

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. III, 4th Year

MONTREAL, MAY-JUNE 1926

No. 3



PREMIUMS

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of the Immaculate Conception

By procuring work for them.



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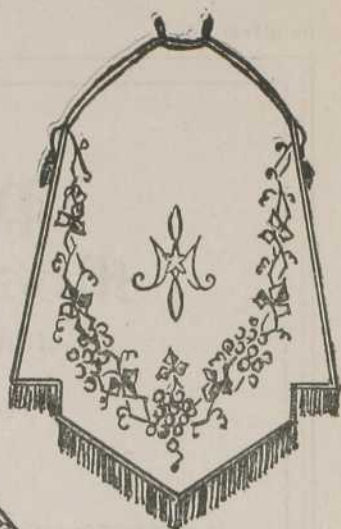
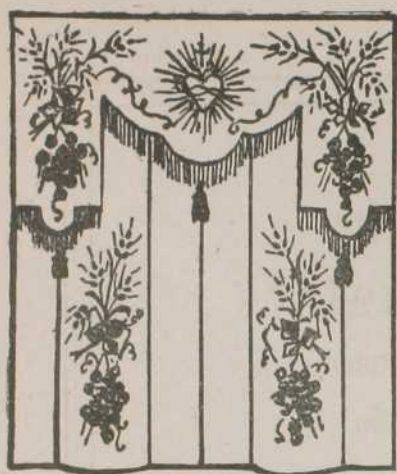
Missionaries must undergo several years' preparation before being able to commence their apostolic labors in foreign fields.

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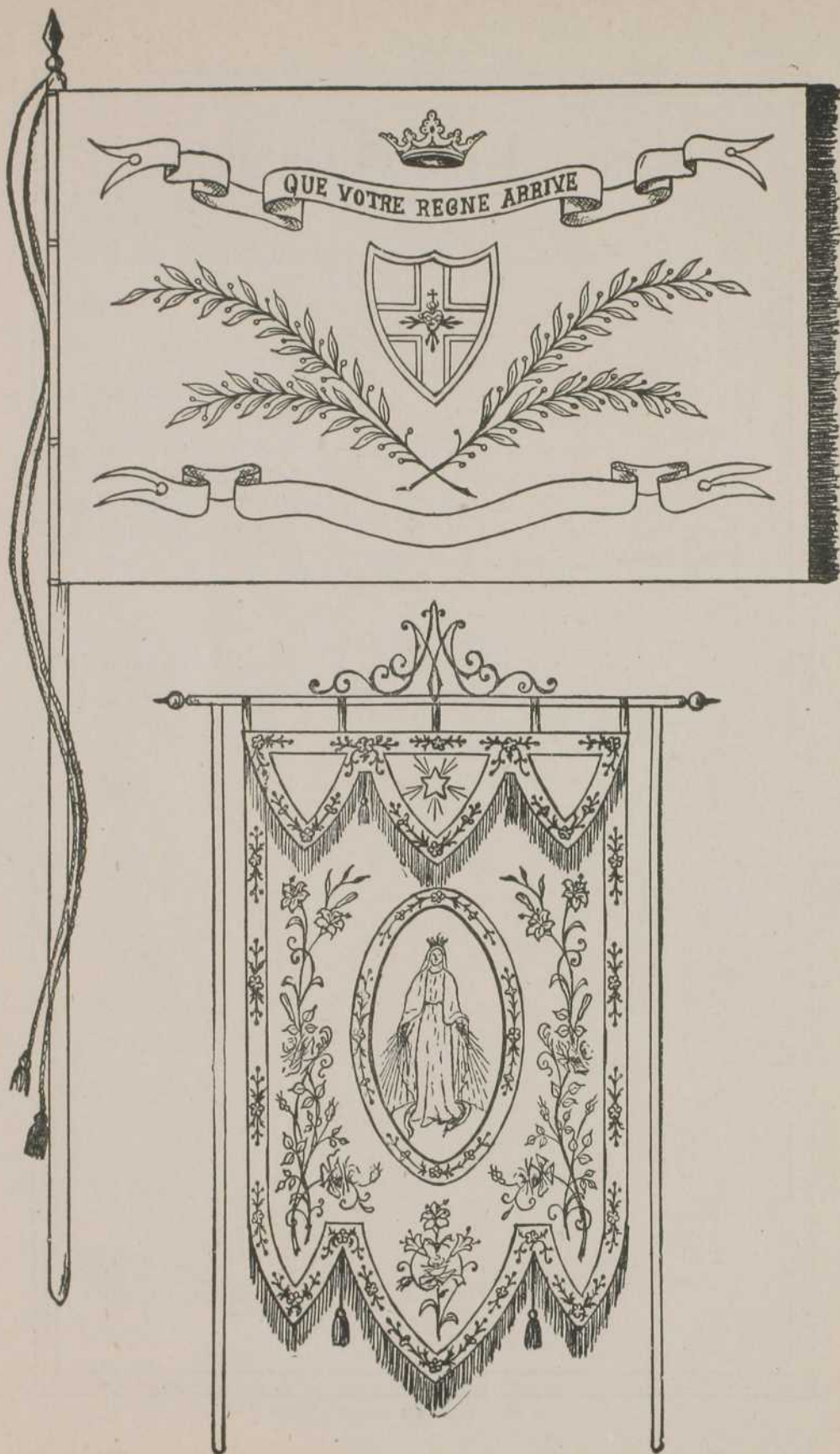


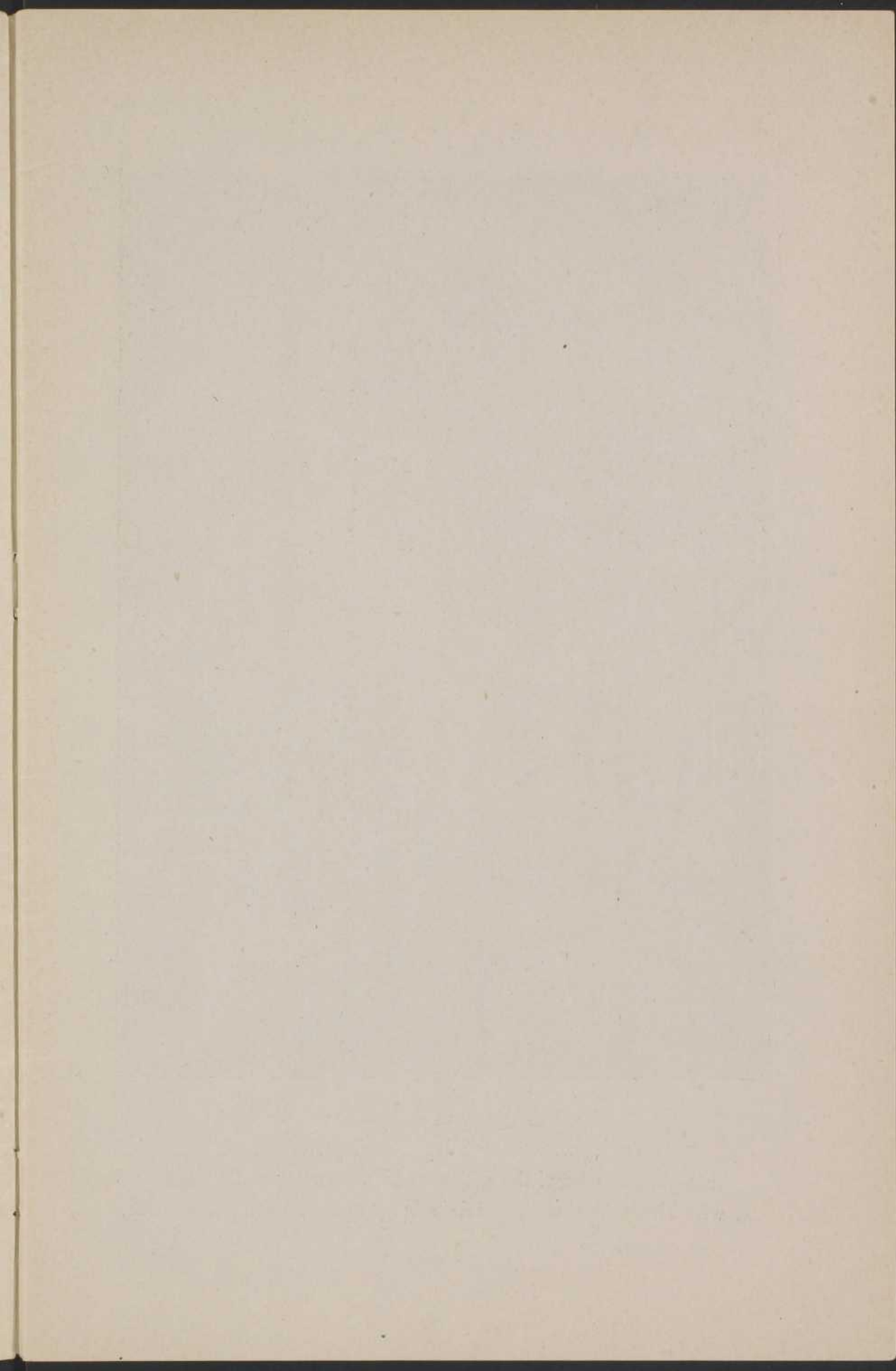
Kindly Read Attentively

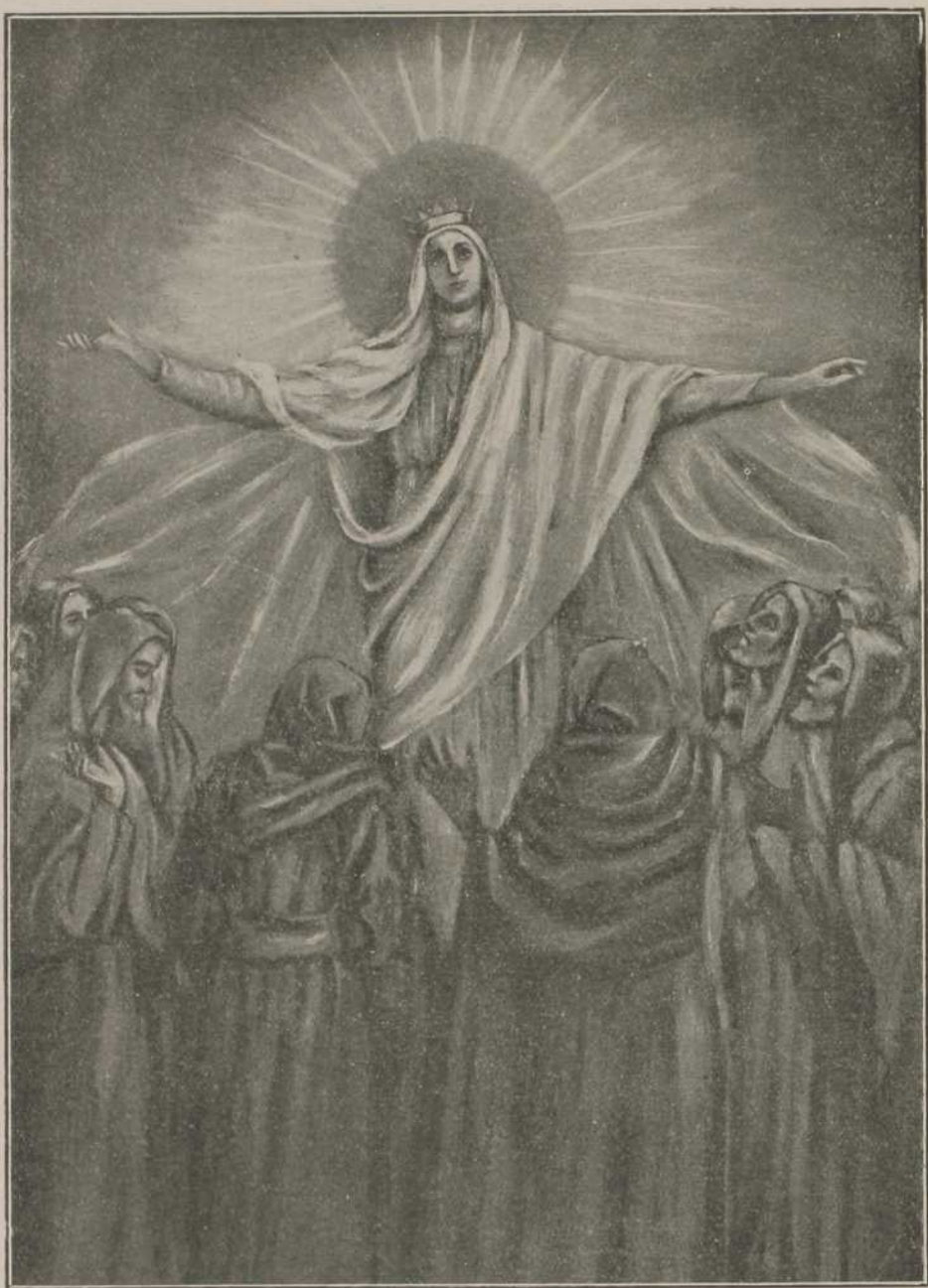
Chasuble, damask silk, silk braid	\$ 18.00 and \$ 28.00	
" moire-antique, with beautiful emblem	30.00	" 38.00
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Breviary Marks	1.00	" "
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	Corporals	8.50 " "
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	Purificators	5.00 " "
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Small	\$1.00 per 1000
Large	0.37 " 100







Our Lady of Apostles
cover with your all-powerful protection
the missionaries of the entire world, and maternally bless
all who share in their apostolate by prayer, sacrifice and alms.

THE PRECURSOR

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CONTENTS

In the Springtime of Our Lady.....	124
Pateng saw.....a light ?.....	125
On a Holy Childhood Round	127
Vocation	128
Chronicles of the Exposition	133
How a Former Bonze Novice won Heaven.....	135
Votive lights in honor of the Blessed Virgin.....	136
The Diary of a Guardian Angel.....	137
Conversion of a pagan	144
Power of Simplicity of Heart over the Heart of Jesus.....	146
Echoes from our Missions	148
Extracts from the Novitiate Chronicles	157
A few Roses scattered by the Little Sister of the Missionaries.....	168
Pauline Marie Jaricot, Foundress of the Association of the Pro- pagation of the Faith	170
Chinese Superstitions	175
Thanksgivings	177
Petitions	178
Necrology	180

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our Lady of Apostles	122
The Immaculate Virgin	124
Our Lord's Appeal	128
A Bonzes' Residence	134
Playtime at the Foundling-Home of Canton	149
In the Garden of Our Chinese General Hospital, Manila, P. I.....	152
A few of our Patients of Manila resting in the Garden.....	154
Novitiate of the Missionary Sisters of the immaculate Conception, Pont-Viau	158
Monthly Retreat for the Novices	160
Novices in Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.....	161
The Refectory of the Novitiate.....	164
Novices at Study	166
The Little Sister of the Missionaries.....	168
Magician practising his craft over the evil Spirits.....	175



In the Springtime of our Lady

*O joyous heart of mine, what shall I say !
The crescent shimmers in the dusk of May,
And blooming in the shadow of the grass
I see a lone
White as the snows of holy Candlemas.*

*O I would sing a vesper minstrelsy
In honor of the Maid—so fair is she
Who hidden shone when Israel was dark !
The one foretold,
The House of Gold
That held the Hope of priest and patriarch.*

*My joy was old in bygone centuries,
And young is it as twilight's hallowed breeze
That whispers over farthest field and wood ;
And I can hear
The message dear
Of stainless Mary's wondrous motherhood.*

*Ere passed the snows of Candlemas away
My heart was sighing for Our Lady's May.
And Mary's Month has come—O blessed moon !
When all is dim
It heralds Him
Who later is the sacred flame of June.*

Henry McLean.

Pateng saw... a light ?

PATENG was an old Igorote from Cayan, who had often heard of Baptism, the Church, Heaven, God, etc., but Pateng was already very old: his head was too empty, too hard: it could not, it would not think of God, Heaven, the Church, Baptism, etc. His daughter is a Catholic. She often invited her pagan father to pray, to believe, to become a Christian, but each time Pateng heard the oft-repeated demands, he knocked off the ashes from his little copper pipe, shut his eyes once more, pushed up his underlip, saying he was sleepy! There was nothing to be done. Pateng was a pagan and a pagan he would remain; what did he know of God, Heaven, the Church and Baptism? he was too old to pray, to believe, to become a Catholic. Poor Pateng !

Alas! Pateng caught a cold...many an old man was brought to his grave by a simple cold. And Pateng could no longer slip down the bamboo stairs of his shaky hut in the early morning to warm after a chilly night his old limbs in the first rays of the sun...nay, not even his cotton blanket, tightly wrapped around his worn-out body could prevent him from shivering the whole day long. Pateng sat on his heels, in front of a little smoking fire, in the corner of his windowless kitchen, with no other light than that of the half-opened door and of the flickering sparks from the hearth...Pateng coughed...he coughed terribly...as if his soul wanted to escape from his aching frame...and, when I entered the kitchen, as dark and black as the smoke which fills it day and night since the time it was first built, and when I drew near the glimmering light and in the half darkness of the room, I saw Pateng's big glittering eyes in their deep orbits, nearly as big as his small puckered-up face, half covered by his once red handkerchief, and when I heard the heavy breathing of Pateng, which seemed like a death-rattle, I involuntarily recalled to my mind parts of some old time-worn stories my mother used to tell us in the evening to keep us off the street...

"Pateng, my friend, you look pretty bad.

"Hm", says Pateng.

"Are you suffering much?"

"Hm."

I sat on my heels near Pateng and, as often before, I talked with my old friend about God, Heaven and Baptism, etc.

