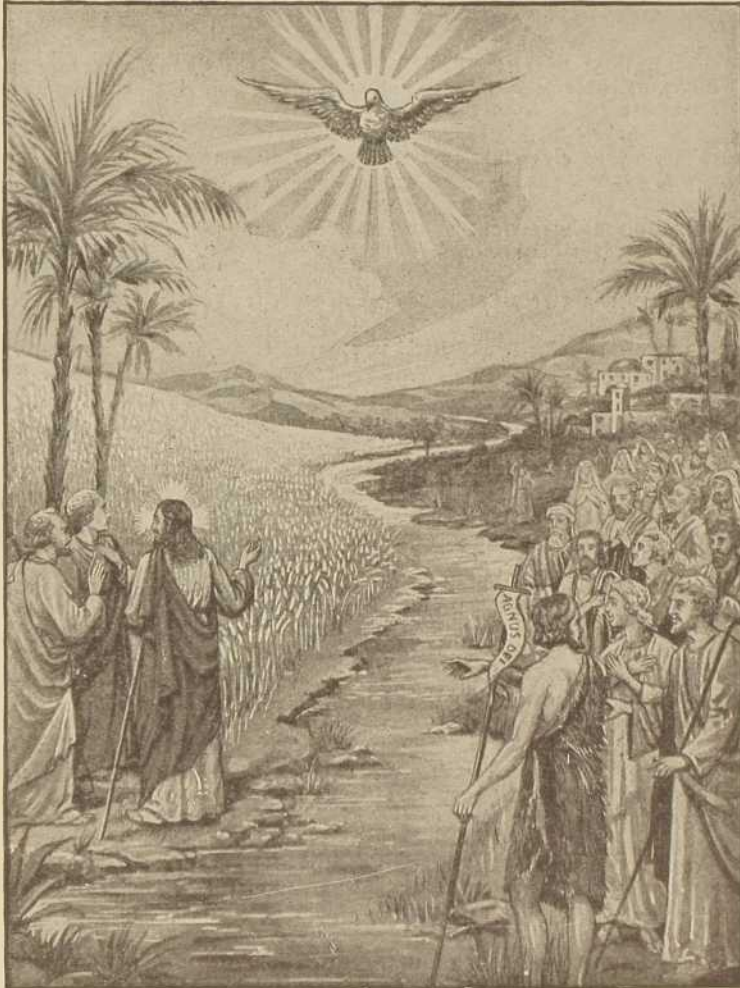


# THE PRECURSOR



Vol. III, 4th Year

MONTREAL, MARCH-APRIL 1926

No. 2

# PREMIUMS

## Offered for Subscriptions-New OR Renewed

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- 10 subscriptions to THE PRECURSOR give right to the choice of the following objects: Chinese objects, ornamental shells, prayer-book, etc.
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  - 15 subscriptions give right to the choice of: chaplet, Chinese cup and saucer, prayer-book, etc.
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  - 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.
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## 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.

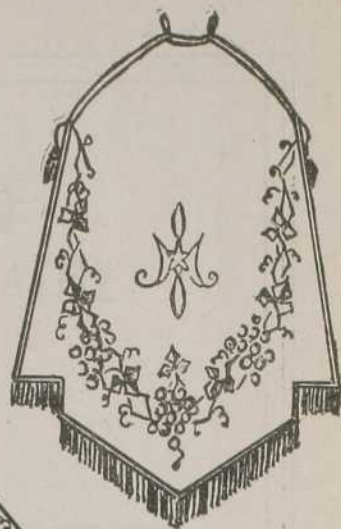
The articles mentioned on the following page may be procured, on reasonable terms, at the work-shop of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, Montreal.

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.





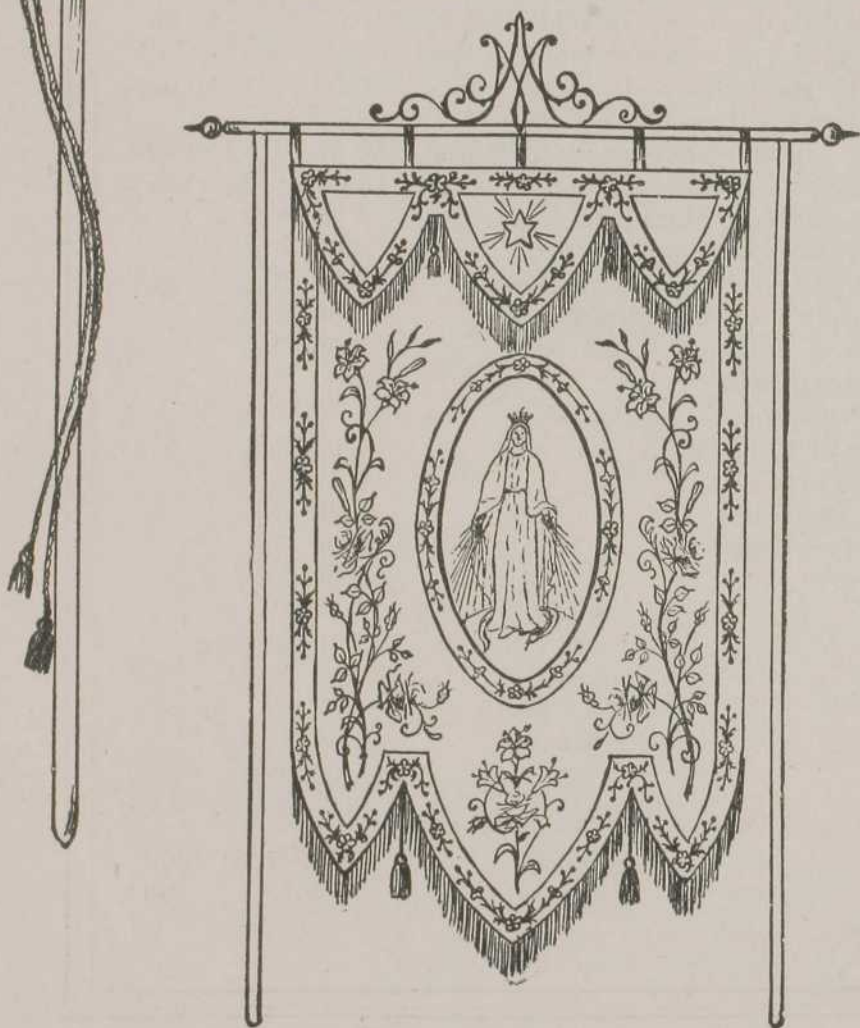
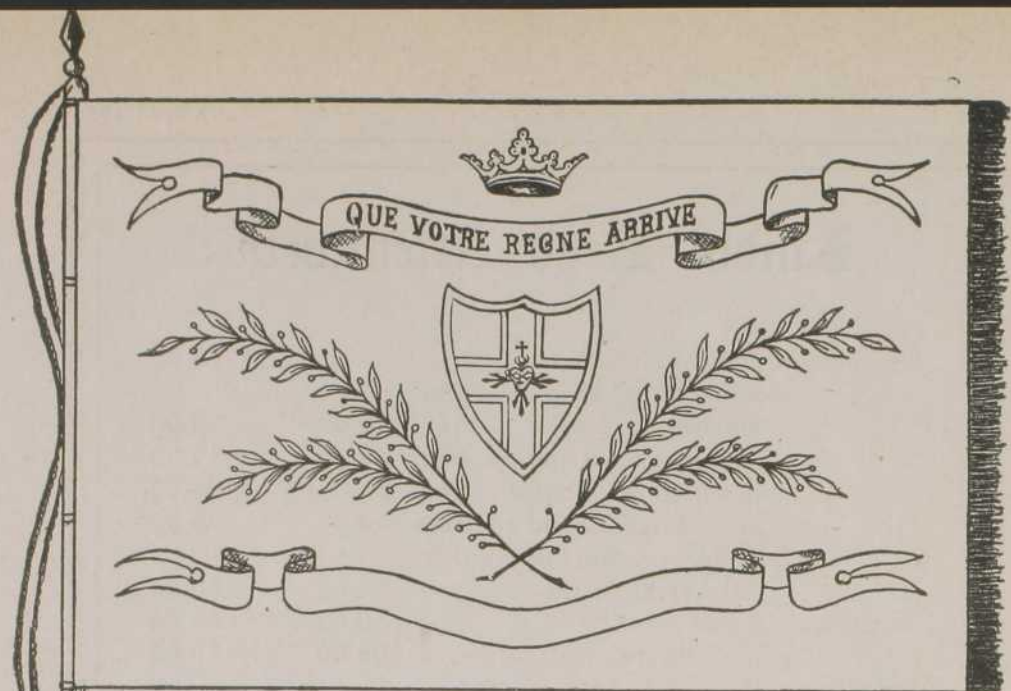


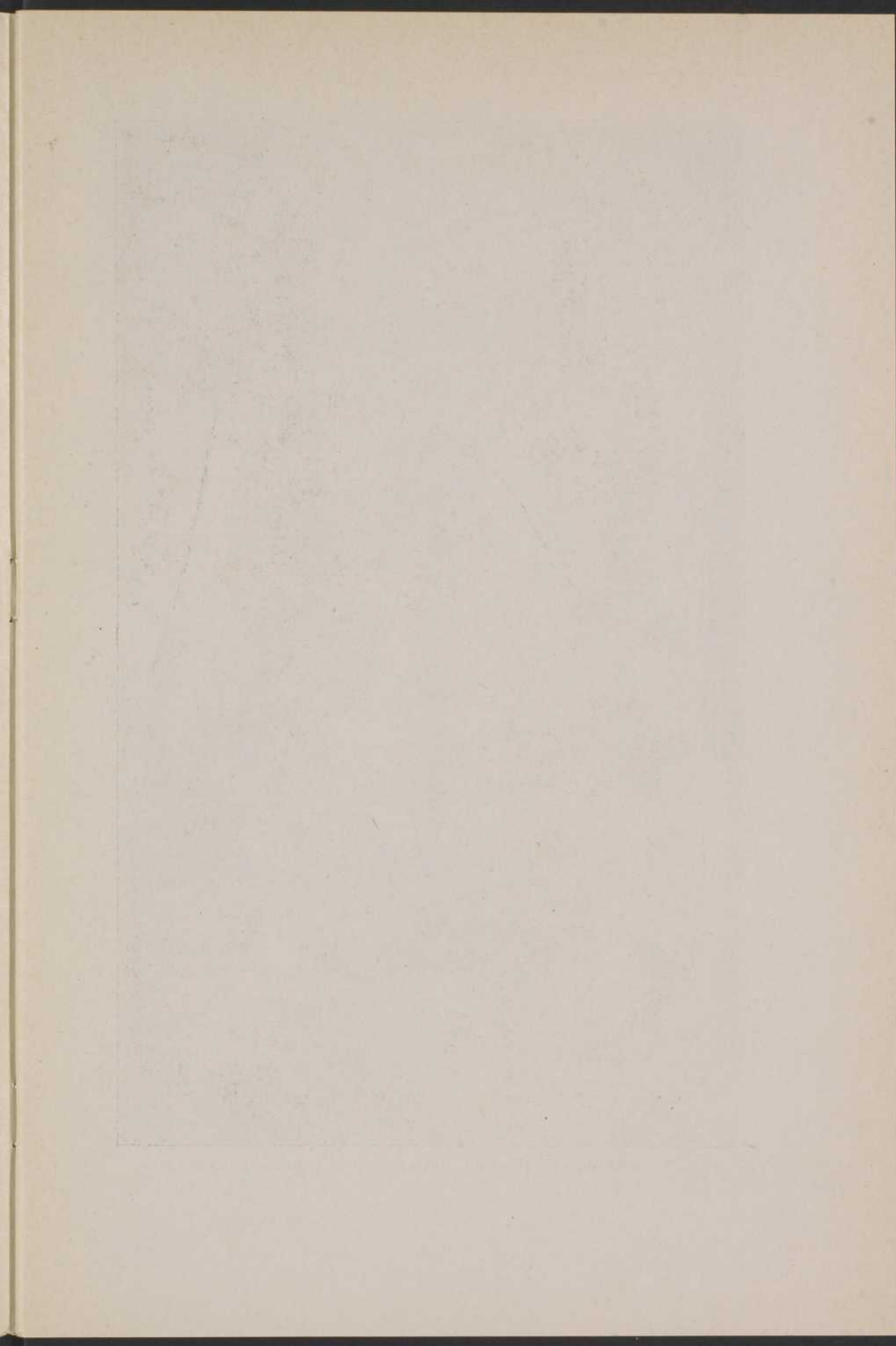
## Kindly Read Attentively

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
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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, MARCH-APRIL 1926

No. 2

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His Holiness Pope Pius XI



# The Closing of the Porta Santa

DEC. 24, 1925.

THE Holy Year is ended, the Pope has closed the Holy Door...On Thursday, Dec. 24, from 9.30 A.M., St. Peter's atrium presented a similar aspect as a year ago, at the same day, at the same hour. Red damask draperies, hung along the pilasters and on the walls that covered the gratings, let rays of light enter through large windows and spread in the great oblong hall into which the "nartex" had been transformed. Rich tapestries decked this provisory wall against which were disposed the tribunes of the Roman diplomacy and aristocracy...Between the central and Holy Door that was still open, the Pontifical throne stood, lit by electrical lamps fixed behind the baldachin's fringe. Other lamps, in groups of three in the frieze, completed the illumination of the Basilica's vestibule. Between the throne and the tribunes, benches covered with tapestries and forming a horse-shoe, were prepared for the Cardinals.

Upon a small table, very near the Holy Door, Mgr. Respighi, Prefect of Pontifical ceremonies, saw to the final preparations. The gilded bricks bearing the Pope's coat-of-arms were there and beside them the other bricks where the Basilica's shield was engraved. There were also brought the trowels of white metal to be used by the Cardinal Penitentiary, the Penitentiaries of St. Peter's and the Bursar of the Chapter; in its open casket, the golden trowel with ivory handle which the Holy Father will himself use. Here are the flat buckets containing the dark mortar made of puzzolana and the great gilded bucket filled with white cement composed of lime and pulverized marble.

In his *sedia gestatoria*, His Holiness Pius XI. was coming from the Vatican by the large staircase that terminates at the equestrian statue of Constantine, preceded by a religious cortege of prelates, bishops, cardinals, who, like him, carried a candle in their hand. The Pontiff appeared with serene and recollected features, his whole attitude expressing prayer which was surely of thanksgiving. This year should have been heavy and arduous for him. Nearly one million pilgrims have, during these twelve months, knelt at his feet and kissed his ring. Three and four times a day he has received the groups coming from all parts of the world. What missionary has as often distributed the word of God than this august missionary of the Holy Year? He has preached in Italian, in French, in German...Supernatural joy which he has abundantly felt has rendered this fatigue very light. It seems to him as if it were yesterday, did he say to the Cardinals and Roman prelates on the eve of the Feast, that he opened the Holy Door; he will now

close it, without however, closing the treasury of favours and graces that will be showered over the whole world....

In the interior of the Basilica, an immense crowd awaited the Pontiff to venerate with him the lance that pierced Our Saviour's side, the precious relic of the True Cross, Saint Veronica's veil, of which an Archbishop, Canon of St. Peter's, Mgr Cherubini, was to make the "ostension" from the loggia above Saint Veronica's statue. This multitude who had acclaimed the Vicar of Christ on his arrival and who would acclaim him anew at his departure, united in profound silence to the Pope's recollection when, descending from the sedia, he knelt at the faldistorio, before the Confession....

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The Pontiff has mounted the throne in the atrium. The gilded bricks and the bucket containing the white cement are taken to the sill of the Porta Santa. The other buckets and bricks are placed nearby. All eyes are directed towards the Holy Father when, standing before the Holy Door, bareheaded, he pronounces over these humble materials, the liturgical formulas so full of poetical symbolism: "Powerful God," says the Pontiff, "Thou Who keepest all these things, the highest, the middling, and the lowest; Thou Who containest all creatures in penetrating them interiorly, sanctify and bless these creatures of stone, lime, and sand. Through Christ Our Lord..."

In His name, he sprinkles these bricks and cement with holy water. He also incenses them. This act that sanctifies these humble "creatures of stone, lime, and sand," and envelops with a special glory their noble vocation, has already silently whispered to the soul the profound thoughts of the hymn which will soon rise whilst, kneeling on these sacred precincts, the Vicar of Christ will mason the three first bricks: "*O Jerusalem, celestial city, blessed vision of peace, Thou who risest unto the skies, built of living stones, and that a million angels environ as the meet cortege of the Spouse.*" Kneeling and mitred, the Pontiff takes cement with his gold trowel; he spreads it on the sill, first in the centre, saying, "*In the faith and by the power of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God;*" then to the right: *Who hath said to the Prince of the Apostles, Thou art Peter,*" and lastly, to the left in completing the text: "*and upon this Rock I will build my Church!... We place this first stone,*" does he say laying in the white cement one of the three gilded bricks, "*to close this Holy Door,*" does he add, placing to its right the second one, "*which must be reopened at each Jubilee Year,*" does he end, fixing to the left the third brick. "*In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen*", does he concluded whilst tracing on the three bricks a triple sign of the Cross.

All the joys of the Holy Year doubtlessly ebbed to the heart and soul of the Pontiff when, having terminated this rite, he ascended his throne, waiting for the Cardinal Great Penitentiary and the Franciscans. Penitentiaries of St. Peter's, who are finishing to lay the first row of bricks upon which the exterior wall of cloisture will be erected.

It was jubilation, singularly peaceful and profound, which expressed itself in his clear voice when, after having sung the orison: "*O God, Who, wherever Thou reignest, showest Thyself so propitious to our petitions, etc.*", he intoned the *Te Deum*.

