by His immensity, as our Father; it means honouring Him as such, awaiting all things from His power and kindness, having recourse to Him in all our spiritual and bodily needs, in all our sorrows and difficulties; it means bearing Him the love, respect, gratitude, obedience, abandonment and confidence of a little child towards the best of Fathers; it

means keeping His commandments, submitting to His will in everything, going ahead of His desires and working constantly to perfect ourselves, according to these words of Our Lord: "Be you therefore perfect, as also your heavenly Father is perfect."

As an heir to Paradise. We know that God created us to be happy with Him in Eternity; that, in adopting us for His children, He made us heirs to Heaven, on condition, however, that we remain in His love and dependence. "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven," has Jesus said to His apostles. It is therefore by endeavouring to become by virtue what little children are by nature, that we shall obtain Heaven.

Science, honour, wealth, are therefore of value in so far as they help us to know and love God better, and afford us means of glorifying Him the more. "For what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" would Saint Ignatius of Loyola frequently repeat to young Francis Xavier, then captivated by earthly glory. This maxim, whence any judicious mind deduces a great truth, finally came to impress Ignatius' future companion, it severed him from worldly vanities and made of him the illustrious Saint, the apostolic hero mankind still admires.

Christian friends, let us often ask ourselves this question; and chiefly so when we are tempted to seek honour, wealth, pleasures; let us ask ourselves then: Of what use will that be to me in Eternity?

Meditation on this thought will draw us, in our turn, from earthly futilities and make us aspire after eternal goods. Then, undoubtedly, nature

will protest, but, to conquer it and conform our actions to our faith and hope, let us request strength from God through His Divine Son, His holy Mother and the Saints, especially Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, who, for having excelled in spiritual childhood, has been placed by the divine will with the greatest Saints of the Church to serve as our model. Our most loving and merciful Father, who always answers fervent prayers offered in view of His glory, will assuredly grant us this grace.

Then, remembering how a dutiful child has at heart his father's glory, we shall strive to spread knowledge and love of God, not only in our neighbourhood, but even in pagan countries by helping with prayers, sacrifices and alms, the missionaries who, at the cost of immense sufferings, go and bear the light of salvation to the billion pagan souls still plunged in the midnight of error and paganism, in the ignorance of their Creator and Father, and without the consoling hope of eternal happiness.

HOW TO PAY

You should be an apostle for a divinely noble reason, out of gratitude, loved as we have been with a love of predilection. Jesus has outpoured His very Heart on us all. He has gratuitously lavished His treasures on us. Now then, how can we compensate those sacred bounties? Truly speaking, I see but one means, which is: to glorify Him, to give Him souls, families who know and love Him. I do not know any coinage of greater value than that.

FATHER MATEO, SS. CC.

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
September-October.....	\$13.60		

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 have received a special favour from Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. Miss J. P., **Anthony, R.I.** — I have received a favour from St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. R. B., **Halifax, N.S.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in honour of Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, in gratitude for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. E. B., **Brownsburg.** — Thanksgiving to Saint Teresa of Lisieux for her protection. Mrs. N. L., **Amos.** — Lively gratitude towards the little "Flower of Carmel" for graces obtained through her intercession. Mrs. R.F., **Central Falls, R.I.** — Gratitude towards the dear Patroness of Missionaries for a benefit she has granted me. Mrs. E. B., **St. Jerome.** — Gratitude to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus for her constant protection over all our spiritual and temporal affairs. Mrs. L. M., **Montreal.** — My most lively gratitude for the cure of my daughter, attributed to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. C. C., **Pointe aux Roches, Ont.** — Lively gratitude towards the dear "Scatterer of Roses" for a favour obtained. I request her to continue showering rose petals on my family. Mrs. A. M., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — Gratitude for a favour obtained through the intercession of Saint Teresa. Mrs. L. G., **Rivière Matane.** — I wish to thank Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus for her protection and solicit other favours, especially spiritual favours I am in need of. C. L., **Montreal.**

Christian Heroism

Tom, a young negro become Christian, had won his master's confidence. The latter, wishing to buy slaves, took him along one day to help him choose well. Among others, Tom presented him a man of declining age, whom the master barely accepted. Arriving at the plantations, the young negro manifested great care for the aged person. He lodged him in his own cabin and had him eat at his table. When he was cold, Tom would bring him in the sun. If he complained of the heat, he would make him sit in the shade.

Astonished at this, the master said to Tom one day: "This man you look after so affectionately, would he be your father? One of your close relatives, perhaps?"

"No, Master, he is not related to me. He is not even my friend."

"Tell me, then, why is it you look so attentively after a man who means nothing to you?"

"He is my enemy! He had sold me to the white men on the African coast; but I cannot hate him, because the Missionary Father told me: 'If your enemy is thirsty, give him to drink; if he is hungry, give him to eat.'"

His Mother's Birthday Present

At Lyons, some years ago, a young soldier went to the chaplain of his regiment about four o'clock one afternoon and asked him to hear his confession and give him Holy Communion.

— Hear your confession? Certainly; but won't to-morrow be time enough for Holy Communion? You know it is not customary to give Holy Communion at this time of day, except to the sick.

— But, Father, to-day is my mother's birthday. Ever since I joined the army I have given her the birthday present that I know she likes best — I mean I have gone to Holy Communion. I intended to go to confession yesterday afternoon, but we had an unexpected review that kept me in the ranks all afternoon; and all day to-day we have been kept busy in camp. I haven't broken my fast, and I thought perhaps, under the circumstances, you would let me receive Holy Communion at this time.

— I will, the chaplain replied. The mother of so good a son deserves to have her birthday present.



The snow was falling from the skies in fine stars, overspreading the earth with its purity and whiteness, when here below appeared a miniard little girl. On account of the shower of stars that supervened at the moment, and in honour of her whom Holy Church implores so justly under the sweet title of Star of the Sea, the new little creature received in Baptism the name of Stella.

Full of charms and sweetness, the child glowed very soon amidst her own as a star. One would even have said that her brow shone as resplends the depth of a cloud when the stars colour it. One would admire her, love her, fondle her.

Her pious mother, like all mothers, made over her crib numerous projects for the future; yet, there was one that she nourished particularly and, to see it realized, every day she would pick up the little darling into her loving arms, lavish caresses on her and cover her with kisses. Then, proceeding towards the foot of a statue of the Madonna, she would say this prayer: "O you whom we call the Star of the Sea, Holy Virgin, O Mary, I give you my little 'Star'; deign to accept her and keep her forever, as your property and possession."

In this Christian hearth, the child soon learnt to know and love Jesus and Mary. Before long, she also learnt to love . . . the stars. As soon as they would begin to show in the heavens, provided that at the time her big blue eyes were not shut in sleep, she would run and admire them. "Mamma, Mamma!" she would cry out, "come and see the pretty stars!" And she would gaze at them for a long time.

* * *

Stella was now seven years old. One year ago she had made her First Holy Communion with the fervour of an angel. It was repeated, that day, that only the wings were missing to believe her borrowed from the angelical throng.

Since then, she had communicated frequently; love of Jesus dwelt in her heart and operated marvels. She was often seen going during the day, even, to visit the Blessed Sacrament and to remain kneeling with her tiny hands joined and her eyes like two brilliant sapphires



*"Mamma, come and see
the beautiful stars!"*

fixed on the tabernacle. But what could such a little girl have to say to Jesus? And what could she understand of the secrets this great God could communicate to her? . . . Shh! if we don't know anything and if we don't understand, let us be quiet! If we haven't the experience and knowledge of the sweet colloquies the King of Love causes certain little children with crystal souls and hearts of seraphim to relish, yes, let us be quiet and wish to become likened to them, to take part in their celestial banquets!

On coming away from these sweet converses with the Friend of innocence, Stella seemed to wear on her brow a ray more luminous still than those that show from the pearly clouds. Divine grace was doing its work; she would be seen more obedient, more eager every day to render service, more attentive to make little sacrifices. Naturally, she had a few slight faults; who hasn't? . . . But she made such strong efforts to combat these, that it was a pleasure to see her at the struggle.

She was going to school, and the sagacious teacher who observed her would say: "What will become of this child? She bears her name well; without doubt, God will make hers a vocation of choice." Charmed by her precocious virtue and her outstanding qualities, she would, half-smiling, call her at times her "little star".

* * *

The snow had come sixteen times to cover the autumnal earth with purity and whiteness since Stella had been carried to Holy Baptism. The tiny infant of the time was now an attractive young girl full of distinction and merit. Always cherished by her family, she was highly esteemed by her teachers and companions. The following year would end the studies she had been pursuing with rare success; and the people around already whispered: "What is Stella going to do when she leaves the Academy?" . . . Anxious to know, they questioned her squarely, but she held her secret inviolable. Yes, her secret, because long since she had heard in the intimacy of her heart a mysterious call to which she had generously responded. She longed to follow the call, which she believed the expression of the will of God, but, as the hour had not yet struck, she had not spoken of it. It was the King's secret, it seemed to her, and she kept it faithfully.

In marvellous ways she had already been preserved from grievous accidents; and prosperous in every way she was, to the point that she appeared the object of a special protection, so much so that people would humourously declare that she had been born under a lucky star.

Stella, from her side, inwardly felt herself under a sweet tutelage which inspired, led and protected her. Was it an Angel or the Saints of Heaven, or was it God Himself who helped her thus? . . . Oh! she knew who it was, for someone had told her, and that someone was her pious mother who had, when she was yet very little, given her to the Blessed Virgin for her property and possession. The Queen of Heaven had visibly accepted Stella for her own, and had ceaselessly lavished her mighty protection and motherly attentions upon her.

The happy lass bore the loving Mother the most filial affection, the most unshakeable confidence and the most lively thankfulness. She had recourse to her in all; thus her needs were satisfied, her wishes heard. "The Blessed Virgin," Stella loved to say over and over, "is my Star!"

Time passed, carrying with it another twelve years of Stella's life, years full of trials unforeseen, of sufferings, of happiness, of merit. But what became of the lovable and virtuous student? . . . It was no longer a secret for anybody, and she herself enjoyed relating her vicissitudes of the last twelve years, to praise the Lord and the Virgin Mary for their all-loving and merciful views upon her.

After having brilliantly terminated her studies, she returned to the dear fireside, well resolved to accomplish without delay the great sacrifice of leaving it, as well as all her loved ones, to follow the call heard so often interiorly, and which became more and more pressing, the call of her vocation. But, suddenly, in the unfathomable designs of Providence, an unexpected event occurred, that wrung her heart and shattered her hopes: her worthy mother, after only a few days of illness, expired in her arms. Then her father, burdened with sorrow and not well himself, formally opposed to his eldest daughter's departure; she was the only one, to his thinking, who could replace before him and his family the regretted deceased.

Crushed to the very soul, Stella lovingly submitted, nevertheless, to the will of God. Very soon, she traced out a programme of life for the length of time it would please Divine Goodness to hold her in waiting as to the realization of her projects. From that time, prayer, devotedness, abnegation and sacrifice became her daily bread.

Her father entrusted much to her charge and assiduously claimed her kind help. Her brothers and sisters found in her their consolation, their guide and their support.

Soon her generous procedure escaped the family bounds and spread in all the parochial circle. Called upon to fill a role in the pious associations and charitable organizations of the parish, she was the admiration of all, so much so that they decided to call her the "Star of the Parish".