Pateng hummed often, coughed more than usual, and his big eyes seemed to find the fire very interesting: does it not warm his chilled limbs, restore life to his broken-down frame, and do him good in every way?

I called the daughter and told her to repeat often the principal truths of faith to her old father and to ask him now and again to become a Christian.

"Ay, Apo, I fear he will never accept Baptism".

"Take this and put it under his pillow" and I gave her a Miraculous

Medal saying, "Pray every day to the Blessed Virgin for his conversion."

Two weeks later, I went again to Cayan and of course visited my friend Pateng. He coughed more than ever and seemed even to turn a deafer ear than formerly. I shouted with all my might: "Pateng, how are you?"

He showed me his throat and coughed.

And then he made a sign to me to come nearer.

"Apo", he murmured and on his black face appeared a heavenly smile. "Apo, baptize me" and he put his skinny finger over his shriveled white hair.

What a change! Pateng coughed. He made a supreme effort and lifting his bony arm and hand towards heaven to which he pointed with his forefinger: "I wish to go to Heaven with my children whom you see here." — "Do you believe in God the Father Almighty, in God the Son who became man to save us from sin and hell and in the Holy Ghost? Do you believe in one God Who rewards all good and punishes all evil?"

"I believe."

And so, I repeated the instructions given before, without any apparent result.

The old pagans often refuse to accept the teachings of the Catholic Faith on account of the superstitious practices to be performed for them when they die....

"Pateng, do you renounce forever the caniao (superstitious prayers)?"

"I do not believe in them any more."

And Pateng wiped a tear from the corner of his eye. He felt some trouble. "Apo, will God really forgive me? I cannot pray. I am too old to learn any pray!" I quieted his conscience, helped him to make an act of contrition and...why not? I baptized him there and then, for at my next visit Pateng might have passed away.

A month later I climbed the mountains again towards Cayan. I thought Pateng would be looking at me from Heaven already.

O wonder! While I was approaching the old hut, there came Pateng half bent, but with quickened steps, pulling long puffs from his copper beardbrander. Pateng himself, alive, alert, smiling: "Apo, I am glad to see you. Since my baptism, I am much better and nearly cured." I took a seat on the first step of the bamboo stairs of the shack. Pateng sat on his ever ready heels, in front of me.

"What made you change your mind all at once, so as to ask for Baptism, you who refused it so often?"

"Listen, Apo. I do not know. One night, I could not sleep, nay I could not even lie down: my head was all on fire, my back ached terribly, my body was cold... I sat near the fire, wrapped in my blanket. I smoked my pipe to be able to breathe more easily. I poked the fire to get more light, when, all at once, gazing at my pillow in the corner, I saw something

glittering near it...which looked as big as the light of a candle...I tried to blow it out; it would not go out. I tried to beat it away with the bamboo poker; the light remained...I thought it was a burning coal, which had fallen from the hearth near my pillow...I crept towards it, moved my pillow...the light would not die...I said: Pateng, this is a bad omen...death will take you soon...and I kept on thinking and thinking until I decided to ask for Baptism, and so it happened, Apo, that I asked you for Baptism...the next morning, I told the story to my children...they showed me the medal they had placed under my pillow, without my knowledge...Anyway I wanted to be baptized. I want to go to Heaven with my children."

Did the Blessed Virgin on that night inspire Pateng with his good desire? Did Pateng see only the light of the hearth reflected in the medal? Anyway, Pateng saw a light that night...a little light? a big light? the light that brought him the regeneration of his soul through Baptism and I thanked the Lord for having been the unworthy instrument of the redemption of one more soul, for which, as for us all, He shed His blood on Calvary.

The Little Apostle of the Mountain Province.

On a holy childhood round...

I was thinking...all taken up by the great work that had just been confided to me and trying to find means of enkindling the zeal of the "little Canadian soul savers." I was snatched from my meditation by a charming scene of which I could, alas, have but a glimpse!

For an instant, I have enjoyed the sight of sowers in the fields. The team was at the farther end of the meadow; two strong horses drew the harrow; men whose loud voices I could hear drove them more by word than by hand. The animals went here and there at their masters' liking. In the distance, several men cast grain at random and with a magisterial gesture fully in harmony with the great act they were accomplishing: is it not life that they thus freely distribute?...A little dog gamboled around the horses and seemed such a busy-body! Undoubtedly, when the meal-hour will arrive, it will claim its share: has it not worked all day long?...Young children slide and hide in the furrows; they appear to me as sprouting sheaves cradled by the breeze.

I saw all that in an instant. It was life, springtime, and I delighted in it! The picture was so pretty, so worthy of the brush of one who knows how to use it. Alas! I am neither a great nor even a little Raphael...I am but an humble worker of the Holy Childhood who strives to inflame the hearts of apostles with zeal for the poor pagan children!

Vocation



SAINT PAUL is the great Apostle; he is the patron of apostolical workers as also their model by his zeal, his ardour, his love of souls, his broad-mindedness, the multiplicity of his labours, the variety of his sufferings and the heroism of his death. But his vocation, that is to say the calling that God addressed him, was very special. Confounded and illumined in an instant, suddenly passing from hatred to love of Christ, from revolt to absolute obedience, he is consecrated and apostle in a flash of lightning.

It is an exceptional vocation, sometimes met with, but very seldom bearing this double character of suddenness and brightness.

We do not see such a vocation even in martyrs. They have not, moreover, felt these great commotions, borne these heavy trials which upset a

man's life and change its direction; no reverse of fortune, no separation from beloved ones; they are children, young men, usually very peaceful, ignoring life where they have just arrived. Their vocation, which is an attraction, an impulsion for priesthood and apostolate, manifests itself early, for several, even before they have had the time to learn these words of the soul, happy to yield under the divine exigencies: "Let me know, O Lord, the way in which you wish me to walk, for I have elevated my heart to you."

Penetrating into the future, their eye has first perceived priesthood, and their heart has desired it; they could be seen, mere children, at the village school, placing around them their mates and before an altar, candles, and an improvised censer, strive to imitate the church ceremonies.

Listen to this dialogue taking place in a Norman farmyard between Augustus Chapdelaine and his sister Madeleine, during their parents' absence.

"Little sister," said Augustus, "how nice you could be if you wanted!

—And how? In taking you to church?

—No, in giving me twenty pennies.

—Twenty pennies! and what do you wish to do with them?

—I would like to go to Folligny, and buy something."

—To Folligny? What are you thinking of? Do you know it is far, very far?

—Oh! no, it is not far! And see, I know the way perfectly well, I shall hurry and be back by twelve.

—What do you wish to do with your twenty pennies?

—I cannot tell you; but, you will see, it will be very pretty! You will be pleased, and I shall be so, so happy!"

There was such supplication in Augustus' look and voice, that the elder sister was won. She gave her brother the coveted piece of silver, and the child went off.

At twelve o'clock sharp, he was home again.

"Come and see, Madeleine," cried he in joy. "Here is a chalice." He showed her a tumbler. "Here is what will serve to fill it." It was two little bottles that had held pink candies which peddlars like to display. "And see what a beautiful monstrance!"

In fact, he had succeeded in finding one of these miniscule gilded monstrances that shine so beautifully in toy shops.

"Now," added he, "you must make clothes for me; clothes exactly like those our Pastor wears when he says Mass. You know, the white garment that goes down to the feet, then the red one, in the centre of which is a cross that is worn on the back. When I shall have these, I shall say Mass every day!"

Madeleine smiled on hearing her brother's pious request, and she set to work.

A white shirt was soon transformed into an alb, a few yards of red material served to make the chasuble, stole and maniple; bands of paper, placed in form of a cross, completed the ornamentation.

During that time, Augustus prepared in a corner of the house an altar which he decked with flowers and verdure.

As soon as the preparations were ended, he vested and began Mass.

The first one was scarcely over, when he started a second one, and then a third. Every morning, for a long time, he repeated these ceremonies. In the evening, he would spend his spare time in having processions, Benedictions, and sometimes even funerals.

At last, when eighteen years old, he one day said to his mother, "Mamma, I would like to study and be a priest! I have thought of it so long; but since several months I feel urged more than ever."

Francis Gagelin, another martyr, is not yet ten and he already says, "I shall be a priest."

Bonnard hardly knows how to read and he repeats, "I want to make an 'abbé'".

Peter Neron waits longer; he is already nineteen years old, when one Sunday, after Mass, he comes to his pastor and expresses his desire for the priesthood: "Ah! Father, if it were still time, if I could still study!" And to the priest who objects to his age, the long years to be spent at college, he answers: "I have no other desire than that of doing a little good if God finds me worthy. At all events, let us try..." He tried and succeeded.

Let the child grow, enter the Lesser Seminary, look into life, read, listen; his heart and mind will gradually be fixed on apostolate. 'Tis a conversation, reading, an ordinary event that has made no impression whatever on his mates, and that has moved him most intimately.

Gabriel Dufresse knows the Foreign Missions by Mr. Saint Martin, his former professor gone to China, and he decides to enter that Society; Francis Jaccard hears at Melan the Edifying Letters; he admires men who can thus work and suffer for God; he shall imitate them. John Louis Bonnard says he owes his vocation to the visit of a Tong King missionary, Mr. Charrier; Blessed Father Cornay hears Father Lacombe of the Society of Mary speak with sadness of the falling away of faith in foreign lands, and he feels love for the missions enkindle in his soul.

We are told that one day, he wished to try the apostolic life as he understood it; it is not surprising, for analogous deeds are found in the lives of saints. During a stormy night, he clandestinely climbed the walls that surrounded his home and, imagining he was lost in foreign lands, in an Oriental desert, destitute of shelter, he wandered here and there in the country, condemned himself during the greater part of the night to a forced march, and tried, despite the raging storm, to sleep on a heap of stones; at last, having, towards 4.00 A.M., come to a hamlet, he began to speak of God to the people he found in prayer.

Blessed Dumoulin Borie is impressed by the reading of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith; he prepares for the future, he ambitions by inuring himself to frugal food and not refusing any of the dishes that do not please him.

Sometimes, the inspiration seems to spring more directly and entirely from the elect's heart.

Francis Gagelin is scarcely twelve years of age, he has met no missionary, has not read the Edifying Letters and he already endures rain, cold and hunger. To his sister who asks him the motive of such a strange conduct, he answers, "I wish to harden myself in order to be able to evangelize the savages in foreign countries."

Theophanes Venard, when 8 or 9, rests on the hillock of Bel Air while reading the life of the martyr Charles Cornay. Deeply moved by such suffering and heroism, he utters this heartfelt cry, "And I, also, wish to go to Tong King; I, also wish to be a martyr!" At college, one of his professors seeing him suffer from chilblains, offers him to seek heat; he refuses: "Oh!" says he, "the missionaries whom you spoke of last night suffer so much more!"

Others have not divulged at what hour God made Himself precisely and clearly heard; but all have recognized His calling at the sound of His voice and at the movement of their own heart; they have answered it. What mysterious, unforgettable dialogue takes place between the young man who gives himself and Jesus Who receives him! What perfume, freshness and strength the chosen ones draw from these conversations. It is irrevocable! they will no longer hesitate, they will not look back, they have heard Jesus murmur to their soul, "Come, my beloved, my faithful one. Do not fear, you will be my friend, my priest, another Christ. You are poor, it is true, but I am rich; you are a sinner, but I am He who forgives all to weakness. Come, you will be my priest, my fisher of men. You will always have with you, I promise, a few ears of wheat and a few drops of wine. You will call me and I shall come: you will carry me in you, you will be my Christophorus, you will give me to others; we shall go together, yes, always together, to the end of the world; I shall be your light and strength, your way and life, and you will be my instrument, my vicar; we shall form again to God's image poor degraded souls, we shall nourish and save them, we shall save the human race!"

With ardent joy, in the enthusiasm of their youth, they have exclaimed, "Behold me, O Lord! I am wholly yours, and I thank you for making me your apostle!"

But before landing on these foreign shores where they will be soldiers of Christ, the missionaries will have to overcome many obstacles and even have to engage in battles.

Near them, among the friends, benefactors and teachers, several will not understand that vocation. They will especially view its difficult side and will find it too heavy, too dangerous for these to whom it is inspired; they forget that God chooses weak instruments, exteriorly inapt to do His work. They also dread the allurements of imagination for these young men that distance may fascinate. We do not speak, it is well understood, of directors who study with calm and patience the ever difficult problem of a vocation; of those who seek in prayer and even in prolonged examen the dominating motives of the desires, who put on their guard the souls who are tempted to think that they listen when they do naught but talk; no! we speak only of those who, at first sight, and almost deliberately, repel all idea of calling to foreign apostolate.

Mr. Macrhand's pastor gave, in this respect, an example that should not be followed. He absolutely opposed the young man's departure, calling his aspirations illusions, dreams and even pride. Joseph Marchand was not, have we been told, bright at argumentation; however, strengthened by God's grace that said to him, "Go! be my apostle, my witness, my precursor," he had, to answer, irrefutable motives, presented with terse logic.

In a correspondence, a part of which has been published, we read the objections of the pastor and the answers of the seminarian who expresses his desires, relates the means he takes to ascertain his vocation: prayer, med-

itation, conversation with his director; and at that observation that the unbelievers of France must first be converted, he fitly replies:

"It seems to me that all apostolical men could have been stopped by similar reasons. Men have never lived like angels, or, at least, have long since lost the habit; and if no one had worked for the conversion of infidels before having rendered the Christians of their own country Saints to be canonized, where would we, ourselves, be? Besides, is not God Master? If He calls some to clear the heathen lands, must they say, "Lord, it would be more proper to begin by the sinners, unbelievers and atheists who are near us?" I do not think so. They must obey God and rely on Him for the care to be given their countrymen who need it.

Later, his pastor took him to task and laid before him the difficulty of exercising apostolate, because he was wanting in talents and knowledge. Mr. Marchand could have answered that this was an exaggeration: he preferred to humiliate himself:

"Before reading your letter, I had not fully realized all that was needed to make a good missionary. This vocation already seemed to be very sublime, and in vaguely thinking of what it exacted of science, and above all, of virtue, I was seized with confusion. The result of your advise was first to increase my anxiety but, thanks to God and to the strengthening counsels I have received, confidence has been re-kindled in my soul. Yes, I have very little talent, and I know very little. But Jesus who has chosen poor fishermen to be His first Apostles doubtlessly wishes, in calling me to continue their sublime ministry, to let his power the better appear. Yes, it is especially for me that Saint Paul has said, "*Stulta, infirma, ignobilia et ea quae non sunt elegit Deus*. God has chosen ignorance, weakness, abjection, and nothingness." May he, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, have added on my account, "*Ut confundat fortia et ea quae sunt destrueret*, to confound strength and destroy what is."

The Pastor finally yielded, but with difficulty and after much time.

(To be continued)

We who has no zeal has no love.

St. Augustine.

Chronicles of the Exposition.

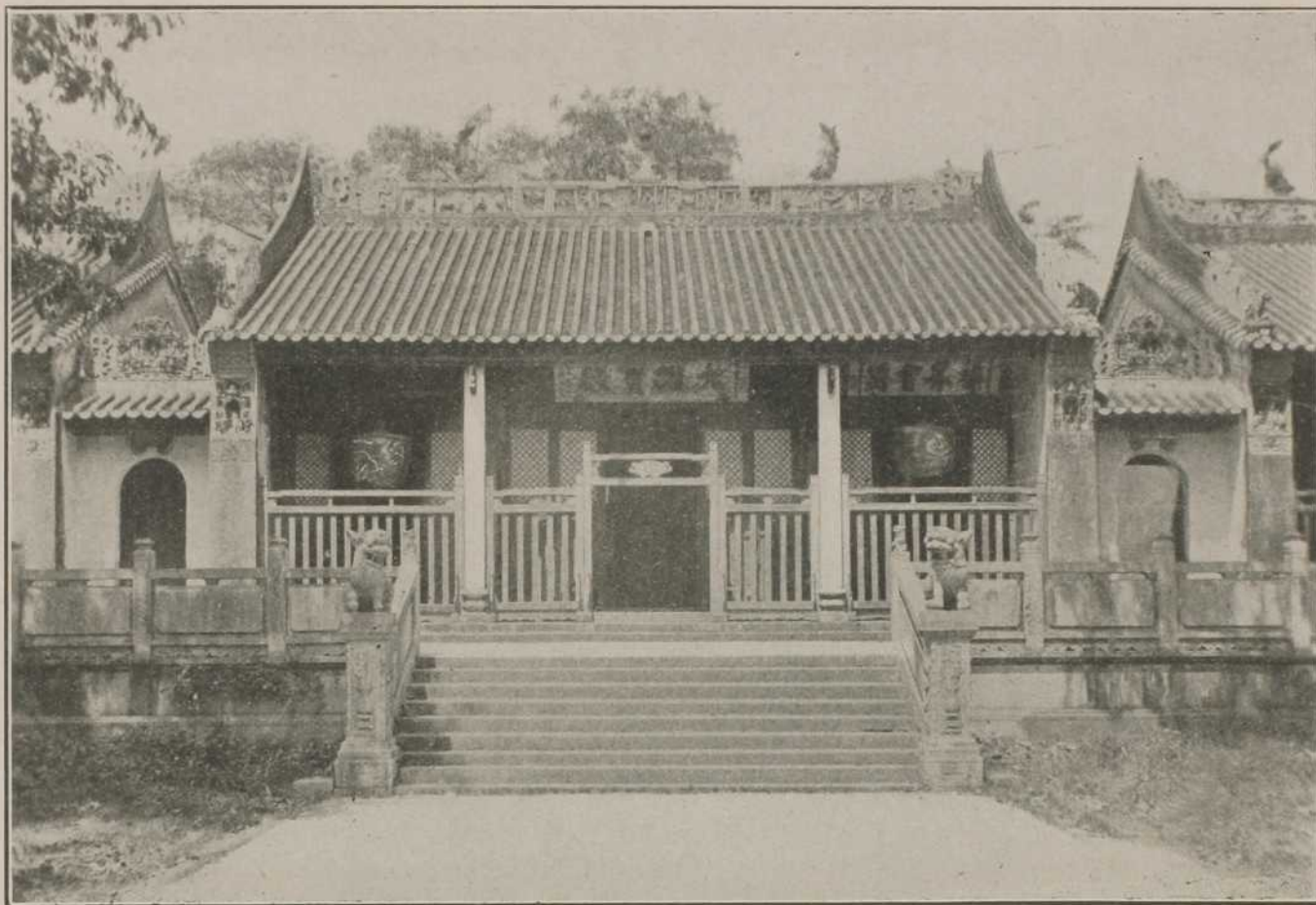
THE date for the closing of the Missionary Exposition was fixed for January 9, 1926. It is estimated that the Missionary Exposition exercised a direct influence over 8,000,000 visitors. If only half of this number would fructify the germ placed in their hearts at the sight of the thousands of objects which so eloquently proved the missionary activity, the work accomplished by so many heroes and of their many sacrifices for the propagation of the Faith, of the results obtained up until now; if only 400,000 of these visitors could realize the task that is still to be accomplished before the desire of Our Lord can be fulfilled; one Fold and One Shepherd, we may conclude that the solitudes of the promoters and organisers of the Exposition, their labors during an entire year, have certainly been well paid. It was righteous in every way that the efforts of the Church be brought to light so as to make known the double character of apostolicity and catholicity which distinguishes her from other religious sects who, here below, dispute the empire of souls.