The Holy Year has come to a close but the Jubilee Year is open to the whole world.

(La Croix)

B. Sienne.

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O Mary, Mother dear, you speak, and Jesus stoops to listen; you ask, and Jesus hastens to grant your petition. O Mother! we can scarcely tell—is it love of Him or love of us which makes you thus seek for our salvation? And if pleading with Jesus is not enough, you will come and plead with us, now in sternness, now in love....

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## Votive lights in honor of the Blessed Virgin

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

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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.



# Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus

## Official Protectress

### of the Association of Saint Peter Apostle

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At the request of His Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of Propaganda, the Sovereign Pontiff has proclaimed Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus official Patroness of the Association of Saint Peter Apostle, for the recruiting and formation of native clergy.

Here is the translation of this Brief which brings fresh glory to the little Sister of Missionaries.

#### BRIEF — PIUS XI., POPE

Very dear Son, greeting and apostolic Benediction. Nothing seems more opportune to protect Christian faith amidst foreign nations, to radiate the light of the Gospel among the peoples still sitting in the darkness of error, and to form new Christendoms, than the development of native clergy in the different countries separated by land and sea from the heart of catholicity.

Inspired by this wise concept, the Roman Pontiffs, our Predecessors, have constantly desired that good seminarists, chosen among the natives, be formed and later admitted to priesthood. For this reason, Leo XIII., our Predecessor, enriched with special favors the Pious Society which, under the title of Saint Peter Apostle, was organized in France in the year 1889, with the aim of promoting the formation of native clergy in the Missions. It was later transferred to Switzerland and finally, in 1920, was placed under the aegis of the Roman Congregation of Propaganda, by our immediate Predecessor, Benedict XV.

It is with intimate joy that, We, Ourselves, see this Society constantly thriving, as much by the number of its associates as by its commendable enterprises. And since you, beloved Son, who so zealously and intelligently direct this Association, have humbly asked Us in your name and in that of the associates, to appoint as celestial Protectress for this Pontifical Work, Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, We have deemed it proper to condescend to your desire.

We grant it the more readily as we consider, among the virtues with which this chosen Spouse of Christ was adorned, the ardent love which consumed her soul for the Lord Jesus.

We know, moreover, that this same Saint burned with an equal flame of charity for the Church and its ministers. She offered herself as an expiatory host to the Almighty for the salvation of souls, and nourished a most ardent desire to fly to the remotest shores to win souls for Christ; very often in her orisons, she recommended to her Celestial Spouse the evangelical workers who laboured for the extension of the Faith in the distant missions.

It is then meet and opportune to choose Teresa as special Protectress near God for the Association of Saint Peter Apostle; for this end and by our apostolical authority, by virtue of this Decree and at perpetuity, We declare and proclaim Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus Protectress of the Pious Pontifical Association of Saint Peter Apostle for native clergy. We hope that by the intercession of this holy Protectress, innumerable divine graces will flow as from an inexhaustible source towards the Pious Association. And since for many reasons, the formation of native clergy presents very great difficulties, We do not doubt that through this so powerful Mediatrix with God, these obstacles will be overcome, and that the young natives, called to the heritage of the Lord, will not fail to experience the instant help of such a great Protectress. Thus We beg God, Author of all good, to benignly fructify the Association of Saint Peter Apostle, and in waiting, with great love, to you, very dear Son who direct it, to all your coadjutors and associates of the entire world, We give the Apostolic Blessing, pledge of celestial favors and sign of Our benevolence. Notwithstanding, etc.

Given at Rome, near Saint Peter, under the Seal of the Fisherman, the 29th day of July, of the year 1925, the fourth of Our Pontificate.

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

Reverend J. L. A. Lapierre.

*Arrival in Shanghai, October 4, 10 A. M. — Solemnity of the Most Holy Rosary.*

The steamer left us two hours ago, 14 miles from Shanghai. It was fortunate we had said Mass and taken breakfast, for the row-boat took two long hours to reach the wharf. To land from the ocean, we must pass in the yellow and muddy waters of the River Poo...quite unlike our clear St. Lawrence River. These waters are nevertheless deep enough to allow the largest steamers to venture thereon. From the row-boat, we see here and there, magnificent hotels, schools, hospitals and princely dwellings. The Europeans give us to believe that they have the taste for fine sites, and that they seek comfort...

Father Samson of the Paris Foreign Mission Society was waiting for us. With a wave of the hand, we recognized each other and soon landed on China's soil. The wharf was crowded with people coming to meet a relation or a friend. Before long, we were besieged by an avalanche of coolies, then... by the custom officers. In a twinkle our travelling bags and parcels were put together and Father Samson arrived with an officer who examined our declarations. Everything was soon settled, and here we are, installed with our baggage in an automobile which drives us through the streets of Shanghai, amongst the *pousse-pousse*, the conductors of wheel-barrows, transportation wagons, and in less than a quarter of an hour we reach the Mission compound.

The next day, Father Lomme was taken to St. Mary's Hospital. Doctor Fresson deemed it necessary to operate. This Hospital, directed by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, is a series of pavilions, very advantageous for the patients' isolation. Magnificent flower-beds and beautiful walks lead to it. At a certain point, the road turns: there is a Chinese burying ground which could not be purchased by the missionaries; it must not be trespassed. It is not large, 25 x 60 feet, but the owner adheres to keeping it. It is surrounded by a stone wall, and in the middle is a slab on which is engraved the engagement made by the Hospital to respect this sacred ground; it is so well kept, however, that it is not disfiguring.

As Father Lomme has but one afternoon for visiting, we choose Zi-ka-wei. It is on the boundary of the European Reservation. The Jesuit Fathers are very practical: we have seen "The Star", its classes, the workshops: carpentry, foundry, the goldsmith's trade, printing, sculpture, etc.



On our return, we took Father Lomme to the Hospital. Our dear confrere, as a man of sacrifice, generously accepted this trial: the separation was not to be the prolonged one of mission-life, but was it not the augury of it? Still, though we could not help feeling and perceiving an impression of sadness, intimate joy continued to fill our hearts. On the Tuesday, we were invited for dinner at the Jesuits' residence. Father Bérichon and I alone go; Father Lomme is now at the Hospital!...We meet thirteen young Scheut missionaries who are going to Tsien-tsin for a year's study; thence, they will continue their route to Mongolia. The refectory is well-built and aired. At the door, a Canadian, Brother Proulx, Professor at Aurora University for a year, was awaiting us. This Brother who was born at Lawrence, Mass., would have liked to meet Father Lomme; he will visit him at the Hospital.

A missionary Father then shows us the instruments which register the direction and rapidity of wind; that is used to foresee cyclones, typhoons, etc. It is there I learned that, while on our way between Yokohama and Kobe, a terrible typhoon had destroyed 40,000 houses at Tokio. In fact, on the way from Kobe, there was a very hot wind and a pelting rain; we were in the typhoon zone, but thank God! not at the dangerous point.

We then examine the sismic apparatus; the Father explains both how this machine registers the vibrations of the earth at certain points and also a method of calculating the distances of these vibrations. It was very interesting, but you full well imagine that we have not decided to follow courses of sismology; we left with the Brother to visit the Lesser and Greater Seminaries. At the Greater Seminary, the students, about twenty in number, received us with a deep bow. Several speak French quite fluently. I said a few words to them, telling them that we come from Canada to open missions in China. I invited them to unite intentions and pray for the propagation of the reign of Christ in China. We stayed but a short while at the Lesser Seminary, for we were to pay a visit to our sick colleague. Father Lomme is confined to his room for complete rest; he will, however, have the privilege of saying Mass to-morrow, Feast of the Most Holy Rosary. We present him, according to Chinese etiquette,—(we have not spent a whole afternoon with a Professor of Aurora University for nothing!), with certain articles and a few Chinese books, and teach him how to accept them Chinese fashion, — a good way of making the conversation lively. After having related our afternoon visit and our meeting with an American of Lawrence, Mass., we separate, promising him to come again before our departure appointed for 9 o'clock the next morning.

We keep our word: at eight, we are at the Hospital. We tell our confrere of our regret in being thus separated, but it is Divine Providence who wills it and his sacrifice, greater than ours, will be more meritorious before God and will draw greater blessings on the missions. We should like to stay with him but...must proceed on our way. We leave him in the hands of Divine Providence, of the Daughters of Charity, and the kind Fathers who



assure us that he shall be treated as one of their own; we promise to write to him as soon as possible. Then, with a fond embrace and a thousand good wishes, we bid him good-bye, for a month!

At 9.15, we are at the wharf. We are not late, just the contrary! But—it is a frequent annoyance in the Orient—the steamer's departure is delayed. The row-boat will not come at 9.30 but at 4 o'clock and the ship, instead of leaving at noon, will sail during the night! What shall we do on a quay with three large trunks, three travelling bags and two parcels?...We ask a Chinese to bring them to the boat of Tung-Shing. We witness the strength of these coolies: our baggage-carrier was rather small; well! he has Father Bérichon's trunk placed on his shoulders—a weight of about three hundred pounds—and carries it down to the wharf; for a rice-eater it is wonderful!...At four o'clock, a row-boat conducted us to the steamer; it was unmoored while we were sleeping, to stop after an hour's travel, and to leave again only at 1.30. We are told that we shall be at New-Chwang Tuesday; she is not very speedy, our boat!...Nevertheless time passed quickly although there was, during the night, a little variety: the weather was violent and the sea quite rough; we were tossed about in bed but were not sick. Saturday, at 11 o'clock, we landed at Tsing Tao; we had still thirty hours' travel before us.

While, at our Seminary, all must believe us at destination and question themselves on what could have been our impressions of a first Sunday in the Capital of Manchuria, we, poor travellers, are still on the way, several hours from the landing port and even separated from our colleague, Father Lomme who, as I told you already, has remained at Shanghai to undergo an operation for appendicitis. He is not in a dangerous condition.

There are always unforeseen drawbacks in a voyage, especially in the East. If you are in a hurry, no one else is. Our boat which left Shanghai 24 hours late waits at Tsing Tao. It will leave only at three o'clock.

We take advantage of this new delay to make a short visit in the city. Thus, do we think, Divine Providence gives us the opportunity of admiring beautiful sites as also great works of charity and education. On our arrival at Tsing Tao, we go in *pousse-pousse* to the Catholic Mission, 20 minutes from the wharf. We are here in a territory intrusted to the German Fathers of the Divine Word. They receive us most fraternally. Bishop Whitney, Apostolic Perfect recently appointed, meets us in the parlor. After dinner, the Superior of the Mission has us visit the business section, and the Japanese market which may be called the fish-market. Then, in a carriage drawn by two little mongolian horses, we travel over the residential district and scale the mountain. On the summit we are shown the ruins of a German fort destroyed since the war. This city as well as its port were built by the Germans. Fifty years ago, it was but a Chinese village; to-day it is one of the most beautiful cities of China built in European fashion, with wide streets, etc.

Its roads can rival with the best in America. On visiting Tsing-Tao, we have not at all the impression of being in a Chinese city: the people, here, say it is a Japanese city built by the Germans. It is certainly the expression of genius, for it is incomparably situated; the mountain dominates the whole region and controls the sea. This mission is most hopeful.

On our return to the Fathers' residence, the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary are there, come to pay us a visit. The Superior is a French-Canadian, born at Ville Marie, Haileybury. She informs us that there is in her convent another Canadian religious who comes from Gaspé. We shall see her tomorrow. It is altogether pleasing to find Canadian Sisters in far-off China. The Superior invites us to assist at an entertainment to be given by their pupils this evening. These Sisters who number about thirty have numerous works: European and Chinese schools, Chinese maidens, a hospital, etc.

While finishing my notes on our stay at Tsing Tao, I hear the *melody* of my neighbour carried off into the Morphean zone. Last night, he slept but little and the previous night had not been more favorable: the steamer had rolled so much that it was difficult for us to remain in bed. Thus, he is making up for lost time; but alas! I must awaken him and embark...From the Mission to the wharf, there is a good half hour's walk; fortunately we know the way perfectly. I am wondering if the Priests wear their cassock on the street; everybody stares at us, pushes his neighbour and point us out. But that does not hinder my companion from making haste. He finds the temperature a little high and once in a while wipes the perspiration from his face.

Between a cloudless sky and a rippleless sea, the boat is unmoored. It is 4 o'clock. But, alarming incident: at 8 Tuesday morning, while we were walking on deck waiting for breakfast, the boat comes to a standstill and yet the machines are in movement as usual! We were stranded on a sand-bank. We, who are supposed to arrive at New Chwang for 10!... It is another delay!...And how long will it last?

We are free at 10 o'clock to be again anchored one half hour later, and to leave only at two...

At 4, the quarantine officers arrive and shortly afterwards we are received at the wharf by Fathers Daval and Pollet. To have our baggage examined is a simple formality, and in five minutes we are at the Mission. This residence which was formerly the Procure, is very spacious: 40 metres in length, built of brick and with two stories, rather high. As most of the French constructions, it has but one row of rooms with a corridor at the back; that gives magnificent sunny rooms. The first thing we do on arriving is to visit the Divine Master; for that, we are obliged to go the church which is a little distant. It is a beautiful building that would not disfigure our most pretty country places; it is very clean and of a capacity of seven to eight hundred persons. There are no pews, excepting a few for the Europeans: the Chinese use mats. We pass to the garden which is very extensive and well



cultivated. It is still abounding with assorted vegetables and adorned by shady paths and vines laden with grapes. These Fathers know how to embellish their residences and make use of everything.

The next morning, at six o'clock, I said the parochial Mass. The assistance and communions were so numerous that I believed myself in one of our parish churches. The religious were there with their orphans, catechists and aged women. These Chinese, like all others I am told, have a noisy way of praying: they pray aloud and each in turn; there is often no harmony, but as it is God's praises that come from loving and believing hearts, it is beautiful and must please the Divine Master. In the midst of a pagan nation, it is consoling to hear the hymns and supplications of the true Church and to think how the Most Holy Trinity is glorified by these peoples but recently illuminated by the Light of Faith.

Wednesday, we paid a visit to the Sisters of Providence of Portieux: they have a large establishment. We now rest for a few days at New Chwang, and Saturday we shall go to Mukden, a trip of five hours; we have nearly arrived !

In the company of a Chinese Priest, we attempt to speak the language of the country. May the Sacred Heart and His Blessed Mother give us the grace of understanding it as quickly as possible, so that we may in turn, do our share for the salvation of souls.

We are most cheerful and happy. Part of our ambitions are already realized. We hope that Heaven will give us to complete that which has been so well commenced.

May the invoked Names of Jesus, Mary, Queen of the Missions, St. Joseph, St. Michael, St. Francis Xavier, help us to work efficaciously under the protection of the Holy Angels, for the redemption of the heathens. We ask you to join your prayers to ours; and may the Blessed Virgin bless us all !

Yours truly in the Sacred Heart,

*J. L. A. Lapierre, M. E.*

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A subsequent letter, dated November 18, tells us of the arrival at Mukden of Rev. Fathers Lapierre and Berichon; it also announces the serious illness of Father Lapierre, the leader of this apostolic group. Typhoid fever is said to have been the malady which has struck this zealous priest.

We beg our readers to unite with us in prayers, imploring the Queen of Apostles to protect her missionary in the distant land where he has gone for love of her and her Divine Son, and to obtain for him, if it be God's holy will, complete restoration of his health.

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The Holy Family  
Jesus, Mary and Joseph

# Our Day of Prayer and Thanksgiving in honour of our beloved Father Saint Joseph

(UNION OF PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP)

"Give us, O Joseph, thy faith so simple and pure!  
"May we, like Thee, Guardian of the Redeemer,  
"Serve Him, defend Him and give Him to the world!"

**W**E make these burning desires our own on this day destined to honour in a particular manner the glorious Patriarch whose mission here below was to protect and serve the Son of God made Man for the redemption of the human race.

Perpetuating a very dear tradition, the 10th of January is the day when, each year, at our Mother-House, all vie with each other in love and devotion towards our so good and loving Father Saint Joseph. Piety manifests itself under every form to-day to celebrate his greatness and glorious privileges: it is his day par excellence of praise and thanksgiving!

All, in our modest chapel, bespeaks holy joy and peace: a shower of lilies and roses, illuminated with twinkling lights of the same delicate shade, form a pedestal for the statue of our good Father which dominates the altar; various hymns express our interior happiness while we prolong the pious and intimate colloquies with the holy Patron of interior life: our heart has so much to say to praise, bless, thank, oh! above all thank, the Foster-Father of the Infant Jesus who wishes to be the Dispenser of celestial favours and the charitable Purveyor of our Community.

We make a special Guard of Honour to Saint Joseph; and as to-day, Sunday, is for us a day of exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and as it is also the Feast of the Holy Family, our filial tenderness invites us to adore Jesus in the annihilation of the Eucharist, as of yore, His Foster-Father and Immaculate Mother adored Him in the humiliation of the Manger.

The thrice-repeated hymns and prayers of our chaplets, morning, noon and evening, recall to our mind the joyful Mysteries of our Saviour's infancy, where St. Joseph had, after his beloved Spouse, the greater part. Then, before each recreation, the entire Community repair to the oratory erected in honour of our Celestial Father and Patron, to sing a hymn of gratitude, of prayer, or of praise. A holiday gives us the occasion of extolling the favours and bounties of our beloved Protector, and to relate a few facts well apt to increase our confidence in his power and kindness. Thus does each and every hour of this day re-echo the praises of the beloved Father we feast.

