

# THE PRECURSOR



VOL. I

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 1923

NO. 2



# PREMIUMS

## Offered for Subscriptions—New or Renewed

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- 10 subscriptions to THE PRECURSOR give right to the choice of the following objects: Chinese objects, vase, ornamental shells, Chinese lantern, prayer-book, etc.
- 12 subscriptions give right to a free subscription to THE PRECURSOR for one year.
- 15 subscriptions give right to the choice of: Chinese jardiniere, chaplet, medallion, Chinese cup and saucer, prayer-book, etc.
- 20 subscriptions give right to the choice of: tea-box, powder-box, embroidered cake-plate doily, etc.
- 25 subscriptions give right to the choice of: embroidered centre-piece, Chinese napkin-ring, statue, Chinese fan, etc.
- 30 subscriptions give right to the choice of: Chinese embroidered tray-cloth, Chinese curiosities, etc.
- 50 subscriptions give right to: set of breakfast-table doilies (three).
- 75 subscriptions give right to the choice of: Chinese landscape, embroidered on satin; centre-piece for table 1 yard square, etc.
- 100 subscriptions give right to the choice of: magnificent oil-painting (2 ft x 3 ft), painted Sick-call Burse, antique Chinese dishes, gold watch, bracelet, brooch, etc.
- 200 subscriptions give right to the choice of: beautiful Chinese embroidered table-cloth, Chinese table-cover, Chinese parasol, etc.
- 500 subscriptions give right to the choice of: beautiful Chinese embroidered white satin bed-spread, sterling silver-mounted toilet-set, Chinese embroidered panels (3 pieces), etc.
- 1000 subscriptions give right to the title of *Protector* in the Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, and also to the choice of: antique Chinese vase, painted or embroidered banner, etc.
- 1500 subscriptions give right to the title of *Founder* in the Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, and also to the choice of: antique Chinese objects, highly valuable Chinese needle-painting, etc.



## Please Help the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

By procuring work for them

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THE Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have a work-room in which are made church-vestments and altar-linens, the profits of which are destined to support their Mother-House and Novitiate.

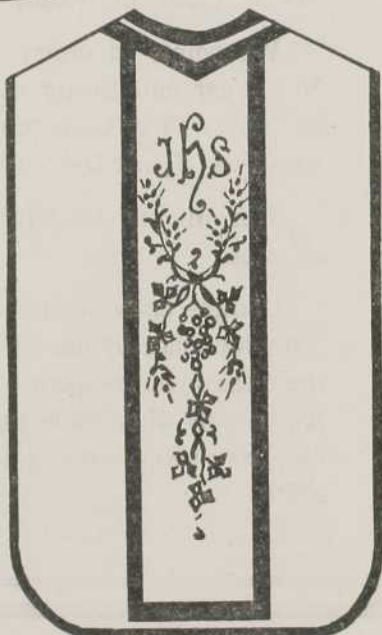
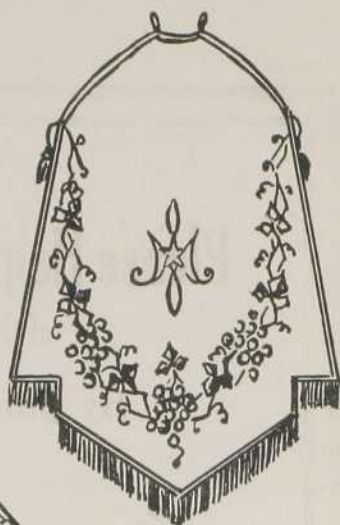
Missionaries must undergo several years' preparation before being able to commence their apostolic labors in foreign fields.

The articles mentioned on the following page may be procured, on reasonable terms, at the work-shop of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, Montreal.

We paint, to order, spiritual bouquets, Christmas, New Year and Easter cards, calendars and pictures of all kinds, First Communion and Confirmation badges, scapulars, *Agnus Dei*, cushions, etc.

Wax infants, for Christmas cribs, are also made in all sizes.

Chinese embroideries and laces are offered for sale. They are made by our Chinese orphans. By encouraging these sales you co-operate in the salvation of many young pagan girls who, while earning their livelihood in Catholic work-shops, receive at the same time the light of Faith.



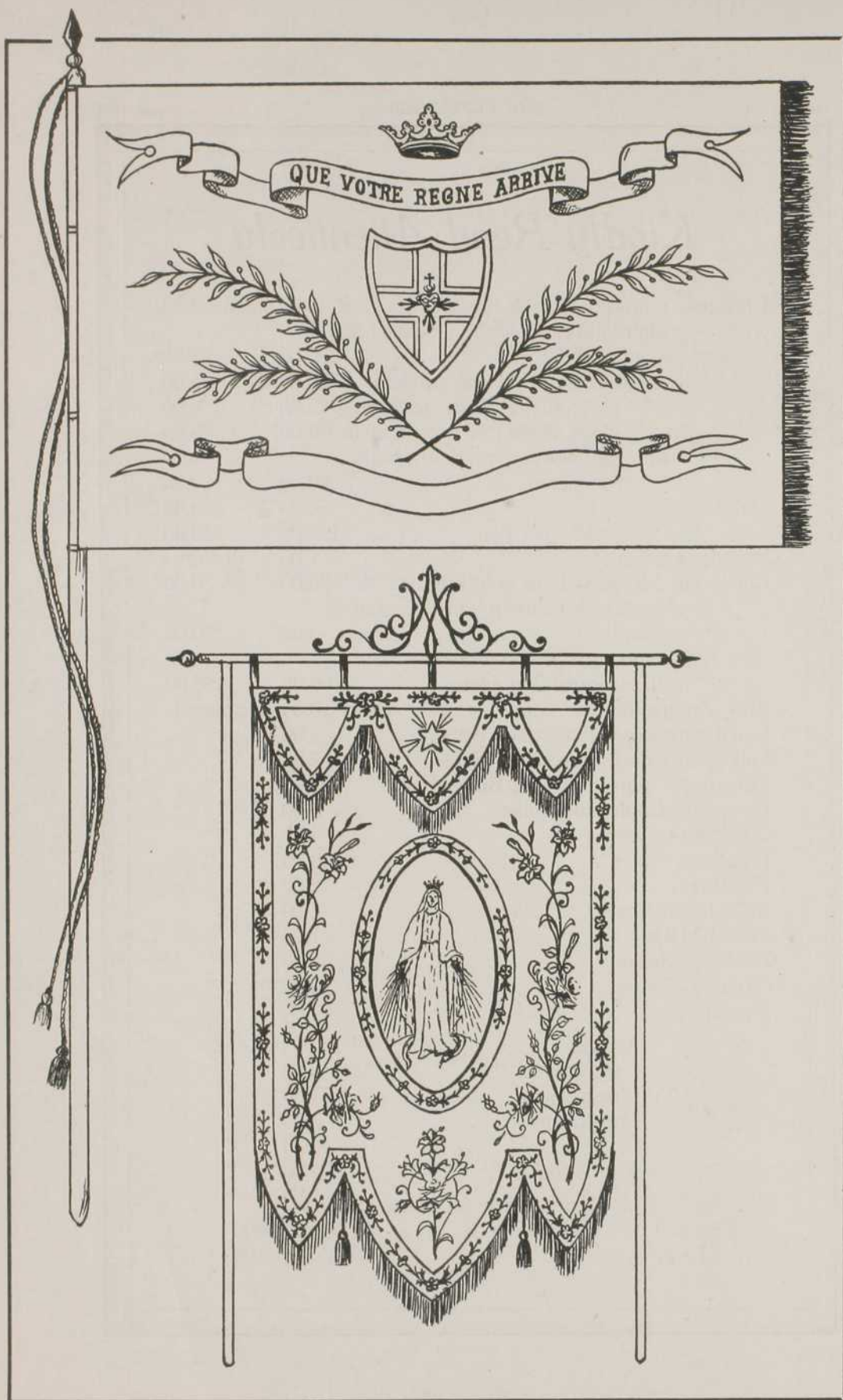


## *Kindly Read Attentively*

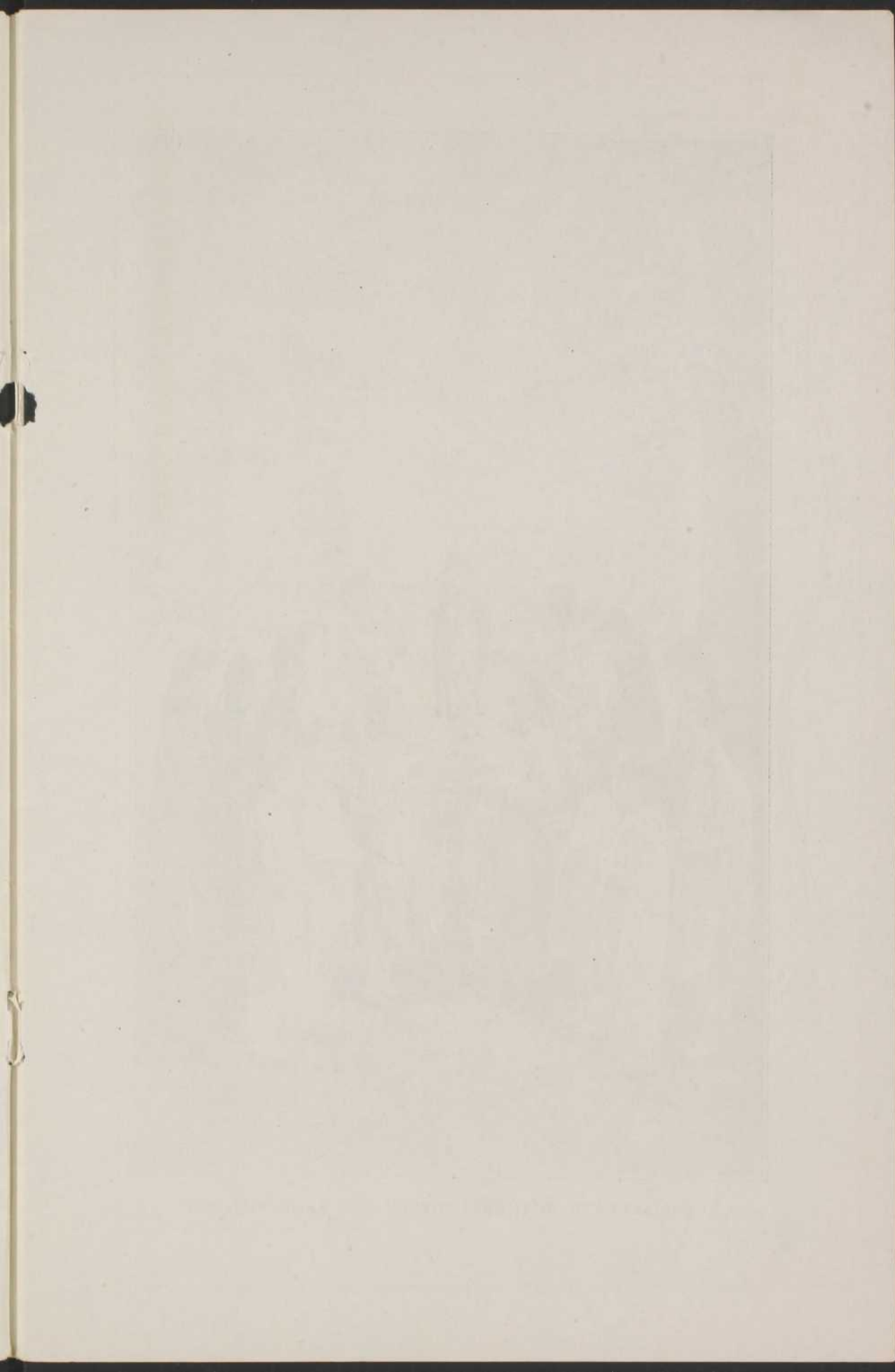
Chasuble, damask silk, silk braid.....	\$ 18.00 and \$ 28.00		
"    moire-antique, with a beautiful emblem.....	30.00	"	38.00
"    velvet, gold braid and emblem..	30.00	"	45.00
"    gold-embroidered moire-antique..	75.00	"	100.00
"    gold-cloth, gold braid and emblem	50.00	"	75.00
"    fine gold-cloth, very richly hand embroidered.....	90.00	"	150.00
Dalmatics, per pair.....	50.00	"	80.00
"    gold-cloth, per pair.....	100.00	"	150.00
Benediction Veils .....	7.00	"	upwards
Cope, damask silk, silk or gold braid .....	30.00	"	50.00
"    gold-embroidered moire-antique, gold emblem .....	70.00	"	90.00
"    gold-cloth, gold-embroidered by hand with a beautiful emblem .....	90.00	"	150.00
Albs, Antependiums .....	10.00	"	upwards
Linen Surplices, Monstrance Veils.....	3.00	"	"
Felt Altar-Covers, green or red .....	5.00	"	"
Tabernacle Veils, Sick Call Burses .....	5.00	"	"
Reversible Confession Stoles .....	5.00	"	"
Ciborium Covers.....	4.00	"	"
Preaching Stoles .....	10.00	"	"
Cinctures .....	2.00	"	"
Altar-bread Boxes.....	2.00	"	"
Missal Marks.....	1.75	"	"
Breviary Marks.....	1.00	"	"
Canopies, Flags .....	30.00	"	"
Banners .....	60.00	"	"
Altar Linen { Amices .....	12.00 per doz.		
Corporals .....	8.50	"	"
Finger-towels .....	4.50	"	"
Purificators .....	5.00	"	"
Palls .....	4.00	"	"
Altar Cloths.....	6.00	"	"

We supply Altar-breads at the following prices.

Small .....	\$1.00 per 1000
Large .....	0.37 " 100









"O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS!"



# THE PRECURSOR

Published by the

## Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

*with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal*

VOL. I

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## Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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Its principal aim: the personal sanctification of its members by the practice of the simple vows of the religious life.

Its specific aim: the extension of God's Kingdom among the infidels.

### MEANS OF ATTAINING THIS SPECIFIC AIM

1. Life of prayer, love of God and zeal for His glory; sacrifice and devotedness for the neighbor's salvation and welfare, especially that of infidels.
2. Devotedness to missionary work in pagan fields by the following works of charity:

### IN INFIDEL COUNTRIES

- a) Formation of Chinese Sisters.
- b) Formation of Virgin Catechists destined to teach the Christian Doctrine in pagan families.
- c) Organization of "Baptizers" who go throughout the country, baptizing the dying, especially children.
- d) Foundling-Homes—sheltering, baptizing and bringing up babies that have been found, ransomed or entrusted to the care of the Missionaries.
- e) Orphanages, where orphans are cared for and given religious instruction and training.
- f) Houses of Refuge for aged women, the blind, idiots, cripples, etc.
- g) Educational Institutions: elementary schools.
- h) Instruction of catechumens and their Christian formation preparatory to Baptism.



