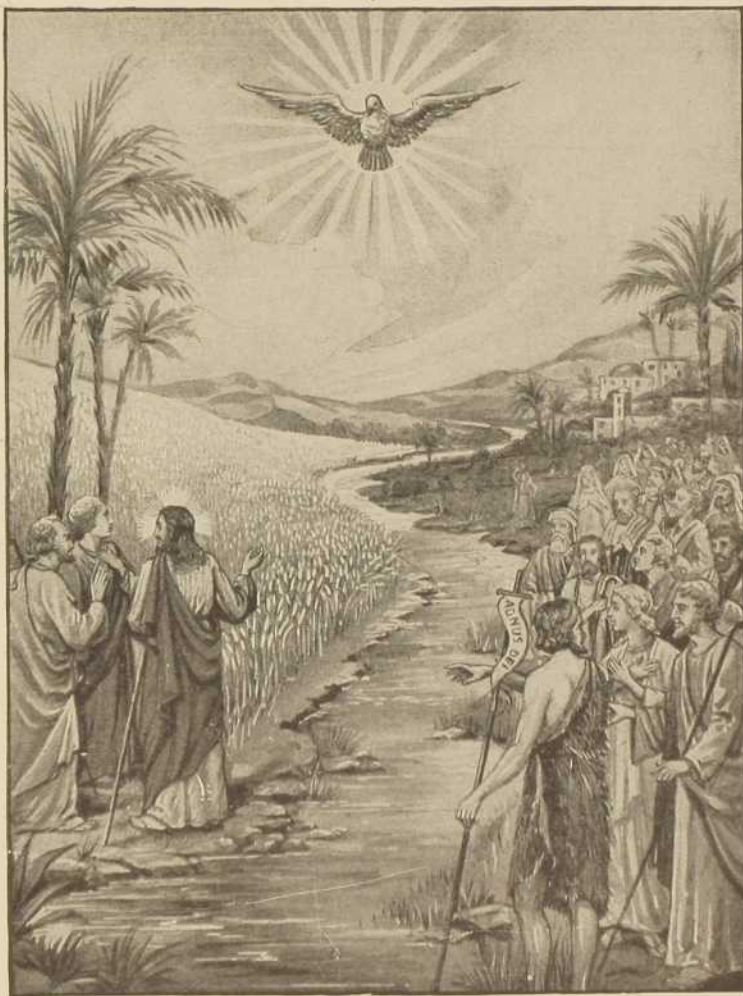


THE PRECURSOR



Vol. III, 4th Year MONTREAL, JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1926 No. 1

PREMIUMS

Offered for Subscriptions-New OR Renewed

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- 10 subscriptions to THE PRECURSOR give right to the choice of the following objects: Chinese objects, 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.

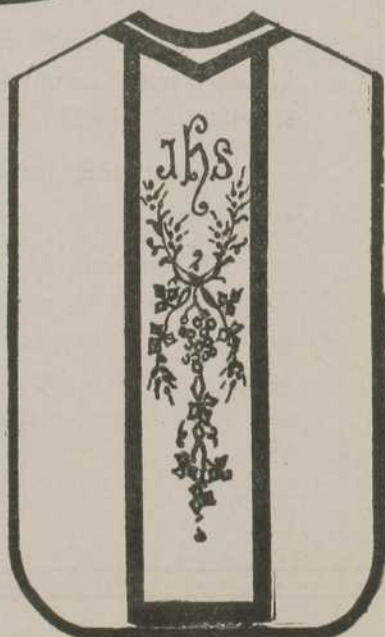
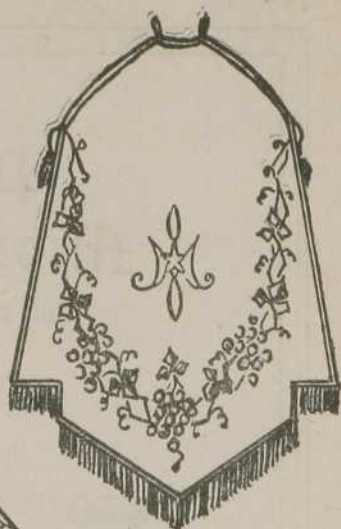
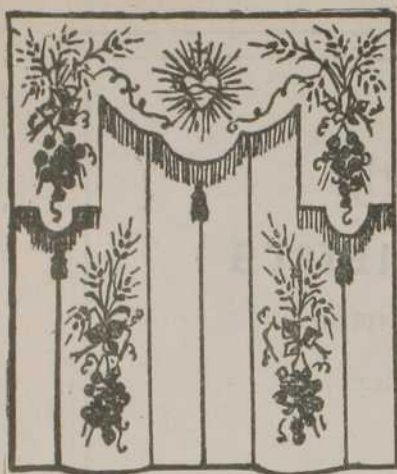
Missionaries must undergo several years' preparation before being able to commence their apostolic labors in foreign fields.

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.

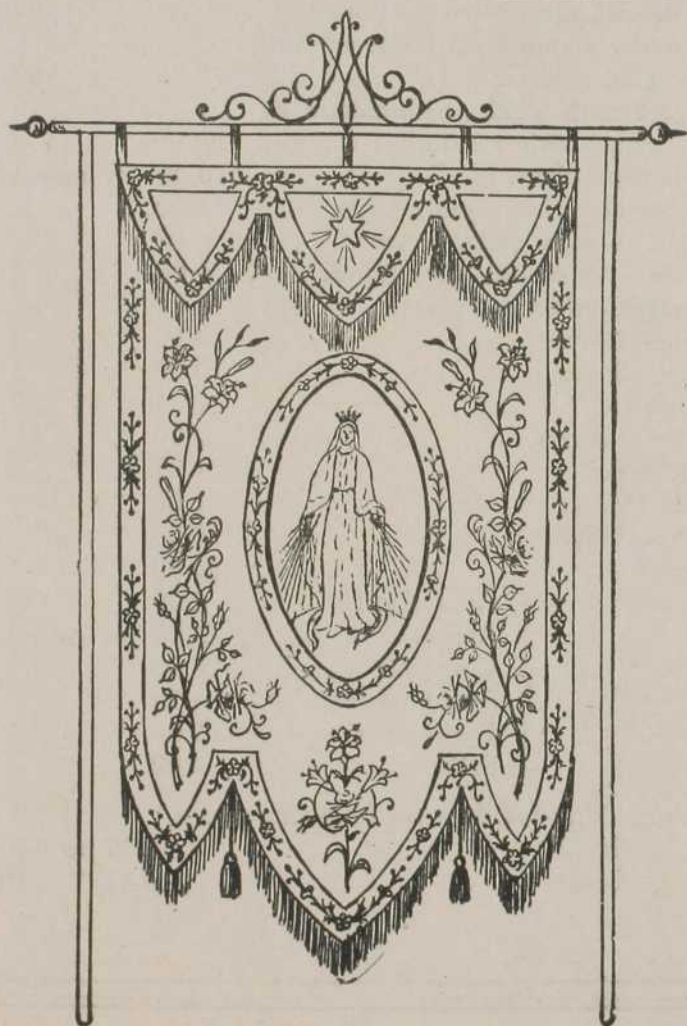
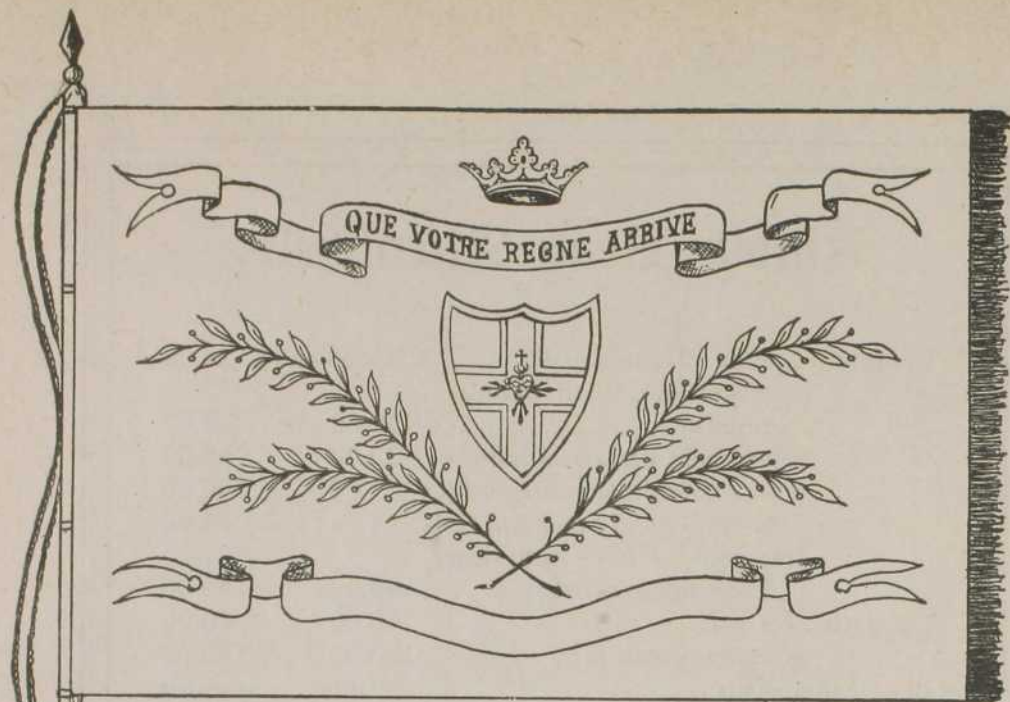


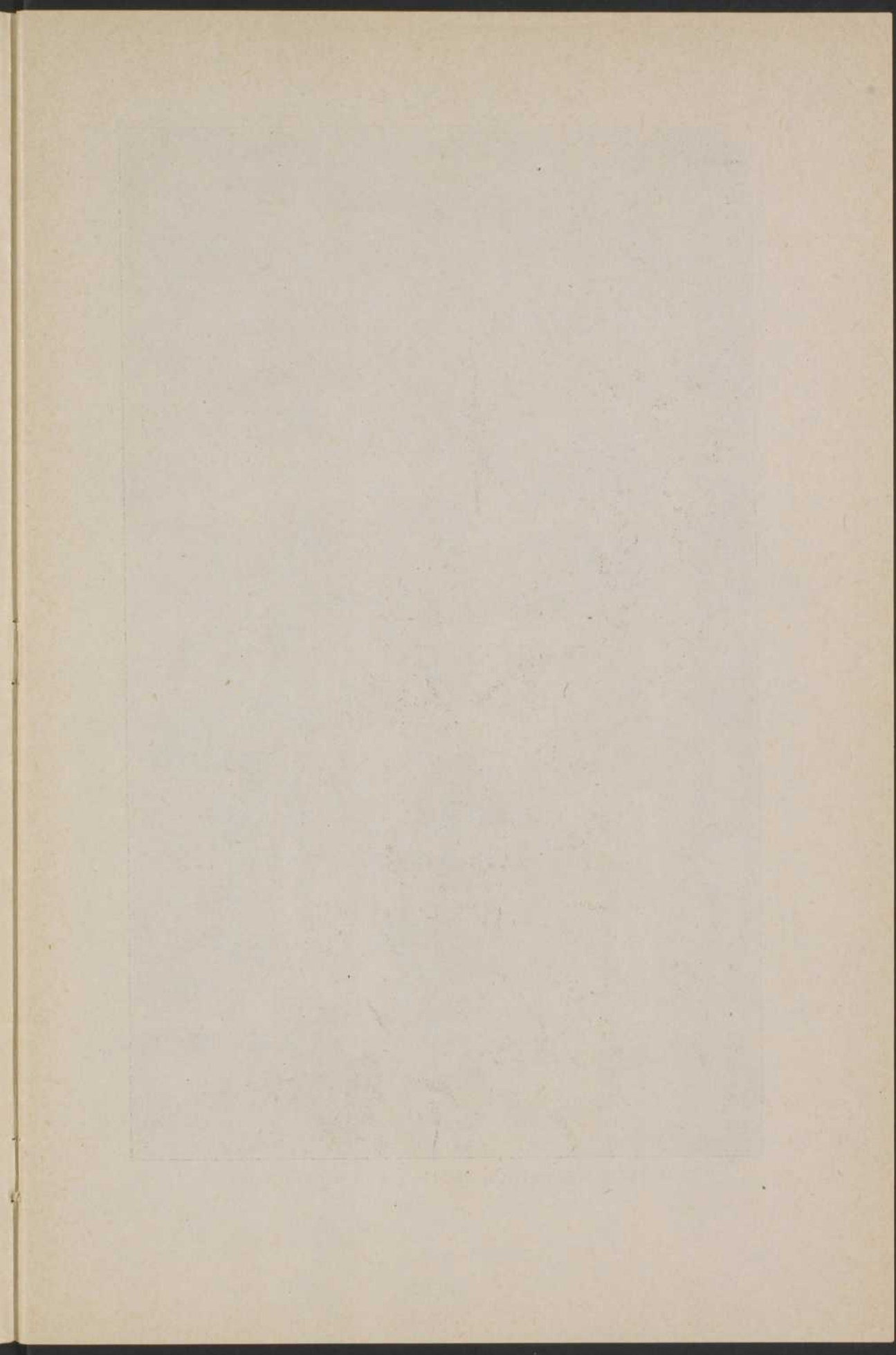
Kindly Read Attentively

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. 3

MONTREAL, JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1926

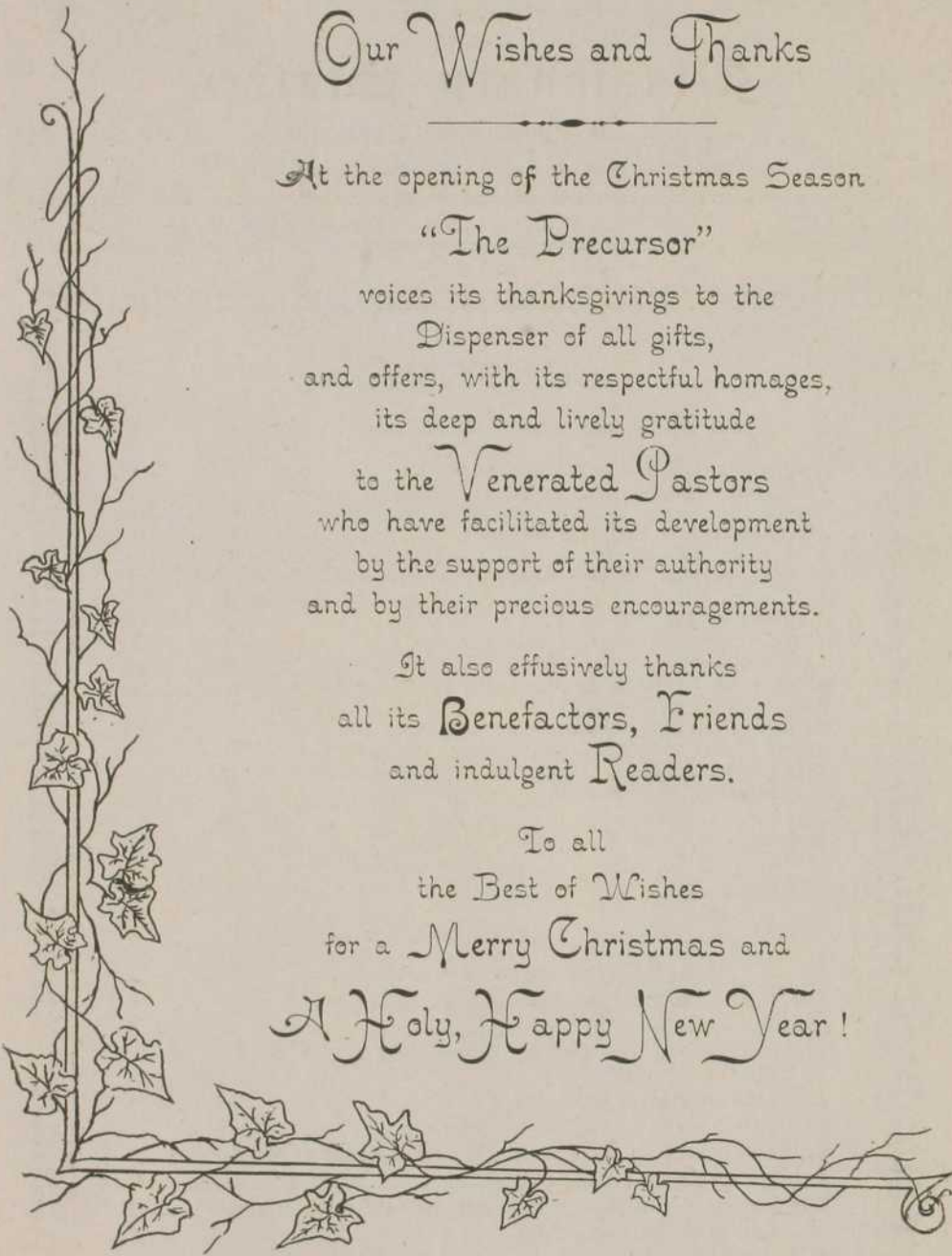
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Our Wishes and Thanks