But if gratitude and love form the predominant chord of this mystical concert, as apostles and missionaries, we do not forget that in the land of exile in which we live, innumerable are the souls who have not had the opportunity of knowing and loving the beauties of the invisible world, homeland and kingdom of all nations and where all are destined to reign one day. So, with the greatest fervor, we beg the celestial Guardian of the Divine Child to make us share in his "simple, pure faith", so that, with him and by him, we may "serve the Infant-God, defend Him and give Him to the world".

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## The Missionary Recruitment

THE dream of the apostolic worker who will come to China during future generations, will be that of Xavier in the Indies; Xavier felt himself crushed under the heavy burden of the native pagan.

There are but 160 priests serving, in Kiang-Sou, 776 churches or chapels and being surrounded with 34 million pagans! And the proportion is overwhelming, of those who ask for the missionary, himself already absorbed by the cares of the ministry.

All possible statistics may be made, and large volumes compiled, but never would there be found enough missionaries for the Christian occupation of China. The City of Shanghai alone approaches two million inhabitants and counts but 20 Catholic Priests whilst the City of Paris alone counts 560. How many cities of 100,000 souls still wait!... There remain, besides these, the suburbs, these immense suburbs which extend beyond the city walls. And how many thousands of pagodas to be converted into churches!

There is also the rural population occupied more than elsewhere with the numberless superstitions of Buddha; in fact the entire class of farmers, the most numerous of the four categories of China; professionals, farmers, mechanics and merchants. More than half of our Christians belong to this class.

The pagans, by millions, remain to be attained.

There will still be the "lettrés" of to-day to be taken in, more easily attained than formerly; professionals of city and country, but always living in separate groups; then the man taken up by his business, his heart set on money; finally the sympathetic working-class. And everywhere, the army of unfortunates, the poor and sick who are waiting; they whose evangelization is one of the signs of the Redeemer's coming. We meet them everywhere in crowds. Never can China open enough hospitals, houses of refuge and orphanages to succour them. How many outstretched hands!... What a length of time they must wait to be lifted, like the paralytic of the Gospel; thousands will die before seeing salvation.

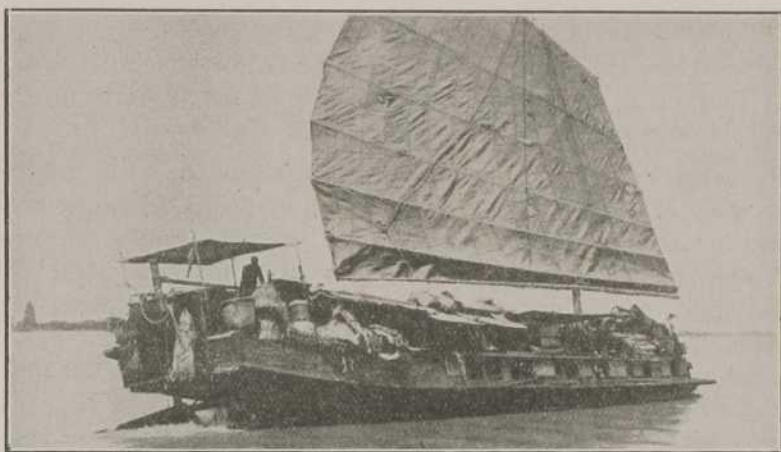
By the way, let us contemplate those who wait for a missionary. This contemplation will give an idea of the extensiveness of the work before us and of the immense share that we could take in it. Cast a glance on the water, then on the canal-banks. Finally, a revealing fact of the working-class mentality will show us that the work of the missionary is ripe and that the harvest is, more than ever, ready to be gathered. Lord! send us laborers!....



I am not speaking of the canals as means of transport, or as means of communication to attain the villages and principal cities that are waiting for truth; let us consider the floating population, the fishermen, for instance. These are born, live and die on their barks. They are thousands of families. Here, 20,000 Christian fishermen; there 40,000; elsewhere, 10,000, which multiplies by the mere fact of the regular birth increase.

These Christendoms have sprung into life 300 years ago. The conversions are in small numbers; since these three centuries, the multitudes are ever waiting, those of the barks, who are there by thousands!...

The land is being evangelized, who will evangelize the waters? There is still the immense population of the stationary barks, those of the *kiang pei jen*, men residing north of Blue River, who live on the banks of the Shanghai River. An immense lacustral city is still sleeping on the filth of the



A CHINESE JUNK.

river and awaits its Ransomers. All these are the others, not his own... Still they are ever present to the missionary's mind; he sees them go by !

Far out on the sea, junks can be seen everywhere. On New Year's day the forests of their masts wave on the waters; they are the sailors.' Who has attained them? In certain parts, our Christian barks are expected but once a year; it is then that the baptized families assemble at 'the mission for their Easter duty. The names of the faithful who are able to come are registered. The others do not count among the total of the Christians for the year, with those, Alas! who did not wish to come.

On the by-ways, how many good Samaritans should *be able* to stop?... But apostles will always be obliged to pass unheeding, going to the most urgent cases; and one of the 60,000 pagans, catechumen of to-day, will have to wait and die without seeing him from whom he hoped salvation. About 40,000 souls die daily on China's soil. What a multitude!...

"Yes, we need help," writes a missionary, "but what help! If, instead of being alone in our field, we were two or three, what a relief! With the help of God we could attack the mission from both sides! and the abundant ripening harvest, which has God for Master and where God has sent us, would not be stolen by the Evil One."

I know such and such a plain, such a village, such a large borough, where there is no Catholic activity of any kind; there is nothing!...We would need to make ourselves known, start a school, a small dispensary. The people are kind and would readily welcome us. I have already marked three or four places on the map. I have even given patrons(!) to these dreamed-of Christendoms: there would be a Saint Paul, the Saint Curé of Ars, Saint Nicholas, Saint Thomas, Saint Isidore, etc. I do not know of any chapel by those names erected on the territory for the last 15 years! Two or three chapels in a circuit of 10 to 12 kilometres in diameter would not be too many for such a dense population.

A few years ago, our Vicar Apostolic said: "Give me 100 missionaries; I shall find place for them, they would immediately reap an abundant harvest". How much truer would these words be to-day!...

But where are they who want to give life to souls? Where are they who wish to draw nearer the hour for the coming of their God to the poor souls who still ignore Him, and who desire to prepare for Him the continents still pagan? How many whom this care keeps awake? There are some...Why do we see a child calling his mother during the night, after having heard the narrations of a missionary; and when she answers, "What is it, child?—Mamma," says the little one, "Mamma, the Christians of the missionary Father, how cold they must be to-night!..."

And the next day, the mother questions the missionary, "Father, what have you put into the head of our children that they are always thinking of your proteges?" They have a missionary soul, and why, at 18, would they not still have it? Why would they not, then, carry their thoughts to where their hearts were when younger?

The career of a missionary cannot be compared to another, or, better, is that of consulates, of embassades! The missionary is the introducer of Christ to China, his career is that of an ambassador. It is open to a great number. It suffices, like the Apostles, to say one word, "I, also, will be one!"...

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The more we appreciate the gift of faith, the more we must desire to see it propagated in others.

*A Cardinal.*

## The Terror of the East

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VERY often have we heard speak of the wretched population of outcasts who, day after day and year after year, drag the burden of an existence devoid of every consolation: the poor lepers, whose very appellation makes one shudder with pity and dread. We shall give the reader an insight of these unfortunates but it will be to show, side by side, their miserable condition and the state of happiness to which Religion and Charity raise them. We shall also present the heroic physiognomy of the Apostle of the Chinese, Father Louis Lambert Conrardy.

Leprosy is more or less prevalent in all Asiatic countries. Its hapless victims may be seen in almost every centre in Asia Minor, India or China. The immediate cause of the malady—apart from contagion—is still unknown. Many authorities hold that it is caused by a small microbe found in decomposing fish. It is practically incurable, its effects and progress, stage by stage, being much the same everywhere. It is a living death. Its poor victims do not die and rot: they rot and die. In the early stages of the disease the features become swollen and assume a peculiar, frowning aspect.

At a later stage, the face and body become disfigured by loathsome ulcers which give forth a sickening odour and in hot countries, attract swarms of flies. These ulcers sometimes invade the eyes and throat, destroying the eyeballs and the vocal chords. The extremities of the limbs, in the majority of cases, become useless and gradually decay, the joints falling off one by one. Mortal sin has been frequently called a leprosy of the soul, but only those who have seen leprosy of the body can realize how apt is the metaphor. What pen can depict the agonies of mind and soul and body which the poor lepers have to endure; leprosy is no respecter of persons. Some among them are well educated and have lived in comfortable homes. But as soon as the malady is detected, the victim becomes an outcast. As the State makes little or no provision for him, he is very often compelled to beg in the streets. The victim's relatives will even go so far as to murder him or compel him to commit suicide. Sometimes he is burned alive. In 1912 the military authorities gathered all the lepers they could find in the neighbourhood of the city of Nanning (Kwang Si) and massacred them. A long deep trench was dug and lined with wood soaked in oil. The poor lepers were then driven headlong into it and shot and burned to death. A similar massacre took place at Kong Hoi. This only fourteen years ago.



## Dressing of Lepers' Wounds



SISTER MARIE BERNADETTE, MISSIONARY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,  
HOSPITALLER AT SHEK-LUNG LAZARETTO.

The founder of China's first léper settlement was Father L. L. Conrardy, a Belgian priest who worked amongst the lepers of Molokai with Father Damien, until the latter contracted the disease and died. Father Conrardy left Molokai soon afterwards, took up the study of medicine and qualified as a doctor in order to make himself more efficient in his work of ministering to the lepers. He then set out for China where he arrived eighteen years ago (1908). By that time, he was sixty-five, and in failing health, but his Christ-like charity and burning zeal made him forgetful of his physical infirmities, and in a short time he became known all over the East as the Apostle of the Lepers. He began by making his way through the filthy streets and laneways of Canton, dressing with his own hands the putrefying sores of all the lepers he could find, calling them his "brothers", bestowing alms on them and baptizing the dying.

Next, he turned his attention to a Leper Asylum which had been established by the Government outside the city walls, where hundreds of hapless victims of the disease—men, women and children — were herded together under revolting conditions. They were allowed only five cents each, a day, for their support. In this Asylum suicide was a common occurrence. Can we wonder? Someone has said that a Leper Asylum is "a pitiful place to visit but a hell to live in." Tortured by the pangs of hunger, and horrors of their malady and their surroundings, those poor outcasts, whose cold and empty hearts knew nothing of the consolation of our holy Religion, naturally sought in death a release from the agony of life. Father Conrardy lost no time in coming to their rescue. Every morning, after Mass, he set out for the Leper Asylum with a piece of bread and a hard-boiled egg in his pocket, and spent the day ministering to his "brothers", washing and dressing their sores and clearing away with his own hands, the filth in which they were living. At the same time he gave them the consolations of Christianity.

Before coming to China, Father Conrardy had travelled through the United States and Europe, appealing for funds to enable him to carry out his project of rescuing the lepers. He now spent portion of the money he had collected in buying a piece of land on an island in the East River, and on this he built leper wards, a convent for Sisters who were coming to assist him and a shelter for himself where he lived alone and cooked his own frugal meals. In the wards he succeeded in keeping sixty lepers, to whom he was father, doctor—everything.

\* \* \*

He soon became so celebrated for his work of mercy that the Government commissioned him to take charge of all the lepers of Canton, offering to build a large Asylum for the purpose which would be entrusted to the Catholic Mission. The Catholic authorities accepted the offer, and a larger Asylum was erected, Father Conrardy discharging the duties of Director until

his saintly death(1914) when he was succeeded by Rev. Father Gustave Deswazieres. The Asylum is known as the Shek-Lung Leper Settlement—the Molokai of the Far East—and accommodates at present twelve hundred victims of the dread disease.

\* \* \*

On the 14th of July 1913, three Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception were leaving their Mother-House at Outremont, near Montreal, to bury themselves, in distant China, in the living tomb of the lazaretto. When they reached Shek-Lung, they immediately set to work, unsparingly, in order to bring a little relief to the poor unfortunates who were brought there by the civil authorities. The number of the patients rapidly increased. One can imagine what the lives of these heroic Sisters must have been for these last thirteen years! Their sole employment, day in and day out, is to dress with gentle hands the purulent sores of their twelve hundred patients, to console and cheer them, bringing into their souls a ray of divine light and preparing the advent of baptismal grace. How comforting to see these souls respond to the calling of Heaven and embrace the only true and saving Religion !

"Blank despair and hopelessness hang like a black cloud above the lepers, silencing their voices, silencing their hearts", one day wrote an illustrious personage. Of the lepers of Shek-Lung Lazaretto no such thing could be said, for the outcasts of yesterday have become children of God, of the Church, and consequently know that an eternal happiness will be the remuneration of their sufferings and prolonged agony; they are hopeful and contented. Their maimed and putrefying hands they lift each day with their hearts towards Almighty God's holy throne; they acknowledge His power and invoke His bounty. He Who is all-fatherly tenderly cares for his "children"; heroic souls he inspires who give up everything and all and become the spiritual fathers and mothers of these unfortunates.

(Communicated.)

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# Echoes from our Missions

Beloved Mother,

Canton, China, November 19, 1925.

Before this year, abounding in heavenly favours, comes to a close, let us thank you for all what you have done for us.

The news that reached you from Canton has not been, for the last months, of a very rejoicing nature. In fact, this declining year has brought us trials of all sorts: war, fear of famine, fear of being captured by the strikers and even, on Sept. 2, 3, and 4, we were near being massacred by these people who have absolutely the same spirit as the Boxers of 1900. We had packed part of our belongings and had shipped an amount of them, for we feared to be obliged to leave in haste. The anti-foreign hatred rages as ever and the Bolsheviks are preparing for an anti-Christian campaign, etc.

But in the midst of these trials, God has showered His blessings and favours, our Heavenly Mother has protected us in a visible manner. How good God is! How kind His dear Mother!

May they keep you to our affection for many years to come, beloved Mother, and may they bestow upon you their choicest graces! May each one of your daughters fully reach the ideal of the real missionary Sister!

Deign, beloved and dear Mother, to bless all

*Your children of Canton.*



## MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

*Extracts from the Sisters' diary at the Chinese General Hospital.*

*August 1st.*

A most touching scene took place this morning at the Charity Ward. A poor invalid who was following a Chinese treatment for tuberculosis bade adieu to his companions and left for China where he hopes to recover. Long before six o'clock he has donned his best clothes and carries, wrapped in a scrap of paper, all his earthly belongings: a white suit destined to lay him out if he dies en route. The Sister in charge asks him if he has eaten

anything. Upon his answer she serves him a cup of hot milk which he eagerly quaffs; he does not know how to express his gratitude. His companions escort him and give him their messages. We wonder if these messages will reach their destination, the poor man can scarcely breathe. He then leaves and, mustering his strength, mounts the trolley with the boy who is to take him to the steamer. The desire to see again his country brings back vigour and makes him brave all fatigues. Would that we were as courageous in our journey from this place of exile to the Homeland: our course would be safe and rapid and we would surely land in all security! Let us follow the Star who is to guide us, let us love Mary, she will illumine our way.

*August 17.*

A nurse having, some time ago, taken something belonging to the Hospital we noticed the Director who, on that occasion, said to Sister Superior: "Teach them to go to confession as they ought and they will amend." Sister Superior did not let escape that opportunity: she then and there asked permission to give these young girls regular Catechism lessons. These lessons had been practically already started but not in an official manner. Since that day, Christian Doctrine is part of the class program. As this program was quite filled, we contrived to give two lessons a week to each class. We did not succeed at once; the best we could do was to give the afternoon class one lesson a week. The house-surgeon speaking with Sister Superior one day concerning the classes, said, "Is it not too bad that the nurses can have but one lesson in Catechism!" We shortly improved the matter. This shows how religion is recognized useful in forming people to honesty and justice.

Ah! yes, our holy Religion is beautiful! Make us love it more and more, O God! Make it also loved and practised by those who, whilst appreciating it, have not the courage of observing its divine precepts.

*September, 13.*

A Cantonese boy of 17 is brought to the Hospital to-day. The inferior limbs are paralysed and covered with sores. The poor child, become an orphan at the age of six years, has come to Manila a year ago to seek fortune with one of his uncles who, not meeting with success, had left him in Manila and returned to China. Once alone, the boy had hired himself as a servant. He succeeded in putting aside 40 pesos, a paltry sum, but which will be of some help during his illness. After having spoken of his family and his work, we naturally broached the capital question: the salvation of his soul.

The boy does not seem to be earnest in his religious convictions: he is a pagan. It will not be a very difficult task, do we think, to make of him, with the help of our Heavenly Mother, a child of Holy Church. We immediately give him his first lesson in Catechism. He protests that he believes in all what



we have just taught him and appears to be well disposed. We place the Miraculous Medal around his neck and beg our all-merciful Mother to take this new child of her heart under her beneficent protection.

*September 17.*

The Doctor declares that our catechumen has but a few more hours to live. Despite his great sufferings, he consents to hear the explanation of the principal truths of Religion and begs to become Christian. Almost immediately after having been baptized, he becomes comatous and quietly passes away during the night. Thanks to Mary for the conquest of this soul!