On January 10, after the closing of the Exposition, a ceremony took place at which the Orders, Congregations and Missionary Societies who had taken part in the Exposition, as well as all the collaborators of the work were invited. They received from the Holy Father a proof of his august satisfaction.

Whoever would like to compare the two ceremonies of the opening and closing of the Exposition could ascertain that the expectations of last year have been completely realized, if not surpassed. May the Lord deign to fecundate the seed sown in all hearts that it may produce abundant fruit!(1)

(1)—Vatican Missionary Exposition Review.

We, missionaries, have perhaps a special mentality, but we think that if the evangelization of the world is not more rapid, it is because the Catholics do not manifest a more efficient interest for this great work. We cannot familiarize ourselves to the piteous condition of the innumerable souls who perish! The dying cry of the Redeemer relentlessly echoes in our souls: "I thirst!" The appeals of the poor pagans break our heart; their voice, powerful as the mighty waters and eternal as their moans, repeats to us the words heard by the Apostle of the Gentiles: "Help! come to save us!"



A BONZES' RESIDENCE.

HOW A FORMER BONZE NOVICE WON HEAVEN

FATHER, I would like some medicine.

—What kind of medicine ?

—It is hard to say. A pagan in the village is suffering from intense pains; all the doctors and all the sorcerers' juggleries are of no avail. You have the confidence of the people of this village; for, last year, during the visit, a pagan who dared to mix with the crowd and kiss the Bishop's ring, immediately felt relieved from his nervous headaches. The Father's medicine will, doubtlessly, have the same virtue."

I promise my visitor to follow him, in order to assure for myself what medicaments would seem useful to administer.

To horse, and off !!!

The villagers are notified of my arrival. Young men see to my horse and one of them leads me to the sick man's house. The floor is spread with clean mats, and the patient, lying in bed, is dressed in his best. The notables of the locality follow and greet me, the deputy-mayor leading all.

In the presence of these, I gravely make my consultation: intolerable pains, no appetite, extreme thinness. What is to be done? A good daubing with iodine for the exterior, and a-dose of iodide of potassium for the interior...

"Dear friend, you know you are very weak. I shall do my utmost to cure you; but...At all events, remember that, after death, there is a life beyond that must be prepared for. It is to teach you to prepare for your happiness in the next world that I have left all: family and country. If I were not positively certain of what I teach, I would not have come from so far and supported so many hardships."

After this preamble, I begin to instruct the moribund on the essential points of religion. My conversation, frequently interrupted by polite *merr Khouan* (the Father is a thousand times right), seems to interest all present. But, as the shortest discourses are the best, I hasten to end mine.

I moreover notice that attention is drawn by another object. The noble hostler carries refreshments which he places before me; he then addresses me a pretty little compliment. The long straws plunged in the fermented rice are taken up one after the other. That which seems to operate the best is given to me, and here I am, savouring the precious liquor. Two or three claps of the tongue express my satisfaction.

Doubtlessly absorbed by what is going on, the sick man feels his sufferings diminish. I wish him a prompt recovery, thank the assembly and beg to take leave, at the same time promising to return.

Three days afterwards, I renew my visit and give a Catechism lesson. The sick man does not suffer any more. He can sit up.

But two days later, a busy pagan passes before the Mission house.

—Where are you going? it is dark !

—Father, the sick man of *Ban bo* has relapsed. He has suddenly been seized with pains; he will die. I am going, on his orders, to procure what is needed for his funeral."

I immediately leave for *Ban bo*. The village is in jubilation. Bonzes have come to offer sacrifices to the genii, in order to avoid the evil spirits during the coming sowing season. The youths surround them. They sing, amuse themselves, and drink.

The sick man,—with his mother, his wife and brother at his side,—is at the worst. His voice is hardly audible, his pulse very weak; but he enjoys full consciousness.

"Well! do you recognize me?"

A sign of affirmation reassures me. I again very pressingly exhort him.

"Do you wish to renounce the devil and go to Heaven? If so, give me your wrist that I may cut all the superstitious strings."

The sign of approval is given.

I take a long cutlass: it will serve me in giving the "evil one" his first blow. Thus armed, I look very much more like an assassin than a baptizer!

There is a last instruction on Baptism; a new assent is required and given in the presence of the near relatives; then, the "evil one" receives his finishing stroke: the moribund is baptized.

A few hours of agony, and the former bonze novice, *Sieng Bunma*, reaches Heaven.

Votive lights in honor of the Blessed Virgin

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

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

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

The Diary of a Guardian Angel

WHEN different seeds have been confided to earth, they all receive the same sun and dew. Each flower that buds has, nevertheless, its own perfume and colours. So is it with souls, so was it with the child of whom God has constituted me the protector and friend.

Born in a numerous family, Teresa was to share in particular aptitudes. Divine Will would, by diverse vocations, separate the members of this house but, according to the Holy Ghost's impulsion, each would bring to his angel numerous consolation and stimulants.

The chiefs of the family where my ward had come to life were fervent Christians, offering to the world spectacles worthy of Heaven. They incited each other to good. They could be seen together at church, at the Tribunal of Penance, at the Eucharistic Table. In joy and in pain, at work and at rest, a same spirit animated them: virtue and piety walked hand in hand.

As soon as Teresa had been baptized, I presented her pure soul to the guardian angels of the house. I was glad to join and become as one of the family. Where the family is numerous, the angels are also numerous.

I did not wish to remain indifferent towards the parents and children nor towards their angels. Their emotions became my own, their joys were my joys, their sorrows, my sorrows. Never did my heart cease to beat in unison with theirs.

But, amongst the spirits who watched over this house, the one that charmed my soul the most, was the maternal angel. He was the one I loved the most and by whom I was most tenderly loved: I saw in him the angel of Rachel and he found in me the angel of Jacob.

Consolation.—A luminous ladder stood between heaven and the house that sheltered this family. Night and day it was covered by superior spirits that came to visit it. Our friends' house offered them a beloved shelter, for nothing was neglected to attract such amiable guests.

Whatever could shock their regard was removed.

Purity of heart, chastity in words, submission, humility, good understanding, everything co-operated to render desirable to the good angels a stay at this blessed hearth.

To call one back to duty, it sufficed the father to say, "My child, do you wish the angels to forsake the house and deprive us of their society? Know that with angels all good comes to us and that, without them, we would be exposed to all evils!"

Morning and evening, all knelt down, being one heart and one soul to pray and thank God for his benefits.

We, angels, united our accents to these blended voices of young and old. No one was missing in his precious crown: whilst Teresa slept in her cradle, I joined my celestial brethren and prayed for my little sister.

The prayers were gathered with great care by each guardian angel. As flowers budding in the soul and blossoming forth in words, they formed graceful baskets that each angel then carried to Paradise where they will ornament the *parterres* until they embellish the immortal crowns of the Blessed who have formed them.

The first Fruits.—The day on which my little one, resting on her mother's knee, lisped the beautiful names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, was for my heart a day of inexpressible joy. Everyone lauded her and I, more than anyone else, thrilled with happiness and joy.

He Who sees to the harmony of the world and Who is rejoiced by our concerts' melodies, had inclined and listened. No chords seemed to bear a charm similar to that of this candid voice.

The child was growing. Fortified by faith, Teresa's reason was beginning to discern good from evil. For fear of displeasing God Whom her father and mother so lovingly served, she refrained from doing the evil which flattered her, and accomplished the good that required efforts on her part.

One day, after my inspiration, she made a sacrifice that ravished Heaven, for it was offered on a spotless altar for the salvation of souls.

At the sight of the marvels wrought by grace in this young heart, what emotions and what hopes filled me !

These first flowers promised a beautiful spring; in the first buds, I could see a splendid harvest. The seed placed in the soil had not perished; it had sprouted and had just opened.

The Vision.—Visible to Heaven alone, I escaped every human regard. Like adorable Providence of whom I was the representative, I revealed my presence only by acts of kindness.

On one occasion however, I let shine before this soul's eyes, a reflex of my beauty. I did not manifest all my brightness; no one in earth's exile could bear the full vision of an angel in glory. I donned exterior forms and, during her sleep, permitted her to contemplate me.

I appeared to her with a bright face, wavy hair, a crown of flowers, an azure tunic, a golden cincture and white wings.

"Wings, give me wings!" cried Teresa, holding out her arms to me.

Wings! was not that the only thing she needed to be an angel? I gave her wings. How happy she was !

Lighter than a bird, she soared and flew.

"See," said she, "I can everywhere follow my guide. Very easily can I, with him, rise above the clouds. Angels bow to me, the Blessed recognize me, the little children smile upon me, Mary holds out her hands to me, and Jesus blesses me..."

Suddenly the little one awakened. She looked around and cried. "What has become of them?—Cheer up, dear child, if you remain pure, your wings will be given back to you one day; your dream will become a reality."

I thus began to draw her towards Heaven by filling her heart with love for these beautiful things the senses will never perceive.

The Eve of the Great Day.—The angels and their wards had assembled in the church and, in the Tribunal of reconciliation, the imperfections that still remained on the young souls had just been thrown into the abyss of mercy where they had disappeared as straw in the furnace.

An angel, however, remained silent and sad: his hand did not carry any wreath. Weeping, he said to his heavenly companions, "For you, fortunate angels, gladness and joy; for your brother, pain and sorrow. In a few hours the soul whom God has confided to me will be covered with a profaned Blood, and you will have but anathemae for it. Sin is in her heart, and, with sin, the thorns, cross, and death."

Our prayers united with the angel's; all in vain: in the midst of the light that inundated us, there still appeared a sinister shadow.

A thought came to me. I gave to the soul I loved a secret foreboding of what she ignored.

Under the impulsion of grace, she recollected herself. I suggested these words, "My God, I shall not betray Thee, I feel intimately confident. But were this great misfortune to befall one of my companions, ah! I implore Thee, O Sovereign Master of hearts, to make a miracle of mercy rather than let any one among us give Thee up to the devil and crucify Thee."

Whilst the Lord was receiving this prayer, a wreath fell from heaven into the hands of the sorrowful angel. Grace was triumphing over the guilty soul. Her angel conducted her to the Lord's minister in whose heart clemency presides and charity reigns, and whose words equal in meekness those of the pure spirits. The child arose with a pure heart, serene features; she was forgiven!

I felt particular sympathy for her angel; new ties united us. Overflowing with gratitude, he said to me, "It is to you I owe my happiness!"

The Maiden.—The quivering of a leaf, a sound in the darkness, a shadow in solitude, would make the young girl turn pale. I did not care to reassure her, "There is," would I then tell her, "preservative timidity and fear."

Modesty shone on her brow, wisdom kept her eyes and heart. An exquisite sensitiveness characterized her piety, and candour lent to her virtue the most touching expressions.

She disdained physical charms which so often rejoice the devil; but she was desirous of acquiring spiritual beauty which the carefully preserved image of God produces. In relation with the angels of Cecilia, Agnes, Thecla, of all the heroines of divine Love, I kept to this heart all the delicateness of its purity.

In order to preserve the soul confided to me from baneful errors and dangers, I inspired her to consult me at all times and to recall my presence at each one of her actions.

Were she invited to worldly reunion: "I cannot go without you, O heavenly Friend", would she say, "and I would not dare beg you to take me there."

Did a bad book come under her hand: "Could I draw your pure regard on pages dictated by Satan?"

If she were frightened by the difficulties of duty: "You are my help, aid me; I do not want to make you blush at my cowardness."

Nothing was made without my approbation. She shared in my wisdom and acted according to my advice.

Destiny.—Would I stand near a religious in a cloister or near a mother in her home? Nothing in the present could make me discover future events, and He Who alone knows all had not spoken.

Whatever vocation the young girl would be called to, I understood she had to follow it, and that she could not, without exposing her soul to the direct dangers, be unfaithful, I awaited the revelations of the Most High.

I went to Heaven to consult the book of Vocations; under the angels' eyes, at the precise moment, the page that interested them would open. They received at the same time knowledge of the vocation and the graces destined to give it success.

At the page which concerned my ward, I read, "A holy life in the religious state."

Hardly could I repress my joy: I was to be the angel of an angel!

By her love of God, Teresa had deserved such a great favour. From that time, I took pleasure in ornamenting her soul with perfections and desires of virtues such as she had never experienced; I would make her sigh after the happy moment when it would be given to her to unreservedly immolate herself to the Spouse of her heart.

What did not the devil do to hinder the accomplishment of Divine Will !

It would sometimes be glittering worldly goods that he would present, a brilliant future he would set off, sometimes it was the sacrifice of family and home that he would place under her eyes. But, always, relying on the help I offered her and strong with the love she bore her Saviour, she disdainfully rejected her enemy's suggestions. The latter would go, confounded and roaring in despair, "Will this soul escape us?... And if she were the only loss we shall make? But no! Thousands and thousands of other souls will owe her their salvation, and all these souls, because of her, shall be lost for us!"

Letting Satan give vent to his rage, I inspired my *protegee* the most suave canticles of love, and suggested her with delicatenesses of mortification and humility, to prepare her for the divine nuptials that were soon to be celebrated.

The Religious.—"Come into solitude and in the shadow of the cloister; it is there that God desires you; it is there that His voice calls you." Such were the words I had spoken to her one day.

Fervent and faithful, the religious fully tastes the suavity of the yoke of the Lord, to Whom she has consecrated herself with the greatest generosity.

When Teresa emitted her vows before God, a few partisans of the world pitied her; but her true friends and the angels applauded and surrounded her with joy. The Holy Trinity received her holocaust, and Jesus placed on her finger a mystical ring pledge, of an eternal alliance.

I presented the deed of union to the spirits who filled the holy place.

They showed me, by ratifying it, the part they took in my joy and the interest they bore to the virgin-spouse of the Lord.

The Apostolate.—The most beautiful spectacle that earth can offer is that of a religious family. The souls who inhabit these pious dwellings, like spotless doves, refuse to rest on a sullied world. Their nest is well closed on earth's direction; it is open to heaven alone.

Angels feel at ease in these blessed abodes; the same language is spoken; all live in good understanding; souls have but a single aim, that of more and more resembling the heavenly spirits.

The Lord wished to try the love of his spouse. He gave me a cross which I placed on the religious' shoulder. She kissed it, thanked God who was sending it, and confided in my help.

Henceforth, I became her Cyrenean.

It was consoling for me to see how the press of suffering extracted from her heart but the oil of resignation. I praised the Most High to Whom I offered each day new crowns plaited by my beloved ward's active hands.

In her irresistible desire to please her Spouse, all was a stimulus that she made use of with happiness.

Inanimate creatures, the most simple phenomenons, took a voice and became eloquent to tell her of God's love and draw her own.

During storms, a voice would say to her, "This flash of lightning is God's regard; this peal, the sound of His voice. How many souls remain deaf to it!"—O Jesus, save them," would she then fervently answer.

At the apparition of a rainbow, a voice would say to her, "See here a father's clemency, the smile of God Who is appeased when you pray to Him." She would thank and pray.

Mornings, when she gazed at Nature, a voice would say to her, "All sings a hymn to God. The wicked alone are speechless." Suddenly seized with sublime piety, she would sing God's praises for those who do not sing them.

At the sound of bells, a voice would say to her, "Sighs of grief, hymns of joy, news of happiness, moans of souls, voices from beyond the grave, all touching lessons. Mingle your voice with the solemn and gay notes and publish the glory of the Almighty."

On all sides, in heaven and on earth, mysterious voices sent forth these suave and impressive words, "Pray, sing, suffer, obey, save souls, save your soul." And the maiden prays, sings, suffers, obeys and saves souls.

For that purpose, she has left home and country. Do you see her in a foreign mission, under the wings of her angel who has followed in admiration, and who more affectionately lavishes his care and advice?

The Function.—In Heaven's eyes, how beautiful, noble and lofty are her functions! They place her in contact with the little, the feeble, those whom suffering bruises; to all, she will be an angel of consolation.