At the opening of the Christmas Season

"The Precursor"

voices its thanksgivings to the
Dispenser of all gifts,
and offers, with its respectful homages,
its deep and lively gratitude

to the Venerated Pastors
who have facilitated its development
by the support of their authority
and by their precious encouragements.

It also effusively thanks
all its Benefactors, Friends
and indulgent Readers.

To all
the Best of Wishes
for a Merry Christmas and
A Holy, Happy New Year!



The Nativity.

BY L. M. TAINTER.

P *PE to the Christmas Guest,
A little Child,
Who bringeth gifts the best;
Peace and good-will on earth and mercy mild.*

*His hands are weak and small,
But have the power
To break the chains of all,
And hold the heritage of heaven as dower.*

*On every sea and land
Where men abide,
At touch of that frail hand,
By none forbid, the door swings open wide.*

*The newborn are His own,
He whispers low
To them of lands unknown,
Whence they were sent to us, God's love to show.*

*The great moon bell doth ring,
The star bells chime,
And angel choirs sing,
As flies the joyful news from clime to clime.*

*The Saviour prophesied
Is born again,
And, whatsoe'er betide,
Through time and through eternity shall reign.*

Cure attributed to the Miraculous Medal

A grateful mother related to us the following fact which will not fail to interest and touch all hearts devoted to Mary.

"When your sisters came to my house (St. Ann's Parish, Montreal) in July, I was in a state of untold anguish: my little girl of six years was dying! For the last three days, the poor darling had remained in bed; an attack of acute appendicitis made her suffer intensely. The doctor was to come that afternoon to operate on her; I so much desired to save my child! I asked the sister to come into the room and see her. The dear little one gave no more evidence of life, which rendered my martyrdom almost intolerable. The pious visitor spoke kindly to console me and gave me a Miraculous Medal, asking me to place it on my poor little daughter. I thanked her with effusion. She left, assuring me again that she would pray with me. I immediately went to the bedside of my dying child and placed the Medal on her, imploring the Blessed Virgin to work in my favor a miracle. I then went into the next room to resume my work. Hardly had twenty minutes elapsed when I heard my dear little one's voice, "Mamma, Mamma!" I ran to her side. She was sitting up in bed and seemed to awake from a profound sleep. "Mamma," repeated she, "I want to go and play!—Play! what are you thinking of, dear?" I was so terrified at seeing her thus that I did not think of the Blessed Virgin's Medal. I had forgotten that this tender and merciful Mother quickly answers the prayers of her poor afflicted children. My little one insisted: she wanted to go and play! I dressed her, gave her something to eat, and let her go. Really, I was anxious about her! I watched her as she went away; but she seemed so well, and she started to play with such animation that I felt reassured.

"The doctor came and found the little bed empty. He could not repress a movement of annoyed surprise. As I explained the matter to him, he said that, to ascertain the child's cure, it would be safer to have her rest, for a few hours at least. But the little one whom he saw would not hear of that: she ran off in a wink to resume her game.

"The doctor has declared not to understand how a change could have so rapidly and radically produced itself. He thought he had made a mistake in his diagnostic. But my heart and faith eloquently told me that a more clever and powerful hand than those of here below had averted the peril and saved my child!

"A thousand thanks to our Immaculate Mother! Never shall I forget this favor which she has just bestowed upon me through her Miraculous Medal!

The First Missal

NEVER within the memory of maid Margaret, had Master John gone to bed so late and so noisily.

Usually, after the family prayer, whilst "goodnights" and kisses are exchanged, the half past eight o'clock strikes at the "cuckoo" in the vestibule: the Sand-man then begins his round. Oh! the nasty dust! John has his eyes and mouth already full of it, and he surrenders to old Margaret; he is docile, blind, dumb; grumbling, do you say? No! he snores!

But to-night, what bright eyes, what capers, what sprightly tongue!

—I shall show them to you to-morrow, my Christmas presents, my chapel. You will see how pretty it is! The altar is varnished wood, you know, just like papa's desk, with four chan....four candelabra, and a gold chalice, and a stand for the book, and a real tabernacle. And I have a set of vestments, all; you understand: Auntie embroidered it white, with flowers around the cross! And...

—Well, Master John, your little brothers have long been asleep, it is nearly ten o'clock.

John does not feel sleepy. He enjoys so much happiness! He is also a wee bit uneasy: when one is six, one thinks of everything! It is too much! Mamma will come, saying her beads; she will bend down in the white shadow of the large curtains, and she will perceive two great questioning eyes:

—Say, Mamma, there is no book!

—No book?

—Yes, on the stand, to say Mass!

—But, dear, you will put there one of your fairy-tale books.

—Oh! no, Mamma; there must be a book, a book purposely for that.

—A Missal!

And the mother hesitates, she thinks, she shakes her head as if someone spoke in her ear—John's Guardian Angel or her own!

—Sleep, Reverend Father, you will have your Missal, soon, in a few days. Think, John! it is sent from Rome!

Since then, every evening, when the little ones' warblings have become a soft rhythmical breathing, when John sees himself—oh! the beautiful dream! beginning, in a sunfilled Cathedral, a Mass served by angels in azure surplices, Mamma sits near the table where papa reads his magazines, and there, she continues the work of the preceding evening.

Here is, found again and opened, singing its gay scale in the lamp halo, the old paint-box that the housewife had forgotten, since the last eight years, with her maiden trinkets. Found again also, the studious patience of the girl boarder meriting, at the Sacred Heart, her first prize of drawing; found again also, the delicate touch of the *aquarelliste*, distinguished by many a master at the small drawing-rooms' exhibitions. And under the

paint-brush's caresses, the vellum is adorned with mystical lilies, the leaves of the book are strewn with large black letters—the text must be very legible—among which the golden capital letters glitter.

Most certainly never did a miniature painter colour a manuscript with more love! never did an artist produce an as much cherished piece of work: No! it is not merely the work of an artist; it is the work, the master-piece of a mother, of a christian. The exquisite soul of a mother, the pious tact of a christian were needed to conceive and realize this book that no editor ever imagined; this Missal in which John will read his first Mass, his own! An extra-liturgical Mass, very short and in the vernacular!—how will she manage with the Sacred Congregation of Rites, this Mamma of John?—but it is so full of ecclesiastical spirit, I was going to say, sacerdotal spirit!

There is, in it, all the frame of the Divine Office from the initial Psalm: *In the name of the Father...I will go in to the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth up to* Prayers after Mass: three Hail Marys, for the Pope. The Confiteor is in full: an abridged Gloria—that of the angels at Bethlehem;—the Gospel of St. Matthew (XIX, 13): At that time: *There were little children presented to Jesus, that He should put His hands on them, and pray*; the Credo that John does not yet know till the life everlasting!

There are even Collects that you would seek in vain in the Roman Missal; this one, for instance—and do not be astonished if the paint-brush quivered whilst writing it:

—O God, I am only a child, but if you deigned give my parents and myself the honour of choosing me to later become your priest, your missionary to make you known to the poor heathen, grant me the grace of generously responding to your call, and also grant me not to be unworthy of it. Amen!

And this other prayer, after the Pater: *Jesus, you will come one day to visit me, and give yourself to me; prepare me well for my First Communion.* Amen!

A few additions, a last prayer *For Papa and Mamma*; a last rubric, in red ink: *When Mass is ended, everything must be placed in perfect order*; at the beginning, a large picture, water-colour painting, from life: John, stiff in his chasuble, with arms outstretched, his blue eyes half-opened, and saying with a little pouting face, full of graveness: "*The Lord be with you!*"

—Now, quick, quick!...'Tis a pressing work, Sir. A very solid binding, very red, with gilded lock, a cross...

So, on this Second Sunday after the Epiphany, when John will officiate, in finding on the altar the glittering Missal, won't his joy be great! he will be happy, happy! almost as much as Mamma!...

* * *

These childhood remembrances—like a flock of swallows returning to the home nest—hover in the memory of the young priest, of the mis-

sionary, the newly-ordained of this morning. He has left his room where sleep would not come, and has repaired to the silent chapel, the family sanctuary, where, a few hours later, he will offer for the first time the Holy Sacrifice. Using a lighted candle, he opens the Missal and looks for the Mass for the next morning. Suddenly, he stops, distracted, dreaming, musing over the past he now recalls.

From the shadow where, in advance, she was enjoying, unnoticed, the supreme and approaching honour—to receive God, her God, from the hands of this child, her child!—the mother anxiously draws near.

—"My son," whispers she, "what are you thinking of? You must go and rest.

—"Mother," and a burning tear fell from his eye, "Mother, I was thinking that I would perhaps not be here, turning over the leaves of this Missal; I was thinking that I would not be a missionary, destined to go yonder to make God known, if I had not read over and over another Missal, the first, you know, the one when I was six years old, your Missal, Mamma!"

Francis Chauvin.



FLOATING POPULATION OF CANTON, CHINA.

CANTON

The situation is always the same: serious, alarming. Our Colleagues remain confined in the enclosure of the Cathedral from which it would not be safe to venture. Shameen, always in the state of siege, has become a formidable intrenched camp. Father Lawrence was nevertheless able to embark a gun-boat to go and take a little rest at the Sanatorium of Bethany and Father Lerestif has come to replace him temporarily. The Russians are more and more numerous at Canton and they progressively apply there the principles of the 3rd International. However a part of the army and the great majority of the merchants do not seem to want to submit to the Bolchevist *regime*, whose outrages will doubtlessly bring about an uprising in the public opinion. (1)

(1)—Extracted from the Bulletin of the Society of Foreign Missions of Paris.

SAVAGE AGRESSION AGAINST A MISSIONARY.

LAST Sunday, August 30, Father Favre, Missionary at Mienfu, about 120 kilometres from Swatow, was victim in his Church of a savage aggression by the Red Soldiers stationed in the locality.

It was at the time of the evening Office, around four o'clock. A Christian soldier, native of Kiangsi, came to the Church followed by 5 or 6 others: the latter began to speak loudly and to stare at the women who were there. Father Favre requested them politely to sit down and keep silence; as they did not heed the Father's words, the Christian soldier thinking that they had not understood, repeated them.

They then went out screaming and summoning the soldier to follow them; he went out and received heavy blows, without anybody interfering. The Father who had remained inside made the spectators re-enter. Hardly had they returned when about thirty soldiers arrived screaming: "Down with Imperialism, let us kill the foreign devil." With wild yells, they rushed on the Father who was standing in the center of the Church; some throwing at him benches and chairs, others striking him with whatever fell under their hands. The Father while defending himself the best he could from the blows which fell heavily on his head and chest, succeeded in going out. When he was outside, a blow hurled at his head with a bench threw him on the ground; the brutes were going to beat him to death when an officer, warned by the Christian soldier, came on the scene, dispersed the aggressors with lashings of a whip and put an end to the tragedy.

The Father has more or less dangerous bruises on his arms and head, and, as a result of the blows received, has had several hemorrhages. We hope, nevertheless that, thanks to his strong constitution, his health will not be endangered.

The Governor of the place has promised to punish the guilty ones. (1)

(1)—Extracted from "The Echo of the Mission".



MODE OF LIFE IN THE DESERT.
Represented at the Vatican Missionary Exposition.

A brief account of the voyage of the three first Missionaries of the Foreign Mission Seminary of the Province of Quebec.

ADDRESSED TO THE SUPERIOR GENERAL
of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,
by Reverend J. L. A. Lapierre.

En Route, between Vancouver and Victoria, 3 P.M., September 17, 1925.

Reverend Mother Superior,

I should not wish to set out on open sea without addressing you a word and giving you news of Vancouver. We arrived at the time indicated and immediately went to say Mass at your Convent; then we were served a hearty breakfast. Your Sisters are well installed in a pretty little cottage situated in the Japanese and Chinese quarters, with a lot of ground, sufficient at least for the present, and even for an extension of the work that you will have to do in Vancouver. Your Sisters are in good health, and I am convinced that they already are doing splendidly. Of course, it is but a beginning but in it lies the assurance of magnificent and salutary activity for a near future.

Now we are aboard; my two companions are most joyful; I have never seen them laugh so much: it is impossible to think of sadness in their company, so much the better for gayety is such a sweet companion! At noon, as the ship lifted anchor, I could not help being emotioned. While the crowd greeted us and Mr. Constantin of Montreal, a school-mate, was waving his hat to me and in returning the same, instinctively my spirit and soul urged me to confide myself to the "Star of the Sea" and to sing interiorly the "Ave Maris Stella" as well as the hymn "Mother dear, remember me", etc., to confide those whom I was leaving, especially my beloved father, to the Sacred Heart, even to solicit Him to bless them, to preserve them, to make them happy. If my heart was full, if even a tear escaped, it was not a tear of sadness, still less of regret: it was the time of emotion, of departure, of the realized dream, and even at that moment the announcement of a delay, of an inconvenience would have been a painful affliction to my soul.

Kindly implore the Most High to always keep me in these sentiments, and that He may charge His Holy Angels to guide us and keep us from all dangers.

