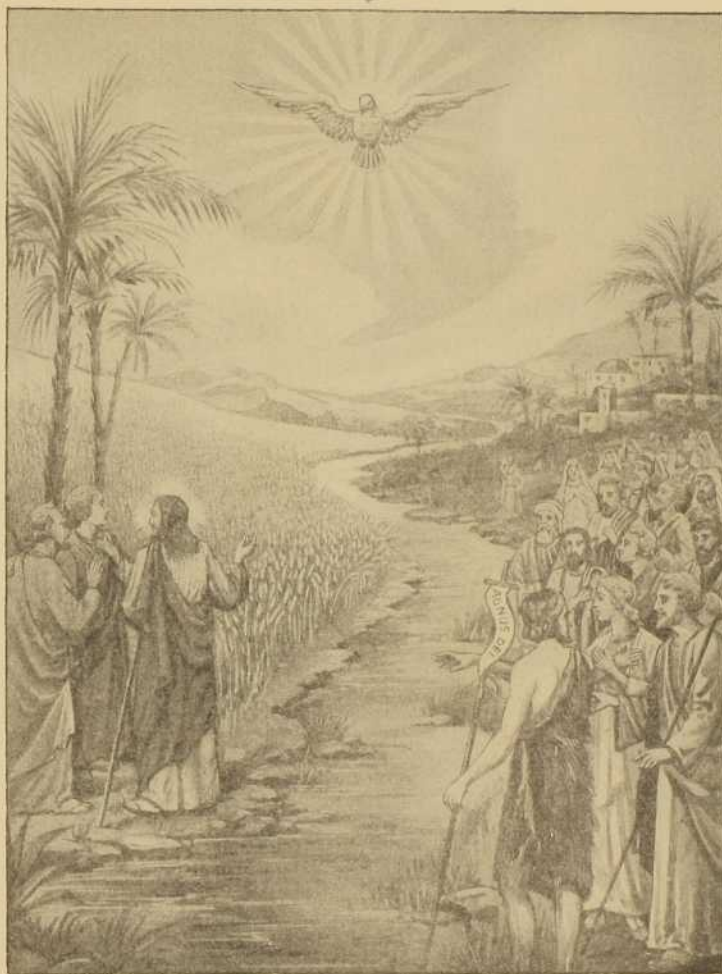


THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XIV, 22nd Year

MONTREAL, January-February 1944

No. 7

Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

IN CANADA

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

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

NOVITIATE, Pont Viau (near Montreal), Laval Co.

OUTREMONT, Que., 314 St. Catherine Road.

Closed Retreats for ladies and girls. Sewing-circles. Kindergarten.

CHINESE HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, 112 Lagauchetière St. West, Montreal,
Religious instruction for the Chinese. (Founded in 1918).

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception also visit Chinese patients in Catholic or Protestant hospitals when requested to do so.

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JOLIETTE, Que., 750 St. Louis St., (Founded in 1919).

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THREE RIVERS, Que., 466 Bonaventure St., (Founded in 1926).

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QUEBEC, 651 St. Cyrille St., (Founded in 1928).

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

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CHICOUTIMI, Que., 61 Jacques Cartier St., (Founded in 1930).

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The Immaculate Conception Hostel for girls. Kindergarten.

STE. MARIE, Beauce Co., (Founded in 1932). Apostolic School.

ST. JOHNS, Que., 430 Champlain St., (Founded in 1935).

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)

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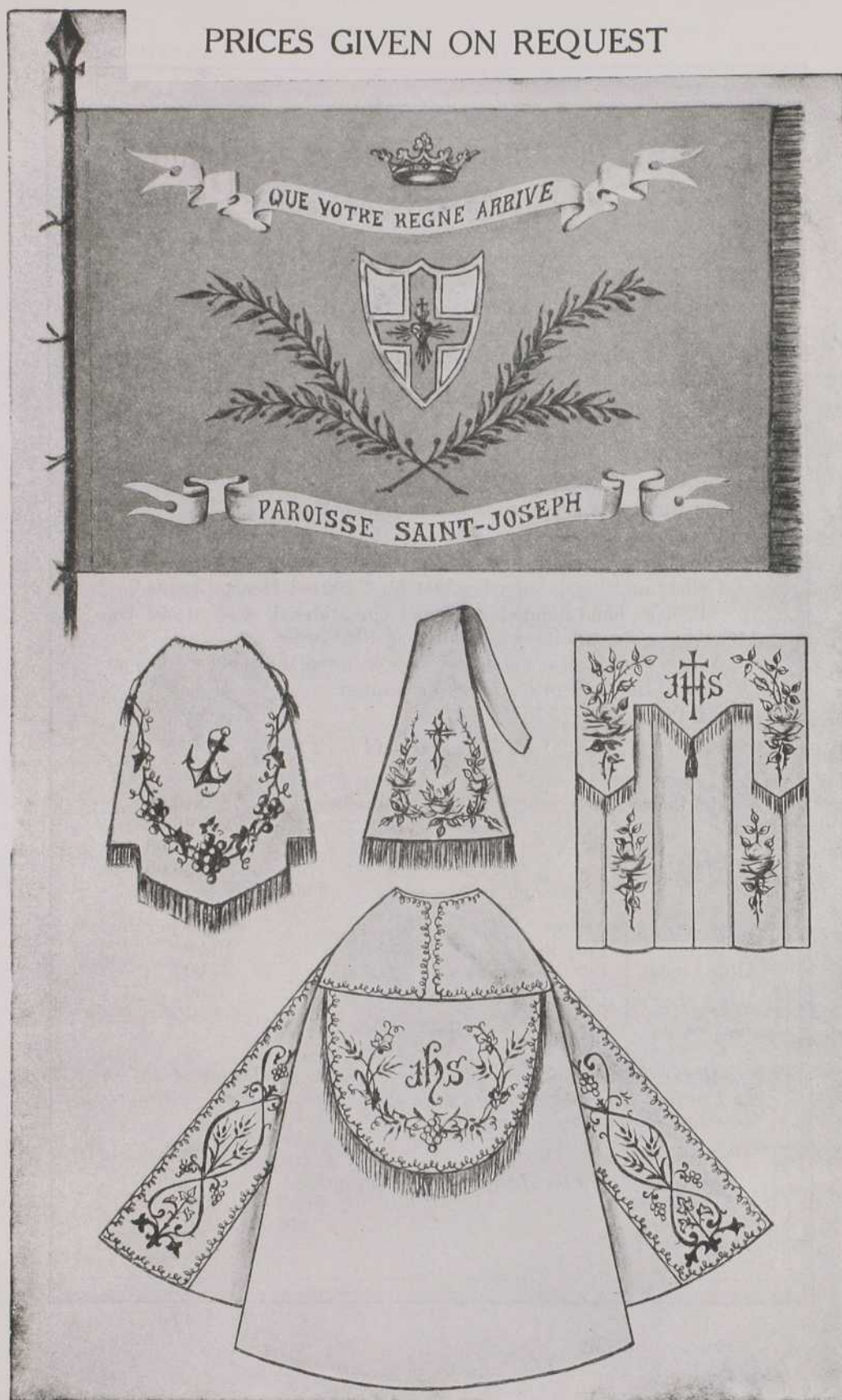
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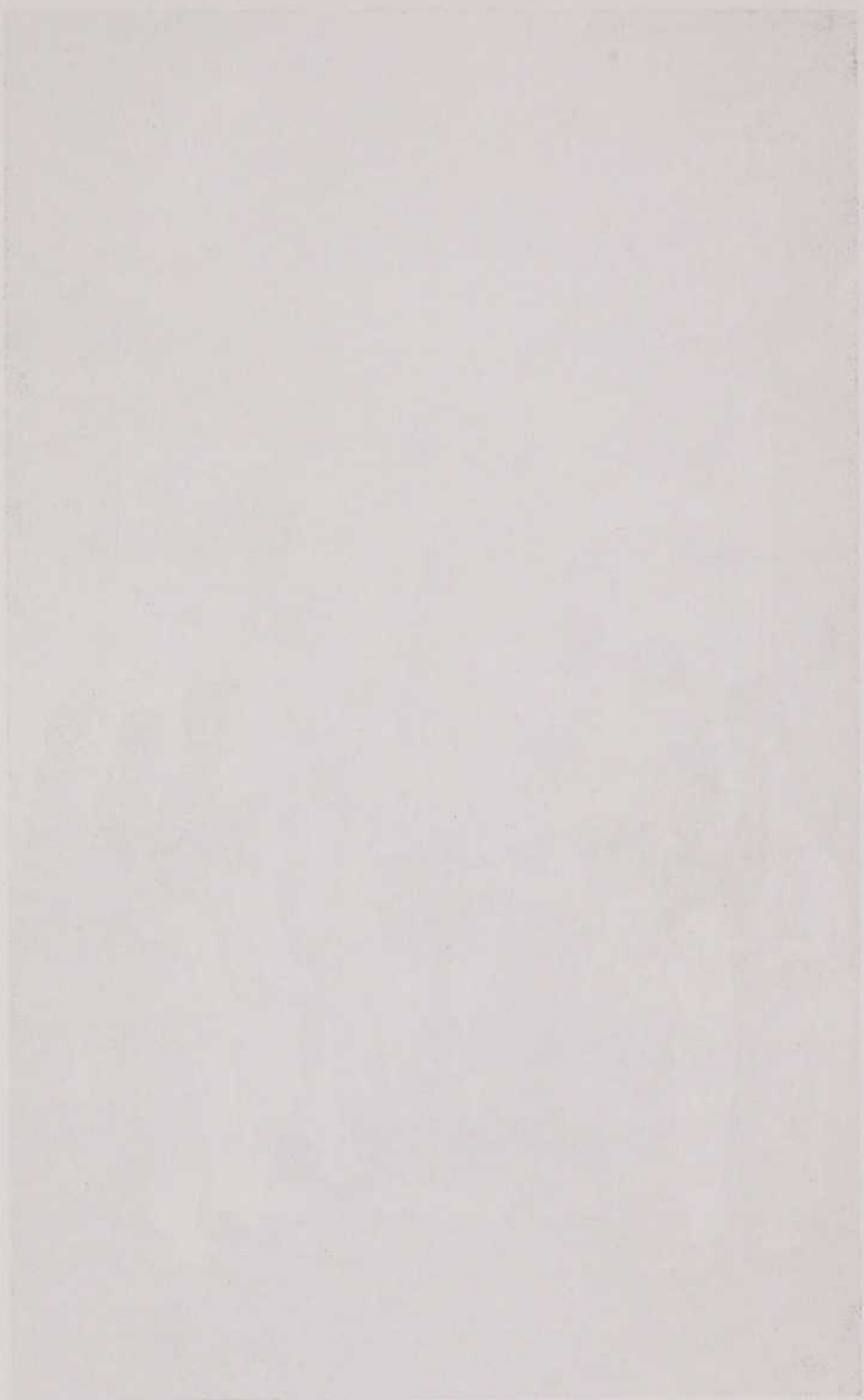
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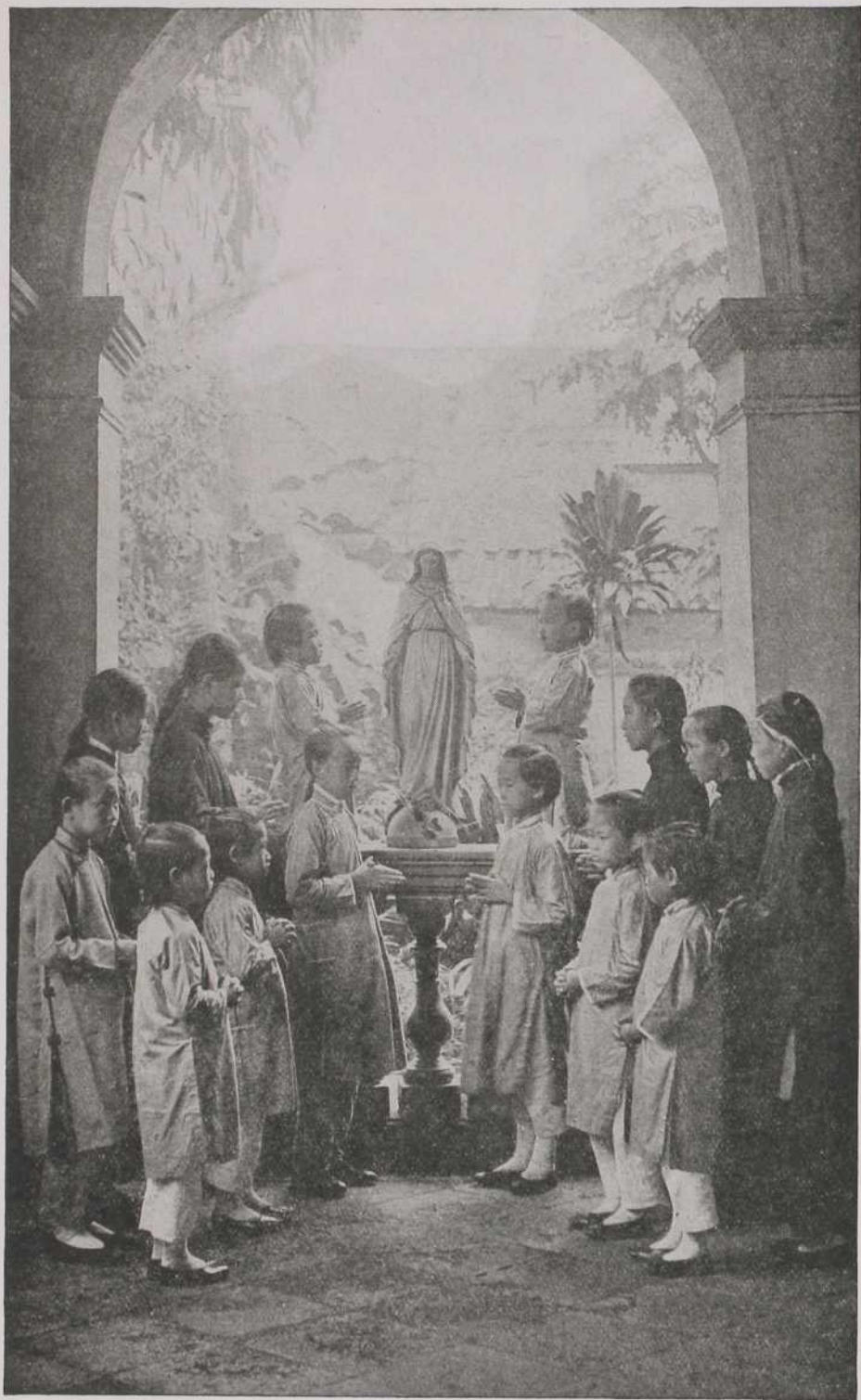
Small	\$1.20 per 1000
Large	.40 " 100

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O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS.

THE PRECURSOR

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of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. XIV, 22nd Year

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No. 7

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Our Venerated and Beloved Pontiff Pius XII

[TENDER FATHER AND INFALLIBLE GUIDE OF OUR SOULS,
VICTIM OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Children of Holy Mother Church, let us, particularly in these unfortunate times, rally with more ardour than ever close to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, His Representative among us.

Let us nourish in our hearts the liveliest sentiments of love and veneration for, submission and gratitude to his august Person and let us offer fervent prayers for him.



Bless...

*A new year is opening for us.
Thou, O Father in Heaven, givest it unto us;
may Thy loving hand bless it!*

*Deign at the same time, O infinitely good Father,
incline towards us Thy merciful Heart
and bless all the earth,
for hands are raised to implore from Thy clemency
pardon for its many offences.*

*Bless Holy Mother Church,
Her Sovereign Chief, our beloved Pontiff, Pius XII,
a captive and suffering intensely;
bless all Her Pastors,
especially those to whom
we owe gratitude and submission.*

*Bless our Governors and all the Heads of Nations.
Have pity on those who have rebelled against Thee;
for there are souls immolating themselves
for their conversion.*

*Bless our revered Superiors,
our dear Parents, our generous Benefactors,
our devoted Friends,
and all our benevolent Readers.*

THE PRECURSOR.

Adveniat!



T the dawn of the new year that comes to us laden with uncertainties, I ask Thee only one thing, O eternal and adorable Master, King of the Universe, O loved Christ, one thing, only one: That Thy Kingdom may come on earth!

I have seen immense countries, where Thy Kingdom had not yet come; I have trod hundreds of miles in regions scarcely known, and nowhere have I met with Christians! It was black night, a sombre shroud, under which souls stifled — souls for whom Thou hadst wished to die.

Others will ask Thee earthly goods: wealth, honour, glory, all these vain toys with which the children of men amuse themselves . . . and which sometimes cause their death. As for myself, I desire only one thing: That Thy Kingdom come on earth!

Oh! may it come in me first! Reign, as undisputed master, as Lord, over my whole being. Thou knowest I have given Thee everything from my youth. For Thee I have left all! But I am a child of sinful Adam, and nature sometimes refuses to die! Reign over my heart, my soul, my body and all my faculties!

Reign over those poor pagans who do not know Thee. Thou knowest they are yet a thousand million and more! Thou knowest Thy humble soldiers are attacking those compact masses and that their feeble effort breaks, alas! like the puny wave on the giant rocks of the coasts! O Father, Thy Kingdom come among those poor pagans!

Reign over the unfortunate children who live and die without ever lisping Thy sweet Name! It is always so sad for a little child not to know God! Over there, in the far-off continents of Africa, India and China, it is sadder still! Ah! Thy Kingdom come in the hearts of the little pagan children!

Reign over the poor unhappy slaves who are yet so many, especially in the Dark Continent . . . Their life is a martyrdom, and they do not know what it is to lift their eyes up to Heaven, eyes so often flooded with tears. Poor victims, if only they knew how to suffer for Thee!

Reign over the disciples of Mohammed . . . over the unfortunate heretics . . . over all those who have not received the light, or who, alas! after having received it have extinguished it! Thou hast come to cast fire upon the earth — give, then, unto us Thy soldiers, the grace to keep that fire burning so brightly in our hearts as to be able to communicate it to others.

May Thy Kingdom come also among all those Christian men and women, who are perhaps not "Catholic" enough, who persist in not looking farther than their steeple! Tell them Thou hast sheep yet outside the fold whom Thou dost want to gather in.

Make them understand that one does not believe for oneself alone . . . that love of God and love of neighbour cannot be separated . . . that we all are the testamentary executors of Him who told us, before ascending to Heaven: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations!"

Remind them that they cannot, morning and night, repeat this request of the *Pater: Adveniat Regnum Tuum!* and shut themselves in a selfish isolation, thinking only of themselves, while so many unhappy pagan souls — approximately sixty thousand daily — die over there, far from God! When we say this sublime prayer, we must attempt to make it come true in our environment.