Always enraptured in her great ideal, Stella did not draw vanity from these worldly considerations, the bottom of which is always vapour, nothingness; they even rendered her more humble and modest. Attracted by her beautiful qualities both physical and moral, earnest young men sought her; but she kept her heart perfectly for Him to whom she had consecrated it, wreathing it each day with a double hedge by the reception of the Holy Eucharist and fidelity to all her devout practices towards her august Protectress, the Immaculate Virgin. At these two great sources of grace, she daily unsheathed the courage to joyfully accomplish her heavy task; she even found therein sweet delight.

Four years were thus spent, and having reached majority, she looked forward to the day when her younger sister would replace her before the family, and when the numerous links that prevented her from making her advance would break. She was on the point of disclosing her intention to her father when, oh, mysterious ways of Providence! a new trouble suddenly

came to overwhelm her soul and change the face of things. Her dear father suddenly grew worse and he died forthwith. His daughter, in receiving his last breath, was crushed by the blow of this unexpected passing away, and under the weight which fell heavily upon her shoulders: the whole charge of the family and her father's affairs. And when her grief-stricken brothers and sisters came to throw themselves into her arms, it seemed as though a sword of sorrow pierced her very soul.

But God, who strikes only to lift again, who tries only to repay, survened at this time to console her with His grace and to give her the understanding and the courage to cross the difficult trial. Then, also, the Heavenly Queen bent kindly over her faithful child to console, guide and uphold her.

When calm was restored about her, Stella began to reflect . . . Things had changed, but as to her state of life, had it improved any? The unfortunate young lady believed times were worse than ever, then she doubted her vocation. "Since it has happened thus," she told herself, "it is because I must remain in the world. I am not worthy . . ." And the Spirit of Evil came, the poor girl felt herself seized by a terrible temptation. At the same time, she lost the taste for prayer and all the holy practices that, until then, had made up her strength and happiness. And it continued . . . it did not leave her rest neither day nor night . . .

Finally, in her sorrow, one day she recommended herself instantly to the Queen of Virgins, to the Advocate of desperate causes. A few moments later, the door-bell rang. Then . . . without knowing why, she experienced a feeling of joy as one of a happy presentiment . . . She went to open. What a surprise! It was her kind aunt, her mother's sister, who had come to see her. A widow without children and worthy of all praise, this good woman had lived under the family roof for a short while after the death of the dear mother. Stella loved her, as did all her brothers and sisters; she had even confided her some of her future projects. But what brought her here? . . . She wasn't long before understanding. Urged by an irresistible force, she came to offer to adopt her brothers and sisters, to take them all under her care; in a word, to replace Stella before them, in order that she may follow her vocation. If a thunder-bolt had fallen at Stella's feet she would not have been more astonished than at this charitable and totally disinterested offering. She asked for three days to pray, reflect and consult; but all had been settled so promptly that, the next day, the offer was accepted and she was able to sing as the Psalmist: "O Lord, thou hast broken my bonds: I will sacrifice to thee the sacrifice of praise."

A month later, Stella crossed the threshold of a convent patronized by the Immaculate Virgin, and entered a Community of Sisters who consecrated their lives to the extension of the reign of God and that of His holy Mother among the most disinherited peoples of the earth, the benighted heathens. Accustomed to self-forgetfulness, she triumphed happily over the trials inherent to the period of postulancy and the novitiate. Then came the much longed-for day of her consecration to God by the Religious Vows. A short time after arose another radiant day, that of her departure for the far-off Missions. Joyous as ever, she sailed on the sea, and more than once, as



THE STAR OF THE SEA

the nights were beautiful, she would be seen contemplating the stars. There was something searching in her look . . . she looked for the Star par excellence, the One whom we call the Star of the Sea, who guides the barques of our lives and leads them safe into port. Her soul was raised towards her, full of tenderness and gratitude, while from her lips there issued a fervent prayer. Before the hour for rest, she invited her Sisters to sing with her the sacred hymn, *Ave Maris Stella*. And the pure voices of these courageous virgins dominated the sound of the waves and ascended beyond the luminous planets.

It is now two years since Stella arrived at her apostolical field. First of all, she applied herself to the study of the language. She brought all her good will and made such rapid progress that she was confided the direction of a boarding-school for young girls, the majority still pagans, to whom she was to break each day the bread of the celestial doctrine. Still it was of other things that she had dreamt, of going over the roads and fields of the vast country in search of abandoned infants and opening Heaven to them by Baptism. Yes, she would have liked to introduce on high many little rejected souls. Since her arrival, she had poured the Holy Waters several times and it had given her great happiness. Yet she resigned herself lovingly to the employment confided to her, knowing that nothing is greater or more meritorious than the accomplishment of the divine will. She applies herself whole-heartedly to instruct her protégés well in the truths of salvation, and in order to encourage herself in always doing better, she often meditates these words of the prophet Daniel: "They that instruct many in the ways of justice, shall shine as stars for all eternity."



Vocation is a choice grace of which God is the only dispensator. The two signs revealing a vocation, aptitude and will, are likewise graces. Now grace adheres to prayer; and prayer is the only means indicated by Our Blessed Lord in founding the Work of Vocations, leaving us with the care of discovering the others: "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth labourers" (Matt., IX, 38).

MONSIGNOR J. R. LEONARD

God makes a book with our life. A divine hand writes our history to publish it some day. Let us think of making it beautiful.

BOSSUET

Temptations have no hold on a Christian whose heart is veritably devoted to the most Blessed Virgin Mary.



CANTON, CHINA

MEMOIRS

The Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, founded June 3, 1902, had barely reached its seventh year of existence, when it was called upon to help in the great pagan harvest. The appeal came from Canton, China, the city named of old the "devil's Capital", the city of civil disturbances, of wars and conflagrations, the heathen city that had let Saint Francis Xavier, who would have given it the light of salvation, die at its gates.

The moment of grace seemed to have rung for the Cantonese, and the tiny band of missionaries from France labouring at its evangelization felt their powerlessness in face of the heavy task opening out to their zeal. Of the 4,500,000 souls then constituting the Canton population, only a few thousands were Catholics.

Reverend Father A. Fourquet, of the Paris Foreign Missions, Canton's actual Bishop, wrote, in 1908, to the Superior General of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception: "A vast field is here open to persons who, for love of God, wish to extend His Kingdom among the infidels. How happy Canton's Pastor and his little flock would be if new good wills joined theirs to strive in common for God's great Cause!" These lines were written following a voyage His Excellency Bishop Mérel, of Canton, made to Montreal. The noble-hearted missionary who could obtain no help from France — times being difficult in the Mother Country, persecution being the order of the day and Communities exceedingly hard to recruit — ardently hoped to be conceded Missionary Sisters for his diocese. He was told by Archbishop Bruchési about the Community of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, founded by one of Canada's zealous apostles, Very Reverend Mother Marie du St. Esprit, with the specific purpose of working for the conversion of pagans in foreign lands.

Bishop Mérel's pious project could only answer the designs of the Foundress and her spiritual daughters. Out of the fifteen Professed Sisters schooled at the moment by their apostolic Mother in the practice of the virtues that make true missionaries, six were designated, the following year, for the far-off Mission.

On September 8, 1909, under the auspices of the little Virgin whose Nativity feast it was, the six departants left Montreal for China via Vancouver.

On October 17th of the same year, Bishop Mérel wrote, we could surmise with what pleasure:

Your dear Sisters arrived ten days ago, but it seems like only yesterday to us; time flies in China as everywhere else, even for the Sisters. They are very joyful. The children and young girls at the Orphanage received them as beloved mothers; the latter were deeply touched by the affectionate and truly filial welcome. This goes to say that your dear Sisters are happy with their newly-found family. They ardently long to see it increase; they would have already opened classes, had I not asked them to learn Chinese first of all. They set themselves down to the study of the tongue with vigour and success. Their almost perfect singing of the Chinese *Ave Maria* would make even the Chinese jealous. All in all, they would be ideally happy, did not the climate give them something to endure. Still, they will easily be able to bear up with the heat by changing their woollen clothing for linen or cotton. The colour of the fabric is left to them, but it is an essential requirement that it be very light, since the heat is burning, it makes one perspire freely even in the shade or in a room not refreshed by the wind.

Upon their arrival, in fact, the Sisters had been entrusted with the direction of a house with a personnel of one hundred and fifty persons: Chinese virgins, orphans, old women; which meant that they had occupations to fill up all their waking moments. They wrote to their Mother Foundress:

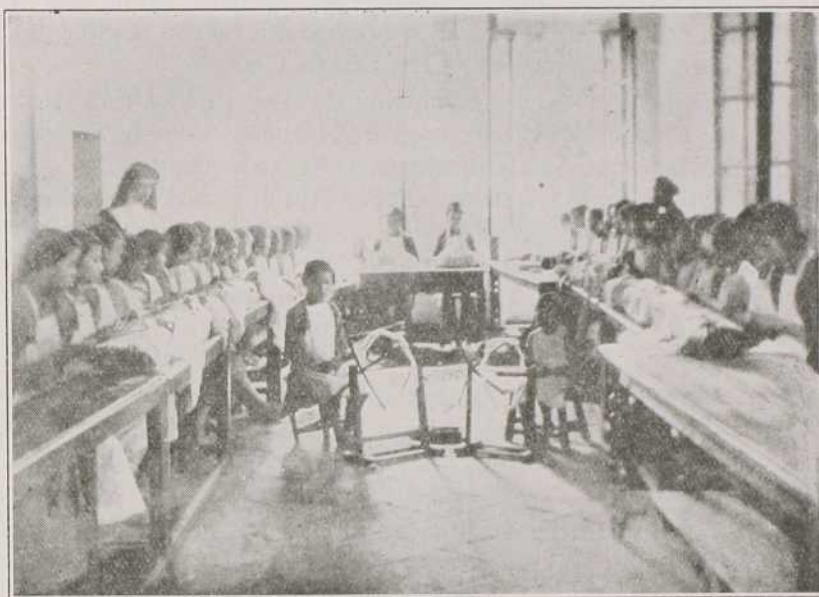
The Chinese virgins, who number twenty-five, are a source of edification; they will be very valuable auxiliaries to us, for they can gain admission in places impossible for us to reach. Our little orphan girls are very clever. Every day, three or four babies are brought to us wrapped in miserable tatters; we give twenty cents (Chinese money) to the bearer and without any delay we christen the new arrival, lest the dear little one die before the hour of Solemn Baptism, which a priest comes to administer each night. The unfortunate babies rarely survive. We have ten now that seem likely to live. I am speaking of the infants we are caring for here in our home; but we also have the direction of another foundling-home outside the city; the virgin-catechists look after the children there. The priest who founded the home



HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REVEREND J. M. MEREL, OF THE PARIS FOREIGN MISSIONS, BISHOP OF CANTON, CHINA, IN 1909.

is our Chaplain at present; he wishes us to open a house there as soon as you can send Sisters.

Canton as yet possessed no Catholic school for girls, while several Protestant establishments were spreading error along with human sciences. The missionaries' foremost preoccupation was therefore to furnish as soon as possible a few classes in view of a day-school for young pagan girls. A good number of pupils inscribed without delay. The children felt drawn to the



CHINESE ORPHANS, CANTON, CHINA

foreign Sisters, who, by kindness and gentleness, soon won their confidence. The opening of the school, that had been placed under the patronage of the Holy Ghost, proved a success, and the Sisters found pleasure in teaching those budding intellects avidly longing to be instructed.