- i) Assisting dying pagans and Christians.
- j) Hospitals, dispensaries, lazarettos, etc.
- k) Work-rooms, where domestic economy, trades and arts are taught.

#### IN CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES

- a) Devotion, in the form of thanksgiving, to the Childhood of Our Lord, to the Blessed Eucharist, to the Holy Ghost and to Mary Immaculate.
- b) Extension of the Association of the Holy Childhood and the Propagation of the Faith, as well as the diffusion of publications making known Mission needs.
- c) Procuring of resources for the missions by the receipt of alms and gifts, and by certain industries, as the making of Church Vestments, Sacred Linens, artificial flowers, etc.
- d) Schools for children of pagan nations; courses of Religious Instruction for pagans; assisting dying pagans, etc.

### HOUSES ALREADY EXISTING

#### IN CHINA AND CANADA

##### *Foundation of the Society at Notre-Dame des Neiges (1902)*

OUTREMONT, Montreal (Founded in 1903): Mother-House, Novitiate, Mission Procure, Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood, Work-rooms of Church Vestments and Painting for the support of the Mother-House and Novitiate, 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, Montreal.

SCHOOL for Chinese Children (Founded in 1915), 404 St. Urbain St., Montreal.

HOSPITAL for Chinese (Founded in 1918), 76 Lagau-chetiere St. West.

LANGUAGE COURSES AND CATECHISM for Chinese adults, Sundays, from 2.30 to 4.00 P. M., at the Plateau Commercial Academy, 85 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal. (Begun in 1916.)

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception also visit Chinese patients in Catholic or Protestant Hospitals, when called upon, either to teach Christian Doctrine or to serve as interpreters.

CANTON (Founded in 1909): School for Christian and pagan children, foundling-homes, orphanage, dispensary, house of refuge for the aged, catechumenate.

SHEK LUNG, near Canton (Founded in 1912): Lazaretto, 1,100 lepers.

TONG SHAN, near Canton (Founded in 1916): Foundling-home, 3,200 babies annually.

RIMOUSKI, P. Q. (Founded in 1918): Postulate, Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood and of the Propagation of the Faith. Closed Retreats for young girls. Apostolic School for aspirants to the missions.

JOLIETTE, P. Q. (Founded in 1919): Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Postulate and Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood.

QUEBEC, P. Q. (Founded in 1919): Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Closed Retreats.

VANCOUVER, B. C. (Founded in 1921): School for Chinese children; visiting Chinese invalids in the hospitals and families, etc.

MANILA, Philippine Islands (Founded in 1921): Chinese General Hospital.

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*Imprimatur:*

† GEORGES, Bp. of Philip.,

*Ad. apost.*

—November 27, 1921.



# Chinese Works

## of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

YEAR 1922

### CANTON, CHINA:

Babies received at the Foundling-Home .....	3,735
Adults baptized .....	7
Chinese Sisters .....	56
Catechist .....	1
Pupils .....	182
Orphans .....	59
Young girls in the Work-rooms .....	29
Assistants at the Foundling-Home .....	12
Treatments given at the Dispensary .....	36,809

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### FOUNDLING-HOME AT TONG SHAN (near Canton), CHINA:

Babies received .....	3,204
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### LAZARETTO AT SHEK LUNG (near Canton), CHINA:

Lepers (male and female) .....	1,100
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### MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS:

Chinese General Hospital, 286 Blumentritt Street	
Patients received .....	1,119
In the "Charity Ward" (for the poor) .....	614
Baptisms .....	63

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### VANCOUVER, B. C.:

Chinese School, 795 Pender Street East.

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### MONTREAL, P. Q.:

Chinese Hospital, 76 Lagauchetiere Street, West.	
Patients received .....	140
Various treatments .....	4,170
Operations .....	35
Baptisms .....	30
Chinese School, 404 St. Urbain Street.	
Pupils .....	23
Plateau School, 87 St. Catherine Street West.	
Sunday Language and Catechism Courses.	

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### QUEBEC, 4 Simard Street.

Sunday Language and Catechism Courses.

## Manifestation of the Immaculate Virgin by the Miraculous Medal



IN 1830, the Blessed Mother of God appeared to a pious Sister of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, named Catherine Labouré, and bade her have a medal struck in honor of her Immaculate Conception, similar to this model that she gave her: the Mother of God crushing the serpent's head; her out-stretched hands emitting rays of light upon the globe beneath her; around her, these words: "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to Thee." The apparition seemed to turn, and Catherine saw on the other side the letter M surmounted by a cross with a bar at its base, and beneath, the Holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary, the former surrounded with a crown of thorns and the latter transpierced by a sword.

The pious girl manifested the apparition to her director; it was soon sanctioned by ecclesiastical authority and a great number of miracles followed.

One of these was the conversion of Alphonsus Ratisbonne, January 20, 1842. En route for the Orient, he stopped at Rome where he fell in with a protestant newly converted to Catholicity. The latter persuaded the Jew to wear a medal of the Immaculate Conception around his neck. While visiting St. Andrew's Church, Alphonsus was seized with fear on seeing it grow suddenly dark, a single shrine remaining bright. The Blessed Virgin then appeared to him, as she is represented on the medal. He was moved to tears, and acknowledging the errors of Judaism, he embraced the Catholic Religion.

Every day brings new proofs of the protection promised by the Blessed Virgin to those who wear her medal, and Pope Leo XIII established a feast in her honor, entitled "The Manifestation of the Immaculate Virgin."

### Miracle Attributed to the Miraculous Medal

"Do you see that young man?" said my catechist. "One summer day, eight years ago, going to draw water, I heard a voice calling me from the well. Looking down, I saw a child, about ten years old, crying for help. It was the young man that you see.

"Wretch," I cried, "what are you doing there?"

"While drawing water, I slipped and fell in, and I have been waiting a long time for somebody to pull me out."

"How is it that you are not drowned?"

"I do not know, I feel as if some hand holds me and prevents my sinking."

"Are you not cold?"

"I do not feel cold."

The child was wearing a miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin. He attributes to it his rescue, and has never ceased wearing it.



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S TOMB  
in the chapel erected in his honour on Sancian Island  
Near Canton, China



## Gift of Our Venerable Bishops

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OUR house at Outremont, though already enlarged on four different occasions, is still scarcely large enough to shelter our ever-growing Community. Devoted friends and benefactors will rejoice with us in the gift of our venerable Bishops. In their paternal solicitude they have granted us a magnificent portion of the property purchased for the Canadian Foreign Mission Seminary, where immediate work has been commenced on a new construction destined to accommodate our Novitiate.

The humble Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception will retain an ever-grateful remembrance of their devoted Pastors' admirable generosity.

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## Good News

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*A devoted friend, in her solicitude for the Missionary works, has published in various news-papers the following article which she desires us to reproduce in the PRECURSOR.*

*It is with most profound gratitude, that we comply with her request, begging God to pour His choicest blessings upon our charitable benefactress and all generous persons responding to her appeal.*

\* \* \*

The friends of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception will rejoice in the fact that soon a new edifice destined to accommodate their Novitiate will be erected close by the Canadian Foreign Mission Seminary. Divine Providence, weary of seeing our Missionary Sisters resorting to a thousand and one inventions to succeed in lodging all their members in the Mother-House, has inspired our Venerable Bishops, Founders of the Canadian Foreign Mission Seminary to confer upon the devoted auxiliaries of their missionary priests, the gift of a piece of land adjoining that of the Seminary.

It is with most profound gratitude that the Sisters have accepted this paternal encouragement, and relying upon the same Bank which has never

failed them in critical moments, that of Divine Providence, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have had the construction work commenced immediately. Though this be a very modest structure, considerable sums, however, will be required to complete the building and furnish the chapel and other rooms of the convent; and the Missionaries, like their Divine Model, are poor in this world's goods. Who wishes to become for them a messenger of the Celestial Bank? Each and every one, do we not?... We Catholics are all eternally indebted for the precious gift of Faith, conferred upon us in early childhood. We must all work for our sanctification and to accomplish this, we need the assistance of the prayers of fervent souls, of those who have left all to become co-labourers of Jesus, the Divine Apostle. If we cannot follow them to the conquest of souls, let us share their merits by helping them to accomplish this sublime task.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are adepts in endorsing their bank-notes in favor of their benefactors so as the latter may draw without measure from the Divine Banker's inexhaustible riches. The penny given for the missions is rewarded a hundred-fold even in this world; I could mention many instances to prove this fact. Could it be otherwise with Him Who has promised a recompense for the least relief given to corporal sufferings when it is a question of rescuing from evil, not only bodies, but souls as well. How many souls will be baptized and sustained in the path of holiness by the future Missionaries whom you will have helped to prepare for their sublime mission!

You are anxious to obtain a favor that you have been praying for. Promise an alms for the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception and, believe me, you will infallibly receive it.

The offerings of the rich, the tiniest alms of their less fortunate brothers, the poor; all will be accepted with equal gratitude, by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

Mrs. Gervais LACHANCE

All donations should be addressed to:

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,  
314 St. Catherine Road (Outremont), Montreal.

*N. B.*—A Solemn High Mass will be celebrated for the deceased benefactors and friends of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in the chapel of their Mother-House, the second Tuesday of November. A cordial invitation is extended to friends and benefactors.



PUPILS OF THE CHINESE SCHOOL  
 of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Montreal



# Pauline Marie Jaricot

## Foundress of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith

(Continued)



It must not be supposed from these examples of generosity that Pauline was already entirely devoted to God's service and exempt from natural defects, as many biographers represent their saints. No, this child, so highly destined, experienced two tendencies directly opposed and of almost equal force: the one inclined her to contemplation, sacrifice and perfect detachment, the other rendered her passionately fond of pleasure, eager for the love of creatures and susceptible to all the trifles of vanity. She yielded to one or the other of these impulsions, according as the circumstances elevated her thoughts and desires or attracted them to the earth. In the latter case, however, she was always troubled by a certain remorse.

Candid and pure, she passed from one year to the other without any apprehension for the future, leaving her frail bark to follow the current of the waters, unmindful that the fragrant banks were vanishing forever. Her innocence foresaw only a cloudless future. Confident, joyous, her heart full of faith and love, she glided gaily towards this future whose perils and sorrows she did not in the least suspect.

Who would dare destroy such joyful and hopeful illusions?... The enemy's perfidy. 'Tis why, to save this child's virginal soul from the seductions of a corrupted world, sorrow and death, the usual messengers of Divine Goodness, were soon to efface the happy smile and force the tears to flow.

Encouraged by her father and sisters, Pauline enjoyed the most elegant of all that style and luxury could invent. Deprived of a firm and skilful spiritual direction, her soul had neither guide nor light in her interior struggles. Her generosity and refined sentiments, as well as the physical advantages with which nature had endowed her, were soon to become for her the source of great peril.

She possessed her mother's grace and deportment. A cluster of rich, soft natural curls encircled her pretty face, rendered still more handsome by her large, intelligent eyes and tender smile. She was a little over medium height and possessed a remarkably graceful deportment. The purity and simplicity of her expression and manners commanded respect. Such is the testimony of one of her contemporaries.

Despite the seductions of riches and pleasures, the heart and thoughts of this child of fourteen years remained so elevated that, one day, she asked her mother's permission to wear no longer any precious material nor to appear at festivals, wishing, as she said, to give herself entirely to God and the poor.

The little one was sincere in the expression of this desire, but she considered neither her own frailty nor the world which, like a hunter watching his prey, was lying in wait for her in the perilous passage from childhood to girlhood.

Jeanne understood this design which responded to her convictions of her daughter's future; but, it was not the same for Anthony, who absolutely refused to uphold such aspirations. He had a special affection for his darling and he was proud of her intelligence and attractiveness. "God," he said, "has not given her such extraordinary gifts to be buried in obscurity." In reality, he reproached himself for this saying which appeared to him paradoxical... and, to settle his conscience, he added, "I do not refuse her to God, *if He really demands her of me*; it is necessary for her to know the world before leaving it; and, as many fathers do, he submitted his daughter's vocation to this kind of trial in which so many souls are lost or fail to accomplish the designs of Divine Providence in their regard.

In permitting His little servant to be exposed to such great dangers, God wished, no doubt, that she draw from the fragility of her own heart, that knowledge of souls which she was to possess in such a high degree.

"I had not," she said, "the courage to sacrifice certain things, which, though not forbidden, caused me, however, to become indifferent. My lack of generosity taught me how weak the heart is when left to its own strength. Mine was so; and, Jesus knowing it, inspired me to receive Him every day; but, fearing to appear singular, I neglected to nourish my soul with the Bread of Life, and I soon fell, from one fault to another, into profound discouragement.

The enemy's malice redoubling its snares as I reached the age when the passions develop, rendered me timid towards God, Whom I desired to love so much. The evil one constantly insinuated to me that, not being able to keep my soul in the state of grace, I should never have strength enough to keep the Divine Law, which was too difficult for me: that I should be an object of malediction in Our Lord's sight; and a thousand other torturing suggestions. I could not, I did not dare expose all that to my confessor."

The latter, at that time, was a worthy priest, very aged, extremely scrupulous and terribly laconic for this ardent soul, which was, at the same time, charmed and troubled by sentiments till then unknown to her, and as to the gravity of which he could have and should have reassured her; whilst, not understanding the delicate nature of his penitent, he let her make an exaggerated accusation of her faults without ever enlightening her on any point. She acknowledged, later, that this direction had been a real torture to her.

"Such assistance would have sufficed for an upright and simple soul; but mine, excessively proud, was like an encaged bird beating its wings in vain, unable to discern the obstacle that hinders its taking flight. Despite all my aspirations towards God, I became more and more vainly attached to creatures."



Having become the object of wordly admiration, she took pleasure in the flattery attracted by her genius and charming gracefulness.

"Deceived, no doubt, by I do not know what appearance of sincerity and modesty in my countenance and conduct, my mother believed me entirely engrossed in the desire that I had confided to her; and instead of acknowledging to her the change that was taking place in me, I remained silent. Puffed up with pride, I was elated by the compliments that I received, and to win everyone's favor, I cleverly flattered the persons who did not seem to pay enough attention to my pretended amiability. It was only to please, but for nothing in the world should I have wished it to be suspected by those whose attention I was soliciting.

I did not think, O My dear Saviour, of the inviolable fidelity that I had promised Thee! When Thy grace moved me to remorse and repentance, a trip, a new dress, a word of flattery sufficed to plunge me anew into my dissipation."

She did not delay in meeting one of these women who conceal an excess of corruption beneath the guise of amiability and even virtue: vipers whose cleverness in the art of hypocrisy has become only more subtle with the years. She tried to corrupt Pauline's heart, but this heart escaped her like the diamond by its nature escapes the reptile's venom.