But, above all, O Father, may Thy Kingdom come in the hearts of Thy apostles! Numbers matter very little here. The twelve were very few, yet they overcame the world! If we would only let ourselves be well governed, and guided by Thy grace, what miracles we would cause to happen on our way!

Yes, Thy Kingdom come, O Christ our King, Thy mild and pacific reign, Thy strong reign built on love alone! "He must reign!" Thou shalt reign, O Christ! Thy enemies are numerous and obstacles are terrible, but Thy soldiers are ready for the combat . . . and their greatest happiness would be to die for Thee . . . that Thy Kingdom may come, even if it were in only one pagan soul! *Adveniat!*

J. BAETEMAN, *Lazarist Missionary in Abyssinia*

Bearers of God

That the glory of the Catholic Religion may shine brightly over distant peoples, do not spare any fatigue, and may the Cross, source of salvation and life, cast its shadow over the remotest parts of the world.

To reach this aim, it is extremely necessary to establish the Church in all countries. Give the missions all your efforts; and while charity cools miserably in the world because "truths are decayed from among the children of men" (Psal. XI, I), show by your example that the inhabitants of the earth do not live to injure one another in furious envy, with deadly weapons, but as they are called to eternal felicity they must, by a sacred alliance, be united to God and among themselves.

What God wishes to see among the human race is love, concord, peace and unity. May all those who bear the name of Christian, spread wide the sweet perfume of the Gospel; may they all be, according to their means, bearers of God, of the Church, of Christ.

POPE PIUS XII.

* * *

Well-Filled Days

When you have prayed fervently during the day, well exercised your devotedness, and generously endured all that was hard on your nature, rest assured that you have weakened the noxious powers of the devil's agents, procured strength for the just friends of the Lord, caused graces of conversion to be granted sinful souls, given glory to God and joy to the Heart of Jesus, and that you have spread the kingdom of Christ.

Msgr. A. Saudreau



A New Year Poem

*The year is done.
In solemn stillness it has died,
And borne to God
The days we laughed, the days we sighed.*

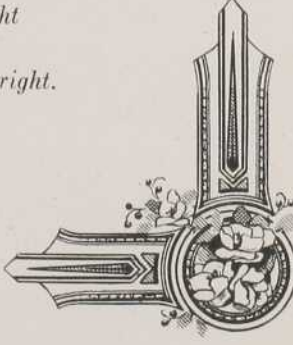
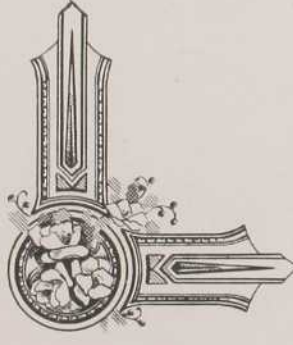
*The year is done,
The Lord had given upon earth;
A virgin year
In midnight finds a thrilling birth.*



*What shall it be,
This dawning year? We little know!
Will God who gives
And God who takes, send bliss or woe?*

*What is in store?
O Christian friend, if you would learn,
In kneeling prayer,
Your searching gaze to Heaven turn.*

*Methinks I catch
With you the voice of God above;
The newer law
Has banished fear and tells of love!*

*"A Glad New Year
Arises from the Maker's might
To give you chance
To love your God and do the right.*





*My glory calls
For honour, service on your part;
Integrally,
A jealous God demands your heart.*

*As years now dead,
The nascent one is hieing past;
And back to Me,
Where life and all repose at last.*

*It bears concealed
A sheaf you know divinely bound;
The thorn, the rose,
My holy will are therein found.*

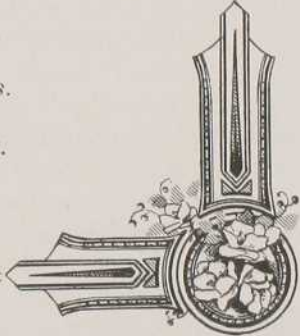
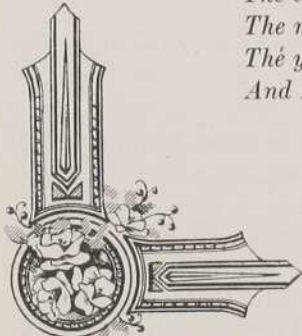
*The thorn of pain,
That pierces but to heal and save;
The regal rose,
My smiling lips, My face you crave.*

*Remember well,
The year is rolling swiftly by;
As roll its months,
So flee your days, earth's passer-by!*

*Your Promised Land
Is up above, and while you roam,
A triune God
Is waiting for your coming home."*

*The voice is hushed,
The message comè from Paradise.
Thé year is new,
And Love is shining through the skies.*

The Precursor.





Let Us Go to Bethlehem!



CHRIST is born in a lowly stable, above which beams forth a marvellous star, where we hear the Angels sing with their incomparable voices: *Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.* With the Shepherds and the Wise Men, let us go to the lowly stable, let us go to Bethlehem.

In that miserable hovel where reigns a heavenly atmosphere, we shall find Joseph, the most virtuous of men, Mary, the holiest of women, the Divine Child, the Ancient Beauty Ever New, lying

on some straw in a manger, while close by two animals, an ox and an ass, are warming the brisk December air with their breath.

And what shall we do there? As the Shepherds and the Wise Men, we shall come near the crib; we shall ask our dear Heavenly Mother to let us kiss the tiny feet of her adorable Son, to caress His tender hands and warm them with our love, the little almighty hands one finger of which can lift the world or annihilate it; then, on bended knees, we shall let ourselves be fascinated by the winsome sweetness of His face, by the perfection of His whole being; we shall adore Him as our God, our King, our Redeemer; we shall thank Him with our whole heart for all He has done for us; since, if He has left eternal bliss and infinite glory to come on earth to suffer and die, it was for our salvation, to appease the justice of His Father stirred against men and open

to them Heaven that Adam's sin had closed, to teach them how to live on earth and merit entry into the Divine Kingdom. We shall offer Him our gifts: the gold of our love, the incense of our prayers, the myrrh of our sacrifices; finally, we shall humbly but very confidently solicit His graces. Is He not inexhaustible wealth and liberality, love and mercy in person?

And we shall not depart from Him without having seen Him raise His wee royal hand in blessing over us, without having obtained permission from the Blessed Lady to take Him in our arms and press Him to our heart, that His holy soul may sanctify ours in the contact and that the pulsations of His ineffable Heart may inflame us with love for Him.

Then, since everything must come to a close here on earth, we shall end our visit by placing the Divine Child back in His poor cradle; and, bowing to Mary and Joseph, we shall request their protection, that, after this our exile, we may sing throughout Eternity, with them and the holy angelical choir, the immortal *Glory to God in the highest*.

If I Were the Devil!...

In this manner an original and zealous pastor one day began his sermon. The audience started...

"That is a good one," thought the preacher. "They will listen; attention is all I ask of them."

"If I were the devil," repeated he, "perhaps you think I would incite you to eat meat on Fridays, to curse, steal or envy your neighbour, or to thoughts and actions the very name of which Saint Paul tells us not to mention."

"Not at all."

"If I were the devil, I would make all of you subscribe to an evil newspaper, or at least to a neutral one, convinced that you would soon have a rich collection of vices and bad deeds, or at least contracted detestable habits, that would eventually turn your steps towards wrong."

Our Lord came upon earth in the silence of night and will come to reign in our heart when the latter is in silence and peace.

Father J. Nouet, S. J.

* * *

If you have made the adorable name of God known and loved, it is the greatest possible thing you could have done in this poor world; the rest is nothing.

General de Sonis

* * *

If you would like to know the price of souls, consider Satan's daily efforts to win upon a soul, and what Jesus has sacrificed for its ransom.



WORDS TO MEDITATE

The father's blessing establisheth the houses of the children. (*Eccl. III, 11*)

* * *

In the Primitive Law we see the patriarchs, then the great personages of the Mosaic Law, Noe, Jacob, David, Tobias, Raguel, Mattathias, call down blessings upon their kneeling sons.

MONSIGNOR BAUNARD

* * *

Before leaving to combat heresy and paganism, Emperor Theodosius publicly blessed his two sons; Saint Louis, King of France, blessed his son; Bayard the Knight asked his father to grant him his blessing; John Gerson, Chancellor of the Paris University, and Thomas More, illustrious Chancellor of England, a martyr whom the Church has recently raised to the altars, asked their father's blessing every day; Saint Francis of Sales knelt before his parents.

The paternal blessing has its source in the very constitution of the family, such as willed by the Divine Creator. It is God who has confided to parents the mission of blessing their children; that is why the efficacy of this blessing is affirmed in Holy Scripture, and also the reason why it has been consecrated by centuries of practice.

"Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." (Psal. 126, 1) This is true about human cities; the present moment makes it evident to us. It is true of all the vital cells of a nation, namely, the families . . . If the spirit of God does not reign in families, if children do not learn to know and love God by the conversation and examples of their parents, if we do not breathe there an Evangelical atmosphere, if the children do not see God in their parents, do not agree that God speaks and blesses them by their parents' ministry, and do not accept their parents as holding the place of God, true happiness will always be unknown to them. Those who maintain that the father's blessing keeps the children at a distance and hinders sweet and trusting intimacy, cannot elude the reproach Tertullian addressed to his contemporaries: "Our faith is no more than the faith of the times, and not the one of the Gospel."

X., p.

Let us earnestly invite the family heads to bless their children on New Year's morning. One and all will find a great religious, and social profit in this blessing.

The paternal blessing assures still another benefit which we should particularly appreciate and seek in this century: the sacred lesson of respect . . . Could a son who bows his head under a father's blessing refrain from revering a superhuman dignity in his father and inclining before him as before the representative of God? In like manner, the parent who blesses his son takes on a clearer, stronger, a more Christian consciousness of his dignity and responsibilities, both natural and supernatural.

Thus, the whole family finds itself ennobled, consecrated, and sanctified by the paternal blessing. The parents who give it and the children who receive it are forever united with a supernatural affection which, far from breaking the ties of nature, renders them infrangible by giving to all, parents and children, tokens of peace, of reciprocal generosity and of natural devotedness. There, on the contrary, where fathers do not know how or do not wish to bless any more, the hearth ceases to be a sanctuary, the parents are robbed of their authority and the children deprived of a safeguard and a protection that nothing ever can replace. The paternal blessing of New Year's Day is a tradition that must be maintained or re-established.

We have always found therein suave consolations and a perpetual rejuvenescence, together with a guarantee of benediction from Heaven. Imploping our parents' benediction on New Year's Day seems to be the act that will demonstrate in a most sincere and lively way our willingness to keep the Fourth Commandment of God, "Honour thy father and thy mother", for the rest of the year. Let us not forget that the paternal blessing is in a high degree an act of religion.

HIS EXC. MOST REV. A. FORGET.

* * *

When your son or your daughter kneels before you on New Year's Day, or on the eve of a departure for a long absence, or again on the morning of his or her marriage, and says: "Father, bless me, please!" you will raise your hands to Heaven, then, after your heart has prayed God to load them with blessings, you will lay them upon the dear head piously inclined under your paternal gesture. Your hand will no longer be the hand of man but the right hand of God. No, this patriarchal gesture, this religious rite will not end without a rising emotion from the recesses of the soul coming to inundate your whole being and leave you with the impression of a mysterious presence: God has passed between you and your child.

G. DESJARDINS, S.J.

Translated from the Semaine Religieuse de Québec.



Man is worth what his soul is worth.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

The Missions Shall Flourish

(From His Excellency Monsignor Constantini, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, President of the Propagation of the Faith Society)



WAR has burst over the missions like a cyclone that suddenly falls upon a garden; the storm tears up leaves and flowers, carrying them away in a whirlwind; robust plants twist and bend under the squall, but when brighter days come they straighten up, find their leafage and bloom anew. Missions are secular trees, and they shall flourish again.

Cries of sorrow and supplications reach Propaganda from missionaries who lament in inaction, are interned, or even suffer from hunger. But never has there come a word of discouragement. Theirs are words of faith, hope and love, as well as words of gratitude towards Catholics of the entire world for their charity and joint interest which prove stronger than even hatred or death, and are resplendent in the midst of charnel-houses.

Lux in tenebris lucet. From thick darkness shines forth the light of God and of the mind, a light that cannot be extinguished.

Dear Brethren, again this year, new innocent victims have to be added to the missionaries fallen at Gospel outposts. Two venerable Bishops head this recent sanguinary martyrology.

A bomb exploded in a nuns' Convent and made fifteen victims at a single blow; but the survivors, whether hurt or not, did not abandon their post. Announcing the sad massacre to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, the Superior General did not have words of discouragement but of deep faith. "A great sorrow and an immense loss. But may God deign to accept this holocaust to hasten the time of mercy and peace!"

Moved and filled with reverence, we can only bow before those bleeding victims.

But missionary priests, Brothers and Sisters torn and led far from their Christian communities, or even interned in prison camps, are none the less deserving of all our sympathy and admiration.

"Our martyrdom is not bloody," wrote a Bishop to us, "it is a white martyrdom, but long, debilitating, sorrowful, tormented as we continually are by the thought of Christians whom we were forced to leave, and the difficulty we meet with in seeking to enlighten the souls and warm the hearts of those in our surroundings."

Another Bishop wrote the following from a Concentration Camp: "We strive to make good use of our time by prayer and study. God alone knows what the future has in store for us; however, with His grace, we prepare ourselves for whatever may come. In the past, we have accepted all trials and offered them to God with joy. We keep in mind the noble words of our great Saint Columban: *Christi sumus, non nostri* — "We are Christ's; no longer do we belong to ourselves."

Happily there are seminaries founded everywhere by the missionaries, and the native priests have in many places been able to replace the interned missionaries and hold the occupied positions. Seminaries flourish on nearly every side, but at the cost of untold sacrifices. The actual war reveals the farsightedness of the directions of Popes and of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, who have never wearied recommending the formation of native clergy.

Here is what an Annamite Bishop wrote: "The present calamities seem to draw a great number of pagans to Christ, and our zeal is redoubling with new enthusiasm. Our seminary students have not diminished but increased, in number, and I must ask the Society of Saint Peter the Apostle to have the kindness to help us pay the debts that we have contracted with the great hope of soon repaying. Kindly extend our grateful thanks to our benefactors. On the whole, these terrible times bring us spiritual advantages, because they lift our souls to God and urge us to perfection in virtue and study. We believe ourselves thus answering the generosity of our benefactors, who do not forget us even when war has taken them into its infernal whirlwind. We share their sorrows and continually pray for those living and dead, that the Lord may grant health, peace and happiness to all who help us out of love for Him."

Along with the spectacle we have presented of the far-off missions, sad but bright with Christian courage and hope, there is another, likewise consoling, that of the apostolical activities of the Catholic world. The receipts of the Pontifical Missionary Works, especially those of the Propagation of the Faith, which will this year have its seventeenth Missionary Day, have increased these last three years, and we have been able, my dear Brethren, — in spite of thousands of difficulties — we have been able, as I say, to send the help of your charity to all or nearly all the missions.

Missionary Institutions, where to-morrow's vocations prepare, are filled with novices and students, almost everywhere. A Superior of a young Society wrote us: "While our missionaries in the distant mission-field suffer from internment and inaction, young men are being formed in our seminary. They all burn with the desire of going to spread the Kingdom of Christ in far-off countries, upon the return of peace."

The Superior of another Missionary Society wrote: "Despite the hardships of the present time, our seminary carries on very well. Obstacles are not lacking, but *Deus providebit*, God will provide."

The splendid missionary revival of the Catholic world is particularly due to the zeal of the bishops and priests inscribed as members of the Missionary Union of Clergy, and of the members of the Pontifical Missionary Works of the Propagation of the Faith and of Saint Peter the Apostle for native clergy.

To all, I express my gratefulness in the name of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, which makes itself the interpreter of the sentiments of gratitude of all the missionaries.

In granting anew to members of the Missionary Union of the Clergy, the spiritual privileges of other times, the Holy Father has again wished to

repeat his hearty approval of this Union that spreads the powerful force of its organization and missionary zeal even to the remotest corners of the world.

Therefore, in union with the Supreme Head of the Church, the Angelical Pastor, Pius XII, let us work and pray that the desire of his heart may be realized: "We are hoping that the sane part of each nation, which is a good leaven of concord, and especially those united by the name of Christ and who place their better hopes in prayer, will not hesitate at the propitious moment to put all the force of their zeal and will at work, in order to draw from the ruins of hatred the future of a new world, when all nations, healed of wounds opened by violence, will recognize themselves as sisters and advance with harmony in the way of good."

C. CONSTANTINI.

Sufferings of an Apostolic Soul



BEFORE the Tabernacle, in the quietude of mental prayer, she sighs: "Lord, Your grace has touched me, Your light has enlightened me and I have understood the sublimity of the gift of Faith and the imperious duty incumbent on every Christian, not only to conserve the precious deposit, to make it bear fruit, but also to spread it constantly, to propagate it always more.

I have given You thanks, Lord, for that signal benefit You granted me from the first days of my life, while millions of other souls are deprived of it; and I have felt a great, an immense desire to see it become the portion of the numberless multitude still sitting in the shadow of death and in the darkness of paganism, in the mournful pathways of error!

Lord, I have experienced the suavity of Your love, the sweetness of Your yoke, the peace one finds in serving You; and with desire I have desired to see all men submit to Your law, all hearts filled with Your love, with Your glory!

I have seen missionaries leave in great numbers for heathen lands and have rejoiced that these other Pauls were going to bear to the Gentiles the torch of Faith and the treasure of Your love; but, now that, by reason of the war, these heralds of the Glad Tidings are torn from their apostolic labours, imprisoned or repatriated, my heart bleeds from a deep wound...

And in our Catholic countries, when I see so many Christians adopt the pagan mentality or let themselves be drawn in the pernicious ways of error, I feel as if the waves of a sea of sorrow engulfed my soul...

Ah! Lord, how I suffer to see You so little known, loved and glorified, to see You so often outraged, cursed, betrayed, denied!... How I wish I were able to remedy the anomaly, the incommensurate evil!... But, feeble drop of water, minute grain of sand, what can I do?...

Lord, I shall unite my nothingness to Your almightiness, my littleness to Your immensity and with You, in You, and through You I shall never stop praying and sacrificing myself and I shall never allow my love to rest, until all hearts be brought to love You, until all tongues be brought to praise You!"