Best regards and good health to all. Pray that the work of God may be accomplished.

Yours ever-gratefully and ever-devotedly in the Sacred Heart.

Shanghai, October 4 and 5, 1925.

At last we have arrived at Shanghai, two days late. China is far, for since September the eleventh, we are almost continually at full speed and to think we have not yet come to destination: nor shall we before Sunday, October the eleventh, that is to say a whole month on the way! However, we have no right to complain of the trip: we have been served most favorably, excepting a day of bad weather, and another of typhoon during which nothing serious happened; we have been treated most kindly by the employees of the Company, truly we feel that it adheres to give satisfaction to its missionary clients.

Aboard, there were not only missionaries. A ship is a whole city, even a whole world. There were Canadians, Americans, French, English, Germans, Italians, Japanese, Chinese, Hindoos, etc.; there were persons of all categories: men of science, of letters, professors, merchants, representatives of business firms, travellers, students, emotion and novelty seekers. We were face to face with a varied world of dissimilar ideals, different and multiplied tastes. But that which strikes and merits to be observed is to see the number of Japanese and Chinese students who go to American Universities; the majority, beneficiaries of scholarships and who return to their country with subversive and materialist ideas. What is necessary to direct these people towards God and re-establish order in China, is the Catholic discipline and teaching on authority and the happiness of the world to come. It is exactly against all this, that they rush, and organize themselves: it is true that the gates of hell will never prevail, but in waiting, what struggles, what troubles and agitations! Let us pray that God's day will soon arise when the enemies of Holy Church will be humiliated and confounded.

Another fact worthy of observation, is to see so many persons, who, for position, fortune, pleasure, spread erroneous doctrines, neither shirk before separations, dangers, nor the furies of nations; so few do it for God's glory, the establishment of Christ's kingdom, the diffusion of truth and the conquest of happiness for future life!

On the way from Vancouver to Victoria, after having come in contact with all these people,—this was already something very interesting,—there remained no more variety in the life on sea. Nevertheless in a sea which appears to us always the same, in the days which flow away always alike, there is variety. So the morning of September 22, we were all surprised arriving on deck, after having said Mass, to see, at a short distance, series of isles, the Aleutian Islands which extend the Alaskan Peninsula; we saw them all day till three o'clock; barren rocks where we do not perceive any vegetation, not even a tree, nor a tuft of verdure.

On September 23rd, there was another event. I say: on the 23rd, but we did not have any this year: arriving at the 180th degree of longitude, in passing from west to east, we skipped a day, that is to say, passed from the 22nd to the 24th; until then, we had been eight hours behind Montreal, the next day we were sixteen hours ahead.

Sunday aboard is an unusual day. The Catholics, as in our parishes, assembled to assist at Mass. The Steamship Company had had the kindness to announce this Mass for half past nine, in the library. The assistance was not very numerous: about twenty persons. It was not a very solemn Mass, just a low Mass, without music nor sermon; it was not a Sunday as at our Seminary!...Nevertheless, it was a great deal, it was Holy Mass. I had the honor one Sunday of officiating there. Another thing worthy of observation, and to the honor of the Company, was that the crew, though composed of pagan Chinese were forced to respect the Lord's Day; on week-days we saw dozens of these employees occupied at the cleaning of the ship and at certain other labors: washing the windows, polishing the brass, preparing ladders, etc. That day, nothing at all, save what was absolutely necessary was done; even, on one occasion, when it was foreseen that we should be at Yokohama Monday morning, the preparatives for landing were made on the Saturday. This is certainly a credit to the Captain.

On board a ship, when, for several days, your horizon has been but the sky, the sea, and a few birds, there is nothing that draws attention so much as the sight of another ship or even a simple fishing-boat. Several hours before arriving at Yokohama, Sunday noon, they came to announce us the appearance, in the distance, of Japanese fishing-boats; quickly, we go up on deck, then we gaze...a crowd of spectators are bent over the sea and contemplate with spy-glasses these little sailing barks tossed by the waves; elsewhere, we should not have paid attention to them: on sea, we put everything aside to look, and we look for a long time. We have the feeling that the ship is no longer far from land, and we want to convince ourselves of it. But it is only by noon the next day that we enter the port of Yokohama. There again we must wait two hours before being able to leave the ship; we must first pass by the quarantine, but that is only the affair of an instant; then comes the examining of our passports: for the Canadians it is quickly done, but for the Americans, the officers are over-scrupulous. Our companion, Father Lomme, as American citizen, must three times make the attempt before obtaining the permission to get off: he has no Japanese visa; but at the end everything is arranged, and quickly we set out for Tokio. Visit Tokio, capital of the Japanese Empire, is interesting for a traveller from America, especially since the hand of God has struck it. Unfortunately we had not foreseen that we should have leisure time; we are unable to have a guide and have not the address of the Catholic Mission. As we have till nine A.M. the next day and we can reach the boat in 50 minutes' drive, we go ahead, at all risk, to visit certain parks, a museum, etc. But we can not fill the sketched program, it is too late. We engage ourselves in the business district, where can be found immense constructions of American style, such as we see in all our great cities; then we started to seek the Catholic Mission. We were told at the tourist office that it was in the district of Yotsuia; we then take the tramways, travel over the streets of Yotsuia.

make inquiries, but of Catholic Missions, none! Nevertheless, we easily console ourselves: we are in the midst of the Japanese merchants' quarter; it is very interesting to pass through all their displays; on the Main Street, they are installed in four rows: two in the houses and two on the sidewalks. The Japanese is a born merchant and has really business ways; he is a little like the Jew, he always has something to sell: Should a ship arrive in a Japanese port, immediately an avalanche of Japanese merchants are installed there to sell souvenirs, refreshments, toilet articles, jewelry, etc. How easily, in every land, one can find similitudes!

After having walked a mile in the midst of these exhibitions of silks, nicknacks, fruits and trinkets of all kinds, we take the notion to go down into a residential quarter, and there we find ourselves in narrow streets, which are used for everything. There we meet many people; women, always modestly dressed, children, street-porters, coolies; generally the Japanese have no horses for transportation, hence in the streets we meet them hitched to carts, overcharged with cases, bales: we should say, real mules. These streets also serve as shops, laundries, etc. Here, a carpenter is at work, there, a woman does her washing. Everyone stares at us: they must wonder what these strangers, dressed in black with the roman collar, wish; and we walk as if we were in the streets of Montreal! We return to the business section and seek a suitable restaurant: it is six o'clock. Here we notice a rather important edifice with the announcement: Lyon-Cafe. Immediately we enter: Japanese girls come to us, they understand neither English nor French. Therefore the Proprietor, a Japanese who speaks French well, advances: We shall have a complete dinner, splendid, for 1.50 yen. We are well served: two dishes of meat, rice, a salad, fruit, coffee, but no bread. We are satisfied. At the same time Divine Providence comes to our help: our man knows the Fathers of the famous Tokio School, "the Star of the Morning", the Marianists, of the Society of Mary. He not only gives us the address, but sends his son to take us to the tramway which will conduct us there. Another thoughtful attention of Divine Providence; in the tramway, we take up conversation with a former pupil of "The Star of the Morning" who had the kindness to conduct us to the door of the Fathers' residence. A Japanese lady receives us; on seeing that we are priests, she makes a low bow and goes to inform the Superior. He was at supper; we induce him to rejoin his guests, asking him to lead us to the chapel; for the last eleven days we have not entered a sanctuary! How consoling to enter the house of Our Master! It is a pretty community-chapel with a nave capable of containing three or four hundred persons. But the Fathers do not delay to come and get us. They even prepared us in the drawing-room, good coffee, that we take while making acquaintances. What a beautiful institution of French Missionaries who occupy themselves at Tokio in the Primary and secondary schools where 1250 Japanese scholars, of whom 600 boarders receive education. All are not Catholics; hardly 150 practice our Faith and 150 others follow the religious course; the remainder are pagans. But the

school possesses a great reputation and even the Minister of Public Instruction, enraged Buddhist and antichristian, cannot help praising and recommending it. These missionaries make there a preparatory work which will be very efficacious in a near future, in showing the superiority and efficacy of Catholic Works. These devoted Fathers have suffered considerable damages at the time of the great earthquake of 1923, several of their buildings were burnt; not one however was overthrown. They built again, but especially with the help of the pagans, and now, all is in perfect order. It is not that way everywhere in Tokio: the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres lost everything, and are still in temporary barracks with their six hundred pupils; others also that lost everything, were and are still unable to reconstruct. In the city, we still meet with ruins, overthrown edifices of which the remains heap up the foundations; here and there, we see workmen clearing away the ruins, digging to repara the aqueducts, to replace the canals, broken and plundered by the earthquake. How sad to see! Reverend Father Director, from the gallery shows us all the lower city of Tokio where, as far as the eye can reach, are thousands and thousands of houses, all newly constructed. The conflagration, said he, lasted for three whole weeks and thousands of persons were crushed and burnt. We heard but groans and death cries. What horror! When God strikes, He has a heavy hand, He strikes hard.

In the evening everything is disposed so that we return to the ship the next day at 9 A.M. the latest. Rising at 5 o'clock, Mass at 5.30, breakfast at 6.15, departure at 6.45. A Brother is charged to take care of us and conduct us to the station of Tokio to put us on the tramway for Yokohama. This kind Brother is of religious exactness. We separate in promising union of prayers and sacrifice, and at 8.30 we are at the ship which leaves only at 1.30 P.M. We are anxious to arrive at Yokohama; 390 miles separate us from Kobe: a short day's journey. But there is a typhoon and the sea is agitated, a violent wind blows: a warm depressing wind; the ship rocks; several are ill but not one among us. The next morning at 5.30 we are at Kobe. Father Retz is at the wharf; we go in a push-cart to the Europeans' Church through a pelting rain, which continued all day long. At ten o'clock we have returned to our cabins. The next day, departure is announced for four o'clock. After breakfast, we three, engage ourselves in the streets of Kobe. We wish to see Kobe in its natural state, not only from the tramway; for that, there is nothing like circulating in the streets of these Oriental Cities. One would say that at Kobe there are only merchants; at every door, even in the lanes, there is a display of merchandise. I do not know if many go bankrupt, nevertheless, as a Missionary Father said, all these people live and eat, so they must sell. While in the Hyoto District we sought for the famous 48 foot brass Buddha with a three foot eye, but could not find it. We discovered instead the Japanese Catholic Church whose Rector is Reverend Father Perrin, arrived in Japan 40 years ago. What a jolly man is this old

missionary, Japanese even to the tips of his fingers. He is astonished to see how well we speak French. He makes us pay a visit to his Church, erected 15 years ago. What a jewel is this brick Church, built after gothic style. To follow the Japanese custom, we took off our shoes before entering. It is shining with cleanliness, from the sacristy to the gallery; he made us examine also the main altar which is magnificent; then the side altars, pillars, altar-railing, stations of the cross, wainscotting, all in very precious wood, highly-prized in Japan, and which, said Father Perrin, is not sold anymore by measure but by weight. All this wood comes from trees bought at auction at the sale of a Buddhist Temple; how proud is the devoted missionary, to have carried off these precious trees from a satanic temple to use them in the erection and ornamentation of the House of God! In passing through the nave we sit down, Japanese fashion, on the mats which are occupied each Sunday by the faithful during the Office. Near a pillar are found, wrapped up, the veils with which the women cover their heads in church.

In the gallery, he shows us his organ, recently installed, bought in Paris, and which cost him \$320.00, Canadian money. He even makes us testify the power of the instrument and sing a hymn to the Holy Ghost. He would have liked to keep us for the solemnity of St. Michael, which is next Sunday. St. Michael's Day is the patronal feast of Japan. St. Francis Xavier arrived in Japan on the feast of St. Michael. In conversing with this old missionary, I could not help telling him my satisfaction on seeing him so gay, so full of life! Ah! said he, Our Lord has promised it: There is no man, did He say, that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive much more in the present time, and in the world to come life everlasting. There is nothing so true! Before leaving this devoted missionary, we visit the reception hall where every evening he assembles his Christians. On separating, I said: "How God must love you!...Ask Him therefore that He deign love us in like manner!..." How consoling it is to meet with such workers for God's glory.

We think of returning to our ship; it is true that we are not far from it, but in Kobe it is very easy to lose one's way: the streets wind and without noticing it, we easily get lost. It is thus in believing to direct ourselves towards the ship that we wandered from it; the more we inquired, the more we wandered; I said my beads and confided myself to the protection of St. Joseph. We arrived in time to sail towards Nagasaki!

How lovely is a beautiful sunset on the sea, a beautiful oriental evening on a ship sailing between two ranges of mountains; sky and sea are bathed in a crimson glory which the rays of the rising moon change slowly into a tint of silver; the varied landscapes which succeed one another, the villages scattered on the slope of the mountain, a light fragrant breeze, all this is really enchanting and capable of rendering us thoughtful; this explains the melancholic character of the Orientals.

The next day, at four o'clock, we are at Nagasaki; two Franciscan Fathers of Montreal are landing there to go to Kagochima. A priest of the Foreign Mission Seminary of Paris, Reverend Father Thierry, and a Franciscan, Father Maxime, come to us. We especially wish to visit the chapel of the 26 martyrs, most of them Franciscans, crucified in 1597. First we go to the Cathedral of Our Lady of Discovery; a hilly and winding stone-paved street leads us there. We then notice a concrete portico, gothic style, rather low. In the wide door-way a Miraculous Virgin five or six feet high faces us with out-stretched hands. This church has three naves, is spacious, well preserved and very clean but rather poor; it was built in 1864 when the preaching of christianism was still forbidden in Japan. It was then a extraordinary building and had been erected to attract the Japanese. In fact, they came there to visit this Church which did not resemble at all their constructions. But amongst them,—how Divine Providence directs all events!—there were descendants of the ancient christians who had preserved without priests (since the latter had been massacred and it was not allowed to have them replaced) the christian notions and practices. They found a missionary in the Church praying before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. They questioned him to find out if these priests were like those which their fathers had made known to them: 1°—If they observed the time of penance, and if they were then during that time (Lent). Affirmative answer; 2°—If they still had a Chief in Rome: question regarding the Pope. Affirmative answer; 3°—If they had wives. Negative answer. They then recognized the missionaries to be as those who had instructed their ancestors and they came by families, tribes and numerous troops; they were more than 40,000, thence: the title given to the church, Our Lady of Discovery. Their instruction was easy to complete, they were almost ready to be baptized. The children of these families presently form the greater number of the Catholic Japanese.

At Nagasaki, there are 75,000 Christians; however, there still remain 20,000 to be converted. They really have religious souls, but are, for the greater part, victims of certain leaders who hold them back (everything goes by clan in Japan). The day will soon come when Satan vanquished will be forced to set them free. Nevertheless they do not wish to die without being baptized: "Father," they say to the missionary, "if you learn that I am sick, come quickly to baptize me for I wish to be a christian before dying so as to go to heaven." It is His Lordship Bishop Combaz, of Nagasaki, who gave us himself this account while we visited his Cathedral. (Bishop Combaz is a Missionary in Japan for 47 years.)