A more dangerous snare awaited her. One of these mothers who wish at all costs to assure a happy future for their sons by procuring a brilliant and advantageous alliance for them, speculated upon the exquisite sensibility of Pauline whose weak point was to exceed in affection. She let herself be caught by it so much the more easily as the object offered to her love was worthy of it and as Anthony, as well as his sons and daughters, fearing to see Pauline bury herself in the solitude, applauded the project of a marriage which would settle the amiable child in their midst. Jeanne alone resisted and remained firm in her refusal to enchain so soon her child's future which she foresaw to be of quite another nature.

This wise opposition did not hinder those interested to pursue ardently the realization of their dream, and Pauline more than all others. But as she was attempting to grasp the enchanting shore of human affections, it gradually vanished under her touch.

Everybody believed her happy excepting her mother who knew her struggles and was deeply grieved. Knowing that none of the family would help her to extricate her cherished *lark of Paradise* from the net which was intercepting her in her flight, she mildly reasoned with her daughter and endeavoured to restore to her the calm indispensable to her discerning the Divine Will in the serious question of the Future; she prayed and wept at the feet of Him Whose infinite goodness never resists a mother's tears.

Pauline's confessor seeing her faithful in the accomplishment of her religious duties, did not think of reproaching her for an inclination which everything contributed to make legitimate, since it was approved of and encouraged by both families. Perhaps, he was not aware that God deprives certain souls upon whom He lavishes His liberalities, the right of refusing



Him something. That is why this chosen one experienced unspeakable torments and struggles.

By way of diversion, she gratified her every vain desire, inasmuch as it was not contrary to virtue, the limits of which she declares never having trespassed. However, from time to time, as if to breathe the native air the privation of which was the cause of her torture, she willingly humbled herself before the object of her affection and then her heart was bathed in the refreshing dews of Divine peace.

"But," she said, "how great was my weakness! after these moments of grace I quickly returned to adorn *the idol*. On the occasion of the Duchess of Angoulem's visit, enraptured by the sight of Louis XVI's daughter and full of enthusiasm, I attended all the entertainments, following on horseback in the train of young ladies who accompanied her in all the processions, and I even went to the grand ball given in her honor. I did not know, 'tis true, that the dance is an occasion of sin, but my conscience was quite aware of the evil caused by pride... In spite of that, I was attired as elegantly as possible for this memorable event: my low-necked dress trimmed with flowers and my head likewise adorned.

"It was in this unchristian costume that, in company with my family, I traversed the immense hall, believing myself worthy of general admiration. How dearly did this sumptuous assembly cost my soul. The flattering remarks that I heard around me inspired me with such a desire to please everybody, that this became thenceforth the only motive of my actions. But, although I sought to win all hearts, my own remained faithful to him to whom it had been given.

"Becoming prouder than ever, I became also more guilty. I then met a friend older than myself and better skilled in the art of deception. She flattered my beauty, gratified my passion and openly blamed my dear saintly mother's efforts to delay the conclusion of my marriage. This treacherous person spared nothing in her devotedness to my cause. Allured by her insinuations, I began to indulge secretly in dangerous reading."

Just as she was most deeply plunged into what she calls "her treachery" Pauline had such a violent fall that her body was badly bruised without, however, any limbs being broken. After concealing her intolerable sufferings from her family for a few days, she was finally obliged to reveal them.

Her good mother then became the guardian of her days and nights, devoting herself unreservedly to snatch from the jaws of death her to whom she had given life.

The invalid recognized the Hand that had struck her and her only relief in her most acute sufferings, was the sight of the crucifix or a passage read in the book of the *Imitation*.

Such conduct proves that, if this soul did allow herself to be fascinated by the seductions of human love and vanity, she did not contract their stains, like the water lilies, borne away by the stream, keep their white corollas upturned to the sky.

A father's injudicious tenderness and the craftiness of a rich, cunning

woman who coveted for her son a wealthy and charming companion, had given rise to an affection, legitimate, it is true, but the violence of which disturbed the peace of this ardent and pure heart which should have been overflowing with the most admirable effusions of charity. Her pious mother was firmly convinced of this and consequently she absolutely refused to consent to a union which, though desired by all, was in her opinion contrary to the designs of God.

Good, kind, devoted even so far as to completely forget herself, she suffered a real agony while following, from hour to hour, the progress of the strange illness which, defying the power of both science and affection, was devouring such a precious life.

This noble woman's physical strength could not compete with her unflagging devotedness. As she was changing beyond recognition, the physicians wished to withdraw her from the sight of the atrocious sufferings that she was constantly contemplating, but she resisted, wishing to remain near her dear little invalid to be her consoling angel.

"However," wrote Pauline, "I had the inexplicable certitude that God was soon going to allow death to choose a victim in our family. Mamma had the same presentiment and, fearing that I was the destined prey, she uttered this touching prayer:

"O my God, I feel that Thou art about to take away one of my household. Ah! if it is to be Pauline, take me in her stead."

As for me, fearing to lose this incomparable mother who gave me such admirable examples of faith and charity, I earnestly whispered.

"Lord, if one of us must die, let it be me and not Mamma!" But we were both very careful not to communicate these fears to each other. Mamma confided hers to Papa and my sister. It was from the latter that I afterwards learned all this.

Neither Jeanne nor Pauline was mistaken in her presentiments. It was not long before Narcisse, one of the children, left this miserable earth whose false joys and evils he had not yet known. He died in his twenty-first year, as falls the precious fruits blighted by a blast. All who had known this fine young man deeply mourned his departure. This was a most grievous affliction for the Jaricot family, as Pauline, who was visibly declining, was soon in imminent danger. "As my poor mother was constantly failing, she wrote" the physicians absolutely forbade our seeing each other thenceforth, because the one's sufferings increased the other's; 'tis why they prohibited her entering my room.

Before submitting to these cruel orders, she came close to my bed, embraced me in tears and whispered in a voice trembling with tenderness and grief: "God bless you, Pauline!" She then retired, unable to utter another word. I little thought that I should never see her again.

Soon a complete separation being judged necessary, Paul, the eldest of the children, brought Jeanne to Lyons where Anthony was detained by business. She, understanding the uselessness of these rigorous and cruel measures went away in tears, gazing longingly in the direction of her home in Cologne.



Scarcely had she arrived at Lyons when she was seized by a violent fever which brought her, three days later, to the grave. The ruin of this precious existence was probably due more to grief than to illness.

This admirable woman met death with the same serenity as she had always manifested during her life. Her laborious task was almost finished; what remained to be done was a supreme and immense sacrifice for her. She offered it to the Divine Master Who has so richly endowed the hearts of mothers and who surpasses them all in goodness and mercy.

Ever firm in her hope, as in her faith, she understood, in seeing her life ebbing away, that her daughter would be saved, body and soul, since God had accepted the maternal offering.

Shortly before expiring, she was doubtlessly penetrated with a greater interior light, for her countenance, theretofore stamped with profound sadness, suddenly shone with great joy, as she exclaimed: "Thanks be to Thee, my God! Pauline will belong entirely to Thee."

A few minutes later, she died in ineffable peace, after having realized during her whole life-time these words of Holy Scripture: "She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor."

The regrets and veneration of all, especially of the poor and needy followed her to her last resting place. Her remains were interred in the sepulchre that Anthony had had recently made for his young son. At the foot of the large cross that guards this worthy Christian's tomb, are engraven these words:

"Here rests Jeanne Lattier, wife of Anthony Jaricot."

And below them:

"She constantly forgot herself to think only of God, her family and the poor and needy."

#### THE HEAVENLY PHYSICIAN

Pauline was fifteen years old when she lost this angelic guardian and friend of her childhood. This loss would seem to be irreparable to this poor child in such a precarious condition, but grace replaces all direction, even that of the best and holiest of mothers.

A particularly painful circumstance increased the affliction of the Jaricot family: this was the imperious and cruel necessity of concealing from Pauline the loss which she had just sustained. Her life was hanging only by a thread that the least emotion was liable to sever. To avoid every suspicion of the heart-rending truth, it was necessary, during a whole year, to assume gay manners, be attired in bright colors when approaching her and give a thousand reasons for the prolonged absence of her mother for whom she unceasingly begged.

While creatures sought to spare this life so dear to them, God secretly acted in quite a different manner towards the heart whose only Love and Master He wished to become.

The dear child, though still unaware of her mother's death, had the



strong presentiment that she would never see her again, which thought increased her sufferings. "I believe I should have lost my reason," she said later, recalling this painful incident, "if I had been certain of what caused my grief."

However, despite the afflictions which overwhelmed her heart, she did not renounce the perishable object of her affections.

To overflow her cup of bitterness, a false fear of God prevented her from receiving Him in His Sacrament of Love, and thus she was alone to bear the burden of the trial.

Her pastor visiting her one day, counselled her to receive Holy Communion. She obeyed despite the terror that filled her soul. This act of submission restored her peace and confidence and slightly revived her exhausted strength. A single visit of the *Heavenly Physician* had afforded her the only solitary remedy for soul and body.

Her eldest brother, profiting by the tranquillity which the consolations of religion had restored to her, took advantage of the occasion to impart to her the sad news of her dear mother's death. Although she expected this, nevertheless it grieved her deeply.

"Wishing to induce me," she said, "almost in spite of myself, to love but Him alone, the Divine Master reduced my body to a condition less painful than previously and more apt to weaken my earthly affections; the natural vigor of my constitution diminished and I languished without daring to complain or to make known my prostration.

Still resisting the call of grace I clung to my illusions of vanity. I was not happy, as my heart was tormented by an ardent thirst that nothing could alleviate, for it found but utter emptiness in human affections and unspeakable torture in its resistance to the Divine Call."

Unable to stifle in her heart the cause of her struggles, she spoke of it to her beloved Sophie, but even the most tender affection cannot repair the spiritual ills that only the true priest of Jesus Christ is authorized to treat and cure.

Although engaged in the bonds of marriage and subject to the exigencies of a brilliant position, Sophie had not forsaken the narrow path. She believed herself, however, constrained to make certain concessions to worldly ideas and acted accordingly in her natural straightforwardness.

Mrs. Chartron came as often as she could to lavish her kindly care upon Pauline, but as she only saw her from time to time, she did not in the least suspect her bitter struggles.

Phileas, on his return home at the close of his early studies, assisted his father in an extensive commerce. Pauline found in the companion of her childhood the same affection and devotedness, but not the same zealous aspirations as formerly... The mother was no longer there!

Anthony watched, 'tis true, over his son's conduct, but absorbed by his business and especially by his grief, he left this son a liberty of which the latter was to a certain extent incapable of abusing, but which afforded him a thousand occasions of deviating from the path of virtue, wherein his mother would have sustained him by her examples and counsels.

Worldly ideas had imperceptibly insinuated themselves into this heart whose first aim had been the apostolate, and Philias now limited his desires to the wretched ambitions of the world. He was rich, handsome and witty; this was sufficient to make him a drawing-room hero, which he soon became and commenced to dream of an unclouded future which seemed certain for him. He no longer thought of the miseries in foreign countries, excepting to send the missionaries part of his superfluity.

In such a state of soul, Philias could not be of any help to Pauline and even contributed to prolong in her mind the illusions in which he himself participated.

Her confessor continued to be silent when she exposed her fears to him, and as he beheld her always candid and charitable, he exhorted her to persevere thus. It was, in the spiritual sense, imitating the clever musician who is satisfied with drawing a few monotonous sounds from a magnificent instrument without troubling himself about the sublime harmonies that an artist could produce.

Pauline was absolutely helpless in this long and terrible combat against God and herself. Like an invalid who seeks to relieve her sufferings by turning on her bed of pain, this chosen one of God sought consolation in the satisfactions of self-love. She could have found some enjoyment therein; her perfect taste and natural beauty made her remarkable among the wealthiest young ladies, who discovering in their companion, marks of distinction and elegance hastened to procure for themselves jewels and fine clothes similar to those in which they saw her so gracefully attired.

The unhappy child knew that, and in the great distress of her soul, she busied and amused herself in baffling their frivolous ambitions by varying the style and color of her clothes. But neither these innocent tricks nor the success which she obtained therein, nor the affection which was lavished upon her, filled the immense void in her heart.

"What tears I dissembled by smiles," she wrote, "what secret heart-breakings under the appearance of pleasure! The immortal beauty of the Infinite Love constantly present to the eyes of my soul made me find in the vanity of earthly affection but a drop of water to quench my devouring thirst."

At the recital of such complaints one would wonder how this heart, thus urged, could resist the attraction of an all-powerful grace, and how this grace could continue to act despite such prolonged resistance.

'Tis that two depths called for each other: human weakness and Divine Mercy, depths which no mortal eye can ever fathom.

*(To be continued)*



## Saint Francis Xavier



AMONGST the students at the great University of Paris, in the early part of the Sixteenth Century, was a young Spanish nobleman called Francis Xavier. So gifted was he, that, after only four years of study he was appointed to teach others, and masters and students all united in praising the brilliant lectures of this young Professor of twenty-two. He was clever enough for anything, they said, and was certain one day, to be appointed Rector of the University. Francis himself was not a little dazzled by his own success. The desire to shine in the world's eyes was beginning to be his chief thought when St. Ignatius Loyola, the Founder of the Society of Jesus, came as a poor scholar to take his degree at the University of Paris. Loyola, who shared a room with Francis Xavier was a reader of souls and soon realized that God had given great gifts and a noble nature to this young man, who was being spoilt by his own success. "What does it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" he asked him one day, and Francis could not forget the question. It haunted him day and night, although it was a long time before he could make up his mind to give up all his dreams of worldly glory. Yet God was calling him to work in other ways, and the day came when he could no longer resist the heavenly voice. "What do you want me to do?" he asked Ignatius, who invited him to join in the great work he had planned for the salvation of souls. Thus did Francis Xavier become one of the little number of apostolic men who were the first members of the Society of Jesus.

Francis Xavier now devoted himself heart and soul to the service of God. With heroic devotion he attended the sick in the hospitals and ministered to the poor, longing more ardently than he had ever longed to shine in the world's eyes, to be the last and the least of all. The desire of his heart was to go out into pagan countries to preach the faith of Christ, but believing himself to be unworthy of such a privilege, he spoke of it to no one. Yet it was to this work that God had called him. The priest who had been chosen by St. Ignatius for missionary work in India fell ill, and Francis was ordered to replace him.