I help her in her office.

To whosoever asks for help, I inspire to the apostle of Christ to give, with the material objects, the balm of a kind word, the garment of charity.

To the motherless infants that are brought to her, she opens Heaven by Baptism; on abandoned children, she lavishes the tenderness of her heart; on the sick, maternal care. The ignorant receive from her virginal soul the lessons of purity and love of God, with which it overflows; all are taken in with kindness by this angel I have the mission of leading. How my heart exults when I place at the foot of Eternal God's throne the abundant sheaves gathered in the Spouse's garden enclosed.

I sing a hymn of gratitude whilst the indigent receive from her beneficent hand a morsel of bread, heat their limbs, don new garments and take their rest.

How many angels, guardians of poor unfortunates, have passed in this house in company with their wards, and have admired the religious charity and kindness of a heart consecrated to Jesus Christ! It is because she sees the Saviour in those who suffer. In them, it is He Who is welcomed, sheltered, fed, clothed, helped, consoled.

And, here, there is no mistake. The convent having been a whole day without receiving the Divine Visitor, Teresa felt sad and complained. "He does not appeal to us any more," said she to me; "I have perhaps offended Him!" The arrival of a poor man reassured her.

The very lepers gave her the happiness and honour of relieving them.

Every time she dressed their horrid wounds, deeming it a privilege to thus approach those who resembled most her suffering Spouse, it gave me the occasion of adding a very precious gem to her already rich diadem, and to exalt the mercy and riches of the Heart of Jesus.

Old Age.—Whilst my docile ward followed my salutary instructions, time passed.

Generations had succeeded each other in the convents of her Congregation and, of her contemporaries, no one remained. Alone she stood as a sou-

venir of an ancient epoch. Her virtuous examples rendered her an object of esteem and veneration for the young religious who modeled themselves on her, without her noticing it.

The nearer she was to the end, the deeper my solicitude and love for this faithful soul.

Is it not when it has longer fluttered over flowers that the bee mostly cherishes her treasure ?

I could not refrain from a feeling of deep joy at the thought of her approaching entry into glory. Still I did not too ardently desire to see her last hour arrive: a long life is such a great favour for those who employ it in God's service! It is through long life that a virtuous soul may indefinitely increase her merit and rise above angels. To merit, the angels were given but an instant.

(To be continued)

Here is a list of receipts and disbursements issued this past fall from the office of the Pontifical Work of the Propagation of the Faith, Rome. The receipts were gathered from the following sources:

Europe	\$779,436.73
Asia	9,271.01
Africa	2,259.43
North America	798,631.44
Central America	1,846.82
South America	59,691.06
Australia	1,121.91
Pacific Islands	4,854.92
Miscellaneous	407.03

Total Receipts.....\$1,657,520.35

The disbursements include remittances to Asia, Africa, North America, Central America, South America, Oceania, also to some missions dependent on the Sacred Congregation of the Consistory and to others dependent on the Sacred Congregation of the Orient.

The total ordinary disbursements	\$1,528,882.00
Extraordinary subsidies added to this	106,808.00
Subsidies for passages to the field	52,258.00
To the Holy Father for works in the Orient at his discretion	21,276.59
To the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda for special missionary work	21,276.59

Grand total disbursements.....\$1,730,501.18

A study of the report reveals the fact that Canada contributed \$98,083.62.

Conversion of a Pagan

Li King Ping resided at Zoo hiang (north of T'sa Ka Wei) with his father, mother and three brothers. He was a tailor by trade and, owing to the amenity of his character and the perfection of his work, had a very good clientelage. He, therefore, had the occasion of working for Christians. More than once while conversing, he would ask, "Who created heaven and earth? I have seen theatrical representations, and have admired Nature. I have heard songs and narrations. This is all very agreeable, but necessarily the universe must have existed before them." He then learned the essential truths of religion and assisted at the Church ceremonies during the Christmas Season.

Some time later, he had a Christian apprentice, and, for his sake, observed the obligation of fast and abstinence. If he were asked the reason why, he would simply smile without answering. Sometimes he would say that he owed good example to his apprentice, or again, that he would not dare feast by himself. On Holydays of obligation he would urge his apprentice to assist at Mass, while he, himself, would cease working. To questioners, he would answer that he was going to seek amusement at *Se kieng*.

One day while employed in a house, someone came and asked that prayers for the recommendation of the soul be made, as a Christian woman in the neighbourhood was dying.

All went at the invitation; *Li King Ping* also. On his return he exclaimed, "How peaceful and happy is the death of the Christians! With us, pagans, when a man is about to die, his wife remains beside him lamenting, his sons go outside and recall the soul. There are others at the head of the bed who scream and cry like madmen, yell at him, pull his hair, compress his lips, violently strain the four limbs of his body, and strike him to wake him up. Sometimes they even arm themselves with a sword and furiously strike the two sides of the bed, to chase the devils. Then, the members of the family are afraid and will not dare cross the threshold. The children hide behind the door and cry. I notice that with you, Christians, it is not so. The children remain at the foot of the bed and do not manifest the least fear. The neighbours hasten to recite the prayers for the recommendation of the soul. The men sprinkle holy water, light a blessed candle, and console each other. What peace for the dying !

This year, towards the end of the summer, one of his uncles fell dangerously ill. *Li King Ping*, being confined to his room by sore eyes, tended to him and seized this opportunity to invite him to become a Christian. His uncle having consented, he begged two Christians to administer Baptism.

Improvement and cure followed; as the neophyte was uneasy because he did not know Christian Doctrine: "Wait till your strength be restored", said *King Ping*, "I shall teach you the Sign of the Cross, the Our Father and the Hail Mary."

But before the cure was complete, in his turn *Li King Ping* fell sick. As soon as he was bedridden, he asked to be baptized. His parents opposed. A few days before his death, he earnestly entreated them to grant his desire. His parents then called upon his filial love. He refrained from contradicting them; however he still hoped to receive Baptism and recover like his uncle. On the evening preceding his last day, he sent his apprentice for Christians to baptize him. He begged them to come during the night so as to avoid trouble. When they arrived at dawn, he could hardly breathe. He nevertheless could say to them, "Thank you! I greatly feared to die last night. Happily, God has left me in this world. For quite a number of years have I desired to become Christian; but this time, be it to live or to die, I am resolved to be baptized. Give me Baptism. I do not very well know Christian Doctrine nor prayers. If God cures me I shall learn them. As to the Commandments, I have long since observed them." He received the name of Bartholomew. His wishes were granted; he was no longer uneasy; he even seemed not to be able to adequately express his gratitude. The evening of that same day, his strength and consciousness declined; his family feared he would die without witnesses. Consequently, they encircled his bed. Thinking they were going to molest him, the dying man reassured them and told them to retire: "I am going to die," said he. You must not lament over me; loud cries unnerve me." He then closed his eyes, bent his head and breathed his last. When his mother returned, she thought he was sleeping; then, not seeing him move, she drew nearer, spoke at his ear, wailed and wept. His brothers came with the father to pull his hair, press his lips, cry and lament. They embraced the corpse and would not leave it.

Li King Ping had very often, whilst in life, exhorted his family to become Christian. "Become Christian," would he tell them, "and you will no longer be unhappy. Your life and death will be peaceful." But his death was more eloquent than all his discourses. He remained smiling, reflecting peace in death, which had been one of the motives of his conversion.

How can a Christian who understands the Crucifix and value souls, think, before God, of the waving multitudes in heathen lands, who live and die without Divine Love, and remain insensible !

POWER OF SIMPLICITY OF HEART OVER THE HEART OF JESUS

KINDLY listen to this story of a little eight-year-old girl.

In order to better prepare herself for her First Communion and show Jesus her ardent desire of receiving Him, she deprives herself of beverage during the whole summer season, and refrains from eating fruit or anything refreshing. But Our Lord is never outdone in generosity. He recompensed this heroism by extraordinary communications in holy Communion.

The dear little one, believing that all were favored as she was, spoke to anyone of what Jesus said to her; and when I told her she should not do so: "Why?" asked she.

—Because these are little secrets between Jesus and you, and if you told them to anyone at all, Jesus would perhaps remain silent.

—I understand. I shall speak no more about those things."

I nevertheless wish to reveal to you one of those intimate and divine colloquies, and you will witness the familiarity and tenderness which may exist between God and souls.

This little flower of the Heart of Jesus speaks to Him as a sister to her brother and Jesus answers in like manner:

"Tell me, little sister, do you love me?" asks Jesus one day.

—My little Jesus," answers she, "we must not ask such things!

—And why not, little sister?

—Because you know full well, dear little Jesus, that I love you, and that my heart is wholly yours.

—"Yes", said Jesus, "I knew it; but, do you see, I like to hear it repeated to me, and that is why I asked you."

Sometime later, the child, having forgotten her naïve conversation, in her turn feels the need of asking Jesus: "My Jesus, do you love your little sister?"

And Jesus in turn answers: "My little sister, we must not ask such things!

—Why? does she ingenuously ask.

—Because you know full well that my Divine Heart belongs to you entirely.

—Well, do you see, dear little Jesus, I feared I had displeased you. Now, I am happy."

Desiring to ascertain if there were not in this any imagination, I one day said to the child:

—To-morrow, in your Communion, ask Jesus for a present.

—What present, Father ?

—You will say, 'Dear little Jesus, my confessor has told me to ask you for a soul, as a proof that it is you who speak to me.'

—What soul ?

—Ah! that, you do not need to know! Simply ask for the soul of a great sinner."

At the following confession, she said to me: Father, it is understood!"

As I pretended not to remember: Father, you know, you told me to ask a proof from Jesus. He said to me, 'My little sister, it is done!' He has also said, 'Ask me for souls, I shall give them to you. Tell your confessor always to ask for some, he will have them. But, for that, you must be very humble, very obedient, very amiable, make sacrifices to win them. Only, do not make anything without asking permission from your confessor; if he permits, it is all very well; if he does not permit, I prefer obedience, you know.'

—Father, this soul is already coming. Hurry, give me absolution, because Jesus said it would come on the day I would go to confession.

I then tried to draw her attention by speaking of something else, but, profiting by a moment of silence: "Father, I beg you, give me absolution! I feel that soul is coming, here it is!"

As the little one directs her steps towards the altar to perform her penance, I leave the confessional and, facing me, see a door open. A person of note, but impious, a man who never was seen at church, advances:

"Father", says he, "I do not know how it is, I am struck by grace, I am no longer myself. I have come to go to confession."

How touching, this avowal made in tears! "I do not know how," would he repeat, "I do not know why!"

I could have shown him the pious child humbly making her penance and said to him, "You are her conquest, it is to her prayer that you owe your conversion."

This is how simple souls are all-powerful over the Heart of Jesus. He cannot refuse anything to them because they are sure of Him.

Father Mateo.

(Towards the King of Love.)

Echoes from our Missions

IT is with an inexpressible joy that we greet, this morning, two of our dear Sister from China: Sister Mary Celina and Sister Mary Immaculate, come back to Canada, after ten years' apostolate in Canton, to solicit help from their relatives, benefactors and friends, for their dear mission in distress. Needless to say that after the emotion of the "meeting" we hasten to enquire about our dear Sisters out there, of the poor unfortunates confided to their care, and of their actual situation:

"Nothing in the papers", they say, "can give you an idea of what has been and what is yet, this strikers' revolution...the Chinese want at all costs, to again become the masters of Hong Kong; even yet, not an article that has passed this English possession can enter Canton; the strikers sieze everything and sell it at their own profit." A few days before the departure of our Sisters, the Superior of Canton had bought a small provision of flour to bake the bread,—the flour coming from Australia had passed by Hong Kong, — a real crime in the eyes of the strikers!... Our Sisters had to pay for it in spending almost three days sitting on the criminals' bench among thieves, murderers, etc..., after reclamations, discussions, alternatives of every kind, and after having signed about twenty different papers, the bags of flour—the life of the Fathers of the Bishopric, the Sisters and the poor unfortunates under their care—was finally given up to them. The next morning, they went to Shameem, as usual, for the piece of ice and the pound of butter that a friend gives them daily: the striker who keeps the gate grabbed the parcel and threw it into the river. "nothing comes into Shameen, nothing goes out of it," said the unmerciful striker.

APPEAL TO GENEROUS SOULS!

'Tis not the strangers alone who suffer from these disturbances, misery reigns in the Chinese homes...more frequently than ever the bell of our foundling-home announces the arrival of an infant whose parents are too poor to feed ! The Christians in the country-places exclaim, "Oh! *kou neung* (Sister) if you could see, since this war, all the little ones that are thrown away and who die without Baptism!..."

We trust that Almighty God will inspire our benefactors to send us the necessary resources to realize our ardent desire of opening Heaven to this multitude of poor little abandoned babies and of establishing foundling-

homes in different sections of the mission. In each of these foundling-homes, we are certain, that at least six or seven hundred infants would be rescued yearly.

O Mary Immaculate, Queen of the Holy Childhood, send us charitable souls who, by their alms, will help us rescue these immortal souls and procure for them, by holy Baptism, the happiness of Heaven!



PLAYTIME AT THE FOUNDLING-HOME OF CANTON.
These dear little ones do not suffer from the war.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Chinese General Hospital,
Manila, January 15th, 1926.

Very Rev. Mother Marie du St. Esprit,
Superior General,
Convent of the Miss. Srs. of the Immaculate Conception,
Outremont, Canada.

Very Rev. and Dear Mother;

It is some time since Sister Superior imposed on me the pleasant task of thanking, thro the same medium, those who responded so generously to the appeal you inserted in the Precursor for good interesting Catholic literature for our numerous personnel here. But there is always something to claim my minutes and I am only now able to write.

The first books that reached us came from Miss Aldoria Gagnon of Worcester, Mass. and Mr. Bernard King of 51 Cherry St., Burlington Vermont. In all we received several excellent volumes which are very much appreciated by those who read them. But we had hoped to receive many more. They cannot fail to do a world of good—and we shall not cease to beg God to shower His choicest blessings on the generous donors.

But, good and dear Mother, you know that since we have many proofs of the good results produced by the reading of these books we would beg for more, these people are passionately fond of study and they will read anything. If we can furnish good literature they will accept and profit by it; if not, they will procure some of the countless vile and fictitious books that are being freely circulated and that cannot but poison the minds of all who read them. Then books, dear Lord, good Catholic books in showers for our nurses, patients, and houseboys. We, on our part, assure all who supply them a constant part in our most earnest daily supplications.

As you know this hospital is named Chinese but it is a general hospital and we have patients of all creeds and races. During the last few months we have had many students, medical and others. Most of them have T. B.... One, a Mr. Corpus, came here from a students' dormitory. He came from a nearby Province where he was baptized and brought up a Catholic. On arriving in the City he went to a protestant dormitory and followed the prevailing religion as being a poor boy it was very much more advantageous to him to do so. He came here as a protestant and being able to walk about he begged for books to while away the time. We gave him good Catholic books and in about a week he told us his story saying: "I forgot God and He has punished me". He asked for a Jesuit Father whom he knew, confessed with every sign of sincere repentance and received Holy Communion daily as long as he could swallow, for he had advanced T. B. of the larynx and there was no hope of his recovery. He suffered very much but bore his sufferings with wonderful patience because he wished to make reparation for his past negligence.

Another young Chinese student had a tooth extracted and infection set in finally developing in T. B. of the glands. He was in the hospital for months and, as he was reporter for a Chinese paper, reading and study constituted his happiness. Of course we gave him what we could offer and before he left, for he is well now though not over strong, he asked for a Catechism and begged to be baptized.

We also had a young Chinese lady (a pagan) who begged for something to read. We had nothing but a catechism to give her as she did not understand English. She became interested, read it over many times and begged the Father in charge of the Chinese to give her other books. She was baptized and became a fervent Catholic. There are many other cases which I have no time to mention here.

Good and dear Mother, you remember the little Life of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus by Mother Mary Loyala which you sent me some time ago. Everybody was enchanted with it. One of our graduate male nurses read it and begged to take it home for his wife to read. He brought it back and it went from one to another, everybody wanted it at the same time till finally, it was stolen... Such is the kind of books we need. Interesting lives of different Saints. The Lily of Israel. Interesting story books, illustrated as much as possible. Comedies, in English only for girls of about 20 years. Nothing where boys and girls are mixed together.

We do not allow our nurses to go to dances and cines but we try to give them other wholesome amusements instead. We have only three or four male nurses therefore we would also appreciate something for them.

Songs for feasts, piano and violin pieces, duets, etc., will be received with joy.

Begging our Immaculate Mother to take charge of this letter and obtain that it reach many generous souls who will be happy to console the Sacred Heart of Jesus by supplying a shower of good books, believe me.

Respectfully and affectionately,

Your little child,

Sister Mary Angeline, R. N.,

Missionary of the Immaculate Conception.

Manila, November 22, 1925.

Beloved Mother,

There took place on the 18th inst., the third graduation at our Hospital. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate honoured us by presiding at the ceremony. Five of our pupils received their diploma. We already have 24 graduates formed at our Nurses' School.

Yesterday was a very busy day. Our five graduates left the Hospital to return home, then I had the happiness of bringing to the Postulate of the Jesuit Fathers one of our houseboys who desires to consecrate himself to God as a lay-brother. The Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady on the Temple was a day well chosen for him to take the first steps in the religious life.

December, 8.

Our patronal feast ever brings us new joys: it animates our love and gratitude towards our Heavenly Mother. With what fervour have we not thanked and prayed, promising to redouble our zeal in making her known and loved. May our august Queen reign in the midst of her children ! Wherever there are Catholic hearts grouped around a tabernacle, there also are found Children of Mary.