From the Cathedral, we hasten to go to the chapel of the 26 martyrs, built at the foot of the mountain; it was near there, in 1597, that were crucified 26 Franciscan Fathers. Thousands of christians were massacred in those times of persecution at the foot of this same mountain. Nagasaki then had a bad reputation on account of its numerous christians who were brought here from all over to be massacred and crucified. This chapel was erected in 1897 to commemorate the third centenary of these martyrs. (The cons-

truction cost one hundred thousand francs, and was paid by a lady of Lyons). It is of gothic style, spacious enough to contain nearly a thousand persons. Truly it would not disfigure one of our great parishes of Montreal. It is a Japanese Father who is its Rector. We return for supper to the Bishop's Palace where we are expected. What a pleasant evening we spent with the Bishop and other old Missionaries !

As Canada interests them, so the narration of their works captivates us. It is His Lordship, with his 47 years of apostolate, who relates the development of Nagasaki's christianity; it is also another old Father, unable to walk but always smiling, who passes his old age in completing a Japanese and French Dictionary, in four volumes, etc.

It is already late, we must think of returning to the ship which leaves at midnight. Father Thierry wishes to conduct us to the wharf. We enter our cabins, then from the deck, observe the men and women occupied in supplying coal to our ship: on the barges, there may be fifteen hundred Japanese men and women who make a line with baskets of coal that they empty into the ship. How rapidly everything is done!

We leave the harbor almost without noticing it: we are on the way for Shanghai; in 24 hours we shall touch the soil of China !....

(To be continued)

A Friend of the Weak

One evening a poor old negro came to the Baltimore Cardinal's Palace, asking with tearfilled eyes, if a priest could come to anoint his dying wife.

—"Impossible," answered the butler, "I am sorry, you had better address yourself elsewhere, as at the moment, there is only Cardinal Gibbons in the house."

The poor unfortunate only lent a deaf ear to this reply and, redoubling his supplications, claimed that the poor woman was at the last extremity; in short, he made such an uproar that the Cardinal himself came to see what was the matter.

—"Why! certainly", he said, after hearing the motive of the poor negro's visit, "Of course I shall go with you...immediately."

It was now the faithful porter's turn to lament, "You do not think, Your Eminence, what a terrible tempest is raging. It is impossible...impossible !"

But he protested in vain, for already the prelate had returned to his apartment. A few minutes later in the midst of the storm and darkness, leaning on the arm of a poor ragged negro, this prince of the Church, aged man of seventy-eight years, made his way carrying to an agonizing, perhaps an ancient slave, the supreme consolation of our holy religion.

Many times this incident has been related to me and I have always listened to it with emotion.

The Temple of Heaven at Peking

By Mario Grimaldi, S. J.

THE facsimile of the famous "Temple of Heaven" at Peking, sent by the Lazarist Missionaries, is a precious contribution to the ethnographical section of the Vatican Exposition. This monument of capital importance shows us distinctly, so to speak, the primitive religion of the Chinese, the monotheist religion, excluding all idols or sensitive representations of the divinity. It was practised by its adepts two thousand years before the Christian era, and has been preserved through the political and religious revolutions of the nation, not however without being deformed and incorporated during the course of ages, to other polytheistic worship, and to numerous superstitions.

The facsimile of the temple is found in the Lapidary Museum. It is regrettable that its proportions did not permit to give it place in the hall destined to enlighten the general part of the missionary problem. It would have been a worthy crowning of the theme which sets before the visitor this ethnological hall of which the plan has been suggested to the learned religious who organized it by the application of historical methods to ethnology.

Description of the Temple.

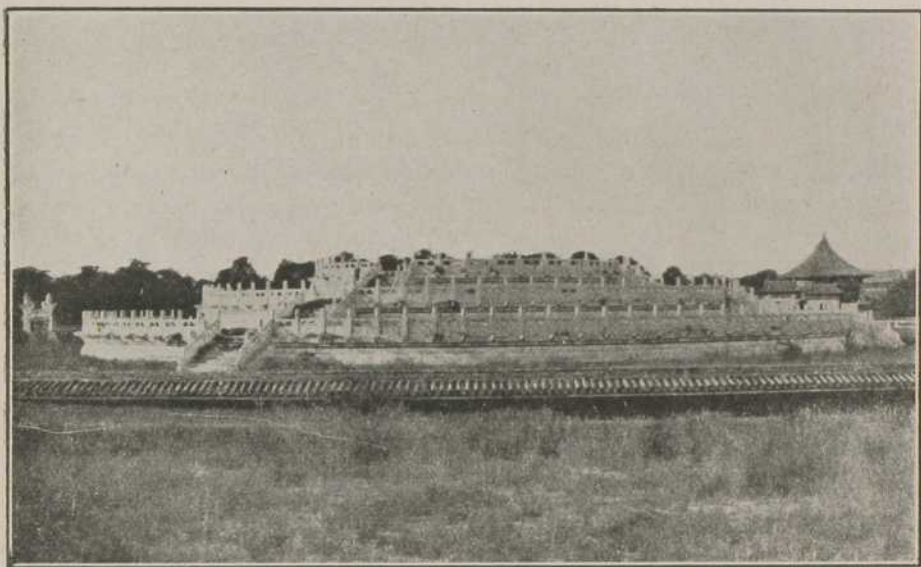
The temple is situated at Peking, in the Southern part of the city, also called the exterior city, to distinguish it from the Tartar or interior city, next to the Imperial Palace of the North. The traveller arriving at Peking by the Tien t'sin railway, after having passed beyond the gate of Yong ting station, skirts the Southern wall of the city. At the moment when the train penetrates the enclosure of the city his eyes discover towards the West, the triple purple roof of Tsi-nien-tien, dominating, majestic and isolated, the green foliage of the thick-set trees and curved roofs of the poor Chinese houses. On going out the terminus station of the Tchengyang gate, a wide street, dusty, thronged with wayfarers leads directly to the Yong-ting gate, the most southern of the city. Not far from there, on the East side, is the entrance of the woods which encircle the Temple of Heaven.

The long walk which the traveller must make on foot from the gate to the first marble steps (carriages are not permitted to cross the groves) has prepared him for the imposing aspect of the edifice erected in honor of heaven by the Emperor, Yung-lo. The endless stretches of land, the boundless horizons in which seems to disappear the insignificant human self of the visitor, all is admirably calculated to give an imposing idea of the universe.

The park, quadrangular in form and rounded at the angles of the North side, is enclosed by a red brick wall, surmounted with a little roof of azure tiles. In the interior, another wall parallel to the first and of which the circumference measures 5,750 metres, limits the space occupied by the so called temple of Heaven.

This edifice is divided into three distinct parts:

1°—At the South arises a triple circular terrace of white marble, surrounded by three balustrades also of marble. It is the "Tien t'an" or "Altar of Heaven". The lowest of the terraces is about seventy metres in diameter, the intervening one fifty and the highest one only thirty. All three are each five feet in height. The upper platform is paved with marble blocks, laid out in concentric circles. We count nine of them of which the largest is



THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN AT PEKING.

formed of eighty-one slabs, and the smallest of nine only. The centre stone is perfectly round; there knelt the Emperor for the adoration ceremony, encircled by the circumference of the three terraces and that, most distant, which formed the horizon. A quadrangular wall closes the three concentric terraces.

2°—At the North of the terraces extends the second part of the temple. It consists in a circular enclosure in the midst of which rise several constructions. The most important was reserved for the Emperor who clothed himself there with the ceremonial vestments, before ascending the altar.

3°—At last, a very wide and high esplanade entirely of marble blocks, leads to the properly called temple situated still more in the North. It is the "Tsi-nien-tien", of a round form, and placed at the top of the three terraces

with balustrades of marble. This temple is encompassed by three circular roofs superposed and covered by blue porcelain tiles, surmounted by a golden ball. The Chinese relate that in 1889 a centipede had the audacity to climb up to that ball. The lightning of heaven reduced the insect to ashes to punish it for its boldness, not without damaging at the same time the cupolas, the frame-work and the wooden pillars. The damage was promptly repaired and one can again admire the beautiful pillars and the frame-work which can be seen from the interior of the cupola. In the midst of the temple there is but the Emperor's throne; not an idol is found there, not a statue of a hero, not even the "Tablet of Heaven" which is kept in a separate edifice with the "Tablets of the Emperors", those of the spirits of the Earth, of the Wind, of the Rain, of Thunder and of the Clouds.

Enormous iron stoves, placed close by the Temple were used to burn the paper and to consume the bodies of animals: stags, oxen, etc., that were offered to Heaven in holocaust.

The Emperor Pontiff of Heaven.

It is to this imposing temple that the Chinese Emperors of the two last dynasties of the Ming and of the Tsing came three times a year, since 1420, to adore Heaven, implore its favors and give an account of their administration.

The monarch, relates Bishop Favier in his beautiful volume entitled "Peking", made three genuflections and nine adorations on the great terrace richly decorated for the circumstance. He was assisted by the princes and the great Mandarins of the court. During the performance of these ceremonies at which five of the illustrious ancestors of the Emperor were supposed to be present, the "Tablets"—the supposed throne of their souls—were exposed on the terrace. The first ceremony, appointed for the opening of winter had for object to render an account of the administration during the past year; at the second, in the course of the first lunar month, the Sovereign came to receive from heaven the mandatory powers to govern in its name until the following year; the third ceremony was performed at the last of Spring, to ask an abundant rain and a rich harvest.

Reverend Father Wieger, a learned sinologist, has translated in his "*History of the religious beliefs and philosophic opinions in China since its origin to our days* (1917) a few of the hymns which accompanied these religious feasts.

Under the Ming dynasty, while the Emperor was offering the traditional *lapis lazuli*, the choir sang in his name:

"May this offering arise and be known up above! May it obtain for us what we wish! I have come to this mound, with my officers, to ask the august Heaven to grant to the earth the maturity of cereals, a good harvest."

Then the Emperor made nine prostrations, three by three, and after the offering of incense the choir continued:

"By my offerings, I make my respect known up above. May this smoke, following the way of the lightning, and the roads of the nine dragons, arise into space, and may the blessings descend on the people! That is what I, a little child, (the Emperor) ask by these offerings."

In like manner, while the offerings were consumed by the fire, the choir proceeded:

"The trivets and the censers smoke, the pieces of flesh and silk flame, the smoke goes higher than the clouds to show the trouble the people has taken. May our music and singing make known the devotion of our hearts!"

(To be continued.)

The Diary of a Guardian Angel

(continued)

THE PRIEST.—The levite has grown in the shadow of the sanctuary. A signal honor is reserved to him, and his family is about to receive abundant blessings.

The day on which he was endowed with the priesthood and placed in the midst of the princes of the Church, I fell at his feet and kissed his hands.

These hands that had just received a sacred character glittered more than mine; they were also to exercise more sublime functions, and shower greater treasures.

In the new priest, I recognized my superior in dignity and power. As he was leaving the sanctuary, I stepped aside with an humble respect. I felt so much honored to draw near, and help him who had become another Jesus Christ, and at whose voice God would come to earth, and souls would mount to Heaven.

To such dignity a more perfect life had to correspond; I increased my solicitude.

THE MINISTRY.—When the priest ascended the pulpit, my zeal filled his soul and animated his words.

When he sat at the Holy Tribunal to absolve sinners and replace on their brows the crown they had lost, with admiration I exclaimed, "Who else but God can remit sin and render pure what was impure?"

When he received a child at its arrival in life and clothed it with the robe of innocence, or when he assisted a soul departing from this earth and when he provided it with the holy unctions, I was overjoyed and celebrated with my brethren these astonishing marvels of Divine Love.

But when, in the presence of the heavenly court that inundated him with its splendors, my dear ward consecrated the Body and Blood of the Saviour and that, in the name of God Himself, he pronounced these words, "This is my Body, this is the Chalice of my Blood," annihilated, I prostrated and did not dare raise my eyes; cherubims nor seraphims had never appeared to me at such a height!

THE CALL.—I could see, in the distance, the angels of the nations still plunged in the shadows of death, turn towards me with the expression of grief and cry, "Help! come to us!"

To answer their desires, I transmitted to Paul whose generosity I knew a vivid picture of this distress. I reminded him of all he had done, since his childhood, for the dying children of China. I placed under his eyes the sacrifices he had made and their sublime recompense. I said to him, "If it is a great thing for an angel to have a soul to guide to Heaven, what will be, for the missionary, the happiness of leading thousands of others?"

By these and similar words, I urged him to devote himself to the salvation of infidels. I did still more: armed with a dart the point of which burned with a divine fire, I pierced his heart, made him experience the irresistible anguish of zeal, and then said to him, "Come!"

AT WORK.—As soon as the messenger of salvation had reached the shore he craved to conquer for God, the angels of the heathen nation came to welcome him.

"Blessed is he", said they, "who cometh in the name of the Lord! He will be our consolation and help; how many souls will be snatched from Satan and taken to God's arms by his co-operation and ours."

His sacerdotal hand, aided by a thousand angelical hands, had mounted, in the heart of this empire, the ladder of the elect. I saw a few children's souls mount, then that of aged men and women, then numerous souls of every age and rank. I remembered the day when Paul, by the means of childish sacrifices, had made his first little Chinese baby go up the ladder of Paradise.

"Who are you who struggle alone against the world and triumph of it?" cried the devil in exasperation. "My name is Legion", responded the apostle, revolving upon Satan the answer of Satan himself. "You can see only me, weak and infirm instrument; but with me are the angels of my parents, friends and benefactors, as also the angels of all the souls I have come to save...."

THE HOLOCAUST.—According to God's eternal designs on this soul, such a beautiful life was to be crowned in a worthy manner. "What privilege", would I say to the missionary, "if, by watering with your blood the stalk you have planted, you could make it grow?" The apostle became enraptured.

The preparations for sacrifice did not delay: the priest of Jesus Christ was arrested and thrown into a foul dungeon. The chain that bound him

appeared to me more glittering than gold; I would have liked to have been able to exchange it for my translucent wings.

At the hour of martyrdom, the heroic confessor drew my admiration when, in a holy transport, he exclaimed, "I at last shall be ground as wheat to become a bread worthy of Jesus Christ! Blessed, a thousand times blessed the hand that will sever me from this world to unite me with Jesus! It will become guilty in giving me this happiness; but I shall so ardently supplicate the all-merciful God that He will grant me to be able to embrace it one day in Heaven."

When the blood gushed forth, pious hands gathered it. Love had broken the vase, and the perfume spread; in a shower of graces and blessings, this blood will fall on souls to convert and save them. That will be the martyr's revenge.

Moans mingled with the hymns and chants of the Christians who surrounded Paul, "Why have you not, O God, given a body to us also? Why should man alone enjoy the happiness of dying for you? Shall we always receive and never give?" To these angelical voices another voice responded, "It is for man that a God has died; man now must die for his God."

THE TRIUMPH.—I set in his diadem as many precious stones as souls he had saved, and in his company I mounted towards the spheres of the heavenly home. On his arrival, the elect began a triumphant chant, "Who is he who cometh clothed with a purple mantle, and decked with dazzling wounds? How beautiful the soldier who hath conquered hell, who hath given a kingdom to his prince and who proceedeth laden with spoils?"

