

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. IV., 5th Year MONTREAL, JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1927

No. 1

WORKS ALREADY EXISTING **of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception**

MOTHER-HOUSE

*314 ST. CATHERINE ROAD, OUTREMONT,
NEAR MONTREAL*

(Founded in 1902)

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Procure for the Missions. Work-room of Church Vestments, embroidery, lace and painting for the support of the Mother-House and Novitiate. School for the formation of Chinese catechists. Sewing-circles for ladies and young girls. Diffusion of a Missionary Review: *THE PRECURSOR*. Free missionary Library.

NOVITIATE

PONT VIAU, NEAR MONTREAL

HOLY CHILDHOOD HOME

P. O. BOX 93, CANTON, CHINA

(Founded in 1909)

School for catechists. Catechumenate. School for christian and pagan pupils. Orphanage. Foundling-Home. Work-rooms.

SHEK-LUNG LAZARETTO

SHEK-LUNG, NEAR CANTON, CHINA

(Founded in 1913)

CHINESE WORKS IN MONTREAL

74 LAGAUCHETIERE ST. WEST, MONTREAL

(Founded in 1913)

Sunday school and language courses for Chinese adults, every Sunday afternoon, from 2.30 to 4.00.

CHINESE SCHOOL

(Founded in 1916)

Teaching of English, French and Chinese.

(To be continued on page 3 of the cover)

Please Help the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

By procuring work for them.



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

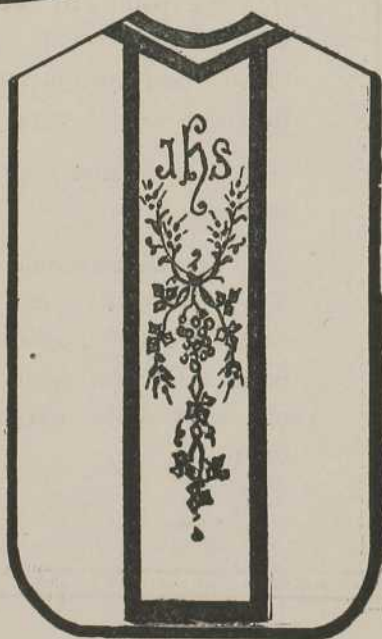
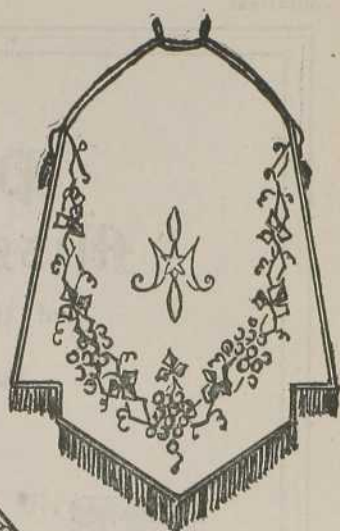
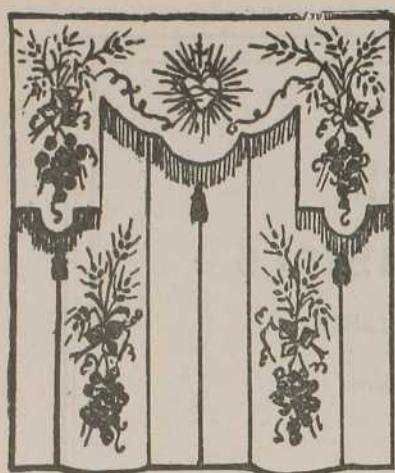
Missionaries must undergo several years' preparation before being able to commence their apostolic labors in foreign fields.

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

We paint, to order, spiritual bouquets, calendars with pictures of Our Lady, the Holy Family, the Little Flower, and mission scenes. First Communion and Confirmation badges, scapulars, *Agnus Dei*, cushions, etc.

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

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

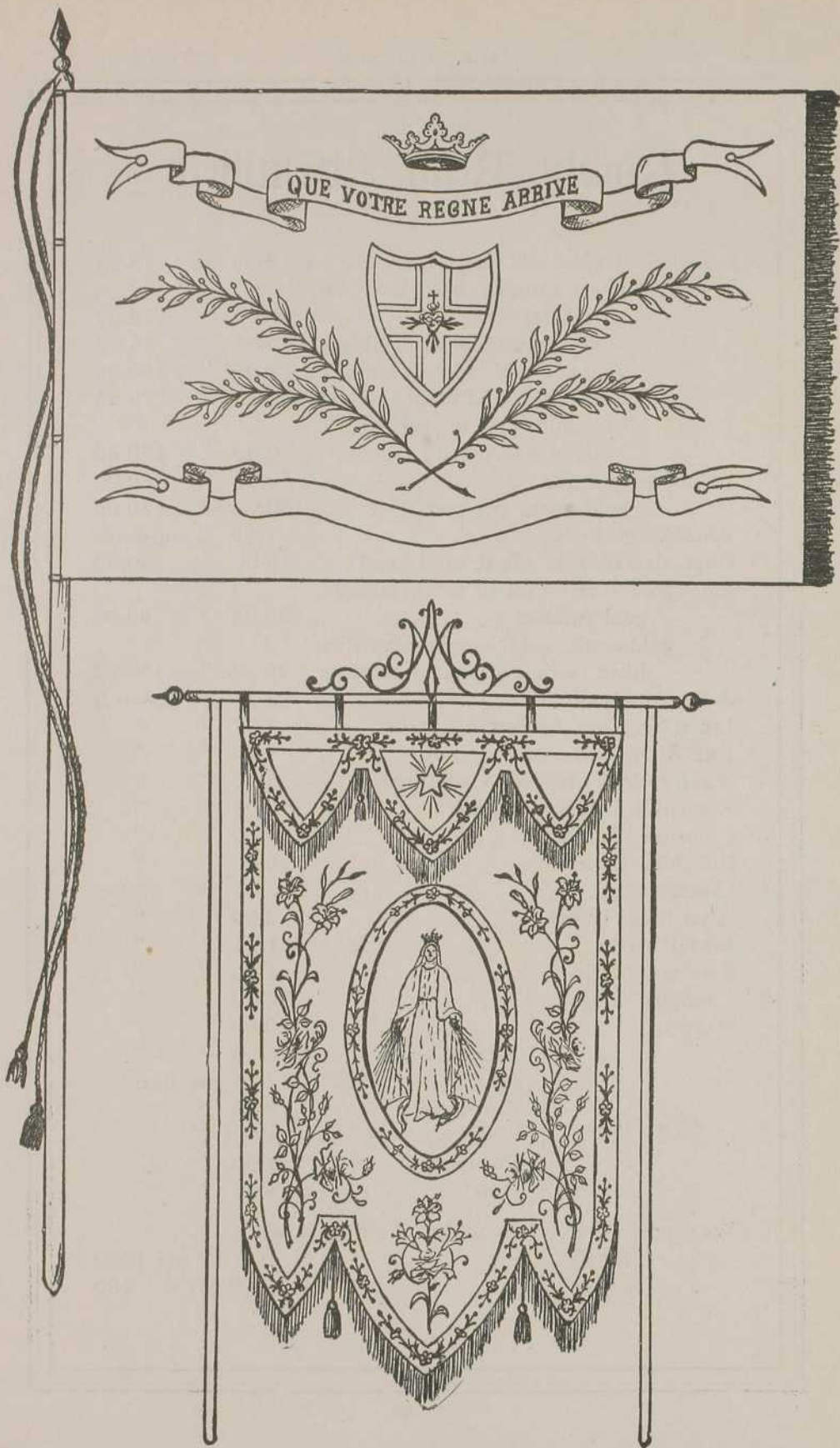


Kindly Read Attentively

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

We supply Altar-breads at the following prices:

Small	\$1.00 per 1000
Large	0.37 " 100



PRACTICAL MEANS

of helping the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

By contributing alms to:

- The erection of the Novitiate Chapel dedicated to Our
Lady of the Missions.
- The erection of Chapels in mission countries

By providing for the :

Annual supply for the upkeep of the sanctuary lamp in our houses of Canada and in mission countries..\$	20.00
Foundation of a Burse for the support of a missionary sister	1,000.00
Annual support of a maiden-catechist	50.00
Annual support and education of an orphan.....	40.00
Foundation of a crib—at perpetuity	200.00
Annual care of a leper	60.00
Monthly upkeep of a crib	5.00
Ransom of a baby, likely to live.....	5.00
Ransom of a dying baby25
Monthly support of a missionary sister	10.00
Monthly support of a novice preparing for the missions	10.00
Annual subscription to THE PRECURSOR.....	1.00

The alms that you will give to the missionaries, the help that you will bring them, will be employed for the greater glory of God, and will be for you the most certain and remuneratory investment, the "hundredfold" promised by Jesus Christ.

* * *

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

Benefactors of the Society

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

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

A Founder's or Protector's Diploma is awarded to persons making the above mentioned donations.

3.—**Subscribers**, those who give an annual offering of \$25.00.

4.—**Associates**, those who give the sum of \$2.00 per year.

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

Privileges Accorded to Benefactors

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

Besides, Benefactors are entitled to the following spiritual advantages :

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

2. A Mass offered every month for their intentions.

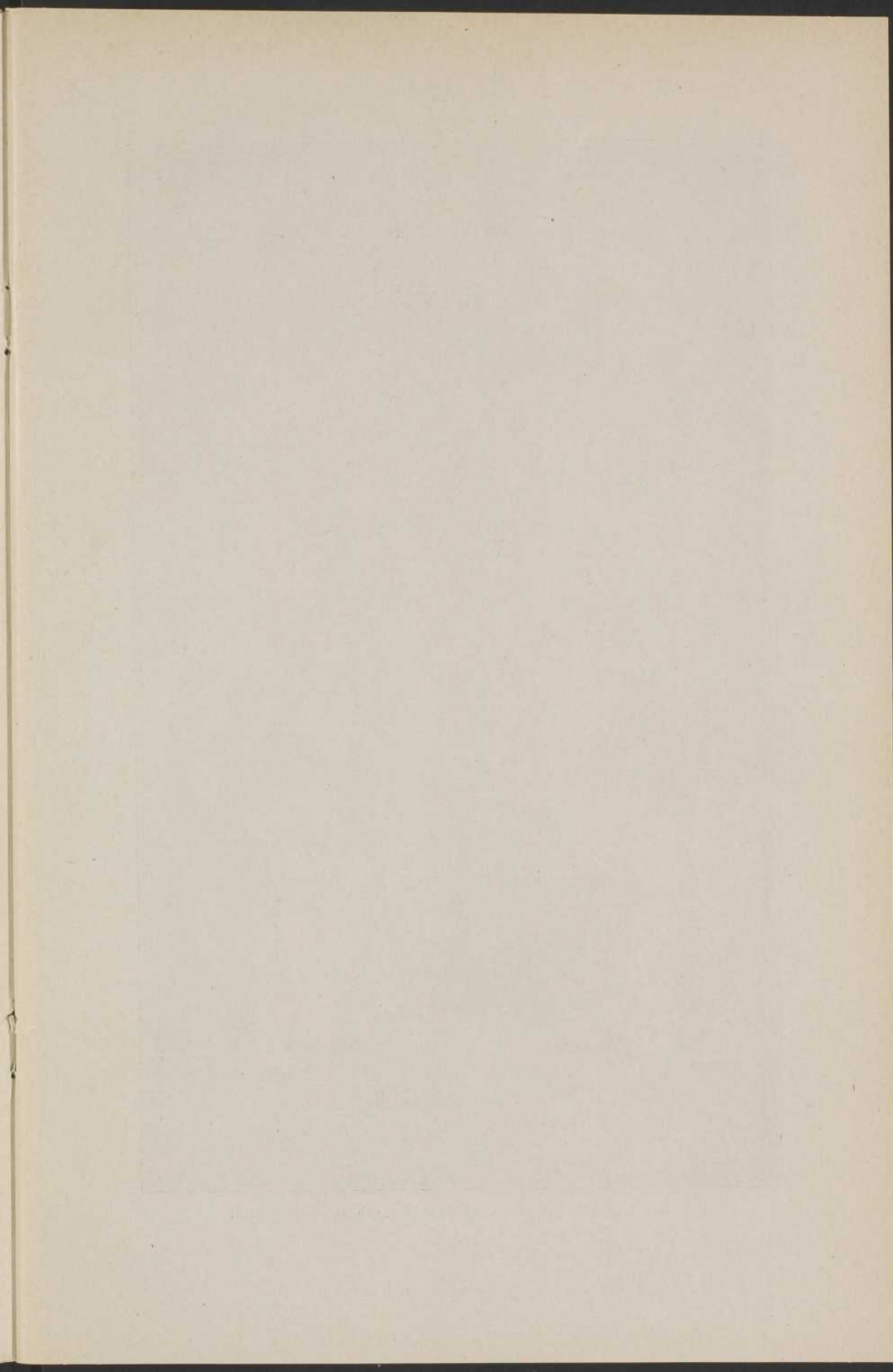
3. Every Friday in the year, the Sisters offer, for their Benefactors' intentions, their hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of the Mother-House. (The names of Founders and Protectors are deposited on the Altar of Exposition).