No position in this world is sheltered from adversity, and happily for us; as among all temptations, the most dangerous to salvation is, without contradiction, constant prosperity. There are few souls strong enough as not to allow themselves to be weakened by the joys and pleasures of this earth. Necessary as it is for the perseverance of the just, sorrow is often the only way of return to virtue for sinners. Do not be amazed that Divine Providence sends us trials. "Because thou wast acceptable to God, it was necessary that temptation should prove thee" (Tobias, XII, 13). Far from murmuring when ill-fortune comes to knock at our door, let us adore the designs of God; still better, let us love the conduct of His Providence over us; for the reason is: God strikes because He wants to save.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS

* * *

The School of Trial

God has not wished to deliver His evangelical workers from sufferings, because He knows that battles, far from overthrowing them, give them, on the contrary, more vigorous impulses. He knows that the austere school of trial imprints strong lessons on the mind and builds up invincible characters. He knows that suffering has the gift of ripening souls, of deepening reflections and of preserving the imagination from disastrous strayings. Lastly, He knows that suffering draws us nearer to Him, and that the broken man instinctively throws himself into His arms. Suffering is so fertile that God would create it for these motives, had it not already sprung under the feet of His apostles.

FATHER FABER

* * *

The Only Good

Saint Augustine draws to our attention that for reasonable beings, virtue is the most excellent dignity and the only good. Genius, knowledge, power, riches are esteemable only when serving virtue. That is why the ancient Stoics called exterior wealth *conveniences*, and not *wealth*, persuaded as they were that virtue alone merits the name. It is our glory, our riches, our happiness in this life and in the next. It is a treasure that we must continually seek to procure. Yet what neglect in this regard among most men! We put all in operation to cultivate the mind by studies, to excel in bodily charm, to acquire the qualities which draw love and esteem in the world, and we never think of ruling or reforming our hearts! We should do, to acquire virtue, at least what we do for exterior advantages or for embellishing the mind. One hour given each day to prayer, to meditation, to pious reading, to concentrating, would produce the greatest fruits: gradually, we would delight in these exercises, we would draw therefrom love of virtue and this sublimity of feelings which follows. Attentiveness at surveying oneself would accustom us in the practice of good, and would soon make us contract the habit. Lastly, we would become Saints, if we would only apply ourselves to acquire one virtue each year.



CONFIRMATION OF NINETEEN AGED CHINESE FROM SAINT JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL
BY HIS EXCELLENCY ARCHBISHOP DUKE OF VANCOUVER, APRIL 17, 1932.

Mother Marie du St. Esprit

APOSTLE OF THE CHINESE WORK IN CANADA

(Continued)



AN ACCOUNT of this, a construction on the property previously acquired was considered. On November 12, 1927, His Excellency Most Reverend Andréa Cassulo, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, blessed the first stone of the little hospital erected close to the original House. The building is fire-proof and has three storeys. When the frame of the building and the first two storeys had been finished, Archbishop Casey of Vancouver, on the feast of Pentecost, May 27, 1928, called down the Church's benediction upon the new home of charity and apostolate.

Besides the numerous patients baptized *in articulo mortis*, each year a certain number of catechumens received Baptism and made their First Communion on Christmas, Easter, or Pentecost Day. The spirit of charity reigning among these newly baptized Christians truly deserved admiration.

On the feast of the Patronage of Saint Joseph, April 17, 1932, nineteen of those old men were confirmed by His Excellency the Coadjutor-Bishop of Vancouver, Most Reverend William Duke. The touching and remarkable event took place in the Hospital's public hall, that had assumed the aspect of a chapel for the occasion. Over two hundred friends of the establishment were present; they could not refrain from evincing deep emotion on seeing those lovable Chinese, bent under the burden of years, but yet so young in the Faith, kneel at the Bishop's feet to receive the gifts of the Divine Sanctifier, which would fortify their souls for the last days of their earthly pilgrimage.

Some time previously, Reverend Mother Marie du St. Esprit had heard that the Most Reverend William Duke, Coadjutor-Bishop of Vancouver, counted on her Institute for the direction of a large Oriental hospital and considered giving the care of the poor and the aged to another Community. The humble Mother lost no time in writing to His Excellency; the tenor of her letter revealed her preferences for inconspicuous occupations, and her desire to see her spiritual daughters go to the most miserable, the most disinherited of the world, to whom so much good can be done. Let us note that, until then, the small hospital operated by her Sisters answered the needs of a Refuge rather than the exigencies of a hospital.

We have heard, wrote the Reverend Mother on July 25, 1931, that Your Excellency counted on us for the maintenance of a hospital. We hasten to tell you, Monsignor, that we have not the Nurses, the instruments, and the resources necessary for so onerous a function. We pray your Excellency to kindly permit us to continue with the little Refuge for aged poor, who are always very numerous, and domiciliary visits to the sick and the needy among the Chinese. We would also accept the direction of a little Chinese school; our Sisters would be able to teach English, music if necessary, and we could have Chinese virgins to teach Chinese. It seems to us, Monsignor, that we would be able to operate these works to your satisfaction, seeing that they require less medical capacity and less resources than a hospital.

A few weeks later, on August 28, 1931, the Coadjutor-Bishop answered:

There are at present 26,500 Chinese in the vicinity of Vancouver, and we are trying to solve the great problem in view of obtaining better results for souls and for the greater glory of the Church.

As regards your foundation, your Sisters are doing very well and when the time comes, they will be able to have a good Oriental hospital approved by the Province and capable of obtaining hospital grants for patients; besides, they could have dispensaries for the Chinese, in order to increase the number of souls in direct contact with them and which they could bring to our holy Faith. The upkeep of a hospital offers a promising field for conversions, for when persons are ill, they are better disposed to feel the divine influence of Christian charity and to accept the consoling ministrations of our holy Religion.

Assuring you, Reverend Mother, of our sincere appreciation of the services rendered by your Community here, and of our desire to help your Sisters in every way, I remain,

Very sincerely yours in Our Lord,
W. M. Duke, Archbp. of Fasi.

Thus reassured, the apostolic-hearted Mother had no further anxiety and went forward with the Work already commenced.

Since its construction until 1933, the little hospital could accommodate thirty-two patients. Twenty beds were set apart on the first floor for the incurable and the aged; cases calling for active care occupied the second floor; as to the third, it had not yet been completed. However, in December, 1932, the Health Department of the City having asked that a room be equipped with fifteen new beds for Orientals stricken with tuberculosis, the Sisters acceded to the request and, on December 9th, the said patients took possession of their domain. Soon the number augmented and it was necessary to complete and furnish the third storey. On December 19, 1933, another group of sick persons, men, women and children, came to occupy the fifteen additional beds that had been prepared for them. St. Joseph's Hospital then numbered seventy-five beds, of which twenty-five were reserved for the poor and the incurable.

At that time, the modest establishment had not yet been provided with X-Rays. Divine Providence made use of a genial Japanese to see to the want. Senator Inabata, a millionaire from Osaka, Japan, while in Vancouver for some time, fell ill and was admitted to one of the City hospitals. A Protestant Japanese doctor having told him of the charitable institution kept by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, the Senator asked to see the latter and promised them an X-Ray apparatus. He kept his word and the following year, in May, 1935, the precious gift reached them, thanks to the benevolence of the distinguished benefactor.

The wards being filled to capacity, a solarium was arranged and furnished with twelve additional beds. The patients then cared for numbered eighty-five. Besides, at the little Oriental hospital, a dispensary for tuberculous patients had been opened in May, 1934; since then, three times a week, there are consultations, medical examinations, laboratory analyses, radiographs, fluoroscopic examinations, etc.

(To be continued)

The Prince of Peace



I am the way, and the truth, and the life.
(John, XIV, 6.)

All the nations, convulsed by the war actually desolating the earth, await in suffering the benefit of just and enduring peace.

Men in general feel themselves above an active volcano always ready to emit the worst catastrophes. In their anxiety, a great number of them study the procedures of the government heads, expecting from their capacity and dexterity the solution of the complex problems dividing humanity, and victory over the foe. Others bear heavily the burden of tribulations begotten of ambition, cupidity, hatred, and know not where to anchor their hopes. Others, lastly, but in small number, turn their eyes and their confident hearts towards Him who guides the destinies of empires and bears in His hand the course of events; towards Him who, when arriving on our earth, heard the Angels sing around His cradle: *Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good-will*, and who merited the title of Prince of Peace; to Him alone they look for peace in justice and charity among the peoples. On bended knees,

they beseech His mercy to hasten their deliverance. They are the truly wise who labour the most efficaciously for the triumph of the good cause. They understand that the terrible conflict, born of human passions, is also a heavenly chastisement upon the guilty world, a scourge intended to purify it.

Thus it was during past centuries. What happened in the days of Noe? All flesh having corrupted its way upon the earth, God resolved to exterminate men and He sent the flood that engulfed them all, except Noe, the just man, and his family.

What was the fate of Sodom and Gomorrha for having plunged into vice? They were consumed by fire from Heaven.

What would have become of prevaricating Nineve if, at Jonas' voice, it had not done penance in sackcloth and ashes? It would have been destroyed by the hand of the Most High.

What took place even in Heaven, in the dim epochs of the past? A third of the Angels, following proud Lucifer, having spoken against God the *Non serviam* of revolt, He created Hell and thrust the rebellious legion headlong into it.

Instructed by these terrifying examples of the adorable and infinite justice of the Almighty, let us cast our eyes upon the earth. What has become of the divine law? . . . How is God Himself considered? . . . Alas! compact masses, led by superb intellects, other Lucifers, even now daily raise the standard of rebellion against the Lord; instruments of Satan, they strive with might and main, not only to disgrace the Name of God, to blot out the memory of Him from the heart of nations, to ridicule His law, to hinder its being observed, but also continue in their absurdity and ingratitude to the extent of denying the Divinity of God!

What else do we see on earth? . . . Catholics forgetful of their duties, and living in the habit of sin; Catholics unmindful of divine glory, without any zeal for God's honour, for the defence of His rights, for the extension of His reign; Catholics *lukewarm* in His holy service. What does the Eternal do with the lukewarm? He is ready, we read in Scripture, *to vomit them out of his mouth*.

We also see a tiny group of fervent Catholics, veritable children of God, exact observers of His law, elite souls that remain close to the tabernacle, where dwells mankind's Redeemer, Jesus, the Son of God, who, through immense love and infinite mercy for men, came on earth nearly two thousand years ago, suffered and died for them, in order to reconcile them with His Father and open Heaven to them; Jesus, who, by a prodigy of love, has willed to be with them until the end of the world under the Eucharistic Bread, so as to make them live of His life and help them merit Heaven, and to offer Himself continually as a victim to His Father for their salvation.



Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus who wishes to spend her Heaven doing good upon earth . . .

It is out of consideration for these fervent Christians, these choice souls, that God has spoken these astonishing words: *My delight is to be with the children of men*.

Catholic friends, we are suffering the consequences of the war and are ardently longing for the return of peace. We ask it of God, but do we ask it with fervour? Let us examine ourselves a little and, if we find any negligence, let us take an energetic resolution to make up for these deficiencies.

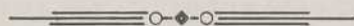
At this time of the year, when Holy Mother Church sets before our eyes the Saviour of the world born in a stable, let us go and kneel close to the crib wherein He consented to be laid, to give us the example of detachment from earthly goods; and, before the great God made so small, so powerful and apparently so frail, let us

not be afraid to lower ourselves in our own minds. Let us request of Him, among other graces, the spirit of *spiritual childhood*; with it we shall always have recourse to God as to our Father, with the abandonment, confidence, simplicity, submission and love of a child.

Let us also beseech this grace for all men, our brothers; for the fervent, that they may advance in perfection; for the lukewarm, that they may come out of their languor and be fervent; for the sinners, the renegades, that, understanding their wanderings, they may come, filled with repentance, to throw themselves into their Father's merciful arms; for the pagans, that the Star of Bethlehem may not delay in shining for them and that, with the graces of the Redemption, they may receive the knowledge and love of the Divine Father.

Let us ask this grace through the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, good Saint Joseph and little Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, who has excelled in the way of *spiritual childhood* and wishes to spend her Heaven doing good upon earth.

Thus, through the re-establishment of order and peace in souls, order and peace will be re-established among nations in justice and charity, to the greater glory of the Prince of Peace.



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



Child Jesus Burse

for the support of a missionary

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

Offerings received for the Child Jesus Burse

November-December 1941.....\$ 1.00	May-June 1943.....\$247.90
Year 1942.....460.65	July-August.....47.00
January-February 1943.....105.43	September-October.....13.60
March-April.....39.04	November-December.....141.60

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.

My lively gratitude to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour she has obtained for me. M. A. G. — Gratitude for work obtained after a prayer to Saint Teresa and promise to publish. M. J. J., **Rimouski**. — Homage of gratitude for favours received through the intercession of the dear "Scatterer of Roses". Miss B. B., **St. Félicien**. — Very grateful thanks to the little "Flower of Carmel" for graces she has granted me. Mrs. R. F., **Central Falls, R. I.** — I am acquitting myself of a debt of gratitude towards Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. A subscriber, **St. Bruno du Lac St. Jean**. — Saint Teresa of Lisieux has answered my requests; please help me to thank her. Mrs. P. B., **Village Varennes**. — With joy, I am fulfilling a promise in honour of Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, for my cure. Mrs. C. B., **Montreal**. — All my gratitude to the dear Patroness of Missionaries for a favour received through her intercession. Mrs. L. L., **Whitinsville, Mass.** — Sincere thanks to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus for great improvement in my health. I solicit prayers for a complete cure. Mrs. J. H. D., **Huntingdon**. — Gratitude to Saint Teresa of Lisieux for a grace received. — Thanksgiving for my little daughter having been restored to health. Mrs. A. T.

A Martyr's Mass

Upon order from his Bishop, a missionary had made his way to a distant canton to study the situation and learn whether it were possible for a priest to settle there. He had arrived at the end of his round, penniless and without means to return.

With his last dollar, he had bought a bottle of wine for Holy Mass, his greatest and only support among the tortures of abandonment. In this place lived a great number of Europeans and among them were also people from his own country. He had hailed them in their mother-tongue, but because he was a priest these men would not even deign to answer.

The poor missionary settled under a tree some distance away from these houses where he could not hope for shelter. There he survived entire weeks without bread; he lived on undreamt-of roots that he tried at every risk and ate shell-fish raw, not possessing any culinary articles in which to cook them. But the persisting hardness of men and the long futility of his prayer were tormenting.

From time to time, a few villagers passed, cursed him, and withdrew. No one pressed his hand or listened to him, not one person, not even a child. Still, he hoped, but their horror of God broke his heart, and he felt his physical strength ruined by fever and grief.

One day, a tall, handsome young man wended his way towards his dwelling. His first words were: "Mercy, have you something to eat?"

It was a priest sent to him by the Bishop. Worn with fatigue and hunger, the missionary had no means whatever to bring his companion away, neither could he himself depart.

On account of the Bishop's poverty and of his inexperience of the country, the young priest had left without money. Charity alone had kept him alive. He had slept on the bare ground at times, and had implored for his nourishment.

The missionary offered him the shell-fish on which he lived, chiefly enormous mollusks hideous to look at, the sight of which sickened the famished one, who was unable to touch the food, and his host much depressed, perceived at the same moment that the unfortunate man would die of hunger. At this final blow he felt overcome.

A few days later, weakened by fever, the two missionaries outstretched under the burning sun, said to each other: "We are going to die here. What if one of us made

a last effort to celebrate Mass? He could give communion to the other and God would be praised."

It was Assumption Day.

They cast lots to decide who would say the Mass. The lot fell on the first arrival. He offered the Holy Sacrifice for his dying brother, and for himself who was also expecting to die. He checked himself some twenty times, often despairing of ever being able to finish. This veritable Mass for the Dead lasted almost three hours.

At length, the agonizing missionary gave the holy Host to his dying companion and he himself consumed the triple Sacrifice where both priest and assistant immolated themselves as did the victim. The consolation of these men was great and their act of faith and love well able to console the Heart of the dying Son of God.

The young martyr, expiring, considered his brother-martyr faltering at the foot of the altar; the latter seeing the stillness, the candour and the angelic soul of this priest, who was dying at the outstart of his career, offered him with himself as the price for the common victory that the crucified Victim wanted for them, and that in their turn they wanted for Him.

The Mass said, the celebrant lay himself down beside his companion and they waited for death.

It did not delay. During the night, the young priest died. His last sigh fluttered feebly and his brother extended his hand with an effort, in token of blessing and last farewell.

A few passers-by found them there when day came. They saw the corpse and the dying man lying side by side.

The news spread in the village, and these hard hearts, understanding what had come to pass, were softened at last, or rather death had convinced them; the victory was being won. They then hastened in great number, brought fresh water and food — the elder missionary, still alive but unable to make the slightest move, felt a hand press his own.

They were no longer the same men!

Where the altar had been, they dug a grave, laid therein the victorious, handsome corpse; and then, carrying the agonizing priest in their arms, they held him over the edge of the grave, that he might bless it.

They did still more. At his request, they cut down a large tree, made a cross and planted it over the already fertile tomb; thus, the cross appeared and took possession of this new domain.

Not long after, a city rose upon that spot, a church with thousands of Catholics as docile to the voice of their Bishop as they were dear to his heart, and this Bishop was the missionary who had hitherto been so cruelly rejected.

"I go there as often as I can," said he long ago to the author of this narrative, "I manage to keep back the tears and my heart fills with joy in admiration of the things of God. But, when I wish to speak to this people from the foot of that cross, I can never draw anything more from my throat than words without connection and inarticulate sounds."

This is how the cross is planted and takes root, how a Church germinates and rises above the earth, how a country abandoned to the darkness of savagery and to the barbarities worse still of civilization, becomes a diocese of God's own Church!

LOUIS VEUILLLOT



It is by faithfulness in little things that the Christian prepares for the greater ones; it is courage in the little daily sacrifices which preserves the soul from weakness and betrayal in the day of great sacrifices.

FATHER OLIVAIN



Our Father

*With force of dauntless Faith my soul believes
That far beyond this lowly human sod,
A heart paternal beats with love of me—
The heart of God.*

*Supreme His kindness and His wealth untold;
Beyond the care of mother for her son,
Beyond the treasured gold of potentates,
The wealth of One—*

*Whose name I lisped in childhood's waking days,
Before whose throne I knelt in tender prayer,
Of whom my ripened years still wonder why
A God should care!*

*With all the love my childish heart could hold
I came to Him, His holy will to do;
The God of glory bent upon my life
And bliss I knew.*

*This love has grown as grew my years on earth,
The souls of men to Him it fain would win;
My daily prayer requests His reign to come,
His reign o'er sin!*

*And yet whene'er I breathe His chosen prayer,
The Pater Noster of my Christian Faith,
A sombre sadness shrouds my loving soul.
They sit in death—*

*The men for whom the Son of God has come
To suffer torments on His Calvary,
Will turn their heads, refusing to request
His grace to see.*

*As on the Saving Tree, His Heart now bleeds
At sight of these, His dearly purchased race,
Denying Him the right to reign as King
In primal place.*

*One billion souls in darkness still abide —
Unlighted darkness of the pagan night,
As Satan's bondage keeps them pinioned strong,
How sad a plight!*

*And those to whom He gave the Faith from birth,
In hosts, have wandered from His royal ways.
Could we conceive the stark ingratitude,
The stolen praise?*

*How small, O Lord, the number of the just,
Thy faithful servants and Thy loving friends,
Who keep Thy word and do Thy holy will,
Who make amends!*

*These are the strong, the prudent and the wise,
And here on earth their days are happiness;
What though they have the cross and sufferings —
With peacefulness!*

*Dear Father in the realm of endless bliss,
Thou lovest us, Thou hast unbounded might.
Oh! hasten Thou the truly blessed day,
The glad and bright,*

*When sons of men will be the sons of God,
Will praise with anthems loud the Trinity,
Will lead a life on Gospel maxims based
And honour Thee.*

*Dear Father, raise more mighty herald bands,
Apostles burning with Thy glory's zeal,
To conquer Satan and his wiles disclose,
Thy love reveal!*

*Dear Father, mercy on the guilty world!
Remember not its waywardness, we pray;
But let Thy Heart the word of pardon speak,
Dear Lord, to-day!*

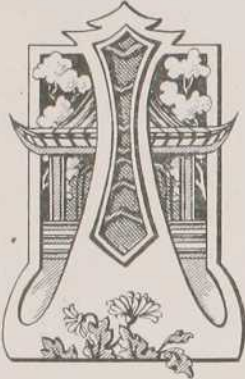
The Precursor.

