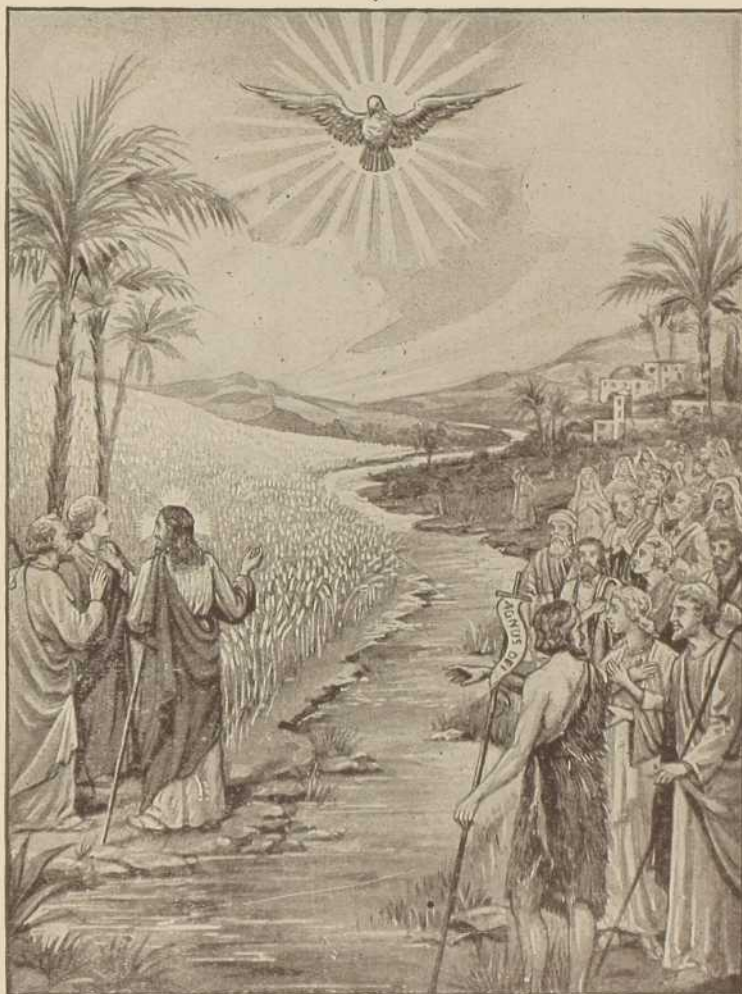


THE PRECURSOR



VOL. 2 MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1925 No. 13



PREMIUMS

Offered for Subscriptions-New or Renewed

-
- 10 subscriptions to THE PRECURSOR give right to the choice of the following objects: Chinese objects, ornamental shells, 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: chaplet, Chinese cup and saucer, prayer-book, etc.
 - 20 subscriptions give right to the choice of: tea-box, bracelet, etc.
 - 25 subscriptions give right to the choice of: Chinese napkin-ring, statue, etc.
 - 30 subscriptions give right to Chinese curiosities.
 - 50 subscriptions give right to a Chinese embroidered tray-cloth.
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 - 100 subscriptions give right to the choice of: magnificent oil-painting (2 ft x 3 ft), painted Sick-call Burse, antique Chinese dishes, bracelet, etc.
 - 200 subscriptions give right to the choice of: beautiful Chinese embroidered bed-spread, Chinese embroidered, tea-cloth, Chinese parasol, etc.
 - 500 subscriptions give right to the choice of: beautiful Chinese embroidered white satin bed-spread, 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 a painted or embroidered banner.
 - 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.



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.

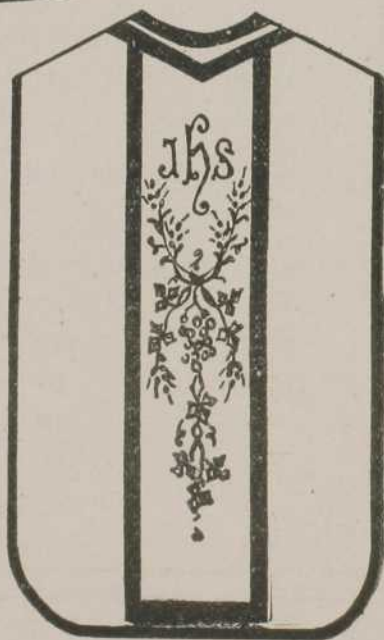
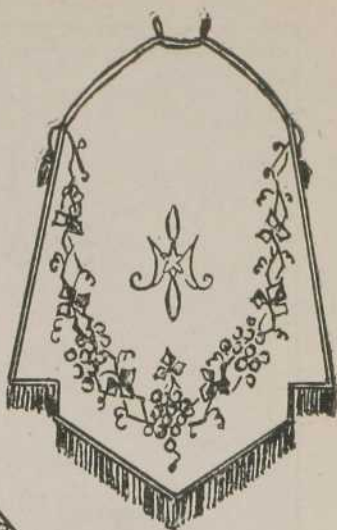
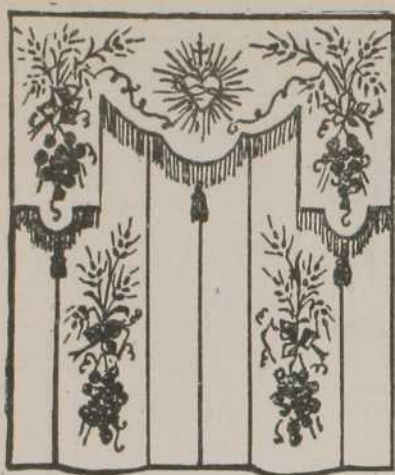
Missionaries must undergo several years' preparation before being able to commence their apostolic labors in foreign fields.

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.

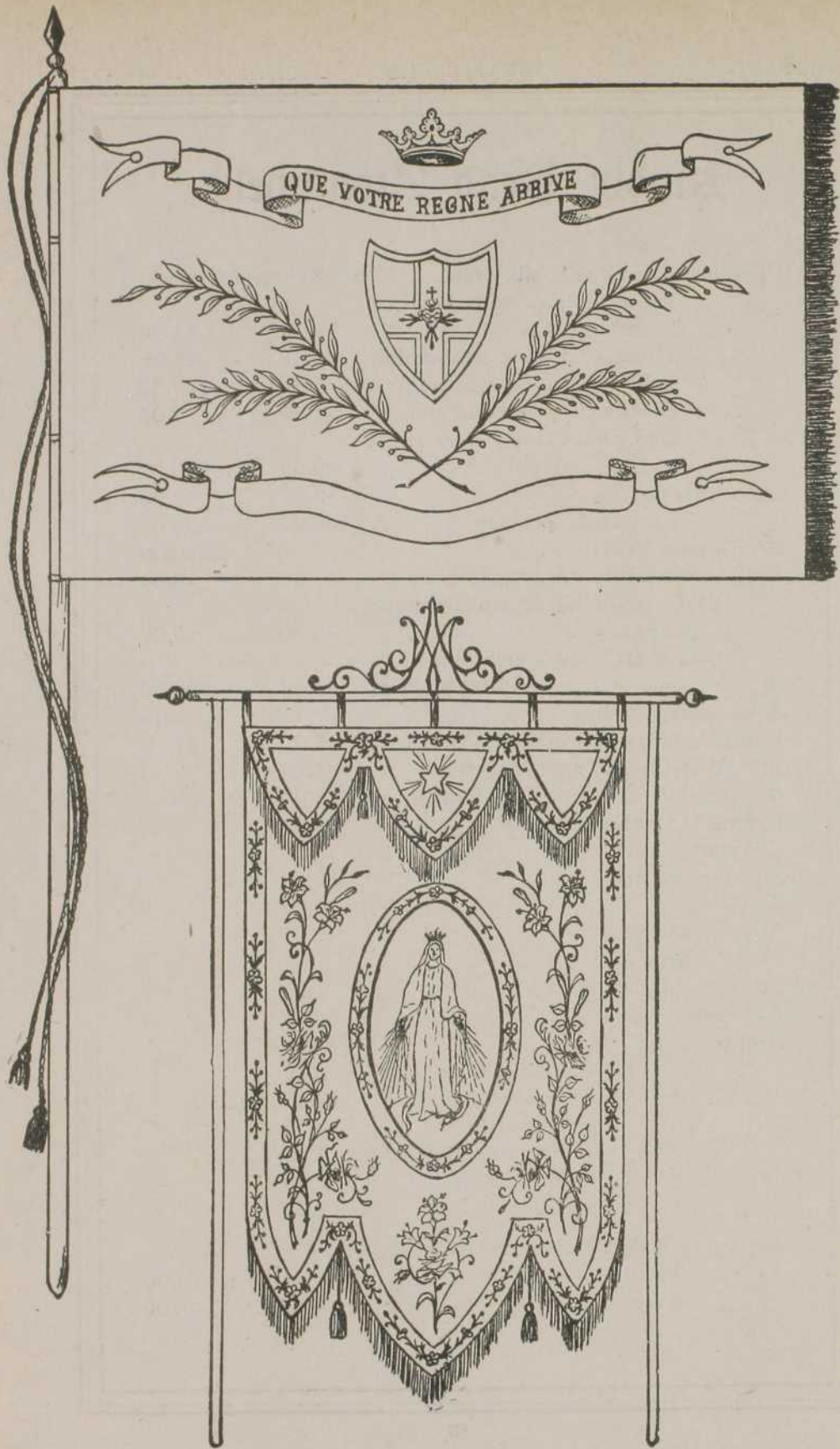


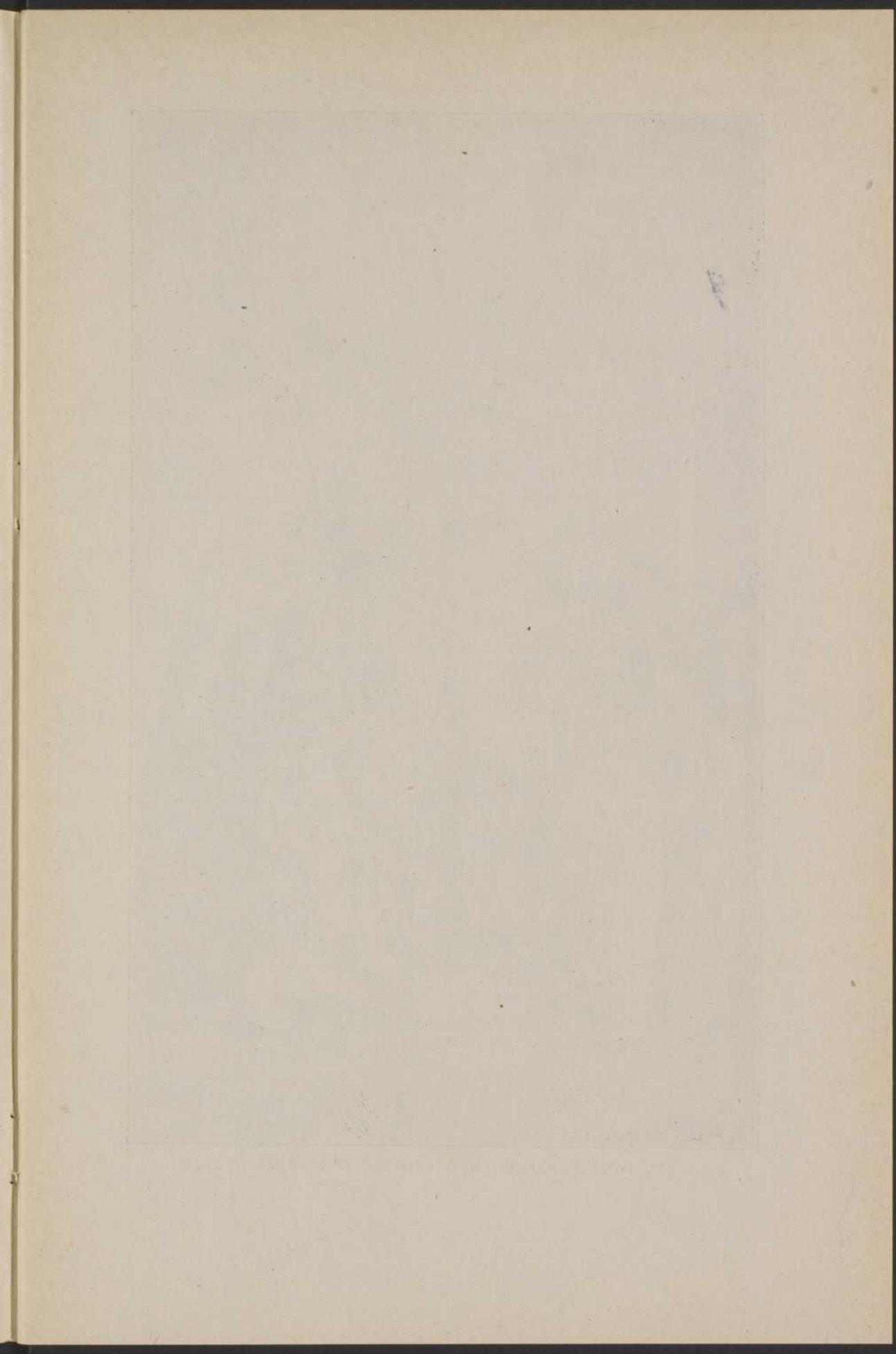
Kindly Read Attentively

Chasuble, damask silk, silk braid	\$ 18.00 and \$ 28.00	
" moire-antique, with 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 emb.	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	" "
<i>Altar Linen</i>	Altar Cloths	6.00 " "
	Amices	12.00 per doz.
	Corporals	8.50 " "
	Finger - towels	4.50 " "
	Purificators	5.00 " "
	Palls	4.00 " "

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. 2

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1925

No. 13

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His Eminence L. N. Bégin

Archbishop of Quebec, Cardinal Priest of Holy Church.