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

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

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

7. In the Novitiate Chapel of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, two Masses are celebrated every week for all Subscribers to "The Precursor" and for all living and deceased Benefactors.





"O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS!"

THE PRECURSOR

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with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

Vol. 4

Montreal, January-February 1927

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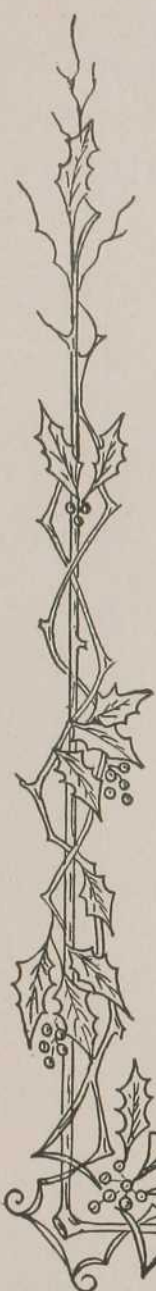
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A Holy Christmas! *A Happy and* *Prosperous* *New Year!*





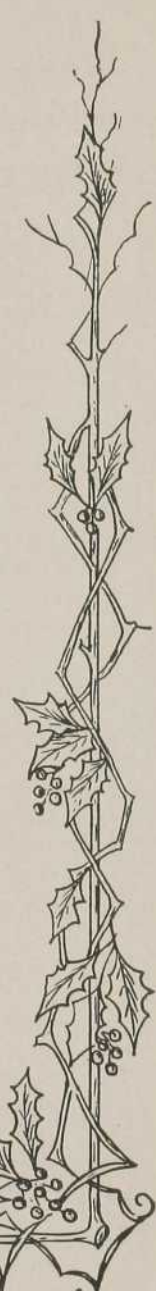
TIS at the feet of the Immaculate Queen of the Missions that we voice, at the approach of this Holy Christmas Season, our humble greetings and wishes for the New Year.

Towards the venerable Hierarchy of the Church they are impregnated with the most profound respect and the liveliest gratitude. We beg of Our Lady to bless our venerated Pastors' zeal, to fructify their apostolic labours and grant them to taste the sweetest consolations and joys in the exercise of their sublime functions.

May this Immaculate Virgin deign to obtain to the very respected members of the Clergy from whom our Institute has received so many kindnesses, the grace of seeing their flock increase in number and holiness, and their devotedness rewarded by growing success in their holy undertakings.

May her maternal and benevolent regard incline upon our prosperous and God-loving Communities, and may she direct them numerous and choice subjects, and give them the best means of carrying on their sublime works of apostolate, education and charity.

Our wishes for a Merry Christmas and Holy New Year extend to each one of our charitagle benefactors and indulgent subscribers. They beg for all: health, holy joy and prosperity. May Mary, our so kind and tender Mother, cover them with her all-powerful protection !





Blessing of the Child Jesus

May the grace and blessing of the Child Jesus be with you;
The peace of the Child Jesus encompass you;
The merits of the Child Jesus plead for you;
The love of the Child Jesus inflame you;
The tears of the Child Jesus console you;
The zeal of the Child Jesus animate you;
The virtues of the Child Jesus shine forth in your every
word and action,
And may the joys of the Beatific Vision be your eternal
recompense.

Amen

The Feast of Jesus Christ Universal King of Society

THE first celebration of the Feast of the Kingship of Christ which our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI., has instituted Dec. 11, 1925, by His Encyclical Letter "Quas primas", has taken place in the entire Catholic world. It is the dogmatic concept of Christ's Kingship that has presided its institution. In fact, this idea derives from the sacred Mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption: a God Who unites with humanity, is necessarily King of His creatures; a God dying for all in order to save all, has the right of being recognized as universal Sovereign and Conqueror. Jesus Christ Himself has proclaimed it before Pilate when He affirmed: "Thou hast said it, I am King!"

This truth, so well understood in the ages of Faith, His Holiness Pius XI. sets it in full light to-day; so this inspiration of the Holy Father has been greeted with enthusiasm and the Feast of Christ the King, given rise to gorgeous manifestations of faith and love.

Yes, Christ is King:—He is King: let us number His subjects, His faithful, His court; He is King: let us count His victories near us, in the foreign fields; He is King: see His enemies waging an unrelenting war and burning with the desire of snatching souls, this territory He has conquered at the price of all His Blood and all His Love.

Jesus Christ is King not only of individuals, but also of nations and races. By this solemn Feast, His Kingship is publicly affirmed. May it be practically acknowledged: may His sovereign power dominate all passions and direct the momentous deeds of Society! When Society, to be just and equitable, will copy the Divine Legislation, then will an era of peace and happiness dawn for her.

Let us point out the rights of Jesus Christ to regality; let us acknowledge this royalty on all occasions; let us form our lives after the maxims and laws of our Sovereign. By every means in our power, let us exalt this Divine Monarch: never shall He have too many subjects, never shall He extend too far His conquests !

Praised be Jesus Christ our King !



Induction of His Grace Most Reverend
Raymond Marie Rouleau, O. P.
Archbishop of Quebec

On November 9, 1926, the Metropolitan See of Quebec greeted with joy the Pontiff whom Rome had elected to direct its spiritual welfare: on that day, His Grace Archbishop Raymond Marie Rouleau, O. P., for the last three years Bishop of Valleyfield, took possession of the Archiepiscopal See of Quebec.

The newspapers have given the details of the gorgeous ceremonies which took place on this memorable occasion and which will be of lasting remembrance in the hearts of those who had the privilege of witnessing them.

May the most illustrious Archbishop of Quebec deign to accept the filial wishes of his humble daughters, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Quebec. May it please His Grace to also receive the expression of the respectful homages of the entire Congregation.

Our Lady of Lourdes, France

IT was in 1897 that I visited Lourdes for the first time, and it was there that I met two celebrated writers in the story of the pilgrimage, Henri Lasserre and Zola. Whilst the first painted this marvellous apparition in glowing colors, the other plunged his pen into the very mire.

The pilgrimage of 1897 was one of the most beautiful manifestations that has ever been witnessed at Lourdes. They wished, that year, to celebrate the anniversary of the foundation of the pilgrimage and prove to the Blessed Virgin by an ever-memorable ceremony what profound gratitude lay in the hearts of all nations. An appeal was made to the whole world, and the whole world responded by flocking to the rocks of Massabielle. Europe and America met and even Africa had sent its representatives.

Two other appeals were sent forth applauded by all. The inspiration was magnificent, audacious perhaps, but faith that moves mountains permitted this project to be realized. The first was to group together all those privileged ones miraculously cured at Lourdes since the beginning of the pilgrimage: the second was to bring as many sick and infirm as possible. It was, so to speak, to place side by side the most lively gratitude and the most lively confidence, happiness with the bitterest distress. These two appeals were responded to not less favourably than the preceding one.

For four days crowds of people who had been miraculously cured, could be seen leading to the Grotto, where the Blessed Sacrament was to pass, and in the Church of the Holy Rosary, the other throng, poor sufferers, come to be cured. With what faith did these happy privileged of Mary exhort them to have confidence. With what conviction did they say, "Pray, dear friends, let us pray together; the Blessed Virgin has cured me, and what she has done for me, she can also do for you."

Still the Blessed Virgin did not hearken to these supplications, and the astonishment was so much the greater as a like occurrence was until then unknown... three days to pass without a single miracle!!! We had prayed so much, and all in vain, that finally we were all, more or less, overcome by lassitude. To have prayed so much....and with no result! Whilst Our Lord said, "*Misereor super turbam*", I have compassion on this multitude," will these people be obliged to return without seeing the mercy of the All-merciful? Will the Mother of Jesus be less compassionate than her adorable Son? Shall these patients, some of whom are almost living skeletons, return without a ray of hope? And will the world, attentive witness of their faith, say, "There are no longer any miracles at Lourdes!..."

'Tis the evening of the eighth day, to-morrow the pilgrimage will terminate.

The procession of the Blessed Sacrament commences, and the priest who carries the monstrance stops before each patient that they may kiss it. The supplications recommence with greater energy and are re-echoed by the distant Pyrenean Mountains, "Jesus! Son of David, have mercy on us! Jesus, cure our sick! Jesus, Thou art able to cure us, Thou art able!"—But not one of the poor unfortunates rise.

The procession is now finished; the sick are to be taken back to the hospital; all is over.

Oh! ye poor patients, have been less fortunate in kissing the Holy Monstrance than the woman of the Gospel in touching the hem of Our Lord's garment.

I happened, at that moment, to be standing beside Very Reverend Father Bailly; before we were two long rows of invalids. We were discouraged.

Very Reverend Father Bailly then spoke. He said that, being sent by the Pope, he would bless the multitudes in the name of Leo XIII. He then assured them with magnificent eloquence that the pilgrimage would not finish in this way, that the Blessed Virgin would not contradict her past bounties, that only one thing is lacking: faith! Then, as last words, he exclaims: "All you who are sick, if you have faith, arise!"

O prodigy! Thirty-two are cured at such short intervals that scarcely can we finish one Magnificat before having to begin another. The discouragement of a moment ago is replaced by enthusiasm, and shortly the enthusiasm becomes a real delirium.

I shall not try to picture this scene: I acknowledge my powerlessness and defy any pen to worthily describe it.

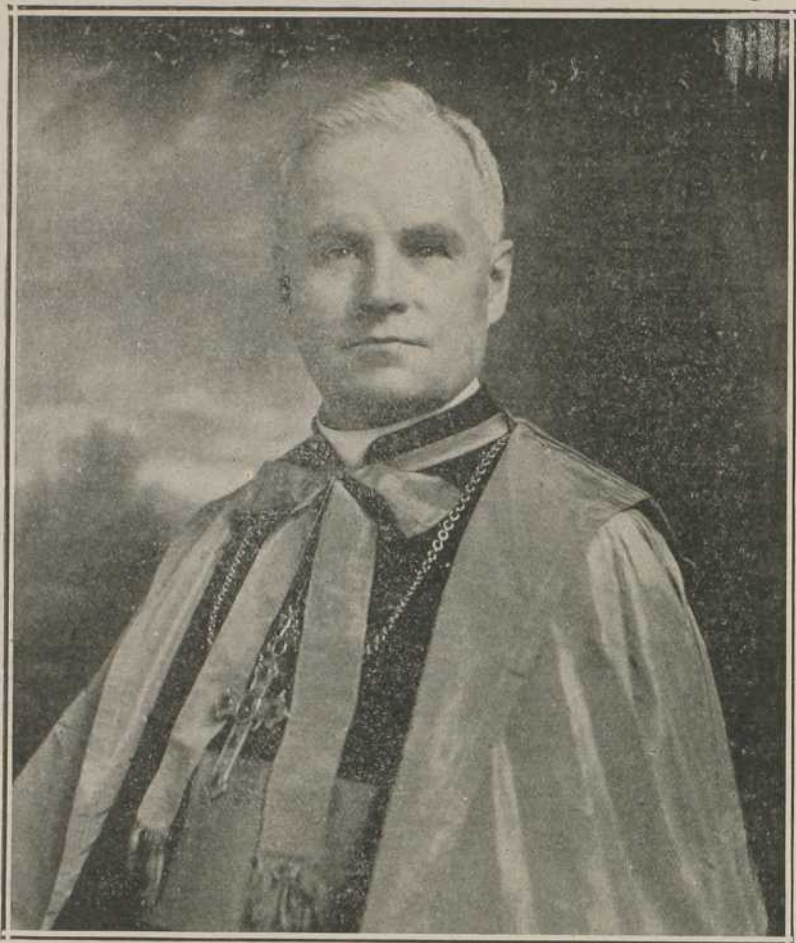
And in the evening of this memorable day we could again say that never has prayer ascended to Mary without being heard, and that Our Lady is, as ever, the loving and admirable miracle-worker of Lourdes.

Buffalo, N. Y., October 1st, 1905.

H. Watelle.

"My child, be humble and the Spirit of God will visit you, as it visited me Mother of God and Mother of men.

"My child, be humble and the Spirit of God will visit you, as it visited my lowliness on the day of the Incarnation."



His Lordship Bishop J. A. Langlois, Valleyfield

By nomination of the Holy See, the Church of Valleyfield received a new Prelate, its third Bishop, in the person of His Lordship J. A. Langlois, formerly titular Bishop of Titopolis and successively Auxiliary of His Eminence Cardinal Begin, Administrator of Quebec during the late Archbishop P. E. Roy's reign, and Capitulary Vicar of the same diocese.

The induction feasts of the new Bishop of Valleyfield were performed in the midst of universal joy: all, clergy and faithful, have duly honored the worthy Pastor of their Diocese, thereby showing the respect and love they already have for this Pontiff of whom his venerated Predecessor has said that "everywhere and always, his beautiful intelligence and his lively piety have shone with advantage."