Angels who encircled the martyr added, "Open ye, princes of Heaven, the gates of the Eternal City!"

His halo shone with brilliant jewels; in his hand, I placed a green palm to which the Lord added a lily of wonderful purity.

Unanimous applause greeted the saint while I was leading him to his throne. These joyful expressions were prolonged in the choir where the soul took its place.

But what are these arms that clasp the holy apostle, these accents which penetrate him, these hearts pressed upon his heart?

He easily recognizes them: "Hail, O little child! hail! O good old man! Glory to you, Father, Hero, beloved Martyr!"

After having very often taken my delight in the tears of my protégé while he was on earth, how sweet it is for me to share in his immortal joys!

Angelus.

A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of the Missionaries !...



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

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

I OWE to the Blessed Virgin, your Divine Patroness, and to the little Flower of Jesus, the glorious little Sister of the Missionaries, a favor that I have just obtained. I, therefore, send you in thanksgiving \$3.00 for your works in mission countries.

Mrs. A. R., Oskalana.

For a long time I had been asking a favor... Turning my eyes towards my statue of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus I said to her, "Give me this petal that I desire and I promise you a generous offering that you may scatter by the hands of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception,—an entire beautiful rose on the poor pagan children. The favor was not delayed...

Mrs. S. Z. C., Rimouski.

May the Little Flower of Jesus be a thousand times thanked for having obtained me a great favor after having promised five Dollars to help your Missionaries who devote themselves among the poor lepers.

Mr. A. L., Springfield, Mass.

In thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a beautiful rose scattered on my family, I renew my subscription to "The Precursor" which I will continue as long as I live.

Mrs. D. Gagnon, Montréal.

One dollar for lights in honor of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus in thanksgiving for a favor received.

Mrs. A. F. Pawtucket, R. I.

Having obtained, by the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, the cure of a very painful illness, I send you my offering of Two Dollars for your works.

A Subscriber, Springfield, Mass.

I wish to prove my gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for spiritual and temporal favors obtained through her intercession. Have I not found a good means of doing so in giving for the support of your missionnaires, my offering of Five Dollars?

Mrs. A. M. Lachenaie, P. Q.

I have just obtained my cure through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Kindly thank her for me in baptizing a little Chinese girl and giving her the name of Teresa. I send you for this purpose offering of Five Dollars.

Mrs. J. B. Danielson, Conn.

\$1.00 for lights to be burnt at the altar of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus: small thanksgiving for a favor that I owe to her powerful intercession near the Blessed Virgin.

Miss B. M., St. Johns, P. Q.

A novena of lights for a favor obtained on the feast of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Anonymous.

BURSE OF ST. TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS FOR THE ADOPTION OF A MISSIONARY.

"In thanksgiving for different favors obtained, kindly receive \$50.00 for the foundation of a **Burse** in honor of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus."

A **Burse** is a sum of money of which the interest forms a perpetual income for the support of a Missionary. **Burses** are founded in honor of a Saint whose name they bear. The religious whose support is thus assured becomes for life the missionary of the donor and takes his place near the poor infidels. The Founders of Burses participate in all the spiritual advantages of the Community. The sum of \$1,000.00 given in one or several payments by one or many persons forms a complete Burse.

We shall then receive with gratitude, any offering, even trifling, (thanksgivings for favors obtained or requests for new ones) for the complete formation of the Burse in honor of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. May the Little Sister of the Missionaries inspire generous souls with the thought of adopting a Missionary and let fall on them a shower of roses !

Communion at Christmastide

BY E. P. B.

The Shepherds hastened to the Cave,
All filled with strange alarms,
And Mary her blest Infant gave
Into their rugged arms.
What joy should thrill my heart to-day
When, kneeling, Mary's guest,
I feel her in my rude heart lay
The Infant from her breast !



AT THE PHARMACY OF OUR CHINESE GENERAL HOSPITAL, MANILA, P. I.

Echoes from our Missions

CHINESE GENERAL HOSPITAL, MANILA, P. I.

REPORT OF THE WORKS FROM JUNE 16, 1924
TO JUNE 16, 1925.

NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOL :

Students	45
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ADMISSIONS:

Patients received	1219
In the "Charity Ward"	462
Operations	274
Treatments	9492
Baptisms	150

HOLY CHILDHOOD HOME, CANTON, CHINA.

REPORT OF OUR WORKS FROM AUGUST 15, 1924
TO AUGUST 15, 1925.

Pagan babies baptized	6019
Babies rescued	5276
Children from five to twelve years, rescued and baptized	49
Orphans	53
Babies survived	49
Helpers at the Home	17
Domestics	4
Old women	3
Treatments	18750

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY GHOST, CANTON, CHINA.

Pupils	307
Baptisms	15
Pupils learning Chinese	262
Pupils in the private English Course	69
Catholic Pupils	96
Pupils in the Normal Course	41

Letter from Sister Mary of the Rosary, Superior of
Canton, China, to Sister Mary of the Epiphany,
Superior of Rimouski.

Canton, June 10, 1925.

Very dear Sister,

It is at the roar of bullets and cannons that I thank you, and you know how heartily, for your two presents of November 17 and February 24. Oh! yes, I thank you. I do not know how we should manage if we were not supported by our dear Mother-House and local Houses of Canada. God knows the misery of Canton, but in Canada one cannot even imagine it. Only one thing abounds: misery; the babies alone arrive more numerous every day in spite of the war which rages and the battles of which Canton itself is the scene since June 1st. Let me tell you that we do not only hear the report of cannon, but are exposed to be reached by their bullets.



As for obtrusive visits, our houses, dependencies, foundling-home, etc., etc., are filled with all kinds of people, the poor especially: men, women, children, invalids, wounded, etc., etc. Moreover we have the families of two generals sheltered here; they, also, put themselves in safety.

At the hospital, right near here, three walls were pierced by a bullet which finally lodged in the bed of a poor patient; several persons of the hospital have come here to seek refuge.

June 27.—I had to leave my letter unfinished. How many events since the 20th! The Russian Cantonese have been victorious and the poor Yunnanais completely defeated. We could orally describe the consequences of this unfortunate victory, but it would be difficult to write them. At Canton, there are troops of soldiers from Swang si, Yunnan and Houpe; the Cantonese are helped by the Russians, who are terrible, and although we love the Cantonese, we ask God to exterminate the Russian Bolchevists. Actually, all is controlled by the gold of Russia.

Here is another cannon shot ! !... Around us, immense walls, five at the time, are penetrated.

I enter my room to-day, tired to death. Seeing your dear letters still on my table I take the resolution not to budge till you have had an answer which will tell you my gratitude. Do not think that it is easy to write... what noise! cannons, bullets, screams of children! They are fighting in the midst of the city. This war is really serious, and we are waiting for strangers to interfere, otherwise those of China will be obliged to leave the country; that is a big word, but a word that is only too true.

Our Immaculate Mother has protected us in a visible manner since the beginning of this strife against strangers. One of the most ardent leaders at Canton said to an assembly of young girls, who take an active part in this war: "The Missionaries have deceived us, but I do not speak of the Sisters; for they are real missionaries who do not try to change our customs, and the country; they work for our welfare. Yes I can say it, for I have seen them at work. They really love the Chinese!" He spoke thus for a long time, I cannot tell you all. Do not think, dear Sister, that we credit that to ourselves. Oh! no, it is our dear Mother, it is she who obtains all that for us. We also find ourselves protected by both parties; and while at the Sacred Heart College, repeated strikes arise amongst the pupils, at our Convent all remains in peace.

Woe to the Yunnanais and woe to the strangers! for the Cantonese knew that the strangers helped the Yunnanais. Then, took place a general strike, processions, insulting demonstrations, etc., etc. The mob attacked Shameen which, well armed, valiantly defended itself. The newspapers exaggerate nothing. Warships arrive from France, England, Portugal, and elsewhere. The only thing that holds back the Cantonese is the fear of the soldiers of their Sister-Province: Yunnan, the Yunnanais. We still have two generals with their families here in our Convent.

I leave you with this little news of the war; fear nothing for us. Thanks for your affection, for the temporal help that you give to our works.

Sister Mary of the Rosary.

The same to Her Superior General

Canton, August 25, 1925.

Very dear Mother,

Since 70 days we are in the midst of the revolutionists! Thousands of strikers have come to take up their quarters in the City of Canton; they have invaded the houses of the Mission, as also the gardens and verandas of the Bishop's Palace, spending their days loitering and sleeping; they insult those who go to Church and frighten them by their blasphemies and threats. The Bishop and the Fathers are unable even to budge; the doors and the windows of the Palace are closed with double bolts—and, with the temperature in China!..... That does not embarrass the strikers who climb the trees to see what is going on inside.

August 27.—We have passed a sleepless night on account of several hours' firing so loud and close to our Convent, that we all had to take refuge in the hall, in order to be protected by the thick walls.

August 31.—This morning, as usual, I prepared the bread for the Bishop's Palace and sent a servant to carry it; but behold the different entrances are guarded by groups of strikers who snatch the bread from her, strike her, throw stones at her, etc. The poor child came back to us more dead than alive. Two Sisters try in their turn, but come back shortly after, judging imprudent to enter the enclosure of the Cathedral. The strikers menace the personnel of the Mission, attack even the servants; give them but a few hours to leave and threaten their lives. During these last months they have been even daring enough to follow the poor servants into the shops to hinder them from buying whatever is necessary for the Mission. It is for this reason that we bake the bread, etc.

We feel that you pray for your children, beloved Mother, for up until now nothing has happened to us neither from the Government, nor the Educational Board, nor the revolutionists; this says a great deal, in these times of trouble against all which is alien.

The Brothers wish to leave Canton, for the tumult is directed especially against them. The Bishop tries to come to terms with the strikers' leader, but it is impossible to agree. The threat of 24 hours is maintained: they wish to force the Missionaries to leave. We give up the thought of reopening the classes.

September 2.—At three o'clock, Reverend Father Pradel puts us in touch with the situation which becomes more and more alarming. He brings us a letter from Bishop Fourquet which tells us to keep ready to leave from one moment to another. Our hearts break. We supplicate our Immaculate Mother to hinder this departure which would certainly be followed by the pillage of the Mission. Father Pradel tells us that we must

sacrifice all. He received from Swatow the sad news that Reverend Father Favre had been attacked by the strikers in the sanctuary of his Church and had been transported to the hospital of Hong Kong; that is all we have heard about this event.

Father Pradel leaves us and we begin to make parcels and parcels... We must carry the sacred vessels of the chapel and all that is necessary for the winter... However, to avoid this departure, sisters, pupils and orphans multiply *their Aves*.

Groups of revolutionists go unceasingly around the Mission while others stand at the entrances. About five o'clock, we leave the Convent to see the Bishop; ten of these men, whose faces are hardly reassuring, follow us stick in hand, but they do not dare touch us, although they absolutely wish to know what brings us to the Mission. Hardly have we entered the Bishop's Palace when a few climb so as to see what is going on in the parlor. My heart was overflowing! It is in these circumstances we must keep cool! The Bishop was counting money on the table, he continued without the least sign of apprehension. His Lordship urges us to make our preparations of departure.

September 3.—At 12.30, our presence is requested at the Bishop's Palace. We respond immediately. His Lordship takes up the matter: "Our situation is known to you. Could you do our cooking? If so, we shall not leave Canton. We will rather die on the spot. Perhaps two Sisters could reside at the Palace?" I assured our Bishop that we were all at his disposal.

September 4.—Oh! rage of the strikers, rage greater than ever! To-day they are armed with an enormous knife fastened to their belt. They insult the Christians. The Cathedral bells have not resounded for five days. There are neither Mass nor Office. At eleven o'clock His Lordship entrusted three letters to his messenger, but the strikers seize the child, throw him on the ground, snatch from him the letters he did not wish to give up. They lead him, we know not where, to be judged and punished. The Bishop's most trustworthy helper is also arrested. Seeing himself deprived of all communications with the civil authorities, His Lordship tries by our intervention to put an end to this state of affairs. Two Sisters go to the Chief of Police's residence to carry the complaints of the Mission. The Blessed Virgin deigned to bless this voyage: two hours later, a considerable number of our strikers were in prison with their leader who had received \$2,000.00 to get rid of the Missionaries.

October 10.—*Latest News:* Peking with allies advance towards Canton to chase the *Bolchevists*. We do not know what will come out of all this.

Sister Mary of the Rosary, Sup.

Refuge of the Holy Childhood

Canton, China, September 8, 1925.

Venerated and dear Mother,

I am wondering in writing this letter to you to-day, if this happiness will be again be mine. It is that the strike becomes more and more serious, and, as many say, it can only come to an end by a war with the foreigners. What will become of us then? We do not know, but what is certain, Divine Providence which has never failed us will not leave your children wanting at this critical moment; we keep in God the sweet confidence of a child who, even in the midst of lions and tigers, has no fear, because he is in his mother's arms.

What sacrifice would it not be to leave our dear little babies, our poor orphans and our devoted pupils in this terrible moment! It is already a long time since the Protestant Ministers with their families have placed themselves in security. Also this constancy and charity of the Catholics are fortunately remarked by the good Chinese. The proof is that each time the civil troubles are announced, these rush to ask us to save them. Last June, all the rooms of the school and of the orphanage, the halls and the galleries, were crowded with refugees, the children especially were numerous; the sick also were mingled there. Every corner of the house was decorated by heaps of baskets and parcels of all kinds. These poor people not being able to go out to procure themselves nourishment, Sister Superior had rice and salted vegetables distributed to them; provisions that she had had the good inspiration to make before the agitations. Besides the tea furnished to all (we do not drink clear water in China) we have given in less than fifteen days, over 4,000 meals. Sheltering so many people in the house obliged us to the most minute surveillance both day and night; and our first *rest* after the departure of these good people was to make good cleaning throughout the house.

Hardly had this war between the Cantonese and Yunnanais terminated when the general strike began with all its motives, more ridiculous one than the other, and its consequences really disastrous. What can we not expect from these thousands of men who have nothing to do!...Four hundred of them under a certain chief came to install themselves opposite the Cathedral in the houses of the Mission. Thus well placed, they watched at ease all that was going on within. To break the tediousness of these long days without work, they had organized certain games of gymnastics which they executed in the yard of the Sacred Heart College. The garden of the Bishop's Palace served them as waiting-room. There, they destroyed plants, trees, and even stole several things. Behold, one day the chief, more and more daring, undertook to do away with the Catholic religion in Canton.

Since the morning of August 31, his men have surrounded the Mission, they pursue, hit with stones and bamboos the Christians who go to

Church. Moreover, they obliged the orphans and the Chinese servants to leave the Mission. The Fathers and Brothers have nothing to eat. Monday and Tuesday showed but too clearly the serious determination of the chief. Wednesday, His Lordship asked us to go to the Police Station to report what was going on. Sister Superior sent two Sisters. On hearing of the situation of the Bishop's Palace and the College, the Director of the Office promised immediate help. He kept his word, for two hours later, a certain number of strikers and their leader were seized in front of the Cathedral, chadged with chains and led to prison.