A Modern Martyr

Blessed Theophane Vénard

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

(Continued)



TOLD you, in a previous letter, that the Emperor was going to send a plenipotentiary to plead the cause of the Christians with the Annamites. Well, M. de Montigny arrived in due time, but with only two little steamers and a small warship, and with no real powers to treat. So the king refused to hear him and the Frenchmen had to weigh anchor and go. The people, Christians and pagans, who had been rejoicing at the prospect of being delivered from the tyrants, seeing the complete failure, were not only thoroughly discouraged, but began to despise a power which could do nothing, and this shame has fallen heavily on us poor missionaries. If France meddles at all, she ought to do it thoroughly, so as to carry her point. Still, all hope is not gone, as the Chinese war has brought a large fleet into these waters. M. de Montigny, unable to help us as he wished, threatened the king with the account which he would have to render for the French blood shed in his dominions. The king, seeing the interest which M. de Montigny took in the Christian missionaries, imagined that we had sent for him; so that when M. de Montigny went away he left us in the claws of a tiger more than ever irritated against us. In consequence, they seized a Christian mandarin with thirty of his neophytes, and after having made them suffer horrible tortures, condemned them to be beheaded. Then the poor mandarin was dragged through all the streets of the capital, and at each corner his sentence was read out, while he received thirty blows with a stick. This sentence was full of blasphemies against our Lord such as these: 'The Christians pretend that those who suffer tortures are sure of Paradise after their death. Who knows that? Fools that they are! If it were so, why does not their Jesus come and deliver them?' Oh, my Lord! Thou hast heard their words, and wilt remember them. Yes, I have a firm conviction that Thou wilt aid us and avenge Thy name!

After the death of Fr. Castex, as we have said, Fr. Vénard remained at the College of Hoàng-Nguyên, where he had the joy of being once more with his great friend, Fr. Theurel. But the difficulty of carrying on the work of the missions, owing to the violence of the persecution, weighed heavily on his mind. "I sometimes ask myself," he writes, 'Is God's grace no longer so effective as before? Has the time passed for the conversion of the Gentiles? Or are we poor missionaries less zealous than our predecessors?' It is quite heart-breaking to look around and to see nothing but heathen pagodas, to hear nothing but the bells of the bonzes, to witness only diabolical processions! Our dear Lord has to bow before the ministers of Buddha and

Confucius. His missionaries live in holes and caverns and a price is put upon their heads. Is not the day of their deliverance at hand? In this Annamite kingdom the penal laws are most cruel and rigid, but they are only half carried out, on account of the greed of mandarins, who simply use them as a means to extort money. If at least one might buy peace with the money! But no; this half and half persecution undoes everything. One day you build a church, open a school, establish a college. The next week perhaps you have to flee and your works are all destroyed. Another time you pay a large sum to a mandarin to be left in peace. Then he goes out of office, and another comes, who perhaps asks double the price, which it is impossible to raise; and the edifice you have reared with such pains and labor crumbles away! As for me, I have no hope but in God and in His Immaculate Mother, whose Conception has just been so gloriously proclaimed. Under the yoke of the oppressor, we are like the Jewish captives, '*Super flumina Babylonis*'. But I look on this proclamation as a rainbow, which is to announce to us the end of the storm."

In September, 1857, he wrote again to his sister, —

"MY DEAREST SISTER, — You will have seen by my last letter that my health is improved, and that Bishop Retord has given me a new district. I have upwards of twelve thousand Christians here, divided into four large parishes, with six or seven native priests under me. My duty is to go from parish to parish, seeing that all is in good order; establish peace if there should be discord; give the necessary dispensations; confirm, in cases where the Bishop or Vicar Apostolic cannot come to perform that sacramental function; give retreats and missions; in fact, try to augment in all hearts the love of God and the zeal for His Church. As to the pagans, I have never counted them, but there must be from 250,000 to 300,000. It needs ten St. Francis Xaviers to bring all these people to the knowledge of the Gospel. At this moment it is difficult for us to do much in the way of conversion on account of the violence of the persecution. Still from time to time souls are garnered. When the children are ill, the mothers bring them for baptism. The other day a young widow brought her little one who was dying. She herself was in the greatest misery, having eaten only five times in twelve days. I baptized her child, and then entrusted her to the care of one of our Christian women, who is now preparing the mother likewise for that holy sacrament.

(To be continued)



Let the singing of God's nature, whether it be that of birds or brooks or winds, rouse up echoes in your own souls that will laud God's beauty. Let the love that surrounds you, the warm hearts and affection of your dear ones that so comforts you, be a sweet means of realizing God's love for you. Let all the world be for you a story and a proof of God and His goodness. Then we can well defy the world and ourselves and the devil, for our hearts are in the great Heart of God, where none may harm them.

W. F. Horton, S. J.



A Father's Example

The two boys were very different outwardly, still by the heart there was a close resemblance between them both. They loved and understood each other like two brothers.

Their dwellings being neighbouring, they had directed their first steps one towards the other's and since then had frequently shared games. Hand in hand they began their school life; together they knelt for the first time at the Eucharistic Table; together, they chatted oftentimes, about their future.

"When I grow up," John would say, "I will be a missionary like Uncle Philip."

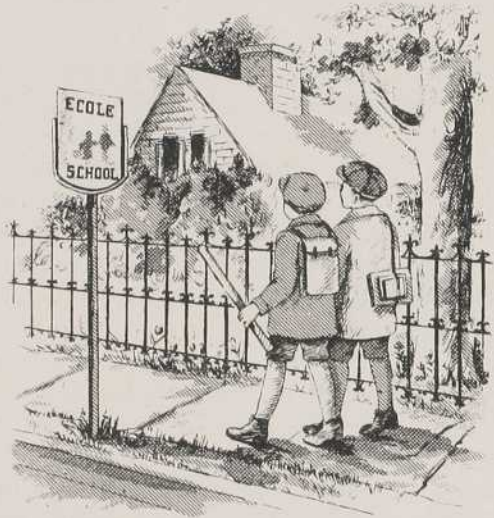
"I also!" Jack had affirmed.

Together they had celebrated their ninth birthday. Then, an unforeseen event of a most sorrowful nature had come to break up the young friendship. Jack, the dark lad with raven hair and brown eyes, lost his dear mother.

John, the blond lad with rosy cheeks and blue eyes, did his utmost to console his grief-stricken friend, showed him his sincere sympathy and invited him still more often under his roof to share the tenderness of his mother and the happiness of his own fireside.

But soon Jack's father decided to leave the place to live in another large city. The two children were then obliged to separate. It was not without tearful eyes and sobbing voices. They promised faithful friendship and did not bid farewell; they only said *Au revoir*.

Not long after, John in his turn followed his family to another part of the city where his father had been promoted to a new office. Since then, Jack and John lost trace of each other; they walked the road of life with a great distance between them, nevertheless under the eye of Him who sees all.



Hand in hand they opened their school-life . . .

* * *

One early morning before sunrise, over the dusty road drove a missionary on bicycle. He was going far beyond the mountain that loomed in the distance, where no priest resided, to visit a few sick Christians.

He carried a medicine-kit on his back; on his breast, hidden under the veil of the Eucharist, the King of Heaven and earth. While pedaling, he spoke intimately to the Sacred Host. "O my God!" cried he, "how happy I am and how I thank You for having made me Your priest, Your missionary! It had been my desire to make these long rounds across pagan vastnesses to bring You to souls, keeping You thus on my heart for hours. You have heard me. My God, be praised for ever!



*He carried a medicine-kit on his back;
on his breast . . .*

"May all the beauties of surrounding nature unite with me in praising You: the splendid firmament all rosy in the dawn; the sea I behold at the horizon and that carried me here; the distant mountains' lofty crest which seems to reach to the clouds; the luxurious vegetation with its varied perfumes; the thousand cries of birds and insects whose waking frolic and chirping I hear; the myriads of dew drops glittering upon the grassy lea like so many diamonds; yes! may all this magnificent universe borrow a voice in my name to bless You, a heart to love You, O my God!

"Lord, I am going to take You to a few souls newly won to Your love; please grant me the grace to speak worthily of You; put on my lips words that will edify and sanctify them. How I yearn to take You to so many other souls that don't know You! If I could only conquer the part of this country that the eye can embrace from the height of yonder mountain, how happy I would be!"

So saying, he set foot on the ground and stopped under a large tree to rest awhile; for now the sun had risen, it sent forth its rays and rendered the course wearisome. The halt was not long, as the apostle wished to make it a full day. He considered the two roads which presently opened before him. At the right, bathed in the sun, lay the dusty road that winded around the mountain; at the left, partly rising and winding, the narrow path crossing the mountain almost at its base. The first was easier but long, and the heat promised to be burdensome; while the path, steeper though much shorter, did not lead more rapidly to the destination. It was shaded, however, and sweet-scented; one could find beside it a pleasant brook very suitable to refresh a hot and thirsty traveller. The missionary hesitated a moment . . . as a mortified man who should not look for satisfaction, what should he do? Soon, though, he reflected. Why! Did he not have the Supreme Counsellor with him?

"I beg of You, good Master, please indicate the road I had better take."

And the voice of the Beloved was heard, strong and irresistible, in the heart of His server: "Take the path."

Fortified and moved by this inward impulse, the traveller took up his bicycle and started off under the heavy boughs. While admiring the

thousand and one things that catch the eye in the forest depths, he renewed his intimate conversation with his august Companion. "Lord," he repeated, "if we were more numerous in this vast pagan land, we could accomplish much more for You, but what do You expect only three of us to do in this out-of-the-way harvest? To achieve something that will count, we need more than a hundred workers! Dear Master, I beg You to send us help, more zealous missionaries. Stir up a great number of vocations over there, at home..."

The apostle's thoughts wandered to his native land; firstly, it was to his dear Religious family. He imagined seeing his venerable and beloved Superior General, of whom he had previously demanded reinforcement at several intervals, and whose answer had always been: "Impossible, my dear son, to send you help again this year, as subjects are lacking. Be patient, though, and pray hard that the Lord may favour us with numerous and solid vocations." He thought also of his well-loved Fathers and Brothers of the Mother House, all of them very busy and hindered from leaving for the Missions.

Then his imagination represented him several of his school-companions who had remained in the world. "They would have made such good missionaries!" mused he. "Who knows... perhaps the Divine Master had chosen the vocation for them... if they had not heard His call... if, like the rich young man of the Gospel, they did not have the courage to renounce the world, its vanities, and fascinating pleasures which could never be compared with the chaste delights of souls consecrated to God, to the sweet consolations of missionaries... Ah! if this be the situation, how downhearted they must be at times! And my dear friend of childhood days, little Jack, from whom I have been separated some twenty-five years, whom I have never seen since, but have not forgotten and have always loved, what has become of him?... I had always hoped to meet him somewhere in this life; but that's done for now, I suppose!"

All at once there was a faint sound, like a human voice, but very feeble, as of a muffled groan. He stopped, lifted his head and looked around. There was nothing, nothing at all! He lent a listening ear. The same mournful plaints were repeated. "Surely someone is dying nearby," the priest told himself, "probably an unhappy native, a pagan... let's make haste to pour the holy waters of Baptism on his brow!" Hurriedly, he left his cycle, and went to scan the underwood for the place whence issued the plaints.

In fact, at a short distance he perceived a human form lying at the foot of a tree near some limpid spring-water, the mountain spring. He quickened his pace, then suddenly stood aghast: "A white man!" murmured he in astonishment. "A white man here! There's some mystery!" Overcoming his surprise, he tenderly bent over the dying man.

"My dear friend!" said he in his mother-tongue.

At these words, the face of the unfortunate showed signs of life, but his eyes remained closed.

"He's very weak, but conscious," the charitable Samaritan told himself



*He perceived a human form lying
at the foot of a tree . . .*

with satisfaction. Opening his bag, in which the recipients of his pharmacy were huddled, he withdrew several medicaments. An injection in the arm, a few drops of cordial to his lips, and the man opened his eyes; there was an expression of amazement, trouble and horror in them.

"What a sad-looking face!" thought the apostle. "That man has the features and expression of a ruffian."

"My friend, you are very weak . . ."

"I am dying!" answered the unhappy man with an effort and in the same tongue.

"Oh joy! he's from the same country as I! Here, take this good drink, it will revive you. You must be very thirsty."

And the glass of strengthening beverage emptied little by little. The expected result promptly manifested itself; the man was soon able to speak, although feebly and in broken sentences. The conversation began.

"Who are you?"

"I am a Catholic missionary priest."

"A priest! Oh! My mother has surely sent you."

"Your mother is still living?"

"Alas, no! She died when I was nine years old."

The missionary started he had something of a presentiment.

"And your father?"

"Confound him! It's his fault if I die here."

An expression of rage shadowed his eyes, while his face contracted.

"What do you mean? . . . now, speak slowly, you must not tire yourself . . . I have time to listen to you."

"He it was who led me to wrong, made of me a good-for-nothing fellow, a thief . . . a . . . a . . ." His eyes were troubled; they closed and he relapsed into fretful diffidence.

A towel soaked in the nearby spring refreshed his forehead burning with fever, and a few more drops of drink brought him to, but . . . he seemed so weak!

"Rest a little, my dear friend . . . I shall pray by your side."

There was silence while the apostle, fingering the beads of his rosary, called the Mother of Mercy, the Intercessor of Sinners, to his help. After a long moment, the dying man came out of his lethargy.

"Father?"

"I am all yours, my friend."

"From what country are you?"

"From X."

"From X.? But that's where I was born!... Where I lived until I was nine! What's your name?"

"Jack!..."

And the kindly priest pressed a long kiss on the livid forehead that brightened.

"Who told you my name?... Tell me, who are you?"

"I am John D."

"John D.! John!... Oh! Is it possible?... Oh! Happiness! I had yearned so often to see you again! But now, an abyss separates us, you a saint, and I a scoundrel... condemned!"

Grasping the fidgeting hand, the missionary pressed it with affection.

"Have you been very unlucky, dear friend? But there is mercy for every sin."

"Mercy! Is there still hope?"

"Evidently it is because God wants to pardon, to save you, that He has sent me here. Confess your sins, and as a priest of the Lord, I shall wash your soul and open Heaven to you. Do you regret them all?"

"Do I regret them? They have caused me so much misery! Many a time I have deplored my state, wanted to return to God, but it's hard to stop on the way of vice, difficult to retrace one's steps!... Confess myself!... That would be relating all my life-story since twenty-five years."

"I have time to listen to it."

The two childhood friends held each other's hand as in the olden days, while tears streamed from their eyes, and the sick man began a long, painful confession.

John learnt that Jack, upon his departure from the city of his birth, had lived with his father as a boarder for a number of years, in the large city of Z.; that the one who should have been the guardian of his Faith and morals had given himself up to a disorderly life, and his pernicious example had drawn his son into the same way of destruction. From then on, the latter ceased to be a good scholar, did not even finish his studies and passed his youth in unrestrainedness and wandering; besides, he had served a sentence in prison for theft. Finally, disgusted with this unruly life, he enrolled in the army. There he was not very much esteemed, on account of his bad habits; nevertheless, he persevered. However, one day, after having received a gruff lecture from one of the officers, there came in his heart a deep hatred for him, a vengeful wrath, and in the foolishness of his passion he resolved to rid the camp of his enemy at the very risk of his own life. Therefore one day, having drawn him into a trap, he overthrew and strangled him, then seized his wallet. Successful in escaping from camp, he remained hidden a length of time to avoid the pursuits of justice; then, favoured with a disguise, he boarded a merchant-ship and crossed the ocean, ever haunted by the idea of fleeing the farthest away possible. From that ship he passed on to another; then wandering from one pirogue to another, he had come with his leaders to this island populated with natives; the former, after having disembarked, had left without his knowledge.

He had slipped from the hands of men, but not from those of God.

Tormented by remorse, his brutal murder always before his eyes, he recognized himself as unworthy to live among men. It seemed to him that even across his forehead there was written, in visible letters, those terrible words: Thief — Murderer. "No," he told himself, "I can't live among these peaceable natives. Rather, I'll go up that mountain and put an end to my life." The darkness of night had favoured him and he had stolen some provisions, made his way towards the mountain, but hardly had he gotten there when he was overcome by fever and a horrible thirst. He had begun to search for water, but when he had discovered the traveller's oasis, he had fallen to the ground beside it, breathless and exhausted. Only then, in the face of imminent death, did he begin to reflect and weep. He had called upon his pious mother for help, and according to the recommendation she had made before her death, he had recited three Hail Marys. "Jack, my dear little Jack," she had told him at the solemn moment of their last farewell, "never pass a day of your life without saying at least three Hail Marys. Do you promise me that?" — "I promise," had answered the child, and he had kept his word. Even on the nights of his worst misdoings, he had never slept without having first recited the three Aves. Then, at that moment, an invisible being had seemed to remind, to force him in a way . . . Had it not been the regretted deceased?

At this declaration, John, a pious devotee of Mary, understood that he actually was the witness of a new mercy of the Mother of God. Yes, without doubt it was the holy Virgin, she whom we never invoke in vain, who, interceding before her Divine Son for this strayed sheep, had sent at the supreme moment the one who could prove him the greatest possible affection and prepare him to appear before his Judge.

"And now, Jack, do you forgive your father?"

"What? Him?"

"As Jesus has pardoned you who have offended Him," pleaded John, showing him the crucifix, "as He pardoned all His executioners."

"John, yes, for the love of my Saviour, my Redeemer, I pardon my father with all my heart. But I beg you, when you'll preach, please make fathers understand their serious responsibilities with regard to their children. If it hadn't been for the perfidious example of the one who had given me existence, perhaps I would at this moment be a missionary priest like you. I used to think of that vocation when I was little."