Our Sisters of Quebec have received, in too numerous occurrences, the most touching proofs of His Lordship Bishop Langlois' paternal devotedness, not to allow them to express in these pages their most grateful sentiments, sentiments very much felt by the whole Institute of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception. May a long and fruitful episcopate be the portion of the illustrious Prelate whom the Church of Valleyfield has received as Pastor and Pontiff!

Date of the 18 Apparitions

AND WORDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN TO
BLESSED BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS.



FIRST Apparition: February 11, 1858.

S Second Apparition : February 14.

Third Apparition: February 18. Bernadette presents paper, pen and ink, to the Vision, asks Her to write her desires: It is not necessary to write down what I have to tell you. Will you be kind enough to come here during fifteen days? I do not promise that you will be happy in this world, but in the next.

Fourth Apparition: February 19.

Fifth Apparition: February 20.

Sixth Apparition: February 21.—Pray for the sinners !

Seventh Apparition: February 23.—The Blessed Virgin confides three personal secrets to Bernadette, and adds: I forbid you to tell this to any one. Bernadette has never revealed them.

Eighth Apparition: February 24.—Penance! Penance! Penance!

Ninth Apparition: February 25.—Go to the fountain, drink and bathe yourself.

Tenth Apparition: February 26.—Prostrate yourself for the sinners.

Eleventh Apparition: February 27.—Tell the priests that a chapel must be built here.

Twelfth Apparition: February 28.

Thirteenth Apparition: March 1.

Fourteenth Apparition: March 2.—The Blessed Virgin requests Bernadette to tell the priests to build a chapel at Massabielle, and adds: I desire to have people come here in procession.

Fifteenth Apparition: March 4.

Sixteenth Apparition: March 25. The Blessed Virgin says: I am the Immaculate Conception.

Seventeenth Apparition: April 7.

Eighteenth Apparition: July 16.



Six Chinese Future Bishops Leave Peking for Rome

L'Italia of Milan has received news from Peking announcing the departure of six Chinese future Bishops, going to Rome to receive from the Pope their episcopal consecration. This has given occasion to a grand demonstration in which not only Catholics, but also the Chinese Government representatives and a great number of high officials have deemed it an honour to partake. The future Bishops of China were accompanied by Mgr. Costantini, Apostolic Delegate of China. The Peking Railway Station was filled with spectators. While the band played a triumphant March, everyone desired to approach the future Prelates to kiss their hands.

Before their departure, the six Bishops paid a visit to the civic authorities and the Minister of Foreign Affairs who greeted them and expressed their joy at the fact that not only has the Pope elected them, but that he will also consecrate them in St. Peter's Basilica.

This consecration has taken place on the 28th day of October.

In the Path of Glory



BLESSED THEOPHANE VENARD

IT was February 2, 1861. On that day, the Church triumphant welcomed in her majestic abode a hero whose existence here below had been an unbroken chain of amiable virtues and apostolate. J. Theophanes Venard, born at St. Loup sur Thouet, under the auspices of the Virgin in the Temple—November 21, 1829—left, on the second day of February 1861, this land of exile and strife, and presented to the Queen of Heaven to whom he had consecrated his life and labours, the verdant palm he had won by a glorious martyrdom.

This angelical apostle always felt a very particular attraction for joy, and even when facing torture in his painful prison did he preserve this serenity which was the charm of his existence. We know that this martyr was locked up in a cage for several weeks. It is in this "princely dwelling" that his magnanimous heart guided his pen while he expressed his ultimate feelings. Let us open his correspondence, let us read excerpts from letters he had addressed to those whom he cherished the most. After perusing such documents, we shall the better understand what is the soul of a Confessor of the Faith; one corner of the veil being lifted, we shall, at leisure contemplate the beauty, the richness of the grace given so profusely to these children of the Lord.

Here is a letter written by Blessed Theophanes to his beloved parents, two months before his death, to give them news of his imprisonment.

December 3, 1860.

Our good God in His mercy, has permitted that I fall into the hands of the wicked. It was on St. Andrew's feast-day that I have been placed in a square cage and led to the sub-prefecture, whence I trace these words to you with some difficulty for I have but a brush to write with. To-morrow, Dec. 4, I shall be led to the Prefecture: I do not know what awaits me there. But I do not fear, the Most High will help me. My dear Mother Mary will not fail to protect her little servant.

.....At last, I have entered the arena of the Confessors of the Faith: it is ever true that the Almighty chooses the feeble and little to confound the mighty of the world. When you will learn of my struggles, I hope that you will equally hear of my victories. I do not rely on my own strength, but on that of Him Who has conquered on the Cross the powers of Hell and of the world.

I remember you, very dear Father, dear Sister and dear Brothers. If I obtain the grace of martyrdom then, moreover, shall I remember you.

Farewell, very dear ones. Heaven is our meeting-place. There shall we see each other again!—In an instant I shall carry the Confessors' Chain.

Farewell, dear and honored Father, Farewell, beloved sister and brothers.

J. Th. Venard, M. S.

On the 20th of January 1861, he writes to his family the following letters which overflow with courage and precious advice. The amiable young man therein wholly depicts himself.

January 20, 1861. In a cage in Tong-King.

To Miss Melanie Venard,
St. Loup sur Thouet.

Dear Sister,

I have written, a few days ago, a letter to the family to whom I give certain details of my capture and trial; this letter is already gone and, I trust, will reach you. Now that my last day is approaching, I wish to pen to you, dear sister and friend, a few lines of particular farewell; for, you know it, our hearts have understood and loved each other from childhood. You had no secrets for your Theophanes, neither had I any for my Melanie. When, as a school-boy, I left each year the dear home for college, it was you who prepared my little outfit and smoothed by your kind words the sadness of separation; it was you who shared, in later years, my most suave joys as Seminarian; it was you again who seconded by your fervent prayers my missionary vocation.—Ah! it was with you, dear Melanie, that I spent that night of the 26th of February, 1851, which marked our last meeting here below, in such sympathetic, sweet and holy conversations, like that of St. Benedict with his saintly sister. And when I had crossed the seas to cover with my labor and blood the Anamese soil, your letters, loving messages, have followed me regularly to give me courage, consolation and fortitude. It is but meet that your brother, at this supreme hour which precedes his immolation, remember you, dear sister, and send you a last token of his affection.

It is near midnight: around my wooden cage are lances and long sabres. In a corner of the room a group of soldiers play cards, another group play dice. From time to time the sentries beat on the tam-tam and drum the night watches. Two yards from me a lamp projects its flickering light on my Chinese note paper and permits me to trace these lines. Day by day I expect to receive my sentence. I may be, to-morrow, led to death. Happy death, longed-for death, that leads to life!... It is most probable I shall be beheaded, glorious ignominy whose reward will be Heaven itself! At this news, dear sister, you will weep, but for joy. See your brother, the nimbus of martyrs crowning his brow, the palm of victors in his hand! My soul will shortly leave the earth and its exile, terminate its struggles. I go to Heaven, I reach the Homeland, I win the victory. I shall enter the sojourn of the Elect, contemplate beauties which the eye of man has never witnessed, hear harmonies which the ear has never heard, enjoy delights which the heart has never dreamed of. But, before, the grain of wheat must be ground, the grapes must be crushed. Shall I be a bread, a wine according to the Husbandman's taste? I hope so with the grace of my Saviour and the protection of His Immaculate Mother; this is why, although still on the battlefield, I dare intone the hymn of victory, as if I were already crowned.

As for you, dear sister, I leave you in the land of virtues and good works. Reap numberless merits for this eternal life which awaits us both. Reap faith, hope, charity, patience, meekness, perseverance, a happy death! Farewell, Melanie! Farewell, dear sister. Farewell!!

Your brother,

J. Th. Venard, M. S.

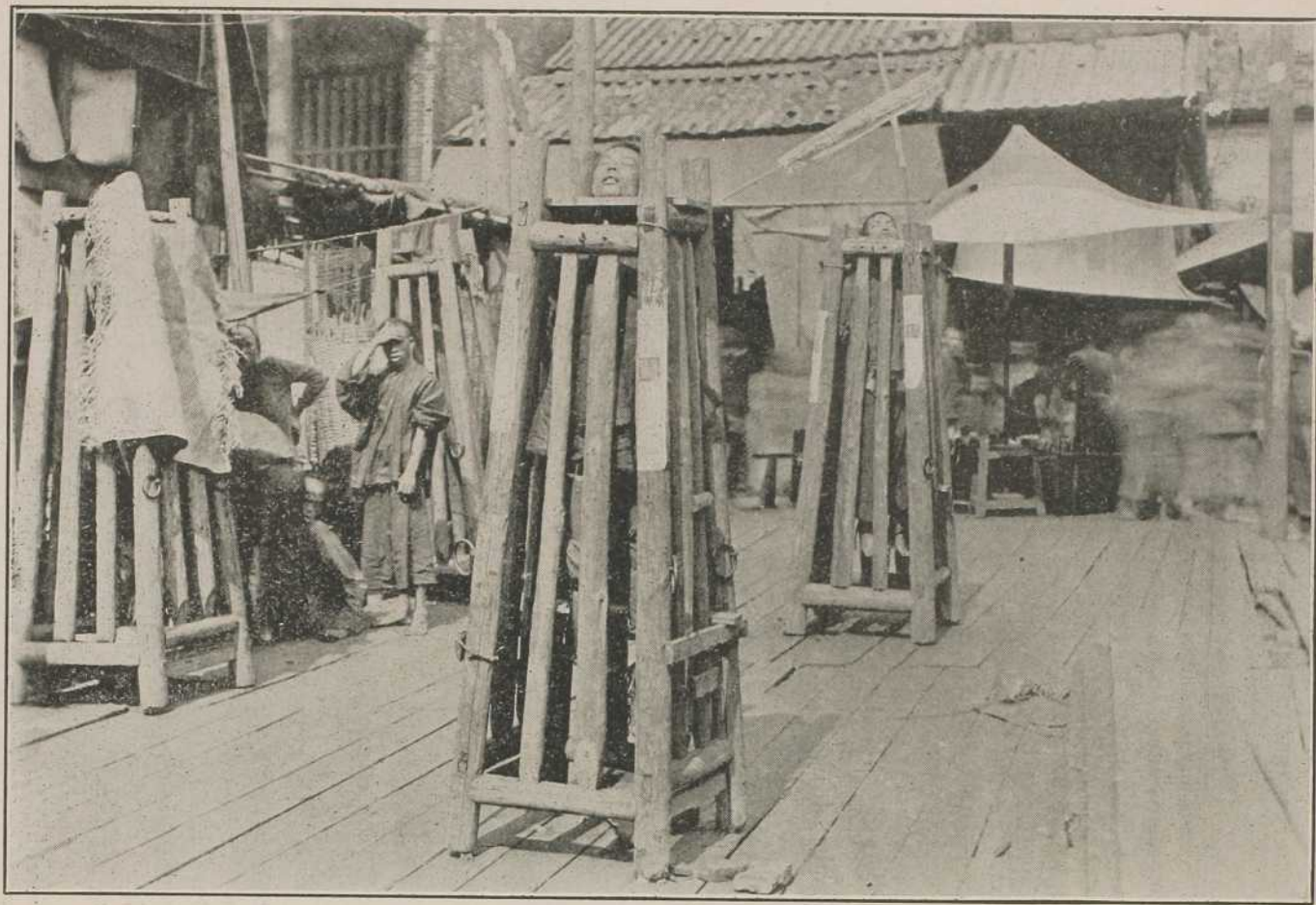
To my brother Henri.

January 20, 1861.

Very dear Henri,

I wish to pen you also a few words of friendly affection. When you took me with Ch., on the road to Parthenay, when you bade me a last farewell, you were still very young. Your promises of ten years ago, have you been faithful to them? Your mind has perhaps followed the current of wordly ideas, and sought, with false friends, happiness where it is not. The heart of man is too vast that the factitious and flitting joys of here below satisfy him.

Dear Henri, do not waste away your existence in the uselessness of the world. You are now twenty-nine years old; it is the age of manhood, be a man. To resist the inclination of the flesh and submit it to the spirit; to beware of the devil's snares and the world's fascination; to observe the pre-



ANAMESE CAGE, INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE EMPLOYED DURING PERSECUTIONS.

cepts of Religion; this is to be a man. Not to do that, would render one less than a man, it would place him on a level with brutes.

I write these words at a very momentous hour: in a very short while,—at the most in a few days,—I shall be put to death for my faith in Jesus Christ. Yes, dear Henri, on the point of leaving this world, I trust that you will remain loyal to the God of your youth. He is the God of your fathers, the God of those who gave you life, the God of your brothers and sister and of your true friends. He is the God Whom the greatest intelligences of which humanity boasts have adored and served. He is the all-clement and good God Who helps us to do good, to shun evil; the God Who, one day, will reward or punish you eternally.

Read these words over and over and ponder over them. It is your best friend, your brother Theophanes, who begs you to do so. I leave you in dying our good father; you will be the consolation of his old age. Be a dutiful son and I shall recognize you as my real brother. Yes, be a good son, a good brother, a good Christian in life and in death.

Farewell, brother: meet me in Heaven.