While the storm roars outside, it is for me a real rest to be in the midst of my dear orphans occupied at their work which they accomplish in praying and in singing pious hymns. The greatest part of the vacation has been devoted to sewing; that is, at the foundling-home and at the orphanage; sewing and mending are not a little problem; during the school year, the classes take up most of our time. Vacation permits us to put all in order. We lately occupied ourselves especially with the cleaning of the garden although each day we never not failed to pick up the dead leaves, very



precious in this country where fuel is so dear. With a broom of palm-leaves tied to a bamboo-stick, we gather with care and scrupulously distribute them at the foundling-hospital, the kitchen, and laundry. Thanks to the youngster who will have the patience to sit in front of the oven and burn one after another the handfuls of dry leaves which will feed the flames, we shall save a few dollars each day. In these moments, I carry myself back to my never-to-be-forgotten childhood days, where, on my father's farm, we made such wonderful bonfires! I would not, perhaps, have taken so much pleasure to see these immense heaps and these huge stumps consume, if I had known that one day I should be very glad to pick up even the tiniest leaves to cook the rice for so many poor!....

We count, very dear Mother, on the assistance of your prayers and those of all our Sisters.

Your very affectionate child,

Sister Mary Celina, M. I. C.

At this writing, we receive the following lines from Canton:

Canton, October 22, 1925.

The strike continues with all its annoyances and dangers! We can hardly secure the most indispensable necessities. Not a pound of flour has been imported for the last five months. We have tried to get some from Shameen even at the risk of imprisonment! Monday, I sent Sister Marie de la Miséricorde with a reliable lady to buy a few provisions from Shameen; imagine my surprise when a Chinaman arriving at the Convent said that the strikers had confiscated the basket of provisions and had led the Sister to the Police Station. Quickly I went to the Station and there I found my brave little Sister, surrounded by the strikers but protected by the Chief of Police. They had accused our Sister of having brought provisions to Shameen; this was not true. The Chief of Police said to them: "This is awful! the Sisters have devoted themselves in caring for our lepers, rescuing the abandoned babies, teaching our children for the last sixteen years, and behold this insult to-day!..."

After having been detained several hours we were set free. Divine Providence then manifested His paternal solicitude: The Commander of a French gun-boat gave us two bags of flour!

Sister Mary of the Rosary, Sup.

LAZARETTO OF SHEK-LUNG, CHINA.

September 6, 1925.

Beloved Mother,

I immediately begin by speaking to you of our dear *protégés*. The other day, God sent us 40 lepers: 11 women and 29 men. Of the 11 women, two came just in time to receive their passport for heaven. We hastened to instruct them in the principal truths of our holy religion; one of them died as soon as she had been baptized. The other, who lived a little longer, said to me before she died, "At home, how many a time I was discouraged; everybody thrust me away, no one wished to help me because they found me so disgusting. But here, you are so good! I thank you for it. When I shall be better, I shall try to pay back what you are doing for me. I believe in your God, it is ten years since I no longer adore bouddhas. I wish to be baptized."

Having asked her if she suffered much,—the poor miserable woman is all in fragments, her ears have almost entirely fallen, and the bones of her feet and hands are exposed, she replied: "Even though I should complain, I would not suffer less...and you are so kind to me!" It is I who had the happiness to baptize her and the next day "she took her flight towards the eternal abode.



August 17, about one o'clock, a poor leper was fishing on the shore, when he suddenly noticed a tub which was going down the stream; shortly, he remarked that it contained a baby. He came to ask us if we should like to accept it in return for 20 cents. We gave an affirmative answer and, a little after, the leper deposited at our door a big baby only a few days old; he was sitting in the tub and had his head propped on a little pillow placed on the edge. He was really to be pitied; his little face, exposed to the burning rays of mid-day sun, was red; we soon ascertained that he was sun-struck, and besides, he was attacked with an inflammation of the lungs.

The waves had left him all

covered with sand; he wore a little black cambric dress, but his feet and hands were bare and, having dangled in the water, were all blue and wrinkled. On noticing him we cried out: Oh! little Moses saved from the waters!..." He appeared to be greatly suffering; we baptized him immediately and he died soon afterwards. We then learned that the parents had thrown him in the river because he was the third boy who fell sick and that, if he died in the house, he should, according to their superstitions, have brought ill-luck into the family. Poor little victims of paganism! how many tears you cause us to shed!...but what consolations you procure us when we have the happiness of opening heaven for you!...

Lately, a woman came bringing us her little girl, a pretty baby five weeks old, in good health. Her husband is an opium-smoker, and the cruel man obliged his wife to get rid of her child in order that she might earn the living for the family. This mother loved her little one and what a heart-breaking scene it was to see this infortunate woman separate herself from her darling!...

Sister St. Raphael is still retained at Canton by the rebellion, for the war always continues and we have no news of our Sisters. Here we lead our customary life, nevertheless everything costs enormously dear. Our poor patients are rationed. They have just enough nourishment so as not to die from hunger. Still they are very satisfied for they find themselves more fortunate than many of the outside people. They have but one fear, that is

that we be obliged to leave them. Leave our poor lepers! that would be, for us also, the worst of trials, but we have confidence that the sweet Queen of Peace will pacify the spirits and make the terrible war cease.

Your ever-happy children of the Lazaretto.

VANCOUVER

Vancouver, September 20, 1925.

Beloved Mother,

Shall I tell you our surprise of last Tuesday?... Our dear Sister Assistant's letter announcing the arrival of the Fathers of the Foreign Mission Seminary of Montreal, was delivered to us at half past eight, and shortly



She sustains my trembling steps, better still, she guides me to Heaven !...

after the three priests arrived to say their Mass in our Chapel. As we have no side-altars, they had to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice each in their turn. Our Lady of Seven Dolors whom we commemorated that day, was making us the precious gift of three Masses said by the first Missionaries of the Canadian Seminary. Needless to tell you that it was appreciated by your humble children of the West.

The poor Missionaries were extremely tired. Fortunately Divine Providence, which never fails us, had sent us, the day before, by our most faithful friends, all what was necessary for a substantial breakfast which our visitors appeared to relish. Father Lapierre, speaking in the name of the three, said that the first impression on entering our home was that it seemed to them that they had found a little corner of Outremont... Father Berichon added that our chapel was that of the Novitiate in miniature. I assure you, dear Mother, that these declarations were not of a nature to grieve us...

The kind Sisters of Providence had prepared, at their home, rooms for the Missionaries who went to visit the Superior in the course of the afternoon, then returned for rest. The next morning, we had two Masses said by Father Lapierre and Father Berichon; at noon, Reverend Father O'Boyle, Vicar General, and our devoted Pastor came to take dinner with our Mis-

sionaries. In the afternoon, Mr. Hennessy, formerly of Point St. Charles, Montreal, and one of our benefactors, had them visit by auto, the most interesting spots of Vancouver City. The next day, that of their departure, we had once more the privilege of having two Masses in our Chapel. Before leaving us, all three wished to visit our dear old Chinese; the sight was touching: three Missionaries blessing together each of our poor invalids after having shown them much attention and kindness.

Very dear Mother, I must pass over many things I should like to tell you, but time is lacking.

October 4.—At the opening of her beautiful month, Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary introduced into heaven, we do not doubt, one of our dear patients, poor Gerard. And the next day, first Friday of the month, the former cook of the Chinese Refuge, was brought to us. He was grievously attacked with pneumonia. We watched the patient all night. The following morning, finding him worse, we called in the doctor who declared the sickness very serious. From the time he was with us he said almost continually, even when he was half conscious the invocation: "Holy Mary Mother of God, pray for me." He soon became speechless, and seeing him decline very rapidly, we did not believe ourselves obliged to await the priest's arrival and baptized him.

We are inclined to think that he owes to the Mother of Mercy the grace of baptism, for, while he was cook at our Refuge, he was very devout towards the Blessed Virgin, and showed great solicitude in keeping the Chinese patients under the aegis of Mary through her Miraculous Medal.

Good-bye, dear Mother, believe in the filial affection of

Your respectful child,

Sr. St. Louis de Gonzague, M.I.C.

The missionary must not be alone to sacrifice himself. All Christians must unite and help him in his work by their prayers, sacrifices and alms.

If you have instilled into a soul a little knowledge, and a great love for God, you have accomplished the greatest deed possible in this miserable world; all else counts for nothing.

De Sonis.

Extracts from the Novitiate Chronicles



*Tuesday, September 15. — Our Lady of Seven
Dolors' Feast.*

FRUITFUL apostolate takes its source at the foot of the crucifix." This thought that we read at the entrance of the Novitiate strikes us still more to-day in considering the Blessed Virgin, at the foot of the cross of our Saviour. It is close to this Divine Mother, Queen of Apostles and Queen of Martyrs, that we shall come to learn the price of souls and the generous acceptance of what we must suffer to lead them to God.

Sunday, September 20.

It is cold! it is dreary! Nature, which was made gloomy by the rain and autumn wind, no longer smiles on us. In our grove, not the singing of a bird to cheer up the solitude, not a ray of the sun to dry up the damp ground. We must confine ourselves within the walls of our Novitiate. But shall we sadly turn our thoughts and let joy flee from our enclosure? Oh no! The sun, which does not show itself outside, will be wholly within our snow-white walls.

It is a holiday! we therefore have quickly found the means to amuse ourselves. Oh! but there are "pleasant moments in life!" one of our Novice Sisters often exclaims with enthusiasm. With the same heart we repeat her refrain. In fact, God sows so many joys on our path; we thank Him and strive to profit by them.

To-day surely brings some of these "pleasant moments" strewn on our way, since all the echoes of our dwelling repeat the joyous exclamations that come from the recreation room. We play at one of our favorite games and we laugh so much, so much that we ask ourselves if a few will not be sick to-night. The postulants especially who did not know the game, all have their handkerchiefs in hand to wipe away the tears that the pleasure makes them shed.

If our dear parents could see us, they would experience real consolation, for is not our happiness theirs?

Thursday, September 24.

At supper and during part of the evening, the electricity is lacking. We take our meal in the glimmering light of the candles, but after, we are unable to read, study or sew!... It is soon recreation time and obscurity has not the power of darkening it. What a lovely hour we pass!...All grouped around our Mistress, we listen to her speaking of the miseries of poor China... of the war which rages there...of the dangers to which our dear Sisters of Canton are exposed...of the visible protection with which God and our Immaculate Mother cover them. We are seized by very lively emotions on hearing the narration which is made of their present situation and we admire their calmness in the midst of so many dangers, their resignation, their unshaken confidence, and especially their charity, their zeal for the poor beings who are confided to them. One thing only seems to preoccupy them: the necessity in which they could be to abandon the unfortunate ones, which they protect and of whom they take a motherly care; they prefer to await death at their post... In order to be able to remain, they intend to offer their services to take care of the wounded soldiers; besides, they would find in this new devotedness, the occasion to open Heaven to a number of pagans!... O Lord! how great is our vocation! how sublime our share! if it demands sufferings, how many consolations does it not procure?...But as our Mistress remarked to us this evening, it does not suffice to let our enthusiasm inflame, we must remind ourselves that we shall be true apostles, holy missionaries only on the condition of forming ourselves to the spirit of sacrifice and zeal by the faithful accomplishment of our little daily and obscure duties, for these words of the Divine Master always remain true: "*He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in that which is greater...*"

When the bell calls us to the foot of the altar for the evening prayer, it is with souls filled with emotion and holy desires that we supplicate the Master of Apostles to prepare us to be holy workers in His Vineyard and to invite us soon thither to work at the harvest.

Friday, September 25.

It is the day consecrated to honor the Infant Jesus, and, amongst the hymns sung during holy Mass, is found the one dedicated to Our Lady of the Holy Childhood.

It is easy to verify that the emotions experienced last night on the narration of the tribulations of our dear Sisters in China, have still this morning their echo in our hearts: we feel the supplication, the confidence, the ardor, the abandonment, the gratitude, in a word, we feel the souls pass in the voices as we repeat the pious verses which appear more eloquent than ever.

This evening, on arriving in the dormitory, we notice—and with what pleasure!—at the entrance of each cell, a pretty little white card,

bordered with a line of the same shade as the curtains, on which is written in azure letters one of the numerous titles of the Blessed Virgin: "Our Lady of the Missions...Our Lady of Apostles...Our Lady of Virgins...Our Lady of the Angels...Our Lady of Sweet Repose...Our Lady of the Waves... etc., etc.

And who has procured us this new joy?...It is, no doubt our Heavenly Mother who wishes to place each one of us under one of her powerful titles, so as to guide us more surely to Jesus, but, by the mediation of our earthly Mother, who is never at the end of resources and industries when it is a question of making pleasure for her little children and to help them to cultivate in their souls the love of Mary. Oh! how good God is to have given us such Mothers!...

Thursday, October 1.

At last, the month of the Holy Rosary has dawned. With the same enthusiasm as at the opening of May, our filial hearts love to repeat: "'Tis the month of Mary... 'tis a month beautiful amongst all..." Yes, this month dedicated to honor our Heavenly Mother under one of her most powerful titles is beautiful and dear amongst all, being fruitful in graces of all kinds for the poor travellers of here-below.

With a renewal of confidence and love, we shall come again to offer to our Beloved Queen the blessed crown of the Rosary, that, each day of our life, was are happy to present Her. We shall also fervently ask her to make us the better appreciate the price of this devotion, and shall employ ourselves to propagate it with ardor; by perfuming the souls in scattering around them the roses of our Aves, we shall draw them towards Mary who will conduct them to Her Divine Son.

At this period of the year, Nature has not to offer to the Queen of the Rosary, as to the Queen of May, the smiling bloom of Spring-time, the rejoicing hues of its flower-strewn fields, the fragrant perfume of its thousand flowerets, the gay ritornelloes of its little winged singers, but it has other charms, not less enchanting. It has the peaceable gravity, the majestic beauty, the melancholy but reposing smile of mature age. It subsides but...it presents laden sheaves!...Moreover, is the fruit which falls at maturity, less estimated than the springing sap?... Oh no! and all the decisions of Holy Church are significative... It is not at random that she has chosen May and October to dedicate them to the Sovereign Queen of Heaven and Earth. She wished, by that, to remind her children that the first fruits should be fecundated by the bountiful blessing of Mary, bestower of the graces of Jesus; and that, at the autumn of life, that is to say the evening of our existence, before the winter repose, it is again into her virginal hands that we should entrust the fruits cultivated during the summer if we wish that they be enriched with the savor which renders them agreeable to the Master who reclaims them.

May we always remember that nothing pleases Jesus so much as that which comes to Him by Mary !

Saturday, October 10.

An immaculate snow covers the ground this morning... It is a real ray of joy shed upon our souls for it revives the most cheerful souvenirs of our early childhood.