"There now, Jack, dear friend, forget the past . . . be happy! Since you are sincerely sorry for your sins, since



Very soon, the white Host shone between the priest's fingers . . .

you forgive those who have done you wrong, I will give you absolution and make divine pardon descend upon your soul to purify it from its stains."

And at His minister's voice, the God of Mercy once more opened His arms and Heart to a prodigal child.

"Do you want to receive the Holy Eucharist?"

"Do I! Yes, I want it in spite of my unworthiness; it will be my second First Communion, and doubtlessly my last . . . But you will have to leave me . . ."

"No, rest assured; I have the Holy Eucharist with me."

"Oh! what great happiness! . . ."

Very soon, the white Host shone between the priest's fingers; with emotion, the minister of God held it a few moments between Heaven and earth, as if to allow the Master of the World to admire the beauty, the wealth of His creation and to render Him homage for it; then it became a happy convert's possession.

Thanksgiving made by the two was all imbued with love and gratitude; but, towards the end, the sick man looked excessively worn out.

"Rest yourself now," the apostle advised him. "I am going to run to the Mission for help; then we shall carry you on a stretcher to the foot of the mountain, where a carriage will take you to my house."

A few hours later, Jack, confused at so much care, but deeply grateful, reposed in his friend's bed. The priest kept at his bedside, watching for his least move and seeing to his every need. Yet, despite the best of care, night saw the sick man worse; each hour brought him nearer death. He had been unconscious since evening and was expected to die thus; but, towards morning, when his charitable guardian with eyes turned to the window was admiring the radiant sunrise, the dying man suddenly opened his eyes and murmured hoarsely: "John!"

"I'm here, Jack."

"I have no idea what became of my father. I'm anxious about his soul . . . Will you pray and have others pray for him?"

"I promise you that, Jack."

"And then . . . when you preach, will you not try to make parents understand the urgent duty incumbent upon them to give good example to their children?"

"I promise."

And the happy convert closed his eyes to things here below and opened them to those of eternity.

O God, our Creator, our Father, our Redeemer, be Thou ever blessed for Thy great mercy!

O Mary, our Mother, our sweet Advocate, intercede before God for all your sinful children, so that all may be converted and preserved from the eternal flames!

O Jesus, O Mary, raise up apostles to make you known and loved by the entire world!



CANTON, CHINA

MEMOIRS

(Continued)

Dear Father Fourquet, who observed the trend of happenings, notified the Sisters to prepare themselves to leave for Hong Kong where they would have to seek refuge. The latter jotted down the narrative of their flight, as follows:

Saturday was a very long day for us. So as to ensure greater protection, we had had the doors and windows barricaded, with the result that we found ourselves in semi-darkness. Mass was said in the morning, but since we expected to depart that day, the priest had consumed the Holy Species; our chapel was therefore very dreary. On Sunday morning, at about seven o'clock, upon an order from Father Fourquet, the signal for leaving was given. All took their bundles and left processionally. Our children each had a knotted handkerchief which contained their modest trousseau.

The Sisters helped the youngest, who found walking with a burden rather discouraging. We had to cover a long distance to reach our boat, and had reason to believe it already heavily loaded.

At the foundling-home we left two native virgins and five women with the little babies, whom the bishop had told us at the last minute to leave behind, assuring us he would see to them personally. We bade farewell to Canton at noon, and at six in the evening reached Hong Kong. But we were not yet at our journey's end. We still had an hour's walk before attaining the convent that would be our shelter. Can you fancy, crossing the Hong Kong streets, that long file of children and young girls, bearing on their shoulders a bamboo stick to which had been tied four or five handkerchiefs of every colour? People came out of their houses and formed in groups on the sidewalks to see us go by.



A YUN, LITTLE ORPHAN OF CANTON, ALREADY
HELPS WITH THE GARDEN WORK.



WHEN THE ORPHANS MOVED TO HONG KONG, JULY, 1913.

The trip was only half over when a sullen storm drenched us. The children did not want to go a step farther and yet they had to, for night was falling. How were we to safeguard all our wee lambs, whom the sight of electric cars filled with terror, the spectacle being so new to them, and who were so overcome with weariness? But our Blessed Mother kept watch, and at eight o'clock we reached our destination without mishap. Twilight is non-existent in our Oriental lands — the shades of night come on unexpectedly. Surrounded by these shades and but little acquainted with the direction, the leader of the second group, which comprised the blind and the infirm, had soon strayed off to she knew not where. A passer-by helped her out: "Madam," said he, "no doubt you are going to the convent; you are heading the wrong way. Follow this direction."

A cordial hospitality awaited us at the Sisters of Saint Paul of Chartres. We had been soaked and worn out. Hot drinks and a good meal soon invigorated us.

Hardly had we settled our hundred and fifty persons in the two large rooms kindly allowed us, when we heard that the Generalissimo of the rebel armies had fled. If we were to believe the newspapers, the Canton Cathedral had been his first hiding-place. Thence he had gained Shameen and embarking in a gun-boat, had reached a German ship that had taken him on board. The event, which was for Hong Kong the starting-point for great rejoicing, seemed to have terminated hostilities; therefore three of our Sisters immediately returned to Canton, to the children we had left there in care of a few Chinese virgins, in the custody of Bishop Mérel. A few days passed quietly, then one night they noticed three individuals trying to hide in the garden. Bishop Mérel, informed of the situation, came at once and ordered the men out. They obeyed without reply. Father Fourquet arrived a moment later; he continued towards the camp near the convent and prayed the soldiers to protect the Sisters. "We shall protect them," they answered, "but hurry and go out; something is going to happen here. Since you are a well-meaning man we are warning you." The priest had barely crossed the threshold when the soldiers opened the terrific gunnery that lasted all night. To the screaming of bullets would be added from time to time the roar of the cannon. The soldiers fired in order to scare the people and thus be able, in the panic, to plunder the neighbouring dwellings. The stratagem was a success. Our House was the only building they respected.

On the 11th at day-break, our Sisters received from the Reverend Pastor an order to return to Hong Kong with the Chinese virgins, while His Excellency asked that the old women and babies be brought to his residence. A group of Chinese Christians joined them and the caravan, preceded by Father Fourquet, made its way to the boat. But the meeting with a battalion of the Peking army created a commotion. The soldiers, thinking they saw I don't know what on a house-top, aimed their shots in the direction, which resulted in a veritable panic. The priest made a sign and all ran into the stores, the doors of which were closed upon them. A second signal from the commander, who soon realized the alarm had been a false one, reunited the dispersed troop. Thence they all continued on foot with water up to the knees, for the diluvian rains of the preceding days had submerged the streets of the city.

A joyous happening, the arrival of three new Sisters from Canada, helped to charm our exile-days. Although they had met more than one battleship on the China Sea and had already been informed of the disturbance reigning in Canton, they were much surprised to see that the entire Community had sought refuge in Hong Kong.

Finally, the hour for the return rang. On the 20th at night, we left for Canton. The journey home was in many ways similar to the departure . . . Besides what we had left, we found in our House arms, munitions and military uniforms, traces of the passage of rebel soldiers, who had doubtless hidden there to avoid their enemies. Our kind Father Saint Joseph, whose medal we had nailed on each door, faithfully acquitted himself of his guardianship.

It was with happiness that we welcomed the sight of our little convent and once



SAINT JOSEPH'S LAZARETTO ON SHEK LUNG ISLAND, CHINA.

more installed our personnel, thanking God for having been able to say with the Divine Master: *Father, those whom Thou gavest Me, have I kept.*

The rebellion was quelled, but peace was not wholly established; the revenge was terrible; assassinations and executions were the order of the day.

NEW WORKS

Yet, as God always knows how to draw good from the evil He allows, the sad events in Canton during 1912 and 1913 were to cause the opening of two new Works. After the abolition of the Imperial Rule there arose, firstly, the Work of the Manchus. The fallen dynasty was of Manchu origin and, for more than three centuries, it had succeeded in sustaining, by means of great liberalities, its millions of compatriots in all the provinces of the Empire; they were considered by the Chinese people as so many invaders. When, the Chinese had shaken off the stranger's yoke, the unhappy Manchus were relentlessly deprived of the riches they had for so long enjoyed and drawn from the public treasury. From the very height of wealth they fell into extreme neediness and the duty of lending them a helping hand fell upon the Catholic Missionaries.

The Fathers from the Mission did not hesitate to lead the numerous Manchus in the environing districts to their own house and that of the Sisters, where they made it possible daily to procure the bowl of rice necessary to keep these unfortunate people alive. The Missionaries also taught them various trades whereby they could earn their livelihood. Several times during the week, Sisters visited the families, and organized work-rooms to employ women and bring them to the knowledge of God.

Convinced of the excellence of a Religion which thus commanded charity to strangers and the helpless, Manchus in great number asked to be taught the Christian Doctrine.

The second Work was offered by the Republican Authorities to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception by the intermedium of His Excellency Bishop Mérel; the new government wanted to open the Shek Lung Lazaretto for hundreds of leprous women and young girls. The project, which was submitted to His Excellency Archbishop Bruchési and to the Very Reverend Mother Marie du Saint Esprit, having been accepted, Canton's Bishop had the consolation of knowing that those of his flock stricken with the terrible disease and for whom the pagans showed no pity, were sheltered from danger. Had they not, some time ago, been witnesses of the massacre of thirty-nine lepers from Koung-si Diocese? A few Missionary Sisters were sent from Montreal to labour for this important and difficult Work.

(To be continued)



Nothing procures God as much contentment as the salvation of a soul. It is the subject of the whole Scriptures, the end for all the mysteries, the aim of all His works.

Saint John Chrysostom.

*Excerpts of letters from our Missionary Sisters in Canton,
received by the medium of the Red Cross, October 21, 1943.*

Canton, April, 1943

BELOVED MOTHER,

Great is our joy on being able to write you. This is a delicate attention of Providence, in the midst of the anguish that tortures our hearts in these troubled times. The future is unknown to us, but we have been visibly protected so many times in the past that we are sure it guarantees the future. How paternal God is to teach us by daily lessons the true practice of confidence, abandonment, joy and gratitude! Is it depressing to be in need, when one is so near the Almighty? One must be in difficult situations to see how wise He is, in drawing one from perplexities!

Thanks to this divine protection, we have always kept up all our works freely. Holy Ghost School numbers 480 pupils; a fine spirit reigns there



GROUP OF CHILDREN, CANTON ORPHANAGE, CHINA.

and the Doctrine is being taught in every class. The orphanage is as crowded as usual; all the cradles are filled. Fifteen orphans from twelve to fourteen sacrificed their studies to help us, with their forty-five older sisters, to earn a living for the personnel by knitting, oftentimes working very late, and very cheerfully at that. It was a great consolation to us.

Our Lady of Providence Foundling-Home received less babies these last few months; last year, it had been continually filled with 140 to 160 children. Thirty orphans take care of thirty-one little ones from two to eight years, and also see to the upkeep of the house and garden.

Our Lady of Consolation Asylum at Fong Chuen numbers 130 patients and about thirty employees. The happiness of opening Heaven to many souls rewards the Sisters charged with this work for the anxieties and difficulties which certainly are not few. These last days an inveterate pagan renounced his Buddhistic superstitious beliefs and accepted Holy Baptism.



SISTER SAINT BARTHELEMY (MARIA LAMBERT, SAINT BARTHELEMY), A MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WITH CANTONESE ORPHANS RELISHING NOODLES.

Shameen School, installed since December, 1941 in the former French Marine Home, distributes knowledge to twenty-five pupils ranging from four to nineteen years. The location having been gratuitously placed at our disposal, the resources it procures us can be used entirely to maintain our works of charity.

Every morning on her way to Shameen School, Sister Saint Jean Baptiste⁽¹⁾ has the joy of exercising a very consoling apostolate in behalf of the beggars who abound in the streets. Hundreds of unfortunates, blind, lame, or paralyzed, await from the charity of passers-by a few grains of rice to appease their hunger. Sister circulates in their ranks, and gives a word of encouragement to each; then, spending more time on those who are less healthy, she catechizes them and pours the holy waters of Baptism on their brows.

The Shek Lung Lazaretto, brought down to 350 patients, is actually in great distress. The ration was hardly sufficient to keep them from dying of hunger; thus our Sisters were obliged to refuse the many lepers who came daily. To privations of every description was added the illness of Sister Superior, Sister Agnès de Jésus⁽²⁾. She has been operated on twice for cancer and her condition is rather alarming. All, however, are admirably courageous and resigned.

Our dear Maléa, one of the eldest of the Chinese virgins, left us for Heaven on March 23rd. She greatly edified us during her illness and never ceased praying until the end. She breathed her last while pronouncing the holy names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Her companions and the orphans accompanied her with their prayers to the place where she was laid to rest. As for us, we shall remember her with pious gratitude, for her devotedness in our behalf was unlimited.

Despite the many hardships besetting us, our family is of one heart and soul. Thank you, beloved Mother and dear Sisters, for the kind prayers you say for us — we repeatedly feel their result! Please ask our Heavenly Mother to continue giving us her maternal assistance, that we may remain courageous and fervent until it pleases God to end the present conflict.

Your loving Daughters of Canton.

1. Irène PELLAND, West Glover, Vt.

2. Marguerite SHERRY, Montreal.

Labouring for the salvation of souls is preferable to the glory of martyrdom.
SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

WEST INDIES

Les Cayes, Haiti

Our five Missionary Sisters whose departure for Haiti took place on September 12th last, have already spent over two months of apostolic activity in behalf of the natives of Les Cayes.

- The Haitian population, sympathetic as any, received them with joy, and we augur from this very fact that their task will be rendered more easy.

Our travellers left Florida on the morning of September 17th. We shall listen to their impressions on their flight from Miami to Port-au-Prince, and then to a few details on the beginning of their missionary life:

"At half past six this morning, we made our way to Miami airport. For twenty minutes we crossed superb streets bordered with magnificent palm trees. At eight o'clock, we were in the aeroplane that was to take us to the land of our hopes. There was room for twenty-one persons; we were seventeen. A child of two or three was also on board. Slowly we left the ground; Miami grew smaller and smaller to our eyes; soon its houses looked like children's play-blocks, and its rivers became slender silvery streaks. When we flew over the sea, the aeroplane seemed to be gliding on wadding. When came the time to pass through clouds, one would have said they were really tunnels. Above our heads, a bright blue and very limpid sky made us wish to soar to the beautiful Heaven we thought ourselves almost touching.

"Towards ten o'clock, the Captain invited the passengers to undo the belt that kept them securely in their seats, in order to admire the Gulf Stream, measuring ninety miles in width and two thousand feet in depth; but, at the moment, we saw it like an indigo-coloured ribbon three or four feet in breadth. Its waters, that do not mix with the Ocean, cut an almost straight line which we followed for nearly fifteen minutes.

"We went at the rate of 175 miles an hour at an altitude of 4,000 feet. In the distance we suddenly saw the territory of Cuba; a few minutes later a short halt allowed us to set foot on the main island of the Greater Antilles. After ten minutes' rest we returned to the aeroplane. For a while we hovered over Cuba, then the smoother flying told us we were above the sea.

"Finally, after three hours of this aerial course, we landed at Port-au-Prince. His Excellency Bishop L. Collignon, of Les Cayes, greeted us with great benevolence. President Lescot had the kindness of allowing us his car to proceed to the Archbishop's Residence, where His Excellency Archbishop Le Gouaze received us with fatherly kindness, saying how pleased he was to see us in Haiti.

"About four o'clock, all the Missionaries then in Port-au-Prince were convoked to the President's villa, a residence of palatial grandeur with soldiers standing sentinel. Broad alleys, edged with flowers and various plants, led us there. We greeted the President, Mrs. Lescot and their family; they are Haitians speaking excellent French. After a most pleasant



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LES CAYES, HAITI

Left to right: SISTER SAINTE JULIETTE (Juliette Deschênes, Lévis, P. Q.), SISTER MARIE RACHEL (Rachel Blanchette, Saint Liboire, P. Q.), VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE, Superior General, Mrs. BIRMINGHAM, SISTER EUGENIE DE JESUS (Irène Blais, Saint Bernard, Dorchester Co., P. Q.), SISTER SAINT ADELARD (Cécile Frappier, Sorel), SISTER SAINT JEAN DE BREBEUF (Alice Magnan, Quebec).

visit, we left our distinguished hosts, to visit the Reverend Sisters of Bel-Air, a Belgian Community, where the most charitable hospitality was granted us.

"The following morning, the eighteenth, we went to church for Holy Mass, which was heard by a pious throng. It was Saturday and here in Haiti the Blessed Virgin is especially invoked and greatly honoured under the title of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. 'Ex-votos' covered two parts of the wall and lamps were burning before the Heavenly Mother's image in token of gratitude.

"Strengthened by the Eucharistic Bread, we were ready to undertake the last part of our trip. At eight o'clock, four of the President's cars were placed at the disposal of the Missionaries. The Reverend Sisters of Saint Francis of Assisi, a Sister de la Sagesse and we took places in them.

"On the way, there were a great number of persons, men, women and children going to market. Many go on foot; others are carried by small donkeys bearing on their backs the goods placed in straw bags that hang down from each side of the saddle.

"Vegetation is very abundant and rich in this country: cacti plants palm, banana, orange, cocoa and other trees are numerous; under the tropical sun's ardent rays they blossom forth in opulent foliage and delicious fruits. At a certain place, a circular curve in the road gave us the opportunity to consider the marvels nature has sown in this corner of our sphere. All at the bottom of a ravine, a garland of poor huts rests beneath the shade of giant palms. A chain of high mountains, which reminds us of the Lau-

rentians, sent us a refreshing breeze we greatly appreciated, for, although our car kept turning very often, a leaden sun constantly weighed upon our heads.

"Suddenly, our driver pointed out a steeple in the distance and announced Saint Louis Village. We soon reached it, and the Missionary came to meet us, motioning us to stop. Upon invitation, we entered his humble chapel. The entire parish was at the moment assisting at the baptismal ceremony of eighteen children. This goes to say that, in the hamlet, work is not lacking; the devoted priest earnestly requests labourers, and was sorry our little group was destined for another section.

"A little farther, in another village, the Pastor, a native of Haiti, had the bells rung at our passage. We stopped to greet him, and to adore in the midst of utter poverty the good God in his church. Creoles surrounded us and said with a smile: *Bonjou, chès Sæus!* (Creole for 'Good-day, dear Sisters!') Their black eyes told us more than words could have said. We left them, our heart filled with emotion.

"Still another stretch to cover and we would be at Les Cayes. Once again, the bells pealed out; they were the Cathedral bells announcing the arrival of Bishop Collignon, but our revered Prelate had stayed in Port-au-Prince to baptize the President's grandson.