Allow me to relate the touching ceremony that took place here, through the streets of Manila, Sunday last, November 29th at the occasion of the Feast of the Miraculous Medal. Never have I seen such a triumph in honour of Our Lady. How can I describe it to you in all its grandor and splendor? The sketch that I shall try to outline will give you a slight idea of this imposing manifestation.

This feast, organized by the Fathers of St. Vincent-de-Paul (Lazarists) and the Sisters of Charity, whose Community had, as you know, the ensign honour of receiving from the Blessed Virgin herself, through the mediation of "Catherine Labouré", the effigy of the Miraculous Medal, was opened by a Triduum, the 26, 27, 28, November, in honor of the three apparitions of the Blessed Virgin, and was terminated by a solemn procession, Sunday, November 29th, at 5.30 P.M. The Religious and pupils of all the Convents of Manila were invited. Three or four canon-shots were fired, then the procession slowly defiled while every church-bell chimed. It was lead by the banner of the Blessed Virgin followed by a group of pupils dressed and veiled in white, walking four abreast, and carrying lighted candles. On each side, the immense crowd of people: men, women and children, also with lighted candles, walking in single file, completed the cortege. Then came the allegoric chariot artistically decorated with flowers and lights, bearing the statue of St. Vincent-de-Paul. Then a second group of about three or five hundred pupils with their banner and white uniforms. The second chariot, also decorated, carried the effigy of the Miraculous Medal: the cross, the M and the two hearts. The whole, of silvered-metal, was of a considerable size.

We, with twenty-five of our nurses also dressed in blue and white, fol-

lowed the third group of pupils. The third allegoric chariot bore the statue of the Blessed Virgin and Catherine Labouré representing the first apparition. The last one, larger and more beautiful than the others, carried the statue of the Blessed Virgin, life size, such as is shown on the Miraculous Medal: a starry halo encircled Our Lady's brow while silver rays emitted from her out-stretched hands.

The procession lasted two hours. It would be impossible to give an idea of the number of people who took part in it nor of the spectators, crowded along the streets and in the houses. The pupils uninterruptedly sang in Spanish: "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee". And like an echo the pupils who lead the procession, in turn, repeated the same ejaculation, accompanied by the cornet, the drum and two other instruments of the orchestra.

It was so beautiful that it made one picture the spectacle that will take place when the Angels, at the sound of the trumpet will together elect from the four winds for the last judgment.

On their return, each group of pupils took their place in the large field beside the church. We believed ourselves in the valley of Josephat. At the entry over the triumphal arch, in electric lights, was the inscription, "O Mary conceived without sin, etc."

How thrilling it was to hear the intoning of the final hymns, the Memorare and the Salve Regina!

Again the cannon resounded three or four times while sky-rockets were sent off, bursting in the air, and falling like showers of sparkling diamonds. Really, it made us think of the last judgment! There, also, the Blessed Virgin will be in all the splendour of her glory. Since her simple image here below ravishes us with admiration, what will it be when we shall contemplate for evermore the glory of her virginity? How I long for that day!

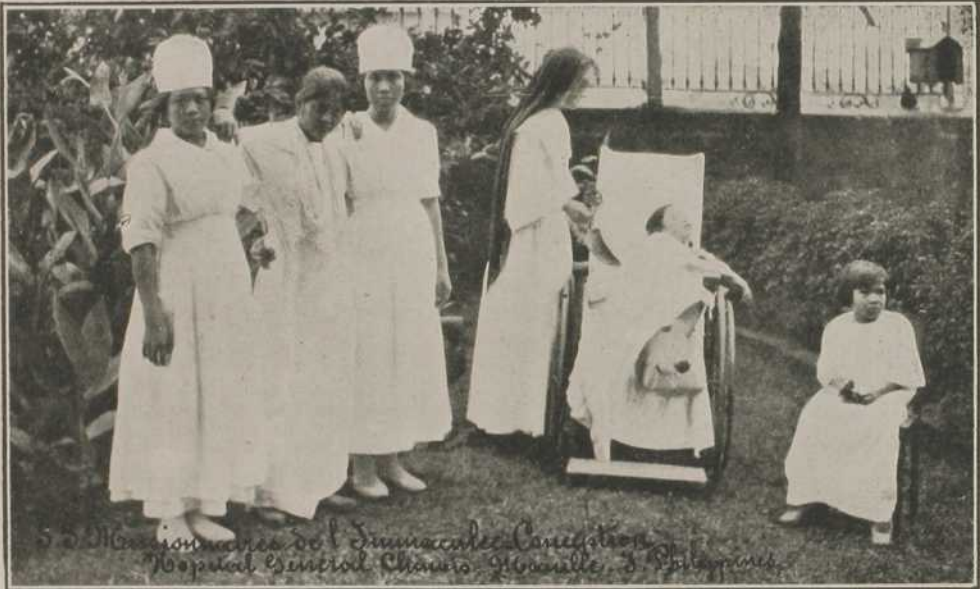
At one o'clock to-day I had the consolation of baptizing one of our dying patients. The poor man, who arrived last night, was unable to keep anything on his stomach, not even medicine. The Doctor judged it necessary to give him a treatment, but, noticing that his heart was in a very weak condition, thought it better to delay a little. As soon as the poor unfortunate was back in bed he said to me in a fully convinced tone, "I am going to die to-night." It was a favourable occasion to have him accept Baptism. He readily consented and chose the name of Joseph. Fifteen minutes later, his regenerated soul took its flight towards its Creator.

The same day, around three o'clock, a native woman arrived, who had been ailing only since morning. Her condition made us very uneasy. Before our night prayer, the thought of this patient kept haunting me, so I went back to see her, asking her companion if she would not like me to get the priest for her relative. Thanks to the marvellous invention of our times: the telephone and autos, a good Jesuit Father arrived soon after. The patient

went to confession, received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction, and at three o'clock in the morning she had expired. Acute appendicitis had finished its work. How happy I was the next day when I realized once again the infinite goodness of God.

January 8, 1926.

During the month of December, our patients were not very numerous, still, these few gave us many a consolation. During the Christmas Novena, we prepared a soul every day for Heaven. Two women received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction; an eight-day-old infant was baptized and took its flight for Heaven; a Christian Chinese, received Extreme Unction fully conscious and died immediately after. Two or three moribunds were also baptized. To crown these series of graces, a German Benedictine Sister



A FEW OF OUR PATIENTS OF MANILA RESTING IN THE GARDEN.

in imminent danger, arrived at the Hospital the 29th of December. We received her with fraternal affection and tried to care for her as delicately as possible.

On the 1st of January, seeing that she was rapidly declining, we thought it urgent to telephone to her Community. Two of her Sisters came, called their Chaplain who gave her Holy Communion, recited the prayers for the recommendation of the soul, then asked her if he could do anything else for her. "No," said she, "I desire nothing more." And a ray of celestial peace covered the pale features of Sister Teresa. The priest retired and her Sisters intoned the Psalm that they sing at their ceremonies of perpetual pro-

fession. At the first words the patient collected her strength and with her Sisters, sung without interruption, the hymn of her profession. This heroic act greatly edified us proving the esteem that this religious had for the Rule and the customs of her Congregation. Stimulated every hour by injections, the patient lasted until the next morning, January 2nd. When the priest came for Mass at 5.30 A.M., she received a last absolution; and at the beginning of Mass, 5.40 A.M., she slowly yielded her soul to her Divine Spouse.

She was clothed in her white habit and taken to the chapel of her Convent. The funeral took place the same day at 4 P. M. She is the first Religious that we have had the honor of having as patient, we shall ever keep a lasting remembrance.

The Feasts of Christmas, New Year's and Epiphany, have been very pious and beautiful. Since three months we are having Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on Sundays and Holydays, that reminds us of "home".

We greatly enjoy your letters, dear Mother, we are delighted to receive them, and even anxiously wait for them, but we know how busy you are, overwhelmed with cares of all kinds that you impose upon yourself for the happiness of your children; we know how you labour and what is your love for each one of us.

My fondest "Au Revoir", dear Mother, begging you to believe in the sincere happiness and profound affection of your humble child, who implores Our Immaculate Mother to unceasingly shower, upon you her choicest favors.

Sister Mary of the Visitation, M. I. C.

I'LL TELL YOU...AND...AND...YOU WILL FIX IT UP...

Quebec, February 22, 1926.

Very dear Mother,

The other day, we spoke to you about a Chinese of Thetford to whom our Sisters go to catechise and who will be baptized on Low Sunday. This brave man is very intelligent and will be, it seems, a worthy conquest for our Holy Religion, that he can make known and loved among his own people. In waiting for that happy day when the regenerating waters will make him a child of God, it is with all his heart that he studies our great mysteries, our sublime truths and the impression that he feels is so strong at times that his face reflects the feelings with which his soul is filled. In the illustrated catechism that Sister St. George explains to him, one picture especially strikes

him and lively attracts his attention, that of the crucifixion of Our Lord. Lately, while one of our Sisters was telling him why the God of Heaven and Earth thus wished to suffer and die, he repeated with a very sad expression, "Oh! poor Jesus!... poor Jesus!"

Yesterday, our dear Sister came back all radiant from Thetford: her big pupil had passed his examination. The Reverend Pastor astonished at the intelligence of our Chinese, ventured to ask questions more and more difficult. Our pupil, enlightened by the Holy Ghost and encouraged by the presence of our Sisters, found an answer for every question. After being assured of the motives that prompted our good Chinese to desire the "Holy Washing" (it is thus that the Chinese call the Sacrament of Baptism), the Pastor questioned the catechumen on the great truths and mysteries of our Holy Religion, then on the sacraments. Sure of himself he affirmed that the "Holy Washing" would efface every stain from his soul, the fault that he received with life as well as the sins he committed since the age of reason. "That is alright for the sins you committed before Baptism," said Father, "but after, are you not going to sin anymore and if you do, how will you manage, as you can only receive the "Holy Washing" but once? Our good Chinese hesitated a moment, then answered:

—"After, after, well, if I commit any....I'll tell you...and...and...you will fix it up!..."

The sentence was said in such a convinced tone that we could not help smiling...the catechumen then explained that the power to forgive sins was given to the priest by the bishop, who, himself, had received it from the Sovereign Pontiff who held it from Jesus Christ.

After a few more questions the examination was terminated to everybody's satisfaction but especially to that of our brave Chinese who exclaimed: "Oh! I'm so glad!...I'm so anxious!..."

Thanks to Our Immaculate Mother for the consolations she reserves for her children, even those who are not working in the land of their dreams. We beg this good and powerful Mother to often give us the happiness of winning new conquests for our Divine King; we know, very dear Mother, that this is what fills your soul with joy: win souls for Jesus through Mary, is it not the unique aim of our life?...

Your loving and very grateful child,

Sister Pauline-Marie, Sup.

Extracts from the Novitiate Chronicles

Saturday, January 16.



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

St. Bernard.

Sister Superior just back from the Mother-House has brought us pictures and leaflets, sent by our dear Sister Assistant, bearing beautiful and profound thoughts such as: "All becomes light to him that abandons himself to the action of the Holy Ghost", or again: "The first project of Founders bears the seal of the Spirit of God, it cannot be touched without danger". We are determined to put them into practise. Yes, with the help of God, we shall abandon ourselves to the action of the Holy Ghost so that, impregnated with His Divine Light, we, ourselves, may become living torches that will illuminate the nations still sitting in the darkness of paganism.

"The first project of Founders bears the seal of the Spirit of God, it cannot be touched without danger". It is with respect that we read and re-read this thought so full of verity! We must, however, admit that at first sight the practical part of this does not seem so difficult and its execution does not appear to demand a resolution, for which one of us, for instance, would dare impair what has been established by our Venerable Mother Foundress?... We feel only too well that it is the spirit of God Himself that both guided and inspired her, even to the smallest particulars. Nevertheless, after having deeply reflected, we perceive that the "project of Founders" may be attacked in many ways; and that this occurs every time that we do not take the pains of acquiring, in all its fulness, the spirit of our vocation such as was inspired by God and bequeathed to Her who has been charged with the foundation of the Institute. We again injure this "sacred project" when, through any passion whatever, we destroy in a more or less greivous degree, that which has been established at the cost of so much labour and sacrifice.... We begin by trifle infractions, and little by little, we not only injure the "project" but destroy it entirely. What a responsibility!...Grant, O Lord, that none of us will be so unfortunate as to harm in any way a foundation that is so manifestly the work of Thy hands! On the contrary, may we be all living copies of Her whom, in Thine infinite goodness and mercy, Thou hast given us for Mother and Foundress, and whom Thou hast marked with the unction of Thy Divine Spirit !...

Sunday, January 17.

To-night while we are quietly resting within the enclosure of our little azure cells, Mother Earth dons her immaculate mantle; all is white...trees and fences are decorated with pretty white flakes that sparkle like myriads of stars under the sun's dancing rays.

What an ideal day to try our Christmas present: our lovely tobaggan!... Even though January is well on the decline we have not yet had enough snow to be able to carry out our sliding schemes. So, at noon, recreation has scarcely rung when we are all muffled up and are off...pulling our tobaggan loaded with little missionaries, accompanied by our faithful "Mossy". This scene has something poetical for us for it awakens in our souls an apostolic ideal. It reminds us of the "Polar Glaciers" in the Extreme North where, on tobaggans and sleds the Apostles of the Faith advance, despite a thousand dangers, to the conquest of the poor Indian tribes.

But the exuberant joy that animates our playful caravan denotes that the little novices are not absorbed by the cares and responsibilities of apostolate...And still, this happy outing, by the mere fact that it is taken through obedience, to accomplish God's Holy Will and with the specific aim of working for the salvation of infidels (since all the actions of our life are consecrated to this end) firmly assures us that, while laughing so heartily, we are working to open Heaven for many a poor unfortunate.

Besides, when the Divine Master wished to confide to the Prince of Apostles the mission of feeding His Lambs and Sheep, He asked him, first of all, as proof of his love and devotedness, only to take a few steps after Him. It was, it seems, a very easy trial...but by that did Our Lord not wished to show us that to be real apostles, it suffices to know how to love and to

obey the least of His desires?... So, it is with a like ardour that we accomplish what is agreeable and disagreeable, and when we have thus unreservedly given ourselves to the sway of Love, we have nothing more to fear; we may, like St. Peter, receive the prediction of the



Cross...of martyrdom!...Grant O My God, that it be thus with each one of your little missionary-aspirants of the Immaculate Conception!

Wednesday, January 20.

The course of religious instruction, given by our Reverend Chaplain, is at present on the episode of Creation. When we were little, the subject seemed so dry and above all so *complicated*, for it was no small problem to keep in their proper rank the answers to the different questions: "What did God create the first day?...the second day?...the third day?... etc. Nor did we then savour, as we do now the pleasure of considering the All-Powerful drawing from the Chaos, the marvels of Creation; we did not stop at the rejoicing fact that even then God thought of each one of us, and planned our happiness!...

Oh! how sweet and profound is this mystery, and how it urges us to make of our life a perpetual "thanks"! At least is it not fit to do like the little birds who, on the evening of the fifth day, scarcely having left the hands of the Creator, intoned a hymn of praise which is still repeated and which will be modulated until the end of time?...Let us also enceasingly repeat our hymn of gratitude, and as long ago, may the Celestial Father look, each evening, upon the humble "Aviary of the Immaculate", as He did upon His works, and find that "they are good".

Sunday, January 24.

A great distraction on the part of our little Sister who is charged with ringing the bell gives, not a small problem, to the novices to solve.

'Tis here: The bell rings for rising: as usual, we promptly respond. The morning prayer, the Angelus, meditation finishes, and...time passes... still Mass does not begin...And yet, it is generally on time...Sister Superior decides to telephone to the Seminary, for to-day is Sunday, and she certainly cannot allow this housefull to miss Mass! Shortly after, she returns, calls us from the Chapel and sends us to study. How strange!! But under circumstances it is very easy to obey blindly...So we bury ourselves in our books...Intellectual labour is supposed to be easier when fasting...This is what we soon experienced.

An hour later the bell rings and we repair to the Chapel for Mass: we adore, pray and sing. After breakfast, each one goes to her respective charge...The little missionary-aspirants, accustomed to hold as very precious every moment that God gives them, judge that they need to be exceptionally diligent this morning to manage, in spite of all, to be on time for the first spiritual exercise, for the clock has its hours well marked, and we, well, we have one less this morning!...

But here is the riddle...Same time for breakfast, same time for the housework, same time for the exercises, singing, study, etc... If we must deduct an hour, on what shall we deduct it?...and the clock, how strange, same time also!! Is it possible that, as for Josue, the sun has stopped in its

course? Or is it as in Heaven where, it seems, there is but one large clock that marks a day without evening, an hour without end, the day, the hour of eternal happiness, of perfect felicity?... Still, no, it cannot be that yet. 'Tis true, that in the shadow of our sanctuary, under the roof of the Immaculate, our days are, as much as can be here below, a foretaste of Heaven; still they are not yet without evening...

Here is the solutino to our problem: Our little Sister has, this morning, rung the bell *an hour too soon*.

Tuesday, February 2.