During the year 1909, three thousand children were baptized by the Sisters in Canton's two foundling-homes. A like harvest of little souls could only augment the enthusiasm of the six Missionary Sisters and inflame their zeal for the salvation of pagan children. They yearned for the moment when other companions would come to share their labours and consolations.

The coveted workers were not long before reaching the post, since, during the night of December 1st to 2nd, 1910, the ship entering Hong Kong harbour had on board three Canadian Sisters from Montreal. On the following day, the feast of Saint Francis Xavier, they landed in Canton. How touching was the scene of reunion after one long year of separation!

In order that the new-comers be able to experience the joys of apostolate without delay, they were temporarily ceded the title and office of baptizers. The gleanings were abundant in those days!

On December 8th of the same year, fourteen adults also received Baptism in the tiny convent chapel, while several orphans and pupils were enrolled

in the Children of Mary Sodality. The ceremony was presided over by the bishop of Macao, who had shortly before been expelled from his episcopal city following the proclamation of the Portuguese Republic.

THE FIRST TRIALS

The year 1912 was marked by a heavy trial for the first missionaries at Canton. They lost their youngest fellow-worker, Sister Saint Jean l'Evangéliste (Rachel Lalumière, Montreal), who died after a few months of illness borne with cheerful resignation to the will of God.

The Sister who thus went to implant the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Heaven was only twenty-three years of age. As a young lady of nineteen she had come to present herself to the Lord with the purpose of working in His Vineyard in heathen lands, and, eighteen months after receiving the Holy Habit, she had seen her ideal become a reality, since she had been designated for the first mission leave-taking in 1909. In loving gratitude for the election the Divine Master had made of her for so beautiful a work, she resolved to spend herself at her task with unaltered joy and was always faithful to her determination.

Seeing the Sisters weeping by her death-bed, the dying apostle made this observation: "I should not like you to be sad, take recreation just as if nothing had happened. When I'll be dead, sing a *Magnificat* to thank Our Lord. Tell Mother to rejoice, I am so happy!"

Revolution was then the situation in China; the dear Sister was asked to pray in Heaven for the great number of souls daily sent into Eternity. "Yes, you will have souls," she said. "You will have many, if you do not cry."



A SINGING LESSON AT THE HOLY GHOST SCHOOL, CANTON, CHINA

Right: SISTER SAINT JEAN L'EVANGELISTE (RACHEL LALUMIERE, MONTREAL), WHO DIED IN CANTON, ON FEBRUARY 13, 1912. Left: SISTER SAINT PIERRE CLAVER (ADEE HEBERT, MONTREAL), MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The dying Sister's supreme exhortations to joy and courage in sacrifice were in later years many a time to be put in practice by the Canton Sisters, and served to sustain them at times when hardships beset them, as was often the case.

REFUGEES AT HONG KONG

The great event of 1912 was the proclamation of the Chinese Republic. In the ensuing year broke out the revolt of the Middle Provinces against the Peking government.

At Canton, the declaration of independence issued by the Governor on July 18th had caused a certain fright in the population. Anxiety filled all hearts; none had the right to state his opinion, people bore up silently, expectantly, but there was mystery, something sinister in the atmosphere.

Each day that followed, during the space of a week, brought news of battles in the various provinces. The populace was on the *qui vive*, when it was suddenly learnt that the Peking armies were heading for Canton. They were vanquishing the rebels everywhere. On July 31st, they had almost reached the city gates.

(To be continued)

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WEST INDIES

Having left Montreal the evening of September 12th, our dear Missionary Sisters en route for Haiti found themselves in New York at 9.45 the following morning.

The good Sisters of Providence, French Sisters, had made the most hospitable of receptions for our voyagers. The same evening, the latter boarded the train destined for Miami, Florida, where they happily arrived on the 14th.

His Excellency Bishop L. Collignon, of Cayes, Haiti, who had preceded them there, was waiting at the station, and, with most paternal kindness, conducted them to Gesù, to the Sisters of the Congregation of Saint Joseph, where they remained until September 17th. Early that last day, after having received the Divine Bread for voyagers, they took the plane which was to transport them to Port-au-Prince, Haiti.



If you wish to know the value of a soul, see, on one hand, what Satan offers each day to win it; on the other hand, what Jesus has sacrificed to ransom it.

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When we sacrifice our interests to the service of God, He furthers our affairs more than we could have done if we had preferred our interests to His glory.

St. Ignatius of Loyola.

VANCOUVER

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

Monday, April 12, 1943

With an overflow of gratitude and apostolic joy in her heart, Sister Marie Gabriel⁽¹⁾ gave us this morning the consoling details of the sudden death of one of our Chinese consumptives.

"At three o'clock this morning," she related, "I felt urged to visit again the second floor ward. Everything was quiet and I was about to leave when, changing my mind and putting the light on, I noticed our poor Kit, pale and worn, trying to get out of bed. 'But, what are you doing?' I queried. 'Oh Sister, I am glad to see you,' he answered at once. 'I believe I am going to die; my heart aches very much, I am smothering!'

"I soon concluded that the invalid was indeed very ill. I picked up the crucifix and showed it to him. 'Do you want to repeat this prayer after me: Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give You my heart and my soul?' He murmured the suggested invocations, then added simply: 'Jesus, I love You, oh! yes it is certain I love You!'

"After a few minutes had elapsed, I poured on the brow, already touched by the pallor of death, the Waters that have the power to make one a child of God. The moribund's eyes were fixed on the crucifix, while his lips seemed to articulate a few words. In this attitude of prayer and confidence, he calmly breathed his last."

Thursday, April 15

Another of our patients left us to-day for the Homeland above. Verily, the Lord seems to have special predilection for these poor disinherited folks, so profusely does He grant them graces of mercy and love. We behold them, outcasts of yesterday, as they part one after another for Paradise, happy, trusting, as simply as children who go to see a beloved Father.

Easter Sunday, April 25

The sun arose more beautiful, more radiant than ever, this morning. It seemed desirous to sing with us the Pascal Alleluia. Joy reigned supreme, in the glad world outside as in our hearts.

In the forenoon, Sister Superior, laden with most attractive baskets, paid a visit to the sick. The older patients were intrigued: Could the sugar ration possibly permit the usual Easter dainties? Yes, charity is ingenious. Our protégés were surprised to find a big tempting biscuit in the form of a nest, in which lay tiny sugar eggs in different colours, prepared by the skillful hands of our Sister-cook.

1. Evangeline GIGUERE, Quebec.

The day slipped by, joyous, animated. While those in our charge amused themselves and chatted in eager rivalry, two of their companions, very ill, and for that reason isolated, winged their way to the Kingdom of eternal bliss. Our old Hindu, Amor Chand, was the first of the two who set out on the Great Journey. Having taken hemorrhages suddenly, he had just time to receive Baptism, the object of his desires. Then Mr. Mori left us; he is the Japanese of whose conversion we have already spoken; unto the last he manifested the most consoling and edifying dispositions. Every day, Sister Saint Marc⁽¹⁾ would have him recite his prayers, act which he accomplished with extraordinary fervour, and to which he invariably added the following invocation full of humility: "My God, Holy Mary, pray for me, a great sinner!" "Sister," he had confided lately to the Infirmarian, "I feel very bad, my poor body is like an old rag of no more use; but my conscience is clear. How happy I am to be a Catholic, to die a Catholic!"

Tuesday, April 27

The Sister-Infirmarian of the Refuge having taken down the large crucifix from the wall in a ward caused our dear invalids to become very anxious. One of them inquired of the virgin-catechist the reason for it. "Sister, Jesus is gone and it is so sad; why take Him away from us?" — "Your Jesus will come back; we only want to do some cleaning," answered the Chinese virgin.

As further interrogations arose from all sides this morning, she hastened to give back to the pious invalids their Christ, their consolation in the midst of suffering.

Wednesday, May 5

To honour Mary, the Queen of May, spring buds and light ferns formed a gracious adorning for our altar. But there are other flowers, more precious still, which greatly rejoice her motherly heart; they are souls, live flowers in newly purified chalices. Pom Lum was one of these blossoms offered our celestial Mother on the first day of her beautiful month. The Holy Waters of Baptism had given his soul the whiteness of the lily, waiting as he had been since Saturday the calling of the benign Virgin to lead him to Paradise.

Happier than ever, his joined hands pressing the crucifix, the dying man softly murmured: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I love You!"

"You are not afraid to die?" said the Sister-Nurse, wishing to prepare him for the departure. "You are ready and God is about to open wide His beautiful Heaven for you. I will continue to pray for you." — "Sister," answered he in a last effort, "I shall also pray for you from above. May God reward your kindness!" And, with a continuous prayer on his lips, Pom Lum peacefully breathed his last. For ever he will sing the mercies of the Lord and of His Immaculate Mother.

1. Alida TALBOT, Cacouna.

Saturday, May 15

Another miracle of divine forbearance manifested itself in favour of a pagan, who, yesterday, had remained obstinate to our advances, but who has just died a child of God.

Young Foo had stubbornly rejected all attempts made for his conversion. Believing him influenced by his comrades, Sister Marguerite de Jésus⁽¹⁾ called him aside in order that the virgin-catechist might speak to him more freely with regard to the great question of his salvation. But the sick man angrily refused. "I do not want your God, go away!"

Very grieved, Sister Thérèse came to announce her failure. "To great evils, great remedies," replied the Infirmarian. "Let us resort to the last means. Go to the patient again and tell him that he is going to die to-night and that hell awaits him if he does not change his dispositions." But far from being moved, Young Foo was angered. On the sly, a miraculous medal was slipped under his pillow, and the stubborn invalid was left to his own reflections.

Seeing him weakening rapidly, the Sister-Nurse approached his bed this morning, and presented him the crucifix. Oh, miracle! The dying man quickly seized it and pressed it to his lips. There was no reason for doubt, the Blessed Virgin had whispered to Jesus the word that obtains the decisive grace.

After having poured the Purifying Waters on the livid brow, Sister Marguerite de Jésus said to the moribund: "You are baptized a child of God for ever!" A radiant smile of peace and joy illumined his pale countenance and he answered stammeringly: "I am glad!" He kissed the dear Cross a last time and closed his eyes in death.

Praise and gratitude to our Immaculate Mother for this new conquest!

Monday, May 18

What lively thanksgiving we owe God for having been born in a Christian land, in a home where a pious mother has taught us not only the secrets of the present life, but also and especially those of the supernatural life; where a good father has toiled to bring a little sunshine around our cradle and to procure us a good Catholic education! Numerous are the persons even in country, to whom so great a privilege has been denied.

We are actually hospitalizing an eighteen-year-old Indian youth who has neither home nor friends. The other day, with tears sparkling in his eyes, he confided us his sorrow: "Sister, I have no one in the world to help me; I am alone, all alone! My mother died when I was yet very small, and my father cared little for me, he abandoned me. So I began to wander, staying now and then with one or another of our neighbours. Now that I am a consumptive, I have nothing more to hope for."

Poor anguished heart! Our youthful Indian has nothing more to hope for here below, it is true, but soon he will learn, in studying our Holy Religion, that he has a Father up above who is stretching out His arms to him, and that, here on earth, all humans are brothers, since they are all children of the one God infinitely good.