Born at Lévis, Que., Jan. 10, 1840.—Deceased at Quebec, July 18, 1925.

A Great National Bereavement

THE news is now widely spread of the demise of His Eminence Cardinal L. N. Begin, Archbishop of Quebec, which occurred at the Cardinal's Palace, Saturday, July 18, 1925. This is a great loss for the Archdiocese of Quebec and all Canada. Over the grave of this illustrious Prince of the Church, from all sides were showered tributes of respect, gratitude and filial love: his ardent zeal for the interests of God and Church had made him execute so many and such great works, and his exceptional qualities had won for him general esteem and admiration.

Our modest Review can but very inadequately express our gratitude and veneration for the holy Prelate whom the Church of Canada now mourns, Prelate who was always a real father to us.

During the year 1919, His Eminence called our Sisters to the city of Quebec to confide to them the work of the Propagation of the Faith and Holy Childhood Associations, the evangelization of the Chinese, and also the work of Closed Retreats for young girls, to recruit missionaries vocations.

The profound gratitude we owe to the venerated and illustrious Cardinal makes us an obligation of mentioning here what particular solicitude he has ceaselessly manifested for the humble Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, what protection and encouragements he has always given to the works he had confided to them. His immense love for Holy Church and souls which had bade him open wide the doors of his diocese to every good cause, to devotedness in its every form, made him cherish in a particular manner the humblest of his flock, the Chinese catechumens and neophytes of the city of Quebec. This great Prince of the Roman Church never let an occasion go by without inquiring with the most affectionate interest about our apostolate among his poor children and their pagan countrymen.

We feel confident that this great servant of God and of the Immaculate Virgin, for whom he ever possessed the most tender devotion, has already received the superabundance of heavenly favors and that, in glory, he enjoys an increase of beatitude, as a reward for his zeal and admirable spirit of apostolate.

A teacher of Montreal Diocese brought to our Mother-House the sum of One Hundred Dollars, fruits of economy and sacrifice, asking us if it were possible to have it forwarded to Our Holy Father the Pope.

Two of our sisters, actually in Rome, have made the desired message and His Holiness has deigned to send his thanks and his paternal blessing to the generous donor.

From the Vatican, June 9, 1925.

To the Honored Sister Mary of Loyola of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Montreal, Rome.

Honored Sister,

The Sovereign Pontiff has been very much pleased to accept the generous offering of 2500 lire that an anonymous teacher has presented him with, through your medium, in favor of the Missions. The Holy Father has also received with great pleasure your Album containing the beautiful photographs of your different Houses.

His Holiness expresses his most cordial thanks to you and also to the pious donor of this mark of filial devotedness; and he implores from Heaven, in return for this liberality, fruit of self-denial, an abundant effusion of divine graces upon you all, and particularly upon the generous teacher and your apostolate.

As a pledge of these favours, the Holy Father very heartily bestows upon you, as well as upon your Community and specially upon the anonymous donor, the Apostolic Blessing.

Kindly accept, Honored Sister, the assurance of my religious respect.

P., Card. Gasparri.

The Confidante of the Immaculate Virgin



BLESSED SISTER MARIE BERNARD
(Bernadette Soubirous)

HOW admirable is God in His saints and how great are His works? How they confound earthly ambitions! He chooses those who are humble and little in the eyes of men to render them the instruments of His choicest favors. We have a striking proof of this in the "Voyant" of Lourdes, little Bernadette Soubirous: at St. Peter's Basilica, in Rome, June 14th, the Vicar of Christ, in the presence of the princes of Holy Church, conferred upon her the glory of Beatification; and yet, was there a more humble and modest child than the little Pyrenean shepherdess?

Her story is well-known. The apparitions and words of the Immaculate Virgin, her fervent prayers, her smile, have acquainted us with her humble messenger; the little girl of

Lourdes has, so to say, identified herself with the holy cave, with "the Lady in white and girded with a waving blue sash", who, in an ineffable smile, revealed her mysterious name.

As religious of Charity at Nevers, Bernadette retained the simplicity and modesty which had characterized her childhood and youth; she went to the grave as she had walked in life: meekly, in quiet and peaceful silence. But God desired to draw from the shadow the humble child whose unshaken confidence and ardent faith had fulfilled the Immaculata's wishes: prodigies wrought through her intercession manifested her power and induced ecclesiastical authority to undertake the cause of her glorification: Bernadette Soubirous, in religion Sister Mary Bernard, has been proclaimed Blessed.

The feast of June 14th was celebrated with the greatest fervor at our Mother-House: are we not a little, by our title of Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception, sisters of Bernadette?

At a place of honor in our Chapel, the Statue of the "Beata" appears decked with flowers and lights. Her ecstatic figure, kneeling as before the

Virgin at the Gave, seems to invite us to pray with her. She who had so divinely smiled upon her in the humble grotto of Massabielle.

A lighted candle that slowly consumes itself in her hand reminds us of the one she burned at the feet of the Celestial Apparition; it also tells us that our lives, like the candle, must waste away and melt with love at the feet of Our Immaculate Mother and in her service.

How much we have said to our little Sister Mary Bernard! How many secrets we have confided to her! We have begged her to be our "messenger" near the Queen of Heaven and to obtain for us from our Immaculate Queen, among other favors, that to be ever worthy of the title and livery by which we are known here below as her beloved children, and which will assure for us, in Heaven and for all eternity, the maternal smile of the Virgin of Lourdes.

The Missionary Union of the Clergy at Rome.

IN consequence of the nomination of Mgr. Roncalli as Apostolic Visitor in Bulgaria, Mgr. Drago, Council Delegate for the Missionary Union of the Clergy, was called to replace him as President of the Central Council of the Propagation of the Faith in Italy.

Immediately upon his arrival in Rome, the new President devoted himself to the continuation of the magnificent work of organization and propaganda. His intelligent activity will undoubtedly reap the most precious fruits from the great Missionary Exposition.

Mgr. Drago being far from the Center of the Missionary Union of the Clergy, the latter would probably have been weakened; for this important missionary medium, although not directly bringing to the missions pecuniary resources, nevertheless remains, by its nature and its members' ministry, the most efficacious lever of all works of missionary charity and propaganda.

To ward off this difficulty, it is intended to transfer the Secretariate of the Missionary Union of the Clergy to Rome. In fact, in the actual movement of world-wide evangelization, the Union contributes very efficiently to a better co-ordination of Missionary organisms, and also to better results, in the efforts displayed for the conquest of infidels.

We have lately been informed that the Presidency of the Missionary Union will meet in Rome to decide this change. His Excellency Mgr. Conforti, President of the Missionary Union, has already been notified of the project and, as he was unable to come to Rome, he has sent word to communicate his opinion. The meeting will accordingly be presided by the Vice-President of the Work, Mgr. Ercole. Among the members who will be present, we note Mgr. Drago, Mgr. Nogara and Reverend Father Manna, Superior of the Foreign Mission Society of Milan, purposely come to Rome.

We learn to-day that the meeting has taken place and that the transfer of the Secretariate of the Missionary Union of the Clergy has been decided. This work will have its headquarters, Piazza Mignanelli, 32.

Letter from Card. Van Rossum

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

Reverend Mother,

It is with great pleasure that I have received the precious volume composed of several years' publication of your beautiful review "THE PRECURSOR". I beg to express my entire gratitude.

This Review which I have read with much interest will do immense good in souls; it will inspire interest for the great Missionary Cause, it will inflame hearts with love and great desire of co-operating in the extension of Our Lord's Kingdom among the poor pagans. And in so doing, it will accomplish a twofold purpose: it will lead your readers to a stronger and more intimate union with God by Faith, Hope and Charity and, at the same time, will procure efficacious help to the souls still in the shadows of death.

Accordingly, it is with my whole heart that I bless your Review, begging the Divine Redeemer, through the Immaculate Virgin's intercession, to use it as a means for giving rise to numerous vocations for your Congregation, and rendering possible and fruitful the apostolate of Missionaries in China; I also bless all who work at the Redaction or Administration, and not less those who, in one way or another, lend you their precious support in this great Work.

Rome, Palace of Propaganda, June 17, 1925.

G. M., Card. Van Rossum.

The Scribe of Mary.

'Tis writ in the Gospel-Book
Of the Evangelist Luke
And he had it all from her,
The Mother of the Lord.

Once in the soft Spring weather
As they sat silent together
In the garden at Ephesus,
'Mid the young flowers odorous
And the little green leaves astir,—
Mary, remembering
That day in a far-off Spring,
Which held her ineffable hour,
Was rapt as in ecstasy.
Her sweet face tenderly flushed;
As if a pale rose blushed,
And her eyes like stars in a mist—
While Luke, the Evangelist,
Hearkened a Voice with power
Which bade him: "Listen and look
"And write for thy Gospel-Book
"All thou wilt hear and see."

So, of Luke the wondrous story
Of the Virgin's honor and glory,
And how Emmanuel came
By the mighty spirit of God:
Soft as the dew to the sod
But strong as God of God
And Flame of Creative Flame.

To Luke, the gift to read
Words in her heart long hid,
And to give them shining fit
On the leaves of Holy Writ.

And last he wrote her name
With the Church in the Cenacle:
Virgin and Church uplift—
Waiting the Father's gift
Waiting Christ's work complete
Waiting the Paraclete.—
All that he wrote was well.

O Flower of the field untrod
The sweetest ever bloomed
From Jesse's root and rod
Flame-girt but unconsumed—
O Flower, whose Fruit was God !

Thrice blest, indeed, was he
Chosen thy scribe to be.

Opinion of an illustrious visitor.

AMONG the visitors of note who have come to the Vatican Missionary Exposition, let us mention His Lordship J. H. Conroy, Bishop of Ogdensburg, N. Y.

After his visit, he communicated to us the following impressions: "Never better than to-day has the Catholic Church offered to the world such a touching and expressive demonstration of its universal charity. The Missionary Exposition actually taking place in the Vatican Gardens is an incomparable challenge to the apathy and incredulity of nations. To souls anxious in their quests regarding the divinity of the Church, the Church answers by the Master's words, "The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are made clean, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, to the poor the Gospel is preached! (St. Luke, VII., 22).

"And again," 'Though you will not believe me, believe at least my works' (St. John, X., 38).

"In order to fully appreciate the manner in which our Catholic brethren have obeyed the commandment given to them to teach and baptize, to illumine and purify every race of humanity, one must visit the marvellous Exposition imagined and set into movement by His Holiness Pope Pius XI.

"Not a pilgrim leaves Rome without carrying with him the vision of this magnificent revelation of an indefatigable zeal, a power, a heroism and a boundless generosity, sprung from the love of the Divine Redeemer of humanity and His Gospel, and afterwards alimented by the Spouse of Christ, Spouse without spot or wrinkle, Our Holy Mother the Church.

Rt. Rev. J. H. Conroy,

Bishop of Ogdensburg, N. Y.



THE SOCIETY OF JESUS AT THE VATICAN MISSIONARY EXPOSITION.
Section of the Vicariate Apostolic of Nanking.

A LETTER FROM ROME

Sister Mary of Loyola, Superior of our House of Quebec, actually at Rome,
to her Superior General, Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit.

Rome, March 23, 1925.

Very dear Mother,

We had, this morning, the great happiness of being received in private audience by His Holiness Pope Pius XI. More than once, since we are in Rome, I had experienced the joy of going beyond the antique bronze door, of mounting the majestic stairs that lead to the Audience Hall and private apartments of the Holy Father; but never had I felt, as I have to-day, such an emotion in passing through these galleries which so many great and holy personages of all ages have traversed to present their homages to the Supreme Pontiff.

To-day, this happiness is our own. It was your two little missionaries who had that honour and joy that I would so gladly have shared with you, dear Mother, with all my sisters, with all my loved ones. I would, at least, like to tell you what feelings abounded in my heart in these unforgettable instants, but I am powerless to express them. Never, since the great day of my religious Profession, have I felt such a deep and sweet emotion!