*September 26.*

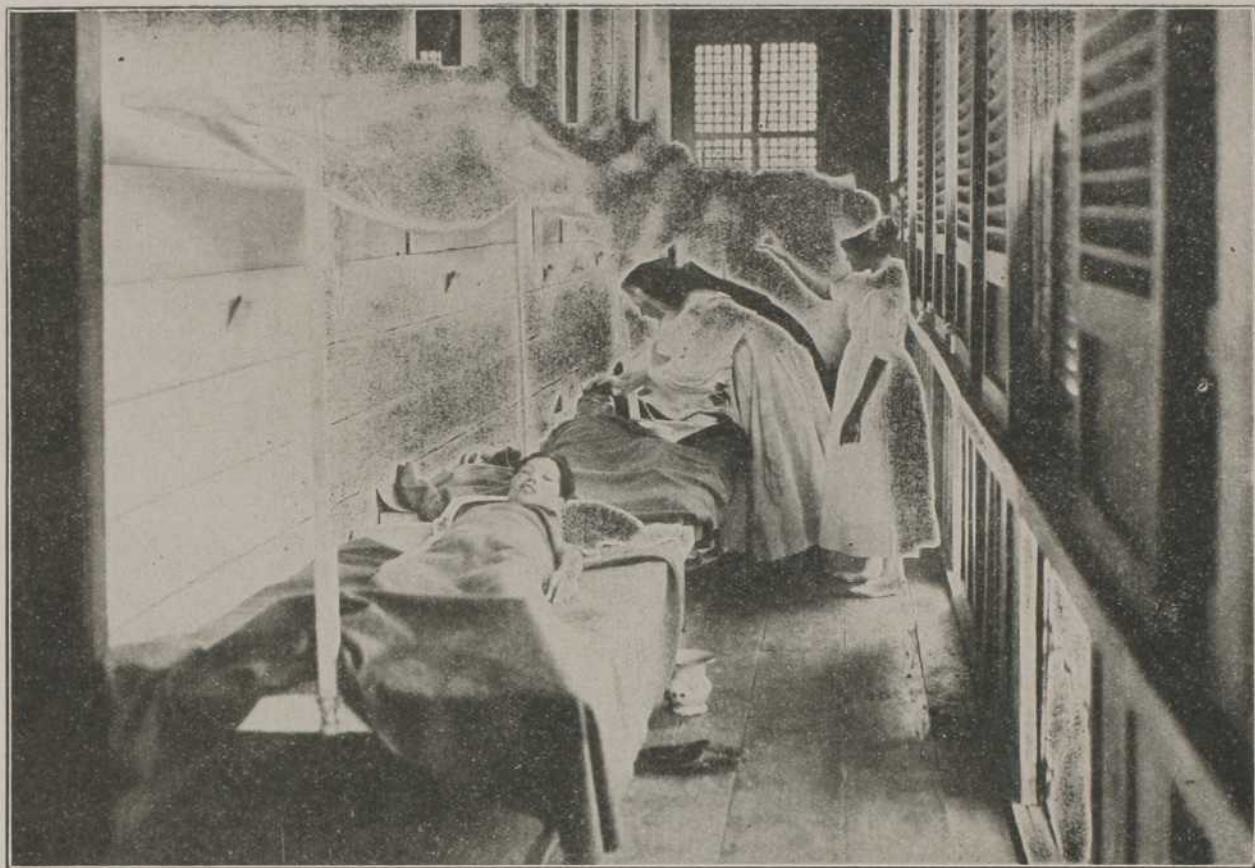
Twice a week, a Sister assembles the boys to teach them their prayers, how to go to Confession and Communion, and when need be, prepare them for their First Communion.

On account of the frequent changes among our boys and also the natural inconsistency of our "big children", this work is quite arduous, but when the students persevere, the results are very consoling. Some time ago, the Sister who sees to the kitchen heard this bit of conversation between two of our boys, which shows that these lessons bear some fruit...—Since I go to Communion every morning, said Joseph, I am light-hearted and always happy. As Laurente looked skeptical: "Try and see for yourself", answered Joseph. Laurente followed this good advice. He seems quite satisfied for he continues to receive Our dear Master each day. His fidelity to duty, his songs and smiles speak eloquently enough in favour of his intimate and perfect happiness.

*September 27.*

Going on duty last night, Sister X. was told that an old man in the "Charity Ward" was very very low. She goes to him and, from point to point, asks him if he knows God, if he desires to become Christian. It is not the first time that this question is put to him, but on each occasion he always has, with a shake of his head, energetically opposed to it. The Sister Infirmary then succeeded in placing around his neck a Miraculous Medal, telling him it is the image of the Mother of God. While she pursues her visit to the patients, she leaves near the sick man a nurse who tries, in turn, to touch the pagan soul. She is fortunate in her endeavours, and full of joy, comes to tell Sister that the old man asks to be made a Catholic by Baptism. After the most urgent instructions are given him, the regenerating waters are poured upon the brow of the moribund to whom the names of Joseph, John, Mary, are imposed. He then ceaselessly repeats: "Madre, mabauté Christiano" (Mother, it is much better to be a Christian).—Yes, it is much better; as soon as your soul will have left your body, you will





A MISSIONARY SISTER OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION  
At the bedside of a dying Chinese, Manila, P. I., Chinese General Hospital.

contemplate, face to face, this God so good, so beautiful and great, Who will make you share in an endless bliss. Believe this: thank with your whole heart this good Master for having made Himself known to you; and when you will be in His company, ask the same favour for your companions." He promised everything and, a few hours later, calmly breathed his last. How powerful and kind is Mary !

October 4.

A poor unfortunate suffering from paralysis is taken to our Hospital. Friends of the family, good Catholic Spanish ladies, immediately hasten to visit him and they succeed in convincing the patient that it is urgent for him to become reconciled with his God, for his life is in imminent danger. This is quickly done. In the course of an hour, the priest hears his confession, gives him communion, baptizes his Chinese pagan wife and validates their marriage. Soon afterwards, the invalid yielded his soul to his Sovereign Judge, fortified with the Sacraments and prayers of our Holy Mother the Church. We attribute this conversion to the powerful intercession of the Little Flower..

October 10.

We enjoy another consolation. It is the baptism of a young Chinese woman (19 years) ailing with tuberculosis. She came to the Hospital some time since and showed the greatest interest in the reading of Catechism. She eagerly questioned the Sister hospitallers and soon requested Baptism. The Dominican Father, Pastor of the Chinese population, promised to baptize her, but as she was not in a dying condition, he asked that she take the time to perfect her learning. She prolonged as much as she could her stay at the Hospital and when she returned home, a woman-catechist was sent to her to complete her religious instruction. This delay grieved her very deeply. She had heard, whilst at the Hospital, our pupils preparing the singing for her baptismal day, and she would often say, "I was so happy when I heard them singing for me!" When she was sufficiently instructed, she asked and obtained from the priest that the ceremony take place in our chapel. Thus she was here to-day; Doctor and Mrs Tee Kan Hee deigned to act as sponsors. I shall send you her photograph. This fair flower will soon wither here below; but its graceful corolla will perfume the celestial gardens.

October 18.

The annual Retreat of our pupils commences to-night. An Irish Jesuit Father will give the Exercises. Boys and nurses, all make the Retreat in perfect silence, just like Sisters; we do not hear a sound in the Hospital!

We are now making our spiritual reading in the book entitled: *Let us sanctify the present moment*. This practice contains all what is conducive to perfection. I would like to live by it as entirely as I understand its greatness and beauty.

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## VANCOUVER

*November 17.*

A week ago to-day, a poor old man, aged 63, was brought to us towards 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The Doctor, who had been immediately called, stated that his condition was precarious. As we wished to save his soul, we strived with the greatest zeal to make him know God and our Holy Religion. His first answer was, "I am too old and too poor, I cannot be baptized." It was easy for us to refute his objections, by giving him proofs of the infinite love of Our Lord for his soul, as well as His preference for the poor. After having listened very attentively, he softened and said, "Very well,—I also love Him; please baptize me!"—We could not then possibly call a priest—he seemed dying—so we baptized him and remained at his side. He lived through the night and towards 4 the following morning, fell asleep to wake in the arms of Him Whose love had conquered his heart and soul.

*November 21.*

On the Feast of the Presentation of Mary, one of our catechumens received the regenerating Sacrament. Needless to say we have placed this new son of the Church under the protection of Mary!

We have at present 13 old men in the house and two more are soon expected: they will form the entire Rosary.

*December 25.*

The Christmas solemnities have been very beautiful here. We have, as last year, had two Masses during the night; they were celebrated by Rev. Father Bedard. All our aged men assisted, save three of the most ailing: several Chinese from the outside also came.

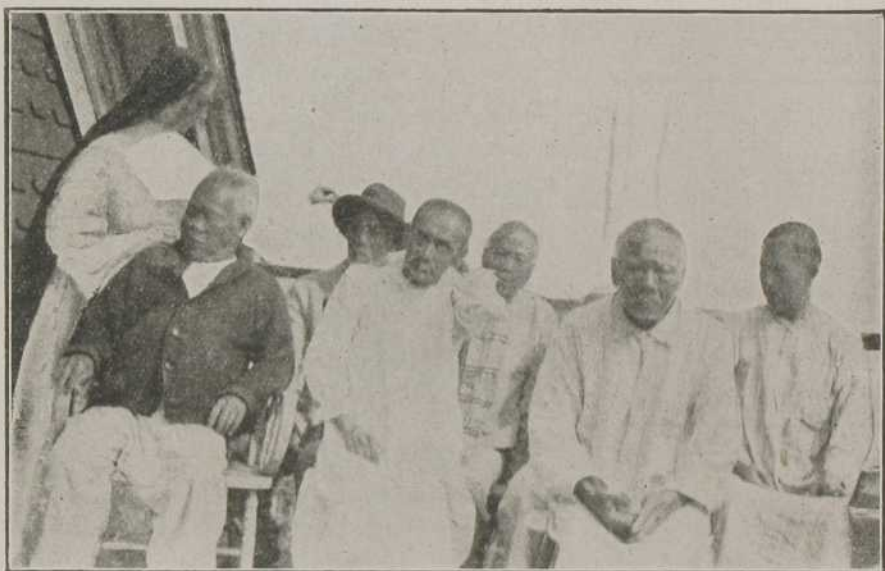
At the Communion, one of our dear charges received for the first time. It was very impressive and we feel that the Divine Child appreciated this new "Cradle".



After Mass, we had the Christmas revel for our adopted family: these dear old Chinese relished the sandwiches, Chinese cakes and biscuits. Sister Superior served them and rejoiced in seeing them eat with such good appetite. At 9, we heard two other Masses. The afternoon was spent in preparing the Chinese supper which was served by the President of the Chinese Benevolent Society, Mr. Yip Mow.

*January 1st, 1926.*

One of our patients has received the most beautiful New Year gift : Heaven! He had arrived Christmas eve; on the evening of the 30th, he received the Sacrament of Baptism and at the dawn of the new year he went home to God ! !...



A FEW OF THE AGED MEN AT OUR CHINESE REFUGE, VANCOUVER.

# Extracts from the Novitiate Chronicles



To love Mary, what consolation here below, to make her loved, what assurance for the hour of death!

St. Bernard.

Thursday, November 5, 1925 — Commemoration  
of the Holy Relics.

**I**T is with heartfelt devotion that we exalt the triumph of the Blessed and venerate the Relics of those we have in our possession. We meditate upon the everlasting glory which envelops them who, while on earth, sought but to bury their lives in God. How many whose lot here below was but scorn, poverty and suffering; how many whose sanctity had no other lustre than the martyrdom of a task daily accomplished without respite nor consolation, save that of ever more intimately communing with Divine Will. All now congratulate themselves for having triumphed over world and self; for their humiliations, toils and struggles, they enjoy eternal glory, rest and happiness !...

We who still tread life's path, understand the lesson given by our heavenly brethren and follow in their footsteps.

Thursday, November 12.

We do not forget that is Holy Year; consequently, we have at heart to make our Jubilee and thus take advantage of all the benefits offered us. We begin to-day the first series of visits prescribed to gain the indulgences, and shall end it on the Feast of the Presentation of Mary in the Temple; the second series will commence so as to close on the beautiful day of the Immaculate Conception. Thus will our treasures be deposited into the virginal hands of our all-merciful Mother, and we shall beg her to withdraw from the expiating flames the souls for which we offer ransom.

Sunday, November 15.

For the study of Gospel this morning, the novices are told to go, not to the Novitiate as usual, but to the sewing-room. A faint smile flickers upon several faces...The absence of the postulants and, shortly afterwards, the feeble echo of harmonious notes come from the second floor, arouse our perspicacity. Oh! do we think, they are rehearsing *their hymns for Benediction!* that Benediction we have heard speak of for the last few days, the very name of which gives rise in our hearts to a flood of delightful, ravishing remembrances! Last year, at this time, other postulants had rehearsed a

*Benediction* which was followed by many a surprise!...*If it were to start all over again!*... Confused of having perhaps been indiscreet in thinking too far in advance, we are soon intent in our study until dinner-time.—May our Heavenly Mother bless our distraction as well as our intellectual labors!

This evening, our Mistress reads the letters received from our dear Sisters in China. The trials and tribulations of all sorts in their apostolate rouse our enthusiasm; and the thought that one day we, also, will be called to go yonder to spend our lives in making known and loved our dear God, fills us with happiness. Yes, when Thou wilt, O Jesus, we shall be, on the remotest shores, apostles according to Thy Heart; by Thy powerful grace, and the protection of Thy Mother, we shall become, in the midst of idolatrous peoples, the holy missionaries that Thou dost expect, and that Thou invitest to the conquest of souls! Deign, O good Master, realize for Thy glory, this our most ardent desire!

We also read the diary of our former Chaplain, Rev. Father Lapierre, who is en route for Manchuria. We follow him, so to say, through the different cities of Japan and China; with him, we visit the churches, buildings, etc., and think that if one day God grants us the happiness of seeing those places we shall know all about them and easily find our way.

Thus, the whole recreation is spent in the foreign missions, "our Promised Land".

#### Thursday, November 19.

This afternoon, before giving the explanation of the Catechism of Vows, our Mistress speaks to us on the beautiful Feast we shall celebrate the day after to-morrow: the Presentation of Mary in the Temple, the patronal feast of the novices.

After having urged us to redouble our fervour as the long-desired day approaches, our Mistress shows us that it is not without reason that our Venerated Mother has chosen as special Patroness of our Novitiate the amiable young Virgin presenting herself in the Temple. "Mary was scarcely three years of age when she heard the divine call...The Lord claimed her for His Temple to prepare her for the great, the incomparable mission to which He destined her: become Mother of God and co-Redemptrix of the human race. With unrivalled generosity, she responded to the voice from on high which said to her: "Come" She left her beloved parents, separated from all her dear ones and came to offer herself unreservedly and forever to God... Do you think this heart of three years felt less than ours the anguish of parting?... One would need be wanting in faith and reason to think thus. Did not Mary, the Immaculate Virgin, possess from the very instant of her conception, the fullness of her faculties?...And moreover, do we not know that the purer a soul is, the more loving it also is. What must we then think of the spotless Virgin's soul?...

"My dear Sisters," adds our Mistress, "like the Virgin-child, you have come here to answer a divine call; like her also, you live in the shadow of the Temple, near the Tabernacle, preparing for your sublime mission which



consists in becoming, by your apostolical vocation, mothers of souls and co-labourers in the salvation of many. Like her, again, so as to respond to the mysterious "Veni", you have had to leave all that you held most dear in this world; your heart has bled at the separation, and even now, perhaps, sometimes breaks at the remembrance of those whom you have left and whom you more and more and the better love. But glance at your loving little Patroness... See her, so generous and full of courage, ascend the steps of the sanctuary, and there, immolate herself joyfully, perfectly. Yes, perfectly! Oh! strive with all your might to imitate the admirable self-surrender of the sweet Child... Never did she retake what she had once given... And we?... How many rapines in the holocaust!..."

Our Mistress then goes over the divers virtues which characterized Mary in the Temple and distinguished her from her companions. She reminds us that the Blessed Virgin who was to be imitated by all her children here below, never accomplished extraordinary actions, but that she rendered extraordinary the most ordinary ones by the perfection with which she performed them.

Before closing the instruction, our Mistress entreats us (it is one of our dear Mother's greatest desires) to earnestly "ask each day that we all be real daughters of the Blessed Virgin, and that no one on earth love this Blessed Mother more than the humble Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception."

"Let us remember that souls consecrated to Mary are those who can more quickly and suavely sanctify themselves. And this is easily explained, since these souls are led by the hand which guided the Infant-God. But then how the devil is exasperated when he sees souls abandon themselves to the Blessed Virgin. He knows that he will not be able to snatch from her the children whom she protects. In his fury he shall try, but all in vain, to lie in wait at her heel but she will crush his head. One understands that this monster of pride and corruption dreads much more to be felled by this Woman—master-piece of purity and humility—than by the Almighty Himself; it seems, moreover, as if God pleased in leaving into her hands the most glorious victories won over hell. He knows that the humble Virgin will not keep for herself the glory that is due her Creator: "He that is mighty hath done great things for me", will she repeat whilst proud Lucifer will be compelled to remain under her virginal foot..."

Our Mistress had intended to speak but a few words to us of our Patronal Feast; the entire Catechism hour is spent and the bell too soon interrupts this admirable conversation. 'Tis so pleasant to speak of our Heavenly Mother!!

Thursday, November 20.

Really, there is mystery about the house to-night... The recreation bell has rung and nobody comes to say "Deo Gratias"... Is it a "false alarm"?... Our postulants are busier than ever. One of them enters the sewing-room and whispers to one of her companions, casts a glance which seems conventional

and five...seven...ten...twelve follow while the others wear a smile which discretion alone hinders us from sharing...

At a certain moment the latter leave in their turn... The "white veils" alone remain. We look at each other without uttering a word, but fully understand: however, so as not to break silence, we begin saying Hail Marys.

We are shortly told that we are awaited at the Novitiate. At this news, we show a little of the joy for a while restrained. Upon our entering, the brilliantly lighted hall is filled with the melodious notes of a lively duet. We take our places so as to form a half-circle around the Virgin of the Temple who, midst verdure, spotless lilies and transparent lights, kneels, radiant in our white costume. How beautiful, pure and ravishing she appears !