A sea-voyage in those days was very different from what it is now; it took the missionaries six months to reach the coast of Africa, their first stopping-place. During the last weeks of the journey they had scarcely anything to eat, several times they were nearly shipwrecked, and many of the passengers died of disease. It was not until thirteen months after their departure that they arrived at Goa, a town on the west coast of India. There was much need of missionaries in that part of the world, for the pagan inhabitants led horribly wicked lives, and the so-called Christians were





SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER

*Patron of Missionaries*



not much better. It was difficult to get at the grown-up people, so Francis began with the children. Every day, he went about the streets with a little bell, calling them together to teach them the truths of the Christian Faith. The little ones full of what they had heard, ran home at once to tell their parents, who, when they learnt how Our Lord Jesus Christ had come to earth and died to save their souls, went themselves to the saint and asked to be baptized. When he had preached the Faith in one part of the country, Francis went on to another, travelling on foot in the burning heat, among tribes of savages who were quite ready to kill any strangers who ventured into their villages. Through jungles full of wild beasts and poisonous serpents, tramped the missionary, in his tattered cassock, his only weapon, the crucifix which he held in his hand. So holy was he, that the very touch of his fingers could cure diseases, and many were the miracles that he worked in the hospitals and villages, where he would take the sick, suffering often from terrible and infectious complaints, in his arms and tend them like a mother. From Malacca, where he worked for two years, he went to the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. Those who loved the saint, begged him not to risk his life among these savage people many of whom were cannibals, but Francis would not listen to them. "If there were mines of gold in these islands," he said, "men would brave the danger to become rich, yet the souls of these people are worth much more than gold to God." After preaching for some time in the islands, and winning many souls for Christ, he went to Japan, having learnt from a Japanese whom he met in India, that the inhabitants of that country would welcome the teaching of the Gospel. The bonzes, or heathen priests, seeing how the holiness of the saint drew many to become Christians, did all they could to hinder him in his work, but could not prevail against him. Many miracles were worked, which convinced the people that his God was the true God, and they crowded to him to be baptized. While in Japan Saint Francis met several Chinese merchants, and what he heard from them of their country gave him a great desire to go there, also, to preach the Faith. Returning to India, after many difficulties, he sailed to the rocky and barren island of Sancian, which lies not far from the Chinese coast. There, Francis tried to find someone who would take him to Canton, but it was death for a Chinese to bring a European into the country, and they all refused. Food was scanty, and the saint worn out with all his labours, was attacked by fever. A Portuguese merchant, who found him lying almost senseless on the ground, took him into his hut and did for him what he could, helped by one of the Saint's Chinese converts, who was devoted to his master. There, with his crucifix clasped to his breast, the name of Christ on his lips, and his eyes fixed on the far horizon of the land he had longed to save, the Apostle of the Indies breathed his last.





A GROUP OF THE BLIND AND CRIPPLES  
CANTON, CHINA



## Excellence of the Apostolic Life

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SERVING as instrument to the Holy Ghost and co-operating with Him in the sanctification of our fellow-creatures... What a sublime occupation! What a worthy ambition! I am not aware of anybody receiving a greater favor here below than to be called to transform perverse nations into virtuous ones, slaves of Satan into children of God. Some will say that it is more marvellous to raise the dead to life. But what! restore life to a body that will die again would be more excellent than raising a soul that will live for all eternity?

Considering my personal interests, never shall I work with greater advantage to my own salvation than when devoting myself to that of my brothers. "Be merciful and you will be sure to obtain mercy." Herein I fulfil this precept in its most eminent degree; for inasmuch as the soul surpasses the body, as Heaven, Hell, so is the charity exercised in saving souls superior to that which has for direct object the relieving of temporal sufferings.

The promises made to alms-giving applies still more extensively to zeal. What is more consoling than these words of Tobias: "Alms deliver from all sin, and from death and will not suffer the soul to go into darkness;" and these other ones of the Ecclesiastes: "Water quencheth a flaming fire, and alms resisteth sins."

The voice of my iniquities rise against me, but it is stifled by the voice of my zeal pleading for me. It is an excellent means of dispersing the anxieties which torment me at the remembrance of my faults, acquitting my debts contracted towards God's Justice, and of making Him my debtor by the rich treasures of merits that I deposit in His Hands. Is there a life more replete with good works than that which is consumed in the exercise of zeal. Devotedness to the salvation of souls is considered as one of the surest signs of predestination. St. Paul, speaking of those who assisted him in his apostolic labours, declares that their name is inscribed in the Book of Life; and upon what did he himself build his hopes for the great day when everyone will be rewarded according to his works? Upon the victories he won for Jesus Christ.

Put yourself at the disposition of Our Adorable Redeemer, and be ready to seize every occasion that He will afford you to work in co-operation with Him for the salvation of souls.

## Lieou-Gnin-Pao, the Catechist



LIEOU-GNIN-PAO was born of pagan parents. His father Lieou-Zang-Sen was a fervent adorer of the idols. He had extraordinary worship offered them in his house and delighted in organizing processions in their honour throughout the district.

He placed his young son in a school opened in the neighborhood by Father Lorient. He frequently visited him there, taking pleasure in chatting with the school-master, as long as there was no question of religion, but as soon as that was mentioned he stole away.

The child could not help hearing the catechisms and instructions given by his teacher; this was not in vain, as we shall see.

Despite his devotion and daily worship paid to his idols, Lieou-

Zang-Sen received nothing in return. He and his family were subject to strange accidents. Suddenly seized by an ill which reduced them to helplessness, they were cured only by vows and immense offerings made to their idols.

One day Lieou-Zang-Sen's wife said to her son, "Gnin-Pao, go to the canal and gather some water-fungi for supper this evening."

The child set out to obey, but was suddenly seized by a cramp, and dragging himself painfully, returned to the house. "Oh! what pain!" he said to his mother. "Here child, kneel down before the idols and ask them to cure you." Doubtlessly owing to the little fruit that he saw his parents draw from their devotions, and also on account of what he had heard at school, he answered resolutely, "I will not do it." His mother insisted, but remaining firm in his refusal, he went to bed.

His parents were discussing this new accident, when they heard their son uttering terrible screams. They hastened towards him. "What is the matter anyhow?" asked his father. "Devils were carrying me off to hell. Tsa-Sie-Sang (the Christian school-master) fortunately ran and snatched me from their grip and I am saved."

Lieou-Zang-Sen soon made the connection between these two ideas: hell and a Christian school-master rescuing his son; and his devotion to the idols was somewhat shaken. Addressing them, however, as was his custom in similar circumstances, he said, "If you cure my son, I will burn, in your honor, twenty dollars worth of incense and red candles."



Alas! instead of a cure... a second attack!

Then, addressing his gods, the father vociferated, "This is how you treat me after all the worship that I unceasingly offer you. Now, I am beginning to lose patience and if you do not cure my son, I shall renounce you." A third attack!

Then the indignant father shouted at them, "That's enough, I know you now."

The following day, he said to his brother, who was also a convert, "I am going to become Christian." His wife and child declared that they wished to follow his example.

Knowing that a Christian woman in the neighborhood was setting out for the mission of St. Thaddeus, where she would meet Father Ho, Lieou-Zang-Sen sent for her and said, "I wish to become Christian; kindly invite Father Ho to come to remove my idols and bless my dwelling."

The message was delivered, but Father Ho, knowing what a fanatic pagan was Lieou-Zang-Sen, seemed to have some doubt about his conversion. He replied that the missionary's presence was not necessary for him to become Christian, that he could sacrifice his idols to God (Who is present everywhere) without offering them by the hands of the priest, and that if he wished to see the missionary, he could meet him at St. Bartholomew, where he was obliged to go to administer Extreme Unction.

The good Christian was somewhat disconcerted by this answer, the more so, as the new convert had gone to much expense to prepare a hearty welcome for the missionary. She did her best to excuse Father Ho, so as not to offend Lieou-Zang-Sen.

Hearing that God is everywhere and that he could sacrifice his idols to Him without offering them by other hands, the latter chopped them up and threw them into the fire; then he sprinkled his house with holy water and set to work without delay to study the Christian Doctrine and prayers.

The following day, Gnin-Pao was cured, and none of the family has since had the strange accidents to which they were formerly subject.

A fervent worshipper of the idols as he had been, Lieou-Zang-Sen, now became a more fervent worshipper of the True God, and his son Gnin-Pao, who became a virtuous Christian and a devout servant of Mary, had only to imitate the good example of his father, who was, till his death, a source of edification to the whole district.

Up before dawn, every day of the annual mission, he came to the chapel at half-past four and remained there alone in prayer until the arrival of the rest of the faithful. He practised a multitude of devotions and fasted every Friday to obtain from the Divine Heart, the conversion of his eldest son, his two daughters-in-law and his daughter who was married to a pagan. I may add that his request was granted, and he had the happiness of seeing them become children of God before his death.

Thanks to his burning zeal for the conversion of the poor pagans, the convincing ardour of his words and his examples of disinterestedness, the newly formed mission rapidly increased and soon became the most populous in the district. He would not consent to accept the gifts that



were offered him for his services, and he became even vexed with those who insisted on his accepting them. "Do you think," he said, "that it is to please men that I sacrifice myself and my time thus?" (In fact, his virtue had made him so influential among the pagans as well as the Christians, that crowds came from morning till night begging him to settle their affairs.) "No it is for God and I do not wish to lose the merit of it by accepting your gifts."

One of those whom he had obliged, insisting upon his accepting the offering that the missionaries themselves had determined as the fee to be paid to negotiants of the numerous affairs to be settled at the occasion of marriages, he took him by the hand, led him to the chapel and said, "Since it is the custom to accept, let us offer it to our good Mother," and he placed the money on the altar.

The following is one of the many edifying incidents that could be narrated of this saintly man.

His devotion to Our Lady inspired him with the desire to make a pilgrimage every year to one of her shrines. He intended going to the chapel of Our Lady of Good Help at Pe-Hai-So, when three days before the departure he fell seriously ill and could no longer think of undertaking the journey. "Good Mother," he exclaimed, "despite my ardent desire, I shall not be able to make my pilgrimage this year." He was cured at the moment fixed for the departure.

Death did not take him by surprise. Seized by a lingering disease, he had time to prepare for it. Profiting by the spare time afforded him by his illness, he sent for any neophytes and catechumens whom he knew to be not very fervent and exposing to them his condition, he exhorted them to give themselves unreservedly to God. "See," he said, "I am going to die before long; it is not to my advantage to deceive you. Believe me, do not lose your immortal soul which is so beautiful and has cost our Lord so dearly. Soon, you too will find yourselves at the moment where I am now. What will remain to you of all that you possess? And if you lose your soul, what unhappiness for Eternity?" His listeners went away touched and repentant.

Wishing to be generous to the end, he made a sacrifice truly heroic in China. The worst misfortune here is to be interred without a coffin, and the thicker and more handsome the coffin, the happier one is. Many have their coffin made during life and it is usually the finest piece of furniture in the house, here at *Tsong-Ming*, at least. Well aware that death is a chastiment, that a costly coffin and fine clothes only encourage vanity, Lieou-Zang-Sen declared to his son that he wished neither of them. Old clothes and a plain coffin would suffice; besides, he forbade that his body be conserved in the house, as is customary among the wealthier families; he wished to be interred immediately and requested a grave in the midst of the little angels that the Holy Childhood sends every day to Paradise. This favor was so much the more willingly accorded as he himself had been the donor of the Holy Childhood Cemetery.

When the Divine Messenger arrived, the dying man was found ready and smiling, and it is to be believed that our good Master had reserved a beautiful place for his faithful servant.

Gnin-Pao though still quite young when he lost his mother, found in his father's vigilant care and edifying examples, an invincible safe-guard and powerful incentive in the path of duty.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was for him a most efficacious means of sanctification. He was one of the first to be inscribed, one of the most assiduous at the assemblies and annual retreat and I dare say one of the most zealous in the good work carried on by the society: the conversion of pagans, especially the dying. He also devoted himself to the instruction of catechumens in preparation for baptism.

How many souls drawn to the bosom of our Holy Mother the Church by this one zealous apostle! But what prayers too! what efforts!

He was constantly at the disposition of the people for the recitation of the prayers for the dying, interments and marriages. 'Tis well to know that he was called upon for the dying during the night as well as in the day time, and for interments and marriages, a whole day was sacrificed every time. Four different missions had recourse to him, as these special prayers are known by very few neophytes, most of whom are illiterate. 'Tis hard, however meritorious, for a poor labourer obliged to earn his daily bread, to leave his work so frequently to devote himself to such costly acts of charity. Especially during epidemics, 'tis not a small matter to pass whole days in these infected houses.

As soon as he learned that a pagan was dangerously ill, no matter if the disease were contagious or not, in the day time or during the night, in wet weather or fine, he set out, and sitting down at the bedside of the dying man, he spoke so fervently of heaven and hell, of our Lord's infinite mercy and love, that very few resisted his exhortations and died impenitent. It is thanks to the members of the Sodality especially, that during one year, when the cholera and diptheria decimated Hosos, one hundred and four pagan adults were baptized at the hour of death. Gnin-Pao had his good share in this harvest.

In order to have better success, he did not go to them empty-handed. Although he was not very well off and lived in a poor straw-cabin, he gave them abundant alms despite his wife's frequent remonstrations. He did everything in his power to help them.

Learning one day that a poor consumptive was in his agony, he set out in company with a young man, though it was already late and he had far to go. As the dying man would not yield to his exhortations, he came back for a little lamp and some provisions, firmly determined to persevere to the last in his attempt. He spent the whole night doing every thing possible to win this soul. The dying man finally consented, but alas! before baptism was administered, one of the members of his family came to dissuade him in his resolution to become Christian, and yielding to his entreaties, the wretch died impenitent. What a grievous disappointment for Gnin-Pao!

Another time, during furious weather, he heard of an unfortunate *tong-tse* who was seriously ill. The *tong-tse* are a kind of magician who for a certain fee are supposed to make known the cause of diseases and the means of curing them. According to their assertion the cause comes from deceased persons who having been forgotten and neglected, avenge them-



selves on the living for no longer giving them food, money, clothing, etc. The cure is to repair the evil by making a certain offering to such an idol (in the *tong-tse's* own house). Sometimes, however, they declare that there is no remedy; the god of hell claims the person.

Gnin-Pao put on his big iron-studded boots and taking an umbrella, prepared to set out. Mockingly, his people stopped him: "Where are you going in such weather?" "To convert a *tong-tse*?" "Are you foolish? Do you think he will be willing to renounce his means of living, in the hope of future good. If the fear of hell does persuade him to consent to baptism, all's well if he die, but if he survive, he will return to his infamous occupation to the great dishonor of Religion."

"That may be," replied Gnin-Pao, "he has a soul like ours; may I not at least try to save it?"

He went in spite of all and God blessed his zeal. He succeeded in touching the sick man, who asked to be baptized. Before granting his request, Gnin-Pao asked him to promise that if God restored him to health he would not resume his former profession. This he promised heartily. He was cured and became a good Christian. As he had no longer any means of earning a livelihood, Gnin-Pao offered him a dwelling and provided him with food.