While waiting in the antechamber, I could not even think of what I had to say to the Holy Father. Still, I had so many things to speak about... I wanted to tell him how much you love and respect him, how you teach us to venerate his august Person; I would have liked to tell him what Pope Pius X. has done for us, etc., etc. I could not succeed in collecting my thoughts; all I could do was to ask the Blessed Virgin, for the honour of my Congregation, to keep me from making blunders.

How I wish you had seen him, the Sovereign Pontiff, advancing towards your humble daughters, with arms widely outstretched, and not allowing them to make the three usual genuflexions, and to kiss his slipper; I wish you had seen the expression of kindness which illumined his beautiful features as he conversed with us! He spoke about our Foundress, our Congregation and its Approbation. He also spoke at length on the Missionary Exposition, a little of China, also on the need of priests and sisters for the City of Rome, to meet the growing needs of an ever-increasing population. His Holiness then gave us a blessing to be extended to all those we had "in our hearts and minds". "I especially bless your Mother and the novices,"

said the Holy Father. You see that he does not bless at random: he knows who forms the base of the Institute and who prepares its future.

The simplicity of the Holy Father's private office contrasts with the pomp and riches of the splendid rooms, truly royal, we traverse to reach His Holiness. At the Vatican, the King is a Father, and there, the impression of respect produced by the imposing apparel of sovereign majesty is replaced by a delightful feeling of confidence and filial love.

Dear Mother, what is seen of His Holiness from photographs does not express the reality. Neither camera, brush nor engraving-tool can adequately render the expression of his regard; his eyes, as also his venerable person, reveal Christ whose Vicar he is. As for myself, this visit to the Holy Father remains as a luminous vision that will irradiate over my entire life; and I feel that in the difficulties which the future holds in store for me, its remembrance will be a strength and a consolation.

For so much happiness, O my God, be forever praised and thanked! To you, dear Mother, my everlasting gratitude!

Your affectionate child,

Sr. M. of Loyola, M. I. C.

Association of the Propagation of the Faith

Lyons celebrated, Sunday, May 3, the 103rd anniversary of the foundation of the Propagation of the Faith.

At the Basilica of Fourvière, a solemn High Mass was celebrated at 8 o'clock by His Lordship Bishop Cuaz, former Vicar Apostolic of Laos.

Vespers were sung by the Chapter at three o'clock at the Primatial. The sermon was given by Very Reverend Canon Truptin, Chaplain of Paray le Monial, and solemn Benediction was sung by the *Chorale*.

The relics of the missionary martyrs, preserved in the Museum of the Propagation of the Faith (12 Sala St.) were exposed all day in one of the chapels.

Reverend Father Joseph Bastien, P.S.S., Rector of the Canadian College at Rome, has been appointed Member of the Superior Council of the Pontifical Work of the Propagation of the Faith. He will be Canada's representative.



SECTION OF PAVILIONS OF THE MISSIONARY EXPOSITION
Representing the works of the Paris Foreign Mission Society.

A Lily Culled in the Parterre of the Immaculate Conception

IN His humble garden enclosed on the slope of Mount Royal, the Celestial Spouse came Friday, July 10, 1925, and severed from its stalk a scented corolla which, for nearly four years, He had tenderly cultivated: on that day, our beloved Sister St. Cecile, choice flower, left us to eternally bloom in the heavenly parterres at the feet of the Immaculate Virgin.

Born at St. Ours, Que., January 25, 1893, our dear Sister received the baptismal names of Marie Rose Bernadette Leontine. She was the first child of Mr. Anthime Lamothe and of Augustine Plante. Still in a tender age, she was remarked for her love of duty and devotedness; her teachers, the Reverend Sisters of the Presentation of Mary, St. Ours, and her parents tell with what virtuous inclinations grace had favored her. She was also endowed with precious natural qualities: a sound judgment, a bright intelligence and a lively character. Docile, affectionate and active in household duties, she would have been the consolation and joy of her home, had not the delicate state of her health frequently alarmed her parents. Her studies had to be interrupted by a very serious illness which carried her almost to death's door. Did the young girl then make mysterious agreements with the Immaculate Virgin whom she very filially loved? We ignore it, but we would be inclined to think that, on her sick bed, young Leontine whose soul was ripened more by suffering than by age, exchanged with her heavenly Mother colloquies in which promises and pledges were made for the future. During several years, we shall still see her in the midst of her dear ones, of which she was the consoling angel and the constant help.

Leontine was now 21, and her increasing piety caused to surge into her christian parents' soul the sweetest of all hopes. Consequently, it was not an expression of surprise that greeted the young girl's overture to her mother of her desire of missionary life. A feeling of anxiety, however, transpired in Mrs. Lamothe's answer, "I have always thought, dear child, that one day you would consecrate yourself to God and I bless your decision, but it seems to me that your health is not in harmony with your determination." The child bent her head and respectfully laid out before her dear confident the motive that incited her to follow that vocation; she moreover expressed her hope of persevering if her health alone was in question. In fact, the family physician declared our future postulant in a state of perfect health. She was accordingly admitted in our Institute during the year 1914. When her novitiate had terminated, Sister St. Cecile emitted her temporary vows of religion, March 12, 1917; from Betrothed she had become the Spouse of the King of kings!

* * *

Let us now contemplate how grace to which that soul had so entirely abandoned itself will render it a chosen victim and lead it, by rapid strides, to the maturity that perfects the elect.

It was in February 1922 that the illness which was to open her grave struck our dear Sister St. Cecile.

During three and a half long years, she bore with unalterable patience the tortures of her disease, having an only fear, that of not being sufficiently resigned and joyous. These qualities—and it was a subject of great edification for all—never lacked in our dear Sister: it seemed as if she had made a compact with holy joy and loving submission to God's holy Will. If particular care were to be given which made her exceedingly suffer, she would ask the sister infirmarian to recite with her a Hail Mary and, with a kind smile, encourage her to pursue her painful task.

In her cruel sufferings, Heaven reserved for her soul one of the greatest joys for a religious: our beloved Sister had the happiness of consecrating herself forever to God's service in the Institute of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception for which she felt an increasing filial love. On the evening of that beautiful day, the new "Spouse" said to one of our sisters with whom she conversed of her bliss: "After the joys of Perpetual Profession, there certainly are no others sweeter than those of Heaven!"

It was to render her soul the more worthy of these celestial joys that our dear Sister St. Cecile continued to receive from her Divine Spouse the jewels that were preparing her crown.

One day that "Our Mother" was leaving for a visit to the Novitiate, she told our Sister of it, and as she was uneasy concerning her health, she asked her if she would be a "good girl" during her absence, "Oh! yes," answered the invalid. "Mother", added she in a convinced tone, "I would like to tell my sister novices that I cannot voice my happiness of being a missionary. I find no words to express it! I would like to tell them that if they wish to be happy in their vocation, they should be very open, very confident, towards their Superiors." She repeated iteratively, and with more vigour each time, these feelings so full of energy and truth. She continued, "I would like to make myself heard by every young girl in the world to make known to them the joys of the religious life. Yes, it gives more than the hundredfold!"

She ceaselessly offered her sufferings for her Community. If some sisters told her that they would pray for her: "No! not for me!" would she exclaim, "all for Our dear Mother!"

During the night of July 3rd, the little invalid became so weak that we deemed it safer to call the priest. Our Mother was there with several sisters. When the priest had left once the danger over, Sister St. Cecile beckoned a sister to her bedside and with difficulty articulated, "I feel better... Tell... Our Mother...to go....and rest..." The message was

made, and towards half past one o'clock, Our Mother left her child, requesting her to rest also. She immediately sent to the Sister's room a small statue of the Blessed Virgin which the pious invalid lovingly kept to the last.

A few hours before her death, Friday, July 10, while suffering from a very painful crisis, she called the infirmarian who was at her side, "I am choking!!" Could some one fan me?" With an effort she added, "are we allowed to use a fan?"—"Certainly," answered the latter who hastened to procure air to her agonizing sister.

Immediately before Mass, our dear Sister St. Cecile received Holy Viaticum. During Thanksgiving, she asked that we say the prayer, "O my Immaculate Mother," the first we recite every morning; then, feeling that the end was drawing near, she called for Our Mother who arrived in an instant. When this kind Mother was at her bedside, the dying Sister gathered all her strength to utter a single word: "Forgive!" Very much emotioned, Our dear Mother assured her child that nothing was to be forgiven, that she had always been for her a source of consolation and joy, and added that she relied upon her intercession in heaven to obtain for us that the Community be ever fervent, that it fulfill God's designs; that we all be real religious, real missionaries. Our Mother then asked her, "Do you hear me?" She made an affirmative sign.

A crucifix was held clasped in her hands; a sister helped her carry it to her lips. She repeatedly kissed it with effusion. She seemed to unite with Our Mother who recited the Creed, the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition, and the ejaculations, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul! Jesus, Mary, Joseph, assist me in my last agony! Jesus, Mary, Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you!" At that instant, her eyes wandered to a picture of the Holy Family which hung on the wall at her side; then, her eyes turned towards the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes which stood on her Communion table at the foot of her bed. The priest was entering. He pronounced the Holy Name of Jesus; her lips moved to repeat it. With a last absolution, he gave her the indulgence of Bona Mors... A few seconds later, while the community was reciting our thanksgiving hymn, *Benedicite*, that soul so dear was leaving our land of exile and ascended, free from all ties, to the Homeland which her long sufferings and perfect abandonment to the will of God had merited for her, we do not doubt it.

We continued our prayers mingled with our tears. With what fervour we have begged Our Immaculate Mother to admit without delay to eternal joys, her privileged child, the missionary of her Immaculate Conception!

* * *

The funeral took place in our Chapel, Monday, July 13, at half past eight o'clock (official time). Very Rev. Canon A. Roch, Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary, met the Corpse and Mass was sung by Rev. Father Gregoire, professor at St. John's College.

The remains of our dear Sister St. Cecile were then taken to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. There, they await the day of resurrection and joy when we shall all meet again without fear of separation or death; we shall be with those whom we have loved, in Heaven where, near the Divine Lamb and the Queen of Virgins and Apostles, all are entirely happy and forever.

*A Missionary Sister of the
Immaculate Conception.*

The Fifteen Promises of Our Lady of the Rosary

1° Whosoever will piously recite the Rosary and persevere in this devotion will see all his petitions granted.

2° To all those who recite my psalter, I promise my special protection.

3° The Rosary will be a mighty weapon against the powers of hell, it will root out vice, destroy sin, and subjugate all heresies.

4° The Rosary will produce virtues, draw divine mercy, will replace perishable affections by a holy love of God, and will sanctify a multitude of souls.

5° He who calls on me through the Rosary shall not perish.

6° Whoever recites the Rosary devoutly, meditating on its holy mysteries, will not be cast down by troubles, nor perish by an unprovided death; but, if he is a sinner, he will be converted, if he is virtuous, he shall increase in grace and become more worthy of eternal life.



7° I promise that all who devoutly recite the Rosary will find, during their life and at their death, heavenly comfort and light, and that they will share in the merits of the elect.

8° Those who are truly devout in reciting my Rosary shall not die without the Sacraments.

9° I will deliver from Purgatory those souls devoted to my Rosary.

10° The true children of the Rosary shall enjoy a great glory in heaven.

11° Whatever you ask through the Rosary shall be granted.

12° I have obtained from my Son that all associates of the Rosary become, in life and death, brothers of the Blessed in Heaven.

13° Whoever propagates my Rosary shall be helped in all his necessities.

14° Those who recite the Rosary are all my beloved children and the brothers of my Divine Son.

15° Devotion to my Rosary is a great sign of predestination.

Imprimatur:

† PAUL, Arch. of Montreal.

Montreal, Oct. 23, 1914.

(Translated from the French)

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY
PRAY FOR US.



MISSIONS OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS REPRESENTED AT THE MISSIONARY EXPOSITION.—Roseau Diocese in the West Indies; Vicariate Apostolic of Dutch Guiana, Prefecture Apostolic of Matadi, in Belgian Congo, missions in the Philippine Islands.

The Name of Mary

"Who is she that cometh forth as
the morning, rising, fair as the moon,
bright as the sun, terrible as an army
set in array?"

Mary, our sweet loving Mother,
Can my tongue her beauty tell?
All the splendor of her glory,
Raised on high with God to dwell.
There is naught on earth to mirror
Our great Queen so chaste and fair,
Yet the silent voice of nature
Whispers sweetly everywhere
THE NAME OF MARY.

She, Judea's fairest lily,
Purer than the mountain's snow,
Brighter than the rays of sunshine,
Than the diamond's lustrous glow.
Hence I love earth's fragrant lilies,
Emblems of her purity,
For their rare translucent whiteness,
Breathe so sweetly unto me
THE NAME OF MARY.