J. Th. Venard, M. S.

Addressing his brother, the Abbe Eusebe, he thus bids him a supreme farewell:

January 20, 1861.

My beloved,

If I did not send you a few particular words, I am certain you would be jealous and, I dare say, of a rational jealousy. You well deserve that I write you who have addressed me so many letters, as interesting and amiable as they were good and long. I have not had news from you for a long time: you have now, I presume, become a priest and, who knows? a missionary perhaps. When you will receive this missive, your brother will no more be of this wicked world, *totus in maligno positus*. He will have left it for another world, a better one, where you shall strive to join him one day. Your brother will have been beheaded, he will have shed all his blood for the most noble cause, for God. He will have died a martyr!... That has been the dream of my childhood days. When a little bit of a man, nine years old, I drove my goat to pasture on the hillock of Bel Air, I gloated over the reading of Venerable Charles Cornay's life and death, and I said to myself: and I also wish to go to Tong King, and I also wish to be a martyr! O admirable weave of Divine Providence that led me through the labyrinth of this life to Tong King, to martyrdom!

Bless and praise with me, dear Eusebe, the good and merciful God Who has so well taken care of his wretched creature. *Attraxit me miserans mei.*

Dear Eusebe, I have loved and still ardently love this Anamese people. If God had given me longer years, I feel that I would have devoted myself unreservedly to the edification of the Tonkinese Church. If my constitution, weak as a reed, did not allow me great activity, I was at least all heart and soul at the work. Let us say: man proposes and God disposes. Life and death are in His hands; as for us, if He gives life, let us live for Him; if He gives death, let us die for Him.

Dear Brother, you are still young in years and remain after me on this ocean of life sailing amidst reefs and dangers of all sorts. Direct well your little ship. Let prudence be your helm; humility your ballast; God, your compass; Mary Immaculate, your anchor of hope. And, despite the bitterness and disgust that, like a rolling sea, will inundate your soul, do not let your courage be submerged; but like Noah's ark, remain on high waters... My lamp gives no more light.

My brother, my Eusebe, farewell till the day when you will join me in Heaven !

Your most affectionate brother,

J. Th. Venard, M. S.

To terminate, let us unfold with trembling hand the letter which the future martyr forwarded that some day, January 20, 1861, to his father, Mr. Venard, Registrar Justice of Peace, St. Loup sur Thouet.

Very dear, honored and beloved Father,

Since I have to wait for my sentence, I wish to address you what will be, I presume, my last farewell. The days of my captivity glide away peacefully; all those who surround me treat me honorably, a good many show real affection. From the high Mandarin to the simple soldier, all regret that the law condemns me to die. I have not had to endure tortures like many of my brothers! A light stroke will sever my head, like a flower in Spring which the Master culls for his pleasure. We are all flowers planted on this earth and that God gathers in His own good time, some sooner, some later. Such is the glowing rose, other the virginal lily and the humble violet. Let us strive to please our Sovereign Lord and Master according to our perfume and lustre.

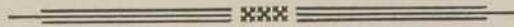
I wish you, dear father, a peaceful, prolonged and virtuous old age. Carry with sweetness the cross of this life, after Jesus, to the Calvary of a happy death. Father and son will meet in Paradise. I, little one, go first. Farewell !

Your very devoted and respectful son,

J. Th. Venard, M. S.

One is filled with admiration and is astonished on seeing thus, men still young, facing death, full of holy audacity and overflowing with joy. One wonders how they can brave tyrants and scorn every torture. One word, one only, answers all our arguments and questions, explains everything: the grace of the Most-High fortified them. Moreover, if each had a particular temperament and character that have brought variation in the details of their sacrifice, the motive which urged them, the dream which haunted them was unique: Shed their blood to fecundate a soil where Satan had, until then, sown the tares of his perfidy; save souls ransomed by a God's holy Blood !

Life for life, was it too much ?...



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.

Echoes from our Missions

Aboard the Empress of Russia, Aug. 24, 1926.

Very dear Mother,

"It is 5.35 P.M. here while at Outremont it is nearly midnight. My imagination continuously carries me back home and I say to myself, "At Outremont they are doing such and such a thing, then, such and such a thing;" and this thought greatly rejoices me. We have pinned on the wall of our cabin, as we had done in the train, the photograph of the Mother-House, and we picture seeing our dear Mother, in the corridors, in the chapel, everywhere !

"Truly, dear Mother, God favors us in every way: we are all enjoying perfect health. Do not be the least uneasy about us. Friday last, the 20th, was quite rough, and many of the passengers paid their tribute to the sea. However we all managed to keep up. The evening and the following day some of us began to feel the effects of sea-sickness but it soon passed off. Sister Mary of Loretto has appointed herself nurse...and 'tis in an imperious tone that she says, "Sisters, you know how careful you must be of your health!..." she greatly amuses us. I defy anyone on the boat to have as much pleasure as we."

"I bought postal cards for the Sisters to send to their parents and to each of our houses in Canada: they have sent already several letters and postal cards, scenes of the Rocky Mountains.

"Dear Mother, to see how cheerful and light-hearted we are, who would believe that we are constantly exposed to the dangers of the sea ? And still what is there to fear?... Are we not sailing by obedience and does not the All-powerful God who has created this beautiful ocean, come every morning to dwell in our humble bark?... We have the happiness of hearing two Masses every day, and we make our spiritual exercises together.

"We have christened one cabin: the Mother-House, and the other: the Novitiate. The Sisters prefer to come to the Mother-House. We are crowded, but how we enjoy it !

"Last night, we went to bed on the 24th and this morning we arise on the 26th. We have no Wednesday, no 25th; so, no feast of the Infant Jesus, according to our custom.

"As soon as something new happens the Sisters ask me: "What's that?" as if I were the captain or if I should know everything. Suddenly, an unusual noise was heard and everyone was uneasy: it is only a seal that we are crushing! do I answer jokinly. By the contents of my letter you see, dear Mother, that I am not growing old very quickly; I guess that I shall die in an eternal childhood!...

"Here are the resolutions that I take as we near China: love God, love my Sisters and...write to Our Mother.

"It seems that China is still at war; but what does that matter to us?... If we cannot enter we shall remain outside!...What a blessing to live in holy indifference ! ! !...

August, 27, 1926.

"Just now there are three of us on deck enjoying the pure sea-breeze. The weather is beautiful, but yesterday, it was terrible! We had rain, wind and the huge waves would dash on the upper deck; and the rocking !!!... it was enough to frighten anyone, even the most wicked...

September 1, 1926—Kobe, Japan.

"We are in port since 8.30 A.M. We should have arrived here August 31, but the unloading of our boat at Yokohama caused a delay of one day. It is almost inconceivable the quantity of merchandise that a steamer can contain! Here, as at Yokohama, they unloaded cases of butter come from Vancouver, quarters of beef and veal, even hardware. If you could see the poor Japanese loading their junks....even the women doing their share....

"Although it is the third time that I witness such a scene, I cannot keep back my tears. In a fervent ejaculation I beg Our Lady of Lourdes to take pity on their misfortune. If they had received a quarter of the graces that I have received during my life! And this last one to return to mission lands, is not the least; I am on board the steamer nearly two weeks now and I am wondering if it is really myself: how happy is my lot!

"Here and ever, I remain, very dear Mother, your very grateful child,

Sister Mary of St. George, M. I. C.

CANTON, CHINA

On board the ferry, near Canton,
Sept. 8, 1926.

Very dear Mother,

It is on the Feast of our Heavenly Mother and under her protection that I shall inaugurate my missionary career. Oh! if I were fortunate enough, in the entire course of my new existence, never to lose sight of this divine Mother! to do naught but through her and under her regard, then would I be certain of doing nothing prejudicial to my dear Community.

Yesterday, 7th, when we landed, we had dinner we, the four Cantonese, with the kind Canossian Sisters of Hong Kong. Our three companions destined for the Manila Mission had remained on the boat that will take them to their post.

Towards four or five o'clock, Sister St. Paul who had come to meet us, brought us back to the "Empress" where we had supper, we retired and took our breakfast with our sisters. This morning we had to take the "pousse" to reach the boat to Canton.

Canton, September 10.

It is hardly credible! we are in Canton, at last in Canton! ... And what a warm welcome we received! You know so well the hearts of our dear sisters that I have nothing to tell you on this point.

A reception was tended us by the orphans and by the pupils. I did not understand much of it. I scanned all these yellow little physiognomies, born in paganism but brought to God by the labours and sufferings of our Sisters, by yours above all, dear Mother! They know and appreciate it, that is what they wished to tell us.

September 13.—Yesterday was my first experience with our angels of the Foundling-Home. How cute they are, Mother! I believe myself in third Heaven. Sr. Marie de la Miséricorde has come for me this morning to introduce me to her paradise, that she would not cede, but where she is kind enough to give me a fairly good place. She is so glad to have help from Canada; she ceaselessly says to me: "Now that we are two, we shall be able to do such and such a thing, we shall arrange things in such and such a way... Ah! Sister, if we had more money, the Home would be crowded; we could buy babies galore; we would only have to send gleaners into new districts!... We must, by dint of care and skill, succeed in saving a greater number of dear little ones!"... "Poor Sister, "did I muse inwardly, "if she saves any, it is only by faith and energy: they are brought in a dying condition, these poor darlings!"

On our way to the Foundling-Home, we stop where are the trunks from Canada. Dear Sister M. de la Miséricorde! I cannot express how pleased she is and how she appreciates every article, but above all else, the woollen goods: stockings, booties, coverlets, etc. She sees winter approaching and the poor little ones freeze, die from cold even, if they are not warmly wrapped up in wool, for the house is not heated.

We enter the room where two babies await the regenerating waters. I am given the honour of pronouncing over the brow of these dear little ones the sacred formula which I voice tremblingly, for I do not forget the words that gave me so much courage when I worked for the Holy Childhood Association: "To co-operate in the salvation of the heathen is to gather the neglected drops of the Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ." But believe me, dear Mother, the one who, on this occasion, pours the holy water, is not deluded; in her heart she full well knows that it is you, our dear Sisters of Canada and all our Benefactors who are the instruments of salvation for these little pagan souls.

As it was the first time I had the privilege of baptizing, I deemed it most proper to give to these new daughters of the Church the names of my three Mothers: your own, preceded by that of my Mother of Heaven and that of my dear Mamma, equally preceded by the name of Mary. I wish them: "*Bon voyage*"! Don't forget your godmothers in Heaven!... and con-

tinue my visit. There are two divisions, or rather, three: the dying, those who are liable to live, and the growing little ones. I look at the infants, small diseased heads, a sore here, a bump there, a bursting abcess, etc., etc., what a pity! But the thought that these poor sufferers need but a turn of the key in the lock of Paradise to enter, greatly consoles me.

Let us now go to the other side: several are still sleeping in their cots: we must not awaken them! Here are some more martyrs! there are so few that do not suffer ! !... But how I love their little black eyes!... I speak to them in English and in French, but they do not understand a single word. They prattle in their own tongue...that I do not know, of course! Ah! but it will not take long, I assure you! I am going to learn the Chinese language and then *we* shall understand one another and get along nicely!...

Let me say a few words about the meal hour. The table is proportioned to the size of the children, and when they see the rice coming, it is interesting to watch them. An orphan-girl helps them and I look on. The bowls of rice are passed, the sticks distributed, and they do not begin their meal!... When the last bowl has been served, our tots rise together, bless themselves and say Grace, just like real little angels!...then, with hands together, they make the inclination usual after prayer; and they set to work in the little bowls. All this is done in a natural way; no one gives a signal or makes a sign, they know their lesson so well! The orphan-girl then brings four others who cannot eat alone yet. She gives me two and keeps the others and we make them eat: a spoonful to this one, another to that; they do not lose any time and I neither... Their famished eyes follow the movement of my spoon, and when the little bowls are emptied I say to my darlings: "Now! for a nap!" and *hoop!* in the little beds... But do not believe that all will fall asleep at once! Some will, but others will start crying and will cry all afternoon; consequently, I shall, during the whole half day, run from one bed to another to say: "Z..z..z..z..z..z..!" give a rattle to one, to another a mouthful of milk or a spoonful of syrup, see to it that those who play are not mischievous, and give work to the older ones. I had not a minute to breathe, my legs were benumbed from standing on the tiles, but I did not mind it too much: I was so happy to be among these dear little Chinese, poor and ailing, but children of God and heirs of Heaven. Oh! how beautiful the Work of the Holy Childhood!... I have always loved it, it held all my heart; but now that I am *in* it, I would like to draw all hearts after me... How thank you, dear Mother, for having sent me here !

S. M. des Victoires, M.I.C.(1)

(1)—Josephine Bolduc, St. Victor de Tring, Que.

*Extract from a Letter of Sister M. de la Miséricorde
Directress of our Canton Foundling-Home.*

Dear and beloved Mother,

A thousand thanks for all the beautiful things sent from Outremont! Despite your numerous occupations, you do not forget even the humblest of your daughters, nor the dear proteges, the abandoned waifs of our Foundling-Home. Dear Mother, you have made me cry for joy... How well you know the needs of these dear little ones who, unlike our own at home,—even the poorest,—have not a little fire to warm their frozen limbs...