"We were taken to the Bishop's residence where, with our companions, the Reverend Sisters of Saint Francis of Assisi, we shared the third floor. Mother Clément, of the Sisters de la Sagesse, was all attentions and kindness placing at our convenience comfortable rooms where the weariness of the trip disappeared in one restful night.

"When we awoke, it was pouring. September and May are, it seems, Haiti's hottest months. It is then the rainy season when rain falls in torrents. Thanks to it, the ground, which would be burned by the ardent sun-rays, remains continually fresh.

"On Tuesday, the 21st, we spent our first night in the two-storied house that was to be our home. Through the kindness of devoted Mother Clément, bedding and mattresses had been installed, along with the most indispensable articles.

"*Charity, If You Please*, a Work confided to us by Bishop Collignon, is at fifteen minutes' walk from our dwelling. What a sorry sight is offered by this abode of misery! Under a bare shelter which consists of nothing more than a roof are gathered more than one hundred sick and aged persons and nearly seventy-five of the most disinherited of children. The greater number suffer from terrible sores and we have very little with which to relieve them.

"Classes also are held in the open air. Winter here resembles, we are told, the month of July in Canada. We think it will be comparatively easy to learn the Creole language, since it is a shortened French; thus, 'I am very glad to see you' in Creole is: '*Ben content d'vouere ou.*'

"In the higher grades, the language taught is French. Prayers and singing at church are also in French.

"On October 22nd, Mass was celebrated for the first time in our modest

little chapel. His Excellency Bishop Collignon deigned to celebrate it and granted us the privilege of keeping the Divine Guest with us in the humble tabernacle prepared for Him. How happy we shall be to live close to Him, yes, very close, for a simple curtain separates our rooms from His abode!"

* * *

"CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE"

A CHRISTIAN WORK

by J. Foisset, C. S. Sp.

(A Work recently confided to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception)

There exists, in the town of Les Cayes, a Christian Work of private initiative and magnificent aspect. In the service of suffering humanity, it bears a suggestive name, sonorous as a clarion call: "Charity, If You Please". This year, it celebrates the 20th anniversary of its founding.

The highly social reach of "Charity, If You Please", the consideration given it by public and Religious authorities, the good done in the space of two decades—all these lead us to explain the true physiognomy of this Haitian Work.

The Work took root from a Christian thought, on October 23, 1923. A whole troop of unfortunate men, women and children were exhibiting their infirmities and destitution in the streets of the Southern capital. A great-hearted woman, Mrs. Birmingham, compassionate for their physical and moral distress, boldly resolved to be a mother to them, to look after their bodies and take care of their souls. She decided to found a charitable organization based on the evangelical principles.

At her instigation a Committee was appointed, comprising Messrs. Duvivier Hall, Alvine Gerdès, David Ledan, Ernest Douyo, P. N. Neptune, Franck Condé, D. Powell, Camille Labossière and Miss Eugénie Pierre.

The nascent Work was warmly welcomed by the population of Les Cayes. All the degrees of society brought generous and devoted co-operation to the Foundress.

They began by keeping the crowd of beggars and sick outside the town. On the other side of the *Calvaire des Quatre Chemins*, these received cards authorizing them to have themselves cared for at the hospital. And every Saturday they would receive from the kind hand of Mrs. Birmingham the clothing gathered for them during the week by young devoted collectors.

Then it was time to consider building. Near the *Marie Désolée* Calvary where one never prays in vain, there was a piece of ground very convenient for the construction of a house destined to shelter the poor of Jesus Christ. Happily, Mr. Birmingham thought of it and so did the engineer, Lepelletier Jeannot. The first freely gave a portion of land; the second granted the usufruct of seven other portions. Monsignor Pichon, Archbishop-Bishop of Les Cayes, despite his moderate means, found a way to give a generous offering and also invited the Foundress to launch hopefully in the charitable adventure.

This little sum, as once the five loaves in the Gospel, was soon multiplied. The charity of the population of Les Cayes, stirred by the divine goodness of the Lord Jesus, worked the miracle of the multiplication.

Let us wander a moment to the vast property of "Charity, If You Please". At the chief entrance, in the impressive peace of silence, we see the first construction erected by Christian charity. To the left, are a number of hangars; then, the beautiful chapel, a personal donation of President Vincent and dedicated to St. Vincent, the greatest apostle of modern charity; it possesses a statue of the saintly patron, thanks to the liberality of Mrs. Birmingham. A little farther stands a beautiful Calvary of which the Christus — Bouchardon style — is a production of the celebrated work-rooms of St. Sulpice (Paris).



THE CALVARY ERECTED ON THE GROUNDS OF "CHARITY, IF YOU PLEASE",
LES CAYES, HAITI.

To the right of the Calvary, a grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes reminds us of the history of Mary Immaculate's goodness. Built in part with Connubois rocks and stones brought from l'Ile à Vaches, it likewise contains a fine statue, creation of Hubermann Charles, a Haitian artist. Grotto, Calvary and chapel — there is the spiritual centre of "Charity, If You Please", the conjunctive point of human misery and divine power.*

In the rear, we see the Water Distribution Service, with its pump, and the Dispensary, placed under the patronage of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. The holy image was blessed by Reverend Father Postec, a generous helper of "Charity", on December 8, 1942; on that day the Haitian nation was consecrated to the Queen of Heaven. The image had been put on an easel, with roses encircling it; there it received the homage of the faithful, and let us mention in particular, of the Guard Music.

The home for the aged, dedicated to the Child Jesus, peacefully rests

beneath the shades of palmettoes. It is the same with the school-building. Seventy-six pupils, brimming over with life, receive primary instruction.

And all around floats the perfume of fruit trees; there ripen bananas, potatoes, rice, French peas; there it is we find an atmosphere of peace.

At the outset, when the Work was satisfied with distributing the alms gathered — money and clothing — the number of needy succoured went as high as four hundred. Later, the difficult problem of lodging, food, clothing and medical care had to be solved. A limit was set at 200.

Two hundred of Christ's needy ones sheltered, nourished, clothed at "Charity", not counting the insane receiving appropriate care — is not that a unique Work in Haiti, a sort of perpetual wonder wrought by Catholic beneficence?

(To be continued)

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* *

ROME

A few lines from our Sisters in the Eternal City, dated August 11th last and received in mid-September, informed us that at the time of writing our dear companions were as yet in their Monte Mario Convent, and that their health kept comparatively good.

The relatives and friends of our dear Sisters will doubtlessly be glad to receive this news. With us, they will hope kind Providence, by whom our Sisters have been guarded until now, will continue granting them divine protection through the perils constantly threatening them.



Being an apostle is having the will to give to the souls we love, truth in faith, virtue in grace, peace in redemption; in fine, God known, loved, served.

LACORDAIRE



The Duty of Alms-Giving

No one is obliged to relieve his neighbour by taking from his necessary or from that of his family, not even by curtailing what decency or decorum impose on him: *None in fact must live contrary to propriety.* But from the moment we have given sufficiently to necessities and to propriety, *it is a duty to distribute the superfluous among the poor.* It is a duty, not of strict justice, except in cases of utmost necessity, but a duty of *Christian Charity*; consequently, a duty, the accomplishment of which cannot be pursued by the ways of human justice. Then, above the judgements of man and his laws, there is the law and the judgment of Christ, who wishes that we give alms habitually and tells us that it is more blessed to give than to receive, that the Lord will consider as given or refused to Himself the alms we will have given or refused to the poor. *As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me.*

POPE LEO XIII.

Here and There

MOTHER HOUSE

A HAPPY HOME-COMING

Tuesday, November 16, 1943

There was joy a-plenty this morning. With light step and merry heart, each Sister hastened with her morning duties, for a telegram from Miami had informed us yesterday that dear Mother General would be with us at nine this forenoon...

Our happiness was only greater for our having had to wait longer than we expected. As a matter of fact, the dear absentee's return would have taken place several days ago, had not our Mother been obliged to remain at Les Cayes, because of Haiti's rainy season; but we know what caused our regret brought great satisfaction to our Missionary Sisters over there.

While our Mother Councillors and some Sisters went to the station, others busied themselves in making the nest where a loved mother would meet her children again, as smiling as possible. Crowded at the entrance, we were there to receive her and hearty exclamations of "Long live our Mother!" acclaimed her arrival. Affectionate words of greeting were exchanged; then we went to chapel to intone a fervent *Magnificat* for the happy outcome of her trip to the West Indies.

Before long we were all gathered around the loved home-comer and thus was the whole day spent, in listening to the captivating narrative of a first expedition to Haitian territories.

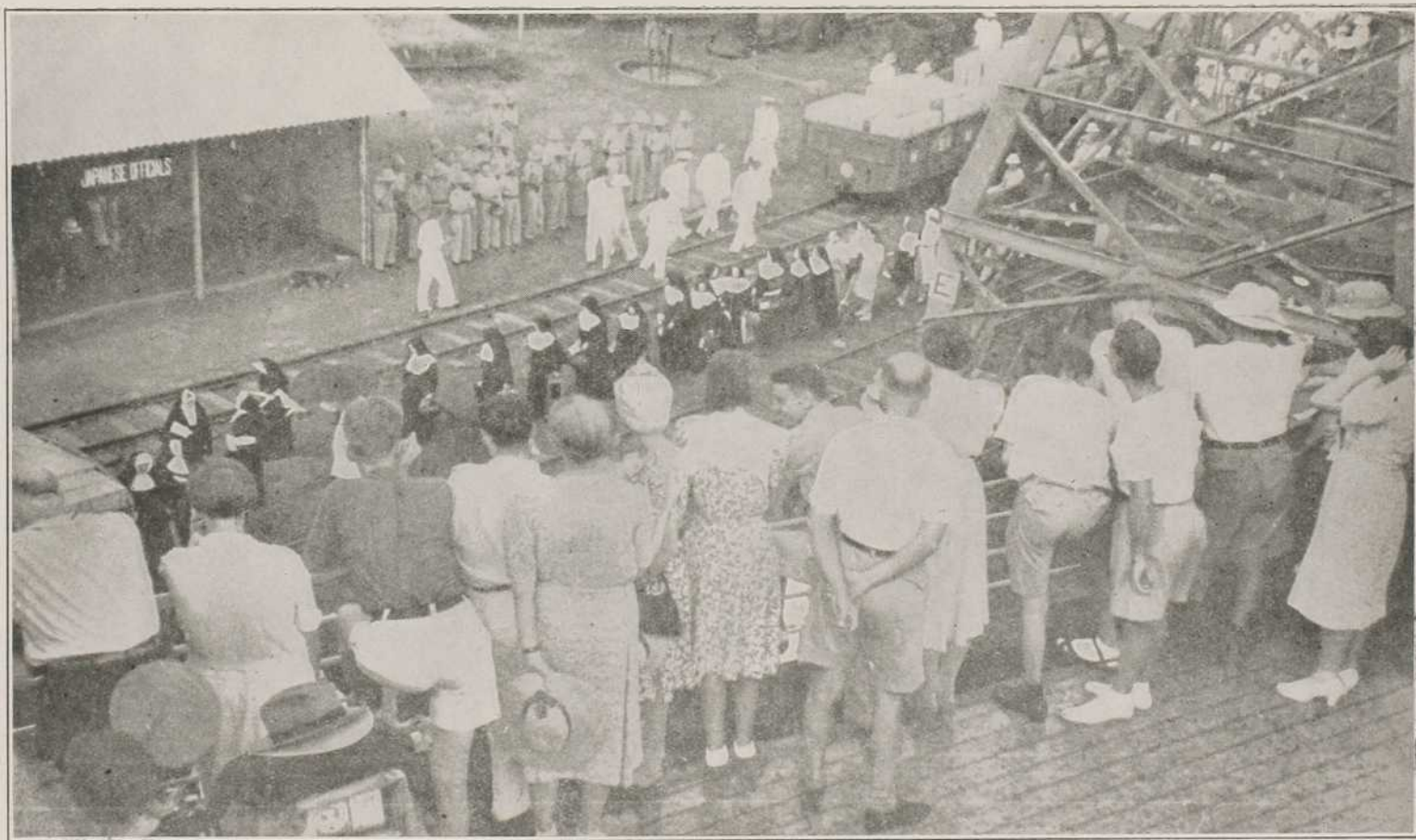
Our Mother left our five Missionaries, on November 12th, installed in a temporary building, but already devoting themselves to the Haitians. The latter welcomed them with sincere joy, and the poor who by reason of their destitution need more compassion, have felt that those were Mothers well able to understand their distress, who had come to them.

Oh! the harvest-work is plentiful there! A multitude of souls thirst for light and truth, and Gospel bearers are too few; the sick and the aged call for kindly hands to dress their wounds and clothe their frail limbs; children and orphans need, along with catechism lessons telling them of their Father in Heaven, the motherly attentions and loving care they do not know. Yes, labourers, priests and Sisters, are wanting in that field where the harvest is ripe unto garnering.

REPATRIATION OF FOURTEEN OF OUR MISSIONARIES

Thursday, December 2

An event at the same time joyous and sad was written down in our chronicles to-day, inciting us to gratitude and supplication — the repatriation of fourteen Missionary Sisters of our Community, four of whom were from



MISSIONARY SISTERS DEFILING ON THE WHARF IN THE PORT OF MARMUGAO,
AT THE TIME OF THE EXCHANGE OF THE ALLIED AND JAPANESE PRISONERS, OCTOBER 19, 1943.

Hong Kong: Sister Saint Antoine de Padoue⁽¹⁾, Sister Marie de Saint Georges⁽²⁾, Sister Saint Etienne⁽³⁾ and Sister Saint Philippe⁽⁴⁾; eight from our missions in Japan: Sister de l'Enfant Jésus⁽⁵⁾, Sister Sainte Angèle de Mérici⁽⁶⁾, Sister Marie de la Rédemption⁽⁷⁾, Sister Sainte Justine⁽⁸⁾, Sister Saint François de Sales⁽⁹⁾, Sister Sainte Hedwidge⁽¹⁰⁾, Sister Agnès d'Assise⁽¹¹⁾ and Sister Saint Côme⁽¹²⁾; two from Manchukuo: Sister Sainte Jeanne de Chantal⁽¹³⁾ and Sister Marie Alice⁽¹⁴⁾.



THE FOURTEEN MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
ARRIVED IN CANADA DECEMBER 2, 1943.

Front Row: SISTER SAINT PHILIPPE (Annette Beaudoin, Champlain, P. Q.), SISTER MARIE DE SAINT GEORGES (Corinne Crevier, Montreal), SISTER SAINT ANTOINE DE PADOUE (Yvonne Forest, l'Epiphanie, P. Q.), SISTER SAINT ETIENNE (Aurore Plouffe, Montreal).

Second Row: SISTER DE L'ENFANT JESUS (Florentine Dansereau, Verchères), SISTER MARIE DE LA REDEMPTION (Basilisse Maillet, West Bathurst, N. B.), SISTER SAINT FRANCOIS DE SALES (Georgine Latour, Montreal), SISTER MARIE ALICE (Marie Alice Ladouceur, Sainte Geneviève, Jacques Cartier Co.), SISTER SAINTE JEANNE DE CHANTAL (Jeanne Caron, Montreal).

Third Row: SISTER AGNES D'ASSISE (Lucienne Renaud, Montreal), SISTER SAINTE HEDWIDGE (Blanche Ross, Fall River, Mass.), SISTER SAINT COME (Thérèse Laliberté, Lotbinière, P. Q.), SISTER SAINTE JUSTINE (Cléona Robitaille, Glenada, P. Q.), SISTER SAINTE ANGELE DE MERICI (Marie Jeanne L'Heureux, Loretteville, P. Q.).

1. Yvonne FOREST, l'Epiphanie, Que.
2. Corinne CREVIER, Montreal.
3. Aurore PLOUFFE, Montreal.
4. Annette BEAUDOIN, Champlain, Que.
5. Florentine DANSEREAU, Verchères, Que.
6. Marie Jeanne L'HEUREUX, Loretteville, Que.
7. Basilisse MAILLET, West Bathurst, N. B.
8. Cléona ROBITAILE, Glenada, Que.
9. Georgine LATOUR, Montreal.
10. Blanche ROSS, Fall River, Mass.
11. Lucienne RENAUD, Montreal.
12. Thérèse LALIBERTE, Lotbinière, Que.
13. Jeanne CARON, Montreal.
14. Marie Alice LADOUCEUR, Sainte Geneviève, Jacques Cartier Co., Que.

We have said that this was a joyous event — it is pleasant for Sisters to see one another after ten, fifteen, twenty-seven years of separation. And what relief, what consolation for the loving parents, who, since the outbreak of the war, had been anxious about the security of their children! But the event was also painful. The return of our Missionaries entails the loss of works that had cost effort, weariness, labour, and that were producing a great deal of good among the pagan masses.

In spite of this cruel trial, we must render thanks to God. Many a time has His divine solicitude been felt by our dear Sisters, protected as they have been in their Convents or in the Internment Camps where some of them have spent long months.

Our Missionaries from Koriyama and Wakamatsu, Japan, who were at the latter post since May 12, 1943, left their Mission on September 12th. At Sumire, Japan, our two Sisters from Manchukuo interned at that Camp since October 5, 1942, boarded the same vessel, and on September 23rd, those from Hong Kong, interned at Stanley Concentration Camp since January 20, 1942, in their turn came on board the ship. The exchange of the repatriates was made on October 19, 1943, at Marmugao, and on December 1st, the *Gripsholm* entered the harbour of New York.

Approximately 1,600 passengers, of whom 223 claimed Canada as their native country, were on board. From that number, Religious Congregations of men had seventy-seven of their fellow-Religious, while ninety-four Sisters of various Communities were also repatriated.

Seventy-five of these Missionaries left the ship at Montreal, the others having remained in the United States. His Excellency Most Reverend Joseph Charbonneau, Archbishop of the Diocese, was at the station to greet them; with great kindness, he assured them of his cordial sympathy and welcomed them home to Canada.

The principal Superiors of the various Communities to which the repatriated Missionaries belonged were also there to meet their spiritual sons or daughters torn from their loved Missions by the sad situation of the present time. Besides, a host of parents awaited the arrival of the train, and hundreds of arms were outstretched to embrace loved ones whom, years ago, they had generously sacrificed for God and souls, and whom they had perhaps expected never to see again.

Our Missionaries are now with their Religious families, who will multiply attentions and care in order to help them recover lost strength and alleviate the bitterness of their sacrifice. With them, their fellow-Religious will implore Heaven to soon terminate the terrible conflict which, in upsetting the world, raises hindrances to the propagation of the Gospel and delays the extension of God's Kingdom on earth.

A MISSIONARY BISHOP VISITS US

Friday, December 3

His Excellency Most Reverend C. M. O'Gara, C. P., Bishop of Yuan Ling, Hunan, China, on a visit to Montreal, honoured us to-day by coming to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in our chapel.