She, that modest, fragrant lily,
Crystal chalice e'er unstained,
To receive the Blood of Jesus,
From eternity ordained.
Hence, I love the hidden valleys,
Where the whitest lilies blow,
And their magic silent voices
Whisper all my heart would know,
THE NAME OF MARY.

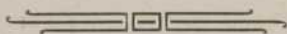
Then the "Mystic Rose" we call her,
From the ardor of her love,
Which delights the King of Heaven,
And the angel hosts above.
Hence I love to gaze in silence
On the blushing rose so sweet,
For its soft and crimsoned petals,
Ever to my heart repeat
THE NAME OF MARY.

She is called the "Star of Morning,"
Fairer than the moon, we say,
Stronger than a mighty army,
Set in battle's long array.
Hence I love the starlit heavens,
And the brilliant queen of night,
For I see in gazing upward,
Through that pathless field of light,
THE NAME OF MARY.

Angels bright in Heaven's mansions
Have compared their spotless Queen
To the morning dawn so lovely,
Breaking on the earth serene.
Hence I love the rising incense
Of the summer morning air,
When the waking mountains echo
To my heart as if in prayer,
THE NAME OF MARY.

So as through this life I journey,
All reminds me on my way,
Of that name which is as sunshine,
In the dark and cloudy day.
May my tongue proclaim its glory,
Sing its praise at every breath,
When the scene of life is closing
May my comfort be in death,
THE NAME OF MARY.

If on earth it is so soothing
To repeat that name in prayer,
What will be my joyous rapture
When my Mother's bliss I'll share !
Then near her bright throne in glory,
All her beauty I will see,
There to praise with angel voices
Through a long eternity,
THE NAME OF MARY.



Faithful Children of the North

WHAT weather! exclaimed Father Roland, drawing towards the blazing fire in the Mission House in the Saint Roch district of the far North. "I hope our poor Eskimos are all right," he continued. "I heard a rumor that fever is rife up there."

"Well, until you get a call, it would be folly to venture out just now," replied the Father Superior. "At this time of year, there is always epidemic talk, so console yourself for the present."

Just then a dog barked, then another, and, before the Fathers had time to find out the cause of the disturbance they heard a woman's voice call out. On opening the outer door they beheld a strange little figure. To the uninitiated, it bore a strong resemblance to a bear, so completely hidden was the visitor in furs.

"Why, it is Wawa!" exclaimed Father Roland. "What has brought you so far, my child?" he asked kindly.

For answer she sobbed aloud and chokingly explained that she had come all the way from Saint Antoine to bring a priest to her stricken and dying people.

On the road her sledge had broken down, and she had lost her dogs, but with marvelous courage, the intrepid girl had bravely struggled on until she reached the settlement. Her folks were excellent Catholics, owing to the devotion of the saintly French missionaries, who had carried the light of Faith to the far North, regardless of hardship and danger. Exhausted, Wawa sank to the ground. Strength of will had kept her up till now. However, thanks to the ministrations of the priests, all skilled in medical lore, she recovered, and was able to accompany Father Roland when he started early next morning in a sleigh drawn by dogs. It was well packed with food, medicines and restoratives. Wawa was the happy possessor of a scarlet rug, presented to her by Father Superior.

The dogs, under the skilful handling of the priest literally flew over the frozen wastes. Wawa prayed fervently during the journey. It had taken her days to come to Saint Roch, consequently she feared the worst. In the glorious starlight of the North they arrived at Saint Antoine. Amid a scene of indescribable beauty, with ice fields glittering like sparkling diamonds surrounded on all sides by virgin snow, they found the stricken souls they sought.



MISSIONS OF THE OBLATES FATHERS REPRESENTED AT THE MISSIONARY EXPOSITION. — Colombo Archdiocese and Jaffna Diocese, in Ceylon; Prefecture Apostolic of Cimbebasia; Vicariates Apostolic of Natal, Transvaal, Kimberley, Basotuland in Africa; Keewatin, Mackenzie, Athabaska, Yukon, Prince Rupert, in Canada.

Wawa ran to her home, to return immediately with a wild cry. Her father was dead, and she was henceforth alone. Others of the priest's flock were also dead.

The intense cold had preserved their bodies, and, as the Father approached to examine and pray over their remains, he saw that, clutched tightly in the hand of each, there was a tiny package consisting of a piece of birch tree bark, folded in two—this is the only paper used in the district. Wonderingly he opened a package. On it he read:

"The Father only must read this——"

It was a Confession. Overpowered with emotion, he collected similar packets written by the dead, and held in their frozen fingers. The poor souls, feeling death approaching and not being able to confess their sins, had written them in their dying moments on the birch bark.

They had been taught that, in the absence of a priest, perfect contrition, including the desire of receiving the Sacrament of Penance, would obtain remission of sins, and they had desired to give this proof to God, to their conscience, and to their spiritual Father, that they had died in these dispositions.

Nearly all the bark tablets had similar messages written on them:

"I beg you Father to offer Mass for the repose of my soul."

"In gratitude for all you have done and for this last kindness to me, I leave you, Father, my sables, which you will find securely packed."

From another he read: "To you, my Father, my axe."

From a young man, who had always been a great favorite of his, he saw through a mist of tears, his last message. It ran thus:

"I must go, to return no more, and I leave you, mon Père, the one thing I was attached to, my dog, Rascal. You called him that name.

* * *

Father Roland raised his eyes to Heaven, whilst Wawa was sobbing at his side.

With a sad heart he buried with the Church's prayers these faithful children of the Arctic.

Under the northern skies they sleep well.

Nell Gay.



BENGALLEE HUT, IN ONE OF THE HOLY CROSS FATHERS' MISSIONS—Represented at the Missionary Exposition.

The Diary of a Guardian Angel

EXPECTATION.—Since the hour I had been told that I was to become a Guardian Angel, I burned with impatience. I longed to leave and go on earth to exercise mercy.

In heaven, this happiness could not be mine. All tears are dried, all perils avoided, all labours ended.

Earth offered to my zeal an immense field. Miseries there abound: it is their own country and their native place.

The Creator had given us the example of compassion by visiting, after its fall, sinful humanity. The angels had followed Him and trod the paths he had traced.

"To save a soul!" said they, "to give everlasting happiness to an intelligent and sensitive creature; to procure for God a new worshipper for all eternity; to prepare for ourselves in the Homeland a faithful and grateful friend; what a privilege! Would not our bliss be thus increased even in the midst of eternal joys?"

Incarnation crowned this charity. In elevating souls to a new dignity, it enkindled into the hearts of their celestial guardians a new flame of love.

God had, from the beginning, given roles to the pure spirits: to some involved the charge of seeing to the general welfare of men, the others were each given the care of a soul.

I belonged to the latter group. At the apparition of a certain soul whom God alone foresaw, my ministry was to begin. In what time, what place, under what auspices was that soul to appear? I completely ignored.

Without even knowing it, I already felt for that soul, and my affection continuously increased as the desired moment drew near. When a child was born on earth, I would hasten to the throne of God and, like every one of my brothers, would eagerly exclaim: "Shall it be I, Lord, who will have the honor of leading him in his pilgrimage?"

THE FIRST SIGHT.—At last my turn arrived. A child was born; the Almighty beckoned me, I was the chosen one.

Without delay, I flew towards my beloved. His mother's angel had, until then, protected him. Keeper of the tree, he had watched over the fruit that hung on the bough; but at the very instant the child opened his eyes, he was to be placed in my custody.

How long I had waited! At last I could stretch forth my arms to him, I could press him to my heart!...

Bitter deception! His sight stopped me. The divine traits could be barely seen in this soul. A hideous leprosy disfigured it: it bore the original stain!



PAVILION AT MISSIONARY EXPOSITION.

The cross indicates the photographs of the Foreign Mission Society of the Province of Quebec.

Two contrary feelings fought within me: a profound pity for a beloved soul and an invincible horror for its impurity.

"It is mine", said Satan. "It has come into this life solely to fall in my power. Behold the seal of malediction! It belongs to that race of banished who, of old, have owed to me their fall, and who, every day, now owe to me their misfortunes".

How critical was the situation of the poor little child! A hasty movement, a fall, a mere trifle...could ruin this frail existence! an immortal soul would be exiled in these places which the light of God's presence will never illumine.

Satan knew of this; consequently would he have wished, at that very moment, to snatch it from life; he would not have feared to bear it a fatal blow, but his power did not go so far.

He however strived, by every possible means, to attain his end. The parents of this child which I desired to give to God, ignored the very name of that Father of whom all creatures are the production and that all must serve. Tightly bound in the ties of paganism, they only thought of rendering propitious towards them the monstrous divinities under which Satan hides and receives worship.

Whilst this tyrant suggested to the superstitious parents a thousand pretexts to get rid of the child, I increased in solicitude and sought to whom I could communicate the ardors of my zeal.

THE RANSOMERS.—It is a very easy thing for an angel to go from one end of the world to another. In order to procure for my protégé the grace of divine adoption I flew from China where I had been stationed, to far-off America, that country so well-renowned for its lively faith and its inviolable attachment to God's service. I knew that there—heavenly spirits had told me so—children are very docile towards their good angels, and that these faithful guardians' inspirations are always followed with great respect. I felt assured of being well received, for I had been told, moreover, that the children of America love the Chinese babies very much.

Consequently, I went to confide my great grief to the angels of two little children, Paul and Teresa, and these holy guardians took upon themselves to interest their charges to the sad fate of my pupil.

As every good angel would do, they faithfully kept the promise they had made. Paul and Teresa prayed to the Holy Virgin Mother, begging her in her turn to pray to Jesus for this poor pagan child.

That kind Heavenly Mother could not remain insensible to these supplications. She cast a look upon the beautiful souls of little Paul and Teresa, as also upon that of the heathen babe. How unlike they appeared to her! On one side, sanctifying grace, love of God; on the other, a slave of Satan!

Our little interceders to their fervent prayer had added a new strength. After their good angels' inspiration, they made small sacrifices during the

day. In class, Paul kept better silence, and Teresa recited everyone of her lessons, fully articulating each word and syllable.

Both deprived themselves of candy and brought their pennies to their teachers.

These acts of virtue touched the Blessed Virgin's heart: from her virginal hands flowed on the soul of my ward the preparatory graces of regeneration.

SUPREME STRUGGLE.—The father of him whom God had confided to my care, was contemplating to revenge on this little one the death of a child of three years which had lately been snatched from his affection.

According to a barbarous custom invented by the king of evil and that grieves many angels, he exposed him to the ferocity of animals. In vain had the mother pleaded for the flesh of her flesh! the inhuman father threw the child on a dunghill where swine relished. I felt an undescrivable anguish of heart at the sight of this sad spectacle; but my zeal increased the more.

He was there, exposed to a frightful death; I was with him and followed him by sight. A dog, then a pig, roamed about to devour him; venomous insects tried to sting him. The child could not defend himself; with one stroke of my wing, I dispersed them.

Three whole days thus passed. The angel of Death touched with his sceptre the brow of the poor infant: a colorless countenance, motionless limbs, announced life's flight.

Still, I hoped! Two little hearts prayed for the salvation of this soul!

Whilst I was raising beseeching hands towards Heaven, imploring God not to let die without having received as an adopted son, this child which had become so dear to me, I saw, coming in the direction where we were, a good Christian woman who took up the poor dying pagan babe. I followed her, sheltering with my wings the little being whose life hung by a thread.

The Chinese woman entered, with her precious burden, into a house marked on its frontispiece with the august sign of the Cross. I met there many of my colleagues reclining on souls that resembled more their guardjans than human creatures.

My heart thrilled with happiness when I beheld this pious woman leaving into the hands of a religious the child which held all my solicitude.

BAPTISM.—The soul was arriving at the propitious moment. A Missionary Father was administering Baptism to the babies brought in the house since morning. In his turn, the child was presented to the sacred Font. I was overwhelmed with joy. I felt as if I were myself to receive a favor.

"Flow, regenerating water; spread out on his brow that I may see his soul as my love desires it!"

But no!.... Facing Satan, the minister of Christ will not dismiss the Usurper without humiliating him.

Under the veil of exorcisms, I saw the priest chain and scourge him, and stab him through and through. What cries the evil spirit uttered! Each unction enkindled anew the fire of Hell.

The priest gave him but the dishonouring names of impure spirit, spirit worthy of damnation, damned spirit.

He reminded him of the malediction he had incurred, the second judgment he must undergo, the increase of sufferings that is in store for him, and he forced him to glorify the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. The water was then poured.

What virtue in a single drop of water! It contains all the marvels of grace. As soon as it had touched the infant's brow, there were for him no more stain, nor curse, nor death. Satan had fled, quick as lightning, and the Spirit of Love descending from Heaven, a voice had been heard: "Here is my child!"