He never abandoned the dying when once he had succeeded in baptizing them. He visited them frequently to shield them from the influence of relatives and neighbors who might seek to persuade them to return to paganism, and he continued to assist them by his alms, if they were in need.

Without neglecting the salvation of other pagans, he had his heart set on winning to the Faith all the members of his family, his father's relatives as well as his wife's. The missionary was unaware of this, until one day, many years after, Gnin-Pao came joyously to tell him that he had accomplished it. "I have not one pagan relative left."

Having once won them to God, he endeavored to confirm them in their new faith by strongly exhorting them to be faithful in assisting at Mass celebrated regularly in the mission, the first Sunday of the month. For the purpose of facilitating the accomplishment of this obligation, he made it his custom on such occasions to prepare a family dinner which he served with such good grace that his guests were always numerous.

His last moments were most edifying as had been his whole life. Feeling the supreme hour approaching, he said to his wife, "You have frequently chided me for my alms and the time spent in exhorting the dying and reciting the prayers for them.

"Behold! now, I cannot bring with me my earthly possessions which would be useless in Eternity, but I can bring the merit of my good works which alone will be of use to me there. You also have a share in it for you helped me to accomplish these good works."

He died in his forty-first year, in the greatest sentiments of piety, universally mourned even by the pagans, who did not cease extolling his virtues.





DISPENSARY  
at the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the  
Immaculate Conception  
Canton, China

# A Visit to Japan

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*Father Chabloz, after having passed a few months at the Scholasticate of the Immaculate Conception in Montreal, was sent to China, where he worked as a missionary in the Vicariate of Kiang Nan. On his way, he passed through Japan and after viewing many of its wonders he was moved to exclaim. "Poor Japan! So beautiful to the eyes of the body, so sad to the eyes of faith! How long will you continue to burn incense before idols and grow musty among the shadows of death!"*



FROM my very earliest years when I first began my elementary study of geography, I had pictured it as a stately, magnificent country which I should like to visit, and which was well worth studying on the spot—this mysterious land of Japan. And to-day when I am here and gaze upon it in contemplation, it is all that my fancy painted it.

A gorgeous panorama is presented by the bay of Yokohama to one who beholds this extreme edge of the Orient. The frightful typhoon that had swept down on the fair coast-line the preceding day had left ruins everywhere, scattering desolation and distress all about the fallen dwellings.

## ROOFS WERE TORN OFF

The timbers were strewn across the road with heaps of debris still smoking everywhere and what is worst of all, on every side languished poverty-stricken little ones—families in misery, destitute of home and shelter.

The newspapers estimated that more than 150,000 were, in 1918, made homeless in and about Tokio and Yokohama. There had been thousands of small boats and skiffs sunk, while one whole island was engulfed by the water and completely submerged. The only advantage of this terrible scourge was gained by a country-man in the neighborhood of Kioto who found in the rice fields half a dozen whales, about twenty feet long, that had been left there by the waters in their sudden subsidence.

While the passengers of the *Tenyo* were anxious to land and were busy with making arrangements for their passports, the dark grey clouds broke across the horizon and in the opening suddenly appeared very high above us, from the gloomy surroundings of nature, an almost miraculous vision of Fujiyama—the great mountain of Japan: a mighty and irregular conical peak, unique, picturesque in its altitude, whose image is reproduced on every banner, advertisement and hotel menu in Japan. It now lies



before us on the far-off horizon, uprising in astonishing clearness, with its snowy summits towering aloft in the realms of space.

Hardly had we landed and left the dock when a crowd of men, queerly dressed, who had the appearance of lying in wait for us, came jostling up to us, crying out, and obstructing our passage like determined little demons. These are the *djin ricksha* or human horses. They draw the only vehicles in use here, for there are no carriages or automobiles. I slipped into one of these carts and off we went flying, without any attention being paid to our orders. Happily I had with me a good guide—Fr. Hoffman.

Ha! ha! ho! hu! These fellows yell out the cries of an animal to arouse themselves and to warn the passers-by of their approach. Very odd and curious is this manner of going about noiselessly in a small rubber-tired vehicle at a high speed drawn by men.

#### WHO RUN WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT

Sometimes it seems even dangerous. Now we are bounding over cobble-stones, now we make sharp turns, now we have a collision with or overturn people or other vehicles.

Over a quarter of an hour was taken up by this hazardous journey before we arrived at the station. We saw a queer-looking little railroad that hardly seemed more than a toy that amused us, as did everything else in Japan. At the ticket-window they examined with care for the hundredth time my passport, which will be almost a joke-book—so filled will it be with signatures of every kind. It was in due form, and they handed me my ticket.

The little train was crowded with people; the lower class predominates here; therefore to secure a seat in the coach one has to push in and elbow with the crowd. Finally we were off amid the confusion of whistles, ringing of bells and the puffing of the little engine, all of which happens in Japan just as in Italy.

On both sides, as we hum along, one could see fresh and fertile stretches of vegetation lying in the morning sunshine—a beautiful morning of autumn. The whole country is under a high state of cultivation; everywhere are fields of corn, rice and yams with the large ornamental leaves so familiar in the public squares.

#### IN THE FIELDS CAN BE SEEN MANY WORKMEN

The whole country is everywhere level; only afar off do we discern a chain of high mountains covered with forests; on half-closing your eyes you would say it is Europe, Italy—the Piedmont, for example, with the Alps uprising from the valley of Aosta on the horizon.

There is in this green meadow a profusion of red flowers, a species of lilac from the marsh lands, with thin, curling petals like ostrich feathers. In the vast rice-fields these flowers grow in abundance, spreading every-

where their elegant feather borders, so to speak. The train stops at every turn in the fields where are little stations with curious names. Alongside the railway stations and alongside the pipes and engines appear to our surprise the old temples with their curved roofs, their historic entrances, their sacred trees, their porches made of granite, their idols and monsters.

At the entrance of each village, before every hamlet and in every market-place, we beheld a more or less imposing statue, around which are clustered the dwellings—as at home they are clustered about the church steeples.

An hour later, the scene had entirely changed. The green and purple fields had become a long succession of streets ringing with the noise of a large town. We were at Tokio, the capital of Japan, where I passed three wonderful days—made pleasant by the sweet companionship of our Fathers at the University.

I could then verify for myself the correctness of what someone said recently to Father Boucher, a member of that little family: "The community is ideal, closely united and very charitable, despite the difference of language, race, and education, what a beautiful mosaic it makes!" There are in fact seven nationalities represented among the eight Fathers, but in my opinion, I have never found a family spirit more intimate, more sincere and more fraternal.

I shall not linger with the description of the great capital, except to mention our University at Tokio. Let us hasten on to Kioto, the sacred city which for so long was inaccessible to Europeans, a place surrounded with mystery. Now that the railroad goes there, it is the same as saying that it has become vulgar, mean and worthless.

As a matter of fact, I came from Tokio by a train which was almost express but which, however, certainly has nothing in common with the express trains of America—with the "20th Century Limited" of New York. And yet this train which I took, represents for the Far East the *nec plus ultra* of speed.

Of all the Japanese towns, none is more interesting as regards religious monuments than Kioto. One should visit them carefully and at his leisure remaining at least a few weeks. One who stays only a day must hasten.

#### IN ORDER TO GET A LOOK AT EVERYTHING

Thanks, however, to the itinerary suggested by good Father Aurientis, who for thirty years has been pastor and superior of the Catholic mission and who knows every nook and corner of the city, I was able to get a very clear and exact picture of this sacred city that contains within its walls more than three thousand temples.

The good old missionary, unable to accompany me personally obtained a big jovial fellow with his *jin ricksha*. He showed an air of intelligence, had a pair of broad shoulders and well-hardened muscles, and, besides his native chattering, was able to exchange a few words in English. I stepped into his little carriage and away we went like the wind.

What a huge city—this Kioto, occupying with its parks, palaces,



pagodas and temples as much space almost as the city of Paris! It is built on a level tract of land, but surrounded by high mountains, as if to add to the mystery. We hurried on, passing through a labyrinth of little streets, lined with small frame dwellings, very low and dark in appearance. The place seemed to be deserted. It is generally true of Japan that it never gets excited. I alone caused a disturbance, for they turned around to look at me. What a fickle, changeable, unsettled sort of city is Kioto!

There are some busy streets crowded with coolies drawing their vehicles, or filled with pedestrians and peddlers of colored posters and banners of loud, extravagant hues that float in the breeze. Now we are in the midst of noise and excitement; now it is silence and abandonment amidst the ruins of things that are dead and gone. We are in the midst of ostentatious displays of dry-goods, of porcelain, or again we approach the huge temples, and their dealers in idols open up well-stocked shops, containing every imaginable figure.

Again we are taken by surprise on entering suddenly under a bamboo forest, among trees of an astonishing height, placed close together, fragile, making us feel like weak insects that crawl under the plants of the field during the month of July. And what a great religious Capharnaum, what a gigantic sanctuary of adoration of idolatry is this Kioto of the ancient emperors!

### THREE THOUSAND TEMPLES

where lie untold treasures consecrated to every kind of god, goddess or animal. A half-hour of weird ride and we arrive at the temple of Kiao Midzou, which is one of the most beautiful and venerated monuments in all Japan.

According to the ancient custom it is built on the slope of a hill, surrounded by the beautiful verdure of the forests. The approaches are everywhere filled with peddlers of porcelain whose innumerable stalls shine brilliantly in varnish and gilding. As we approach and go up the china-sellers give place to venders of images who have a still stranger display of wares—thousands of figures of gods, sinister monsters, wicked, mocking or grotesque. Some are of a huge size, and very old, relics from the ancient temples now demolished and which are sold at a great price. Above all there are countless ones made of clay and plaster, sold even for the price of one cent or less—quite gay-looking and comical—for the children. Where does the deity end, where does the toy begin? Do the Japanese themselves know?

Soon, indeed, the road became very steep and I got out, although my driver declared that it did not make any difference, that he could easily mount the hill with me in the vehicle. Finally there came a staircase in granite, of immense size and at the top of which runs the first spacious portico of a temple. First you enter broad spaces in the form of terraces from which is a fine view of the Sacred City; very old trees lift up their branches from a confusion of tombs, hideous forms, religious kiosks and tea-shops covered with garlands.

Some smaller temples of less importance, crowded with idols, are

placed here and there indiscriminately. The two large ones appear in the background overwhelming everything with their enormous roofs. A body of water, believed to be miraculous, and to drink which, people come from afar, flows fresh and clear from the mountain emptying into a basin nearby through a bronze figure of angry mien. This bristling figure, the picture of rage, is crouching down as if about to take a leap.

Usually in these temples, the visitor is seized from the very beginning with an unexpected feeling bordering on fear or even religious horror. The gods appear there in a corner, whose very

#### OBSCURITY MAKE THEM THE MORE FRIGHTFUL

A series of rails keep from profanation the space that they occupy and in which burn lamps with veiled light. They can be seen placed on benches, on chairs and on golden thrones. There are images of Buddha, Hamidha, Kwanous and Beuteus, a confusion of symbols and signs, even to the mirrors of Shintoism, representing Truth, a frightful mixture of Japanese theology.

Before them lie heaped up unheard-of riches—gigantic censers of antique design, wonderful lamps and sacred vases from which, in the form of sheaves, protrude lotus-plants in gold and silver. From the ceiling of the temple drops a profusion of embroidered banners—lanterns, huge branched candlesticks made of copper and bronze—crowded so closely together as to come in contact with one another—all in extravagant confusion.

But time has cast upon these decorations a grayish tinge, that has a softening effect like the stroke of a brush bringing all into harmony. The massive columns with bronze foundations, have within the distance of human reach, been worn by the constant touching of successive generations, long since past, that came there to pray. All this savors of the yellow race, of mustiness, and of death. Everything taken together breathes a spirit far, far off in the past ages.

Groups of men and women file barefooted before the idols, with an inattentive, frivolous attitude; they say their prayers, in the meanwhile clapping their hands to attract the attention of the spirits and arouse them if they be asleep. Sometimes they stop and take off their head-dress, bend low, with their hands on their knees, and make a few sharp strokes on a metal gong; then they stand erect again and go off, satisfied to sit under the tents of the tea-merchants for a smoke and a laugh.

Behind and over to one side are crouched some Buddhist priests, as if in meditation or day-dreaming. Before them is a large chest where the people place their pieces of money to obtain the good-will of the gods. Great Heavens! how this disgusts the heart of a missionary, especially when before these uncouth idols he sees innumerable candles lighted up, the perfume that is burnt there and the incense smoke that goes up from the perfume pans.

The second temple resembles the first; even to the heaping together of precious articles—the same absence of light, same odor of antiquity;



only it has this peculiarity of being oddly built—out of perpendicular with the rest and suspended from a precipice, where prodigious poles or piles for ages have supported it in the air. No one suspects it at the entrance, but when he arrives at the end, on the veranda at the back he leans over with surprise to cast his eyes on the gulf of verdure that hangs there.

There are bamboo trees with a delicious greenness; below in the plains is stretched out the city of a thousand temples and monumental roofs, where in vain you would

#### SEARCH FOR A CHURCH OR A CHURCH-STEEPLE

A beautiful sun shines out and one can see floating up from below like a veil the light mist of an autumn day. This affords a respite after all those terrible divinities just seen and which are still felt to be there behind, resting in their obscure sanctuaries by the glimmering light of their mysterious lamps.

After a quarter of an hour's journey at top speed my little coolie stopped again in front of another great temple. My porter was a charming fellow, never tired and never out of breath. Only on going up hill did a little perspiration glisten on his chest. Then he took off his jacket with immense sleeves variegated in ridiculous fashion, and with a lot of things written on the back in big Japanese characters; he removed his broad hat in the shape of a parasol, all the while running at the risk of bumping into people. What a pity that I was not able to converse a little with him, for he had the appearance of knowing the history, the theogony and the legends of his country very well.

The temple of the Dai Boutsou seems to be a temple to provoke fun, an immense jest to amuse the faithful. Of the great Buddha, from whom it receives its name, there can be seen only the head and shoulders which are about thirty-three feet high, and which seem to rise from the very bowels of the earth. The god is bending his neck like one who is trying, and with difficulty, to draw himself out of the earth. He completely fills the whole temple, and his woolly hair touches the roof. One reaches him, as in the case of all the gods, by means of a staircase, through porticoes and paths lined with ancient trees in which the sacred doves have their nests.

From the door of the sanctuary it is hard to discover at first glance what this mound of gold is, this shapeless mass, right before the visitor's eyes. It is only afterward on raising the head straight up, that one perceives in the air this colossal golden figure, those great staring eyes looking down from a height of over thirty feet upon the visitor with a look of silly immobility.