For us, the date was a well-chosen one on which to welcome a Missionary Bishop, since we were celebrating with Holy Mother Church the feast of Saint Francis Xavier, the great Patron of Missions, the indefatigable apostle of India and Japan. Besides, if this visit honoured our Community as a whole, it particularly rejoiced our dear Sisters who arrived from Hong Kong yesterday. His Excellency Bishop O'Gara had spent four months of internment with them in Stanley Camp.

After Holy Mass, His Excellency gave us his blessing and stated his happiness in being able to express his gratitude for the care bestowed upon him by our Sisters at the Camp, in days when sickness had put his life in danger. "It is thanks to them," said he, "if I was able to go back to my Mission!"

In fact, after four months of internment that proved very trying, His Excellency obtained his release from the Japanese Authorities and was free to return to his flock.

On his journey across China, Bishop O'Gara affirms having everywhere witnessed the zeal, the courage and heroism of the Canadian and American Missionaries. These brave men and women are accomplishing over in the Missions what has been wrought by the first apostles who evangelized America. They are their worthy imitators and their apostolic work yields similar fruits.

His Excellency ended by repeating his touching gratitude to our Sisters; then he recalled the remembrance of the mitre ingeniously made by one of them, on the occasion of a Confirmation ceremony in the Camp. Considering this mitre as very precious, because of the circumstances in which it was made, His Excellency said he had carefully preserved it, as an object that will remind him of his internment days in Stanley Camp.

JOLIETTE

The Apostolic Delegate's Visit to the Immaculate Conception House

The Centenary of St. Charles Borromée Parish, Joliette, was solemnized on Sunday, November 7th, in our City's Cathedral. A Pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Excellency Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland.

To the harmonious flow of praising hymns that arose heavenwards rendering thanks to God for the century of favours, we united our humble prayers and repeated our *Magnificat* to the Lord; we, the least of Joliette's Religious family. As the glories of a mother reflect upon her children, we, on the occasion of this Jubilee, had the great honour of receiving the Apostolic Delegate in our Convent.

The distinguished visitor arrived at our House on November 8th towards 4.30 P.M., accompanied by our venerable Pastor, His Excellency Most Reverend J. A. Papineau, Right Reverend Canon O. Archambault, Parish Priest, and Reverend Father S. Ducharme, O.M.I. Our kind Bishop deigned to present our Community, which is charged with the Closed Retreat Work in the Diocese and the diffusion of the Holy Childhood, and has the privilege of Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament. His Excellency added that, during the numerous Hours of Adoration, we do not neglect to pray for our

Holy Father the Pope, and for his worthy Representative in Canada.

Then His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate spoke telling us in about the following terms the good done by Closed Retreats:

"Yes, Closed Retreats are necessary in these times; and you can do apostolical work in Canada with this movement by well receiving the Retreatants who come to you in search of light and strength. Yes, these Cenacles which are Closed Retreat Houses, help women and young ladies to remain fervent in the midst of the world's dangers. Then, by the kindly welcome that you give Retreatants, you contribute to their sanctification; thereby, also, to the sanctification of families and of societies. Did not the office of the holy women resemble your own, they who in the first centuries of the Church helped the Apostles in their apostolate? Just consider how much you should rejoice about your vocation and thank Heaven for having been called to be missionaries."

He then recalled touching memories of the year he had passed in China, when he had known our Missionary Sisters in Canton and at the Shek Lung Lazaretto, after which he added:

"The devotedness and sufferings of the missionaries are a consolation for the Church and will produce new Christian communities; then, because missionaries are returning we must not imagine that Religion is dying away; after the war, it is hoped the countries inhabited by Christians will arise more vigorous than ever, as missionaries will have suffered for them. Comparing the actual situation to the one of 1900, when the Boxer persecution caused the death of so many missionaries, may we not hope that now, as before, the blood of our martyrs will implant a new life for peoples seated in the shadow of death?"

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate who, already had the occasion of meeting two of our Sisters returned from Japan almost two years ago, also wishes to be able to meet those who are presently on their way to Canada, because we may say that the missions have a choice place in the heart of the one who replaces the Supreme Head of the Church in our country.

It was with a spirit of faith and holy confidence that we heard him speak of our Holy Father the Pope. Like true daughters of our dear Mother Foundress who so well taught us filial love for the Church and the person of the Pope, we would unite our prayers for the Sovereign Pontiff to those of the Catholic universe, in the way the kind Delegate asked us. For a moment it seemed that the tall silhouette of the Pope of Peace hovered over our dwelling, when, with heads bowed, we received the apostolic blessing of his illustrious Representative. His Excellency the Delegate then distributed pictures of the Holy Father, and inquired the birthplace of each one of us.

Our worthy guests then proceeded to the chapel which had been decorated for the occasion with verdure and flowers of papal colours. They offered a prayer to the Divine Dweller in the tabernacle. With fervour we requested heavenly protection for Holy Mother Church and her visible Head, repeating from our heart: "Jesus, dear Lord, cover our Holy Father the Pope with the protection of Thy divine Heart; be Thou his light, his strength and his consolation!"



EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVITIATE CHRONICLES DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR PARENTS

Wednesday, September 1, 1943

To-day, we were granted the great joy of a visit from our dear Mother Superior General, who spent the day with us. We were anticipating her patronal feast, which is ordinarily celebrated the fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost. But, at that date, the beloved visitor will be far from her daughters of Canada, since she is to leave on the twelfth of the present month, along with five of our Sisters, to open a mission in Haiti. Our Mother had the kind thoughtfulness of bringing with her the Sisters assigned to the post, as well as two of our Mother Councillors.

A modest entertainment was put on the day's programme. Children avail themselves of every occasion to prove their gratitude and filial attachment to a mother full of solicitude in their regard. With our best wishes for a happy feast-day, we offered her, and likewise the dear departers, our fondest wishes for a pleasant trip and a fruitful apostolate. We especially promised sacrifices, fervent prayers and redoubled fidelity in the accomplishment of our duties, to obtain the success of the new enterprise.

Sunday, September 12

Our dear Missionary Sisters preparing to leave for Haiti spent their last hours on Canadian soil to-day. This evening, in the auspicious keeping of our Reverend Mother Superior General, they set out for their new Promised Land. Their missionary ideal will be realized. We rejoice with them, hoping for the same happiness some future day. Our desire was intensified still more when the Professed Sisters, upon return from the Mother House where they had attended the ceremony, told us even the minor details of the service that preceded our Missionaries' leave-taking. Their relation stimulated us in the pursuit of our noble ideal. While awaiting its realization, we have, as an encouragement, the words of hope pronounced by His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate on his last visit to the Novitiate: "Yes, we will find room for you in the Missions, there shall be room for all of you. Prepare yourselves so as to be ready at the Master's first signal."

It was with serene eye, with joy and hope filling their souls in spite of the sacrifices imposed by the separation, that our happy Missionaries bade adieu to all. May Our Lady, Queen of Missions, guide them and keep them well!

Sunday, October 3

With Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, we celebrated the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary. The sanctuary was pleasantly adorned; flowers and lights were in harmony and brought freshness and enlightenment to our piety. Everything was exquisitely sweet.

Pious hymns expressed our reverent homage. Our supplications were numerous and pressing, so many were the graces to be solicited in these troubled times! We were very careful not to omit the great intention the Church makes it her duty to recommend earnestly at the present hour: protection for the Holy Father. His situation at the moment causes anguish of heart to all his faithful children. May the victorious arm which is the Rosary reduce his enemies to powerlessness as in time past it did the fierce Albigensians!

The two solemnities of the day, which are usually celebrated with a holiday, were nevertheless passed in silence, prayer and reflection. Seeing that this was the first Sunday of the month, the custom of holding the monthly Recollection won over that of rejoicing. As usual, we had the procession of our Blessed Mother and, considering the ideal weather, we were able to have it in the garden; but it was, we felt, probably for the last time this year, and this fact gave our little ceremony its own particular seal.

In the afternoon, a few Professed Sisters went to the Foreign Mission Seminary to assist at the departing of three Missionaries for the West Indies. The ceremony, presided over by His Excellency Auxiliary-Bishop C. Chaumont, was at once imposing and of the most impressive. To these new soldiers of Christ leaving under the auspices of two powerful protectresses, Our Lady of the Holy Rosary and Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, we wish a long career and the most consoling conquests!

Wednesday, October 6

Very early this morning, the little Sister Postulants were about examining the weather. This was a requisite condition for the pleasant trip agreed upon for the day. Thank God, the weather could not have been finer; an approbative sun was sending us its radiant smiles.

The morning duties were not long and at nine-thirty, along with their Mistresses, our little *blackbirds*, as we fondly call them, took their flight to Cote des Neiges, where the best of welcomes awaited them.

At the dear Mother House where everything was new to them, our young Sisters were firstly invited to the chapel; then they went to greet our dear Mothers, after which they visited the principal parts of the building: work-room for Church vestments, studio, museum, printing-room, kindergarten, etc.

A few of them had the great joy of meeting among the Professed Sisters, their own sisters who have preceded them in the career. What a happy moment was that of these fraternal reunions!

All returned delighted with their pleasant trip and grateful to God for it. Their thankfulness extended also to our kind Superiors and the beloved parents who did their ample share to procure them this advantage and provide means of bringing them to the Mother House.

Wednesday, October 13

A few of our Sisters from the Mother House, the Chinese Hospital, Joliette and the Novitiate went to the Foreign Mission Seminary to assist at the funeral service of His Excellency Monsignor E. Masse, Prefect-Apostolic of Lintung, Manchukuo, who passed away in a Concentration Camp. The death of this worthy Pastor and ardent missionary constitutes a heavy loss for the Society and the Catholic Missions. We made it a duty to recommend to God his apostolic soul that has suffered for the divine cause of Evangelization, confident, however, that already the crown of apostles has been awarded him.

Sunday, October 24

To-day, feast of the Propagation of the Faith, pressing appeals resounded everywhere in the Catholic world, in favour of the sublime Work of the Missions. To these we united with all our hearts.

The morning meditation from the beginning invited us towards the foreign Missions where the evangelical labourers work to fulfill the Saviour's order: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations." Their task, although at times most consoling, is nevertheless arduous. They belong to the Imperial Guard that dies but does not surrender. They combat against the Spirit of darkness, to tear away from him the souls that Jesus' Blood claims.

And we, simple novices, like humble soldiers in the rear-guard, thought of all this to-day before the monstrosity, in our audiences with the Divine King of missionaries, who, in His designs of merciful love, willed that our poor contributions of prayers and sacrifices be transformed into coin of salvation for the infidels and efficacious help for His missionaries.

We had a special intention for our new mission in the West Indies. A few Novices, perhaps a bit venturesome, went so far as to offer themselves to Our Lord and asked Him as a special favour to be soon sent to this whitening harvest of the South. Meanwhile, we shall strive, by prayer and fidelity in everything, to second the action of the missionaries in the icy solitudes of the North, as well as under the hot sun of the southern countries.



The world that you would transform in justice will not be transformed, because you do not transform yourself. And so long as you refuse to change the world will not change. And the world can change, if you change. You have, in the Gospel, all the light and strength to create, one by the other, the new man and the new world.

— GRATRY

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He sleeps peacefully who lies on the bosom of Divine Providence, and travels happily who is transported on the wings of this loving Providence.

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The Children's Page

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

Here we are starting a new year, an event which leaves no person indifferent, and which rejoices children in a very special way, because on this occasion gifts and good wishes are exchanged, sweets are lavished, and the youthful members have a large share in the family's liberalities.

But what is a year?

It is, as you all know, a length of time made up of twelve months or 365 days which divides in parts the path we have to go from birth until death.

And this path we call life is proper to each individual. It is more or less long, more or less winding and leads where all the paths of human lives end: God's judgment-seat.

On this path none can stop, one must always go forward and follow time which keeps going on and on at a fast and constant rate and infallibly takes us to the term. But we have two ways of treading this path; the first is good and we call it *faithfulness to duty*, which calls for effort, abnegation, but renders us happy and helps us to merit Paradise; the second is evil and we call it *unfaithfulness to duty*, which satisfies the inclinations of nature, the inordinate passions, but renders our soul unhappy and will make Hell open for us when the Sovereign Judge's sentence will have decided of our eternal fate.

You, dear Children, are setting out on your life's pathway. It is very important that you form the good habit of being *faithful to duty*, a habit that you will never entirely lose in life, as habits become a second nature.

Duty is therefore always standing before you in the path of life, like a luminous conducting-wire that will infallibly guide you to endless happiness, if you follow it faithfully. On the other hand, if you step away from it, you will wander in the darkness and become Satan's plaything. This Evil Spirit will try all in his power to keep you in his snares and finally drag you down to inextinguishable fires, where will ceaselessly resound in the ears of the damned two little words of utter despair: *Always! Never! Always! Never!...* To suffer always!... To die never!... *Always! Never!... Always! Never!...*

THE DEVIL

The devil, a fallen Angel, who was the first to sin in refusing to obey God, who drew in his revolt about one-third of the Angels and for this offence saw

the Almighty create Hell and cast him therein with all his rebel legion, the devil, I say, plays a great role on the pathway of men's lives.

Filled with spite at having been vanquished and trampled under the feet of Michael the Archangel, at having become the most hideous of all beings, the devil swore eternal hatred towards his Creator and declared war on His glory; a war, consequently, on men, destined to sing divine praise throughout eternity on the thrones he and his partisans had left vacant . . .

"Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour," says Saint Peter. But the devil does not appear under the terrifying aspect of a lion, oh no! for we would flee on the instant . . . He comes to us under alluring forms and seeks to lose us by untruthfulness, by flattery, etc. . . .

Notice the way he acts with a child. Let us suppose that child to be a boarder, not bad after all, but sometimes neglectful of his duty.

It is morning. In a vast room, a good number of young boys are peacefully sleeping. Raising the veil that shuts off the world of spirits from men, one sees the Guardian Angels constantly watching over their charges, bearing on their brows a brilliant reflection of the heavenly beatitude they enjoyed all the night long. One can see, also, beside each bed, a Spirit of darkness, with a hypocritical mien, lying in wait for the sleeper to awaken, for in a moment it will be rising-time. In fact, here is the bell ringing out its merry peal. At once, the Guardian Angel of Louis, our pupil, bends gently to his ear and tells him: "Quick, get up, and give your heart to God." But, at the same moment, the Evil Spirit intervenes and makes a suggestion: "Already rising-time! . . . you are still so sleepy! . . . and the pillow is cosy this morning! . . . suppose you were to rest a little more . . . you are quick enough . . . you will hurry and arrive on time . . ." And the child, unfortunately, gives in to sloth and disobedience; he begins the day by an *unfaithfulness to duty*. Doubtless, that is not a grievous sin, but it displeases Our Lord and the loving Guardian Angel.



Beginning the day by an act of infidelity to duty . . .

When the bell rings a second time, Louis, for all his previsions, is not ready to take his rank with his comrades. Noisily, he hurries with what he still has to do, and leaves several things lying about, so as to avoid being late at the chapel.

Look at him now at the foot of the tabernacle, where prayers are being said in common. His lips are closed and his eyes wander in space... he is inattentive. But what can he be thinking of?... Here again, let us raise the veil that shuts off the spiritual world from us. Oh, what a sad sight!... Beside Louis, the same hateful devil whispers with a sneer: "If Brother goes in the dormitory he will see your pretty disorder and, doubtlessly, will mark a bad point to your account... perhaps he will scold you before all the others?... Then, what will you answer?... Say you rose late because you didn't wake up, or that you were sick..." And the crafty Spirit, in a cunning stratagem, reminds him of the various corrections Brother has already inflicted upon him for similar infractions, thus keeping his mind away from the present action.

Suddenly, Louis comes out of his distraction or, rather, his temptation; but the prayers are finished and Holy Mass is about to begin. As his companions, he takes his missal to follow the day's Mass, but he no sooner opens it than he closes it again and, raising his head, resumes his heedless attitude of a few minutes ago. Once more he is the plaything of the Evil Spirit, who keeps saying: "Don't go to Communion this morning, don't go to Communion... you are not obliged to go every day... Did you see X.? He stayed in his pew yesterday... probably because he had quarrelled with N. the day before..." And the wily deceiver, illustrating the misdeeds of those two pupils, manages to occupy Louis' mind and bear him away from the incomparable scene unfolding before him, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

But as the moment for Communion draws near... Louis' Guardian Angel gently casts a feeling of remorse in the heart of his charge, while his tender voice murmurs: "Make a good act of contrition for your misdoing, be heartily sorry for it, ask Jesus to forgive you, promise Him never to do it again; then, go and receive the Sacred Host, that will give you strength to renounce yourself and to be, in the future, more faithful to your duty." Louis feels sincere regret for his failing and is filled with the desire of atoning for it, he realizes that he has not prayed since coming in the chapel and feels ashamed of himself. He is about to ask God's pardon when the devil, who does not choose to let go his prey, whispers: "Don't go to Communion... wait until you have gone to confession... wait... you are not ready..."

And Louis hesitates... hesitates... so long that... the priest has finished giving Holy Communion, that... the priest returns to the altar and... the little culprit has remained in his pew, ashamed, troubled... peace has gone away from his heart. There, close by, the Tempter is giggling with satisfaction, while the good Angel, afflicted, is praying for his poor Louis.

Ah! dear Children, are you not sorry for Louis? One Communion lost through his fault, one Mass heard without attention, one morning's prayers

not said! What precious manna lost for his soul! For we must not forget prayer and the Sacraments constitute food for our soul, and when we neglect to partake of that food, our soul becomes weak, ill, and may even die; meaning that, through mortal sin, it loses the life of sanctifying grace, becomes odious to God and subject to Hell. Ah! how many persons in the world forget this truth, and take greater care of their body than of their soul! Every day, they nourish their body and clothe it elaborately; but heedless of their soul, they do not think of nourishing it with prayer and reception of the Sacraments, chiefly the Holy Eucharist; nor of garbing it by the perfect accomplishment of their duty, of adorning and beautifying it by acts of virtue. And yet it is our soul that God considers, it is our soul that He created to His own image and likeness; our soul that is to our body what the kernel is to the fruit; it is our soul that the Redeemer will pronounce worthy of eternal happiness or damnation.

You, at least, dear Children, convince yourselves of the truth of these maxims and never forget them; bring them into your daily life.

But let us come back to Louis. Do you imagine his day will be a good one? If, grieving over his misdoing, he prays with humility and confidence; if, especially, he invokes our Blessed Lady, that good, tender and merciful Mother will immediately hasten to his side, and her presence will put the devil to flight in a moment. She will console Louis, obtain him forgiveness, inspire him with means of atoning, give him strength and courage to renounce himself in the future, and to be faithful to duty.