For this son of man become son of God, everything had changed: a new name designated him; a new family, that of religious charity, had adopted him; a new life circulated in his soul. Grace had replaced sin; from the hands of Satan he had passed into those of an angel.

No one was indifferent to his happiness: under the heavenly spirits' hands, golden harps had resounded, and, in hell, the devils had roared. Two souls who had, in his name, made the profession of faith considered him as their own child, and from the borders of the Homeland a saint, inclining over our land of exile, said, "I shall be his protector."

THE CRADLE.—After the baptismal ceremony, I helped to carry the infant. I was anxious to bless his cradle. The religious who had charge of the nursery and who, by her office, resembled us, placed the child with great respect in the crib destined for him. With her I watched over the treasure. My two wings spread above him, protecting his slumber. His eyelids opened and closed under my regard. His heartbeats rejoiced me.

"Sleep, sleep, under thy angel's wing. There thou wilt have nothing to fear: thou art on the threshold of Paradise.

"What charms does the smile of divine Bounty give to the humblest creatures!

"It is that Bounty which, from dust, makes to bud out the lily and the rose.

"Come brothers of Heaven, earth has scenes worthy of your admiration.

"Here, in the shadow, is a star destined to shine throughout eternity.

"In those ties and in this frail body, you will contemplate your most ravishing resemblance."

Thus, near the cradle where innocence slept, I sang the riches of grace.

Of grace alone, for the little body which enveloped the beauty I praised, did not bear any personal charm.

THE DEPARTURE.—Again the angel of Death touched my little brother's brow. I had not, now, the least desire of seeing him remain in this valley of tears, since he already possessed the key for heaven.

It was with an intimate feeling of satisfaction that I saw this angel perform his liberating deed.

"How happy he is!" could I hear exclaim near the little one whose soul, gliding through the dust that had covered it, had taken its flight towards the pure spirits.

I exulted! The Divine Hand had severed from its stalk this frail plant and bore it to Paradise!

Men did not foresee it; but He for Whom everything is present gave me an insight of it: the storm is sometimes very fierce in those countries where Satan rules as absolute master. It was safer to hastily cull and shelter this scented flower. On the eternal shores, it will perennially blossom.

The Church, in her white vestments, sang, "Praise ye the Lord, little children!"

And the little children of Heaven repeated the chant that was said for each of them: "He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul."

A NEW ELECT.—Angels came in great numbers to receive him and lead him in the midst of the Holy Innocents who were playing with their crowns and palms before the altar of the Lamb.

On seeing him, the Saviour said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me", and He lavished upon him his caresses, embraces and blessings.

The child had hardly entered Heaven when he asked me to whom, after God, he owed his happiness. Still holding his hand and admiring his beauty which nearly equalled mine, I made him look down upon earth and showed him the two little children who had opened for him the gates of Heaven.

His affection for them became on the instant so great, that he constituted himself their special protector; for them he solicited treasures of graces, and took upon himself to pray very much.

To Paul's and Teresa's guardian angels belongs the pleasure of relating the marvels wrought in their souls through the Chinese baby's intercession. I shall only say that when these two children entered Heaven, the Blessed hastened to meet them.

A single angel can carry in his hand all the worlds created. To carry their souls. God despatched thousands of heavenly spirits. Each craved to touch the precious burden. The little soul who owed his happiness to their prayers and sacrifices rendered them thanks and threw his wreath at their feet.

The angels showed to the two children the ways of Divine Providence Who, for their sanctification, had made them work together.

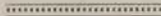
The little child I had protected thanked Paul and Teresa for the signal favor they had obtained for him. They contemplated with emotion and gratitude the treasures of bliss and rapture, very often acquired by obscure sacrifices which had long been forgotten by them and by all, but which their guardian angels had scrupulously recorded.

In this pleasant conversation, Paul, Teresa and the little Chinese inclined towards each other under the impulsion of divine Charity's breath, and their hearts received the effusions of a penetrating joy which is like the dew of Heaven.

Thus, in earth's gardens, men may see, under the caressing breath of the breeze, neighbouring flowers recline and mingle their treasures.

A life of union with the elect, a life of union with God, such is the inexhaustible source of the happiness that the angels and saints will forever taste in heaven; the sweetness of union formed in time will continue in eternity.

Angelo.



WE WILL LOVE THE MISSIONS AND THE MISSIONARIES

If we love God.—The glory of God demands that His holy Name be known and adored in the entire universe.

If we love Our Lord.—Throughout the whole world the fruit of the Redemption must be spread.

If we love our souls.—There is no safer means of assuring the salvation of our souls than to work for the salvation of others.

If we love our neighbor.—The infidels are, like us, members of the great human family.

If we love our families.—One of the most efficacious means of drawing heavenly blessings upon them, is to become the angels of the missionaries.

If we love the virtue of innocence.—It is defended, practiced, saved, and consecrated by the missionary's apostolate.

If we love the most holy and most noble ideal that exist.—All that is most worthy of our love is contained in love for the missions. All that is most sublime in the exercise of charity may be expressed in zeal for the missions.



IDOL "QUEEN OF HEAVEN"—A personage who is supposed to have existed before the time of Confucius, who would have done much good in China and to whom has been given the name of "Queen of Heaven".

The Idol "Queen of Heaven"

IN a Chinese Pagoda surrounded by huge candelabra and numerous incense burners there is an altar, where one may perceive the figure of an idol, to which the pagans have given the title of Queen of Heaven. Poor idol! or rather, poor Queen!... She wears a diadem, and a long veil covers the sides of the statue; at her feet stands a table or altar where offerings of every description are placed, and before which pagans come in throngs on certain days in the year to offer their homage and respect, as to a beneficent genius.

Why a woman? why the title "Queen of Heaven"? What the pagans know about this semi-divinity is thus resumed: this woman who existed long before Confucius did a great deal of good in China, and it was in a spirit of gratitude that the monument has been erected.

The inscriptions that can be seen above the pillars, read like Scriptural poetry, "*Precious as a queen, good as a mother, you cover your children with your protection!*" Oh! how beautiful are these words!... But how much more beautiful, more sweet, and more appropriate if they were addressed to the real Queen, the real Mother who alone merits such honor!... So many unfortunates still bow their heads before divinities, whose power they so often fear! Ah! when will the Queen of Heaven, *who covers her children with a loving maternal protection*, see the destruction of these temples and altars where idolatrous incense is burned, and whence hearts go away harder and colder than the marbles and bronzes which they have been adoring! When?...

By our prayers, let us hasten this day when Mary, the true Sovereign of Heaven and earth, will see in every corner of the globe, altars erected in her honor where throngs of faithful will kneel and invoke her, those and the descendants of those, who, to-day, sing the praises of a chimerical Queen who remains deaf to their accents...

Catholic Devotion in Honor of Mary

WHAT treasure more cherished by the pious faithful than the Blessed Virgin Mary! She is for them a Mother, a Protectress, an Advocate, a Safeguard; she is for them, after Jesus, their very all! Ah! at Mary's altar, it does one good to come and pray; at her feet, what sweet repose!...

The missionary better than any one else may say: Mary is my all! Jesus, Mary, my only love!! If the life of the apostle is sometimes spent in an atmosphere entirely absorbed in paganism; if he has to wage a bitter and cruel war against Satan, how his soul expands and feels at ease when,

entering his humble dwelling, he has the consolation of kneeling at the feet of his Queen and offering her the fruit of his apostolate!

But the faithful servant, the brave soldier never says: 'tis enough! true love, undaunted zeal, dream unceasingly of victory! While he deposits his sheaf at the feet of His Immaculate Sovereign, the indefatigable worker reclaims new conquests: Souls! Souls! to know and bless thee, O, Mary!...



AT MARY'S SHRINE.

O that I had a precious gem
To insert in Thy diadem:
A soul, a soul, O Mary !

O that I had a brilliant star
To cast Thy radiance afar:
A soul, a soul, O Mary !

O that I had, to sing Thy love
In Thy eternal "Home" above:
A soul, a Christian soul, O Mary !

To join in the missionary apostolate, is the beautiful ideal of many zealous souls who, by God's holy will, are kept from the mission field. If these pious souls have a true love for the Blessed Virgin, with what facility may they bring the offering of their zeal and thus save a vast number of poor infidels! This tribute of love towards Mary consists in saying in her honor and for the salvation of pagan souls, a prayer according to one's de-

votion, beads, Memorare, etc. Or, still more,—and here we draw the attention of those persons whom circumstances may permit to do so, the Blessed Virgin in return will generously reward them for it,—to spend an hour's guard the first Saturday of each month in the chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, Montreal. This hour of guard passed in prayer and pious reflections at Mary's feet cannot fail to touch the heart of Our Lady and draw her choicest blessings, not only upon the unfortunate idolators in pagan lands, but also upon the families who are thus represented at her altar.

“Snow-Ball” Library

THERE exist many of these circulating libraries in our colleges and convents and we, who have had the privilege of enjoying them during the course of our school life, know the charm and interest they procure.

The treasures that these circulating libraries contain are immense; there are riches as precious as varied: the scientific manual elbows the childish tales, philosophy does not disdain to neighbor the fantastical work, religion willingly accompanies history and social economy, just as the most magnificent literary pages are not shocked to have near them the most arid mathematical treatises. And these fruitful sources of moral, educational, and practical teaching or of simply agreeable recreations, are inexhaustible. It is in vain that one would try to empty the library shelves; they are always ornamented with new volumes, so that the pupil may, during the whole course of his studies, find ample matter for his instruction and recreations. It is because generous souls are the purveyors of the libraries of our educational houses, and, like the snow-ball which, in displacing, increases its volume, the circulating library, going from one to another, sees its assets multiply, whence, the symbolic name, “Snow-ball” Library.

My amiable readers will doubtlessly ask what Paula is trying to arrive at, with this long preamble. “Has she,” will some sly ones say, “the intention of founding in our favor, one of these attractive libraries?” Not exactly, but she is coming to make an appeal to your generosity, to your good will, in favor of a work a little analogous, but with a superior aim. The point in question is to contribute to the augmentation, to the multiplication of the volumes of two circulating libraries, still in their youth: *The Library of Mary and the Missionary Library* of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

The first of these contains volumes, pamphlets, etc., treating on the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the means of propagating her love, and the signal favors due to her protection.

These books are loaned, upon simple recommendation of their directors, to all young Montrealers who make the request, and that, without any deposit. But the shelves of this library rapidly depopulate; it is necessary that charity take in hand the maintenance of this “snow-ball”. How many there are who possess edifying books and pious writings treating on the

devotion to Our Lady, and who would be pleased to dispose of them? Why not send them to our devoted Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception? These books, perhaps for a long time useless, on a dusty book-shelf, will speak to the souls of young girls and tell them of their sublime Model: they will instruct them at the incomparable school of Mary, impregnating their intelligence and heart with the suave perfume of Our Lady's virtues. How many good resolutions will take root, how many wills fortified in the way of good, how many erring souls brought back to duty, and how many vocations produced by the reading of these pages! Consequently, what merit for the donors of these volumes, that become means of conversion or perfection for a great number!...

Another circulating library to endow is the *Missionary Library*. It is placed at the disposal of young persons who feel drawn to the apostolic life. Its aim is to make known the missions, their field, so vast and yet so much ignored because of the want of labourers; it is also to follow by thought our heroic men and women who evangelize the most remote regions of the world.

Those who have a few missionary books— of Africa, Asia or America—or who are subscribers to the *Annals* of these different Missions will find this a splendid occasion of becoming themselves real missionaries. They need not, for that purpose, cross the Oceans, nor bury themselves in the African jungles, nor dress the hideous wounds of the lepers of China; no! simply take the time to make a parcel of these books and pamphlets and send it to one of the addresses given below. In so doing, they will share in the sacrifices of the missionaries. They will also share in their reward; and how beautiful that will be!!! For it is not only the "glass of water" which the Master has promised to remember; it is a mystical and vivifying source which the purveyors of the missions have helped to pour into souls.

At work, then, dear readers! May your contributions to the Libraries of Mary and of the Missions render them immense "snow-balls", and may the readers come in increasing numbers to these circulating libraries, destined to foster great and holy thoughts in magnanimous hearts!

Paula.

All books, pamphlets, etc., should be sent to:

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,
314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, Montreal,
Or; 4 Simard St., Quebec.

Echoes from our Missions

The war actually waging in China has deprived us, for the last few months, of any news from our dear Sisters of Canton and of the Shek Lung lazaretto. The situation of strangers in China and this prolonged silence on the part of our beloved Sisters is far from reassuring us.

We beg our readers to unite with us in prayer, asking our Immaculate Mother to protect from every danger her humble daughters of China.

AT THE NEW CHINESE CHAPEL, MONTREAL.