The program is very appropriate: a hymn of praise to the Child Mary, the commendation of modest virtues, music selections and choice recitations. But the most charming scene is that of the representation of Mary's occupations in the Temple of Jerusalem. The words and deportment of the holy Maiden bespeak her superiority over her companions.

It is not all...We have admired humble virtues: humility, simplicity, candour, amiability, etc.; our loving Patroness will now invite us to practise them. From Heaven, to each of us, she has addressed a letter which offers a program to follow. How admirable our Heavenly Mother is! how she knows her children and gives to each that which is most proper !

For so much happiness, will mere thanks suffice?...We shall strive to become perfect novices, as perfect as the young Virgin Mary was in the Temple of Jerusalem. Our Blessed Mother and our Superiors will gladly accept, we know, this expression of our gratitude.

#### Saturday, November 21.

With what recollected eagerness we proceed to the chapel this morning! There we contemplate the dear Virgin Child arrayed as yesterday in the Novitiate.

After having presented her with our filial homages, we humbly beg for the many graces we desire. We know that the feasts of Heaven are purposely intended to enrich the world: why not therefore, offer our souls to Mary so as to receive from her, with greater abundance, the celestial treasures?

At Mass, and several times during the day, we praise by fervent hymns the generosity and candour of the Maiden-Queen; these pious elevations of the soul most suavely shed their perfume on the whole day which is *grand congé*. Besides, the novices are permitted to *steal* from the postulants the hours of Guard of Honour to the Blessed Virgin which are usually assigned to them on other days. Is it not the feast of the novices? So, all the privileges are for them.

#### Sunday, November 22.

Our hearts are still filled with the joy which the Virgin of the Temple has showered from Heaven yesterday, and to-day, the Feast of St. Cecilia



offers a new motive of gladness. All sing—the musicians and the non...—in tune and with a loud voice, our unalloyed bliss and filial gratitude.

An event a little out of the ordinary deserves to be mentioned...We have gone to the "*Point*" ! The weather is cool and splendid. We simply pass that remark during the midday recreation, adding that the solitary path which leads to the *Point* must be, on a glorious autumn afternoon, very agreeable and poetical to follow...

Then, forgetting that we are spoiled children, we say no more about it, but God once again realizes the naive wish we had formulated. When the spiritual exercises were over, we were told that if we agreed to it, we would go to the "*Point*" !...We merrily applaud and are soon off. The greater number among us are making their first trip, the others are delighted to serve as guides. We stroll along, accompanied by the melody of the undulating waves and escorted by a flight of snow-white birds who flutter over the water; as also by our faithful dog "*Mossie*" that seems quite a busy-body, going from one to another, running to take the lead then returning to the last in file; it looks as if *Mossie* had the mission of directing the caravan!... We arrive at last. The scenery is beautiful. The river which is here wider and more calm appears to us as a neat little bay. The houses on the opposite shore wrapped, so to say, in a light-blue veil, reflect on the unruffled surface. We hear the chimes of the church: they must be singing the Magnificat for it is the hour of Vespers. We pause in recollection and listen to their voice which modulates the hymn first sung by our Immaculate Mother, the hymn which, so many times each day, we love to repeat...Waft through the air, sweet notes of our steeples' chimes! Sing again, sing always!...Your melodies are so sweet and pure when they speak of our Mother in Heaven!...

When echo, which had repeated each joyful note, had died away, we again take up our conversation and amuse ourselves like real children.

We must now think of returning home. Before leaving, we sing a hymn to Our Lady of the Waves, then reintegrate our little nest, grateful and happy.

Friday, November 27.

To-day is the Feast of the Miraculous Medal, and it is in honour of the Immaculate Virgin, do we think, that Heaven sends such a beautiful snow-fall. In the countless white flakes that whirl in the air and cover the ground with an immaculate mantle, we see a symbol of the numberless favors which, through the medium of "Mary conceived without sin" descend from Heaven and keep or give back to souls the stainless robe which renders them agreeable to the God of all purity.

Our beloved Mother favours us by having sung in our chapel a High Mass in honour of the Blessed Virgin and for the intentions of our deeply-mourned Mother St. Gustave, our first Assistant-General, and also for those of the members of our Community already in Heaven...Very often do we hear speak of the tender devotion which Mother Assistant bore for the



Blessed Virgin and the good she wrought through the Miraculous Medal: it is with the greatest confidence that we beg her to obtain for us the spirit of true Children of Mary.

Sunday, November 29.

We begin to-day, First Sunday of Advent, in union with Holy Church, to prepare for the beautiful Feast of Christmas. May our Divine Queen dispose our hearts and souls as attractive cribs wherein will repose the Infant-God.

Monday, November 30.

Each one of the days of the Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception must bear the stamp of gratitude, but our Venerated Mother and Foundress has not deemed that sufficient. She has chosen the date of Nov. 30, which, for our Institute, brings back very sweet remembrances, and has wished that this day be more exclusively dedicated to thanksgiving. On this day, we earnestly strive to prove to God and our Immaculate Mother, how we appreciate the favors they have lavished upon our dear religious family. We would like our hymns, our prayers, our joys, each one of the flowers and lights which deck our sanctuary, in a word, we would like everything to take a voice and loudly proclaim our gratitude.

We enjoy the pleasure of a first-class holiday. It is, in fact, obligatory! for how often has not our dear Mother told us that joy is akin to gratitude, and she so much loves to see it overflow our hearts that she gives us an opportunity of letting it freely expand; so "Deo Gratias!"

Friday, December 8.—Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

After a *triduum* of silence, prayer and special preparation, we hail the dawn of a most beautiful day: the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, our great patronal Feast. More than ever does the thought of our Immaculate Mother fill our minds from awakening; everything speaks of her this morning, everything whispers her name and recalls her purity...Our blue cells, our immaculate habit, tell us: "Daughter of the spotless Virgin, be pure like your Mother!" And as we enter the sanctuary which glitters with light and whiteness, our Queen seems to smile upon us, her children, and her extended hands invite us to draw nearer her throne and present her with our filial and tender homages.

The High Mass is very solemn and the allocution given by our Chaplain makes us the better reflect on the grandeur and prerogatives of the Immaculate Virgin. At the close of the Holy Sacrifice, we intonate the hymn that is very charming: "Daughter of the King..."

How sincere the wish that we express in the last stanza: "I shall, in all lands, publish Thy greatness and give my life to serve Thee and win souls for Thee!" Oh! to win souls for Mary, is it not to more surely win them for

Our Lord? Who, better than the spotless Virgin, can show the way which leads to Jesus?...Compassionate Mother, see the thousand, the million souls of poor pagans who hurl themselves in the eternal abyss because they have not experienced the kindness of your maternal smile nor seen the splendour of your purity. Make known to them a few of your subduing charms and they will flock around you; their salvation will be assured. Be propitious to this confident prayer which your happy children voice in favor of their unfortunate brethren...

As in the past, this feast of the Immaculate Conception is a feast of serene peace and joy. We feel that our souls are emotioned and it seems as if they did not dare exteriorize themselves for fear of losing something of the intimate joy with which they are imbued.

The bell has rung to announce the holiday. We exchange impressions and fraternal wishes; a telephone call soon brings us our beloved Mother's wishes. The most accentuated is that so often expressed "that we love the Blessed Virgin more than anyone on earth..." Time flies with a deplorable rapidity!...Why must evening bring a close to our happy days!—But ah! if our happy days did not glide into shadow we would perhaps less ardently yearn for the dawn of the glorious eternal day...

Sunday, December 13.

Our Mistress offers to our meditation a thought which she desires us to insert in our memorandum: "All things divine," says Father Faber, "bear the stamp of joy. The fulfilment of duty, so as to become divine, must have this joyful characteristic."

What a fit answer to give to the evil spirit when he shall try to cast a shadow on the cheerfulness that must ever radiate the features of a missionary!

Wednesday, December 16.

We commence the Christmas Novena. Who among us will have the most beautiful Crib for the Infant-God?...Let us remember that, at Bethlehem, of all the cradles, the Divine King chose the humblest and poorest, but that He wished to have it prepared by His Virgin-Mother. He then gathered around Him simple and pure souls.

We understand this lesson. If our hearts are but humble manglers, they will be made so beautiful by Our divine Mother's care that they will call the preferences of our Little Brother.

Tuesday, December 22.

At study, I notice a little sister with pencil in hand and eyes lost in thought...she seems to wait!... She does wait...And what is she waiting for? I imagine she is looking for something to insert in the Chronicles...And I can judge from her expression and my own feelings that neither she nor I have much to say! For the last week, nothing unusual has happened; prayer, manual work, sewing, study, singing, music, recreations always so merry, and that is all...All days resemble one another!...



If we have nothing very special to note, we have the consolation of saying that if time flies very quickly, every moment of our life is full since it is all for God's love, our Rule and Duty.—Thus, we hope that the Master of Time shall in His mercy, credit us, each day, for a few sheaves of good works.

Tuesday, December 24.

This day is spent in recollection and preparation for to-morrow's great Feast. From every room where a few Sisters happen to be, we hear the pious whisper of Aves, which we would like to render in number equal to the steps which Mary made to go from Nazareth to Bethlehem...These prayers are as so many supplications to our Heavenly Mother begging her to prepare with her own hands the crib of our hearts to receive her dear and divine Child.

This evening, all the children—novices and postulants—repair very early to the dormitory and hasten to retire and fall asleep...They perhaps remember what their mammas so often told them when they were small: that the Infant Jesus comes only when all the children are fast asleep.

Christmas Night.

All have since long entered Dreamland where beautiful, wonderful things are seen, things such as occurred during the first Christmas night...A sweet melody suddenly draws us from sleep...Is it the happy Shepherds going to Bethlehem? "Let us hasten to see the Messiah!" say the voices impregnated with jubilation, whilst silvery bells and music fill the air with joyful notes. We prepare to answer this touching call and join the graceful Pastors. On the way to the humble Grotto, the singing is repeated, entreating each and everyone to make haste.

We soon admire with emotion the mystery of the Word made flesh. There lies upon the straw the Creator of Heaven and earth. He is surrounded by His court which is very modest according to human appreciation, but which fully rejoices Him Who delights in the company of pure hearts.

During the three Masses celebrated in our very humble but pious sanctuary, we, also, pay our homages to our Divine Little King: alternatively, we offer our hymns, our prayers, and above all else, our hearts, our whole beings to be employed to the extension of His Kingdom; and He, the dear Infant, continues to smile on us and stretch out His hands as if to say, "Your gift is accepted, your wishes and prayers are heard! Amen! So be it!!"

When the Masses have terminated and the Christmas revel is over, we proceed to our cells, souls o'erflowing with joy. And who, would not be happy after having experienced the sweet emotions of this "Holy" Night?...

It is now morning. The sun has long since risen, but the bells that so loudly chimed during the night are silent.—Doubtlessly, each little Sister prefers to the voice of the bells that of the Angels...That is the reason why a



few of these Heavenly spirits are sent to the dormitory which is soon filled with their mirthful accents. Instantly we are up and soon repair to the chapel for prayer and meditation, immediately after which we have breakfast and recite the first part of the Rosary.

The frolic then begins. When we arrive in the Novitiate, what a surprise!...A beautiful Christmas-tree sheltering a charming Infant Jesus! Near Him a large toboggan heaped with parcels, boxes, letters, games, etc., presents from our dear parents. The Child Jesus holds in His pink and delicate hand the rope destined to draw the heavy load. How powerful He looks! how generous!! And still, we have here but a faint idea of the graces of all kinds with which He can and desires to enrich us and all for whom we pray...

At the first glance, our attention and eagerness had been drawn by a multitude of pretty red sugar canes hung on the boughs of the tree. They have been sent by our good Mother. These canes will be doubly sweet, for all that comes from mothers have a special savour...

The distribution begins...It would be hard to feel just a wee bit sad in such an occupation. The whole day flashes away like lightning! We end it by a "seance" in honour of our Sister-in-Charge whose patronal feast it is, and then take our rest in the Blessed Virgin's arms, very near her Child to Whom more than ever we are happy to unreservedly belong.

#### Saturday, December 26.

'Tis the Christmas Season, which means: holidays! A welcome "Deo gratias!" is given for the entire day. As we merrily thank our Mistress, she tells us that she has just spoken to the Mother-House over the telephone and that our dear Mother is much pleased to hear that we are happy and gay. "You cannot imagine," adds our Mistress, "how our Mother wishes us to appreciate God's benefits. "When God send us good things," does she often say, "let us taste, savour and enjoy them; for our Heavenly Father has not created good things for the wicked alone...Oh! no...He is pleased when His children are the first to profit by them. But let us not forget that, to be of these good children, we must accept with heartfelt gratitude all things, good and pleasing, as also the little and great contradictions and privations that this same kind Father always permits for our good. "Do you understand, dear Sisters", added our Mother when she laid out to us these principles, "do you understand how virtuous we should be to say "thanks" to all and accept in a spirit of gratitude that which is displeasing to nature as well as that which pleases it! We must strive to attain that perfection since such is the spirit of our Institute. There are Congregations dedicated to reparation, others to contemplation; ours is consecrated to thanksgiving, even before apostleship, since our apostolate in the heathen countries must be inspired by the desire of showing our gratitude to God in giving Him souls. Ah! let us earnestly work to reach its perfection!"

Thursday, December 31.

As is our custom, the last day of the year is spent in recollection, reparation and especially thanksgiving. We have so many reasons to thank at the close of this year which has been filled, for our religious family, with very special favours from Heaven. How we would like that the few remaining hours be all for God's glory !

During the night, the reglementary bell interrupts our sleep and invites us to unite at the foot of the Tabernacle to spend there the last half-hour of the vanishing year and the first of New Year. The chant of the *Miserere mei* is followed by an Act of Reparation and the eloquent hymn: *Jesus, in the Eucharist, to Thee, our last hymn of love!* Before the clock has pealed the twelve strokes of midnight, we intone the *Te Deum laudamus*. A few more instants are spent in solemn and emotioning silence and...the year is engulfed into Eternity!...

Immediately, in the name of all present, Sister Superior begs our Heavenly Father's New Year blessing; then with one voice we sing:

"O Lord, bless the New Year !

"Render happy our parents and friends, etc..."

We now offer our wishes to our Father in Heaven and to our Immaculate Mother; the Holy Hour is terminated by the chant of the *Magnificat*.

We resort to the Novitiate where our Mistress first reads a letter containing our beloved Mother's wishes and in which, after having recalled the signal favours bestowed upon our Institute in the course of the past year, this dear Mother earnestly requests us to ask as a New Year's gift from the Infant-God in the Manger, the spirit of our Community as God has inspired it. She reminds us that this spirit must be one of gratitude, humility, uprightness, simplicity, prompt, loving and blind obedience, like that of Samuel answering to the first call, "Here I am, for Thou hast called me!" According to the spirit of our Institute, we must also be souls of prayer, of union with God, of silence and work, placing our joy in the fulfilment of daily task and love of our religious family. Ah! how precious is familial love, says our Mother in her letter. The religious who seek in the world for happiness are sadly disappointed! etc. It should be said of us as of the primitive Christians: "See how they love one another!" And before closing, our Mother adds: "The directions which the Holy Ghost inspires me to give you for the New Year contain the wishes I form for you all: may God bless and fructify them. May our Immaculate Mother shower upon you her choicest blessings! May our good Father Saint Joseph keep you every day of this new year as he kept and protected his Little Child and his holy Spouse! and may your good Angels, from time to time, bring into your soul something of their heavenly bliss!"

Only a mother, do we think, can find such gems in the treasure of her tenderness for her little children. To these expressions of maternal love, Sister Superior adds her own and concludes by telling us that she wishes that we ever be the consolation of our kind and good Mother.



We then embrace each other: silence restrains our joy but renders it the deeper. And reintegrating our cells, we think how, in a few hours, we shall receive the Eucharistic "embrace".

When Mass is over, the officiating priest, Rev. Father Geoffroy, Director of the Foreign Missions' Seminarians, offers his New Year wishes and gives us his blessing. "Rejoice! rejoice!" does he repeat with St. Paul. Ah! this meets our approval and it is not long before we realize it, for New Year's holiday is not an ordinary one!

At the close of this beautiful day, we ask Sister Superior to read again our beloved Mother's letter. This favour is readily granted. We then repair to the Chapel where, at the feet of our Divine Lord, we terminate this first day of the Year 1926 that has just been inscribed in the Book of Life and which, we hope, will bear a divine stamp since it has been impregnated solely by pure, celestial and home-like joys.

Sunday, January 3, 1926.

The holidays go by so rapidly! We do not, however, see them flitter away with much regret: these are so many more beautiful days on our horizon! Better: the whole year is a series of feasts more beautiful in succession so that our lives may be called an endless feast. This explains why we enjoy continual contentedness.

We celebrate to-day the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. May our acclamations and praises serve as reparation for so many outrages and blasphemies which the impious utter against this sacred Name!

Our Chaplain comes after Mass to give us his blessing and proffer his greetings. Let us hope that all the wishes that have been formulated in our favor at the beginning of this year be realized and that we shall consequently correspond to God's designs on our souls.

Wednesday, January 6. Feast of the Epiphany.

The great Kings of the Orient unite to-day with the modest Shepherds of Bethlehem to offer their homages to the little King in the Manger. How many graces the Magi have received during their stay in Bethlehem! To reward their heroic faith and admirable humility, Jesus filled them with His love and made of them apostles and martyrs of His doctrine.