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

Here and There

MOTHER HOUSE

FIRST DEPARTURE FOR HAITI

September 12, 1943

The impressive ceremonies of departure for the foreign missions which, since the outbreak of hostilities, had been interrupted at our Mother House, had for us a touching repetition to-day.

This time it was not for a voyage to the Far East that we implored the blessing of Holy Mother Church; the moment has not yet come enabling us to lend a helping hand to our predecessors who, over there, are toiling in the great harvesting of souls and cannot suffice to bind up the ripened sheaves. Insurmountable barriers actually hindering us from reaching the vast Oriental field, it was for another region, rich in the promise of a plentiful gathering and calling for labourers, that five of us were on the point of leaving: our dear Sisters Eugénie de Jésus⁽¹⁾, Sainte Juliette⁽²⁾, Saint Jean de Brébeuf⁽³⁾, Saint Adélard⁽⁴⁾, and Marie Rachel⁽⁵⁾. With our Reverend and dear Mother Superior General they undertook that night their journey to Cayes, Haiti, where His Excellency Bishop Collignon desired to confide them a work of charity in behalf of his faithful.

The religious ceremony, which had for end to call down divine protection on their expedition, took place at three o'clock in the afternoon. It was opened by a hymn to our Immaculate Mother, the Queen of Missions.

Reverend Father A. Desnoyers, O. M. I., Vicar General, then addressed to the departants, as well as their parents and friends present, an appropriate allocution, taking as text these words that, in a vision, had resounded in the ears of the great Apostle, Saint Paul: "Pass over into Macedonia, and help us" (Acts, XVI, 9).

The voice you had heard when you decided to go to Haiti is similar to the one that stirred the great Apostle to evangelize the Macedonians. This voice has been heard from the mouth of President Lescot who has asked for missionaries for his country. The Holy Father, who has also listened to the call of this people, has made an appeal to Religious Congregations and to-day, together with other Communities that have responded to the Sovereign Pontiff's wish, your Sisters are preparing to leave for Haiti with the Oblate Missionaries.

What motive made you obey the call? It was the love of God and of souls. At the moment, you have great sentiments in your heart: sentiments of obedience and love of God. As the Saviour has said to His Father: *Behold, I come to do thy will, O God*, it is by obedience to the Holy Father, to the Church, and also to your Superiors, that you head for these missions. In order to do the holy will of God you would part to save the souls awaiting you over there; but even this obedience is

1. Irène BLAIS, St. Bernard, Dorchester Co., Que.

2. Juliette DESCHENES, Lévis, Que.

3. Alice MAGNAN, Quebec.

4. Cécile FRAPPIER, Sorel, Que.

5. Rachel BLANCHETTE, St. Liboire, Bagot Co., Que.

motivated by love. It is because you love God, that you love souls, that you wish to save these.

The populations that will greet you with much affection and confidence upon your arrival in Haiti, ask nothing better than to know the true Faith; they have not what is needed to learn their Religion; they wait and wish for you, and this will render your task relatively easy.

What will be the Sisters' roles? It will be the works of teaching and of charity. The people are poor in the country places, and you will have to instruct these ignorant, who do not practise their Religion because they do not know it; you will give them the Religious truths they seek. Priests cannot penetrate in all the sections, relieve all the miseries; the Religious apply themselves to the conquest of souls, above all in schools and by works of charity. It is by charity that souls are won.

These are the advantages to be found in that land. It also has its reverses; the climate is beautiful, but very warm. The heat will be a burden to you. There is also the poverty, then, the mentality of the population; by reason of the tropical climate there is weakness in the characters and wills. It will be your own task, as teachers and counsellors, to correct the indolence, by causing the principles of Christianity to penetrate in the morals.

I see your parents and friends, your Mothers and Sisters about you. What will be the duty of those left behind? Firstly, in the Community, they will pray for you, they will think of you; it will be your consolation and your hope to know that in the native country there are souls who devote themselves for you. Your relatives and friends will likewise help you. The Holy Father is ceaselessly demanding our collaboration. We must all contribute to the conquest of souls.

Those of you who remain at home will pray for your missionaries; and you will aid them, at times, when you have little economies. We must help them with our alms; we must know how to gather these, even, in order to assist them in their work of evangelization.

May this ceremony contribute to put in our hearts a greater love for the abandoned Haitian souls who rely on our prayers and almsgiving!

You who part will always hear this "Come and help us!" the voice of the little ignorant who ask for religious instruction; and this voice will sustain you in your work; it is the call of souls, it is the voice of God.



HIS EXC. MOST REVEREND L. COLLIGNON, O. M. I.
Bishop of Cayes, Haiti.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was followed by the Itinerary prayers, then our voyagers recited aloud the Act of Consecration, which vowed their persons and their apostolate on Haitian territory to the Most Blessed Virgin.

At the organ the pious hymn: *My Queen, my Mother . . .*, was intoned, after which the attendance withdrew, following the departants, retaining in their souls some of the feelings of zeal and generosity which animated our missionaries.

Had assisted at the ceremony, besides Rev. Father A. Desnoyers, O. M. I., the Rev. Fathers Elie Charlebois, C. S. V., F. Ennis and T. Kelly, S. J., J. M. Michaud, P. M. E., from the Chinese Mission of Montreal; Rev. Father Antonio Magnan, Precious Blood Chaplain, Three Rivers; Rev. Father Paul Lachapelle, Mother House Chaplain; the Rev. Fathers L. Deschenes, F. S. V., and Edmond Telmosse, C. S. V.

The Haitian Nation was represented in the nave by Mr. Philippe Cantave, Haitian Vice-Consul to Montreal, and Mr. Edouard Woolley, Lawyer, Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

After the last family gathering in the cherished hearth of Cote des Neiges, our Missionaries went to don their travelling costume, then it was already time for the farewells. Our departants' sorrow was lessened somewhat by the consolation of bringing with them our kind Mother General, who will see to their installation on the Antilles. As for us, who remained, the hope of future joys upon her return in about a month's time, then of rejoining our dear Sisters in Haiti some day, tempered the always penible sacrifice of the separation.

Still another hymn at the chapel to solicit our Mother of Heaven's tender blessing, a last prayer asking her motherly protection, and the cars drove to the Station those whom our minds followed affectionately, onto the train which led them to Miami, Florida, then by the aerial way, right to the Port-au-Prince Garden of Eden, Haiti's Capital City, where our voyagers disembark, and where, we can say, Divine Providence has taken pleasure in making vegetation rich and beautiful.

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JOLIETTE

The 29th of August was inscribed as a memorable date in the pages of our Closed Retreat House Annals. Unforgettable date, in fact, was the "Apostolical Day" of the Retreatants from the various parts of our diocese, which unfolded itself in our City, beginning by Mass in the open air under the high porch of our convent.

The celebrant was Reverend Father Cholette, C. S. V., former Chaplain of the Retreatants' League, while at the microphone Reverend Father Fréchette, C. S. V., directed the throng's singing and prayers. A preached Thanksgiving by Reverend Canon W. Caillé instilled into the heart of all the attendance, sentiments of gratefulness and of faith. How emotional, for those who had come from all parts of the diocese, was the solemn moment



OPEN-AIR MASS AT THE CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF JOLIETTE,
AT THE "APOSTOLIC DAY" OF THE RETREATANTS OF THE DIOCESE, AUGUST 29, 1943.

when the chalice resplendent with light was elevated under the dome of the heavens! How touching it was also, when numerous priests were seen to distribute the Bread of Life to hundreds of young ladies and women! For an instant, we would have believed ourselves in Judea, living over the beautiful Gospel scenes, seeing Christ giving Himself with goodness, and spreading words of truth and charity to people come from afar!

After the Holy Sacrifice, breakfast was served to all the pilgrims in the convent refectory. A number of them profited by their spare time to revisit the rooms they had occupied during their Retreat; nearly all went to hail the white Madonna in the chapel. Then they proceeded towards the Seminary, for the rest of the day.

Reverend Father Fréchette, C. S. V., gave a report of our Closed Retreat House activities and brought to light the results of the past year. "More than 1,800 Retreatants," said he, "have followed the exercises of a Retreat, from the month of August 1942 to 1943, while hundreds of women and young ladies have taken part in Days of Study or Recollection. It means to say that the year has been good and fruitful."

In the first conference, entitled *The Church and Social Action*, Reverend Father A. Brossard, S. J., showed in an interesting and vivid manner, how from all times the Church has been the safeguard and strength of all our societies. Peoples a prey to moral crises, nations overturned by perverse doctrines, had but one solution in face of these hostile dangers: the Church alone can lift suffering humanity. This representation of the struggles of false doctrines against the infallible truth made a grateful 'thank you' leap from all hearts for the remarkable gift of faith granted to our country and families.

Noon hour came to interrupt the sublime discourse. Dinner, served in the spacious recreation-hall of the Seminary, permitted all to make up their strength; then return was made anew to the Academy Hall for the second part of the programme.

The second conference, treating of the *Woman and Social Virtues*, was not less interesting. It portrayed the real Christian woman. To save our homes, to guard our society, a woman must excel in the virtues of faith, of fidelity and of love. Alone, the Christian woman who prays, who immolates and sacrifices herself, can uplift our world which is drifting away into paganism. Yes, the Christian woman convinced of her duties, living the Gospel of Christ, could revive in our country the dominating virtues of our predecessors, the lively faith and the powerful love of our mothers.

A sketch, *With all her heart*, from the pen of Miss Denise Ladouceur, Joliette, demonstrated what apostolate a young girl can accomplish in the midst of her family, when she has drawn new enlightenment in a fervent Closed Retreat.

Our beloved Pastor, His Excellency Bishop Papineau, spoke with his fatherly heart to the crowd eager to hear him and suggested with benevolent firmness the conclusions to be drawn from this unforgettable solemnity. No one can doubt that each promised to be faithful in her respective surroundings to the appeal of the first Pastor of the diocese.

A watch-word was given, and all left the Seminary-Hall for the Cathedral, the while reciting *Aves* of the rosary. During twenty minutes, the defiling proceeded, pious and recollected, to the murmur of prayer. Under the Sacred Vault, the God of the Eucharist blessed for a last time these thousands of Retreatants of every age and condition, who then separated, happy of the magnificent day, and bearing in their hearts the most effective resolutions destined to make of the rest of their lives one laborious day, filled with merit and good works, which the Divine Master will reward with liberality.

* * *

AT ST. JOHNS, QUEBEC

More and always more numerous are the requests pouring in for a place on the Retreatant list, a reserved place for the Closed Retreat, without consideration of the space that is lacking. It seems as though, after having doubled the number of alcoves, we are expected to multiply the places. However, we cannot turn a deaf ear to those demands, they are so pressing and so suppliant; and it is the sanctification and salvation of souls which is the paramount concern. During Lent, especially, how many sinners return to God and how many bleeding souls come to pour the overflow of their anguished hearts into the Heart of Him who calls Himself the God of all consolation!

Mary Immaculate, our Heavenly Mother, who deigns call under her roof so many privileged persons, objects of her solicitude, and the Angels charged with the custody of our convent, know the miracles of grace worked during these days of silence and prayer. For a Closed Retreat does not have as sole aim to bring back strayed sheep to the fold. Thank God, innumerable are the choice souls that come to gather light and strength for the climbing pathway to perfection or to a heroic Christian life; or, to become hearths of apostolate. Persons who, without the Closed Retreat, would, after their personal avowal, have led worthless lives, like a great number of fellow-creatures, ciphers, not to say stumbling-blocks.