ON the great feast of Pentecost, Our Holy Mother the Church received as her children three members of the Montreal Chinese Colony, Wing Lee, Hum Goon Way and Chin Tse, pious and fervent catechumens. The touching rites of this ceremony took place in the new Chinese Chapel, Lagauchetiere St. West, Montreal, in the midst of an assembly both recollected and impressed by this imposing spectacle when heaven inclined to hear and ratify solemn engagements expressed by souls and voices yesterday still pagan. Rev. Father Alcantara, O. F. M., Three Rivers, Que., poured the regenerating water on their brow. He was assisted by devoted Father R. Caillé, in charge of the Chinese Colony of Montreal.

The newly-baptized were given the names of Peter, James and John: are they not the Divine Redeemer's privileged ones? Does not Jesus, the second Person of the adorable Trinity, in union with the Father and the Holy Ghost, inebriate them with the very delights of Thabor, and does not grace incite them to exclaim, "It is good for us to be here: let us make here three tabernacles?" The Saviour, by the voice of Holy Church, answers them, "Yes, make three tabernacles; my children, dwell forever in the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Faith of which the Church is the sole depositary. Be worthy of your Baptism and of the Cross which marks you to-day with a seal of predestination; remain always what you are at this hour: the favorites, the beloved sons of the Thrice Holy God!"

After the ceremony of Baptism, the Divine Victim was offered as a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for the immense favor bestowed upon the happy neophytes. At the Communion, three pupils of the Montreal Chinese School, approached, for the first time, the Eucharistic table: Violet, Frank and Henry Fong, 13, 10 and 8 years old, united their joy with that of the newly-baptized, and received with them, we confidently hope, the effusion of heavenly graces. In seeing these dear children's piety, we are filled with very sweet consolation and we entreat our Immaculate Mother to preserve in their entirety, despite the dangers and perils of the world, the purity of their souls and the fervor of their First Communion.

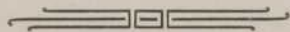
Montreal Chinese Hospital

WE received in our Hospital, a short time ago, a poor consumptive just arrived from Ontario where he had sojourned for more than a month in a Protestant Hospital. His very serious illness, causing us to fear that he would not recover, we resolved to save, at any cost, this poor soul for our Holy Church and God. Religious instruction was given him to prepare for divine light and the invalid eagerly received the words of truth and salvation.

It is always with renewed emotion that we contemplate the marvels of grace in these poor unfortunates who have, from so far, come to seek it. Lu Chan Nin, being sufficiently instructed and desirous of becoming a Catholic, was baptized July 2; as he was, on that day, receiving the Visitation of the Word of God, we gave him the name of the master of Hebron's dwelling, Zacharias. On the following day, he left for Heaven where, in a perpetual song of gratitude, he will extol the mercies of the Lord. He was 37 years of age.

A few days later, July 7, Kam Kang Tsam, another consumptive, 42 years old, was made a child of Holy Church. He begged us to baptize him, so as to "enjoy happiness on the other side"; he has had so little on "this side"! As he was at the worst, a short instruction was given him on Baptism, and the regenerating waters were poured on his brow. "Peter Paul, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." An expression of intimate joy stole over his discoloured features, and his eye brightened for a moment: he was ready!

After a few hours, the happy Christian went to Heaven, to see God and the Blessed Virgin of whom, by Baptism, he had become the beloved child.



The missionaries teachings and fatigues amount to little; the holocaust of his affections, of his sufferings, of his life even, amounts to little; *Is not a soul worth more than all!*

Extracts from the Novitiate Chronicles



Thursday, May 21, 1925.

ASCENSION-DAY ! it is a heavenly feast!... How beautiful must Heaven be since meditation on the everlasting bliss so largely contributes to detach us from this poor land of exile and makes us desire to soar and fly to the blessed sojourn !

But...to reach glory, one must suffer; to deserve the joys of the future life, one must bear the tribulations of this world; and, moreover—for souls consecrated to apostolate — souls must have been conquered for the Divine King before wishing to enter the Celestial Kingdom. This tells us that the time for rest has not yet arrived. Where are the crosses? Where the victories?...Where are the conquests of the little novices?... To work! In a short time, if we have courageously laboured for God and for souls, we shall go to Heaven!... There we shall enjoy a never-ending day and indescribable happiness.

However, while waiting for the eternal feasts and rejoicings of Heaven, we are allowed to gladden our feast-days of here below with gay "Deo Gratias".

Reading a touching trait from "Laurentian Tales", charms us during the recreation hour. How we love this proud Canadian maiden, who, in three words, venges the outrage made to her people: "They are a people without a history." If the first page of "our History" had not, at that time, since long been written, the little servant of the Governor would have, on that day, we think, become its heroine.

Whatever be the opinion of those who doubt the missionary's patriotism, our hearts are linked to our Country and they become emotioned when they hear the glorious history of our nation: we are proud of our name "Canadian" and doubly proud of that of "*Canadian Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception*."

Sunday, May 24.

We celebrate the anniversary of the first Mass in our dear Novitiate. It is a day of joy and gratitude. Who could number the favours showered upon us during the course of this year! Our Divine Lord remaining with us,

under the same roof, offering Himself at each dawn on our humble altar, rendering Himself our food, our daily bread! Jesus becoming our Father, our Brother, our Friend, our Spouse!... Jesus, in a word, being *all* to us... Oh! we appreciate our happiness and would like to be able to give thanks in proportion to the favours received, but we feel so powerless!... So, to-day as in every occasion, we have recourse to Our Immaculate Mother. She will compensate, and, in our name, worthily thank Her Divine Son.

Monday, May 25.

As on every 25th day of the month, we celebrate the glory of the Child Jesus. During Mass, hymns are sung in His honour and the small altar dedicated to Him is ornamented with flowers and lights.

The reading, at dinner, recalls the tender devotion which the Little Flower bore for the Child Jesus. She had given herself up to Him to be His toy. How charming to amuse the Infant Jesus! We take the resolution to imitate our amiable patroness by becoming like her mere little balls in the hands of the Divine Child.

Whitsunday, May 31.

Since long, but especially for the last nine days, we prepare for the greatest, the most solemn of all our feasts, Pentecost. In our missionary vocation we have, like the apostles, greater need of the succour of the Holy Ghost to fulfill our sublime mission. How give God to souls, if we, ourselves, are not impregnated with His love, and how become impregnated with love if the Holy Ghost does not operate in us!

Needless to say that our "Cenacle" is all crimson to-day: could it don others symbols than those of the love, ardour, and flame which should consume us? In spirit we remain very close to the Blessed Virgin, hoping that this good Mother will obtain for us the abundance of the precious "Gifts" as she did for the nascent Church.

Moreover, do we not know that every grace comes to us through Mary, as also all our offerings must pass by her virginal hands to be more agreeable to the Blessed Trinity?

After Solemn High Mass which takes place at 8.30 A.M., the bell joyously rings for the "congé".

Merriment is soon mistress of the recreation room... Still, there is an insatiable longing in the depths of our hearts, that of flying to our dear Mother-House, into the arms of our Venerable Mother to offer her all that, on this great day, we desire for her happiness. But God receives our prayer;

He will answer the wishes we voice in favour of her whom we so truly and lovingly call: "Our Mother".

To-night,—an unusual occurrence for a holiday—we ask as a privilege to be allowed to retire earlier. Several have a bad cold, and the others—through fraternal complaisance—let on they would be glad to also go to bed early. Thus, at eight o'clock, all the children have closed their eyes and fists and already travel in Dreamland.

Monday, June 1st.

It is the opening of the month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Our souls, prepared by the Blessed Virgin during the month that has just come to a close, will receive with profusion the priceless treasures that the Heart of the Divine King reserves for us.

As in the past, hymns and special spiritual exercises destined to honour the Heart of Jesus and draw upon us His choicest graces will take place each evening in our chapel after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

This afternoon, we are in the sewing-room, absorbed in our work. Suddenly, a "Good, afternoon, children!" startles us... It is our dear Sister Superior who arrives from a short visit to the Mother-House. "You are in silence?", says she... "At home, it is a great holiday!..." The *provocation* is not twice repeated. In a second, the room resembles a bee-hive: we can scarcely hear ourselves.

Oh! 'tis not often that the Mother-House cheats us out of a holiday! How is it that we have been so *quiet* to-day?... But wait a little: it will not be long before we make up for lost time...

We had hoped to receive a visit from Our dear Mother, but it was impossible for her to come. To compensate for it, she sends us the greater part of the *cake* from our dear "old home". Our heartiest thanks fly towards her who loves us so maternally and who proves it by so many delicate attentions.

Tuesday, June 2.

This afternoon His Lordship Bishop Forbes, of Joliette, honours us with a visit. He is accompanied by his secretary Rev. Father Garceau, Rev. Father Geoffroy, M.E., Seminarians' Director, and Rev. Father Benoit, Pastor of Ahuntsic parish.

After having given us his blessing, the distinguished Visitor expresses his happiness in seeing us so numerous. "You will form," he added, "redoubtable battalions to fight against the devil in the vast Chinese Empire and especially in.... Manchuria, where you will soon work with our Canadian priests."

In leaving, His Lordship wished us the joy and peace of obedience. Do not these three words sum up the entire religious life and explain the sweet tranquillity that is enjoyed in these dwellings of happiness? Oh! may God grant that it be always so!

His Lordship then visits our Convent and thus resumes his impressions, "Your house is so simple and yet so nice." In passing by the hall where we were still assembled, he exclaims a joyful "Deo Gratias! A first-class holiday!..."—"Thank you My Lord!" answer we, in a tone that indicates our firm resolve of blindly obeying this paternal injunction.

Wednesday, June 3.

This date of June 3rd always awakens in our hearts the sweetest remembrances. It is twenty-three years to-day that the first house of our dear Institute was opened at Cote des Neiges.

Twenty-three years!! The greater number amongst us, in looking across that gulf of time, find that we were not yet in existence... And, already, God thought of us....He was preparing for us a cradle placed under the tutelage of His Immaculate Mother and which He confided, here below, to another maternal heart He had endowed, in creating, with qualities and virtues such as befitted the great mission to which He destined it.

Though we, ourselves, have not had the happiness of dwelling in this primitive cradle, for it underwent a transformation and had to be exchanged for others which would accommodate the numerous and ever-increasing children, we have all, nevertheless, shared the signal privilege to be rocked by the same maternal hand, to drink at the same pure source, to try our first steps in the paths of perfection, all under the same experienced and vigilant eye... But, let us say it, if this cradle is so dear to us, if it has on our souls such as strong and firm hold, it is only because it has itself a soul; yes, a soul whose life is so intense that it animates and vivifies all those who render themselves docile to its action.

To this soul, in all evidence, are linked all the dear and sweet remembrances brought back to us by the "cradle". It is this soul that our filial hearts designate when they send heavenward their repeated thanks for the favours lavished upon them at that time; if is upon it also that we ever lovingly and gratefully gaze.

May we always preserve, in our dear Institute, these sentiments of piety and profound gratitude which overflow our souls for our Venerable Mother Foundress! They will be for us a pledge of the choicest blessings that God bestows upon the children who honour their father and mother.

Wednesday, June 10.

A student from the Foreign Mission Seminary, Rev. Father Leo Lomme, of the Diocese of Springfield, Mass., ordained on Sunday last, came to say one of his first Masses in our humble chapel this morning. We felt lively emotioned. The mother of the elect and two of his sisters, one of whom is a Sister of Misericorde, assisted at the Holy Sacrifice. What must have been the feelings of his dear mother when, approaching the Communion rail, she received the Holy of Holies from the very hand of her child! Such happiness is indescribable; could its depths be even fathomed?

After breakfast, we assembled, and the new apostle addressed us a few words, giving us his blessing. As his place is already prepared in the distant Orient, he enthusiastically spoke of his near departure for Manchuria, which will take place in September. He invited us to soon join him. Indeed, desire is not lacking, but the poor little novices have not as yet a very complete supply of virtues. Still, since we daily strive to increase it, can we not live in hopes?

Thursday, June 11.

One whole year has elapsed since the "doves of Mary" have come to take possession of their cot. How quickly time has fled, and what beautiful days have already been inscribed on the calendar of their short existence! While voicing our impressions on this consoling subject, these words so oft repeated by Our dear Mother come back to our minds, "The more we advance in religious life, the more we appreciate its happiness, and that, because we understand it the better.

So, having fully enjoyed our past happiness, we live in the hope of enjoying that—greater still—which the future has in store for us.

Sunday, June 14.

To-day our Eucharistic Lord is triumphantly borne in cities and hamlets. This so kind Master blesses all as He passes. Oh! may this blessing, repeated each year, keep to our nation its faith of yore!

Another subject of joy is the Beatification of little Bernadette of Lourdes. Has not this child of the Immaculate Virgin a special claim on our affection? We feel that we bear for her a real fraternal love; we also count that she will obtain particular favours for the humble family of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

The Beata is feasted in a very imposing manner at the Mother-House. Our poverty and our more modest talents do not permit us a like display; we however solemnize according to our humble means. With all possible fervour, we repeat, on our Rosary, the favorite prayer of the "Voyant" of Lourdes, Ave Maria. To the filial salutation of the child, the Immaculate answered by a smile: at each decade of our Rosary, we invite this kind Mother to also look upon us and smile on our souls.