The subject of meditation and the hymns chosen for to-day's feast



MONTHLY RETREAT FOR THE NOVICES.

of the virtues of purity and obedience.

recalls the mystery that we celebrate: the Purification of Mary and the Presentation of Jesus in the Temple. After having considered and contemplated, the prayer that spontaneously escapes from our heart and lips has for object to obtain from our Divine Saviour and His Immaculate Mother, love of sacrifice and the perfect practise

The annual retreat opens to-night which will close in the eleventh, by the ceremony of Holy Habit and Perpetual Vows. At this occasion several of our elder Sisters come to join us. They arrive in small bands. What a happiness for us to welcome those we already know and to become acquainted with those we have never seen. We would like to receive them grandly, but Alas! our house is so small! ! We must, however, make room the best way we can. At the chapel, the dormitory, in the refectory, everywhere, they will be crowded, but what matters, we are at home, and as long as each one had a bed, is not that the principal point? How readily we give up our cells and establish our residence in the ailes of the dormitory !

The retreat opens at 4 P. M. The entire Community is buried in the deepest recollection. We are but a few novices who will not share the Heavenly manna that will be distributed during these nine days, but it will

be a compensation for us, in taking the part of Martha, to allow our dear Sisters to give themselves up entirely to that of Mary. So, we must see to the cooking! What a responsibility!! for we say to ourselves, that our knowledge in the culinary art is not very extensive...In any case, we promise to see that everything will be ready on time and that nothing burns!!!...

Thursday, February 11.

An atmosphere of serene joy envelopes our dear Novitiate white Heaven seems to have but the sweetest smile for the "Aviary of the Immaculate". Is it not also the anniversary of the happy and memorable day when the Virgin of incomparable purity descended upon our earth to smile at Bernadette?

To this virginal and maternal smile, the child of Massabielle responded by the gift of self: she consecrated herself without reserve to the service of Her who had enraptured her, reserving no other happiness than that of extolling the beauty and mercy of the Immaculate Conception.

Would it be rash to make a few comparisons between our happy vocation and that of the humble peasant of Lourdes?...Like Bernadette, is it not thanks to a benevolent smile of our Immaculate Mother that we owe that look of predilection cast on our souls by our amiable Jesus?...Like Bernadette, is it not in response to a maternal sign of Mary that we have taken rank under the white banner of the Immaculate Conception, and that we wish to consecrate our lives in making this tender Mother known and loved?...Like Bernadette, have we not received the noble mission of erecting for her, not only a temple, but temples, material and spiritual; material temples



NOVICES IN ADORATION BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

where innumerable graces will be culled, graces which her Divine Son has charged her to shower upon the entire world; and spiritual temples, Oh! Yes, it is these especially that we shall strive to erect in honor of our Divine Mother: each soul won for our Holy Faith will become a temple consecrated to the Immaculate Virgin, for it is on her help that we count to be enabled to draw Jesus into the souls of poor pagans, to guide and protect them.

Deeply penetrated with the noble and happy destiny which is theirs, 26 of our little Sister postulants repair to the foot of the altar to contract the divine betrothal, and ten of our professed Sisters, to definitely ratify the vows, which have been so freely and so often renewed. For some, as recompense for their generosity, they receive the white livery of the Virgin of Lourdes, and which is also the seal of the family whose glorious title they have just taken: "Children of the Immaculate Conception". The others, after having bound themselves "forever" to Jesus, receive, with inexpressible happiness, "the ring of fidelity", precious jewel which will ever shine on their finger reminding them that they are for life and for eternity the "Spouse of Jesus", their God and Saviour.

As usual, the ceremony takes place at 3 P.M. in the chapel of our Novitiate, midst a sympathetic and recollected gathering; it is presided by Reverend Father Laferriere, Dominican, preacher of our retreat. The allocution was delivered by Reverend F. X. Bellavance, Jesuit. Present in the sanctuary: Very Reverend Canon Roch, Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary; Reverend Father Larochelle, Chaplain of our Community; Reverend Father Gelin, Pastor of St. Severin of Proulxville; Reverend Father Boulay, Pastor of Dixville; Reverend Father Yelle, Pastor of St. Cecile of Masham; Reverend Father Barrette, Pastor of St. Charles of Clarks-town; Reverend Father Lebeau, Pastor of St. Adolphe d'Howard; Reverend Father Bellavance, S.J.; Reverend Father Leclerc, S. J.; Reverend Father Chartrand, S. J.; Reverend Father Chaput, S. J.; Reverend Father Robitaille, S. J.; Reverend Father Berniche, O.M.I.; Reverend Father Beauchamp, of the White Fathers of Africa; Reverend Father Parrot, S.S.R.; Reverend Father McLeod, S.V.P.; The Reverend Fathers Papineau, of Montreal, Lamy, of St. Jacques des Piles; Ranger, of Assumption College; Julien, of Valleyfield College; Charron, of Sault-au-Recollet; Parrot, of Tetraultville; The Reverend Brothers Bourassa, S. J.; Gauthier, C. S. V.

The heroines of the feast, for Holy Habit are: The Misses Alphema Vanasse, of St. Guillaume d'Upton, now Sister Mechilde of the Blessed Sacrament; Elise Ethier, of St. Bibianne, Sister Mary Salome; Madeleine Pigeon, of Quebec, Sister Madeleine of Bethany; Corinne Bourassa, of St. Barnabe, Sister Mary of Charity; Juliette Rainville, of Beauport, Sister St. Lazarus; Florentine Couture, of St. Bernard, Sister Mary Cleophas; Cecile Roberge, of Quebec, Sister Mary of Protection; Georgine Latour, of Montreal, Sister St. Francis of Sales; Helene Cote, of St. Arsene, Sister St. Helen; Beatrice Tessier, of Springfield, Mass, Sister St. Julie; Beatrice Cornellier, of

Collinsville, Mass., Sister Teresa of St. Augustine; Julia Lefebvre, of St. Severin of Proulxville, Sister St. Joachim; Aurora Racette, of Riviere Rouge, Mich., Sister Mary of the Precious Blood; Delia Philippe, of St. Cecile de Masham, Sister St. Philip of Neri; Florence Kearney, of St. Leonard, N. B.; Sister St. Leonard de Port Maurice; Henriette Brassard, of Jonquieres, Sister St. Eugenie; Aimee Prieur, of Sault-au-Recollet, Sister St. Madeleine-Sophie; Marie Ange Provost, of Sherrington, Sister Mary of the Reparation; Cecile Sansoucy, of Montreal, Sister Mary of Gethsemane; Maria Marcoux, of Fall River, Mass., Sister St. Celina; Cleona Robitaille, of Glenada, Sister St. Justine; Yvette Chasle, of Valleyfield, Sister Mary Gilbert; Rachel Poulin, of Waterloo, Sister Mary-Delia; Monique Parrot, of Montreal, Sister St. Monica; Leona Pichette, of Saint Esprit, Sister St. Bibiane; Charlotte Bissonnette, of Cartierville, Sister Margaret of the Blessed Sacrament.

For Perpetual Vows: Sister Margaret of the Sacred Heart (Margaret Chauvin, of Montreal); Sister St. John of the Eucharist (Jeanne Moquin, of Eastman); Sister Teresa of Jesus (Jeanne Bellavance, of Rimouski); Sister Mary of the Faith (Jeanne Lamy, of Montreal); Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus (Yvonne Gerin, of Coaticook); Sister St. Ignatius (Imelda Robitaille, of Montreal); Sister Marie de la Garde (Marie Alvena Hebert, of St. Edouard de Napierville); Sister Marie de Toutes Grâces (Albertine Laganier, of Grondines); Sister St. John Baptist (Irene Pelland, of West Glover, Vt.); Sister St. Mary Magdalen (Anne Marie Magnan, of Berthier).

Before the family agape, to the very touching call of "Veni Sponsa Christi", the new perpetual professed advance, full of emotion, towards our Venerated Mother who, after maternally embracing them, crowns then with lilies. We contemplate, envy their happiness, and participate in it as much as is possible.

To-night before going to sleep we recall Our Mother's wish at the beginning of the New Year, and joyfully feel that it has been fully realized to-day: "May your good Angels, from time to time, bring into your soul something of their heavenly bliss!" In reality are not the graces which have been showered upon us to-day, the feast of the "Smile of the Immaculate" the most celestial that can attain us here below?

Saturday, February 13.

When we exclaim "How big the house seems!" does not mean that the walls have expanded, but that,—like to-day, for example, even though the house is full—we feel a void by the absence of someone dear to us. It is that our Beloved Mother and dear big Sisters have, since yesterday, left us, making us feel a little lonely. Ah! how we would prefer to be a little over-crowded and be still all together! But what would become of our missionary vocation? No, 'tis not in this land of exile that perpetual family ties are found... Here below, separations, labors, combats...Up above, inexhaustible joy, the never-ending union ! !



THE REFECTORY OF THE NOVITIATE.

Sunday, February 14.

Before coming into the holy time of Lent, we also wish to celebrate, but in a manner altogether different from worldlings, the three last days of the carnival. Let some put their happiness in frivol joys, others in banquets, others in pleasures of all kinds, which are, Alas! many a time forbidden, ours will be spent in making reparation to Our Lord in the Sacrament of His Love.

'Midst a pretty bower of lilies and roses, our Eucharistic Lord is exposed to our regard. Kneeling at His feet we strive to make him forget the outrages which are unceasingly committed against Him. "You at least, my spouses, my apostles," Our Lord seems to say, "console Me, remain with Me." Oh! how happy we are to be able to respond to this divine invitation.

Friday, February 26.

Two of our Sisters from the Mother-House, while making a Holy Childhood round in the neighbourhood take some of their meals and sleep at the Novitiate. This visit, very agreeable in itself, affords us the pleasure of spending a very interesting evening. Our Sisters have with them the "magic box" which reproduces on our white walls representations of our distant missions as well as the Missionary Exposition of the Holy Year. The poor lepers especially, arouse our sympathy! Despite the excruciating pain they endure, what a look of resignation is stamped on their poor disfigured faces! It is, as our Sisters in the missions tell us, that they find it little

to suffer thus, when they realize that one day they also can go to Heaven. Oh! how beautiful and consoling is our holy religion, since it not only lessens but makes one love the most cruel sufferings. Unfortunately, on these distant shores, the number who enjoy these truths are very minimum beside those who know it not. If that the labourers were more numerous to gather this whitening harvest!...

For one whole hour we have forgotten that we are little novices; we have imagined ourselves to be out in pagan lands, relieving the unfortunate, pouring the regenerating waters on the brow of the dying, infants and adults, making known the sweet names of our Celestial Father and Our Immaculate Mother to a multitude of poor orphans, at last, at last, we believed ourselves at work in the exercise of our beautiful vocation of apostle, of missionary!... Our dream was realized!...But what... 'tis the bell that calls us back to... Canada! But before us, on a pretty card placed on the door of the Novitiate, we re-read this memory gem so worthy of reflection and so proper to stimulate us towards the most perfect ideal: "Faithfully accomplish at every moment what God asks of you, and leave Him the care of all else."

Sunday, February 28.

Second Sunday of Lent. In the refectory, as usual, we are reading the commentary of the Holy Gospel which to-day relates the mystery of the Transfiguration. How many a passage in the pious books have never struck our imagination before our entry in religion. How many among us have never realized that the state in which Our Divine Saviour allowed Himself to be seen at the moment of the Transfiguration, was not a miracle, but the cessation of a miracle. On Mount Tabor, the Man-God, let fall the veils under which was hidden his resplendent beauty. For an instant in His life, he suspended the permanent prodigy by which he hid his ravishing beauty through pity for human weakness, and the apostles were dazzled!...

In presence of this profound annihilation which our feeble sight can scarcely perceive, we reflect that the God of love Who embraced it for love of man, is still unknown to thousands of human beings and in whose favor such a dear ransom was paid. With a like thought what an outburst of gratitude arises from our soul for the inexpressible grace of the apostolic vocation!!

Monday, March 1st.

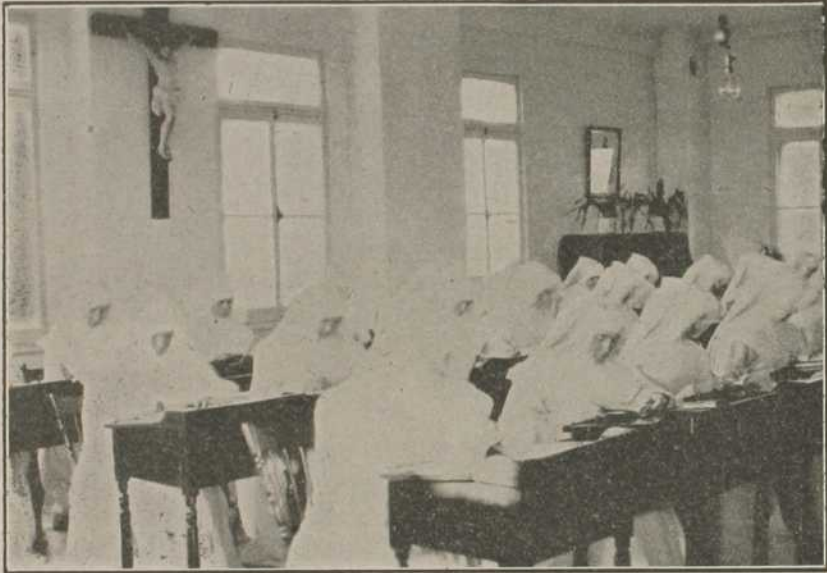
What a blinding storm!...The whirling wind tosses the white snowflakes about like a plaything, plunging them into the abyss below. But the weather does not hinder us from expressing our joy in greeting the beautiful and cherished month of our good Father St. Joseph!

Moreover we have the happiness of welcoming several new little sisters. Since the 11th of February last, our summer "Crows" having taken the

wings of the "Dove", our nest called for new little birds that will, in time, bleach, try their wings, and take their flight towards other skys. So, to-day, the "Aviary of Mary" opens its doors, and under the patronage of good St. Joseph, one after another, 18 little birds cower at the feet of the Immaculate who receives them with a loving blessing and presents them to her Divine Son that He may animate them with His Divine Spirit and already mark them with the seal of "Messengers of the good news!"

Tuesday, March 2.

What happiness must reign to-day in the interior of our dear Mother-House! Two of our beloved Missionary Sisters from China: Sister Mary Celina and Sister Mary Immaculate, have come home from their distant country of adoption. The misery of poor China obliges them to come and solicit a little help from their parents and friends.



NOVICES AT STUDY.

We hope that they will shortly come to the Novitiate to talk to us about their dear mission, the disturbances that are raging, of the sufferings they have to relieve, etc., etc. How anxious we are to hear them, to question them, to know all about our apostolic desires !

Friday, March 12.

This afternoon, in the intimacy of our modest chapel, takes place the simple but very touching and pious ceremony of the divine and perpetual alliance of three of our Sisters: Sister Mary of the Trinity (Marie Antoinette

Perrault, of Montreal); Sister Agnes of Jesus, (Margaret Sherry, of Verdun); Sister St. Joseph of Nazareth (Ida Bernier, of St. Epiphane de Temiscouata).

Reverend Father Bernier, Pastor of St. Vianney, Matapedia, brother of one of to-day's elect, gives us the pleasure of presiding at the ceremony and of delivering the allocution for the circumstance.

The inherent joys of such feasts are of a nature to make us more ardently long for the thrice happy day that will unite us "forever" to the Divine Spouse of Virgins.

Thursday, March 25.

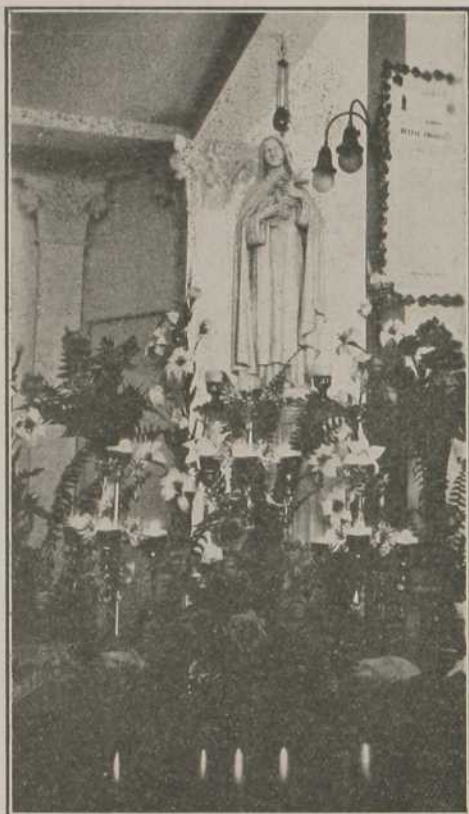
This afternoon, we had the honor of having His Lordship Right Reverend J. A. Langlois, Administrator of Quebec Diocese, preside over the profession of the fifteen eldest of the Novitiate: Sister St. Lucy, (Claire Langlois, of St. Claire); Sister Mary of the Nativity, (Mary A. Barrette, of Causapscal); Sister of the Guardian Angel, (Elzire Gamache, of St. John Port Joli); Sister St. Jude, (Antoinette Leveille, of St. Anne des Plaines); Sister Mary of Martyrs, (Jane Lamarre, of Montreal); Sister St. James the Great, (Emma Labreche, of St. James l'Achigan); Sister St. Expedit, (Mary Ann Rompre, of St. Thecle); Sister Mary Josephine, (Elianne Gravel, of St. Prosper); Sister Mary of Jesus, (Elmina Melanson, of Rogersville, N.B.); Sister Eulalie of Jesus, (Anita Julien, of Montreal); Sister St. Teresa, (Monica Bois, of Garthby); Sister St. Gabriel, (Bridget Auger, of Les Ecureuils); Sister St. Philomena, (Valeda Lemoine, of St. Hyacinthe); Sister St. Michael the Archangel, (Yvonne Frenette, of St. John the Evangelist, Bonaventure Co.); Sister Mary of the Holy Childhood, (Charlotte Duhamel, of Montreal).