You cannot imagine how happy I am to be able to clothe them warmly and neatly! They already enjoy the benefit of your kindness: everything fits perfectly! The way the little dresses are made did not escape the attentive eye of our Chinese girls. Dear Mother, I thank you for having inspired to the zealous workers of our Sewing Circles this great act of charity. A larger number of babies will now, I am certain, be afforded the supreme grace of Baptism, for the destitute parents, seeing how neatly dressed our children are, will conclude that we take good care of them and they will bring us their little ones rather than take them elsewhere or cast them away. Our pupils will also mention this to their acquaintances and that will bring in little souls. It is a seed that will bear its fruit to-morrow perhaps, and in ten years from now even!...

All our darlings will remember their benefactors and, from Heaven, will shower upon them the most precious graces.

I spoke to the Missionary priests and showed them the presents you have sent me; if you could only have seen their joy! One would think they had received the presents themselves!! They examined everything: shoes, dresses, etc., and they said I have a good Mother and very charitable Benefactresses... And that is very true!!

Not only are our babies glad of their new clothes; our little and grown-up orphans have asked me to thank you in their name for the beautiful parcels you sent them: their dresses from across the Pacific...it is quite something!!...

S. M. de la Miséricorde, M.I.C.

Canton, China.

Dear little sister novices,

After having lived through the recent political troubles, allow me to repair to your sweet solitude, there to rest a little, while fraternally conversing with you.

In the midst of the orphans whom God has confided to my care, I forget this vast world where there is continual strife and I concentrate my

solicitudes to the world in miniature that I have around me. I have, in the humble sphere where obedience has placed me, a mission to fulfil. I must mould little intelligences, hearts of children, virgin souls; I must find all that which will satisfy their most intimate needs! Every day do I pursue this programme which I have strived to effect since my arrival in China. 'Tis in the treasure of our dear Mother's teachings that I draw in full measure for my dear little ones. What sage advice, useful precautions, practical notions do I not find! When occasion offers, I recall her motherly words, and while I happily apply them, I thank God for having appointed such a sure and firm hand, such a good and magnanimous heart to direct my life! I daily realize the truth of what our beloved Mother told us and which, I do not doubt, she often repeats to you: "If, at every age, happiness is needed, how much more in childhood!"

I try by every little means in my power to radiate happiness in the lives of my children. The means are numerous, very numerous... Since I familiarly chat with you, allow me to mention here, as it comes to my mind, my ideal of happiness, real happiness.

My little darlings... How I love them!... Since every nation is the heritage of the missionary should he not hold particular affection for that portion which God has assigned to him? And the more miserable the portion, the greater love should the shepherd have for his dear flock, the sweeter and more persuasive should be his voice, since it is the only voice that his sheep will hear; how gentle and firm should be his crook, since it is the only yoke that will prove favorable... My little ones, I love them and I wish to render them happy!!! Every day I try to invent fresh means of procuring happiness for them. They experience joy, these dear children, when neatly, but poorly dressed, they take their ranks in the corridor and I scan their sunny faces. They experience joy, when the bell rings to call them to the refectory where steaming hot rice and green vegetables await them. They are happy when, in the class or sewing-room, they meet with some success: divers happiness that their hearts eagerly receive. I enjoy with them these rays of sunshine which gild their youthful lives; but I know that these joys are indetical with those of the poor pagans: they cannot be happiness! Still my little ones are really happy!!!

Oh! I know full well that they have not, as we say at home, "had every thing they could wish for!" How many among these children have had the privilege of knowing their mother? To which has been given the care that is lavished on the poorest of our own? How many, before their arrival in the house of the Blessed Virgin, had never seen a smiling face, had never heard a word of sympathy or encouragement?... And while penning these lines my mind wanders to one of these poor children.—May I speak of sorrow while I am speaking of joy?...

The little girl is now fourteen years old. She was sold to us by her father a few years ago. To tell you what she suffered is incredible. Servant, slave rather, in her own family, the poor unfortunate had been exposed to

every kind of ill-treatment on the part of her pagan parents. Without any consideration for her health, she had to always be ready to do every charge around the house. For her, there was never any help, never a kind word, never a smile, only raillery, roughness, anger and blows... Her mother could scarcely put up with the blame that her husband continually charged her with: "Why keep that girl? How many a time have I not told you that she is a bother! When are you going to rid us of her?... Why do you keep her? If you had agreed to throw her away when she was born, she would not be of such an expense to us now!..." It was in this tone that the inhuman father argued; and the mother? she did not say much in the beginning but finally, exasperated in hearing her husband always finding fault, she decided to do away with the child. She attempted one day to lead her astray in the great Chinese City; but the little one—was she attached to her misery, or did she dread a greater evil?...found her way back and begged to be kept home. You easily imagine the conditions that the child had to agree to in order to remain with her cruel parents...

Some time after, the father brought her to us and gladly sold her. The little purse that we showed him caused his eyes to shine with greed. The bargain soon made, the contract signed, the child was left with us to become one of our orphans. It was a pitiful sight to see her, she looked so sheepish! She remained huddled in a corner of the parlor, not daring to look at the religious; but as soon as her father had left, she raised her head and in a voice, full of fear, she asked the Sister who called her, "What are you going to do with me?" Sister told her that she would bring her to little companions who would be glad to see her. The child let her do. She later told us, when telling the story just related, that when the religious brought her to the orphanage she thought she was going to be killed... She had suffered so much that she resigned herself, as a pagan, as a fatalist, to the death we were to inflict upon her!!! How great was the surprise of the poor slave when she realized that the religious had told her the truth, when she found herself in the midst of a group of little girls neatly dressed. And yet, even though she was among a merry group, she did not feel in assurance: the unfortunate are so accustomed to suffering, happiness seems impossible to them. The poor child thought that her torture was but delayed...it would take place on the morrow...To abridge my story which is already too long, I will simply say that after a summary toilet and a good meal, a good bed was given her. The next morning she felt revived.—She contemplated the life that would henceforth be hers. Never had she had so many dainties within her reach, never in her life had she received so many smiles! And yet this was her first day in the house of the *Kou neung*. Needless to say that grace found this soul very docile! The dear child was baptized as soon as her catechumenate was terminated, and she continued to give many a consolation. Whenever she speaks of her childhood she still shudders at the thought of all she suffered and endured! She is an ardent little worker and has acquired a sweet perpetual smile that bespeaks the joy with which her heart overflows.

I could add, to her story, that of many of our orphans but I do not wish to abuse: I close the parenthesis, opened a moment ago to speak to you of the misery of our little girls: I was to speak to you of their happiness!... But in spreading the sad mantle of their misery, do not these dear children the better present to our eyes, accustomed to Christian joy, the light which radiates from the Cross that has redeemed us all? We know that it is in taking rank under this blessed standard that these poor unfortunates of yesterday have found happiness, a happiness that has never been dreamed of by the greatest utopist, that which takes its source in religion. It is there that are found real beauty, ideal truth, real life !!!

I try to make my little ones taste the beauties of Nature which are the reflection of God's own. It is Our Mother who used to say. "My children, do you wish to give happiness? Make loved what God has made you to love. No father can be compared to Him. Better than anyone, He knows what the human heart needs to rejoice, elevate, and draw it towards Him! See how He instructed you. What have you admired, loved, in your youth? And to-day, where do your affections still carry you?—Make Nature loved, attract towards everything that is beautiful, true and good; make the Source of beauty, of all truth, of all good, to be loved: incite others to love God.

I try to bring into the existence of my children the rays of the sunshine that rejoices, inflames, and renders fruitful, of the sunshine that vivifies! 'Tis the happiness that communicates itself by a smile, a kind word, an obliging attention, a charitable thought! A thousand nothings that shape themselves into something so grand, and so noble that they draw the regard and blessing of a God!...Oh! how many a time do I realize that religion alone can give happiness and make it understood!!! Happiness dwells in the heart of all who raise their eyes to Heaven and send forth from their souls, by forgetfulness of self, the burning rays of sympathy and kindness.

Far from my native land, my beautiful Canada, I may assure you, dear little Sisters, that I am perfectly happy. And it is only since I am among the optimists of our loving Lord that I experience so much happiness: my heart and soul overflow with joy since I strive to spread it around me, since I make my apostolate consist in forming my little orphans according to spiritual joy. Yes, the more I live, the more I see that a child needs happiness. Later on it will give of what it has received!... I would like that my little tots shower happiness everywhere, the sweet happiness of Our dear God...

Oh! how much I have said, what a long letter I have written !!!... I place it quickly into its envelope—adding that Divine Providence maternally protects us: we live in assurance under Her mantle, making but one heart and one soul with our beloved Mother and our entire religious family.

Your sister "Apostle of spiritual joy",

Sister X., M.I.C.

A Christmas Present

Annap was but four years old when, one day, while playing with her companions, a hearty laugh from the little band drew the attention of the Sister in charge. "Sister", said one of the older girls, "Annap wants to be a "Kou neung" (Sister) like you; she says that all those who are dressed like that are always very good people...but I know



that she is far too small," added she with a smile. Annap who, at first, had not seemed to pay any attention suddenly turned, "Sister has assured us that anything we ask from the Child Jesus on Christmas Day will be surely granted us. Well! I have been asking for such a long time to become a "Kou neung"; just wait until Christmas, you'll see!..." Annap lived in hopes for several months. The faith of this dear little one was too lively to be frustrated. Christmas morning, Annap found her *Holy dress* at the foot of her little bamboo bed! She was a very good girl all that day in thanksgiving to the Infant Jesus for her vocation, and also because all those who are dressed like that are always very, very good people.

MANILA

Manila, Sept. 16, 1926.

Very dear and devoted Mother,

At last, we have reached the Land of Promise! Thanks to your kind prayers and those of our dear Sisters, the voyage has been perfect. Sister Superior, Sister St. Pierre Claver and a group of Nurses came to receive us: it is needless to describe the joy of meeting!...We embraced with love and gave your maternal and affectionate messages. How we appreciate the bonds of intimate charity that unite us! We do not know one another and we already feel so much mutual love! It is because we all are the children of the Immaculate Virgin and your own, very dear Mother.

The Sisters were all at the Hospital door, awaiting us. There were also pupils, infirmarians and even doctors! All seemed glad to welcome workers from Canada.

We notice that we are in a strange country, a real mission country; everything is so different from home: the people, animals, plants and weather. Different languages are spoken: English, Spanish, Tagalog, Chi-

nese, etc. Philippino people are very dark; they dress in white or very showy colours. For instance, they will wear red trousers with a light-coloured and printed muslin vest, or a Crepe de Chine jacket. The women wear a costume quite hard to describe: The bodice is made of a very stiff and thin material, with very wide sleeves heavily shirred on the shoulders, and which come to the elbow: it makes one think of butterfly wings. The skirt is of red, green, or blue print, with a long train which they usually tuck up so as to show the lace of the underskirts. They wear very light shoes: just a sole with a high heel; the toes are covered with red or green velvet. These two shades seem to be the most fashionable, for I remarked them mostly everywhere. The men nearly all go barefooted and bareheaded.

The horses are very small, about the size of our ponies; they are harnessed to caleches. Larger horses are sometimes brought from other countries, but those born here degenerate. For farming and heavy work, grey cows called "carabao" are employed.

In our Hospital, everything is nice: the interior of the house is painted white and pale blue. The Charity wards are filled; there are patients even in the corridors. The section of the Community is very small and simple; on entering, we feel as if we were in a corner of our dear Outremont! the wood-work, picture-frames, tables, chairs, everything is like at Home; we are really at the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception's Convent.

We shall begin our functions Saturday; Sister Superior waits for the day consecrated to the Blessed Virgin to place us, and we count on this kind Mother's help to worthily do the work.

Deign to accept, beloved Mother, the overflowing sentiments of respect and gratitude of

Your children of Manila.

Excerpts from letters of our Sisters "en route" to Japan:

Our dear Sisters who left Nov. 4, for the distant land of Japan, have sent news of their trip as far as Vancouver. The following details will doubtlessly be of some interest to our indulgent readers.

Canadian Pacific Railway,
Friday, Nov. 5, 1926.

Dear and venerated Mother,

In this letter and the following ones, I would like to impart the impressions of your daughters going to Japan. I am not good at eloquence, either expressive or descriptive, but I know my beloved Mother's indulgence; she will read between the lines what my filial heart wishes to express.

While the train last night was snatching us away from you and taking us so very very far, we remained on the observatory platform to see you as

long as distance would permit; and when we were alone in our compartment, while in our hearts we repressed the grief we felt at leaving so many dear ones, a very sweet feeling of gratitude mounted, mounted and soon filled our whole being: are we not, we, poor little missionaries, privileged by God among many? To be sent by Him to the other end of the world, towards such and such a soul who awaits its ransom from our co-operation, what happiness! Ah! if the young girls of my Country, which I leave forever perhaps, only knew how suave and good is sacrifice made for love of souls, never would a vocation be lost; renouncement would not frighten, as it too often does, Alas! so many young persons whom the Divine Master calls to apostolate!....