If we have grown up, if, many times, we have seen "the first snow" fall on our soil, it is still nevertheless with a childlike pleasure that we greet it. Formerly it was to us as the foreboding of a thousand new joys; in our young imaginations were then confounded the delights of the first snow-fall, of Midnight Mass, of the Infant Jesus, of New Year's... To-day, besides being a fore-runner of these ever-desired feasts, it adds a new accent to its eloquence: its whiteness speaks to us of purity, of virginity, of candor... and how much good it does to our souls ! !...

O first snow-fall! you are beautiful and attract us because you are pure... No dust, nor smoke has yet tarnished you, and before the mire soils you, you hasten to melt at the first rays of the morning sun...

As you rejoice us, in like manner we wish to rejoice the jealous regards of our Celestial Spouse in preserving all white the ornamentation of our virginal souls; and in order that no impure breath soil them, we shall be careful to keep ourselves always under the burning fires of the Divine Sun which, contrarily to the material sun, will consume without destroying, will purify, in giving new courage.

Sunday, October 11.

Not a trace of yesterday's beautiful snow...It is still Autumn! but Nature is still beautiful!... The sun shines and a light wind shakes the branches of our tall trees which let fall, as a golden rain, leaves of thousand different shades which still decorate them.

Wishing to profit by these last fine days, we ramble on the soft carpet which covers our grove. It is a real pleasure party. All the games of our catalogue pass therein! We are even on the point of getting our sleds...Happily that, amongst the number of our personnel, there are always a few who are endowed with the gift of wisdom; they therefore temper the unseasonable enthusiasm of the youngest! Ah! how we amuse ourselves and how happy is family life ! !...

Monday, October 19.

We are now reading at table the beautiful book entitled: "At the Polar Glaciers". While our bodies take their nourishment, our souls delight in the "missionary sap" which flows from this reading.

What apostles are those missionaries of the Extreme North! With what holy enthusiasm do they not embrace sufferings under every form, in order to

A GROUP OF FIRST COMMUNICANTS



AT THE CONVENT OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
CANTON, CHINA.

win souls for Jesus!...And, comparing ourselves to these giants of the apostolate, we are filled with gratitude towards God who has deigned to choose us, despite our nothing, to be his auxiliaries in the great work of evangelization of the infidels.

Sunday, October 25.

To the beautiful feast of the Infant Jesus that we celebrate the 25th of each month, are added to-day two intentions specially recommended by Holy Church: the Propagation of the Faith and a thanksgiving Anniversary for the sixteenth centenary of the "Nicene Creed". Apostolate and gratitude, is this not the double character which should mark each of the days of a missionary of the Immaculate Conception? Consequently, it is with heartfelt love that we fulfill the program of Our Holy Mother the Church.

Our most ardent wishes for the extension of God's reign are formerly expressed by the hymns sung during Holy Mass.

To our Divine King, we offer ourselves with all the ardor of our souls. Oh! may He deign to answer our desires, and choose us to glean in the whitening harvest of souls a few more sheaves!...

Our last hymn is a loving and confident prayer to Our Lady of the Missions.

Tuesday, October 27.

Oh! what amusing recreation was that of noon! We have not passed one like it since last year at the same period...'Tis cold, and the postulants have only for their use summer hats. Hence the matter is to find warm ones for winter. This is what gives us so much pleasure. We, novices, take out of our trunks our old hats which Time has put out of shape, and mix them with those in general use for some ten years...Finally, we find one for each head: all the colors of the rainbow are represented, and here are our younger sisters embarrassed by the choice...The most daring amongst them seize the queerest and most out of fashion; the chilly ones ask as a favor for the wool-len or fur caps; and the others, in a *holy indifference*, dress up with what remains...We gaze on them a long time laughing heartily at their strange and out of date appearance. But, *from their hearts detached from earthly goods*, vanity is *forcibly banished* in this moment, and they laugh with as much animation as we; they perhaps experience a first foretaste of the delights of religious poverty!...At all events, we can ascertain that human respect is not, thank God! the dominating fault of the Novitiate ! !...

But the bell rings!...our spiritual exercises are made outdoors. At all costs, we must be serious; we therefore recollect ourselves and, scattered in the sheltered paths, we go hither and thither with as much life as the river tossing its waves, as the gray sky rolling its dark clouds, as the autumnal wind

precipitating the fall of the yellow leaves...but we are careful to keep our eyes *modestly cast down*, still more *modestly* than usual, for if we were to lift them to the height of the hats, we could not help laughing...In this way all passes marvellously well. Besides, the first victory won, we are quickly absorbed by another pleasure, all interior and supernatural; that of saying our filial Aves to the Queen of the Rosary; and at this period of the year when the atmosphere is so pure, when Nature presents an all-imposing aspect, we would say that the blessed roses destined to form the crown of our Immaculate Mother, have for our souls a perfume more accentuated.

Oh! these roses so often sown 'neath every step of our religious childhood and of which we shall continue to embalm each day of our life, how valuable they will be at the term of our pilgrimage, and with what assurance we shall then be able to present ourselves at the supreme Tribunal, since we have for Advocate the Beloved Mother of our Judge!

Sunday, November 1.—All Saints' Day.

With souls abounding with happiness, we fully enter into the spirit of OUR Holy Mother the Church, in giving ourselves up to the joys of this day, so rejoicing and so appropriate to stimulate our courage in the pursuit of the great work of our sanctification.

This feast of All-Saints brings out with a special brightness the characteristic seal of Christ's Church: "Charity!" Yea, the all-brotherly and all-divine Charity which unite Her members. Since its origin, the family of the Divine Founder admirably fulfills the commission which has been assigned it: "*By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another.*"

How many churches, pretended to be of divine foundation, have tried to mark themselves with the sign specified by Our Lord; never have they succeeded in uniting their members by the sacred bond of a charity as perfect as is that of the Catholic Church; of Her alone and of the children which she forms, can be said: "*See how they love each other!*"...Yes, they love each other here-below, they love each other beyond the exile; they love each other and they fraternize, they aid one another, they sustain one another, they relieve one another; in a word, they all are—whether they triumph in glory, militate here below, or expiate in the purifying flames,—but one heart and one soul...

Hence since the morning of this feast of fraternity, militants as we are, we implore the help of our blessed brothers of the Fatherland and they incline towards us to lend their help in the numerous battles that we shall have to wage before going to join them above. According to our pious custom, we requested the Queen of Saints, before going to sleep last night, to present to our mind, one awaking this morning, one of the elects who should wish to protect us specially in the course of this year; and, from the first to

the last, we are loyally served. As soon as the holiday bell rings, we hasten to make the presentation of our patron saints. It is very interesting for hardly is the recital finished, that a few are already anxious to be at All Saints' Day of next year in order to begin again.... We chat, sing and amuse ourselves till two o'clock when we reunite at the chapel for our spiritual exercises. At three, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament takes place; then begin the visits for the Poor Souls. Oh! this feast of the dead! how touching it is and how it reveals still more the compassionate charity of Holy Church who, with an all-Motherly tenderness, inclines towards those of Her children whom Divine Justice still retains in Purgatory. Drawing from the treasures of Her triumphant and militant children. She carries to the poor captives the price of their ransom.

Truly, in spite of the mourning draperies and funeral hymns, we cannot find that this All Souls' Day is a sad day, since it gives so many consolations to all the Christian family. Is there a greater happiness than that of rendering others happy?... And, it is with soul filled with a serene joy that, all recollected, from half past three till bed-time, we multiply our visits, the humble merits of which we confide to the Divine Treasurer, that She may enrich them the more, then dispense them to all our poor brethren of the suffering Church.

Each of our days is marked with the protection of Mary, who is exceedingly anxious to be our Mother, when we desire to be her children.

Votive lights in honor 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 favor from this tender Mother.

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



THE EMPERORS' TEMPLE, CHINA.

Pauline Marie Jaricot

Foundress of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith.

MARTHA AND MARY

(Continued)

Usually, after having prayed in the chapel of Fourvière, the soldiers, having once more become Christians, knocked at the door of Nazareth, where Pauline would give them, with the pious articles they desired, encouragement and advice well fit to fortify them in the path of virtue.

A short time after the calm had been restored, she left for Avignon to give, in retreat, renewed strength to her body and soul that so many emotions and fatigues had exhausted.

But to this valiant apostle, these words were to be applied, "Why seekest thou rest, since thou art born to labor?" She had scarcely begun the Spiritual Exercises when, in the City of the Popes, there broke out a dreadful riot having for pretext the judgment of magistrates against prisoners guilty of assault.

To relate the history of certain souls exposes to repetition, so numerous are the acts of devotedness that weave it. Thus, to avoid this danger—not met with by all biographers—we shall only say that, always bearing in mind the Divine Master's promise and, on the other hand, finding herself ever encircled by the mutiny, she again thought that the hour of sacrifice had at last struck. Desirous of suffering for the guilty, the superior part of her will accepted the torments of a cruel death and awaited them in the chapel of the Sacred Heart Convent at Avignon, as twice before she had awaited them in that of Fourvière.

When the storm was appeased, the friend of Jesus, plunged in retreat, prepared for a sacrifice a thousand times more dreaded by her nature and of which she did not dream.

She then returned to Nazareth to again take up, as she had been advised, *the action of Martha and the contemplation of Mary* that she so perfectly united.

The urgent repairs of Loretto having terminated, the little colony left Nazareth on the Feast of the Assumption, 1832, and went processionally through the grounds to the new residence, while all sang the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

Loretto was an enchanting site where was found all that can charm the sight and elevate the mind.

This ancient and vast dwelling "having the appearance of a castle", was surrounded by a profusely shaded park and winded on to Fourvière by delightful paths. From place to place, walks of verdure, impenetrable to the sun's rays, invited to rest and meditation. Everywhere, solitude and

calm; the confused din of the industrial city reaching those heights only as that of the sea in its quiet, lent to silence something of the mysterious charms of the Infinite.

From the windows and terraces of the habitation, the eye could, after having freely soared over the whole city and followed the majestic course of the Saone and Rhone, embrace an immense horizon, limited in the distance by the dazzling summits of the Alps. In the neighbourhood, in the park itself, vestiges of the Roman power still existed, which recalled the courage and constancy of the innumerable martyrs who illustrated the city of Lyons, one of the richest and most flourishing in Gaul. The blood of these Christian heroes was shed in such abundance on this hill of Fourvière (or Forum) that it flowed as a torrent down to the Saone, through a place perpendicularly cut in the rock and that can still be seen to-day.

A few steps farther was the tunnel through which Confessors of the Faith were led to the amphitheatre, as also the obscure prison where St. Pothinus and St. Blandina wearied by their generosity the rage of the executioners.

No charm of Nature nor remembrances were wanting in this beautiful dwelling where, in other respects, all was without luxury, but of noble simplicity. Indeed, nothing that bore a trace of beauty left Pauline indifferent; but, when she was settled at Loretto, all beauty and sensible joy were eclipsed for her by the beauty of the Saviour in the Blessed Eucharist and by the joy of offering Him a new tabernacle.

"On the Feast of the Holy Rosary, our humble chapel received for the first time Him, who has heaven and earth as a dwelling! I shall not try to express my happiness! I promised this adorable Guest never to leave Him solitary, and that we would all unite our hearts to His, to share in His feelings and sadness." (Oct. 7, 1832.)

It was not sufficient for this lover of the Blessed Eucharist to possess under her roof the heavenly treasure, she craved to remain night and day near the tabernacle, to unceasingly implore mercy for sinners. In consequence, she begged authorization to live in a little cell adjoining the chapel and the door of which opened very near the altar. The permission was granted, and, from that time, this place became her beloved refuge, her earthly Paradise! There, conversing heart to heart with Jesus, she drew from these communications the strength to glorify Him by the perfect acceptance of His adorable Will!

She had just arrived at Loretto, when a poorly-clad young man asked to see her. As it was the hour for Mass and the chapel was not a public one, the portress who did not know who the visitor was, invited him to walk up and down the park until the Holy Sacrifice be terminated. He bowed in assentment, knelt on the door-step and began to pray.

His request was forgotten. It so happened that more than a half hour after Mass, Pauline having gone to the garden, experienced a sweet surprise in finding, still kneeling on the door-step, her dear pupil in meditation,

Peter Perrin, the happy novice of the Society of Jesus, in the heart of whom developed in an admirable manner the germs of sanctity she had therein sown.

They enjoyed a long and consoling conversation that reawakened the maiden-apostle's desires. Peter was destined for the Missions of India, under the scorching sun that had so rapidly consumed forty missionaries' lives, children of the same religious family, fact which the young man did not ignore.

The day that, with emotioned feelings at the thought of leaving forever his family and his country, he embarked the ship that was to take him to Madura, he saw, coming towards him...his mother !

"Since I cannot follow you", said she, "I at least wish to be present at your departure."

Neither broke very often the silence of this solemn meeting, when their souls overflowed at the same time with joy and sorrow !

"Weigh anchor!", cried a strong voice.

At this signal, the *Messenger of the Gospel* kneels before the heroic woman who has given him life.

But, in a light more serene, purer and higher than that of the stars that shone above the waves at this supreme hour, this noble Christian, perceiving on the brow of the young priest the double halo of apostleship and martyrdom, also kneels down and, in God's name, implores him whom she has nurtured with faith and love, to bless her himself, as *the first fruits of his apostolate*.

Peter tremblingly obeyed.

After humility and tenderness had, in a supreme farewell, mingled their blessings and tears, the mother and her son parted never again to meet here below.

FAR FROM THE WORLD.

Christ is my life. (St. Paul)

Of all the hills which the hand of God has delighted in transforming into monuments of His power and mercy, there are perhaps none, after those of Judea, more ravishing in beauty and by the variety of their aspects, nor more illustrious by their history, than that of Fourvière.

As seat of the Roman domination in Eastern Gaul, it had seen the courage of Christians prevail over the cruelty of the people-sovereign, and when the clay-footed giant had been broken, the Queen of Martyrs made this glorious rock the seat of celestial munificences, before which antique splendor eclipsed.

For many centuries, the Lyonese, rich or poor, just or sinners, lift their eyes and send their prayers towards this hill, as soon as happiness or secureness abandons them here below. Who could enumerate the benefits

granted, the consolations received, the plagues removed, and the revolutions appeased by the Virgin of Fourvière?

But among all the children of St. Irenaeus who were devoted to Mary's service, are there any who have loved their holy hillock as much as Pauline? who have defended and guarded its territory with an equal generosity and devotedness, or have found on its summit and in its smallest walks, remembrances as sweet and great?

By choosing as her dwelling the beautiful solitude of Loretto, she had a loftier design than that of enjoying an enchanting site. She desired to establish there a house that would be the centre of the Living Rosary and the refuge of all suffering Catholic causes.

By the writings of this woman insatiable in her zeal, we shall often penetrate into her retreat, in order to find out the secret of the life she led there, whilst the *pharisees*, to take revenge upon her for not being admitted, loudly blamed her of her *inaction*, as if she alone had been exempted from the right and liberty of rest after labor.