Here are a few notes or random reflections found in diaries and on bedroom tables:

Saint Johns, October, 1941

Making a Retreat for the sixth time . . . My God, what thanks could transcribe my gratitude? I was happy during my first Retreat; still more so during the second; now this is my sixth, and I find still greater peace and joy. These days of prayer and silence are among the most beautiful of my life. When pains and difficulties tend to depress me I think of my last Retreat and of the one to come and I pick up more courage. One of my resolutions is to come each year to benefit by the divine effusion in the reposing haven of the Retreat.

Mrs. X., Saint Rémi.

* * *

Saint Johns, February, 1942

My first Closed Retreat! . . .

Three days on a Closed Retreat . . . mean three days spent in the vestibule of Heaven.

It is never too late to learn to know, love and serve God more perfectly . . . I am twenty-three and, believe me, I had not yet known my Creator and Father. What graces have been granted me in this Retreat! It seems to me that in future it will be easier to accomplish God's holy will. I shall never forget that trials are the portion of the Lord's true friends.

Thank You, Jesus, and you, my Mother, for your benefits; bless my resolutions and my happiness and my future.

A FRIEND OF THE CLOSED RETREAT.

Saint Johns, May, 1942

Second day of my Retreat. — To the person who will have this dear little room, "Our Lady of Providence":

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Like me, you have answered the call of the Master, in coming to fortify yourself in divine grace by a Retreat. You will not be sorry you came, I am sure. Your heart will be light, and you will be able to hie upwards and onwards to your Ideal if only you *remember* the counsels the Retreat-Master has undoubtedly given you.

To remember: two words which say much. When you are undecided, troubled, very unhappy perhaps, remember the happiness that was yours during your Retreat; remember it often and, despite your sorrows, you will be able to smile and God will be pleased with your courage and generosity.

Let us follow our way with steadfastness, whatever it may be; we shall meet at the end. Good-bye.

A friend who does not know you, but loves you just the same,

STELLA

Saint Johns, June, 1942

I am making a Closed Retreat at Saint Bernadette's. Am I not dreaming? . . . No, it is all too true. What peace is mine within these blessed walls, where silence and recollection are so impressing! Happiness that cannot be expressed fills my soul. I have squared past accounts, I shall now regulate my future so as to have nothing with which to reproach myself if death comes. When I used to pass in front of a convent, I was inclined to pity the Sisters who spend their lives in those prisons — it was thus I spoke of convents, now I think the very opposite and I envy the blessed lot of those women who spend their lives in God's loving service, in peace, joy and felicity. They pray almost ceaselessly, hear Mass and receive Holy Communion daily, sing the praises of the Blessed Virgin, their beloved Patroness; that must be the reason why they always seem so joyful. I should not be surprised if they had, every day of their lives, as much happiness as we during our Closed Retreats . . .

I do not feel myself called to the Religious life, but I have understood during the Retreat that I simply *have* to be a veritable Catholic, not one who is satisfied with the regular routine, with being reputed a Saint when the true spirit of sanctity is lacking, but a truly convinced Catholic, thinking straight, seeing clearly ahead. Not only must I shun evil, I must do good. As has been said in the conferences, there are so many charitable works to be done and so few persons to devote themselves in behalf of them. Yes, serve God first, and forward! . . .

A HAPPY RETREATANT FROM LAPRAIRIE

Saint Johns, February, 1943

Last day of my Retreat . . . I am at a loss to express my joy and gratefulness. They claim we are even happier in Heaven . . . Can it be true? Never in my life have I felt such great happiness. What sweetness in my Communion this morning!

I thought I was in Heaven. I resolve to receive often in the future. O loving Host, you shall be my strength and joy, you will give me again the peace and happiness of the present moment.

But it will soon be time to leave . . . Dear little room, "Our Lady of Good Counsel", I am sorry to bid you farewell. It was so good just to pray and meditate within your white walls. My Heavenly Mother, bless me and guide me in the way of life oftentimes so thorny . . . You know the dangers awaiting me, keep me under your blue mantle.

I am,

A CHILD OF MARY,
not bad after all.

* * *

St. Johns, March, 1943

These three days spent in the Saint Bernadette Retreat House I reckon among the most beautiful of my life. Thanks to my Heavenly Mother who has led me to this haven of peace and happiness. To her I abandon myself; may she keep me good and generous in the service of her Divine Son. My heart is filled to overflowing with gratitude. Had I known the happiness in store for me, I should not have hesitated as I did before coming. It is my first Retreat, it will not be my last!

A REPENTANT MAGDALEN.

* * *

March, 1943

It is with sorrow that I leave this House to which I came for the first time. What pleasant memories I am bringing with me! It is good Saint Joseph who has inspired me to come and make a Retreat, and who has overcome every obstacle. How glad I was to spend his beautiful feast of March 19th in this convent, where he is loved and tenderly prayed to! How his praises have been lovingly sung at Mass!

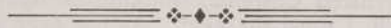
I must now go back to my family and occupations; but what courage I have drawn in the Retreat! It seems to me that I shall be able to face the hardships of life with greater confidence and generosity.

I am not bidding adieu to this dear Saint Bernadette House; I only say: Au Revoir!

MRS. X., Saint Sébastien.

As we can see, these diaries reveal heavenly peace, gratitude, and the inexpressible happiness of souls.

But, better than arguments and articles, it is by personal experience, by taking part in a Closed Retreat, that you will be in a position to appreciate and efficaciously understand these words of the celebrated Cardinal Guibert: *All is saved, if Catholics give only three days each year to the eternal truths!*



Do good to yourself by giving to the poor: it is Jesus who receives. All will be repaid in Paradise.

BROTHER JULIUS OF JESUS, E. C.

*
* *

It is not the doing of great deeds that makes a great life — but the doing of our very best with what we have of talent and opportunity.



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Sunday, June 27, 1943

To-day, solemnity of the feast of Corpus Christi, after having assisted at a low Mass celebrated in our chapel, we made our way to the parish church to take part in the procession. Happy we were, and appreciated the honour of being able to accompany Jesus who passed in the streets, sowing graces and blessings.

The defiling set out towards 10.30 A.M.; whole-heartedly we united with the throng, pious and recollected, as they sang the praises of the God-man.

Upon return, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was sung in the church. We then turned towards our Novitiate, heart joyful with this incomparable joy, mild and calm, which one always draws from contact with the Sacred Presence.

In the evening, we had the advantage to receive a new priest's blessing, that of Reverend Father E. Morin, P.M.E., brother of one of our Sisters, who had been ordained this morning with a few confreres in our Mother House chapel.

Wednesday, June 30

Oh! the lucky little Sister Postulants! With Sister Superior and their Mistress, they left, this morning, to spend the day at the Mother House. We all rejoiced with them at the happy idea; as to wishing them a pleasant day, that seemed nearly superfluous, for, at the grand abode in Cote des Neiges, is there not a hundred times over and above of what is necessary to gild the moments sojourned under its roof?

Our dear Sisters came back for night prayers. Till to-morrow, then, the account of their beautiful day, but in the meantime, their jovial faces told us lengths . . .

May kind Providence be thanked for this new attention in their regard!

Monday, July 5

The feast of the Visitation was celebrated to-day, since it had ceded place to that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on July 2nd. This solemnity of the Blessed Virgin is very dear to us in that it tells of gratitude, a virtue which is one of the characteristics of our Institute. It is the feast of the *Magnificat*, of the sublime canticle that burst forth entire from the heart of

our Heavenly Mother. Also, we love to borrow these pious accents to thank God in a similar manner for this "great thing that He has deigned to make in us": the religious and missionary vocation under the banner of His Immaculate Mother.

Saturday, July 24

Since a number of days, we had been in expectation. A wonderful, a generous gift had been promised us, but we had not been disclosed the nature of it, this having been left to our guessing. And behold to-day, this precious gift came: a statue of the Blessed Virgin for the parterre of the Convent entry. The Queen of Heaven ostensibly constituted guardian of these places — was not everybody's wish realized then?

The workers were already at the task, preparing the pedestal and the white niche, and they made haste so as to have the top finished before the Retreat, which was to open in three days. Then, the dear Sisters awaited for these pious exercises would have our Heavenly Mother to receive them with open arms, seeming to beckon as though meaning to load with graces.

Great thanks is what we owe to our dear Mother Superior General for this new gift! If her kindness surpasses by far the expression of our gratitude, we can assure her in return that the remembrance of her solicitude often brings her name to our lips in our humble prayers.

Tuesday, July 27

Our dear Sister Retreatants could now come. The Virgin of the parterre had taken possession of her domain and was awaiting them. And so were we, our dwelling was ready to welcome them. The slight changes necessitated by the occasion had been made; brushes and feathers had finished their multiple searches; in brief, we had made every effort to render the house as tidy and accommodating as possible, even as it used to be done in the days gone by, in the family hearth when brothers and sisters were to come back for the vacations from college and convent. Now isn't this a way of expressing our happiness to receive them?

All the day long, there was a little more moving around than was customary. One hundred and eighty persons could hardly install themselves without it making a little hither and thither... without our hearing a little rustling of garments... and that without mentioning the joyous talks, the numerous meetings, because it goes without saying that it was a holiday, a great holiday...

But the din was all out as if by enchantment towards half past four, at the moment when the bell invited us to the chapel. After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the preacher of the Retreat, Reverend Father Jean Dufault, O.P., gave the first instruction.

From that time *all our world* was plunged in silence. We would meet grave and recollected faces, every one endeavouring to keep away from the mind all earthly things, so as not to lose anything of what the Celestial Spouse will tell her, because it is in silence that He communicates and it is often said that the light that He spreads during the Retreat does not come back.

Friday, July 30

Whoever loves the Blessed Virgin rejoices to see her honoured and to hear her praises sung. Thus, to-day, it was a real satisfaction for us to see a group of young boys conducted by a Religious, on expedition to the *Point*, stop on their way before the Virgin dominating our parterre to sing with their fresh young voices a vibrant *Ave Maris Stella*, followed by a few invocations. What tender smiles, what motherly graces must have been the answer from the Queen of Heaven to these lads who know how to hail her with similar filial enthusiasm!...

Thursday, August 5

As is the custom, glorious religious feasts closed the Retreat: the emission of Temporal Vows by the senior Novices, the ceremony of Taking the Habit and Perpetual Profession. His Excellency Bishop A. Desmarais, of Amos, honoured us by presiding at the latter two ceremonies; he delivered a sermon appropriate for the occasion.

Inspired with to-morrow's Gospel, the Transfiguration, the worthy Prelate manifested to the aspirants that the taking of the Holy Habit must be for them a transfiguration in Jesus Christ. Then, addressing the elders who have come to their final pledgings, he borrowed from the day's feast, Our Lady of the Snow, a mystical allegory where with soul white as snow they become forever the cherished brides of Jesus and the followers of Mary.

His Excellency concluded by recalling to the chosen ones that to-day they were called like Our Lord to go up the Tabor; that it was, we might say, a day of glory which must transform them in the eyes of their parents. And if the latter would well reflect on the sacred alliance that their child has contracted forever with the Celestial Spouse, they would interiorly hear a voice from Heaven tell them: "This is my beloved daughter in whom I am well pleased."