I happened to be making a visit to the temple at the same time as the family of Doctor X., a good Protestant-American family who were my travelling companions aboard the steamer *Tenyo*. They could not recover from their astonishment, especially the ladies of the party, at seeing such an immense god, and they gave vent to their feelings by exclamations of surprise and by smiles. No, in very truth, this Buddha is too droll, with his neck like a stork and his foolish look; just as droll as a snowman

fashioned by children on a street-corner; just as droll as a huge caricature which has been entrusted to children to make. By paying two cents, the visitor is permitted to make a tour of the great Buddha. The ascent is made by very steep slopes of wood, which allow one to pass behind the head of the colossus, a bit higher than the nape of the neck. I cared to go no farther, for it is slippery, old, cracked and worm-eaten. Behind this enormous head, in a dark corner, an old Buddhist priest was crouching. For a penny

#### HE SHOWED US A COAT-OF-MAIL AND A WAR-MASK

of very ancient date which must have belonged to some great Taiko Sama. Then he opened up closets of old idols where are stored away countless divinities of sinister appearance, and relics in the shape of animal heads.

In the court of this temple is to be found the largest of all the bells in the city of Kioto, which is at least twenty-four feet in circumference. It is rung by means of an enormous beam covered with iron, a kind of battering-ram hung horizontally by ropes. By paying two cents you have the right to try the thing, and there is no failing, if you once grab the straps which start the battering-ram in motion. Ding! Dong! A frightful, cavernous, prolonged sound goes forth with such powerful vibrations as to be heard for miles and miles around. Then a wild joy is experienced by those present; it is hard to get over it. Everybody laughs, everybody is overcome by it. As for me I soon recovered, and yielding to the amiable invitation of my faithful porter, I was borne to another temple which is worthy of honorable mention.

This is the temple of the Thirty-Three Cubits, so called because its columns are constructed, each at a distance of thirty-three cubits from another. It is also called the Temple of the Thousand Gods, designed over eight centuries ago by some mystic or other in delirium who had to spend prodigious sums of money to carry out the original plans.

In my judgment it is the most wonderful sight in the entire city. It resembles no other temple. Here, there are no altars, no burning incense, no sacred enclosures. Ten stories of steps rising one above the other, each about seven hundred feet long, on which a legion of gods projecting from all the sanctuaries seem to be ranged in line in order to be present at some wonderful spectacle, some world-wide cataclysm.

In the centre, in the place of honor, upon a full-blown lotus-flower, as wide as the base of a tower, sits enthroned a colossal Buddha of gold in front of a golden nimbus which is spread out behind, like the extended tail of an enormous peacock. The image is surrounded by a guard of twenty scarecrows, of huge human form, and appearing like both a devil and a corpse.

When one enters by the central door which is low and hard to discern, and which conceals above it a god of very old and decrepit appearance,



## WEARING A SMILE OF DISDAIN BENEATH A COATING OF DUST

one recoils on being almost directly in front of those terrible nightmare forms. They occupy all the lower gradations, extending down with their menacing aspect to the floor. They raise their arms, they make gestures of rage with their shrivelled hands; they gnash their teeth: they open their eyes which are without eyelids—all with an expression of intense horror.

Their veins and arteries, plainly visible, run up and down their members, which are fashioned with striking anatomical correctness. They are painted blood-red, bluish or greenish; sometimes like the flesh of a person flayed alive or like a corpse—in short, in all shades of living flesh or that which has begun to putrefy.

On each side of this great central booth extend the rows of the thousand gods, five hundred to the right and five hundred to the left, standing erect and in lines of ten stories, all of which occupy as much space as an army corps. They are similar, of endless symmetry and of superhuman height. They sparkle from head to foot with golden rays, and each of them has forty arms. Each head has a halo from which project the same golden rays; and their gilt clothes are tightly bound round them with Egyptian rigidity.

Each of them smiles sweetly with the same mysterious smile, and holds six or eight of its hands in the peaceful attitude of prayer while the other pairs of arms spread out like a fan, brandish in the air either lances or arrows or sculls. In the darkness of this abode the onlooker feels himself overcome with an inexpressible feeling of terror and dismay.

Behind the great temple is to be found another sacred enclosure. Not seeing anybody, I walked aimlessly around. Soon a Buddhist keeper came toward me making a deep bow. He was pleased to see me and was going to guide me through the inner halls on condition that I were willing to take off my shoes and remove my hat. He even brought me velvet sandals, which are for the use of the visitors and which cost two cents.

"Thanks, I prefer to go barefooted," just like himself, and then we began our walk in silence along passages and through halls, all decorated with a strange and exquisite beauty. On the floor, everywhere, are white mats, which are simple and neat. They are found not only in the temple but also in the homes of the middle class and even of the very poor.

At length we passed through a corridor filled with manuscripts containing prayers and then we entered another temple of magnificent adornment with its walls, ceiling and pillars all in golden lacquer work. It receives its faint light from verandas outside on which are represented the leaves and flowers of poenies in full bloom. These are sculptured with such delicacy that it might well be imagined that they are ready at the slightest breeze to fall to the ground in a rain of golden petals.

It happened to be the hour for office in the Buddhist worship. In one of the courts a bell of deep base tones commenced to ring very slowly. Then Buddhist priests,

## WHOSE FACES WERE INVISIBLE BENEATH IMMENSE POINTED HATS

made their appearance, carrying bells and draped in a mass of muslin, and wearing green surplices; taking very small steps, they made their ritual entrance, the movement of which is very complicated.

Finally, they reached the centre of the sanctuary where they crouched down. There were few worshippers, scarcely two or three groups, which appeared lost in the great temple. They were for the most part women squatting on the mats. All had brought along their little smoking boxes and their little pipe with its long stem. They were chatting together in a low voice, waiting for the service to begin, and repressing their desire to laugh.

Meanwhile the bells started to ring more quickly and the priests made deep bows to their gods. Then, as the vibrations of the bell increased, the priests prostrated themselves on the floor, face downward and began to chant a monotonous hymn, which seemed unending and which they accompanied with the irritating scratching of a stone. I did not wait for the end of the ceremonies but requested that I might be taken back to the place I started from. If left alone I would surely have been lost in this maze. Fortunately my guide brought me back after having obtained my shoes for me. This was not easy to do for among such a large number of wooden clogs, straw sandals and the like, how was my footwear to be found? Happily my shoes were the only ones of their kind; hence, after all, it was easy to distinguish them.

We returned through new courts where could be seen many plump children, little girls with their pretty eyes, dressed like the women with flowers and big pins in their doll-like necks. These all with their bright little almond eyes turned around and stared at me as if I were some wild animal in a menagerie. At length I reached the outer portal by which I had entered, and where my faithful coolie was impatiently awaiting me.

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The sun is now sinking on the horizon and the shadows of night are spreading over the vast city, which resembles an ant-hill built at the foot of a mountain. As evening approaches the visitor is bewildered by so many novelties, that have been seen in the course of the day and rather tired by the wild rides he has had in the little bouncing carriage, which has bumped over all the rocks on the road. The visitor is above all wearied and almost disheartened after the sight of so many profane, idolatrous temples containing so many gods with horrible faces and frightful grimaces. All this brings to our mind the most dreadful visions, painting for us in real life the sad figure of the enemy of the human race who rules as master in this beautiful country.

Alas! How can we imagine that a people so intelligent as this, with manners so polished, with an everlasting smile can have lived for so many centuries buried in terrible mystery, and have produced these thousands of temples with their frightful monstrosities? Poor Japan! So beautiful to the eyes of the body, so sad to the eyes of faith! How long will you continue to burn your incense before idols and to grow musty among the shadows of death, beneath the bright rays of your beautiful Oriental sun!





## Echoes from our Missions

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF OUR SISTERS  
AT CANTON, CHINA

### August 5.

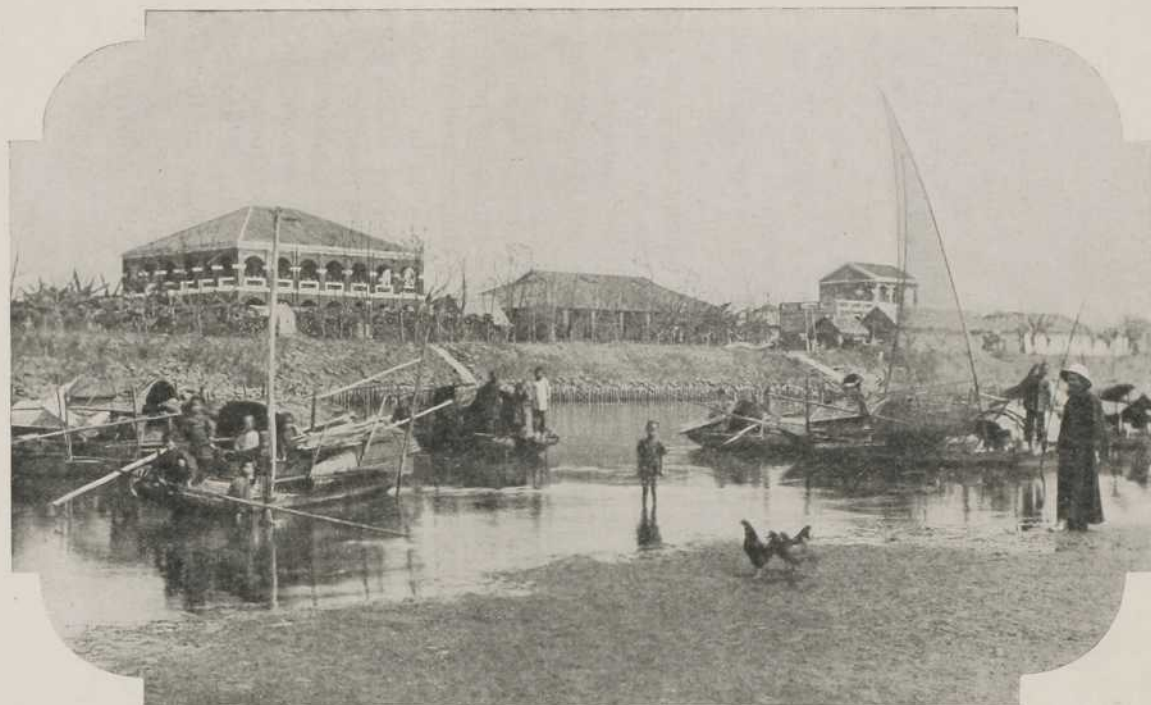
Some time ago, there came to us a good old Christian of sixty years, "Apa", to whom we appointed an important charge in the Holy Childhood Home. She began by devoting herself with her whole heart to the care of these poor little foundlings, but later on, weary of hearing them always crying, she bade us good-by and returned to her village.

Back she came to-day, begging hospitality for herself and her little grandchild. Wishing to move us to pity, she threw herself on her knees and pleaded earnestly, alleging one argument after another. "This child is a Christian, but she is not instructed in her religion; she does not know her catechism. She ought to be married soon and how can persons be married who do not know their prayers? etc., etc." Dear old soul! her cause was won. The child was placed in the orphanage and the good old grandmother returned to the foundling home.

Little Inexi (Agnes) took her supper in silence, frequently glancing tearfully at the door. Shortly after leaving the table, she profited by the first opportunity to slip away. The sister in charge soon perceived the desertion and making a search found the little one in her grandmother's arms. The poor old woman, throwing herself on her knees, supplicated Sister to allow them to spend at least this one night together. "Inexi will be a better girl, to-morrow." Then she exposed all her anxieties: "Will she have enough rice to eat? Salted fish? Sweet potatoes, once in a while? Will she have oil for her hair? A tooth-brush? Cotton to mend her bloomers? A palm-leaf fan? Will she have just a tiny bit of liberty?..." And there the poor old woman burst into sobs. We did everything we could to console her: assurance was given that rice, salted fish, sweet potatoes, hair-oil, tooth-brush would not be lacking to her little grandchild. Thus the matter was settled!...

### August 10.

A Chinese mother came recently begging us to buy her five-year old child whom she offered for Sixty Dollars. She told us that her husband "had gone beyond this life" and that she was in need of money. She explained that this was the last of five children, she having already sold the other four, two boys and two girls, as slaves in pagan families. She was trying to make a deal for the fifth, when one of the pupils of our School of the Holy Ghost persuaded her to come here.



THE LAZARETTO AT SHEK-LUNG, CHINA



It was impossible for us to comply with this poor pagan's wishes. Where find Sixty Dollars... that same day? And these occasions are quite frequent. Oh! if Canada were nearer, one of our Sisters would be glad to go immediately and solicit the assistance of some of our devoted benefactors; but that was out of the question: the distance was too great and it was that very day that this soul was to be snatched from Satan's grasp.

Finally, some good missionaries came to our help and the deal was made for forty dollars and seventy-six cents, a pair of shoes, five dresses (already much mended) and two cotton aprons. Then the child had to be separated from her mother... What heart-rendings! We do not make any exaggeration in saying that the poor little one cried for a whole week, sobbing even in her sleep and awakening us by her cries "Aman, Aman" (Mamma, Mamma).

### LAZARETTO OF SHEK-LUNG

Touching ceremony at the Lazaretto of Shek-Lung. We had the honour of assisting at the solemn baptism of sixty lepers. What a day of happiness for these disinherited creatures! At the moment when the regenerating waters flowed over their brow, the eleven hundred voices of men and women lepers, in accents that moved us to tears, burst forth into the touching hymn: "I am Christian."

To-day we had the pleasure of receiving the visit of three Sisters of Maryknoll, Hong-Kong. They were deeply interested in the Lazaretto and strongly impressed by the happiness that prevails in this sanctuary of sufferings. Our dear Sister St. Raphael introduced one of her patients, Malea-Annap (Ann Marie), who is a real apostle for her companions. This good leper had not always been fervent, but quite recently she declared having had a vision in which she saw her own little boy and other children who died at the Lazaretto within the last few years. She related that they had been sent by the Blessed Virgin to reproach the lepers for their negligence in God's service and their lack of charity towards the souls of pagan lepers and those of their companions suffering in Purgatory. This rather extraordinary incident, which she does not fail to relate to her fellow-sufferers, is for them a subject of serious reflection. She says to those who, through indolence, neglect to study their catechism (expecting to be privately baptized in their last moments), "You will doubtlessly go to heaven, but you will stay at the door. It is better to learn your catechism, for solemn baptism administered by the priest will render more glory to the Master of Heaven and will merit a very much higher place for you." Our dear Malea-Annap, formerly so careless about her soul's welfare, now exhibits a zeal that none can resist; she has truly become an apostle.

Letter addressed to the Mistress of the Novitiate by one of her former novices now missionary at Vancouver.