We are not less privileged than the Magi: we also have the untold advantage of living in Jesus' intimacy and, if we are docile to grace, Jesus will, as He did to them, overwhelm our souls with the most signal favors.

After Holy Mass, the Reverend Father Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary who officiated, came to the Novitiate: "I wish you all," said he, a happy New Year and especially ask for you...love...the true love of Our Lord Jesus Christ." It is this passion of love directed towards its real aim, that he proposes we cultivate. So as to make us the better feel the necessity of intensely loving God, Rev. Father places before our eyes the tableau of the world: "Think," says he, "that of the one thousand seven hundred million men who inhabit the globe, one thousand million live in complete indif-



ference with regard to Jesus Christ, their Saviour, for they have never heard speak of Him. Three hundred million strive to harm Him, to destroy His spiritual Kingdom. Three hundred million others may be ranked among those who pride in being Christians but who live almost continuously in the state of mortal sin: they are the cowards! It is very sad to say, but there are at the most one hundred million only who are the faithful friends of Jesus. And yet, what has not God done for them?...I wish you to be among Our Lord's faithful friends. You live under His standard, what is written on this flag? Two words: Poverty, Humility!! "Poverty", which consists not only in privation but also in absolute detachment, "Humility" in humiliations! To love Our Saviour with a true love does not signify that we should accomplish great things; no!...the fulfilment of small, obscure daily tasks, is what God asks of us."

Then, so that his good wishes come true, Reverend Father Superior draws upon us every celestial blessing.

Sunday, January 10.

To-day, our dear Mother comes to see her daughters of the Novitiate. We are early on the lookout, and when the door-bell rings, there is more than one portress: all run to greet our dear, dear Mother and receive her maternal embrace. How happy we are!...

Our Mother has come with two professed Sisters, so joy is increased. The day glides very, very quickly, and at 4, we must say good-bye!! ! Again, we all line in the entrance hall, but this afternoon's enthusiasm is not at all like that of this morning. We must always be contented and joyful; so, we console ourselves, inwardly saying that, to reward our sacrifice, God will certainly soon again send our dear Mother.

Monday, January 11.

We are honoured to-day by the visit of Very Rev. Canon Lamothe, of Three Rivers, P. Q. This worthy ecclesiastic is very sympathetic for our humble Community. He recalls in a few words the greatness of the mission for which we are destined and concludes that a very firm and serious formation is necessary.

"Apply yourselves, from the time of the postulate, of the novitiate, to sanctify your lives, for you will do good only in proportion to your perfection. While waiting to go to China, practise here the apostolate of prayer. Pray also that the young girls whom God inspires with the apostolical vocation may have the courage of answering the "divine call". I say "divine call", for the religious vocation is a call, a distinction made by God Himself and no earthly riches could buy it. Oh! yes, pray for the young girls... They are, nowadays, so effeminately brought up that they no longer have the courage of facing the Cross. How unfortunate!"

The Rev. Canon having blessed us, takes his leave wishing us the grace of perseverance in the Immaculate Virgin's service.

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## Heroism of a Chinese Neophyte

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A young person, after having for a long time asked to be received as a catechumen, was finally forced by her father to marry a pagan. It is customary in a like circumstance to offer to the spirits of the ancestors the sacrifice of a cow and to submit the young bride to superstitious ceremonies. But the faith which filled her soul, and her ardent desire to become Christian gave her strength enough to resist these practices and skill enough to succeed. Joyously she came to the missionary to announce to him this first victory, and repeat her demands to be received as a catechumen. This favor was finally accorded her.

She immediately changed her pagan clothing for the more modest costume of Christian women. On seeing this, her father took every means to make her renounce her faith. He bound her, stripped her of her garments, beat her brutally and finally besmeared her with paint according to the custom of the pagans. He believed to have at least shaken the constancy of his daughter, but she, having scarcely regained her freedom, ran to the river to purify herself of the exterior mark of paganism which had just been imprinted on her in spite of all her efforts, and far from feeling her courage diminish she exhorted her companions to also renounce their pagan customs.

Once baptized and confirmed, the young bride had to suffer the most cruel treatments from her husband who was obstinate in his desire to make her give up her religion. On her constant refusal, he sent her to her father where he knew that her faith would be put to new and more severe trials. There, in fact, after having had her Christian garments thrown into the fire and having been cruelly scourged, her rosary was taken from her and she was clothed in the pagan costume. During the night she succeeded in escaping and was given shelter by the Sisters of our Mission.

—“What did you think of, while you were being struck?”, later asked the missionary.

—“I thought of heaven”, she replied.

And to her husband who was persecuting her, she had said:—You do not understand the beauty of the religion of Jesus-Christ, but for me this religion is all my happiness. You may behead me, I shall never renounce it.”

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“Hearken, O daughter! and consider; forget thine own people, and thy father's house.” Blessed oh! thrice blessed, are they who thus forget all to remember all, who leave all to have all, who renounce earth to possess Heaven, and who choose to suffer here, that they may possess hereafter the fulness of the riches of the house of God, and be inundated with the torrent of celestial joys!!!

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# The Temple of Heaven at Peking

(Continued)

## *Construction of the Temple.*

This monument was erected by Yung-lo, third emperor of the Ming dynasty, who reigned from 1403 to 1435. This prince, at first cruel and unrelenting, showed more moderation in the last years of his reign, and applied himself to beautify the city of Peking, which, thanks to him, became in 1410 the Capital of China. It is not useless to recall that under the preceding Mongolian dynasty of the Yuan (1320-1368) founded by Kubilai, Peking was called Ta-tou in Chinese, and Khan-Balick in Oriental Turkish; but Karakorum, the cradle of the Kubilai dynasty, remained the real Capital. The successors of this prince resided preferably at Khan-Balick, which had been transformed into an intrenched camp and where the foreign troops superintended and restrained China, then a newly-conquered country. This camp, under the reign of Kubilai, contained 30,000 Allens of whom the emperor had chosen 1,000 as his bodyguards, and besides, 10,000 Russians, a detachment of Georgians and another regiment of soldiers taken in Crimea. Marco Polo and the Franciscan John of Montecorvino saw with their own eyes this agglomeration of troops. The first possessed during 17 years the confidence of Kubilai and the second presented him, in 1293, with a letter from the Pope, Nicholas IV. The fact that not one of the Mongolian emperors—and there have been fourteen—was buried in China, but that all were transferred to the desert and buried beside their ancestors, sufficiently proves that this country was for them a place of encampment rather than a residence. The successors of Kubilai, unfit governors, did nothing to consolidate the union of the two races, Mongolian and Chinese; on the contrary, did not one of the last emperors, Choenti, go so far as to forbid the Chinese to learn the Mongolian language!

The incapability of the ministers, the vexatious measures put into force brought to its height the discontent of the Chinese and revolts broke out from all sides. A bonze, a native of Fong-yang-fou, in Nghen-hoe, escaped from his monastery, became Chief of brigands and cleverly posed as champion of National Independence. In 1368, his lieutenant Sin-ta besieged Peking. The troops declared themselves in favour of the usurper and the emperor was forced to flee during the night; thus fell the Yuan dynasty.

The ex-bonze brigand inaugurated the new "Ming" dynasty, took the name of T'ai-tsu, or Hong-ou, and made Nanking the Capital of his empire. (Nanking is a Chinese word which signifies: Capital of the South.) Khan-Balick became a simple Prefecture called "Pe-pin-fu". T'ai-tsu died in 1398, at 71 years of age; his eldest son had preceded him to the grave, it was then his nephew, still a child, who succeeded him. This child-Emperor, Kien-wen, reigned but four years; his uncle Yen-Wang (then Governor





TEMPLE OF HEAVEN AT PEKING.

of Pe-pin-fu) urged by ambition, wished to take possession of the throne. He directed himself towards the South with a numerous army and seized Nanking after a bloody battle in which 300,000 men perished and 800 notables were massacred.

Yen-wang having become Master of the two Capitals of the North and of the South had himself proclaimed Emperor under the name of Yung-lo (1403).

His great desire was to return to Pe-pin-fu and to establish there his residence. A serious obstacle stood before him: the Japanese pirates were plundering the coasts of China, and capturing the vessels laden with rice bound for the North. So as to avoid meeting them, Yung-lo wished to finish the long interior water-way known as "The Imperial Canal" still existing and destined to bind the southern Provinces of China to the Northern Capital. Thus assuring himself the recruiting and the contribution of the Provinces, Yung-lo, in 1410, transferred himself to Peking, that is to say, Capital of the North; this city has since remained the Capital of entire China. Then the emperor set himself to beautify and fortify it. To him are due the walls and pagodas, the Imperial Palace and the famous Temple of Heaven. At this period the Chinese or Southern City was but an agglomeration of houses outside the walls, the Tien-tan or Terrace of Heaven being then situated in open country. The wall of the Chinese city was constructed but in 1544. Then only was the Temple of Heaven confined in the enclosure of Peking.

#### *Religious signification of the Temple.*

The erection of the Temple of Heaven dates only from the year 1420, but the worship of Heaven is as old as the Chinese race and nation. The studious reader may consult with interest and profit the work of the eminent sinologist Rev. Father Wieger, S. J., "*La Chine à travers les âges*". In nineteen lessons, the author places before our eyes as in so many pictures the political, religious, literary, scientific and bibliographical development of the Chinese since the most remote time even to our days, depending upon the authority of the most ancient Chinese books such as the Odes and Annals, preserved by Confucious, and upon the interpretation given by the most authorized Chinese commentators.

Wieger tells us what were the names, attributes and worship of Heaven under the three first dynasties: I Hia, I Chang, I Tchou, from the XXIV.th to the XII.th Century before the Christian era.

The primitive religion of the Chinese was monotheist. Above all else, the ancient Chinese placed a Superior Being which they called the Sublime Heaven, Heaven, Sublime Sovereign, or Sovereign: these four terms taken from the ancient text-books are strictly and perfectly synonymous, according to the opinions of all the commentators. Heaven, the Sublime Sovereign, gives, preserves, or ravishes existence. He is the author of the relation between



duties and laws. He considers men and judges them. He rewards and punishes according to merit and unworthiness. He rules all events. From him come famine or abundance, adversity or prosperity. The Emperor is his representative on earth. Heaven predestinates him for centuries. Being given these attributes it is impossible to admit that the ancient Chinese considered Heaven as a material vault, and the Sublime Sovereign as an ancient hero. This interpretation would be irreconcilable with the text-books, their commentaries, and tradition...The worship rendered to Heaven, to the Sublime Sovereign was simple and expressive. Victims, usually an ox, were immolated; he was informed of the most important events by the lighting of fire on the mountain top. The smoke which arose from it was supposed to carry to Heaven the communications that men wished to make him. They put themselves to much worry to know if Heaven was satisfied or dissatisfied, favourably or unfavourably disposed. For this end, the stars and meteors were constantly examined to interpret from them the aspect and the movement in good or evil.

Divination was practised so as to know by this means the ways of Heaven, say the antique text-books; to know what the Sublime Sovereign was preparing for Earth, what he wished of men.

Curious particularity: for these divinatory trials they used tortoise-shells gone through the flame, and from the different kinds of cracks produced they drew conclusions. The choice of the tortoise was suggested by the shape of this animal: the archel dorsal shell represented the celestial vault, the flat inferior shell represented the horizontal earth, the body of the animal itself placed between the two: men. This explains why the tortoise is so often used in Chinese decorative art. Commemorative tomb-stones are supported by tortoises. Very significative also the absence of any kind of statues and pictures of the Sublime Sovereign among the ancient Chinese. Ancient China had no idols! But the worship of Heaven was exclusively reserved to the Emperor. No other had the right to communicate with Heaven. The law punished this usurpation as a crime of high-treason. The ministers and public officials could venerate the transcendent beings, heroes and spirits, protectors of their circumscription; to the people devolved the worship of the spirits of their ancestors: the Emperor alone treated with Heaven.

The Annals have handed down to us a familiar conversation held by the emperor Choen and his ministers Yu and Kao-yao, in the year 2,002 before Christ. (Father Weiger's work already cited.)

Yu says, "Prince, watch yourself in the exercise of your office; may your conduct show to everyone that you are the representative of the Sovereign up above; then Heaven shall continue your authority, load you with wealth."

Kao-yao says, "The work of Heaven, a man (the emperor) is charged to accomplish it on earth...It is Heaven which has determined the relations, it is Heaven which has determined the rites...Heaven advances the one who is worthy, Heaven degrades the one who is unworthy...Take care to satisfy

the people, not to aggravate the people. For Heaven hears the appreciations of the people, and sees things by its eyes. Heaven rewards or punishes the prince according as the people praise or blame him. There is communication between Heaven and earth."

And the aged emperor Choen concluded these edifying discourses by these words, "Yes, let us be attentive to what Heaven asks of us, at each moment and in the least things."

After this dialogue we shall not be astonished to see the emperor Yung-lo, of the Ming Buddhist dynasty, erect at Peking the Temple of Heaven. It was a skilful political act. The worship of Heaven being, from the highest antiquity, reserved for the emperor, Yung-lo sanctioned in the eyes of the people the coming of his dynasty, showing by the erection of the temple that he was truly the son of Heaven. The emperor of China bore this title from 1015, at the time when Tchen Hong of the Song dynasty declared that the unique pure August of the Taoist sect who favored him with visions and revelations was no other than the "Sublime Sovereign", or the "Chan ti" of the antique books.

The emperors of all sects, always jealously preserved the monopoly of this worship of Heaven, because for them it was at the same time the symbol of divine election and that of the Imperial authority. This is so true that when the feudatory princes succeeded in forming independent kingdoms, about the VIII.th Century, a period of downfall for the Theon dynasty, if they attributed to themselves the right of sacrificing to one or the other of the five Sovereigns (which they said governed the five parts of space) none had the audacity of sacrificing to the Sublime Sovereign, privilege reserved for the emperor.

These independent innovators found convenient, for political reasons, to pretend to believe and to oblige others to believe that the different names given to the Sublime Sovereign brought real distinctions of persons, but the most famous Chinese scholars easily penetrated the sophism and the interested duplicity.

"The Sublime Sovereign, who is one, acts by the five elements of the five regions," say the text-books. "When we consider his Immensity, we call him Sublime. Because he inhabits Heaven, we call him Azure. As to his being, we call him Heaven. As to his power, we call him Sovereign. The five Sovereigns are his fivefold manifestation. They are not five distinct *chen*, his ministers, as certain people have imagined."

The distinction of regions, become a real distinction of beings in the system of the Taoists, was the origin of polytheism in China. There are also other causes, astrology, the contact with original fetichist populations. Taoism (5th century B. C.), Buddhism come from India (1st century of the Christian era), Japanese Shintoism brought into China in the X.th century, introduced the religious corruption of the Chinese people. They gave themselves up to every worship, to every superstition, while the literati, followers of the Neo-Confucianism of Tchou-hi, reached the most complete atheism and materialism.



But besides, or, if one wishes, above all, these harmful religious fermentations, the primitive worship of Heaven, of which the Temple, erected at Peking by Yung-lo in 1420 is the most beautiful and eloquent expression, has been preserved up until lately; unfortunately, this national worship of Heaven, Sovereign of On-High, uninterrupted since its origin, ended in 1916. The President of the Republic, Yuan-che-k'ai, was the last one to sacrifice to Heaven. Official China, to-day, is atheist! But the Chinese people remain great admirers of its antiquity. The program of Confucious (not the one of the adepts of the Neo-Confucianism of Tchou-hi) could perhaps save China from the most dreadful ruin. The beliefs and worships of the ancient times of Yao, Choen and Yu, once re-established, it would be, without doubt, easy to tell the modern Chinese, as St. Paul at the Aeropagus: "Per omnia quasi superstitiosiores vos video....praeteriens inveni et aram...Quod ergo ignorantes colitis hos ego annuntio vobis."

Mario Grimaldi, S. J.



A CHINESE PAGODA.

## A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of the Missionaries ...



A great favor obtained after having promised to the Little Flower to send you Twenty-Five Dollars to help propagate the Faith among the infidels confided to your care.

X., Sturgeon Falls.

How I thank St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for having obtained for me the visible protection of Our Immaculate Mother!

Mrs. E. D.

Please find enclosed One Dollar for a new subscription to THE PRECURSOR, and Six Dollars in thanksgiving to the Little Flower of Jesus for a beautiful sheaf of roses which she scattered upon my family.

Mrs. C. L.

A novena of lights for a special favor received through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

A thousand thanks to the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower of Jesus for having answered my petitions after my promise to renew my subscription for THE PRECURSOR.

Mrs. A. L., Springfield, Mass.

I experience that the Little Flower loves the missionaries: she came to my help immediately after I had promised her to send you Two Dollars for your needy works.

Mrs. J. A. P., Montreal.

Kindly accept the enclosed Five Dollars for the ransom of a poor little infidel, in thanksgiving for a grace obtained through the intercession of our Heavenly Mother and St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Mr. J. N., DeMars, Newport, Vt.

May the dear little Sister of the Missionaries be thanked a thousand times for a great favor which she obtained for me! The enclosed Twenty Dollars are for Her Burse.

X....

Would you kindly forward the enclosed Two Dollars to your missionaries? I promised this sum in thanksgiving if St. Teresa helped me on a very special occasion; my prayers were answered.

X..., St. Joseph, N. B.

I wish to particularly thank the Little Flower of Jesus for a very great favor I obtained through her powerful intercession. Kindly accept the enclosed Five Dollars as an offering of gratitude.

Miss I. R., Taftville, Conn.



It is to the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, that dear little Sister of the missionaries, that I feel indebted for the assistance she has given me in my present necessities.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. N. M., Woonsocket, R.I.