Indeed, more than any one did she need this rest, for her physical sufferings increased from day to day: instead of its regular movement, her heart leaped rather than beat, and acute pains were there felt. This alteration of the laws of Nature grew to terrifying proportions, and the heroic maiden did not change anything in her habits of prayer and zeal. Despite these physical perturbations, her ever valiant soul continued to hold high and firm, the standard of Faith and Charity which they tried, but all in vain, to make her abate.

Above the main door of her new dwelling, she, from 1839, had had traced in large type: *Mary has been conceived without sin*.

Numberless eyes, but of little reach, were shocked and even frightened by this bold and premature profession of faith which was blamed. *For prudence's sake always*, the Very Rev. Canon Betemps, Director of the Living Rosary, was asked and took upon himself—though with reluctance—to express to the mistress of the house, the desire of the prudent ones of seeing the sooner effaced the glorious sentence.

This step gave rise to an answer in which the virile soul, heart and character of the saintly Lyonese are so plainly laid out that we reproduce it as one of the purest irradiations of her life.

"MARY HAS BEEN CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN".

"Reverend Father,

"If you were to put my obedience to such a trial that these beautiful words: *Mary has been conceived without sin* had to be effaced, I would say to you: Rather implore the Lord that my right hand dry up and my tongue cling to my palate; for I prefer never to act any more than to make

use of my hand to efface the most beautiful praise that I can make of my tender Mother; and I would rather, from this moment, be deprived of speech than make use of my tongue to give the order of removing this inscription.

"Objection is made that it is not an article of faith. As for me, it is the faith of my heart which believes like the Church without having to be threatened with anathema.

"Does not the Church who has established a Feast in honor of the Immaculate Conception show thereby that She recognizes Mary as conceived without sin? This suffices me. Yes, with the grace of God, my Mother the Holy Church, by one look, one word, tells me enough. Besides, is not this truth the glory of us all Christians who have Mary as a Mother? Does not our Mother's glory reflect upon her children? And moreover, what would not be our ingratitude if, after having been preserved from the greatest of all dangers by the Immaculate Conception who has been our safeguard, we had the baseness to let ourselves be overpowered by fright and give offense to our Mother's most beautiful privilege by effacing an inscription respected by the bullets themselves ! !

"No, no, Reverend Father, I would never feel the courage to be so ungrateful, and death would appear preferable to me. Let me say it to relieve my heart from a proposition so utterly contrary to my sentiments: *Praised, praised be Mary conceived without sin*, who has preserved us from death!

"As to the impious blasphemers, they more clearly prove the glory and pleasure which my Heavenly Mother finds in this inscription. After all, what they say is the expression of what they have in their hearts; and as it is more the heart than the tongue that offends Mary, what they say does not seem to be a new offense, but rather the effect of the exorcism wrought by these beautiful words, *Mary has been conceived without sin!* Happy would they be if, by dint of exorcisms, the devils were obliged to flee and leave their poor souls, redeemed by the Saviour's precious blood, in a peaceful state that would render them capable of conversion. Yes, *Mary conceived without sin* is the remedy to the general corruption. If this remedy causes gripes in certain hearts it is a sign that it is efficacious, and that gives me hopes that it will work many a cure.

"If some Lyonese, forgetting Mary's liberalities, still wish to oblige me to remove the inscription at Loretto, be kind enough, Reverend Father, to show them this letter. I do not fear to renew my profession of faith in honor of my tender Mother Mary, relying on the feelings of my holy Mother, the Roman Church.—Lyons, 1833."

Chinese Superstitions

NEW YEAR'S

IT is remarkable what importance the Chinese attach to the least signs, to the smallest details capable of presaging happiness for the opening year.

The beggars have speculated to their profit this exaggerated sentiment, knowing perfectly well that every wish of happiness is well received, and that nothing is feared as much as a prejudicial word; they unite themselves then in small groups, and go blessing and praising the people of the house till they bring them cakes or sapeques. Any landlord who should not understand his duty would see himself exposed to hear the beggars wish him a bad year, which is the most dreaded of all the events of the day.

Having had many a time, the occasion of assisting at this eccentric scene, I had copied there and then by several lettered men, the dialogued scene which takes place at the doors of the houses.

The beggars separate into two choruses, the most experienced express the wishes, and the others, content themselves in approving by a: *Hao!* good!

FIRST DIALOGUE.

Here is the New Year, a new period, may you become very rich!

Answer: Good!

May gold, silver and wealth abound in your house!—Good!

May gold and silver pour into your family!—Good!

Buy lands, extend little by little your property!—Good!

Make the purchase of a thousand "Meou" (1) of land!—Good!

Draw thousands of Dollars' income, from your thousand and ten thousand "Meou" of land!—Good!

In your thousand of Dollars' income I sow flowers of gold!—Good!

(Thus speaking, the beggars take a handful of dust, which they sow on the threshold of the door by way of golden spangles.)

Be the first or at least the second rich man in the country!—Good!

SECOND DIALOGUE.

A year has passed, a new one arrives!—Good!

May your trade, Master, become a source of wealth!—Good!

Last year, you gained several hundreds of ligatures!—Good!

This year, gain them by thousands! (Three times repeated)—Good!

Our congratulations beforehand for the money you will give us!—Good!

After a first alms may a second one: come!—Good!

(1)—The "Meou" is a square of about 26 metres on the side.

Then with joyful hearts, we shall wish you a happy year!—Good !
We greet you with our two hands!—Good! Tso-i(1) Good !
We bow our heads!—Good!



I SOW UNIVERSAL PROSPERITY

On our departure, we beg you give us two balls of sticky rice!—Good!
Our congratulations for the prosperity of your fortune!—Good!
May ingots, as big as bushels, rain before your front door!—Good!

(1)—The "Tso-i consists in joining the hands on bowing down, and then raising them to the height of the face on straightening up.

May a shower of agates fall at your back door!—Good !

May there shower so many, that the road be paved with golden pearls and agates!—Good !

May all these riches enter your home and never come out!—Good !

Bravo! Master, build pawn-shops(1)!—Good!

For our nice song and our good words, Master, give us 24 big ingots!—Good !

THIRD DIALOGUE (The ten wishes of happiness).

The beggars each taking a handful of dust which they sow at ten different times in formulating their wishes of felicity.

Firstly, we sow gold!—Good !

Secondly, we sow silver!—Good !

Thirdly, we sow the lotus, magic cash-box(2)!—Good!

Fourthly, we sow good fortune for the four seasons!—Good!

Fifthly, we sow five sons all graduated!—Good !

Sixthly, we sow universal prosperity!—Good!

Seventhly, we sow seven wives!—Good!

Eighthly, we sow eight big horses!—Good!

Ninthly, we sow a vigorous old age!—Good!

Tenthly, we sow fortune which shall enter by every door!—Good !

The entrance door crossed may all your steps, never leave the large passages!—Good!

May your two feet trample but a golden paving!—Good!

May on these wide pavings be engraved seven words!—Good!

"Sons and grand-sons, may all become mandarins"!—Good!

(1)—It is the money-men who construct pawn-shops in China.

(2)—The Tisu-pao-pen is a cash-box which produces gold and silver.

Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin for favors obtained.



"O MARY, the entire universe would perish before you refuse your assistance to those who, with all their heart, implore your help and protection."

BL. HENRY SUZO

Enclosed you will please find Money Order for \$2.00 in thanksgiving for favor obtained. Mrs. C. L., **Burlington, Vt.** — Enclosed cheque of \$25.00 towards your Mission to fulfill a promise made for a favor received; may I solicit your prayers for other special intentions, if granted I promise to send you \$25.00 every year as long as I live. Mrs. S. C. **Montreal.** — Enclosed please find \$1.00 in thanksgiving for favor received. Mrs. K. F., **Montreal.** — I am sending \$1.00 for a novena of lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine in thanksgiving for favor received; I also beg your prayers for other special graces and promise another Dollar whenever I can spare it in thanksgiving. A. C. C., **Montreal.** — In thanksgiving to Our Blessed Lady for a favor obtained I am sending \$5.00 for your worthy works asking you to kindly continue to pray for all my intentions. Mrs. A. L., **Central Falls, R. I.** — Enclosed please find \$2.00 in thanksgiving for favor received. Mrs. U. D., **Pawtucket, R. I.** — My favor was granted with regard to the obtention of water, so I am enclosing the Dollar I promised for your Missions. Mrs. I. J. M., **Millbury, Mass.** — Please remember my dear Mother in your prayers, her eyesight is bad. Enclosed find \$5.00 to fulfill a promise that I made. Miss E. R., **South Hadley Center.** — I am sending \$1.00 for favor received. I also beg your prayers that I may have steady work, and health; if this favor is granted I shall make a future offering. Mrs. L. B., **Leominster, Mass.** — Please accept the enclosed \$2.00 for subscriptions to "The Precursor"; also \$10.00 in thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for the recovery of my father's health. Asking a remembrance in your pious prayers for other particular intentions. Miss H. J. O., **Worcester, Mass.** — Some time ago I wrote asking prayers that I would obtain a position. Find enclosed a Money Order for \$2.00 as my favor has been granted. Miss May D., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Kindly find enclosed \$6.00: One for my daughter's subscription to "The Precursor" and the Five others for favor received. I will also send \$5.00 for two more favors if granted. Mrs. E. G. G., **Willimantic, Conn.** — Not long ago I sent you One Dollar requesting you to pray for our intention. Our request was granted and I promised to send you \$1.00 per week as long as this employment which my husband was figuring on, lasted. The work has been going on for two weeks so enclosed you will find the first Two Dollars. Mrs. V. D., **Beaconsfield, P. Q.** — The enclosed \$5.00 is in grateful acknowledgement for a favor received. I also beg your prayers for the recovery of my health. Miss I. C., **Hanover, Conn.** — I am sending Two Dollars: One in thanksgiving for favor received and the other to obtain the cure of my eyesight. Mrs. M. B., **Rosemount, Montreal.** — Some time ago I wrote asking prayers for the cure of my son's hands; he promised if he could work he would subscribe to "The Precursor". As this favor was granted please find enclosed the Dollar promised. Mrs. R. McA., **Douglastown, P. Q.** — In thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favor obtained I am sending \$1.00 for your Missions. Mrs. M. I. R., **Worcester, Mass.** — I am delighted to come and give you this donation \$100.00, price of a piece of land which I sold, to have the joy and honor to help the Missionaries who make so many sacrifices for the salvation of souls. Mr. A. Verdun, **St-Laurent, Near Montreal.** — Thanks to Our Immaculate Mother for a great favor obtained in wearing Her Miraculous Medal. Mrs. A. Caron. — Please find enclosed \$1.00 for my subscription to "The Precursor" and \$6.00 for great favors obtained by the intercession of The Little Flower of Jesus in promising to have it published in your Bulletin. Mrs. J. L., **Thetford.** — I renew my subscription to "The Precursor" in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for the recovery of my health. Miss A. G., **Central Falls, R. I.**

Petitions

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

I am enclosing One Dollar for lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine that my husband may obtain a desired position; if granted I promise to send One Dollar per week as long as the work will last. Mrs. V. D., **Pointe Claire**. — Special favors are requested through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady, I am enclosing \$2.00 for your Missions. A. Subscriber, **Newcastle, N. B.** — Please find enclosed \$1.00 in honor of St. Joseph for a temporal favor. Mrs. J. C. B., **Chatham, N. B.** — I am enclosing an offering of \$2.00 for your Missions. Please pray for the success of my husband in his business affairs, also the cure of my mother who is suffering from cancer. Mrs. A. H. P., **Springfield, Mass.** — Cure of my head and eyes through the intercession of Our Immaculate Mother; if granted I promise to make an offering for your works, E. I. M. — I am enclosing \$1.00 as renewal for my subscription to "The Precursor". Please make a novena for the cure of my daughter who is suffering with swollen glands. If I obtain this favor I will send an offering of \$5.00 every Christmas for your good works. Mrs. M. M., **Blissfield, N. B.** — Very special favor requested through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. G. M., **Chicopee Falls, Mass.** — I am enclosing \$1.00 for a novena of lights for the cure of my daughter and myself if it be God's Holy Will. Mrs. N. R., **Chandler, Gaspe**. — I am asking your prayers, to the dear Sacred Heart and His Immaculate Mother for two young men who are addicted to drink. Also pray for the recovery of my health. Please accept the enclosed small offering with promise of \$5.00 if I get better. I. M. McG., **Montreal**. — Offering \$1.00 for special intentions. I am reciting the Rosary daily. **Client of Mary Immaculate**. — Will you please pray for me that I may obtain the grace of knowing my vocation? That I also may be cured of certain bad habits. 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H., **Cap de la Madeleine**. — If I recover my health I promise to send \$5.00 for your works. M. C. S., **Adams, Mass.** — Would you kindly pray to the Sacred Heart that I may obtain a desirable position; if my request is granted I shall renew my subscription for five years. H. B. D., **Chatham, N. B.** — Please beg Our Lady and The Little Flower to grant me very special favors. F. A. K., **Toronto, Ont.** — Please make a novena for certain financial undertakings. Mrs. A. J. H., **Hudson, P. Q.** — Please have a Mass said for the recovery of my health. Find enclosed \$1.00. M. C. McC., **Chesterville, Ont.** — I promise to contribute \$25.00 to your worthy works if my little sister regains her health. You will find enclosed \$1.00 for Votive Lights. H. M., **Springfield, Mass.** — Kindly pray for my boy's sacerdotal vocation: I would be so happy if one day I were the mother of a priest! 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Mrs. Canning. — Please accept the enclosed offering, 75 cents, for lights to be burned at the altar of the Blessed Virgin to obtain a very special favor; if my petition be granted I promise to contribute \$50.00 for your works and become a life subscriber to "The Precursor". Mrs. J. A. L., **Verdun, Montreal**.

— Prayers are requested for a very special intention. — I recommend to your prayers all my dear children: may Our Blessed Mother keep them all good and save their souls! Mrs. S., **Waterbury, Conn.** — Kindly pray for my child's success in his studies. Mrs. S. — Please offer some prayers for my baby suffering from rickets. Mrs. F. M. — I promise to subscribe to "The Precursor" if my boy ceases to go with bad company. Pray for the salvation of his soul. — A very dear brother is far from God and does not care for his children; kindly remember him in your good prayers. Mrs. T. D. — Am suffering very much physically: hope to obtain through your prayers some relief in my pains. — A position desired; if obtained, I promise an offering for your Missions. Miss A. M. B., **New Haven, Conn.** — Would you kindly pray for my dear son who has undergone a serious operation? I recommend him to your fervent prayers, and hope our Immaculate Mother will hear our petition. Mrs. W. 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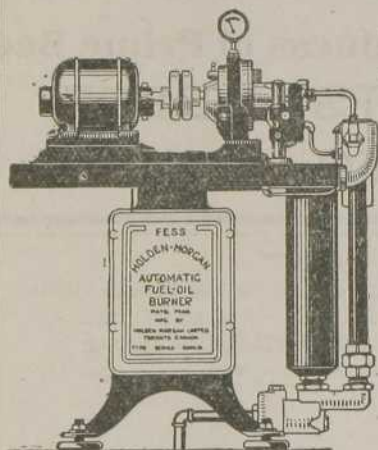
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