Wednesday, June 24.

Over our missionary hearts, St. John the Baptist holds a particular charm: was he not the forerunner of the Light of the world, Light which we are to carry to heathen lands? Christ's holy Precursor to whom we so often pray is to-day more instantly invoked, that he may obtain for us his zeal, energy in duty, noble firmness, forgetfulness of self, so that we may become less unworthy instruments of our great mission, which, like his own, consists in preparing the way of the Lord on heathen shores.

Full of confidence, we also address ourselves to Our Lady of Canada, begging her to e'er guard our fair country and its faithful children.

One of our sisters actually in Rome for the Missionary Exposition sent to her sister novice the following letter which we have greatly enjoyed and which, we believe, will not fail to interest our elder sisters.

Rome, 113 Via Sistina.

Very dear little Sister,

"If, in your dear solitude, God lavishes upon you His delicatenesses, He does not show Himself less generous towards us. On six occasions already, have we seen the Sovereign Pontiff; at the opening of the Porta Santa; at the reading of the Decree of Canonization of Blessed Curé of Ars; at the Missionaries' reception, January 6, when we have kissed his ring and received from him a commemorative Medal of the Holy Year; at the solemn Anniversary Mass of his Coronation; at a Mass celebrated by His Holiness and where we have received Holy Communion from his hands; and, lastly, at the Hour of Adoration presided by the Sovereign Pontiff himself at St. Peter's, last Sunday, to obtain peace.

"The 21st of January, feast of St. Agnes, we assisted at a very beautiful ceremony at St. Agnes' Basilica, outside the walls, built over the tomb of this saint on Via Nomentina; it was the annual blessing of the lambs. At

the close of Solemn High Mass, shouts and applause were heard. The procession of the lambs was advancing. A young girl arrayed in white and wearing a veil, carried the banner of St. Agnes; she was immediately followed by six little girls of four or five years of age, also dressed in white, three of whom held lilies, were crowned with white flowers and wore white sashes; the other three held palms and wore red sashes and wreaths: symbols of the virginity and martyrdom of St. Agnes. Four maidens, in white and wearing a veil, carried two silk baskets, a red and white one, containing each a little snow-white lamb decorated, one with white roses and ribbon rosettes; the other, with red roses and rosettes. These two baskets with the lambs were placed on the altar, the white one, on the Gospel side and the red, on the Epistle side. The officiating prelate, wearing mitre and cope, mounted the altar-steps, accompanied by the deacon and subdeacon whilst the choir sang an appropriate hymn. After a song of praise and a prayer in honor of Saint Agnes, the two lambs were blessed and incensed. This scene reminded us of the Divine Lamb Who had just been sacrificed on the altar: the two lambs were so white, so quiet, so silent; with their feet tied with ribbons and looking at each other as if surprised to find themselves in such a place!

After the ceremony, the little lambs were again borne in procession midst the enthusiastic crowd who tried to touch them as they went by. At the door, they were presented to a Master of Ceremonies of St. John Lateran's Basilica who, escorted by two servers of the church, placed them at the feet of the Holy Father who blessed and caressed them. They were then taken to the Benedictines of St. Cecilia's Convent whom the Sovereign Pontiff had appointed to care for them. At the proper time, these lambs will be shorn and their wool will serve to make the palliums which the Holy Father will bless and send to different Archbishops and Bishops. One of these little animals will be served at Easter on the Pope's table, for it is a custom, in Roman families, to eat on that particular day, the flesh of a lamb in memory of the true Lamb immolated for the salvation of the world.

"As my letter is rather long and as I have delayed in sending it, I immediately close, begging from Our Lord and His Immaculate Mother a special blessing for my dear little sister novice. In return, I ask a particular remembrance in your prayers for

Your very affectionate sister,

Sr. of the Holy Name of Jesus, M.I.C.

Pauline Marie Jaricot

Foundress of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith.

(Continued)

Hundreds of slight blows darted underground and unceasingly repeated, were most cruel for Pauline's upright mind! She accepted them, despite all, without ever feeling any resentment towards those who thus illtreated her; and she strived to make these humiliations serve to appease her natural pride which easily revolted against such injustice.

We still possess a small memoir, in which this elevated soul, responding to her adversaries, traces the most admirable plan of the tenderness and mercy of the Heart of Jesus, *this Fount of life, alone capable of saving man in the last days of the world*. She affirms that she received from this Sovereign Master admirable and *direct teachings* on the most difficult points of Scholastics, and that a celestial light showed her, more and more clearly, the perils of the Church and France.

Addressing her accusers:

"You do not wish", said she, "to permit me to believe that God enlightens my intelligence, that He solves my doubts, corrects my soul, uplifts my courage, and speaks intimately with my heart? That, when it questions Him with humble confidence, He answers it, and strengthens it to combat, by pointing out to it the snares of Satan ?

"Would it then be more worthy of the Almighty to enter into the minutest details for the preservation of material beings, even the most tiny insects, than to communicate Himself to man for whom entire nature has been created and who has been made for God alone!...

"Why! man caresses his dog and even speaks to it, although this animal recognizes him but by the sound of his voice or by his features!... And God, infinitely good, could not converse with man, after having made him to His image, rendered Himself his brother by Incarnation, and become, by the Eucharist, his very flesh and blood!"

THE PASSAGE OF JUSTICE

In reaping, one by one and in their celestial maturity, the souls to which Pauline's heart was so intimately united, God prepared his beloved for the sacrifice she was to offer Him, in its full measure and rigor, of all earthly affections and consolations.

The year 1830, which was to mutate so many things, and which had already so deeply wounded the heart of Pauline by her brother's death, was to be very memorable for her. Physical sufferings, anguish of heart, trials of every nature had prepared her to receive new graces.

"I strived", said she, "to cast myself into the abyss of my unworthiness so that nothing be an obstacle to the supreme favor which was the sole object of my hopes and prayers: martyrdom, after which I craved!"

The storm is approaching. The forerunners of formidable upsets manifest themselves, the soil of the country is shaken by the angry breath of a whole nation that refuses to be ruled by God or man... Irritated, the Lord is on the point of punishing the people chosen by Him to be His *arm* among nations, and from which He receives but outrages.

The *solicitor of divine mercy* since long had seen this in an unmistakable light. This *solicitor*, who, so often, had offered herself as a victim to supreme Justice, will, henceforth, armed with a holy audacity, oppose this same Justice, to stop its terrible effects! Consequently, from her inmost heart rise, towards the almighty Dominator of nations, supreme appeals which will touch and appease His divine wrath.

If honour demands that one remain near to the fallen, love's duty is to be near the outraged friend....

At the very first rumours of Revolution, Pauline ran to the chapel of Fourvière and there, prostrated in prayer, she passed three days and three nights, nearly always alone, and leaving the sanctuary only to take in haste a little food and immediately return.

She has described with burning expressions what was then the *agony* of her soul, in the midst of the sinister cries that reached her, and at the remembrance of these words of the Master: "You will suffer with Me and like Me, for the salvation of your brethren," which words seemed to be near their realization in these sorrowful moments, through the blows and outrages of the impious: "*My heart of flesh* was terrified," said she, "while my *intimate heart*, that is to say, my *will* remained, in spite of all, firm in the acceptance of martyrdom. There I stayed at the feet of Our Saviour whilst everyone fled, seized with terror at the sight of a furious nation."

She then depicts the vivid picture of that revolution and the rage of those who wished, not only to overthrow the ruling powers, but also and *above all*, were it possible, to annihilate God Himself. The hill of Fourvière seemed to be shaken by the terrific noise of cannon as also by the not less formidable shrieks of the mob, whilst the maiden remained near the tabernacle, imploring mercy for her beloved country.

At the close of the touching narration she has panned about this political storm, we find these words:

"All that had taken place during those three days of blasphemies, threats and fury, ended only in a change of a national colors and government, change which, alas! can be considered as an effect of Divine Justice towards those who, holding all power, had neglected to check, from its origin, the devastating torrent of impiety.

"More than ever convinced that prayer is strong enough to bind all the powers of hell and earth, I since then passed, every week, several nights in



SCENE REPRODUCED AT THE MISSIONARY EXPOSITION—A Catholic Missionary blessing the home of a newly-converted Chinese family after the destruction of idols had taken place.

the chapel of Fourvière. The Divine Master granted me the ineffable joy of seeing organized in a great number of parishes the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament during the time the calamities lasted. Forty days' fasts were also made and, in consequence, peace was shortly afterwards restored.

"To Thee alone, Divine Word, hidden on our altars in Thy Sacrament of love, to Thee alone the glory of having reduced to nothingness the power of Thine enemies.

"I have dared write all this, for the glory of Thy infinite love, because I know that those who will read it will recognize that the wretchedness of Thy poor creature was effaced by the splendour of Thy Blood, and that the unworthiness of a sinful soul does not hinder the effects of her prayers when she addresses them to Thy merciful Heart, O Our Unique Jesus!"

Although not believing that the future was safe, she was, however, happy to see France breathe again and the City of Mary once more escape destruction.

Lyonese to the core, she bore her native city a love and devotedness that nothing could weaken. That is the reason why, during those terrible days, she offered herself as a victim for her brethren. God accepted this offering, but, being assured of the generosity and constancy of such a victim, instead of the prompt and glorious death that places the halo of martyrdom on Christian maidens' brow, He reserved for her an obscure, prolonged, and all the more salutary immolation, that met but with blame, ungratefulness, and contempt on the part of creatures, and with a profound repulsion in her own heart.

When the calm had been restored, she experienced an immense regret of not having suffered the death she had ambitioned, although, in her soul, as in that of the Supreme Victim, nature repelled its horrors.

One morning that, filled with this regret, she mounted with difficulty the steps of Chazeaux that lead to Fourvière, she felt a hand touch her shoulder. She turned to see who thus stopped her and very distinctly recognized, with her bodily eyes, Venerable Father Wurtz, as he was in life, but with features impregnated with a sovereign majesty.

Without taking time to recall the past, and overjoyed at the sight of her guide, she exclaimed, "Well, Father! when shall I be immolated for the salvation of the guilty?"

The servant of God regarding her with tender compassion, addressed her this mild reproach: "Pauline, my child, does not martyrdom of heart suffice you"?

And the vision disappeared.

It had been so clear, and, so to say, so palpable, that the maiden was a long instant before she recalled that the saintly priest no longer existed.

She received with great respect these mysterious words, but did not then perceive their signification. Shortly afterwards, she was seized anew with a violent crisis resulting from the chronic disease of which the energy of her will and the strength of her character had permitted her to dissimulate

the progress. Spotted fever having set in, there remained no hopes. In this extremity, the child of Mary wished to die near the cherished sanctuary in which she had begged to be immolated for France, and particularly for Lyons. Consequently, she asked to be taken to the Ladies of St. Charles where she enjoyed the great happiness of being placed in a room neighbouring the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.

"O Jesus", she wrote, "You have wounded my soul so deeply, but only when You had placed it under Your wings, in such a manner that it was impossible for me not to receive Your blows as tokens of love. *You have then shewed the might of Your arm*, and my life has become as a target against which you seemed to dart the arrows of our Justice... And I said, 'My days are lost for this world, for the men who restore health retire, silent, before death...'

"Thus, during three months, I remained in the presence of the Saviour as a prey that Death had secured...

"The anguish and tortures of the final struggle several times made themselves felt to my poor soul. This would usually happen on a holyday. When my last breath was expected so imperceptible were my heartbeats. I would interiorly say, 'Jesus, Thou art my life!' And the life of my God would withdraw mine from the grave, after having let me suffer the terrible pangs of agony and the mortal anguish that oppressed me..."

While her body endured cruel sufferings, she bore trials that she eloquently resumes in these words, "I had become as a mark against which you seemed to try the arrows of your Justice, O my Sovereign Lord!"

At the sight of such sufferings, those who surrounded her begged that death shortly relieve her of her tortures.

But Our Lady of Fourvière answering in a better way the supplications addressed her, once again snatched her servant from death's threshold and restored her to life.

"Eight days sufficed to make me pass from an agonizing state to that of health and strength such as I had not enjoyed for years. I profited by this to go and thank Our Lady of Fourvière in her sanctuary and offer my gratitude to Venerable Archbishop De Pins, for the interest he had ceaselessly manifested for me during my illness. I submitted to him the project I had made of going, without delay, to the tomb of St. Francis Regis, so as to escape visitors whom the news of my sudden recovery would not fail draw to me."

The Archbishop having advised her to follow her pious design, she whom human science had declared incurable and lost could be seen undertaking, full of life, the journey—in those times long and painful—to La Louvesc.