In honor of the Little Flower, I forward my offering of Five Dollars. Would you kindly ransom, in my name, a little Teresa?

\_\_\_\_\_  
Mr. E. F.

In thanksgiving for a favour granted through the intermediary of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, I am sending Two Dollars for your noble works in China.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Rev. E. T., Pastor.

Would you kindly burn lights during a novena at the shrine of the dear Little Flower of Jesus? She has shown herself most generous for me in many instances.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Anonymous.

My grateful thanks to the little Sister of the Missionaries for the cure of a sore ear. May my example be an incentive to others to have recourse to this powerful little saint!

\_\_\_\_\_  
R. R., Quebec.

You will find enclosed a cheque for Five Dollars for Masses to be said in thanksgiving for favors obtained through the Little Flowers' intercession. Would you kindly publish in THE PRECURSOR?

\_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. E. Benoit, Woonsocket, R. I.

Enclosed please find One Dollar for your work, in thanksgiving for a great favor obtained through the medium of the Little Flower. Please pray for a very particular intention during the Christmas Novena.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. A. C., Montreal.

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

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, (thanksgiving 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!

#### OFFERING FOR THE "LITTLE FLOWER" BURSE.

December 1925 .....	\$50.00
January 1926 .....	21.00
	<hr/>
	\$71.00

# Pauline Marie Jaricot

Foundress of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith.

(Continued)

Pauline's profession of faith remained intact at the frontispiece of Loretto and that, to the horror of the prudents.

Twenty years later, as a great joy for Pius IX. proclaiming the Immaculate Conception of Mary a Catholic dogma, this same inscription shone in letters of fire at the summit of St. Peter's cupola, and soon after, at the summit of Catholic houses the world over.

Obeying a supernatural impulsion, Pauline had laid the foundations of a Society whose aim was, in her mind, to unite souls humble and generous enough to consecrate themselves to the performance of good in its every form, by profiting, day by day, hour by hour, of every occasion to devote themselves, to save, to help without respect to persons, without ever seeking human regard or approbation.

"I deem useful," says she, "to make known my feelings with reference to this small reunion of the *Company of Mary*, of which I considered the humble outset, rather like a *preparation* than a *foundation*, for I could interiorly see but profound abysses of annihilation, material to gather, to prepare, so that hands more clever and worthy than mine, employ these materials as foundation of the edifice, the destination of which the Lord reserved for Himself."

She then enters the minutest details of what the Divine Master had made her foresee of the formation, destination and splendour of "this unknown edifice" which was to meet with the ideal of Catholic devotedness, founded upon what humility and forgetfulness of self can attain of perfection in the human heart. These pages, too numerous to be reproduced and too beautiful and substantial to be analyzed, may become the object of a thorough study. There, in a new light, would be seen the apostolic soul which increased Light delighted in enveloping.

Foreseeing on the horizon of her hopes this "edifice" which charmed her, the maiden writes, "How long will the preparations of the *Company of Mary* last, before we can see the works which will be its fruits? *Man's life passes like a fugitive shadow. Have mercy on his impatience, Thou Who art eternal!*"

"At this question a secret touch of grace stayed my thoughts. Before God, centuries are but as a day. I would say to myself that it would perhaps please the Master of time to employ my entire life in making my companions appreciate these truths; that it would be sufficient consolation for me to dig a little the foundation of such an edifice, even though, the rest of my life. I would perform no exterior works; that much time would



be necessary to raise that *edifice of absolute and hidden devotedness*, because the majority of Christians are drawn by an ardent zeal for glaring works.

"That is the reason why I had firmly resolved not to let myself be discouraged, even if by this means I succeeded in forming but two or three souls, and *even only one*, for this soul would render more glory to God and would be more useful to the neighbour's salvation, than an infinitude of others attached to their own will and deprived of divine life."

She enjoyed the happiness of forming to this *hidden devotedness* several of her spiritual daughters. But one among these and better than all, realized her only ambition, lived of her life, loved to her heart's measure and, like her, devoted herself in the secrecy of an inexhaustible charity. We shall soon see her arrive at Loretto.

*After having laid out in what manner the Company of Mary* would devote itself, frightened in a way by the immensity and splendour of perspectives that appear to her, she questions her divine Master as we question an ever-present friend, and reminds Him of what she has done for Him, in order that He may reassure her and tell her what He still desires.

What was difficult for this soul which soared with eagle's wings above all the meannesses of self-love and egotism, was to raise to her designs' level the *hospitallers* whose aspirations did not go beyond material works of charity. But, though desiring for her daughters a life of high perfection, she did not exact from the *birdling the flight of the eagle*. Thus, seeing that those hospitallers needed to taste, so to say, the fruit of their activity, she gave them a few infirm persons to care for. Later, to still the more condescend to their attraction and aptitude, she settled at Nazareth several poor incurables and that, with the Archbishop's approbation as also of the Pastor of St. Just's parish, where miseries abounded. Thus, the former infirmarians of the Hotel Dieu felt themselves at home.

Loretto was not the centre of the Living Rosary alone, it was also that of many other works. Such a great number of visitors and such correspondence arrived every day, that a secretariate and a library had to be established in order to answer all requisites. Thus Pauline found a thousand occasions to practise what she had written on devotedness to Divine Providence, and she did not let any escape.

"How often," said she, "was I obliged to leave prayer to fulfill the duties of hospitality, and had I to forget my grief and sufferings to alleviate those of the persons who, from every country, came to me for their personal needs or those of charitable and social works. It was leaving God for God. Besides, I compensated during the night; no solicitude could make me suspend perpetual adoration.

"Worn out by illness and labors, I needed some able help. But Our Lord Who did not wish to give me human support, took away by death the one among my daughters who worked most zealously and intelligently to the diffusion of books, pious articles, and who aided

with my correspondence. I adored the hidden designs of Providence and awaited His help."

Although France had delivered herself up to impiety, christian life which still circulated in her veins, more and more pressed her sons to carry the light of Faith on the barbarous shores where new peoples awaited it. Loretto had become like the meeting-place of the missionaries who, passing through Lyons, mounted to Fourvière to confide their hopes to the Queen of Apostles and their needs to the Foundress of the great Work destined to help them. This blessed dwelling offered to the Lord's laborers a halt between the family, left for ever, and exile accepted without fixed epoch of return; for in the apostolical virgin's soul, they found, with a mother's kindness and devotedness, something virile that strengthened the strong. Needless to say that, according to her means, she helped these saintly apostles.

A few letters which escaped the flames prove that from everywhere the great and humble had a confident recourse to her charity. We could name certain members of families among the highest nobility whom she secretly upheld against the unforeseen blows of misfortune.

The Bishop of Dijon lays out before her the distress of a veteran of the sanctuary and she answers, "Count on me, My Lord, as long as need be." Thanks to the annuity she paid for him, the old priest went peacefully towards eternity.

Her life was filled, absorbed, with activity. "Several persons of this city, curious although good and who did not know anything of my affairs, seeing no ostensible works at Loretto, took offense at my not granting them interviews during which I would have been obliged to listen to trifles, compliments, indiscreet questions to which I could not or did not wish to answer, and to so many other things that would have made me lose considerable time. They noised the rumour that, *after having surrounded myself with strangers, I lived lazily at Lyons, that this house was full of mysteries, etc., etc.*

"The devil thus tried to paralyse the good which we tried to perform."

It is true that she was inaccessible to the prosperous and happy, that is to say, to all who did not need her; as for the afflicted, whosoever they were, they always found her of an easy access. In a word, all knocked at her door, as at that of Providence, if It had a dwelling here below.

Let us add to the fatigues of these multiple visits those of a correspondence which extended to all parts of the world and we will understand *why* the idle were carefully removed.

Orders were severe on this point. We can judge from this trait:

A young girl but recently arrived from her village, and who has not yet lost any of her naïve rusticity is temporarily placed as door-keeper.

That very day, at five o'clock A.M., the venerable administrator of the diocese, Archbishop de Pins, wrapped in a black mantle, stops at Loretto on his return from Fourvière where he has offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and asks for Miss Jaricot.



The young peasant does not know him, and moreover she would never dream that a great personage like the Archbishop of Lyons rises early enough to say Mass at 4 o'clock A.M.

Consequently, she answers with a certain air of severeness:

"Are you a missionary?"

"No, my child," meekly answers His Grace, "I live below near the Cathedral."

"Then, Father, you cannot see Our Mother, she is too busy!"

At this answer, so outright and explicit, the meek Pastor smiles and leaves. He had not gone beyond the half of the terrace, when, having seen him from one of the windows, the chaplain of Loretto hastens after the prelate and brings him back.

As the door-keeper is reprimanded, perhaps without having fully deserved it, the august visitor places his hand upon the child's head and kindly says:

"Well done, my daughter! you have performed your duty: a good soldier is faithful to orders! Always carefully keep the entry of your terrestrial Paradise."

"Forgive me," exclaims the rustic girl. "But how guess that a Bishop be up before the sun!" (1)

## THE CATACOMBS

My God, strike me, but spare my brethren. If nature repulses suffering, my heart desires it, and my will accepts it, whatever be the rigor of Thy justice. — Pauline Marie.

The events which have taken place between the years 1825 and 1834 belong to history as well as to the holy life we are now studying. Placed at the centre of revolutions as in the midst of a glowing circle, Pauline considers them with the eyes of faith, but she feels their dreadful concussion.

God Who fashions the bird's wing so that it will be borne by the breeze or that it may master the storm, had fortified in such a manner the soul of His servant that she did not waver, even on seeing herself, for the fourth time and in a state of physical agony, exposed to the dangers and terror of a new and more dreadful riot.

In order to fully understand the nature and greatness of these dangers, it is necessary to know that Loretto, situated a little below the plateau of Fourvière, was above a road which dominated the city from a great height and that, in the direction of Lyons, a wall hid from all strategic observation.

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(1)—Archbishop de Pins whose way of living was simple and austere, always rose very early. It is thus that he often went to say Mass before dawn at the Chapel of Fourvière.

At the end of March 1834, the internal disease which, especially for the last two years, wrought ravages in Pauline's organism, suddenly passed from the chronic to the acute period and occasioned daily accidents.

Reduced to extreme weakness, the invalid could neither make the slightest movement nor hear the least noise, without suffering the most dreadful crises, sufficient to bring death.

"Medical science having declared itself powerless to save my aunt," writes Miss Perrin, "she asked to receive the last sacraments. It was in April, two days before the political storm which announced itself by a terrifying agitation and a tumult to which my poor aunt could not humanly survive.

"The preceding Sunday, my mother and I had not been to dominate a dismal presentiment of what was going to happen. Scarcely had we arrived at Loretto, when a frenzied mob violently rang the bell of the outer door, and tried to break into the house:

"'Yes, yes,' roared hundreds of threatening voices, 'yes, yes, it is here! See on the door *Mary has been conceived without sin!* It is here!'

"This hideous crowd, composed of vagabonds, was returning from the burial ceremony of one of their own and *thus* celebrated the funeral!

"The door stood against their fury, and I ignore what incident occurred which made the assailants go elsewhere, after having broken the door-lock.

"A well-informed friend warned us on time to make us escape a second bombardment: that of the army firing at the insurgents cantoned around Loretto, and that of the insurgents firing at the army.

"My aunt then said to me, 'My child, write in large letters what I shall dictate to you and you will affix it at the feet of Our Lady of the Guard, at the top of the tower, in order that Mary-may save the city.'

"And she dictated to me, 'Our Lady of the Guard, we implore thy help! *Protect us! protect Lyons!* Obtain that to-day and the days following be entirely for God's glory and Thine! *O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to Thee!*'

"Despite a pelting rain, I succeeded in placing the paper.

"After having closed the shutters, we united in the chapel where my aunt's bed was taken. Amid cruel sufferings and extreme peril, the faith of the moribund triumphed over the physical exhaustion and communicated to us the courage which we so greatly needed.

"We were eighteen persons, among whom was...an actress.

"Terrified at the sight of the barricades and cannon which the rebels had placed under our windows, the unfortunate woman had followed the friend who had come to warn us of the danger and offer assistance.

"God alone could save us. We implored His help and no one was forgotten in our supplications. . . . .

"A first bullet, soon followed by many others, pierces the wall and whizzes over our heads without wounding anyone. A cannon-ball is then shot and deadens on the floor.



"A child and a Brother of the Christian Schools have scarcely changed place, when another cannon-ball is shot with greater force, runs along the vacant place, breaks everything on its passage, and produces such a commotion that the altar front is thrown down and the altar-railing carried away while the projectile deadens in the wall of the sanctuary without shaking the altar.

"A bomb, shot from Bellecour, perforates the wall and puts into pieces a pew that has just been vacated to make the Stations of the Cross."

And she whose life hung by a thread could hear and witness, without dying, the terrible scenes the particulars of which we curtail.

Seized with extreme terror, her spiritual daughters crowded around her as if to make for themselves a rampart of her heart and faith. Another refuge would not have been sought, if the insolence of this mob had not, in the saintly mother's eyes, appeared more dreadful than death.

The troops' bombardment, that of the rebels, and the oscillation of the walls becoming more and more terrifying, a man suddenly screamed:

"It is impossible to remain here any longer...the house will fall in on us !

—We shall not leave Our Lord," replied Pauline, with great firmness.

The tabernacle was portable... Someone tremblingly takes it away and deposits it in the poor invalid's arms.

But where flee? It was impossible to go far: on all sides stood enemies.

The Lord's beloved had the inspiration of seeking refuge in one of Loretto's tunnels. But by what means reach these new catacombs the entry of which was at the farther end of the garden, where ceaseless projectiles are shot?... And, then, everyone asked himself if the slightest movement given to the worn out body would not bring death?

All look at each other not daring to move. There exist solemn moments where Heaven and earth seem to have forsaken us! Then whoever does not believe blasphemes, whilst the Christian sees the *hour of Providence* and abandons himself to Its infallible help.

Noticing the general hesitation, Pauline says with an accent that uplifts and strengthens all hearts:

*"Let us go without fear, since we have Our Lord with us!"*

Having lit a few candles, all went out, carrying upon the suffering bed where He rests in the faltering hands of His weak creature, He Who calls Himself the *Lord of Hosts*! And then, they go over the whole length of the terrace under the storm of bullets which hurt no one: the angels of the Hill doubtlessly shelter with their wings the cherished daughter of their Queen.

*(To be continued)*

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# 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

to answer my prayers. Mrs. favor obtained. A Subscriber, thanksgiving to St. Anthony for a grace received. Mrs. B., Rosemount.—Here is my small donation for a favor received from the Sacred Heart of Jesus and His Immaculate Mother. Mrs. A. B., Bridgeport, Conn.—Please find Two Dollars as a Christmas thank offering to the Blessed Virgin Mary for the relief she gave me from my sore feet, hoping she may cure them entirely. A well wisher.—I send you this Dollar in thanksgiving. My boy has returned from the hospital and is much better. May our Immaculate Mother be praised! A grateful mother, Waterbury, Conn.—I am completing my promise in sending One Dollar for your sublime works. Mrs. E. J. B., Woonsocket, R. I.—A position was granted for my boy; enclosed One Dollar in thanksgiving. Mrs. P. F.—Five Dollars in token of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favor obtained, after having promised this offering for your dear missionary Sisters. Mrs. B. D., Montreal.—A cure obtained through the Miraculous Medal: I had been suffering for a long time from a festering sore, and upon application of the Medal of Our Lady, it was completely healed. Mrs. C., Montreal.—My deepest gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin Mary for her protection on various occasions. It is with pleasure that I send the renewal subscription to your Review, and my offering of Five Dollars. Mrs. H. G.—I feel very thankful towards Our Lady for the favour she has obtained for me on the day of her Immaculate Conception; kindly accept the enclosed "mite" for her missionaries in China. Mrs. M. L., Detroit.—Acknowledgment for a favor obtained; enclosed my modest offering of Two Dollars, Miss C. G., Southbridge, Mass. Our Immaculate Mother forthwith answered my petition; in thanksgiving the enclosed offering. Mrs. J. W., Montreal.—I am pleased to send you the enclosed Two Dollars for favor granted. Mrs. A. P. Willimansett, Mass.—A child of Mary sends you this Dollar to thank Our Blessed Mother for her special protection.—You will find enclosed One Dollar as a token of gratitude: my husband and I found employment when we were in very straitened conditions. Mrs. E. S., Fitchburg, Mass.—With my heartfelt thanks I send you my subscription for THE PRECURSOR; the Blessed Virgin has cured my child! Mrs. O. B., Shawinigan, Que.—I offer Five Dollars to thank Our Immaculate Mother for her protection during a trip we made to the United States. Mrs. J. R., Waterville.—My dear mother has recovered her health; the enclosed offering is to thank Our Lady for this great favor. Mrs. L. P., Hadley Falls, Mass.—Enclosed please find Five Dollars for favor received. Miss A. C., Lowell, Mass.—For petitions granted, I offer One Dollar for a Mass and One Dollar for a Novena of lights. Mrs. J. D., Fall River, Mass.—Kindly pray for the perseverance of a young mother, for her two afflicted children and also for the future welfare of her family. Mrs. L. D., Worcester, Mass.—I am renewing my subscription for THE PRECURSOR as a feeble acknowledgment for a favor obtained through the protection of Our Immaculate Mother. Mrs. P., Thetford Mines, Que.