*Vancouver, September 14, 1923*

REVEREND AND DEAR SISTER:—

"We continue to visit our poor Chinese, either at the hospital or in their homes. What good there is to be done! With the help of Divine Grace, we hope to reap an abundant harvest for our Heavenly Father's granaries.

"Yesterday afternoon, a good old Chinaman came to see us. He listened like a little child while we told him about God and the Blessed Virgin; he then asked all kinds of questions and accepted with childish glee the miraculous medal that we offered him. At his request, we took him to the chapel, where perceiving the statue of the Blessed Virgin he clasped his hands and exclaimed pleadingly: "Holy Virgin Mary, pray for me." 'Tis sure that our Heavenly Mother has heard his prayer and will soon make him one of her devoted children. The poor old man went away overjoyed by our assurance that he would be welcome as often as he wished to come.

"We went recently to visit a Chinese family, one of the most characteristically Chinese of Vancouver. It is composed of eleven children, seven of whom attend our class. Arriving during dinner, we were greatly amused to see them eating in Chinese fashion.

"What a happy change our holy Religion will make in this home!

"The other day one of our pupils said: "Sister, the lepers are only good to be burnt.

"What is that you say?"

"They are wicked and molest all whom they meet.

"Do you know why they are wicked? It is because they do not know God.

"What's that, God?" he exclaimed, astonished.

"I then spoke to him of our holy Religion, Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, heaven and hell. At first the child took it in fun, but gradually he became more earnest and began to give the matter serious consideration.

"There are many in Vancouver who, like this little tot, might say, "What's that? God?"

"At noon, a sick man whom we have often met at the Chinese hospital, came to ask for medicine. Poor old man! he says that he feels better and hopes to be completely cured before long; but our great ambition is not so much to cure his body as to heal his soul. We are teaching him what he must know to receive baptism, as we desire that he receive this Sacrament on Christmas Day.

"I recommend myself to your fervent prayers, dear Sister, and to those of all the happy dove-cot at Outremont, where I passed such happy days."

SISTER MARY ST. LUKE, M.I.C.



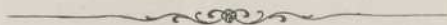
## MONTREAL CHINESE HOSPITAL

While visiting the sick in Chinatown recently, we discovered a charming little girl of fourteen months, whose bright and intelligent expression attracted our attention. We were wondering how we might win her for God, when an old pagan superstition rendered this possible. "The death of a child in the home," says the absurd proverb, "is a sign of great misfortune for the whole family."

To avoid such a calamity, the father brought the child to the hospital as death was drawing near, and according to a Chinese custom, he spoke thus to her before leaving, "My daughter, now you have no more need of me; you are going to die; your father is no longer of any use to you; I am going, good bye!" and turning to Sister he said, "Take good care of her, and after her death, have her buried, as I shall not come to see her again; 'Tis all over now; I leave you all that belongs to her, and I wish never again to see her in my house." At the sound of her father's voice, the poor little one turned her head, gazed longingly at him and then closed her eyes.

This was the afflicted father's last farewell to his child. From this time forth, no longer considering her as his child, he should avoid thinking of her and disregard everything that might remind him of her.

The same evening, August 8th, the child was baptized and given the name Mary Delia. She winged her flight to Paradise on the beautiful feast of the Assumption.



You open your lips daily to say "Thy kingdom come." Let not these words be without a practical meaning in your hearts and in your lives. You see before you the pathetic figure of the Saviour. He says, "Go, teach all nations, preach the Gospel to every creature." If you stand idle and unhelping by, you are making a mockery of His command. You hear His voice saying, "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." If the appeal of Christ does not inspire you to help in one way or the other the apostolic missionary spirit; if you do not feel an uncontrollable desire to lend your practical aid in the solution of the great spiritual questions that confront us, then is your faith vain and your profession is vain, and you are no better than "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

RT. REV. M. F. FALLON



A WARD IN THE CHINESE HOSPITAL

MANILA, P. I.



# Extracts from the Novitiate Chronicles

July 22, 1923.

It is always with renewed childlike joy that we greet Sunday recreation. This evening, grouped around our devoted mistress, we were eagerly listening to the interesting accounts of our Sisters at work in the foreign fields and almost imagined ourselves away off in the far-distant missions, baptizing the poor little abandoned children, instructing catechumens, consoling... Suddenly, the hearty exclamation, "Our Mother!" brought us back to... Canada! Instantly we were all around her, each trying to be nearest, which was quite impossible, as our overcrowded Novitiate obliged us to keep our place when we succeeded, each, in procuring one by slipping little benches in here and there between the chairs. Our dear Mother smiled at our little contrivances and wondered how we would manage to find room for the numerous postulants expected for the August entry.

The conversation soon drifted to the saint whose feast is celebrated to-day, Mary Magdalen. Replying to a little sister who asked if Our Lord did not prefer Saint Mary Magdalen to Saint Martha, our Mother said, "I believe that He loved one as much as the other. Does not the Gospel say, 'Jesus loved Martha... and her sister Mary!' and I believe, likewise, that Martha's love for Our Lord was as ardent as Mary's. They both manifested a tender affection for the Divine Master; Mary in her contemplation and Martha in her devotedness to His service. By the union of these two sisters, Our Lord wished to extol the excellence of the mixed life. As missionary sisters, we should have a special devotion to these two Saints, since our vocation assigns to us the double role of Martha and Mary."

The recreation continued full of mirth. How heartily we laughed at our Mother's amusing tales... The silence bell! "You will come again" will you not, dear Mother, you will come often to rejoice the hearts of your little ones? 'Tis so good near our Mother!"

## August 6. The Transfiguration.

Our humble chapel has become a second Thabor, where during forty hours, Our dear Lord smiles lovingly upon us from out the dazzling splendor of His altar-throne. More favoured than the three apostles, we had the privilege of erecting a tabernacle for our adorable Master. At the close of this happy day spent in contemplating the hidden glory of our Eucharistic God, our souls burning with Divine fire, cried out like St. Peter, "Lord, it is good for us to be here! If Thou wilt, let us make here... our abode." And Jesus acquiesced to our desire: this very evening we enter into the sweet solitude of our annual retreat.

During these days of intimate intercourse with our Divine Master and Model, may we learn to climb with equal eagerness both Thabor and Calvary.

August 15. Feast of the Assumption.

It was the dawn of the long-desired day! Already our little white chapel was in nuptial attire. Like pearly gems in an emerald setting, the snow-white lilies sparkled among the ferns, while azure hues of little blue lights gently kissed their virgin petals, reminding us that the Immaculate's smile played over her cherished shrine and sweetly caressed the lily souls who would to-day become hers forever.

Reverend Father Valois, Chancellor of the Archbishop's House, Montreal, presided over the ceremony. Several members of the clergy, responding to our invitation, were present in the sanctuary, and long before the appointed hour, the chapel was already filled with parents and friends, desirous to witness the sacred engagements of beloved daughter, sister or friend.

After an interval of eager expectation we beheld the privileged of to-day's festival, modestly attired in white dresses graced with the ribbon of our Immaculate Mother.

After the intoning of the *Veni Creator*, Reverend Father Caron of Coaticook, taking for text "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," spoke in touching terms on the ceremony about to take place.

Then, two by two, the white-robed band traversed the sanctuary to the foot of the altar, where, according to the ceremonial, they asked to receive the Holy Habit of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Bearing in their hands the blessed livery, they retired, while the choir sang the psalm *In Exilu Israel*.

Serene in their religious costume, the new brides of Christ re-entering the chapel returned to their places to receive the names which should thenceforth distinguish them in religion: Misses Josephine Poulin, of St. Valentine, Sister Mary of Mercy; Lucia Paré, of St. Ubald, Sister Mary of the Assumption; Annie Giroux, of St. Mary de Beauce, sister Mary of Carmel; Germaine Dumas, of St. Anselm, Sister Mary of the Apostles; Germaine Noiseux, Montreal, Sister Mary of the Archangels; Florentine Dansereau, Vercheres, Sister of the Infant Jesus.

Commenting on Our Lord's complaint to His apostles, "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few," Reverend Father Groves, Montreal, spoke in his usual eloquence of the missionary vocation. Then followed the Religious Profession of the three eldest of the novitiate: Sister Mary Bernard, *née* Emma Vanasse, St. Guillaume d'Upton, Sister Madeleine of the Cross, *née* Berthe Gérin, Coaticook, and Sister St. John of Calvary, *née* Doris Hague, Montreal.

Kneeling on the altar-steps, the three novices humbly begged admission to holy Profession, "recalling", to use the very words of their request, "that the yoke of the Lord is sweet, and His burden light." Then, with deep emotion they pronounced the three vows which united them to their Divine Spouse.

Successively they received from the hands of the officiating priest, the veil, which he presented with these words, "Receive this sacred veil with which the Church wishes to adorn your head, and endeavour to practice



the virtues of poverty, humility and modesty, of which it is the emblem;" and the cross, "My child, this is the cross of your Saviour. It tells you how much Jesus Christ has suffered for love of you; but, likewise, how much you should love Him in return and be ready to suffer for Him."

While our three missionaries were changing veils, the choir sang the hymn composed for the occasion, "With charity Jesus inflames me."

During Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which terminated our happy feast, the glorious strains of *Te Deum Laudamus* voiced our heartfelt

gratitude towards the God of Infinite Majesty, who regarding the humility of His handmaids had deigned to choose them as His instruments in the accomplishment of great things.



PICKING UP A POOR LITTLE DYING CREATURE

### August 16.

One of our newly-professed sisters has just received a voluminous package. What can it be?

Open the little note that accompanies it, and see.

*Montreal, August 15, 1923*

DEAR BIG FRIEND:—

"I am sending you a little trousseau for the first baby that you will baptize in China.

"Your little friend,"

MADELEINE F...

A complete trousseau! Nothing lacking, not even the medal of the Blessed Virgin on a little silver chain! Does not this delicate inspiration in the heart of such a young child betoken an apostolic vocation?

Spell-bound in admiration, the young missionary sees herself already in a lane in old pagan China, picking up a poor little dying creature who had been thrown to the mercy of the corporation by its heartless parents. In loving triumph she gathers up this first blossom of her apostolic zeal, and with motherly tenderness she dresses it in the pretty outfit received on the lovely day of her Profession... Anxiously she waits... Life is quickly ebbing away and no priest is there... What joy! 'Tis for her then to pour the regenerating waters on the little brow, and with a voice trembling with emotion she says, "Mary Madeleine, I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Immediately, the angelic spirits, responding to the voice of their august Queen, descend to this

wretched corner of China and bear away upon their nimble wings the pure soul of their little Chinese sister.

Such thoughts thrill the soul of this future apostle with joy and gratitude. "Thanks be to Thee, dear Lord, for having chosen me, the least of your creatures, from among thousands, to co-operate in the harvest of souls."

### August 31.

To-night's glorious weather invited us, novices and postulants, to a prolonged recreation in the open air, and the mountain has resounded with the echoes of our mirth.

As the deepening shadows gather, we repair to the statue of our Heavenly Queen in her garden niche, and as the gentle notes of our evening hymn are wafted on the balmy air, lo! the starry halo encircling Our Lady's brow, suddenly sheds the lustre of its twelve twinkling lights over the myriad blossoms at her feet. Who is the author of this little surprise? 'Tis easy to guess... Our good Mother, perceiving from a window her white-veiled children like a crown of lilies surrounding the Immaculate, stops to contemplate the Virgin smiling on her cherished little ones, and to consider the incomparable recompense which awaits them at the eve of life, if they be faithful to their sublime vocation... Eternal Recompense: to behold them, as blossoms in Our Lady's Heavenly Crown.



ANXIOUSLY SHE WAITS !

### September 9.

To-day brought us an unexpected pleasure—the visit of our venerable Pastor, Archbishop Gauthier. "I do not come very often," said His Grace, "but I think of you just the same and, in concert with your Mother, I am forming fine plans for the future."

His Grace then spoke to us of the sublimity of your vocation, our country's enthusiasm for the far-distant missions and the blessings that this apostolic movement cannot fail to draw upon her people.

Then, turning to the novices, he asked with his usual fatherly kindness if we were in good humour. The joy beaming from every countenance sufficed to give assurance of the affirmative. "That's it, dear

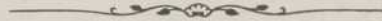


children, be always cheerful; how be otherwise, when you possess the happiness of the religious life?

"Profit by the precious moments of your novitiate; apply yourselves with all possible perfection to the accomplishment of the least of your duties. Nothing extraordinary is asked of you. Heroic actions do not present themselves at every instant; God will, perhaps, require of you only one or two in the whole course of your life, but remember that one does not become heroic in a day, and if you are not faithful, now, in little things, you will recoil before the more difficult task.

Will you be martyrs?... We do not know God's designs; but, dear children, the very thought that you might be chosen, causes me to weep for joy. Though the era of martyrs seems past, there is another kind of martyrdom which is not less meritorious, even if it be less glorious; the martyrdom of a whole life devoted to the salvation of souls, a life of privations, renouncement, fidelity to daily duties... this martyrdom, all can accomplish with the help of God's grace."

Then, giving us his paternal benediction, our devoted Pastor left us to consider these profound thoughts before the Blessed Sacrament.



## THE PROFESSION OF FAITH

A little ten-year-old Chinese girl implored a Missionary Bishop to confirm her.

The Bishop hesitated: the child was so young! She, however, begged still more ardently.

"After you are confirmed, if the mandarin throws you into prison and questions you about your Faith, what will you answer?"

"My Lord, I shall answer that I am a Christian, by God's grace."

"And if he orders you to renounce the Gospel, what will you do?"

"I shall answer, 'Never'!"

"And if he calls in executioners and says to you. 'You will renounce or your head will be cut off,' what will be your reply?"

"I shall say, 'Cut!'"

The child was confirmed.



MOUÏ QUAI PA

MO'NGA PA

With their day's gatherings, arriving at the foundling-home of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Canton, China.



## Superstitions Customary among Chinese Children

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### Burning Old Shoes. "Chao pouo hai."

### Suspending a Fishing-net. "Koa yu Wang."

It is a popular belief at present that the evil spirits, known as *T'eu-cheng-koei* endeavour to steal the souls of children during the hundred days immediately following their birth.

After this interval, the thieves have no longer any power over the child's life. If the child happens to die before the expiration of the hundred days, the parents go up on the roof of the house to curse the "life-thieves" and challenge them to restore the soul that they have stolen. To ward off their evil influence they resort to the following precautions:

1. Every day during the hundred days, a piece of old shoe is burned near the child's crib, so that the offensive odor that fills the room puts the thieves to flight.

2. Large fishing-nets *Wang* are suspended like curtains around the child's crib. These nets are rubbed with pig's blood, to make them more durable. 'Tis supposed that the *T'eu-cheng-koei*, perceiving the blood-stains on the nets, are terrified and take to flight, without daring to harm the child. Besides, each mesh of the net resembles an eye. Seeing so many eyes staring at them, they flee.