May these last words console the dear parents who still grieve over the departure of their children for the service of God. May they also be a cause of joy for those who, on the occasion, have generously made their sacrifice.

The sermon over, the Prelate received in God's name the promises of fidelity of the aspirant-Novices; then he blessed and gave each the white livery that they went to put on; meanwhile from the choir resounded the pious hymn:

Je suis ton seul partage,
M'avez-vous dit, un jour, Seigneur...

The Novices had abandoned the world, from then on they would also bear a new name. The proclamation of the same was made upon their entry into the chapel. They were: Miss Anita Baron, Montreal (Sister Sainte Anne de Beaupré); Miss Yvonne Blanchet, Southbridge, Mass. (Sister Sainte Yvonne); Miss Blanche Piché, Cap Santé (Sister Marie Alberte); Miss Lucille Talbot, Montreal (Sister Lucille Marie); Miss Charlotte Trudel, Saint Stanislas de Champlain (Sister Dominique Marie); Miss Marguerite Lamoureux, Ville Saint Laurent (Sister Georges Aimé); Miss Jeanne Ostiguy, Acton Vale (Sister Saint André); Miss Anita Denommé, Saint Zénon de

Berthier (Sister Saint René Goupil); Miss Jeannine Proulx, Rivière du Loup (Sister Marie Aurore); Miss Annette Labelle, Montreal (Sister Bernadette du Rosaire); Miss Jeanne d'Arc Nadeau, Levis (Sister Jeanne de l'Eucharistie).

In their turn, the happy invited to Perpetual Vows advanced to the sanctuary, and, one by one, solemnly pronounced the formula of their consecration. In so doing, an eternal link attached them to God, and as a token of their irrevocable appurtenance, a ring was placed on their finger. "Receive," the Church told them, "the ring of fidelity, the seal of the Holy Ghost, in order that you be called the Spouse of Jesus Christ and that, serving Him faithfully, you may receive the eternal crown."

The eleven privileged ones were: Sister Bernadette de l'Immaculée (Bernadette Gagnon, Jonquière); Sister Thérèse du Sacré Cœur (Cécile Lacroix, Saint Michel de Bellechasse); Sister Pierre de Galilée (Jeanne Jetté, Montreal); Sister Jean de l'Immaculée (Annette Bonin, Saint Hyacinthe); Sister Saint Laurent (Cécile Savard, Saint Laurent); Sister Sainte Alexina (Antoinette Lebel, Trois Pistoles); Sister Bernadette de France (Bernadette Dumas, Saint Anselme); Sister Sainte Virginie (Philomène Paré, Saint Valérien); Sister Léon Marie (Lucille Fontaine, Upton); Sister Pierre Damien (Lucille Sanschagrin, Berthierville); Sister Saint Jean Bosco (Angéla Désilets, Viauville).

Assisting in the sanctuary were: Monsignor Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary, Pont Viau; the Reverend Fathers E. A. Dubois, M. S., Provincial; Conrad Blanchet, M. S., Attleboro, Mass.; P. Claude Héroux, O. F. M.; Sévérin Deshaies, O. F. M.; Sylvère M. Leblanc, O. F. M.; Albert Cousineau, C. S. C., Superior General; A. Théorêt, C. S. C.; H. Rivest, C. S. C.; Elphège Brouillet, S. J.; Emile Jetté, C. S. V.; J. B. Michaud, P. M. E.; Roger Colleret, W. F.; Alfred Lalime, Saint Hyacinthe; Alexandre Lacroix; the Reverend Brothers Abel Joseph, F. I. C.; Frédéric Alfred, F. I. C.; Armandin, S. C.; Benoît M. Lacroix, O. P.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which brought the ceremony to a closing, His Excellency, accompanied by members of the Clergy present at the feast, deigned to address a few words to the Community reunited. He exhorted us to profit well by the time of waiting that the war forcibly imposes on apostolical workers. He advised us to "make ample provisions of love of God, of generosity, of the spirit of sacrifice, store up as much as possible of these virtues which above all you will need in mission countries, if you truly wish to be there sowers of evangelical truths." Each made profit of the counsels given to all, but the little Novices, who were beginning their Religious career, knew well that they must be the first to work firmly on this point, their baggage of virtues being yet very slight. May the benediction which was renewed help us efficaciously!

Later, at the time of family agapes, as usual, there was the crowning of the Professed Sisters of Perpetual Vows. To the strains of the *Veni Sponsa Christi*, our beloved Mother placed on the foreheads of her happy daughters a crown of white lilies symbolical of their title — brides of the King of Virgins — crown which was to be remitted into the hands of the Immaculate Virgin

the following evening, as a pledge of fidelity and hope, and to confide her the keep of their oaths.

This glorious day had its declining, but the celestial joys relished made us repeat with the Prophet King: *O Lord . . . better is one day in thy courts above thousands.* (Psal. 83, 11)

Sunday, August 8

Day of pious memories and fraternal joys.

First of all, it was our venerable Mother Foundress' Religious Profession anniversary, which we always greet as a thanksgiving feast, since from this happy event is derived a series of benefits in the order of our beautiful vocation.

Moreover — and could the day have been better chosen — it is the date fixed for the entry of new Postulants. In the evening we were happy to ascertain that the Divine Master, in the allotting of His workers, had not forgotten the little troops of the Immaculate, and we thanked Him for the recruit He sent us.

We pray our Heavenly Mother to watch over each in her motherly way and to keep them all under her blue mantle.

Sunday, August 29

Still another bright day inscribed in the book of memories. Truly, the Lord knows how to reserve sweet surprises for His little apprentice-missionaries.

This afternoon, we were convened to the reception hall where His Excellency Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate, soon appeared, accompanied by Monsignor Larochelle, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Seminary. If the visit of Our Holy Father's representative is dear to every Catholic, how much more must it be to souls who are preparing to consecrate themselves to God and to the service of His Church!

With the most paternal kindness, our eminent visitor addressed us precious recommendations relative to the work of our formation to the Religious and missionary life, as well as for our perseverance. Here is a summary of his substantial instruction:

As I was at Pont Viau momentarily, I thought I would come to your Novitiate. I always like to visit Religious Communities, to bring them an encouraging word with Our Holy Father's blessing; but I cannot give each very much time, because Canada is very big. I was hoping to find the Novices and Aspirants at their ordinary occupations, but it seems that instead of maintaining a familiar aspect my visit has taken on a formal character.

On arriving here I saw something new. You have a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary in front of your convent. There wasn't any the last time I passed by here, as this is not the first time I have come . . . You have no inscription as yet? (His Excellency, with amiable interest, then asked Sister Superior what was intended to be put. The latter having answered that it would probably be the inscription in French: "Holy Virgin, guard your home," His Excellency continued:) That's well, that's well. In fact, the Blessed Virgin is the guardian of your House, the invisible protectress of persons and things. But you must not leave her to guard alone. It is necessary that each of you help the magnificent Guardian, there must be

correspondence on the part of those who are guarded. And it does not mean solely the material house, but also the spiritual house of each one of you, of your soul. You must guard the doors carefully, keep your heart closed under key, so that no unwholesome or reprehensible thing may penetrate. But for that, you need to be generous, to correspond to grace. For grace, without our correspondence, remains ineffective.

You are here to work for your personal sanctification. You should often reflect on the seriousness of the Religious vocation, on the weight of the engagements that you wish to contract. For that you have a time of preparation, the Novitiate, followed by a long enough period before the Final Vows. The Religious Profession is a solemn engagement with God, we should reflect seriously.

Much too often these days, we deplore the lack of correspondence to continue the Religious life. Consider what is brought about in the world when young men and women mutually promise fidelity. For them there would be no further question, of revocation or of dispense. If the Church is already so rigorous with respect to human engagements, how much more must She be when it is a matter of those contracted with God Himself. Then, She does not grant the remission of Vows but for exceptionally rare cases exacted by circumstances and the greater good of Communities. It is a great responsibility assumed not only by the one who asks it, but also by the one who gives it. And one would desire never to receive similar demands.

I am telling you these things, not because you need them, for I know that you are now animated with the best dispositions, but to bring you to reflect. A true nun is one who always shows herself faithful to the engagements of her Profession.

You wish to consecrate yourselves entirely to the service of God and His Church. To assure perseverance in your vocation, what is most important for you is that you be generous in corresponding to grace, that you give yourselves to God from this very day, without reserve.

This supposes self-denial, but if we want to follow the Master, we must be disposed to carry the Cross. In mission lands you have nuns who actually have very much to suffer; but it is also certain that God supports them with His grace. It is not martyrdom, the shedding of blood for the Faith, which is the greatest proof of love. There is the martyrdom of Community life which has its particular character, because the practice of charity demands generosity. You should accept this second degree of martyrdom which is not as severe, but which hurts just the same. Loving submission to the divine will, acceptance of duty, continual correspondence to grace, there is what moulds a generous soul. It is only with this preparation that you will realize the aim of the apostolical vocation, which is the sublimest of vocations. And this aim you must constantly have before your eyes.

To save a soul is to predestinate your own. During the persecution in Spain, a priest, condemned to death, explained himself thus on arriving before the soldiers who were to shoot him: 'All my life, I have asked God three favours. The first is my own salvation; the second, to shed my blood for the Faith that I have preached; the third, to save a soul.' He did not have any assurance of having obtained the last favour, but upon hearing him, one of his Communist executioners let fall his gun, threw himself on his knees and told him: 'That soul, it is I.'

You also must say the same, starting to-day: I want to save a soul! Where will you meet this soul? Perhaps in a hospital, a refuge . . . over there, on heathen soil . . . I don't know. But always keep in sight the programme of your existence, and aim your daily life, your little hidden sacrifices in that direction. Your personal sanctification will benefit, the ideal will be attained, your life will be happy here below and in eternity.

By your Religious and missionary vocation you are among those who co-operate to the good of the Church. And the Church counts on you as on priests and Brothers to keep up Her work, to spread the Christian spirit in the world, and to bring the light of the Gospel into pagan countries. The work is difficult at the present time

on account of the calamities that convulse the world and divide nations. However, it is God who permits these trials, to purify the world.

During the sorrowful times we are passing, I commend you to pray, and to pray a great deal, for the Sovereign Pontiff. He carries the whole weight of the war. He is the great victim suffering for humanity. Ordinarily, we imagine the Pope acclaimed, applauded, and environed with glory, a little like Jesus on Mount Tabor, where the chief of the Apostles had cried out: 'It is good for us to be here!' But it is not the case now. The Holy Father suffers. Like Christ, he climbs Calvary. We should suffer with him, and lift our suppliant hands towards Heaven with him, in a common prayer, in order that there may soon arise for the whole world an era of peace. Ask God that he may realize his programme which is a programme of peace founded on justice and charity, according to the spirit of Christ; and Christ who lives and reigns in the Pope, will ratify the benediction that I shall now give you in his name.

We then inclined under the hand that blessed us, after which His Excellency terminated by distributing to each a picture of the Holy Father with a prayer for peace *au verso*, which we make it a duty to recite each day in union with the Father of Christendom. All were greatly touched by the condescendence of the venerable Prelate who deigned, while remitting the pictures, to ask with kindness the different places of birth and to address each a few kindly words.

Profoundly moved by what we had just seen and heard, we felt more than ever penetrated with respect, veneration and filial attachment for the Vicar of Jesus Christ and his worthy representative, in whom is truly incarnate for us the paternity of God.