We made our meditation in God's good, pure, air this morning. Only to look at Nature, pretty and graceful as it was, made our hearts soar very high. The sky was a beautiful azure and the immaculate mantle of snow which spread on either side of the railway, in endless stretches towards the forest, glittered like diamonds under the rays of the dawning sun. Nature seems to become more and more beautiful as we go; what, then, will the Rockies be? they are, are we told by travellers, the climax of our beauties!...

As our room is our house till we reach Vancouver, we have ornamented it: a crucifix, the card for the Order of the day, a few pious pictures and books. We have opened the pretty blue boxes, Mother! What precious things they contain!... They remind us that it will always be under our Immaculate Mother's blue mantle that we shall find the most efficacious protection, and that it is in the so tender and devoted heart of our Mother of Outremont that this divine Mother has deposited our richest treasure here below!...

Saturday, Nov. 6.—How everyone likes to look, to admire the scenery! The eye does not seem able to embrace at once so many beautiful things. To tell the truth, there are many *beautiful things* scattered all over our dear country! I challenge anyone to offer as pretty scenes as those which God now presents to our contemplation!...

It is already dark when we border on the Province of Manitoba. It is too bad, for Sister du St. Coeur de Marie had very much desired to point out to us the wonders of her native place: Red River, the immense prairies, the buildings...even the ditch that had so well greeted her when, a young girl, she made her *début* as a chauffeur... The family of this dear Sister are at the railway Station where we have a stop of two hours.

Monday, Nov. 8.—Our train is drawing towards West, towards Vancouver. Health has kept fine, save Sister M. du Perpétuel Secours who got a liking for sea-sickness *far before the time* did we tell her. She is now perfectly well and enjoys, in the pure air, the great scenic beauties which surround us. We all sleep like tops, so there is no need of worrying about us, dear Mother.

If I were not busy writing, if I looked out of the window, I would certainly get dizzy: we are crossing a precipice 2300 feet deep, and at two

o'clock we cut through a tunnel 5 miles in length: this shows the geographical caprices of this region. Man is mighty, he has genius; he pierces rocks and suspends himself over abysses; but what is this power compared with that of our God Who has created these depths and set these gigantic rocks? As we read in the Following of Christ! "Which is the nation having gods likening to our own?" I am thinking, dear Mother, of the millions of creatures who do not know this powerful and bountiful God. How anxious am I to set foot on the Japanese soil, to meet these souls of whom my Divine Master says to me, in my heart, "It is to them I herald you!"...

But I must leave you now, I hear the supper-call. Good night, dear Mother. I shall come again to your side in the morning.

Thursday, Nov. 9.—We hasten to pack our trunks for we are to arrive Vancouver at 8.30 A.M. Sister Superior comes to meet us and takes us to our dear home of the coast. All the Sisters enjoy perfect health and are blissful, like real good workers of the Blessed Virgin. Our house of Vancouver is a real corner of Outremont! Sister Superior is so kind! she spoils us, and, of course, we let her do. As a last delicate attention, she slips into our boxes...apples! nice big Canadian apples!! I wonder if we shall taste any home apples in Japan?...

Returning from the Transpacific offices, Sister Superior tells us that our steamer will not sail before Friday, the 12th. This news gives us much joy: we shall appreciate this halt with our dear sisters; it is so pleasant to live together when we love one another!

We have recreation all day; it is not too long to speak of all that which fills our hearts: our so good Mother, dear Sister Assistant, all our Sisters, our works, etc.

Wednesday, Nov. 10.—Rév. Father Calixte, O.F.M., with whom we are sailing, shall say Mass in our Convent until the day of departure. This missionary gives us details concerning the itinerary we still have to pursue: 12 days on the Pacific, 24 hours on a Japanese train, and about 15 hours on a small boat will take us to the land much deamed of, much desired and obtained through Our Blessed Mother, the Mission land! Oh! Mother dear, how good to be a Missionary!

We prepare to sail on the ocean. We do not dread the voyage: fogs may be dark and thick; the sweet Star of the Sea will ever be our luminous beacon! You have confided us to her care, we do not fear!...

Before boarding the vessel that will carry them over the deep, your three daughters beg you to bless them.

With the most filial affection,

"Your little Japanese."

Per Sister X.

Extracts from the Novitiate Chronicles



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

St. Bernard.

Sunday, September 12, 1926.

Yesterday evening, at the outset of the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, a cablegram arrived at Our Mother-House from Manila: "Magnificat!" This single word of convention filled every heart with joy and gratitude, for it meant that our dear Sisters who left us last August for our distant missions of China and Oceania have happily reached their haven. We thank the sweet Star of the Sea for the protection bestowed on our dear travellers, and, looking over the countless favors for which we are indebted to the kind Virgin who is our dear Mother, we sing with greater enthusiasm her Blessed Name.

O Mary, Immaculate Mother! When shall it be given us, as to our older sisters, to go and teach the little and wretched to lisp, to invoke Thy beautiful Name! With what joy shall we then try to cast into thy maternal arms all these disinherited of nature and grace, that thou mayst lead them in safety to thy Son!

Saturday, September 18.

After the workmen have left their work, we spend the recreation in the basement of the section that is being erected to shelter the little missionary novices of the Immaculate Virgin. Urged by interest, we venture on the scaffolding and the steel beams... We examine this and that...and give way to a thousand and one reflections. There are so many points of comparison between a material and a spiritual edifice! How long and painfully sometimes, one must work to lay the foundation of solid virtue, of this true humility which shall support the whole structure of sanctity!... Ah! we understand why our Superiors love to make us repeat this beautiful ejaculation: "O Mary, Mother of humble hearts, pray for us." They know that a soul deeply anchored in humility has never been wrecked, whilst there are very many who have given the spectacle of sad defections, because their perfection rested on superficial bases.

But, as we are at recreation, little by little we glide to less serious topics; and soon only a joyful chirp is heard through the rustic bars of our future aviary.

Meanwhile, the Queen of Night has risen and appears full of majesty in her pure domain, casting her silvery reflex on the sleeping waves and

giving to our grove a mysterious aspect. Then, like white birdnigs flying out of their cage, all the "Doves of Mary" leave their pleasant hiding-place and go to the edge of the peaceful waters, whilst silently admiring the gorgeous work of the Creator of the Universe. How thank thee, O God, for having made beautiful Nature that rejoices the eyes and heart of thy children during the days of their terrestrial exile! What must then be the splendours of the Homeland!

Thursday, September 23.

We have the honor of receiving this afternoon the following illustrious visitors: Their Lordships Bishop Deschamps, Auxiliary of Montreal, and Bishop Versiglias of Shiu Chow, China, accompanied by Rev. Father Brisson, Salesian in India. Needless to say that we were entertained on the Missions. How short they have appeared to us the few moments spent in imagination on the pagan shores! The same doleful plaint breaks out from every missionary's soul: "The harvest is ripe, the priests and religious are wanting!..." Ah! how we would like to be ready!... but long and sturdy wings are needed, are we told, for these courageous flights and we can scarcely bend over the edge of our nest...or, at the most, timidly fly around our cradle; still, hope stirs us daily: fortified by the Bread of Life, sustained by the powerful hand of Our Immaculate Mother, helped by our Superiors, encouraged by the examples of our older Sisters, we shall grow in age, wisdom and grace, that is to say we shall work to the acquisition of the virtues and knowledge indispensable to the divers functions confided us in mission lands. When this preparation will be terminated, then shall we be able to take our flight towards the heathen shores where so many unfortunates await us.

Thursday, October 7.

Would it be to join in our celebration of the Most Holy Rosary that the last blossoms of our garden have, despite frost, wind and rain, preserved all their beauty and grace? They, to-day, deck the altar of the Queen of the Rosary, tastefully blending their symbolical colors. To these modest flowers as well as to her happy missionaries, the Virginal Queen seems to smile. And, to thank her for this, both offer their existence to honor her: the former in ornamenting her altar till the end of their short life, and the latter in repeating "Ave Maria", not only until the last day of their existence here below, but also for the duration of perpetual eternities. Yes, in Heaven also, we shall love to repeat "Ave Maria", replacing these words: *pray for us sinners* by these: *thank Our Loving Lord for us*. Thus, in the Homeland still, O Mary, you will be the medium through which our praises and thanks will mount, as you are now the channel which outpours all divine favors.

Saturday, October 9.

We know that the few amusing incidents that, from time to time, give a little picturesqueness to our life are enjoyed by our dear Sisters of the Missions, that they broadcast rays of joy on their daily task so full of labor and responsibilities, and give them the illusion of once again treading the sunny paths of religious childhood when, free from all care, they were led by the tender and kind hand of a beloved Mother.

Would it be pleasant to witness an auction sale in the Novitiate and a fishing excursion? We hear them say: Yes, and we come to the point...

In the middle of the recreation hour, a Novice, neither too young nor too sedate, steps on a ladder and offers with much emphasis an article that she very carefully hides but that she praises wonderfully, begging her sympathetic audience to lend her their generous help. She declares that to become possessor of the much honored treasure, we simply have to offer a certain number of prayers for the intentions of Our dear Mother. The highest bidder will be the winner. The price to be paid then becomes such an attractive motive that it stimulates us much more than the article to acquire. The auction begins with animation and the bids pour in. Beads, rosaries, whole days...weeks...months...months multiplied again and again, everyone is on the alert; it is to who will have the honour of giving more to the beloved Mother who gives us so much!...And yet, our sister vendor is not satisfied: the price is always below the mark. At last, after many repeated offers, she consents to relent and...affecting at first an air of extreme timidity, she gradually moves to contagious enthusiasm as she takes out from its hiding-place a tiny needle-case that years ago, might have been of a sky-blue tint, that, in its youth, has had a silk lining: but it is now so much worn and sad looking that we can scarcely recognize its tissue. It is richly furnished with eyeless and pointless needles, with pins, either headless, crooked or rusty... To cap it all, it is *locked* with a minuscule big-headed nail... While our Sister Novice exerts herself to laud her merchandise, the acquirer takes hold of the goods and minutely examines without showing too much disappointment...We would even think that she has made a good bargain. What floats in her mind? What plans is she ruminating? The future will certainly tell us; the seller, do we think, had better be on her guard.

Now, let us go fishing. I hasten to explain. We shall go fishing...celery. Yes a real fishing excursion!...The heavy rainfalls of the last weeks have transformed part of our gardens into a veritable lake! And our beautiful celery was swimming...We proposed to go to fish it out of the water, and the permission was granted us. But we had no boat nor canoe. Two boxes for each of the fisher sisters will be used instead—missionaries must not be taken aback for so little! and we set to work. Supplied with a stick that serves as oar and fishing rod, we venture, *on the above-said lake*, with such an air of importance!...We have to change "canoes" at every step we take; we call this transfer: "portage". The manoeuvre is sometimes delicate...we must be very circumspect if we do not wish to take a dip and be fished out in our turn...for then, it is certain that the little "fishes" would not come out of

the pond without stain or blot...not moreso than the celery. But, poor celery!...it was doomed to perdition and now it will be saved. One cannot imagine how amusing it is to go canoeing in an empty butter-box. But one must also understand that it would not be prudent and wise to try the trip on the Pacific Ocean...or even on the Yellow Sea...When all is over, we reflect that if the fishing of souls did not bring more anxiety and labour than our celery fishing, there would not be so many pagans still sitting in the darkness of idolatry.

Sunday, October 10.

We were all at study in the Novitiate this forenoon when we suddenly perceived—what a joy!—our dear and beloved Mother!...We drop our books and rush around her. With real maternal kindness, she first enquires about our health: our beaming countenances quickly reassure her. She then urges us to fill every moment of our scholastic programme in order to acquire the knowledge that will later be very useful to us in the performance of our missionary works. Profit by your Novitiate, does she add, it is so precious and time flies so quickly! Sow to-day a good seed if you wish to reap a harvest in the future. What is life? Jacob said it is a "handful of evil days." Let us, at least, strive to render it fruitful. "But", replies a Sister, "there are very beautiful days, Mother!"—"Oh! yes, re-echo each and everyone: and of these are the days which our good Mother spends in our midst!" At this point, the postulants who had been called from their study-hall arrive with joy: Our Mother says a few kind words to them also and it is already time to leave. Then, the youngest Postulant draws near Our Mother, makes a profound inclination and voices an improvised recitation to ask for a "grand congé". It is then and there granted and immediately begun.

Thursday, October 14.

We learn with the utmost joy that in a month from now our dear Congregation will send some of her members to the idolatrous land of Japan. At this news there is a general outburst of joy; but if God invites us to gain souls for Him on new shores we must not forget that these souls will be ransomed only by prayer, sacrifice and donation of self; that we must, then, while pursuing the work of our formation, share in the harvest in which some of our Sisters will work directly and that we must help by our constant prayers, our daily little acts of renouncement. To work, then, from to-night! The field is vast and the ripened sheaves already waved by the breeze of grace are thousands in number. We need not know the total of our conquests, the Divine Master will keep an account of them, and, on the day of eternal retribution, He will give to each according to His works.