On the contrary, if he does not pray, do you think he will have energy to resist the other temptations the devil will not fail to bring up? No, I am quite sure of it, and becoming more and more unfaithful to his conscience, from little failings he will pass on to greater ones, according to the maxim: "He who neglects small things will fall little by little." And in his soul remorse and trouble will increase in proportion.

As you see, dear Children, the devil plays an important role in your life and in that of every human being. Determined to tear souls away from God, he tries out all his wiles to reach his aim. Still, it is always possible to elude his attacks or to resist them victoriously; first of all, by the avoidance of dangerous occasions, and then, by prayer and reception of the Sacraments. "He who loveth the danger shall perish therein," is it said in Holy Scripture. Thus, you must avoid going to such and such a place or conversing with such and such a companion, if you feel that it will be for you an occasion of unfaithfulness to duty. If, on the other hand, you are tempted to yield to gluttony, to vanity, to forbidden things, oh! hasten to pray, invoke our Blessed Mother, for the name alone of Mary makes the devil tremble and her approach makes him flee. He cannot bear the sight of that privileged creature, of that Immaculate Virgin, whose chaste heel crushed his haughty head. And then, receive Holy Communion often, every day if you can. The Holy Eucharist is the true food of our souls, and assures life everlasting, according to Our Lord's words: "He who eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood will have life everlasting." Of course, you

must not forget that to draw near the august Sacrament, we must have no mortal sin on our conscience. He who communicates in the state of mortal sin commits a horrible sacrilege, and the divine food is changed into a violent poison for his soul; but a person must not for a venial sin which he heartily regrets and will soon confess, deprive himself of the ineffable joy of Communion, of the remedy so salutary for all our infirmities, of the Sacred Bread that keeps souls pure, renders them virtuous and fortifies them against the onslaughts of the devil.

Ah! if men prayed, if men received their Lord in Communion, the world would be changed; it would become better and there would not be so much sorrow on earth, there would not be so much warring . . .

THE WAR

We are beginning a new year . . . of war. Will it bring us the end of that scourge? It is God's secret, but we can hasten the return of peace by our prayers.

Prayer — that is what the Blessed Virgin came to ask at Pontmain, on January 17, 1871, to save guilty France. She appeared in the sky, for the length of three hours, to the ravished eyes of four children, two little boys and two little girls. The news having spread in the vicinity, people rushed to the place in order to witness the great marvel, but the dear Virgin was not visible to them. However, by her attitude, she showed that the prayers and hymns they sent up to her during that time were very pleasing. The four children, with eyes riveted on the beautiful apparition saw, among other things, a white streamer unroll at her feet, on which an invisible hand wrote in golden letters an exhortation to prayer, along with the promise that her Divine Son would let Himself be touched.

At Lourdes, manifesting herself to another child, Bernadette Soubirous, she requested prayers for sinners. Then, thrice she repeated: *Penance! penance! penance!* . . .

Prayer and penance is what Mary expects from all Christians in order to disarm God's justice, stirred against men for their wickedness, and to obtain from His mercy the cessation of the great evils afflicting the whole world at the present time.

Yes, and that is why at the beginning



*When Our Lady appeared to a child,
Bernadette Soubirous . . .*

of this new year of war I express two wishes which will probably sound austere, but which are factors of peace and happiness for you as for the whole world. These two wishes are: *Prayer and Penance*.

Daily prayer recited with fervour and attention: prayers, especially, for Our Holy Father the Pope, whose situation is so alarming; then, penance accomplished by exact fidelity to your duty and to the little daily acts of self-denial.

So, dear Children, *Prayer and Penance*, and yours will be a good and happy year.

Your Great Friend,

THE PRECURSOR



Withhold not correction from a child: for if thou strike him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and deliver his soul from hell. (Prov.)

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Assure the Future of Your Children

Make the Master's words, "Go, teach ye all nations!" reach down to your children's cradles. In His crib, Jesus was apostle and Saviour; why would not your children be so? Often, your worried forehead bends over them and you search in their tears and smiles to detect what they will be later. Will they be a consolation in your old age? Or will they cause mortal wounds to your heart? You cannot guess! Yet you may, from this moment, assure their future, by giving coins in their name for the missions, by praying in their place, and by thus making them, while their souls still slumber, co-operators of a sublime and holy Work. God, who is more of a father and mother than you, will not betray your Christian care, neither will He refuse to make good, honest, just and holy, those who, from their cradles, will have been apostles.

FATHER MONSABRE



VOTIVE LIGHTS IN THE CHAPELS

of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Sanctuary lamp.....\$ 25.00

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

THANKSGIVINGS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN For Favours Obtained.

We are praying in thanksgiving for so many favours received and for all the help we have obtained to this day. Mrs. A. F., **Windsor, Ont.** — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Mrs. M. G., **Frankfort, N. Y.** — Lively gratitude for a favour received. I ask a prayer for a mother actually very ill. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR. — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Mrs. A. G., **La Macaza.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise, in thanksgiving to our Blessed Mother who has obtained me grace to make good Forty Hours. Anonymous. — All my gratitude towards the Most Blessed Virgin for a favour received through her intercession. I solicit another special favour. A subscriber to THE PRECURSOR, L. P. — I am fulfilling a promise in gratitude for a favour received. M. E. — Thanks to Mary Immaculate who has answered my prayers. Mrs. A. StP., **Lawrence, Mass.** — A cure has been obtained. Mrs. P., **Montreal.** — Gratitude to our Blessed Mother for success in affairs. Mrs. V. B. — Lively gratitude to Mary for favours received from that tender Mother. Mrs. P. G., **Château Richer.** — Gratitude for a favour received. Anonymous. — Thanksgiving towards the Blessed Virgin for a cure obtained. Miss J. C., **St. Vincent de Paul.** — I wish to thank our Heavenly Mother for a favour attributed to her intercession. Anonymous, **Montreal.** — Gratitude to our Blessed Mother for a favour received after promise to burn a vigil light in her honour. Miss G. L., **Pointe aux Trembles.** — I have obtained a great favour through the intercession of our Heavenly Mother. A thousand thanks! Mrs. M. A. G., **Willimantic, Conn.** — Cordial thanks to Mary Immaculate for a grace granted me! Mrs. J. B., **Bristol, Conn.** — I have obtained from our good Mother in Heaven much improvement in my health; please help me to thank the celestial benefactress and pray her to cure me completely. Anonymous. — I thank the Blessed Virgin for my brother's exemption from military service. Miss T. B., **Montreal.** — Please publish all my gratitude towards the Most Blessed Virgin for the cure of my little nephew, victim of burns, after application of a miraculous medal. M. R. P. — Thanksgiving for a favour received. Mr. J. B., **St. Félix de Valois.** — Lively gratitude for a favour received. Mrs. X., **Charlesbourg.** — Homage of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Mrs. J. H. P. — Homage of gratitude for the success of an operation. Mrs. P. B., **Montreal.** — Lively gratitude towards our Heavenly Mother for all the favours I have received from her. Mrs. A. B., **St. Félicien.** — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. P. D., **Ste. Rita.** — Gratitude for a favour received. Mrs. J. W. D., **St. Didace.** — Thanksgiving for a grace attributed to our Immaculate Mother. Mrs. A. M., **St. Léon de Maskinong.** — Lively gratitude for a benefit that has been granted me. Mrs. J. B., **St. Paulin.** — Grateful thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes for numerous favours. Unknown. — Gratitude for a favour received. Mrs. J. B., **Rogersville, N. B.** — I am acquitting myself of a promise in honour of our Blessed Mother in gratitude for a grace received through her intercession. Mrs. P., **Cranberry Portage.** — Thanksgiving for the cure of my baby. Mrs. E. P., **Hochelaga.** — Please thank our good Heavenly Mother for a favour she has granted me. Miss Y. G., **Sulton.** — I am very grateful to the Blessed Virgin who has obtained me a special favour and I pray her to continue protecting me. Mrs. J. C., **Malartic.** — Accomplishment of a promise in thanksgiving for a benefit granted me. Anonymous. — Lively gratitude for a cure obtained. A. M., **Montreal.** — All my gratitude to Mary, our Mother, for her protection. A. M., **Montreal.**

VARIOUS THANKSGIVINGS

Lively gratitude to Mary Immaculate and the Sacred Heart of Jesus for having kept our soldier son from going overseas. Mrs. F. G., **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Gratitude for a favour obtained. Mrs. N. V., **Spencer, Mass.** — I have received a favour through the intercession of Mary Immaculate, Our Mother of Perpetual Help, Our Lady Queen of the Holy Rosary and the Infant Jesus of Prague. Mrs. J. D. M., **Toronto, Ont.** — I have obtained a great favour from the Immaculate Conception. E. X., **Timmins, Ont.** — Thanksgiving in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary for a favour granted me. D. R. M. — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. L. L., **Indian Orchard, Mass.**

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



PETITIONS

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

Would you kindly pray for my husband who isn't feeling well and also for my boys who are overseas. Mrs. G. L. — I have another special intention to recommend. Miss M. H., **Millbury, Mass.** — Please ask our dear Lady in Heaven to make my little son well again as he is very ill at present. Mrs. R. L., **Rosemount.** — Please remember me and my mother in your prayers. Mr. C. K., **Anthony, R. I.** — I am requesting a novena of Lights for the cure of my wife. Mr. J. L., **Springfield, Mass.** — Please pray for my mother who is recovering from the flu, and also that I may have a healthy baby. Mrs. R. M. C., **Swanton, Vt.** — Please pray for a favour I want to obtain very much. Mrs. N. L., **Springfield, Mass.** — Please pray for my son Norbert of the R. C. A. F. on service overseas. Mrs. M. J. B., **Hampstead.** — We would very much appreciate your prayers that we may be successful in finding a house as our present one has been sold. A subscriber, **St. Lambert.** — Please pray for my intentions. At present I am very ill and wish you would pray for my speedy recovery. Mrs. E. W., **Haverhill,**

Mass. — I have a son in the Canadian Army; will you kindly pray for him. Also for my health and for all the family. Mrs. O. S., **Toronto, Ont.** — Would you please remember me in your prayers for a cure from a bad ulcer that has caused me much sufferings. Mrs. D. G., **Richmond, Me.** — Pray for me as I am getting old and have to work hard and don't have so much time to pray. Mrs. M., **Wingle, Ont.** — Please pray for my special intentions. Mrs. M. N., **Portland, Me.** — May the Blessed Virgin help me in my needs. Mrs. L. DeS., **Montreal.** — I am making a novena to our Blessed Mother. I wish you to pray also in union with me as your prayers have helped me before. Mrs. H. H., **Verdun, P. Q.** — Please help me with my special intention. I will be ever so grateful. Mrs. D. Z., **Rumford, Me.** — Will you kindly remember my husband in your prayers. He has been in hospital for three months with a lung ailment which is very serious. Mrs. F. C., **Verdun, P. Q.** — Please pray for my son that he may get a good clean place to stay and get over his colds as he seems none too strong. I ask special care of my son from our Holy Mother who always grants my requests. Mrs. C. R., **Mattogami Heights, Ont.** — I request the protection of our Blessed Lady for my two daughters. Mrs. F. E., **Montreal.** — My husband has gone away; please pray for his conversion and return home. Anonymous. — A near relative neglectful of his religious duties. Anonymous. — Exemption from military service for my son. Mrs. A. M. — Special, drinking. A subscriber. — A young doctor requests exemption from military service and the obtainment of a position. Anonymous. I solicit protection from the Blessed Virgin for my husband working in the lumber trade. Mrs. C. M., **St. Alzéar.** — A favour is ardently desired. Mrs. A. P., **Rivières des Roches.** — Change of life for a young girl and peace in a family. A subscriber. **Montreal.** — A subscriber desires to obtain a great grace through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. M. H., **Montmorency.** — A position greatly desired by the father of a family. A subscriber, **Village Huron.** — I solicit the Blessed Virgin to restore my daughter to good health; she is the mother of young children. Mrs. A. B., **Ange Gardien de Montmorency.** — Please pray for my husband suffering from his stomach. Mrs. O. S., **Village Huron.** — I recommend a special intention. Anonymous. — A cure. Mrs. J. D., **St. Philippe de Laprairie.** — A prayer for my intentions. Mrs. L.

VARIOUS PETITIONS

A desperate case confided to Mary, Queen of All Hearts, and to St. Anthony of Padua. Anonymous. — A prayer to our good Mother in Heaven, St. Francis and St. Jude for sinners dear to me. Mrs. C. B., **Haverhill, Mass.** — Through the intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and Saint Joseph, I solicit health, the sale of a property, the settling of an important affair. Mrs. C., **Ste. Dorothée.** — Good Saint Anne, obtain that my sons in the army may return. Mrs. E. N. — I request my cure through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, Saint Joseph and Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. Miss E. L., **Cartierville.**

Prayers are also requested for the following intentions: conversions, 16; vocations, 2; cures, 38; positions, 4; special intentions, 101.



NECROLOGY

Reverend Maurice Gendron, Seminarian, **Montreal**; Mr. Auguste Melançon, **Rogersville, N.B.**, father of our Sister Marie de Jésus; Mrs. Raoul Pothier, **Three Rivers**, mother of our Sisters Marthe de Béthanie and Marie de la Merci; Mrs. James Cyr, **Squatec**, mother of our Sister Saint Paul de la Croix; Mr. Joseph Gamache, **St. Jean Port Joli**, brother of our Sister de l'Ange Gardien; Miss Maria Carrière, **Hammond, Ont.**, sister of our Sister Gabriel de l'Annonciation; Mr. Albert Barrette, **New Bedford, Mass.**, brother of our Sister Anne de Jésus; Mrs. H. Paul Frappier, **Sorel**; Mrs. Samuel Dion, **Montreal**; Miss Arthémise Lapalme, **Lachine**; Mr. Janvier Gougeon, Mr. B. Scollard, Mrs. Joseph Chaperon, Mrs. Joseph Desjardins, Mrs. Augustin Dulude, Mr. Paul Roch, Mr. Paul Emile Légaré, Mrs. Georges Emile Bouthillier, Mrs. Roméo Patenaude, Mrs. F. Fortier, Mrs. Cyrice Rioux, Mr. A. Beauchamp, M.D., Mr. Théophile Tremblay, Mrs. F.X. Labbée, Mr. Ernest Tassé, Mr. Arthur R. Chartrand, Mrs. Clovis Gagnon, Mr. Germain Lafleur, Mr. Joseph Légaré, Mr. John Butt, **Montreal**; Mrs. Victor Jarry, Mrs. Henri Lecavalier, **Lachine**; Mr. Pierre Desmarchais, Mr. Pierre Goyer, Mr. Maurice Lebus, **Cote des Neiges**; Mr. Médéric Tremblay, **Hochelaga**; Mrs. Daniel Legault, **Strathmore**; Hon. Judge L. C. Casgrain, Mr. Alexandre Casgrain, **Westmount**; Mr. Armand Clément, **Verdun**; Mrs. Alphonse Duval, Mrs. J. H. Cantin, Mr. Etienne LeRoyer, Mr. Marcel Beaupré, Mr. Frédéric Bowman, Miss Mary Evelyn Greer, **St. Lambert**; Mr. Florida Faillant, **St. Bruno**; Mr. Raymond Bédard, Mrs. Rosa Lefebvre-Blain, **Lacolle**; Mr. Narcisse Boucher, **Sherrington**; Mrs. Joséphine Beausoleil, Mrs. Sylva Giroux, **St. Michel de Napierville**; Mr. Josaphat Boudreau, **St. Paul, Ile aux Noix**; Mr. Victor Lamarre, Mrs. Léandre Desrosiers, **Laprairie**; Mrs. Jean Baptiste Lajure, Mrs. Aldéric Boutin, Mr. Raymond Deslauriers, Mr. Narcisse Tétreault, Mr. Gédéon Jourdenais, **Napierville**; Mrs. Joseph Lemieux, Mrs. Arthur Brajs, Mrs. Antoine Riendeau, Mr. Siméon Boyer, Mrs. Victor Monnière, **St. Rémi**; Mr. Oscar Longtin, Mr. Donat Trudeau, Mrs. Euclide Beaulieu, **St. Isidore**; Mrs. Wm. Chagnon, **Ste. Théodosie**; Mr. C. G. Savage, **Ste. Scholastique**; Mr. Hormisdas Dalpé, Mr. Herménégilde Véronneau, **Boucherville**; Mr. Athanase Wolfe, **L'Epiphanie**; Mr. J. Stafford, **Ste. Marcelline**; Mrs. Jules Burgy, **Crabtree**; Mrs. Michael Campbell, **St. Ignace de Stanbridge**; Mrs. William Stewart, **St. Armand**; Mrs. Joseph Elliott, **St. Paulin**; Mrs. Thomas Sigman, Mrs. Donat Gélinas, **Grand'Mère**; Mr. Fred. Young, Mrs. Alexandre Boulard, **Three Rivers**; Mr. Henry Morgan, **Cote St. Paul**; Mr. Thomas Marmon, **Greenfield Park**; Mrs. Annie Casselman, **Brockville, Ont.**; Mr. Gordon Brothers, **Newfoundland**; Mr. Adolphe Fournier, **New Westminster, B.C.**; Mrs. Joseph Chouinard, **Edmundston, N.B.**; Mrs. Joseph Pitre, **Lincour, N.B.**; Mrs. Théodore Ouellette, Mr. André Roy, **Pain Court, Ont.**

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

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

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Dispensary. Orphanage. School.

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Dispensary. School.

TAONAN, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

Dispensary. Boarding-School.

SZEPINGKAI, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1931).

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TUNGLEAO, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1932).

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PAITCHENG TZE, Catholic Mission, (Founded in 1933).

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IN ITALY

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Procure for the Missions.

Benefactors of the Society

of the

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

1. — **Founders**, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.

2. — **Protectors**, those who by the donation of \$500.00, provide the dowry and trousseau for a poor novice. By combining their alms, a parish, community or family may have a right to this title.

A Founder's or Protector's Diploma is awarded to persons making the above-mentioned donations.

3. — **Subscribers**, those who give an annual offering of \$25.00.

4. — **Associates**, those who give the sum of \$2.00 a year.

Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

1. — A special intention in all the Masses heard and Communions received by the Sisters.

2. — A Mass offered every month for their intentions.

3. — Every Friday and Sunday in the year, the Sisters offer, for their Benefactors' intentions, their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the Mother House. (The names of Founders and Protectors are placed on the Altar of Exposition).

4. — For the same intentions, the members of the Community make, every day, the Guard of Honour to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. This Guard of Honour is also made in China, at the Shek Lung Lazaretto, where the poor lepers, in succeeding groups of fifteen, continue the Rosary for the intentions of the Society's Benefactors.

5. — A Requiem High Mass is sung every year for deceased Benefactors.

6. — A share in the merits of the Way of the Cross, made daily by the Sisters, is also granted to deceased Benefactors.

7. — Two Masses are celebrated every week in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all their Benefactors, living and deceased.