3. For the same purpose a sieve *Chai-Tse* is used. Each hole represents an eye.

Innumerable superstitions are imagined to cure sick children. The *tao-che* and *bonzes* have a whole mine of these supstitious cures such as invoking such and such a divinity, performing such a ceremony, attracting some unlucky star, etc.

### The Child's Crib "T'choang."

The newly-born child's crib, if made of a special species of wood likewise contributes to assure the child's future. The most notable woods are peach-wood *T'ao-chou* which assures long life; jujube-wood *T'sao-chou* which predicts that the child will be early raised to honors, because the word *tsao* is pronounced like the word signifying early; pine-wood *Song-chou* betokens a long life, because the pine is an evergreen and the god of longevity is usually represented beside an evergreen. A crib constructed of these three species of wood combined affords every chance of a brilliant future.

### Child Adoption.

If it be feared that the child will die, it is adopted by another family whose name he assumes; a purely nominal adoption which is subject to

no obligation and which gives no right to the heritage. This custom is based on the superstitious belief that an evil destiny has fallen on the family and that the only means of saving the child is to pass him fictitiously to a more fortunate family.

The day on which the adoption is concluded, the child's father sends one hundred small loaves of bread (food for one hundred years) to the adopted father, who presents his adopted child with a basket in which to keep it. This is to wish a long life to the child. They also change his name and tie around his neck a blue string on which are suspended a number of coins corresponding to the number of years of the child's age. Care is taken to add another, each year until his fifteenth year, when he is supposed to have passed the thirty dangerous custom-houses dispersed along the road of childhood.

### The Engagement and Marriage.

The *Mei-jen* (negotiants) play an important role in Chinese marriages. After roaming back and forth from the husband's family to the bride's where many a meal is taken, propositions are made for the future marriage, and when both parties have agreed upon the sum to be paid by the husband to secure his future wife, then the agreement is put into writing.

### First Document. "I'sao-pa-tse."

This is diversely named *Ho-soan-l'ie* or *Cheng-Keng*. The future husband writes on this document two characters indicating the year of his birth, two indicating the month, two, the day and two, the hour, making eight characters in all, whence is derived its name, Document of Eight Characters. Upon receipt of this document, the bride's family sends similar information concerning the young girl's birth. These documents are exchanged, so that fortune-tellers may determine if the bride's destiny corresponds with the bride-groom's. This is done by confronting the characters with the five elements: metal, wood, water, iron and earth. They likewise compare the two animals of the cycles preceding the two births, to know if they will live in harmony. According to the laws of art, they deduce lucky or unlucky prognostics for the marriage. These laws are based upon the antipathy or the concord between the two cyclic animals, for instance, the tiger and serpent are enemies; and upon the compatibility or the incongruity of certain elements, as water and fire. This done, the choice of a lucky day is also made. The imperial calendar, commonly known as *Hoang li l'eu*, indicates the black (lucky) days and yellow (unlucky) ones. As can be seen, this exchange of birth documents is a kind of trial to decide if the proposed marriage is liable to turn out happy, or if, on the contrary, there are any fundamental obstacles according to the superstitious laws of fortune-telling. If the union is judged possible another document is made.



### Second Document. Ting t'sing t'ie.

This document which appoints the date of marriage, is sent by the bridegroom to the bride's family informing them that the question has been carefully studied by the sooth-sayers, who have judged from the birth documents that there is no obstacle to the conclusion of the engagement, and have appointed such a day of such a month as the date of exchanging contracts.

### Third Document. T'choan-keng t'ie.

This is the real engagement contract and is sometimes called *Hia-chou* or *Kouo-li*. The bridegroom, first of all, sends his contract to the bride or rather to her family, accompanied by the pledge determined by the negotiants. This pledge consists of a sum of money paid to the bride's family and a whole pack of hair-pins, ear-pendants, rings, bracelets and trinkets. In return, the bride's family sends a similar engagement contract to the bridegroom. The engagement is then legally concluded under the most favorable auspices. The marriage ought to be happy.

### The Bride's Departure.

Before entering the sedan-chair to go for his bride, the young bridegroom prostrates himself before the Tablets of Heaven and Earth and the Ancestral Tablets. He then makes profound bows before his parents and in all the neighboring houses. Care is taken to place a young child in his chair. This is to wish him an heir.

After the usual ceremonies and the meal that is offered to the bridegroom on his arrival at his father-in-law's house, he is presented with a pair of chop-sticks and two bowls of wine wrapped up in red paper. Thus he is supposed to carry happiness and abundance away from the family. Care is taken to turn the young couple's chairs in the direction in which is found the Spirit of Joy on that day. The imperial calendar indicates that direction.

Sometimes, the bride is packed into a large case and padlocked by the feet. This case is borne in a red sedan-chair, which is surmounted by the image of a unicorn carrying a male-child, and behind which are suspended a sieve *Chai-tse*, a mirror *King* and an imperial calendar *Li-teou* to render favorable everything that might be otherwise. The bride herself wears a brass mirror, which is supposed to ward off all pernicious influence.

The women chosen as maids-of-honor to escort the bride from her father's house to her husband's, must be born under the auspices of a cyclic animal, living in harmony with the one which presided the husband's birth. If these animals are antipathetic, the peace and prosperity of the future household would be in danger.

The various cyclic animals that are antipathetic are the horse and the cow, the sheep and the rat, the cock and the dog, the tiger and the serpent, the hare and the dragon, the pig and the monkey.

### Introduction of the Bride in the Bridegroom's house.

Upon the arrival of the nuptial train at the bridegroom's dwelling, the case containing the bride is removed from the red sedan-chair and transported to the reception hall. (More often the bride is simply seated in her chair.) While this is taking place, a man whose birth was presided by an animal living in harmony with those of the young couple, burns a package of fire-works at the door.

While leaving her chair, the bride is protected by a kind of sieve worn as a shield against the evil spirits. Some pretend that the numerous holes of the sieve allow only good luck to pass, others suppose that these represent so many eyes staring at the evil spirits that might take a fancy to harm the young wife.

Often they pretend to infuse happiness into her life by reflecting rays of light upon her with a mirror.

Before the couple's arrival for the marriage ceremony, it is customary, in the country north of Kiang-Sou, to prepare a bushel measure, surmounted by a balance and a string of coins. The bushel which is used to measure cereals symbolizes abundance; the balance, employed in commercial transactions betokens good success in commerce; and the coins represent fortune so eagerly coveted. The motive of this custom is to wish happiness and wealth to the newly-wedded; to neglect it would be of infallible prejudice to their future.

The bride is led to the table upon which is set the Tablet of Heaven and Earth surrounded by lighted candles and burning incense. The young bridegroom comes and stands beside her; together they make profound prostrations before this tablet, the Ancestral Tablet and the idol *Tsao-kiun*, god of the hearth; then they bow to each other and the marriage ceremony is finished.

In certain localities, it is customary for the newly-married couple to visit the ancestral temple *T'se-t'ang*, and make prostrations before the ancestral tablets there. The young bride must always offer a dish of eatables before the tablets of her father-in-law and mother-in-law, if they be dead. If she happened to die before performing this ceremony, Confucius decrees that her coffin must not be brought into the ancestral hall, nor her tablet placed before her august mother-in-law's. Her husband will not lean on a stick, nor wear straw slippers, nor mourn her in another apartment. The body of the deceased will be returned to her own family to be buried because she did not fulfill her duties as daughter-in-law.





Introduction of the Bride into the Bridegroom's House

## THANKSGIVINGS

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"Will the subscribers of THE PRECURSOR kindly join me in thanking Our Immaculate Mother for the restoration of my sight, obtained on application of her Miraculous Medal and recitation of the Invocation: "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."  
M. M.

\*\*\*

"Enclosed please find twelve subscriptions to THE PRECURSOR, which I have collected to obtain the grace of health. I am very much improved, and promise to fulfil my second promise when completely cured."  
C. D.

\*\*\*

A grateful mother writes: "Kindly accept the enclosed cheque as my subscription to THE PRECURSOR. One week ago to-day, as I was plunged in the direst distress at the thought of the critical operation of the morrow which the physicians declared to be the only possible means of saving the life of my little six months old child, my aged mother brought me a Miraculous Medal of the Blessed Virgin telling me with confidence to place it on my child, that she had taken a subscription to the PRECURSOR for that intention. The following day my little girl was pronounced completely out of danger, and to-day, she is as lively as any child of her age.

\*\*\*

"Position obtained after a promise to subscribe to THE PRECURSOR."

MRS. L.

\*\*\*

"A Mass is celebrated every week in the Chapel of the Mother-House of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, for the intentions of subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all their living benefactors."



## NECROLOGY

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Miss Louisa MULLIN, Point St. Charles.

Mr. M. DILLON, Montreal.

Mr. John WARD, Montreal.

A Mass is celebrated every week in the Chapel of the Mother-House of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, for deceased subscribers to THE PRECURSOR and all deceased benefactors.

Every year, as mentioned in the spiritual advantages accorded to our benefactors, a *Requiem* High Mass is celebrated in our Chapel, the second Tuesday of November, for the repose of the souls of all deceased benefactors and subscribers. This year the service will take place November 13.



## Sacrifice Day for the Benefit of the Missions

In an admirable Encyclical, our late Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, made a pathetic appeal to the Faithful of the whole world in behalf of Foreign Missions. "The Catholic world," said His Holiness in terminating His Apostolic Letter of November 30, 1919, "will not allow its own to suffer from want in the propagation of the Faith."

Since His election to the Pontifical Throne, our Holy Father, Pius XI, has not ceased to reiterate His august predecessor's entreaties for a more generous support of missionaries and their works. His Holiness exhorts all Christians to contribute to the extension of God's Kingdom.

This desire of the Father of all the Faithful cannot remain unheeded in our dear country, so rich in apostolic devotedness.

What motives incite us to respond! Is not the most powerful of all, our debt of gratitude towards God? He has given us the Faith gratuitously in preference to so many still sitting in the shadows of paganism and death.

Is there a more worthy way of showing our gratitude than by giving to others what we have received gratis, sharing with the millions and millions of pagan souls the happiness of our Holy Faith, helping the missionaries to fulfil Our Lord's command: "Go and teach all nations, baptizing them..."

In order to facilitate the apostolate in the field of action confided to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, His Grace Archbishop Gauthier authorizes the formation of a little association which, if understood and aided by a considerable number of generous persons, will not fail to work marvels in Mission countries. This is the *Association of Sacrifice for the benefit of the Missions*, simple in its organization and easy in its accomplishment.

Generous souls wishing to participate therein, are invited to make, on any day they may choose, special efforts to give assistance to the above-mentioned Apostolic Works.

The sacrifice may consist of any of the manifold daily expenditures: street car or taxi fare, newspapers, toilet articles, theatre and moving-pictures fees, lunches, dessert at meals, etc., or of more considerable expenses.

The spiritual offering of a *Pater* and *Ave* is also requested for the same intention—the conversion of the infidels.

"GATHER UP THE CRUMBS THAT NOTHING MAY BE LOST"

I choose the ..... 19.. (the day is left to each one's choice) as my *Sacrifice Day* for the benefit of the Missions. I offer for this purpose the sum of \$.....

Signed.....

Address.....

We accord our most hearty blessing to the Association of "*Sacrifice for the benefit of the Missions*," and we recommend it to the charity and zeal of all our Faithful.

† GEORGE, Bp. of Philip., Adm.

—May 23, 1921.

## The Precursor Angels

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Under this title, THE PRECURSOR will publish, from time to time, the names of promoters and the number of subscriptions they have taken.

Persons who have already been devoting themselves to this admirable work are asked to kindly unite their prayers with ours that THE PRECURSOR may be more extensively spread, by the co-operation of numerous and fervent friends, eager for the establishment of God's Kingdom and the salvation of souls in pagan countries.

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## Missionary Burses

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St. Joseph's Burse .....	\$1,520.00
St. Patrick's " .....	1,569.00

A Burse is a sum of money the interest of which forms a perpetual revenue destined to support a missionary.

This sum may be given in one or several contributions, and by one or several persons.

Persons contributing to a burse participate perpetually in the merits of the prayers, works and sacrifices of the missionary who is supported thereby.

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased. Who covets the privilege of commencing the first PRECURSOR Burse in honor of the Immaculate Conception?

For further details, apply to **The Mother-House of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, Montreal.**



# THE PRECURSOR

Published by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

314 St. Catherine Road

Outremont, Montreal

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**For the love of God and of Souls! We beg you to Renew your Subscription.**

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To help in the extension of God's Kingdom, I hasten to send you the following subscriptions:

Promoter \_\_\_\_\_

Name ( <i>Mr., Mrs. or Miss</i> )	Address ( <i>Street and number, if any</i> )
1. _____	_____
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12. _____	_____

13. — Twelve subscriptions or renewals give right to a free subscription to THE PRECURSOR for one year.

## Benefactors of the Society

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

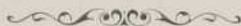
2.—*Protectors*, those who, by the donation of \$500.00, provide the dowry and trousseau of a poor novice. By combining their alms, a parish, community or family may have right to this title.

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 per year.

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



## Privileges Accorded to Benefactors

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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 merit of their apostolic labors, as also of the prayers and sufferings of all the 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 week for their intentions.

3. Every Friday 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 deposited on the Altar of Exposition).

4. For the same intentions, the members of the Community make, every day, the Guard of Honor to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The evening hours of Canada corresponding with the morning hours of China, as the Guard is closing here, it commences at the Lazaretto of Shek-Lung, where the poor lepers, in succeeding groups of fifteen, continue the Perpetual Rosary for the intentions of the Society's Benefactors.

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

6. A Mass is celebrated every week for deceased Benefactors.

7. A share in the merits of the Way of the Cross, made daily by the Sisters, is also accorded to deceased Benefactors.



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## Benefactors of the Society

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- 1.—*Founders*, those who donate \$1,000.00 or more.
- 2.—*Protectors*, those who, by the donation of \$500.00, provide the dowry and trousseau of a poor novice. By combining their alms, a parish, community or family may have 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 per year.

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



## Privileges Accorded to Benefactors

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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 merit of their apostolic labors, as also of the prayers and sufferings of all the 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 week for their intentions.
3. Every Friday 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 deposited on the Altar of Exposition).
4. For the same intentions, the members of the Community make, every day, the Guard of Honor to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The evening hours of Canada corresponding with the morning hours of China, as the Guard is closing here, it commences at the Lazaretto of Shek-Lung, where the poor lepers, in succeeding groups of fifteen, continue the Perpetual Rosary for the intentions of the Society's Benefactors.
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