Sunday, October 24.

This evening's recreation is nearly entirely spent in listening to the reading of the letters from our Sisters who left in August for far-off China.

We hear, with the greatest eagerness, the details of the sailing, the arrival at Canton, the first impressions on heathen soil, the enthusiasm felt at the sight of so many poor souls to be saved; the narrative closes with a visit to the Foundling-Home which our dear missionaries call "a corner of Paradise;" such a fitting denomination do we think, since they are in a room filled with angels. We believe ourselves at their side, full of apostolical activity when the bell brings us back to Pont Viau...Ah! how we long to take our ticket...one way only—without being obliged to make it a round trip...like to-night.

Monday, October 25.

There is no electricity this evening. God does not wish us to work since He does not give us light...we accept this forced rest and we make up for it in listening to Sister Superior who explains the true devotion to the Blessed Virgin! How beautiful it is! and how fully we give our attention to this interesting subject! To be the slave of so good a Mistress, to belong entirely to her, to possess nothing in or out of self, what a happy fate! And how many advantages it assures for time and eternity!

Thursday, October 28.

Reverend Father Calixte Gelin, O.F.M., Missionary of Japan, pays us, this morning, a very interesting visit. He is not a stranger to us for it is to answer his demand and it is with him that our Sisters will work in the Canadian Mission confided to the Franciscan Order in the land of Japan. On entering the hall, the Reverend Father salutes us by a few Japanese words. We do not grasp anything, so he hastens to translate his salutation... We understand better. The missionary expresses his joy at having realized the aim of his voyage to Canada: that of bringing religious for the school of Naze, Japan. He then speaks with much enthusiasm of his dear Mission to which he has already given sixteen years of labor and toil. The Japanese people are difficult to convert, does he tell us, but once souls have entered the Church, they remain forever faithful. We can rely on their constancy and generosity; and the Reverend Father gives examples in confirmation of his words. He invites us all later to work for the salvation of the poor Japanese pagans, but he insists on the importance for us to let ourselves be formed in a virile way, to make provision of virtue, courage and good-will. Concerning this, he tells us that when he was preparing for his first trip to Japan, he wrote to the Superior of the Mission, asking him what he should bring over with him. "I meant," adds the missionary, "material baggage"; but the Superior answered: "Bring courage and good-will"...I understood the lesson and repeat it to you." The Reverend visitor then shows the necessity for missionaries to inviolably attach themselves and with all their heart to their religious family, to their Mother-House especially. It is in the Mission lands, more than elsewhere, that one needs these ties, does he add with much energy. He bears upon the principal means of apostolate: prayer. Missionaries perform divers works yonder, but they must be helped by prayer if

they wish to meet with success. Yes, it is prayer that obtains from Heaven the graces of conversion; and it is most touching sometimes to see how God disposes events so as to prepare hearts to the gift of Faith. And why is that? Because, in shade and solitude, good souls pray for the pagans, for the missionaries.

Before leaving us, our visitor blesses us, makes the Sign of the Cross in Japanese, and then invites us to join him in the Japanese Missions.

Sunday, October 31.

For the first time, the Feast of the Kingship of Christ is celebrated in the entire Catholic world.

Within the Novitiate precincts, we try to render it as solemn as possible. Our modest sanctuary has donned one of its most gorgeous ornamentalations, and with all the ardor possible, we sing during Holy Mass the regality of Christ. Then, throughout the day, at each decade of our Rosary we praise Our Divine Lord and beg Him to be the King of the universe.

How fervent is this heartfelt desire! And how could it not be so? Is it not this purpose—the extension of Christ's kingdom—that urges us to leave parents, friends, country, all that we hold most dear here below; to condemn ourselves to live in a land of exile, in the midst of peoples without morals and civilization; to consecrate our lives to what is most wretched and repulsive, to expose ourselves to martyrdom? May our God reign, may He reign from East to West, even at the cost of our lives!...

But as this earnest desire soars from our missionary souls, another immediately springs forth. It is that which resumes our beautiful motto, not only of missionaries, but also of *Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception*: "May the Immaculate Virgin be known from pole to pole!" Full well knowing that by our own efforts we shall always be in utter powerlessness to contribute to the extension of our Divine King's domain, we turn towards our Immaculate and all-powerful Mother, we strive to make her known, to make her enter everywhere, knowing that wherever this Holy Virgin will set foot, the accursed serpent will not continue his ravages; he will hasten to flee for he fears the virginal foot of this Woman whom he has foreseen in the Garden of Eden and who has the mission of crushing his head. On the ruins of Satan's realm, the Virgin-Mother will establish her Divine Son's Kingdom. And then, from the throne of love and glory which is naught else but Mary, Christ the King will reign forever.

Monday, November 1, All Saints' Day.

Faithful to our ancient and pleasant custom, we present, immediately after the nine o'clock Rosary, that is to say at the opening of the traditional All-Saints' Day holiday, our new Patrons for the year; this presentation is as ever the most interesting, and we are-nearly anxious to be in 1927 again on the 1st of November to start anew.

This being over, we declare that the sun smiles at us through the windows...immediately we put on our cloaks and go in our grove which has no more the attractions it held for us but a few weeks ago. The venerable oaks and the young maples are nearly stripped of foliage: the birds do not send forth songs and chirps, for they have flown to more clement skies; the multi-tinted flowerets do not appear at our feet as we walk along; in fine, Autumn, dark Autumn, with its showers and gales has deprived Nature of all the charms which Spring had decked her with. Still, to-day, we could not speak ill of Autumn since it offers us such a grand day. The sky is of a limpid blue, the placid waters sweetly murmur and chant in unison with the last golden leaves rustling in a few of our large trees. For a long, long time, we wander up and down the riverside, chatting fraternally, while our eyes contemplate the beautiful skies which spread like an azure sea.

When we are tired walking, we repair to the recreation hall and there, more serious conversation is taken up: it is inspired by the approaching feast for the Commemoration of the dead. Here are some of the thoughts that present themselves: in seventy years from now, this very room will be occupied by other Novices who will wear the same costume, have the same spirit, the same ambitions, the same ideal; who, like us, will also picture the hour of their death as very remote...and we, we shall all, then, be in our graves... Oh! what a mystery life is!...But nearly all those who write these pages, from Heaven, do we hope, will look down upon you and smile, dear little novices to come, who, seventy years from now, will read these lines. Oh! will you not give of your charity, then, to those who might have debts to pay to Divine Justice? Will you not waft a few fervent prayers in their behalf? And, in your turn, you will have the noble ambition we have to-night: offering so many suffrages for the dear departed souls on this their Feast that at sundown, Purgatory will be empty...And then your Sisters, the novices of to-day, all grouped under the mantle of their Immaculate Mother, will, with fraternal pride, look down upon you all.

Wednesday, November 3.

It is nearly eleven o'clock when a telephone call from the Mother-House announces that our Sisters who leave to-morrow for Japan are coming to the Novitiate for a farewell visit. We were far from expecting such a favour, knowing how busy our dear "departants" are during the last days; and these had terminated but yesterday the ten-days' Retreat which all our missionaries make before leaving. But since our good Mother deigns to accord us this great pleasure, we thank her very gratefully and immediately set to work to prepare a little entertainment.

Our dear Sisters come for dinner. The refectory has something of the beauty of Profession days; and as it has slightly snowed this afternoon—such a delicateness of our good God!—we have been able to gather enough snow in a dish to spread maple toffy and to give a last treat to the dear

Canadian Sisters who will to-morrow bid adieu to the white snow and the maple sugar.

The spiritual Exercises take place at the usual hour. From the Chapel we repair to the Novitiate where we give violin and piano selections and express in song our wishes, prayers and congratulations.

After we have voiced our favorite hymn, the Magnificat, we assemble for an intimate conversation. But soon, too soon, the hour for departure arrives. We go to the chapel; after a silent prayer at the foot of the Tabernacle and Mary's altar where our dear Sisters have so often knelt, our voices sing with emotion: *Mother of God, deign to bless us!* We leave the sanctuary with tear-filled eyes and bid each other farewell, or rather, au revoir! For if the Master's voice calls us to labour on divers shores, there will be for all, we firmly hope, the perpetual reunion in the Homeland.

Thursday, November 4.

To-day is the great day. Needless to say the little Novices' wings are too short to permit them to fly to Outremont, and still less to Windsor Station! But Sister Superior and one of our Professed Sisters assist at the ceremony and relate every detail, which we now send you, dear Sisters of the Missions.

"We arrived at the Mother-House towards 2.45 P.M.," do they tell us. "On entering we feel wrapped in an atmosphere of recollection. It is the quiet of prayer, of intense prayer. A momentous event is to take place and we feel the need of help from on High. At three o'clock, the whole Community enters the Chapel where are already numerous and sympathetic friends of the Missions. In the sanctuary, several priests have deigned honour us by coming. As on Profession days, the altar is decked with immaculate lilies which spring from clusters of fern spreading their majestic leaves as if to erect a protecting hedge around them, while an azure illumination projects its tender light on this graceful ornamentation.

"The fortunate missionaries for Japan kneel at Mary's altar whilst the choir executes the touching hymn to Our Lady of the Missions. Very Reverend Father John Joseph Deguire, Provincial of the Franciscans, then gives an address in which he points out the numerous sacrifices inherent to apostolic life in mission lands, but also the consolations and joys which derive from these very sacrifices; he closes his allocution by congratulating those who leave to-day to bring their personal share to the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

"Immediately after this, the eldest of the departants reads in her own name and in that of her companions an appealing Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin, while they hold a lighted candle that they will keep through the ceremony; this candle is a symbol of the Light of Faith which they will carry to the peoples still sitting in the shadows of heathenism. The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, by Very Reverend Canon Roch, Superior of

the Foreign Mission Seminary, is followed by the Itinerary prayers and the eloquent hymn: "Beautiful Star of the Mariner!"

"Our missionaries then repair to the parlor to see their parents and friends who claim them. The last familial meal takes place; it reminds us of the Last Supper... Our dear Mother presides the service and with what tenderness! After the meal is over, Our Mother unites the departants to give them her last advice. Some Sisters had just told that they had seen a wicked adder swallow a poor little bird resting in its nest at the foot of a tree. The mother arrived at this very moment and, like every mother, regardless of danger, tried to snatch with its beak the poor little creature whose body had already half disappeared. Its cries were pitiful. Our Sisters, on hearing them, went to see what was the matter. On seeing that dreadful scene they took sticks and forced the miserable snake to drop its prey... The birdling, unfortunately, had but a breath of life: it soon died.

"Our Mother drew a practical conclusion from this fact. 'My dear children,' said she to our missionaries, 'you are going yonder to struggle against the infernal serpent. It will strive by every means to snatch the souls confided to your care. Like the mother bird, you will be powerless even to take hold of the weapon that could fell it down; but you will invoke Our Blessed Mother's help and she will always be there to aid you. She will have but to appear, to set her foot, and your victories will be assured.

"Dear children, on treading Japan's soil, let your first action be to unpack the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and after having enshrined and decorated it, light your candles, the same that you held while consecrating yourselves to Her on this memorable day; then renew your donation to this admirable Virgin: when the Community was founded, it was the first act that we performed on our arrival in our modest house at Côte des Neiges. Set fearlessly to work, Mary will watch over you!"

"At this moment, the reglementary bell calls us to the Chapel for the Stations of the Cross and the night prayer. There is afterwards a last general meeting in the Hall where, in an emotioned and religious silence, we embrace our dear apostles with all the fraternal love possible; then, while chanting the *Ave Maris Stella*, we accompany our travellers to the autos that are waiting at the entrance of the avenue. It is 9.15 P.M.; consequently, evening shades have, for some time already, covered the ground; but the white Virgin of our parterre, with her twelve luminous stars, scatters the shadows on her children's path. Accompanied by Our dear Mother and our elder Sisters, the "departants" mount the autos graciously offered by thoughtful benefactors.

"Once at the railway Station, they first go to their compartment, then immediately come to the observatory platform, where they converse with their beloved ones until the train pulls off. Farewells, good wishes, are exchanged, and then the separation is effected!..."

A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries



With my heartfelt gratitude towards the Little Flower for a favor she has obtained for me, I am sending Two Dollars for your works. Mrs. C. L. K., **Douglastown, P. Q.**—Thanksgiving to the Little Flower for a petition granted. Offering of Five Dollars.—Just a little petal for your works in China in thanksgiving to the Little Sister of Missionaries for the graces she has obtained for me. Mrs. E. J. McC., **Ansonia, Conn.**—I wish to acknowledge my gratitude to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus for a grace she has obtained for me. Enclosed is a small rose petal. P. S., **Toronto, Ont.**—The Little Flower of Jesus is certainly doing good upon earth; she has obtained my dear mother's cure and it is with deep gratitude that I am enclosing a small offering for her little sisters who are labouring in China.