The instructive and encouraging words of our worthy and kind Delegate remain engraved in our hearts as in our chronicles, and the remembrance of his honourable passing in our midst will not escape our memories.



Venerable Catherine Tekakwitha

The text of the decree pronouncing the heroism of the virtues of the Venerable Catherine Tekakwitha, approved by His Holiness Pius XII and signed by Cardinal Salotti, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, has just reached America. It tells in brief the life of the Indian virgin, summarizes the phases of her Cause, and is terminated by this declaration of the Holy Father: "It is proved that the venerable Servant of God, Katherine Tekakwitha, has practised in a heroic manner, the theological virtues of faith, hope and love of God and her neighbour, and the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance, fortitude, and other virtues."

Semaine Religieuse de Montreal

* * *

It is during prayer that we accomplish the great apostolic duty in behalf of our neighbour; we obtain for him help from on high, the grace of God: we give him God. That is the greatest good we can do to a soul.

DOM MARMION, O.S.B.



The Children's Page

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

As I write to you I can see from my window fluffy flakes of snow falling from the sky. Lightly and gracefully they obey the gentle breeze and finally let themselves drop on the bare autumnal ground. There, gathering close, even while I look they form a velvety carpet, the immaculate whiteness of which lights up my soul. Oh! how beautiful! how beautiful! I murmur, and, filling my eyes with the charming sight, I gradually feel awakening in my heart memories of my childhood's innocent delight at the first snow-fall...

Then, I think of you, my dear little Friends, and...

Tell me, aren't you glad when the first snow falls?

"Oh! yes, we love snow!"

Of what does it remind you?

"Of sleds... coasting... snow-shoes... skating..."

These are all pleasant pastimes I heartily approve for you, since they strengthen you physically, are a happy distraction for the mind, a satis-



Innocent pleasures for little children...

faction for the heart, besides filling your lungs with pure fresh air. But, tell me, doesn't the first snow speak of something else?

"Yes, . . . of God . . . the Blessed Virgin . . . Christmas."

Of God who made the snow so white, so pure, so beneficent, and who gives it in order to protect the ground in countries where the winters are rigorous. Its dazzling whiteness speaks to us of that dear Father's infinite purity, of our Blessed Mother's purity; Mary's soul was never stained by the slightest sin. We honour this great privilege on December 8th, feast of the Immaculate Conception. Every child, at its birth, bears in its soul the



HAPPY
SAINT STANISLAS KOSTKA!...



FIRST COMMUNION
OF SAINT ALOYSIUS

stain of our first parents, called original sin. Holy Baptism effaces this stain and renders the soul whiter than snow and pleasing to God; but how small the number of baptized souls in which that whiteness remains unsoiled! How great, on the other hand, the multitude of those who daily defile it and render it hideous in the eyes of their Creator!

Dear Children, be jealous of your soul-whiteness, be fearful lest you tarnish it, and for that reason avoid sin and flee at the least suggestion of evil. It is true that, because of the devil's temptations, the occasions of sin surrounding you, your own frailty, your inconstancy, you cannot preserve your treasure without a special grace, but you will surely obtain this grace if you use the two means I wish to suggest: devotion to the Blessed Virgin and frequent Communion. Oh! dear little Friends, never let a day pass without placing yourselves under your Heavenly Mother's protection, without asking her to keep you pure; and, if it be possible receive Holy Communion daily. The Holy Eucharist is the Bread which gives strength and preserves souls for life everlasting.

Saint Stanislas Kostka, Saint John Berchmans, Saint Aloysius, Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, youth's beautiful models, exemplars of purity and all the other virtues, who were culled for Heaven while yet very young, had put in practice the two means mentioned above.

Saint Stanislas, whose privilege it had been to receive Holy Communion several times from an Angel's hand, also had the happiness of receiving in his arms the Divine Child presented him by the Blessed Virgin. "She is my mother," he fondly said. "Why should I not love her?"

Saint John Berchmans spent his short life seeking to make the Queen of Heaven loved and honoured about him. "I shall fear for my salvation until I have true devotion to Mary," would he often say. He received Holy Communion frequently with touching fervour. His greatest happiness was to serve at the altar.

What shall I say of Saint Aloysius? At the age of nine, he made the vow of virginity before a statue of the Blessed Mother, and, all during his short life he was an angel of modesty. He received for the first time the Eucharistic Bread from the hands of Saint Charles Borromeus, and thereafter his great delight was that heavenly manna.



*Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus
sees the statue of Mary
smile at her . . .*



PIOUS SAINT JOHN BERCHMANS

Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, the Queen of Heaven's privileged daughter, when ten years of age and dangerously ill, saw the kind Mother's statue become animated, as it were; it opened its arms and smiled at her. At that moment, she began to recover her health, and, until death, she conserved, along with the remembrance of the sweet vision and the impression of the loving smile, the most filial love for her Heavenly Mother. A few months before leaving Carmel for Heaven she wrote:

"Soon to His fair Eden I go to see thy
face!
O thou, who in life's morning didst come
to smile on me,
Come smile once more, 'tis evening —
night shadows fall apace";

The lovable Saint found in her daily Communion the spirit of sacrifice that characterized her and the soul-strength that made her rank with the most heroic Saints.



*Christmas with the Child Jesus
in the Crib . . .*

Ah! dear Children, do follow the luminous traces of those brilliant models and, if you practise these two excellent means — devotion to our Blessed Mother and frequent Communion — you also will bear on your forehead the light of a pure and beautiful soul.

The first snow also speaks of Christmas which is coming . . . Christmas with the sweet Baby Jesus in the Crib, the lovely Midnight Mass, the joyful carols, the gifts in your stockings — Christmas, the great feast for young and old, the feast celebrated in Heaven and on earth!

Just as we make preparations when the birthday anniversary of father, mother, or any other person we hold dear is drawing close, so must we strive to celebrate as best we can the anniversary of the great day when the God-Child, our Redeemer, appeared on earth.

For this reason, Holy Mother Church, during the time called Advent, four weeks before Christmas, orders that fasts and ab-

stinences be observed, invites the faithful to a fervent Confession, to the practice of virtue, especially mortification, indicates special prayers so as to prepare all hearts to receive the Sacred Host on the great solemnity of Christmas, and to merit the favours and blessings the Christ-Child is pleased to lavish on that happy anniversary.

But, you will say, we are not old enough to fast. That is true, but you are not dispensed from imposing yourself slight acts of mortification, for instance, taking a little more of a dish you dislike, a little less of one you relish, depriving yourself once in a while of dessert, candy, etc.; then there is also mortification of the sight, the hearing; mortification of curiosity by not looking at or reading all that comes under your eyes, by not listening to all that is said around you; mortification of the heart and will, by forgetting yourself to give pleasure to others or to do them a good turn, by obeying promptly to your parents and teachers, etc. All these you can do in view of adorning your soul for the great solemnity of December 25th.

There was once a little school-girl, who, following her teacher's recommendation, had tried with great fervour, all during Advent, to prepare in her own little heart the crib and trousseau of the Baby Christ. How did she go about it? . . . With sacrifices and prayers. She had told herself: "During the first week of Advent, I shall prepare the crib and straw; during the second week, the pillow and sheets; during the third, the swaddling-clothes; and during the fourth . . . I shall put flowers all around." In order to have greater success, she had prayed our Blessed Mother to help her, asking the Queen of Heaven to suggest acts of self-denial and grant her grace to

accomplish them well; asking Mary, also, to gather all her prayers, to enrich them with her love and offer them to her Divine Son. And do you know what happened during Midnight Mass? . . . When the priest presented the Sacred Host to the child, the latter saw, instead of the Eucharistic Bread, a beautiful Child holding out His arms to her. He smiled and a moment later He was in her heart. It was the Child Jesus in person! Oh, joy! oh, indescribable delight!

This was a miracle, a great miracle such as is not often wrought, but if, like the privileged child I mentioned, you strive to prepare yourself for the God-Child's coming, you may be sure the Great Lover of children will come down into your heart with as many graces and blessings.

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR.

Murillo, an Altar-Boy

It was a November evening, in Spain. An old painter, whose career had been very brilliant, was at the point of death. He called for a priest in order to receive the last sacraments. As was the custom in certain Spanish provinces, the priest solemnly brought him the sacraments. Attired in a white cope, he was preceded by a gracious little altar-boy, vigorously balancing the smoking censer.

The old painter received Holy Viaticum with great piety; then Extreme Unction was administered. Life was slowly ebbing away from his veins. He was dying. The long and sublime prayers for the agonizing were recited.

The incense had still been rising a little, but soon the censer had grown cool. The altar-boy, turbulent as he was, profited by the occasion to steal to the dying man's bedside. The moribund, whose arm quite inert extended itself to repose on the extinguished censer then took out a coal and, on the white wall against which his bed was placed, he drew an image of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The altar-boy had watched him do it, ravished and surprised at the same time. In a low tone he told the old man: "I, too, would like to paint the image of God."

The kind old man drew the little boy near him, placed a hand on his forehead and murmured: "Always have God in you, child, if you want to paint the image of God."

The story does not reveal the old man's name but the altar-boy was Murillo, the one who among all the Christian painters, has put the most of divine in the representation of the mysteries of God.

One never knows what ruin a book, a sentence, a word can cause in a young soul. A bullet-shot will sink a ship.

GRENIER.

Our Lord loves childhood because it is the teacher of humility, the criterion of innocence, the image of meekness. Those whom He would elevate to eternal splendours He brings back to that example.

SAINT LEO, POPE.

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

For Favours Obtained.

Thanksgiving to the Immaculate Conception for favours received. Mrs. A. D., G. D. N. — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained through our Blessed Mother. I have been granted many favours in the past. M. H., **Millbury, Mass.** — We want to thank the Lord for all the graces and favours we have received. Mr. and Mrs. C. L., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Gratitude for favours obtained through our Blessed Mother and Saint Teresa. Mrs. J. L., **Ludlow, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for favours received. Mr. G. L., **Salem, Mass.** — Will you kindly publish in THE PRECURSOR the obtention of a favour. Mrs. A. St-P., **Lawrence, Mass.** — I wish to have two masses said in gratitude for a favour obtained. Mr. A. C., **Southbridge, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Mrs. O. D., **Montreal.** — I wish you to publish my gratitude, for my son has come out well in his studies. Mrs. L. St-L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Mrs. J. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — After a novena to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, I obtained cure from an illness that had lasted nine years. Please thank our Blessed Lady with me. Mrs. A. L., **Crabtree Mills.** — Lively gratitude to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, for a favour received. A subscriber from Saint Roch. — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for my son's cure from a tumor. Mrs. A. R., **Montreal.** — A cure has been obtained. G. C., **Montreal.** — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. J. F., **Ste. Marie de Beauce.** — Please publish my gratitude towards our Blessed Lady for having exempted one of my sons from military service. I solicit her constant protection. Mrs. H. H., **Saint Canut.** — Homage of gratitude for a favour obtained; I request the Blessed Virgin's assistance. A confident mother. — Gratitude for a favour obtained. I am acquitting myself of my promise. Mrs. H. G., **Gregoire's Mill.** — Gratitude for favours obtained. I am requesting prayers for the conversion and cure of an entire family. A subscriber. — Gratitude for a great favour. A subscriber. — A grateful thank you for favours received; I solicit new favours for my family and myself. H. I. D. — Gratitude to Mary Immaculate for a great favour obtained. A subscriber who has confidence in Mary. Mrs. L. L., **Montreal.** — Many thanks for a favour that has been granted me. Mrs. G. D., **Ville St. Pierre.** — Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother for a favour attributed to her intercession. Mrs. I. M., **Montreal.** — I wish to thank our kind Heavenly Mother for a favour obtained through her intercession. M. B., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving for a favour that has been granted me. Mrs. J. B., **Bristol, Conn.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise, in gratitude for a favour I have received. M. G., **Montreal.** — Our son had work all last winter. We wish to thank the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. W. D., **St. Théophile du Lac.** — With joy, I am acquitting myself of a promise in honour of the Blessed Mother. G. S., **Oka.** — Gratitude to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. M. P., **Cranberry Portage, Man.** — I am fulfilling a promise in gratitude for a favour received. G. O., **Doucet.** — Please thank our Immaculate Mother with me. G. T., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for her protection. Mrs. R. G., **Woodlands.** — I heartily thank our good Heavenly Mother for having conserved me in good health. I solicit the cure of my husband. Mrs. J. L., **Pont de l'Île d'Orleans.** — I wish to express my gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received through her intercession. Anonymous, **Ferme Neuve.**