In this solitary place so dear to our saintly traveller, she passed several weeks absorbed in God and breaking the silence only to spread in souls the flame of divine Love. The *Ladies of the Retreat* greeted her as a friend whose generosity they had experienced, on many an occasion, at La Louvesc, at Lyons and elsewhere.

(To be continued)

Petitions and Thanksgivings

"O Mary conceived without sin,
pray for us who have recourse of Thee."

You may use the enclosed Three Dollars for any purpose you choose. I ask the assistance of your prayers for the recovery of my health. Should this favour be granted, I shall send an offering for your Missions.

H. G. M., Montreal.

*
* *

Please find enclosed amount for a Novena of lights in honour of the Blessed Virgin, in thanksgiving for a favour obtained.

C. P., New Bedford, Mass.

*
* *

I am renewing my subscription to the PRECURSOR and add One Dollar for a Novena of lights. Kindly pray for the conversion of two children who do not fulfill their religious duties.

Mrs. P. M., Montreal.

*
* *

Would you please pray for my intention, as I suffer very much from a goiter. If I obtain my cure, I promise to send Twenty-Five Dollars.

Mrs. A. L., Ludlow, Mass.

*
* *

We desire to express our heartfelt gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for the cure of my sister who was in the hospital, in a hopeless condition. A Miraculous Medal was given to her and she is rapidly improving.

Mrs. M., Montreal.

*
* *

A particular intention.

*
* *

I am a Subscriber to the PRECURSOR and ask a special favour: a permanent position for my husband who has been out of steady employment for over a year. If obtained, I promise to contribute Twenty-Five Dollars and renew my subscription to your Review.

A Subscriber.

*
* *

Many thanks to Our Lady for a very special favour obtained.

*
* *

I promise Two Dollars if my husband who is addicted to drink be cured.

Mrs. X.

*
* *

Please remember my special intention in your prayers.

Miss M. T. S., Worcester, Mass.

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*

Enclosed please find One Dollar for a Novena in honour of St. Anthony for particular favour. If granted, I promise to renew my subscription for five years.

Mrs. F. C., Montreal.

In acknowledgment for very great favour received, kindly accept the enclosed amount.

Miss L. K., Worcester, Mass.

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*

Prayers are requested for the recovery of my sight.

Mrs. G. F., Easthampton, Mass.

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*

The enclosed Five Dollars in thanksgiving to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus for a special favour obtained through her intercession.

Mrs. F. R., Montreal.

*
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*

You will find enclosed One Dollar and Fifty Cents for two Novenas of lights in honour of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for favours obtained. Please pray for another intention; I shall send an offering for Novenas of thanksgiving if it be granted.

Mrs. O. C., Taftville, Conn.

*
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*

Kindly make a Novena to Our Immaculate Mother and St. Anthony that I may recover the use of my limbs.

Mrs. W. F. M., Grand Falls, N. B.

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*

My sister is suffering from acute tubercular trouble. Would you please pray for her recovery? Enclosed One Dollar.

Mrs. R. R., Verdun.

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*

I desire to obtain a very special favour. If it be granted, I promise to send you One Dollar for five weeks.

N. E. R., West Warren, Mass.

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*

As promised, I enclose herewith One Dollar for a Novena of lights.

Mrs. J. P. G., Montreal.

*
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*

Thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a favour obtained for a poor mother.

Mrs. V.

*
*
*

Please find enclosed Five Dollars to fulfill a promise that I made.

G. R., Montreal.

*
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*

May I ask the help of your prayers for very important intentions: the return to the sacraments of my brother and a friend, the sale of a property and a position to be obtained.

Miss A. F., Utica, N. Y.

* * *

Kindly make a Novena to the Sacred Heart for my special intention. Please accept the small donation enclosed herewith.

Subscribers.

* * *

Please accept the enclosed Five Dollars, a small donation towards your great Work, and in thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for my husband and son's success in obtaining employment.

Mrs. R. M., Montreal.

* * *

I ask your prayers that God may direct me in the choice of a religious Congregation.

Miss M., St. John, N. B.

* * *

Please find One Dollar for a Mass in honour of the Blessed Virgin, to obtain a particular grace.

Mr. McC., Montreal.

* * *

I very much desire to obtain two important favours, both temporal and spiritual. I shall give Twenty-Five Dollars per year during my life and every dollar I can spare for the redemption of souls if these favours be granted.

Mrs. S. C.

* * *

Would you kindly make a Novena for my intention and burn two lamps to obtain success in an examination for my niece ?

Miss L. S., Westmount.

* * *

I enclose One Dollar for a Novena to St. Anthony for a grace which I would like very much to obtain.

Miss E. C., Marlboro, Mass.

* * *

A very special favour is desired through the intercession of Our Immaculate Mother. If this request be granted, I shall forward Five Dollars. I am enclosing One Dollar; kindly have lights burned at Mary's shrine.

A Subscriber, Williamstown, Mass.

* * *

Here is a small donation for your good works. Please remember me in your prayers for the recovery of my health, if it be God's holy Will.

Miss C. S., Montreal.

* * *

In honour of the Little Flower of Jesus I am enclosing Three Dollars in thanksgiving for a special grace obtained.

Miss R. H., Pawtucket, R. I.

*
* *

Am sending Two Dollars for your missions; would you kindly help me by your prayers: I desire the cure of my baby who is suffering from appendicitis; may Our Immaculate Mother obtain this favour for me!

Mrs. M. A. L., Chatham Head, N. B.

*
* *

Please accept the small offering of Five Dollars for your great work in the Chinese missions. I ask your fervent prayers for myself and family.

Mr. E. C., Montreal.

*
* *

May I solicit your prayers for a special favour. If granted I promise to contribute Twenty-Five Dollars in honour of the Immaculate Conception, to use as you desire best; I also promise to subscribe for the PRECURSOR as long as I live.

W. O. T., Nelson, N. B.

*
* *

Enclosed you will find Five Dollars, which I promised if my little girl's sight improved. As she is really better, I hope to be soon able to forward the remaining Twenty Dollars. With my grateful thanks to Our Lady.

Mrs. C. A. R., Providence, R. I.

*
* *

Will you pray to Our Lady of Perpetual Help to obtain for me a very special grace. I also desire a temporal favour.

Miss B. P., Montreal.

*
* *

I would ask you to please remember my dear mother in your prayers. Her health is very poorly. I will try and send a little money for your great and glorious cause of saving souls.

Mrs. M. C., Montreal.

*
* *

Please find enclosed Five Dollars which I promised if I obtained a favour.

Miss A. M., Leominster, Mass.

*
* *

Kindly accept One Dollar for a Novena of lights in honour of the Immaculate Conception. May this kind Mother obtain from her Divine Son the improvement of my health! If my petition be granted, I will send One Dollar every two months for a year for the Souls in Purgatory.

Miss L. S., Worcester, Mass.

*
* *

You will find enclosed an offering to help you in your beautiful work. Please pray for our dead. I have a special request to make concerning my two boys. I promise One Dollar a month in token of gratitude.

Mrs. S. McG., Montreal.

*
* *

Enclosed you will find another year's subscription for the PRECURSOR. I begged you, a short time ago, to remember me in your prayers. I feel our dear Mother is doing something for me; I am sending part of the amount then promised. Please do not forget my intentions.

Miss I. C., Adams, Mass.

*
* *

I am forwarding this amount in thanksgiving to St. Rita and St. Jude for favours received after promise to have same published in the PRECURSOR.

Subscriber, Winooski, Vt.

*
* *

A subscriber of Gilbertville, Mass., requests special prayers to the Child Jesus and Our Lady of Perpetual Help for favours to be speedily obtained.

*
* *

I have already subscribed to the PRECURSOR and am enclosing the price of ransom for a Chinese babe. I desire that the prayers of the dear child help me in the cure of a heart disease.

Mrs. J. McC., Lachine.

*
* *

Would you kindly pray that I may find a desirable position. If my request be granted, I shall send part of my earnings every week for five weeks.

Mr. A. C., New Brunswick.

*
* *

A donation of Twenty-Five Dollars is promised if, thro the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, a great favor is granted. I enclose One Dollar for a lamp or candles to burn during Novena.

A Subscriber, Montreal.

*
* *

Please offer prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus from Whom I have received many graces, that I may be able to dispose of a house in a distant city. A further donation will be forwarded in thanksgiving.

S. E. C., Verdun.

*
* *

Enclosed please find One Dollar for one year's subscription to THE PRECURSOR. Am asking the help of your prayers for the recovery of my health. If I be relieved, I promise to send you Five Dollars during the course of this year.

Mrs. J. E. L., Indian Orchard, Mass.

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

VOTIVE LIGHTS IN HONOUR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

*In the Chapel of the Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception.*

To comply with the desire of several pious persons devoted to the Blessed Virgin we are pleased to quote the prices of lamps and candles that may be burned at Mary's shrine in our modest chapel, in thanksgiving or to obtain some favour from this tender Mother.

A lamp or candle	{ 10 cents each.
	{ 75 cents for a novena.
	{ \$20.00 for one year.



NECROLOGY

Very Reverend Mother Marie Rose, Superior General of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

Reverend Mother M. des Sts. Anges, Provincial of the Sisters of the Presentation of Mary.

* Our dear Sister St. Cecile, nee Leontine Lamothe, who died at our Mother-House, July 10, 1925.

Miss. E. Gatien, Montreal.
Miss Lillian Russell, Quebec.
Mr. W. J. Foster, Montreal.
Mrs. M. J. Foster, Montreal.
Mr. Francis S. Miller, Montreal.
Mrs. John O'Neill, Worcester, Mass.
Miss C. Edith Miller, Montreal.
Mrs. Bridget Lawlor, St. John, N. B.
Mr. J. P. Boyle, Montreal.
Mr. John Boyle, 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".

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.

No. 578.—OXIDE SILVER MEDAL OF STE THERESE.
(The Little Flower of Jesus.)



This beautiful Medal portrays Ste Thérèse, (The Little Flower of Jesus) with a Crucifix in her left arm, surmounted by a Cluster of Roses, and on the other side of the Medal, are the Immortal words of Ste Thérèse: "I will spend my Heaven Doing Good upon Earth." This is a most beautiful maxim for any Christian to follow in their journey through life.

The price of this medal is only 25c. each, and if you sell 12 of these Medals, we can give you as a premium, one beautiful Rosary in Imitation Cut Stone, Rolled Gold Mounted, 18 inches long, of any shade of color that you desire, or if you prefer, we can give you a handsome Prayer Book.

If you sell 18 of these Medals, we can give you as a premium one beautiful Statue of Ste Thérèse (The Little Flower of Jesus) in size 9 inches.

If you sell 24 of these Medals, we can give you a Statue of Ste Thérèse (The Little Flower of Jesus) in size 12 inches.

If you sell 36 of these Medals, we can give you as a premium, a beautiful Statue of Ste Thérèse, in size 16 inches.

If you sell 48 of these Medals, we can give you as a premium one beautiful Statue of Ste Thérèse in size 22 inches.

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cis Xavier.
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- (Life of love)25c "
- (1st Communion)25c "
- Bl. Therese as a child with
her mother)25c "
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Padua01 ea.

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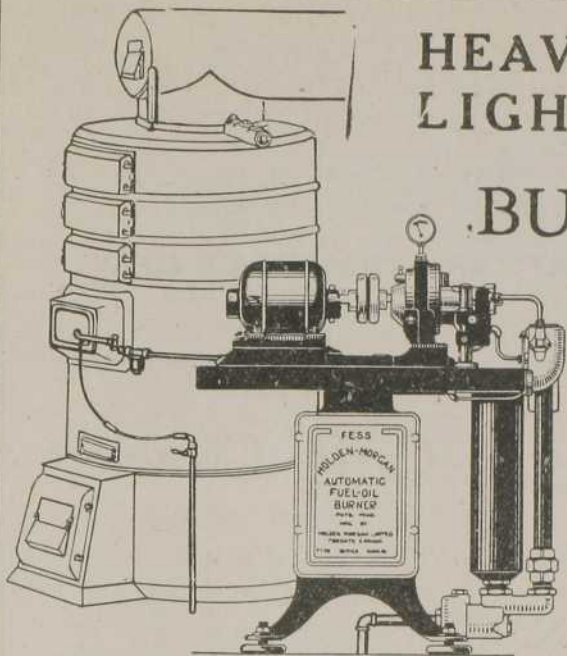
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Benefactors of the Society

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

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.

Subscription Rates

THE PRECURSOR, published by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception appears six times a year, in the months of January, March, May, July, September and November.

Annual Subscription: \$1.00

All subscriptions are payable in advance

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Subscribers are requested to kindly notify us of any change of residence, by sending us both their former and present address, with the number of their series which is found at the upper left-hand corner of the PRECURSOR envelope; or better still, return the envelope itself, with the address corrected.

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