Reverend Father Labreche, Pastor of Notre Dame Auxiliatrice, St. John Station, spoke in touching terms on the ceremony about to take place.

Several members of the Clergy responding to our invitation were present in the sanctuary; among them were: Reverend Canon Roch, Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary; Reverend Father Dery, Secretary of His Lordship, Bishop Langlois; Reverend Father Larochelle, Chaplain of our Community; Reverend Father Gravel, P. P., of St. Boniface, Shawinigan; Reverend Father Carrier, P. P., of Garthby; Reverend Father Dulude, P. P., of St. Andrew, Argenteuil; Reverend Father Longpre, P. P., of Sault au Recollet; Reverend Father Bois, P. P., of Mansonville; Reverend Father Geoffroy, M. E.; Reverend Father Chaumont, M. E.; Reverend Father Lacouture, S. J.; Reverend Father Benoit, of St. Hyacinthe; Reverend Father Leveille, of St. Therese Seminary; Reverend Father Roberge, M. E.; The Reverend Brothers: Lauzon, C. S. C.; Pellerin, R. S. S.; Bernard d'Offida, R. S. G.; Sulpice Marie, R. I. C.; Laurent Marie, R. I. C.

A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of the Missionaries ...



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

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Thanksgiving to the Little Flower for a favor obtained after promising to give \$5.00 for your missions and to have it published in THE PRECURIATOR.

Mrs. A. S., Montreal.

Cure obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower. I am gratefully accomplishing my promise in sending you \$5.00 for your missionary works.

G. S. V., Lauzon.

Miss E. Morgan, Montreal, is pleased to offer the sum of \$3.00 in honor of the Little Flower of Jesus for a favor obtained.

Two Novenas of Lights... May these little lights express my heartfelt gratitude to the "Little Sister of Missionaries"!

A Subscriber.

Favor obtained after promising to give \$2.00 for your missionary sisters in honor of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Miss O. D., Maisonneuve.

\$1.00 and grateful thanks to the "Little Sister of Missionaries" for a particular favor. — Montreal.

Thanks to the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower for a cure obtained.

May the dear "Little Sister of Missionaries" be a thousand times thanked for a particular favor she obtained for me; please accept my feeble token of gratitude, \$1.00.

Mrs. B. L., Montreal.

\$5.00 for the ransom of a little Chinese baby in thanksgiving to the Little Flower for a favor obtained.

A. C. M., Cornwall.

Novena of lights in honor of the little Flower for a favor obtained.

Montreal.

Mrs. G. L. thanks St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a position obtained.

May the "Little Sister of Missionaries" be praised for having obtained my cure after promising \$5.00 for your missionary works.

M. A. C., St. Cleophas.

I wish to particularly thank the Little Flower for a very great favor obtained through her intercession. Kindly accept the enclosed \$5.00 as an offering of gratitude.

E. P., Montreal.

\$1.00 in thanksgiving to the Little Flower of Jesus for a favor obtained.
A Subscriber, Montreal.

Heartfelt gratitude to Our Immaculate Mother and the "Little Sister of Missionaries" for a favor obtained: my offering of \$5.00 for your little Chinese, who are, I believe, little friends of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

G. B., Montreal.

\$1.00 for my subscription to THE PRECURSOR and \$1.00 as a feeble offering, in honor of the Little Flower for success in my undertakings.

Miss N. N., Hartford.

\$5.00 for the Burse of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for the adoption of a missionary, and \$15.00 for your poor lepers.

Mrs. A. N., Sedley.

In thanksgiving for a favor granted through the intercession of the Little Flower, I am sending One Dollar for your works.

A Subscriber, Montreal.

I fell indebted to the Little Flower for many graces; to thank her, I am sending, for your works in the distant missions, my offering of \$2.00.

Mrs A. A., Levis.

\$2.00 in thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

H. C., Waterbury.

A thousand thanks to the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower for a very special favor. I am sending \$5.00 for your missionaries who care for the poor lepers.

Mrs. A. C. M., Berlin.

I am pleased to offer, for your missions, a statue of the Little Flower of Jesus, that the little pagan children thank for me "The Little Sister of Missionaries" for a favor obtained and ask her for another great grace. I shall be happy to prove my gratitude in helping, as much as possible, in the extension of the reign of our dear Saviour.

N. C., Verdun.



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	28.00
March 1926	11.00

Pauline Marie Jaricot

Foundress of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith.

THE CATACOMBS

(Continued)

Let us read with respect a few selections of the very detailed account, penned by Pauline, of these days of mourning and terror.

"After that the treasure of heaven and earth had been deposited in my arms, I felt my soul fortified anew against suffering, although my heart experienced every anguish of death.

"From the gardener's small house, where they had temporarily placed me and which was near the tunnel, I saw the smoke of shells rise above Loretto as if they had set fire to it. So many projectiles of all sorts fell on this dear dwelling that it was thought impossible that a stone would rest upon a stone. The devil rejoiced, thinking that he had won the victory over Mary, the *real* mistress of Loretto; from the city, the faithful grieved, believing we were lost...As for me, I abandoned myself to God's Holy Will and adored His impenetrable designs. Fearing that my loss would become a subject of scandal for the strangers who were with us, I said aloud to Our Lord, O Jesus! Thou art present in this tabernacle!...I adore Thee and beg Thee to fortify the faith of those who witness my disasters! May they not be shaken by the thought that Thou dost not answer the prayer of those who have recourse to Thee! I ignore in what manner Thou hast answered me...present appearances confound me... Nevertheless, *I firmly believe* that Thou hast heard my petition, and will manifest it later!...

"With the help of my daughters, I raised the sacred tabernacle to appease God in favor of Lyons. Then, as danger became greater, we decided to advance into the depths of the tunnel. I was borne there in the best manner possible, whilst I tightly held in my arms the *Arch of my unique hope*!

"We thus reached a more commodious and less humid excavation. It seemed as if the angels had prepared this place to receive their King, for the walls were as clean as if, on the very eve, they had been swept from top to bottom.

"In the centre of this hut measuring about twelve feet in length and four in width and having the form of a cross, my mattress was deposited. My daughters, placed in the excavations which formed the different parts of the cross, were thus near me, at my sides, head and feet. Those who shared our dangers were two of my sister's servants, my gardener, a poor orphan girl, a Brother of St. John of God, my butcher and two women. All remained in the foremost part of the tunnel, outside of the cross where we were with our dear Lord."

"Under these narrow and darksome vaults, the din of bombardment seems still more formidable, repeated as it is by a thousand sinister echoes. And there lies an agonizing woman ! ! !... At every moment, hurried steps seem to draw nearer the subterranean retreat, where want of time and means had prevented from dissimulating the aperture, and where eighteen persons breathe in an atmosphere capable of causing death; a door small, narrow, low and nearly always closed is the only opening.

"Scarcely had we sought our refuge", continues Pauline, "when a deadly terror seized my soul. Here I was with ten of my daughters....and we could have fallen alive into the hands of them who respect nothing in such occurrences!...They, also, were frightened.

"Dominating my own terror, I strived to appear self-possessed and, in order to reassure these dear souls, I made with a loud voice the sacrifice of my earthly possessions, of my life, to Jesus Christ present in our midst. I implored His mercy to spare the *City of Mary* and asked Him to be alone immolated if, in His designs, our retreat were to be discovered.

"This act rekindled in my dear flock the greatest fervor and confidence. The repeated shots of cannon deeply re-echoed in my heart! The evils of the entire city presenting themselves to our minds, we tearfully prayed, and begged our dear Lord to be appeased. But the resistance which His Justice seemed to oppose us increased our perplexities.

"From 4 A.M., when we had left the gardener's house, till 8 o'clock in the evening, we did not cease to pray, although our untold anguish was solaced by faith alone, a blind faith which, whilst assuring us that our Divine Saviour was in our midst, more than ever hid Him to our reason and senses.

"The next day, as on the eve, the bombardment continued uninterruptedly, till darkness hindered both parties from seeing each other.

"When all became silent, we began the devotions of the Holy Hour, uniting with the August Victim in the Garden of Olives. It was Thursday. The proximity of Our Saviour, the circumstances and the place where we stood, everything inclined us to believe that we were in a real Gethsemane.

"In this complete abandonment, I plunged my heart into the desolated Heart of Jesus, I embraced His tabernacle, pressed my lips to it, imploring in my turn the Heavenly Father *to remove from me the Chalice so often accepted, or else to give me the strength of drinking it in all its bitterness.*

"The horrible vision of the divers kinds of suffering by which would perhaps be answered so many prayers I had said in order to become a *victim* for my brethren, presented itself to my mind. Although the hour of martyrdom seemed at hand, that martyrdom *promised* and which I had desired with all my heart, alas! I trembled and dreaded it...

Worn-out with fatigue and emotion, my companions had fallen asleep around me. I thus watched alone with Jesus who, also, seemed to be sleeping, so complete was His silence!... Faith, denuded of all consolation, whispered to me, "Why complain of the exterior abandonment which you suffer ? Have you not as witness of your agony, not only the angel who fortified

your Divine Master, reduced to that extremity, but the Divine Master Himself, the *King of Angels*, *Who wishes to be one with you, in order to become with you a one and only Victim?*... He is in your arms, you serve as His altar! Courage! from this altar He offers Himself to His Father and with you implores forgiveness for His people. If He remains silent, His silence speaks to you!... See how He has abandoned Himself to your care, how He has followed you to share your dangers..."

"I heard all this; but the agony prolonged itself... I remained all night as a criminal who, in his prison cell, awaits the fatal hour and for whom the least noise is the announcement of death.

"At daybreak, the bombardment continued with renewed fury. The bombs and shells which rained above us re-echoed with an increasing fury, and shook our tunnel. Those projectiles shot from Fourviere over the city and from the city over Fourviere, meeting over our heads, gave us to believe that the property was invaded by the enemy and that our retreat would be discovered. Consequently, it was with the greatest care that we hid the small vigil light which was the only illumination in the place.

"How slowly the hours passed in such a situation! They appeared as days and the minutes as hours. Although our hearts were tightened by fear, we did not cease to elevate them towards God and to beg His Mercy. We recalled to Jesus the promise made by Himself to persevering prayer voiced in His Holy Name, and we opposed the power of the Rosary to the rigor of Divine Justice which seemed to assuage, only to redouble afterwards in intensity...

"At every minute, someone would ask, 'What time is it!' and the answer to that question made the day appear longer by the calculation of the time which still remained until the eighth hour, so much longed-for, and which each evening, slightly tempered the anguish.

"When the strife started with a new fury, we, on our part, took up anew, more instantly and with tears, the wrestle of prayer against Divine Justice. I was sometimes so deeply struck by the blows of this Infinite Justice that I could not support myself... Then leaning against the tabernacle I called the adorable Victim to my aid, more by the secret moans of my heart than by vocal prayer, for I was utterly powerless to articulate a single word.

"Sometimes I would remain with arms outstretched and my lips cleaving to the sacred abode of my Lord, and then again I would fall back upon my pallet and remain there in a state of profound annihilation.

"My daughters, believing I was dead, strived to mutually console themselves. I could hear them but was unable to give the slightest sign of life. Alas! they were far from imagining what struggle I was encountering in my soul. Lyons was to be put to fire and sword by the obstination of the two parties; and I who so deeply cherished that city and who, in order to save it, had so often offered my life, could scarcely accept death such as I would receive it from the hands of an enraged and blood-thirsty populace.

"Despite that—I can say it before God—if I did not have the strength to say *yes*, I had not the will to say *no*! Thus did the whole of Friday pass in this struggle so singular and a thousand times more cruel than death.

"I was worn-out! Poor nature, so feeble and yet so rebellious, made me regret that my life had been spared by illness and reproached to my will the constancy with which it maintained the offering it had made.

"What supplications my soul addressed to Him Who seemed to have forsaken it. 'Why does Thy Justice appear unflinching', would I add, according as the shaking of the tunnel increased and the din without became more and more terrifying. The horror of such a suspense is beyond imagination.

"I recalled that my Divine Spouse was Master and could freely make use of the right I had given Him to make me suffer *whatever He pleased*, and an interior voice said to me, 'It is but the beginning and a simple test of Merciful Justice upon you.'...

"Then would Nature suggest that I had been rash in consenting to suffer without solace and the sensible help which gave to the martyrs a joy equal to their torments.

"'All has been accepted' answered Justice, it is too late to take back the offer.

"At least, equitable Judge, grant me a respite that I may unite to the dispositions of the Victim Who, alone, is capable of appeasing thee. Give me a few days, let me again see the light of day!...*After that Thou mayst do with me as Thou pleasest!*

"Such were the anguishes of this dreary Friday. *Where wert thou, dear God, whilst residing in our midst?...*

"The day closed at last, but the fighting did not cease till long after sunset. My daughters had constantly recited the Rosary which was answered by all who had taken refuge in the tunnel...

"The proximity of the day consecrated to Mary having revived confidence in all hearts, we took our much needed rest. But at dawn, the cannon awoke us: what a cruel awakening which places one face to face with death!

"Terrified, we invoked our August Mother, Queen of Virgins, under the title most in harmony with our present needs.

"Our Lady of Victory, fight for us! Cast away the devils!...Destroy the power of both parties and give us peace!

"Come to our help! be our aid, our advocate, and save Lyons, etc...

"Heaven seemed to hear us. A light snow-fall suspended the fire for an hour; that respite gave us peace and hope. But scarcely had the weather cleared when the bombardment recommenced with greater violence. We, also, recommenced our supplications towards Heaven...

"As we heard a great crash at the entrance of the tunnel, the fear of being taken by surprise made us place the tabernacle key in the lock, in order

to shield, if need be, the Divine Guest from the profanations of the rebels, if they happened to reach us. In this extremity, we would have given Our Lord shelter in our hearts.

"That evening, unusual noise gave us to believe that the situation had changed. The servants who had gone out under the cover of darkness, thought they had seen flags on the surrounding church-steeple; so that we did not know whether we had to hope or fear. But the next morning, at the break of day, we discovered that these flags were black and concluded that it was a question of life or death!

"Since the preceding Thursday, the church bells had not announced the immolation of the *Victim of Peace*; and, instead of calling the faithful to the sacrifice of reconciliation, they did not cease to tell, inciting to combat.

"In this desolation, we resolved to form with our Rosaries a throne on which the tabernacle would be placed and raised towards Heaven till Divine Justice be appeased and that, even if we were to remain without food or drink until evening.

"It was then nine o'clock in the morning. We had not yet taken a morsel; every day we abstained until noon in the hope that a priest might come and give us Holy Communion. The tabernacle being thus elevated, I murmured as strength permitted me, 'Heavenly Father, it is in the Name of Jesus Christ, Thy Divine Son, that we offer Thee all His merits, those of the Blessed Virgin Mary conceived without sin, and those of all the saints; we clothe ourselves with these merits to obtain the triumph of Thy Mercy over Thy Justice, etc., etc.

"All present answered to my supplications:

"For love of Our Saviour and of His August Mother, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, we implore Thee, O God, near us, etc., etc.

"The din of bombardment drowned our voices. Then, in order to destroy the power of Hell, I added.

"Depart, evil spirits, we command you, in the Name of Jesus Christ, here present in the Blessed Eucharist, and also in virtue of our Baptism! Depart! and leave to their own weakness those whom your fury animates... It is not in our name that we command you, for we are sinners and, for that reason, we place ourselves under you. But you, you have refused to adore the Man-God and we, we adore Him! we love Him as our Redeemer! *It is while in the shelter of His wounds and under the purple mantle of His Blood that we command you to obey, so that peace be restored in the city of Mary!*"

"It is thus, from nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, that we prayed uninterruptedly, with arms outstretched, and supporting on our Rosaries the Holy of Holies, our ultimate hope.

(To be continued)

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS

THE *T'siang-t'ong-tse*, also called *T'siang-ta-sien*, are magicians whose profession is to chase and catch the evil Spirits *Koei*.

These devil-chasers are sent for by different families to seize the devils who annoy the household, breed diseases and draw every kind of misfortune.

On the arrival of the magician, a table is prepared on which burns incense and two candles. The magician bends over the table, his head leaning on his crossed arms, and remains in that position for a quarter or half an hour, just until the superior spirit seizes him. When the devil delays in coming he asks that incense be burned in honor of such or such a divinity,

of that a vow be made to the pagoda, or that a pilgrimage be made, etc...

The moment comes when he is seized by a superior power, as is believed, that almost sends him out of his wits: his eyes become wild, his actions unruly, that makes him resemble a madman; he seizes a sword or trident, runs around the room, goes out of the house and climbs up on the roof, strikes at random the pretended monsters that he alone is supposed to see, in short, he finishes by catching one, two, then three...that he puts into a small earthen-vase *koan-tse*. After that, he sips water mixed with incense-ashes which has burned in honor of the divinities, and spits it on the devil that he has just imprisoned in the earthen-vase; it is now impossible



T'SIANG T'ONG TSE.

Magician practising his craft over the evil spirits. for him to escape. There is no necessity of putting on the lid for a mysterious strength holds him in captivity !

The hunt finished, and the injurious Spirit having been deposited in the urn, the *T'siang-t'ong-tse* takes two stripes of cloth, one green and the other red, with which he covers the vase and ties carefully with a red cord. Everything prepared, he grabs the earthen-bowl, while making faces, and places it outside on the cross-roads.

Dried herbs are piled up around it and set fire to, and with a stroke of the sword or trident, breaks the earthen-bowl; devils burn in a fire that cracks.

The family is delivered from the influences and molestations of the evil Spirits, but the magician is not yet himself.