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, Saint Joseph and the Souls in Purgatory for favours obtained. A. H., **Montreal.** — Thanksgiving to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, and to Saint Joseph for having exempted my sons from military service. A subscriber. — Gratitude to Mary Immaculate and Saint Joseph for a favour obtained. R. R. — I am pleased to acquit myself of a debt of gratitude for a cure obtained through the intercession of good Saint Anne. A subscriber. — Many thanks for a favour received through the intercession of our dear Father Saint Joseph. L. D., **Southbridge, Mass.** — A special favour has been obtained thorough the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Anthony. D. G., **St. Antonin.**

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



PETITIONS

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

Please pray for a special intention for me and my husband. Mrs. M. M., **Bridgeport, Conn.** — I am requesting a novena as soon as possible so that we may be successful in closing a deal for the purchase of a home and that everything will be in good order. Mrs. E. C., **Detroit, Mich.** — Will you pray for us, please. Mrs. C. B., **Highgate Center, Vt.** — Would you please make a novena for me, for three special intentions. Mrs. T. L., **Verdun, P. Q.** — Will you please pray for me so I will receive a special favour and that my nerves will be better. M. L. P., **Fort Fairfield, Maine.** — Will you please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother for two special intentions. Mrs. A. L., **Montreal.** — Please pray for my personal intentions. Miss M. K. C., **Barry's Bay, Ont.** — Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary for a very special favour and remember my special favour in all devotions and prayers. Mr. C. K., **Anthony, R. I.** — Please help me pray our Blessed Mother that I may soon have news from my son overseas. Mrs. A. L., **Sweetsburg, P. Q.** — Please pray for me that I may be cured from

a sore leg. Mrs. G. S., **Kipewa, P. Q.** — I have to have a small tumor removed. I am asking the Blessed Virgin Mary that everything may turn out successful. Mrs. D. Z., **Rumford, Me.** — Please remember me in your prayers. I am in poor health. Mrs. W. K., **Brownville Jct., Me.** — I am asking your prayers for my intentions, and also for my cousin who is ill with rheumatism. Mrs. A. V., **Montreal.** — Please pray that my husband will come through his operation successfully. Mrs. E. C., **Easthampton, Mass.** — Please remember my husband and me in all your prayers. Mrs. N. V., **Spencer, Mass.** — Please remember in prayers and novena to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal a speedy and happy answer to a very great favour which I have been praying for almost one year. Mrs. R. B., **Montreal.** — Please remember my family in your prayers and especially my three brothers who are serving their country. Mrs. L. DeF., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Please pray for me. Mrs. S. N., **Montreal.** — I am requesting prayers. — I would ask your prayers for the health of my husband and also other favours from Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. A. A., **Lowell, Mass.** — Please pray that I may be cured from a sore knee that has been aching for some time. Mrs. A. L., **Worcester, Mass.** — I am asking you to pray for my mother who has been sick for two months. Mrs. E. F., **Temiskaming, P. Q.** — Please pray for me and my family. Mrs. W. H., **Verdun, P. Q.** — I am requesting from Mary Immaculate protection for my husband in his work, and exemption from the war. A subscriber. — Prayers, please, for a vocation; peace in the family; a reconciliation; resignation; return to the Faith and recovery from an illness. An afflicted person. — I am requesting protection for my brother far away. Mrs. R., **Iberville.** — Pray that I may be exempted from the war. G. C., **Quebec.** — I recommend my daughter for whom I am anxious. A subscriber. — I solicit two special favours from the Blessed Virgin. Miss R. R., **Ramore, Ont.** — Health and a long life for a father and mother; spiritual favours and particular intentions. One confident in Mary, Queen of All Hearts. — Please pray the Blessed Virgin for my two young daughters. Mrs. P. G. — Please pray earnestly to the Most High, that I may obtain a favour. One who does not despair. — Please pray for my husband who is ill, that he may be able to do his work. Mrs. G. P., **Trois Pistoles.** — I am asking that my husband, who is doing military service, may be discharged. Mrs. A. C., **Montreal.** — I am requesting the conversion of my sister-in-law who renders her husband most unhappy. Anonymous. — I solicit prayers for my brother in the Army. Miss A. L., **Quimby, Me.** — I solicit the grace to decide on a vocation. Miss I. J. — Please pray for my family, especially for my son, a soldier in England these last two years. Mrs. A. B., **St. Gabriel.** — I would wish to have prayers said for the conversion of my daughter. Mrs. I. C. — Success in our enterprises, that we may be able to pay off our debts and bring up our family. Mrs. H. L. — The sale of a store. Mrs. R. L., **Ste. Rose.** — May the Blessed Virgin obtain me a great favour. Mrs. E. L. — I request a novena for my son, the father of two children, at present in England. Mrs. E. D., **Montreal.** — Please pray for my husband who is in the army and my brother overseas. Mrs. G. L., **Rock Falls, Conn.** — Protection for my two soldiers. Mrs. F. T., **Ste. Justine.** — The cure of one of my daughters. Mrs. L. B. — Prayers for my husband that he will enjoy good health. Mrs. A. T., **Lowell, Mass.** — Protection for my sons, graces of courage to do their duty. Mrs. J. B., **Rogersville, N. B.**



NECROLOGY

Reverend Father T. Gravel, **St. Stanislas, Champlain Co.**; Reverend Father R. Bernier, C.S.C., **Montreal**; Reverend Father David Bellemare, **Montreal**; Reverend Sister Marie Alphonse de Jésus, Sisters of Saint Ann, **St. Félix de Valois**; Mr. Charles Bolduc, **Beauceville**, father of our Sister Marie des Victoires; Mr. Joseph Foisy, **WATERLOO**, father of our Sister Bernardin de Sienne; Mr. Joseph Laperrière, **Pont Rouge**, father of our Sister Saint Germain; Mr. Luc Simard, **Roberval**, father of our Sister Blandine de Jésus; Mr. Michel Pinsonneault, **Red Lake Falls, Minn.**, brother of our Sister Marie des Lis; Mrs. Roméo Savoie, **Thetford Mines**, sister of our Sister du Saint Nom de Marie; Mr. Louis Joseph Paré, **St. Valérien**, brother of our Sister Sainte Virginie; Mrs. Tancrède Bouhier, **Deschambault**, grandmother of our Sister Marie Odette; Miss Rachel Curran, Mr. Arthur R. Chartrand, Mrs. Joseph Valiquette, Mrs. J. H. Sinclair, Mrs. Michael Cartolano, Mrs. Adolphe St-Jean, Mr. Hector Duplessis, Mrs. F. Fortier, Mr. Emile Ducharme, Mrs. E. T. Fréchette, **Montreal**; Mrs. Emédier Larocque, **Rosemont**; Mrs. Joseph Saint Amour, **Ste Agathe des Monts**; Mr. Philias Bigras, **Ste. Dorothée**; Miss Denise Courtois, **St. Sulpice**; Mr. and Mrs. François Rivest, **Repentigny**; Mr. Calixte Lamanque, **St. Eustache**; Miss Albertine Charbonneau, **Ste. Rose de Laval**; Mrs. Azarie Fleury, **Boucherville**; Mrs. J. de Bellefeuille, **Dorval**; Mr. J. B. Proulx, **Les Cèdres**; Mr. Michael Besner, **Rigaud**; Mrs. Joseph Filiatrault, **St. Zotique**; Mrs. Ludger Dupont, **Coteau du Lac**; Mrs. Léon Despatis, **Coteau Station**; Mr. Pierre Goyette, Mr. Arthur Robert, Mr. Hubert Foisy, Mr. Joseph Dumoulin, Miss Marie Jeanne Goyette, **Granby**; Mrs. Ovila Pate-naude, **Ste. Cécile de Milton**; Mr. Etienne Jetté, **Sabrevois**; Mr. Jos. Duquette, Mr. Arcade Thuot, **Iberville**; Miss Aline Préfontaine, Mr. Désiré Brouillé, Miss Hermance Daudelin, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mrs. Louis Brodeur, **St. Marc sur Richelieu**; Mrs. Guillaume Massicotte, **Ste. Geneviève de Batiscan**; Mrs. Pierre Therrien, **Shawinigan**; Mrs. Azarie Audy, **St. Adelphe**; Mrs. Ludger Rochette, Mr. Adem Rivard, Mrs. J. A. Nicole, Mrs. Hormisdas Leblanc, **Grand'Mère**; Mr. Alexis Joly, Mr. Joseph Belleville, Mr. Ernest Asselin, **St. Félix de Valois**; Mrs. Nap. Poulin, Mrs. Victor L'Heureux, Mr. Richard Morissette, Miss Bernadette Bouchard, **Ste. Anne de Beauré**; Mr. Jean Faucher, **Ste. Marie de Beauce**; Mrs. Albert Dupont, **Saint Ferréol**; Mrs. Eleusippe Tousignant, **Parisville**; Mrs. François Boutin, **Amqui**; Mr. F. X. Mathieu, **Métabetchouan**; Mrs. J. C. W. Paradis, **Normandin**; Mr. Godefroy Tremblay, **Ste. Anne de Chicoutimi**; Mrs. Jean Desmeules, Mr. Achille Rioux, **Rivière du Loup**; Mrs. Adjutor Gagné, **St. Joseph de Lepage**; Mrs. Louis Lillion, **Matane**; Mr. Arthur A. Lagacé, **Pointe Verte, N.B.**; Mr. Gérard Gagnon, **Bic.**; Mrs. Euclide Beaulieu, **St. Urbain, Chateauguay Co.**; Mr. Arthur Cooper, **Beauré**; Mr. Romuald Bolduc, **St. Raphaël**; Captain Léo Bouchard, **Rivière du Loup**; Mrs. Henri Bernard, **Hartford, Conn.**; Mrs. Elodie Thériault, Mr. Alfred Beaulieu, Mr. Samuel Laforest, **Salem, Mass**; Mr. John Morin, **Hamilton, Ont.**; Mrs. Didace Côté, **Cacouna**; Mrs. Jérémie Jean, **St. Mathieu, Rimouski Co.**; Mr. Auguste St-Ours, **Lowell, Mass.**

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of the

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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.