In thanksgiving for a favor obtained I am sending Fifteen Dollars for your worthy works.—I am sending Five Dollars. Please remember my son in your prayers that he secure a better position. Mrs. E. N., Woonsocket, R. I.—I am enclosing One Dollar for candles to be burned at Mary's shrine in thanksgiving for the improvement of my health, and also that a mother of twelve children be spread the amputation of her leg. Mrs. J. P. L., Montreal.—I had promised to send you One Dollar if our Blessed Mother gave me relief. I gratefully fulfil my promise for the sore on my face has disappeared. Mrs. F. S., New Haven, Conn.—I have obtained a position and am sending One Dollar for the first of my five years' subscription which I promised. Mr. F. F., New Bedford, Mass.—In thanksgiving for favors received from our Immaculate Mother—another special favor solicited. Enclosed Two Dollars for your Chinese missions. X., St. Odilon, Dorchester Co., Que.—Am enclosing Five Dollars promised for your good work. If circumstances permit, I shall make a yearly donation in proportion to my finances. The extra Dollar is for a Novena of lights for a particular intention. Our Blessed Mother has never failed B. S., Verdun.—Please find enclosed One Dollar for a Springfield, Mass.—Kindly find the enclosed offering in thanksgiving for a grace received. Mrs. B., Rosemount.—Here is my small donation for a favor received from the Sacred Heart of Jesus and His Immaculate Mother. Mrs. A. B., Bridgeport, Conn.—Please find Two Dollars as a Christmas thank offering to the Blessed Virgin Mary for the relief she gave me from my sore feet, hoping she may cure them entirely. A well wisher.—I send you this Dollar in thanksgiving. My boy has returned from the hospital and is much better. May our Immaculate Mother be praised! A grateful mother, Waterbury, Conn.—I am completing my promise in sending One Dollar for your sublime works. Mrs. E. J. B., Woonsocket, R. I.—A position was granted for my boy; enclosed One Dollar in thanksgiving. Mrs. P. F.—Five Dollars in token of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favor obtained, after having promised this offering for your dear missionary Sisters. Mrs. B. D., Montreal.—A cure obtained through the Miraculous Medal: I had been suffering for a long time from a festering sore, and upon application of the Medal of Our Lady, it was completely healed. Mrs. C., Montreal.—My deepest gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin Mary for her protection on various occasions. It is with pleasure that I send the renewal subscription to your Review, and my offering of Five Dollars. Mrs. H. G.—I feel very thankful towards Our Lady for the favour she has obtained for me on the day of her Immaculate Conception; kindly accept the enclosed "mite" for her missionaries in China. Mrs. M. L., Detroit.—Acknowledgment for a favor obtained; enclosed my modest offering of Two Dollars, Miss C. G., Southbridge, Mass. Our Immaculate Mother forthwith answered my petition; in thanksgiving the enclosed offering. Mrs. J. W., Montreal.—I am pleased to send you the enclosed Two Dollars for favor granted. Mrs. A. P. Willimansett, Mass.—A child of Mary sends you this Dollar to thank Our Blessed Mother for her special protection.—You will find enclosed One Dollar as a token of gratitude: my husband and I found employment when we were in very straitened conditions. Mrs. E. S., Fitchburg, Mass.—With my heartfelt thanks I send you my subscription for THE PRECURSOR; the Blessed Virgin has cured my child! Mrs. O. B., Shawinigan, Que.—I offer Five Dollars to thank Our Immaculate Mother for her protection during a trip we made to the United States. Mrs. J. R., Waterville.—My dear mother has recovered her health; the enclosed offering is to thank Our Lady for this great favor. Mrs. L. P., Hadley Falls, Mass.—Enclosed please find Five Dollars for favor received. Miss A. C., Lowell, Mass.—For petitions granted, I offer One Dollar for a Mass and One Dollar for a Novena of lights. Mrs. J. D., Fall River, Mass.—Kindly pray for the perseverance of a young mother, for her two afflicted children and also for the future welfare of her family. Mrs. L. D., Worcester, Mass.—I am renewing my subscription for THE PRECURSOR as a feeble acknowledgment for a favor obtained through the protection of Our Immaculate Mother. Mrs. P., Thetford Mines, Que.



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## Petitions

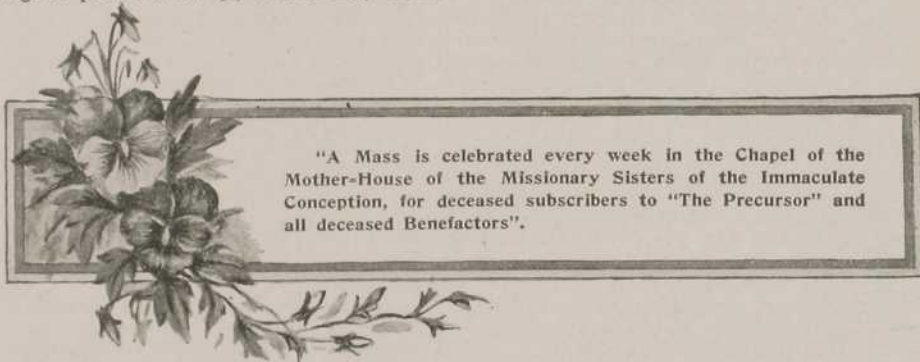
"O Mary conceived without sin,  
pray for us who have recourse to  
Thee".

Kindly pray Our Immaculate Mother for obtention of work for my husband. If this be granted I promise to renew my subscription and send you an alms for your good works. Mrs. M. W. E., **Lanse-au-Brilliant**.—Enclosed find One Dollar. I desire to obtain a special favor and if it is granted I promise to make an offering for your good works. L. M., **Waterbury, Conn.**—Would you kindly have a Novena made in honour of the Immaculate Conception? If I obtain my cure I will send you an offering. Mrs. J. A., **Port Daniel West**.—I recommend to Our Blessed Mother and Saint Teresa a very special request. If it be granted I shall send as liberal an offering as possible for your worthy works. N. B. F., **Montreal**.—Enclosed please find Two Dollars. One for my subscription to THE PRECURSOR and the other for a Novena of lights to the Blessed Virgin for a special favour. If it is granted I shall send One Dollar a month for a year. Mrs. J. J. K., **Springfield, Mass.**—I am enclosing One Dollar for lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine that I may obtain a desired position; if granted I promise to send One Dollar a week for six months. Mrs. Turgeon, **Montreal**.—The success of our business. D. C., **Farnham**. A very special favor is desired through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. If it be granted I promise ten years' subscription to THE PRECURSOR and Twenty Dollars for your needy works. Mrs. Ryan, New Bedford, Mass.—I am sending the enclosed offering for a Novena of lights and also for a Miraculous Medal. May Our Blessed Mother and St. Anthony help my brother and sister who are suffering from cancer. Mrs. M. H., **Waterbury, Conn.**—Kindly accept the enclosed offering, One Dollar, for lights in honour of the Infant Jesus for a very special favor. Mrs. K. M.—Please accept the offering of One Dollar for a special favor; if granted I promise to send Ten Dollars for your good works. E. R., **South Hadley, Mass.**—Conversion of my husband who is addicted to drink. A. S. C., **Farnham**.—Enclosed please find One Dollar for a Novena of lights. If through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony my son and I recover from a nervous breakdown, I promise to send Five Dollars for your worthy works. Mrs. G. R., **Naugatuck, Conn.**—Would you kindly pray for my boy's vocation? I am poor and would like to see him through College, as he desires to become a priest. Please pray that I may find means to keep him at his studies. Mrs. J. G.—Prayers are requested for the recovery of my mother's health.—May the Blessed Virgin obtain the cure of my husband who is troubled with asthma. M. H.—A mother asks prayers for her two sons: that one will persevere in his vocation and that the other will lead a better life. Mrs. J. S.—May I solicit your prayers that an operation I am obliged to undergo will be successful. **Waterbury, Conn.**—Am enclosing One Dollar for a Novena of Lights to be burnt for my special intention. I suffer very much from lung trouble and would appreciate relief if it be God's Holy Will. E. M. M.—I am subscribing to THE PRECURSOR for one year. Kindly pray for the recovery of my health. Mrs. N. K., **Pawtucket, R. I.**—Please find enclosed offering for my poor boy neglectful of his religious duties. Mrs. J. F., **Waterbury, Conn.**—A mother asks prayers for success in business and cure from drinking for her son. A Subscriber, **Grand Falls, N.B.**—Two ladies recommend themselves to the prayers of the subscribers of THE PRECURSOR for temporal favor. E. J. D., **Easthampton, Mass.**

—Would be very grateful if would kindly pray for my intentions; I desire very much to keep my rooms rented so as to meet my expenses. Mrs. C. O'R., **Montreal**.—Kindly pray for my husband who has, for the last four years, been in a sanatorium.—Several particular intentions, both temporal and spiritual. **Waterbury, Conn.**—Am enclosing One Dollar for your good works; please pray that I may be cured from dizziness. Mrs. J. D., **Armstrong, N.B.**—I desire the recovery of my sister's health and mine. May I ask the help of your prayers? A Subscriber, Mrs. S. O., **Pawtucket, R. I.**—Enclosed please find One Dollar for a Novena of lights in honor of Our Immaculate Mother and St. Joseph to obtain a very special favor. If granted I promise to forward Ten Dollars for your Missions. A L. B., **Chandler, Que.**—I desire very much to obtain a particular grace. If my request be granted, I shall forward Two Dollars for your works. Mrs. J. H. L., **Burlington, Vt.**—Employment for my husband is requested through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother and the Little Flower. Mrs. H. M., **Douglastown, Que.**—Please pray that my dear boy regain his health sufficiently to be able to help us. Mrs. G., **Cranbourne, Que.**—I ask the help of your prayers for success in business undertakings. If this favor is granted, I promise to give a share of the profits to aid in the good work you are doing. Also please find enclosed One Dollar for lights to be burnt at the altar of the Blessed Virgin. H. M., **Montreal**.—I enclose Two Dollars for two Novenas of lights to Our Blessed Mother. One intention is to cure my sister of a terrible skin eruption due to stomach trouble. Mrs. M. O'R., **Montreal**.—One Dollar for a Novena of Lights for a special intention. I also beg you to pray for my husband's health. Mrs. B., **Fitchburg, Mass.**—Will you please pray to the Blessed Virgin that I may obtain a particular grace. I promise a donation of Five Dollars, or more if I possibly can afford it, if favour is granted. Mrs. F. B., **Springfield, Mass.**—Enclosed Five Dollars for favor received. Prayers are requested for another special grace. I add another Dollar for the Little Flower. A subscriber.—I desire you to please pray for my intentions: peace in the family, the conversion of my husband addicted to drink. Enclosed is One Dollar. **Springfield, Mass.**—I promise to send Five Dollars for your needy charges if, through Our Blessed Mother's intercession, I obtain a steady position. C. M. D., **Holyoke, Mass.**—May I solicit your prayers for a special intention? Mrs. M. C., **Pawtucket, R. I.**—Here enclosed please find two cheques as New Year's gift in honor of the Immaculate Conception and St. Anthony of Padua. Mrs. C. C., **Northbridge, Mass.**—The enclosed Dollar is for a Novena of lights in honor of Our Lady and St. Anthony, for a special favor desired. Mrs. C. K., **Litchfield, Mass.**—Work for a boy. His mother, **Granby, Que.**—Kindly make a Novena for a great intention. I shall send you Five Dollars if granted. Mr. J. C., **Dorval, Que.**—Kindly pray for my intentions. I suffer very much from glands on my neck. E. A., **West Bathurst, N. B.**—Please accept the enclosed offering. If the favor I desire is granted I promise to contribute Twenty-Five Dollars for your good works. J. T. S., **Outremont**.—I have a country property to sell. If I succeed in this, I promise to contribute Ten Dollars for the most pressing need in your missions. Mrs. O., **Montreal**.—For the cure of my baby and protection for my family I ask the help of your prayers. Mrs. D. M., **Little Pabos, Que.**—Would you kindly pray for my husband who is neglectful of his religious duties and addicted to drink. I have great faith in St. Teresa of the Child Jesus and, above all, Our Heavenly Mother. I promise to give Twenty Dollars for your missions if my request be granted. Mrs. J. F., **St. Lambert, Que.**—If it is God's holy Will, I would very much appreciate health, as I have been an invalid for some time and am unable to earn my own living. I.S., **Oakland, R.I.**—I enclose One Dollar that I promised to send and another Dollar for lights to be burnt at Our Lady's shrine to obtain a cure. Mrs. J. J. K., **Springfield, Mass.**—Please accept the enclosed offering, for a Novena of lights in honor of the Blessed Virgin for a special intention. C. M., **Montreal**.—I am in great distress; would you kindly pray to Our Immaculate Mother and St. Anthony for me. Mrs. P., **Montreal**.—Please make a Novena for my sick father. R. O. B., **Burlington, Vt.**—A good position for my son. Mrs. E. McD., **Fall River, Mass.**—Will you kindly burn candles in your chapel for a special favor and say prayers. If favor is granted I shall send an offering. Daughter of a Subscriber, **Bridgeport, Conn.**—I recommend my failing health to your charitable prayers. Mrs. G. D., **South Hadley Falls, Mass.**—Kindly help me in this hour of need. Ask Our Blessed Mother to assist me and protect those who are dear to me. Mrs. L. F. R., **South Hadley Falls, Mass.**—If I succeed in being spared an operation, I promise to buy three Chinese babies and to subscribe for three years to THE PRECURSOR. Mrs. C. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.**—Please pray for my son that he may be cured from the habit of drinking. Mrs. A. O., **New Bedford, Mass.**—Would you please make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower for numerous intentions, both spiritual and temporal. Mrs. J. W., **Fitchburg, Mass.**—I recommend to the prayers of your Community and the Subscribers my husband's health, his business undertakings and my young son. Mrs. M. G., **Dimock Creek, Que.**—Special intentions. A Subscriber, **Montreal**.—I have two friends who ask prayers for success in finding employment.—**New Bedford, Mass.**—Success in business. Mrs. W. P., **Montreal**.—I desire a particular favor. I promise One Dollar a month for twelve months in



honor of the Blessed Virgin and Ste Thérèse if it is granted. Miss J. McK., **New Haven, Conn.**—Will you kindly pray for the success of a lawsuit which is to be heard soon. M. A. F., **Waterbury, Conn.**—Am sending you One Dollar and promise Two Dollars more for your missions if my husband finds a position. Mrs. H. A., **Pawtucket, R. I.**—The successful issue of a lawsuit. Mrs. M., **Millbury, Mass.**—Kindly pray for my husband's health and mine. Mrs. H., **Montreal.**—I am the mother of a large family and suffer from rheumatism and heart trouble. Will you please pray to the Immaculate Mother for me? Mrs. J. H. R., **Douglstown, Que.**—I beg your fervent prayers to obtain consolation in the great loss I have met with. Mrs. M. W., **Waterbury, Conn.**—I promise Five Dollars in honor of the Little Flower of Jesus if I obtain First Prize in a Contest. E. B., **Leominster, Mass.**—If my favor be granted, I promise to have Masses said for the Poor Souls. A friend in need, **Montreal.**—I solicit your prayers for the mental and physical improvement of my dear sister. Mrs. L. **Waterbury, Conn.**—Enclosed please find One Dollar for a Novena of lights for my intentions. Mrs. T. R., **Ware, Mass.**—I promise to subscribe for life to THE PRECURSOR if my petitions are answered. My daughter suffers from nervous prostration and my husband needs work. Mrs. E. D., **New Bedford, Mass.**—Begging your prayers for a special intention. Mrs. B. P., **Marievill, R. I.**—Health and a good position are desired. E. J. L., **Cochrane, Ont.**—The help of your prayers is requested for success in a mining deal. I shall send Twenty Five Dollars for your good works if we are answered. Mrs. J. P. McM., **Haileybury, Ont.**—Enclosed please find One Dollar for lights to be burnt at the altar of the Immaculate Conception. If your prayers and mine are heard, I shall send an offering at Christmas. Mrs. M. S., **Waterbury, Conn.**—Will you please pray that my husband may get a better position and my boy regain his health. Mrs. G. H., **Verdun.**—If I obtain the favors I am asking for, I shall forward for your dear children who are my friends an offering worth while. Miss B. H., **Central Falls, R. I.**—A position is desired. Miss F. St. G., **Spencer, Mass.**—I beg your prayers to be cured from cancer. I rely on your help for that intention. My three young children still need me; although I am resigned to God's Holy Will, I feel I could be of some use to bring them up christianly. Mrs. G. K., **Viauville.**—I shall renew my subscription to THE PRECURSOR if my request is granted. Mrs. M., **Haileybury, Ont.**—Would you kindly pray to the Little Flower of Jesus for me. I suffer very much from diabetes and sore back. If I obtain a quick cure I shall send you Ten Dollars. Mrs. E. B., **Leominster, Mass.**—May I ask your prayers that my husband's health be better and that he may soon get employment. Mrs. M. H., **Montreal.**—Position desired through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. M. C., **Montreal.**—I shall send a generous offering for your missions if I secure a good position. A. Q., **Waterbury, Conn.**



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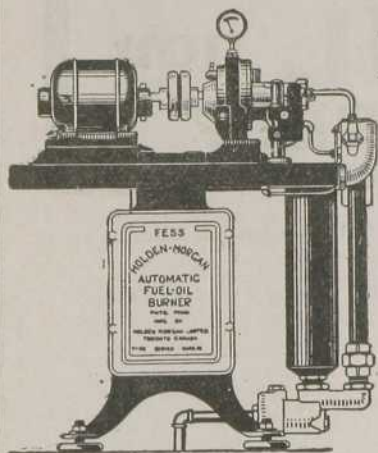
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## Privileges Accorded to Benefactors

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages:

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

2. A Mass offered every week for their intentions.

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

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

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

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

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



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

**Annual Subscription: \$1.00**

*All subscriptions are payable in advance*

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of the Immaculate Conception**

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