He re-enters the house and again rests his head on the table where incense burns, someone takes hold of his hair, throws a little water on his forehead: he then awakens as though from a kind of hysterical sleep, and the operation is finished. If the patient is cured *post hoc*, or *propter hoc*, he receives two valuable presents. This practice is very common in the *Liu-tcheau fou* (*Ngan-hoei*).

The opposite illustration shows the devil-killer, with haggard eyes, seized by a sort of feverish exaltation.

The ceremonies invented to chase the devils, can be traced back to the time of Confucius. In the *Li-ki*, Vol. 1, Chap. IX, *Kiao-te-cheng* can be read: "When the inhabitants of the village chase devils that cause contagious diseases, Confucius, attired in his royal robes stands above the platform on the eastern side of the ancestral hall in order to strengthen the spirits of his ancestors."

We do not wish to rest our eyes on the harvest of the two million souls already gained to Christ in China; we wish to contemplate the others, more than four hundred and twenty-seven million in number, of whom the Good Shepherd has said that they belong to Him but have not yet entered His Fold.

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 SUSO

I promised publication in the "Precursor" if my mother was cured. She had had a bad spell of bronchitis and was in high fever. I pinned a Miraculous Medal on her and the next morning the fever had completely left her. May our dear Lady be ever thanked as she is now on the rapid road to recovery. M. C. S., **Fall River, Mass.**—Please find enclosed \$2.00 as an offering for two favors obtained. If another favor that I desire is obtained I shall send \$1.00 for your works. Miss D. G., **Spencer, Mass.**—Enclosed please find One Dollar for a Novena of lights in honor of the Blessed Virgin for a very great favor received. M. C., **Verdun.**—My most grateful thanks to Mary Immaculate! Since I have subscribed to "The Precursor", your so beautiful missionary review, my health is better and I suffer much less from complete deafness with which I was affected. Mrs. M., **Waterbury.**—I am enclosing Six Dollars; one is for the "Precursor" and the other Five is a little donation I promised if my husband secured a good position. Our Lady has heard our prayers and for which I am most thankful. Mrs. W. H., **Detroit.**—Some time ago I wrote you concerning my little girl's eyes and asked your prayers. Thanks to the Blessed Virgin and her Miraculous Medal my child is completely cured. I promised to send Twenty-Five Dollars for your missions; I have already sent Five and am enclosing Ten more. I shall send the other Ten as soon as possible. Mrs. C. A. R., **Providence, R. I.**—Thanks to the Sacred Heart and Blessed Virgin for a favor obtained. Enclosed find offering for your missions. J. J., **Hardwicke Village, N.B.**—In thanksgiving for a favor received I am enclosing One Dollar for your worthy works. Mrs. A. B., **Bridgeport, Conn.**—It is with pleasure that I am sending you an offering of Two Dollars for your works in thanksgiving for the recovery of my health. Mrs. W. T., **Centerdale.**—Some time ago I wrote asking for prayers that my son would find a good position. I hasten to send the enclosed offering as the Blessed Virgin has heard and answered our prayers. Mrs. S. McG., **Montreal.**—Enclosed please find Two Dollars in thanksgiving for a great favor granted and also ask you to make a Novena for my intentions. Thanking you for your kind prayers. Mrs. B., **Indian Orchard, Mass.**—Thanks to Our Immaculate Mother and the "Little Flower" for the success of a serious operation after promising to have it published and to renew my subscription to "THE PRECURSOR". Mrs. W. B. McG., **Toronto.**—I am enclosing Thirteen Dollars in fulfillment of a promise I made to Our Lady and the "Little Flower", if my husband obtained a good position. He has now steady employment and may this small offering help you in your needy works. Mrs. T. LaM., **Willimamsett, Mass.**—Please have a Mass said for the Souls in Purgatory in thanksgiving for a favor received. Miss A. M., **Mass.**—Kindly accept the enclosed Two Dollars for your missions in thanksgiving for a favor received. If my other petition is granted I shall send Three Dollars more. Mrs. T. H., **Waterbury, Conn.**—Offering of Five Dollars in thanksgiving for favor partly obtained. Miss K. G., **Montreal.**—In thanksgiving to our Blessed Mother for a favor obtained I am enclosing One Dollar for your worthy works. If another grace which I greatly desire is granted I shall send you an offering of Ten Dollars. Mrs. J. J. K., **Springfield, Mass.**—\$2.00 for your missions in thanksgiving to Our Immaculate Mother for a favor obtained. Mrs. G., **Montreal.**—Position obtained for my husband after having subscribed to "The Precursor" for that intention. Mrs. J. A. F., **Levis.**—Grace of conversion for my son who was addicted to drink; \$5.00 in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin. A Subscriber, **Montreal.**—In thanksgiving for a favor obtained I am renewing my subscription to "The Precursor". Mrs. G., **Quebec.**—Offering for success obtained in my examinations. Mrs. A. C., **Central Falls.**—With tear filled eyes I come to thank the Blessed Virgin for the conversion of my husband... Subscriber, **Verdun.**—\$5.00 for the ransom of a little Marie Cecily Ann Chinese, feeble token of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for graces obtained. D. S.—\$5.00 in thanksgiving to Our Lady for a favor obtained. **Montreal.**—My subscription to "The Precursor" and One Dollar for your works for a favor obtained. Mrs. J. M., **St. Bruno.**—\$1.00 in honor of the Immaculate Conception for a great grace which was granted me. Mrs. A. P., **New Bedford.**—My heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for two great favors obtained, my offering of \$5.00 for the Baptism of a little pagan.

"A Mass is celebrated every week in the chapel of the Mother-House of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Subscribers to "The Precursor" and all their living Benefactors."

Petitions

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

I instantly recommend to the prayers of your community the conversion of my husband. A Subscriber, **New Haven, Conn.**—Enclosed please find One Dollar. Kindly make a Novena to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, to direct my husband that he may make a right choice in a business undertaking. If this great favor is granted I promise to send Five Dollars for your mission needs. Mrs. H. W., **Outremont.**—May Our Immaculate Mother and the "Little Flower" obtain the cure of my husband who is in very poor health. **Woonsocket.**—Please accept the enclosed offering, One Dollar, for lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine that I may obtain another position. If granted I promise to send Two Dollars out of my first salary. C. McG., **St. John, N.B.**—Two favors are requested; if granted I shall send an offering for a Novena of lights. J. A. R., **Montreal.**—Please make a Novena for me that I will have better health. Enclosed offering for your missions. M. C. M., **Chesterville.**—If I obtain a position immediately I promise to subscribe to THE PRECURSOR and send part of my earnings each month. I shall also solicit new subscriptions. S. B., **Montreal.**—I enclose cheque for Three Dollars in honor of the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower. As several conversions are included in my intentions, I hope that I may be able to tell you that God has heard them and granted my requests. E. M., **Montreal.**—Would you please pray to the "Little Flower" for the complete restoration of my health? Mrs. B. C., **New Haven, Conn.**—May the dear Sacred Heart grant me a very special favor. If obtained I shall send Two Dollars for your works. Mrs. R., **Montreal.**—I am sending you my subscription for THE PRECURSOR also One Dollar for candles and ask the prayers of the Sisters, as I am going to the hospital for an operation. Mrs. J. T., **Montreal.**—Would you please send me a Miraculous Medal that through the intercession of Our Lady I may be restored to better health? Mrs. J. C., **Waterloo, Que.**—You will please find enclosed One Dollar for your works and ask you to pray that God may bless a future undertaking. W. F., **Springfield, Mass.**—A very special favor is desired through the intercession of the "Little Flower"; if obtained I shall subscribe to THE PRECURSOR. Find enclosed One Dollar for a Novena. S. B., **Montreal.**—Many thanks for the Miraculous Medals. I deeply appreciate your prayers for Mother's return to health, we all hope that she may be made comfortable, if health cannot be restored. Miss L. D., **Verdun.**—I am soon to undergo a very serious operation and beg you to remember me in your prayers. Mrs. G. R., **New Haven, Conn.**—I am sending One Dollar for a Novena of Lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine for my Grandfather's health. If he obtains relief I shall send a donation in thanksgiving. A. T. K., **Montreal.**—Will you please have a Mass said for the conversion of my stepson. If our prayers are granted I shall not forget your needy charges in the distant mission fields. M. C. The enclosed offering is to have candles burned in honor of the Blessed Virgin for a very special intention. B. M. D., **Montreal.**—The prayers of subscribers are requested that I may be relieved of terrible pains in my legs; I am seventy years of age and have to take care of three cripples. Mrs. J. B., **Gaspe Harbour, P. Q.**—Spiritual and temporal favors. Enclosed please find One Dollar which I promised to send for your missions. I am in very poor health and as I have three little ones I would like, if it were God's Holy Will, to be spared to bring them up. Mrs. L. N., **Fall River, Mass.**—You will find enclosed One Dollar for a temporal favor; when granted will send an offering of Four Dollars. Mrs. W. St. N., **Montreal.**—Will you

please make a Novena for a person who has been out of work for the last four months; if he obtains a position I will have a Novena made in thanksgiving. Mrs. C. G., **Montreal**.—If through the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin I obtain a very great favor, I shall send Five Dollars for the most urgent need in your missions. Mrs. J. H., **Wayer-ton, N.B.**—Enclosed please find the renewal of my subscription to THE PRECURSOR. I am a mother of six children and am in very poor health; may our dear Lady help me that I may be spared to bring up my little ones. Mrs. O. M., **Pawtucket, R. I.**—Kindly make a Novena that, if it be God's Holy Will, our family will have better health. If our prayers are heard I shall send Two Dollars for your works. Find enclosed an offering of One Dollar. Mr. T. H., **Montreal**.—I am enclosing One Dollar for a Novena of lights for a special intention. If favor is granted I promise Five Dollars for the ransom of a Chinese baby. Miss M. A. B.—May I solicit your prayers for a great favor and if granted will send an offering for lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine. L. M. R., **Montreal**.—I am renewing my subscription to THE PRECURSOR and beg you to pray for the cure of my son who is addicted to drink. Mrs. O. L., **Burlington, Vt.**—Please accept the enclosed offering that I promised in honor of the Blessed Virgin that she may obtain my cure. Mrs. J. J. K., **Springfield, Mass.**—I am sending my subscription for THE PRECURSOR that the Blessed Virgin will grant that happiness will reign in our home. Mrs. J. S. B., **Ste Anne de Bellevue**.—I have been out of work for a long time. If through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin my request is granted, I shall do my utmost to help your missionary works. Mr. J. S. M., **Granby, P. Q.**—The enclosed offering, Two Dollars, is for a Novena in honor of St. Ann and the "Little Flower" that I will enjoy better health. Mrs. A. B., **Ashuelot, N. H.**—Prayers are requested for success in a law-suit. I have promised Twenty-Five Dollars if our prayers are answered. Mrs. R. M., **Verdun**.—You will find enclosed One Dollar for a Novena of lights in honor of the Little Flower for a great favor; if granted I will make an offering for your works. Mrs. F. M., **Philipsburg, Que.**—Through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and your pious prayers, may the health of a poor mother be restored that she may be able to bring up her little children. Enclosed please find Money Order for One Dollar for a Novena of lights that my husband who is addicted to drink may be cured. If my favor is granted I shall not forget your mission needs. Mrs. T., **Montreal**.—May the Blessed Virgin obtain that my husband will not be obliged to undergo an operation. I promise to help your missions. **Timmins, Ont.**—I am enclosing One Dollar for a Novena of lights; if it be God's Will to cure me of rheumatism I promise to continue subscribing to THE PRECURSOR as long as I live. A Subscriber.—You will find enclosed One Dollar for lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine for a particular favor; which if granted I will forward One Hundred Dollars for your missions. P. L. D., **Montreal**.—A poor mother left a widow with six children requests your prayers that God may help her with their Christian education. **Waterbury, Conn.**—Please have Masses said with the enclosed offering, Three Dollars, for three special favors. A. I. H., **Loggieville, N.B.**—My boy lies in the hospital stricken with paralysis, kindly remember him in your prayers. Mrs. J. S. **Waterbury, Conn.**—Enclosed find One Dollar for a Novena of lights to Our Lady that I may succeed in renting my house to a reliable tenant; if my petition is granted I promise a donation in thanksgiving. Mrs. L., **Montreal**.—I beg you to pray for my husband's health which is very poorly. Mrs. X., **New Haven, Conn.**—I am enclosing One Dollar for a Novena of lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine for a very special favor; if granted I shall send another offering later. Miss F. D., **Ashuelot, N.H.**—Please find enclosed One Dollar for a Novena of lights for the recovery of my health; if I am cured I shall send you 1 Dollar a month for twelve months. Mrs. M.B., **Worcester, Mass.**—Please pray to the Blessed Virgin and Little Flower for the improvement of my eyesight; if favor is granted I will send Ten Dollars for the ransom of two Chinese Babies. H. D., **Montreal**.—I am enclosing One Dollar for your missions; please pray that my husband's health may improve. Mrs. W. H. J., **Waterbury**.—My husband has been out of work for a long time. If through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin he obtains a position I shall subscribe to THE PRECURSOR for three years. Mrs. M. B., **Woonsocket, R. I.**—Enclosed please find \$2.00; one for my subscription to THE PRECURSOR and the other for a Novena of lights to the Blessed Virgin for a very special favor: if granted I will send \$1.00 per month for a year. W. H. G., **St. Joseph de Le-page**.—I beg you to pray to the Little Flower that she may obtain the recovery of my young daughter who is greatly suffering from tubercular glands. She has already undergone two operations and I very much desire, is it be God's Holy Will, to see her life spared. Mrs. J. G., **Waterbury, Conn.**—I recommend to your fervent prayers my dear boy who has just passed away; I beg for courage and faith for myself, loyalty to God and country for my family. Mrs. W. A. B., **Naugatuck, Conn.**—Kindly make a Novena to Our Immaculate Mother that my hearing may be restored; if I am cured I promise to send \$5.00 for your works. Enclosed my renewal for THE PRECURSOR. Mrs. J. P.—I am renewing my subscription to THE PRECURSOR and beg you to pray for a special favor. Miss E. G., **Sweetsburg, Que.**—I specially recommend to your pious prayers the sacerdotal vocation of my nephew. Miss L. O., **Waterbury, Conn.**—Through

the intercession of Our Lady and good St. Ann may a very great grace be granted for an unhappy girl.—To keep my children safe from the dangers of the world. Mrs. X., **Worcester, Mass.**—Kindly say a short prayer for my health. Mrs. P. W.—This subscription is given to obtain from Our Immaculate Mother and the Little Flower, the spiritual and temporal welfare of my family, and special blessings upon our undertakings. Mrs. T. H., **Waterbury.**—A very important and urgent favor is requested through the intercession of the Little Flower. Mrs. J. F. C., **Montreal.**—Would you kindly pray for my son's health? Mrs. C. J. B., **Naugatuck, Conn.**—Through the intercession of Our Lady and the Little Flower I beg the favourable settlement of temporal affairs. Miss H. O'N., **Naugatuck.**—The conversion of my husband. Mrs. X., **Worcester, Mass.**—Health for my boy. Mrs. J.-Ed.—I still weep over my darling son whom the Lord has taken away. Will you please offer a few prayers for the repose of his soul. Mrs. J. L., **Waterbury.**—My husband has been, for some time past, unable to secure a position; I subscribe to THE PRECURSOR that he may obtain work.—My husband has met with a very serious accident; please help me with your prayers that he may recover. Mrs. W. K., **Waterbury.**—Please make a Novena in honor of St. Anthony for a very special favor; if granted I shall send \$5.00 for your works. A Subscriber, **Fitchburg, Mass.**—My wife is in very poor health; please pray for her recovery. J. M. G.—A mother begs prayers for perseverance in the sacerdotal vocation of her young son. Mrs. W. J. P., **Waterbury.**—May the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Immaculate Mother grant health to my dear children! Mrs. H. MacS.—My poor boy is in great need; please pray for him. His Mother, **Naugatuck.**—I am sending One Dollar for a Novena of lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine for a special favor; if granted I shall send an offering for your works. Miss P. D., **Ashuelot, N. H.**—I promise to subscribe to THE PRECURSOR for five years, if through the intercession of good St. Anthony, my husband obtains a steady position. M. C., **Fitchburg, Mass.**—Would you kindly burn a light before the statue of the Little Flower that she may obtain a special favor for me. H. A., **West St. John, N.B.**—I promise to subscribe to THE PRECURSOR as long as I live, if my little girl's health is restored. I am enclosing \$5.00: Two Dollars for a Mass, and Three Dollars that I had already promised for your works. **Oakville, Conn.**—A very special favor is desired through the intercession of the Little Flower; if it be obtained I shall send Five Dollars for your good works. A Subscriber, **Fitchburg, Mass.**



"A Mass is celebrated every week in the Chapel of the Mother-House of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, for deceased subscribers to 'The Precursor' and all deceased Benefactors".



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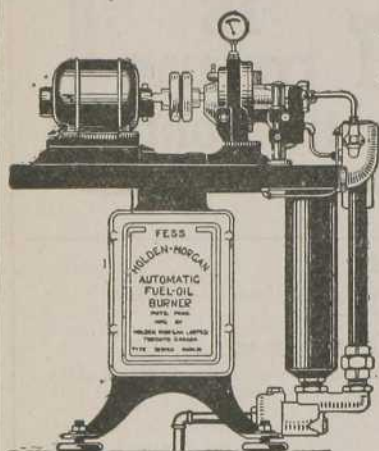
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While commending their Benefactors to God, that He Himself may reward them according to their generosity, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception assure them as large a share as possible in the merit of their apostolic labors, as also of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

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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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