Mrs. J. A. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.**—Some time ago I mailed you One Dollar for lights to be burned at St. Teresa's Shrine for my mother's health. She is much better, and it is with gratitude that I am enclosing an offering for your works. E. M. C., **Waterbury, Conn.**—Enclosed please find Five Dollars as a thank offering to the Little Flower for favors received. E. M. L., **Timmings, Ont.**—A favor has been granted through St. Teresa's intercession. I wish, in return, to shower petals of roses upon your poor children of China. The enclosed offering is for that purpose. A Friend, **Naugatuck, Conn.**—May the dear Little Sister of Missionaries be ever thanked for a great grace that she has obtained for me. C. F., **Worcester, Mass.**—I am enclosing Two Dollars for your missions that I promised to give in honor of St. Teresa. T. B. M., **Sawyer, Que.**—My most grateful thanks to the Little Flower for the graces she has obtained for me. L. M., **Fairville, N. B.**—You will find enclosed Two Dollars in honor of the Little Flower in thanksgiving for a petition obtained. Mrs. C. S., **Derby, Conn.**—Prayers had been requested from your Sisters for a successful surgical operation. Thanks to your pious intercession near the Little Flower, the results are most hopeful. Mrs. B.—I enclose One Dollar in honor of the Little Flower of Jesus for favors received. Mrs. J. McGuire, **Montreal.**—As I was in danger of perishing during a violent storm, I promised to the dear little Sister of Missionaries Five Dollars for your works if she protected me. Enclosed please find my offering which I give with a most grateful heart. A Subscriber, **Montreal.**—In order to fulfil a promise, I forward the enclosed Three Dollars. One Dollar is to go towards the subscription to "The Precursor" for a poor family, that they may become acquainted with the mission cause; the balance is for St. Teresa's Burse. A Teacher.—The enclosed amount for a Novena of lights in honor of the Little Flower of Jesus, in thanksgiving for a request granted. Anonymous.—Two little petals (Two Dollars) for the dear Little Sister of Missionaries' Sisters, in grateful thankfulness for a favor received. Mrs. E. L., **Timmings.**—Here are Ten Dollars for the ransom of two pagan babies to be named Mary and Teresa, in honor of the Blessed Mother of Our Lord and the Little Flower who have favored me. Y. L., **Woonsocket.**—Enclosed my cheque for One Hundred Dollars for St. Teresa's Burse, in special thanksgiving to her for having obtained the great grace of a religious vocation in our family. E. P., **Hull.**—My sight was very badly affected, and after I had promised to help your missions and prayed to the Little Flower, I felt greatly relieved. Many heartfelt thanks! G. R.—I send herewith the sum of Ten Dollars in thanksgiving for a very special favor obtained through the Little Flower of Jesus. I would ask you to apply this sum for the upkeep of a missionary Sister for a month.—A thousand thanks to the Little Sister of Missionaries who has showered a beautiful rose upon my soul. The enclosed offering to voice my gratitude. Mrs. A. S., **Perce.**—I recommend to the Little Flower my vocation and thank her from the bottom of my heart for having favored me in a very particular occasion. A Convent girl, **Montreal.**—The works of a Religious Community are specially recommended to the Little Sister of Missionaries; may the dear Little Saint scatter flowers upon its undertakings. **Montreal.**—I have obtained my cure without having to undergo an operation after I had promised the Little Flower to renew my Subscription to "The Precursor". Mrs. X., **Montreal.**—My father begs for a position; kindly pray to the Little Flower with us. She has already answered so many of our petitions that we are most hopeful. A devoted daughter.—I gladly send you this small sum of One Dollar, all I can afford, for your missions. I desire to thank the Little Flower who has visibly protected my younger sister in a dangerous occasion. A Child of Mary, **Quebec.**—A Seminarian begs your prayers for his vocation; he rests on the intercession of the dear Little Sister of the Missionaries to help him through to be a missionary himself. X., **Montreal.**—My humble offering of One Dollar for favor granted through the powerful medium of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. M. L., **North Westport, Mass.**

MOSAICS

DEDICATED TO OUR MISSIONARY APOSTLES.

Jesus loved the children.

IN a village neighbouring Kapatu, I was examining the catechumens who were to receive Baptism during the year.

A little boy presents himself. He has had three years' instruction and all his marks of attendance to the Catechism lessons; but his parents are staunch pagans and he is only eleven years old.

So I said to him, "You are still too young, my little one. You must wait a while longer."

The boy then began to protest and shed bitter tears. Protestations and tears were useless. I went on working.

He came back and I sent him away three times. Then, sitting on my door-still, he stayed there.

The examinations went on, came to a close. Evening is drawing near. The boy is still there, undaunted.

Night comes. I then ask him, "What are you waiting for"?

—I want to be classed for Baptism," answered he in a flood of tears.

—I have told you that you are too young. Go home!"

The poor little one looked at me with pleading eyes: "Father," said he, "when Jesus was on earth, He loved children and you...you chase me!"

How could I resist any longer? I said to him, "Come here. I shall question you and your answers will decide your admission."

To all the questions put to him, he, answered clearly and distinctly. I was won.

How happy he was when I said to him: "My little friend, you must be thankful to our dear Jesus. In one year from now, you will be a Christian."

"The White Fathers"

(Bouchout-les-Anvers)

Heroism of a young Christian Chinese.

During the persecution which took place in China in 1900, the Christians opposed but three words to the threats and solicitations of the Boxers. These words were those which resounded in days of yore in the Roman praetorium, "I am Christian".

Let us listen to this boy of twelve, the third son of Yang Tsu Tsing. A Commander of the Boxers, touched by the child's youth, said to him in his most caressing voice, "If you are no more a Catholic, I shall not kill you. —I am a Catholic", replied the child. "I will not dare deny the Master of Heaven."

"Since you will not change Religion, I will kill you!"

Having uttered these words, the Boxer gave him a sabre blow and cut his right arm, adding, "Well, are you still a Christian?"

—Yes, I am !

—I have cut your right arm: do you not feel any pain ?

—I do not feel anything.

—Since you do not feel anything, I will cut your other arm."

So saying, with a single stroke, he cut the left arm. This time, the brave child could not repress himself, he wept bitterly.

The Boxers then put an end to his life with their sabres and lances.

A Scheut Missionary, in China.

Superstitions and religion in the Philippines.

Numerous superstitions have taken ground among the Philippinoes.

Why be astonished at this? Has not the saintly Curé of Ars said, "Leave the people without priests for twenty years and they will adore animals."

In the Philippine Islands there is a great penury of priests.

Parishes of 40,000 souls often have but one aged priest, who must look after that mass of Christians. It is clear that under these conditions, it is impossible to give them serious religious training.

What is most needed to obtain the resurrection of Catholic life in this beautiful country, is priests, numerous priests !

Rt. Rev. Bishop Boylan, of Kilmore, who visited the Philippines, declared, "There is no country in the world in such a pressing need of priests!"

There is an average of 8,000 Catholics for a single priest... The number of parishes deprived of pastors amount to 119.

In such conditions, spiritual work cannot reach the mass... Let us pray the Master to send labourers in his harvest.

A Missionary of Scheut.

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

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

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

Horror of sin.

Peter is distracted during the Arithmetic lesson. He looks sad and tired.

—Are you sick, Peter?" said I to him at recess.

—No, Brother, but I am hungry. Since three days, I have not eaten anything

—How is that, poor child? Does not your mother give you any food?

—Oh! yes. But you know that my father is dead and, three days ago, every member of my family came to dance the "tanga".

I understood: the "tanga" is a religious ceremony consisting in a special dance in honor of the dead, to whom is offered food which will be eaten by the parents during many days. This dance and food offered to the spirits or devils are forbidden by the Church under pain of grievous sin.

This is the reason why Peter, not wishing to offend God, had not eaten for three days.

APOSTOLATE IN PUNJAB.

One of our missionary sisters received the following charming and consoling letter from one of our little pupils:

"Sister, I have often heard you speak of the happiness that Baptism procures for a baby and that is why I baptized a little boy who will certainly die this year. The doctor said so. Still I think I made a mistake."

This message, which I received around Christmas, greatly pleased me, for it assured another little companion in Heaven for the Infant Jesus. I answered his letter asking for an explanation of the mistake, here it is:

"I pronounced the whole sentence: Emmanuel, I baptize thee...but I had no water!" Evidently the little patient's Guardian Angel preserved his life for another occasion. It took place at Easter and the aspersion was copious this time. Matter and form were united and Emmanuel soon took his flight to his heavenly home.

On the following Pentecost, another little tot took his place beside Emmanuel. The fortunate child had had but ten minutes to live when one of his aunts, a pagan, but who knew of our Sacrament of regeneration, administered Baptism with such emotion that all the pretty names slipped her mind, giving the poor child the name of "Tom".

Tom and Emmanuel are good friends up above. Born in two different forms of error, baptized by non-baptized, they joyfully sing their hymn of gratitude to the great King who has rendered so easy the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism.

(A Sister of Charity, missionary in the British Indies.)

MY FIRST BAPTISM.

One Tuesday afternoon, in the month of November 1924, I was watching the children at work in the fields.

The heat was scorching and threatening clouds appeared in the horizon. Mirth was not, however, lacking to the workers.

But, all of a sudden, a catechist arrived and, out of breath, said to me, "Father, quick! Nkusu is dying."

I started without delay and found, lying on the ground, a young negro boy shaken with violent convulsions. The pulse was almost motionless, a cold perspiration bathed the temples, the sight already announced death. What was to be done? I was alone with my boys, one half hour distant from the Mission, and the child was dying !

I had to do the most urgent. "Maskaza, take my cap, run to the river and bring some water. Quick !!"

Meanwhile, the children group around the dying boy, look at him with stupefaction, not daring to breathe. Without my telling them, they all knelt down. The catechist, holding his book, recited aloud the Hail Mary, etc. for the moribund. The children answered in unison. I questioned the child, "Mkusu, do you love Jesus? Do you wish to go to Heaven?...Do you want me to baptize you?..."—Oh! yes, Father, please... In the midst of an impressive silence, I pour the baptismal water on the child's brow. The Church counted one more Christian. A beaming smile enlightened Nkusu's countenance. "Thank you, Father," said he in a breath; "in Heaven, I shall pray for you and all my companions!"

A last convulsion shook him. The child was no more: his pure soul was with God and forever.

Nkusu was twelve years of age and had been coming to the Mission but for the last two months.

D. Van Malderen, S. J.

A Chinese Market-Place

T PROAR, displays, vendors, goods, buyers, here is the description of a Chinese market-place. As for me, who was visiting one for the first time, I was bewildered and it took much of my patience to reach the end. But it was well worth while!...

If I were to tell all I have seen it would be endless. I shall simply note what has struck me most, and I believe that my readers will be satisfied with their trip around the market-place.

The general appearance? One street invaded by merchants come from the country-places or city suburbs. All have brought with them the goods they wish to dispose of during the day. Their installation has been made very early in the morning and is not complicated:— as everything is transported on the shoulders, the provision cannot be very heavy:—a bucket of tea, a case of *lai t'i*,—Chinese nuts—a bale of vegetables, this is what the first merchant places around him, in any way at all, and as soon as the unpacking is done, he awaits his patrons. The neighbour has placed on the ground his long bamboo stick to which are suspended two pails filled with fishes that gleefully swim in their tiny river. Never does a Chinese buy dead fish! He will bring it home in water and kill it only the moment before he cooks it: this is the only means of having fresh fish! It is the same for meat. Poultry and fowls are brought home alive. To keep them, even for a short time after they are killed, would be very risky; so quickly does flesh get gamy!

Let us pursue our visit on the market-place. What is there in this tub?— Ooch! it moves!... But it is so very pretty and graceful; tiny weeny white worms that will come in very handy for the housewife. When the little Chinese boy will come home from school, he will find his Mamma preparing the cutest pies!... On seeing them, his mouth will water!...

Here are water-roaches, there, serpents, that Mr. Vendor sells to the epicures of the place... Everywhere are found vegetables and rice. At home we would say: Everywhere bread and butter are found!—Here, vegetables and rice are the bread and butter of the country!...

If the dealers only displayed and sold their goods, but they announce them!... Each one screams in your ear what he wishes to place in your basket. If a Chinese possessed but ten roaches, he would sit near them and offer them for sale; if he had but five peanuts he would place them crosswise and look for a buyer!!

Let us listen to the calls! An umbrella man—a little of everything is sold on the market-place!—has hooked 40 of them on a fence. He shows them to you, enumerating the qualities and advantages of each; happy will he be if you deign to buy one, were it the very first of the long file he has praised.

Another, a fan dealer, seeing that you have just bought an umbrella, on contemplating your white complexion guesses that you will soon feel the torrid effects of the Cantonese climate. An umbrella preserves from rain... and also from the heat. And when the sun is shining it is quite hot out!... Would not a fan be very welcome near the umbrella?... In this turn, he insinuates that you should take with you—the: “You will pay for it” is understood—one of the fifteen fans that he has spread on a newspaper on the pavement.

His neighbor insists on showing you his goods: Chinese buns...and this man's neighbour, slippers, Chinese also;...the second neighbour displays fruit, all peeled and sliced at one cent a slice if you please!... The third man offers you tooth-brushes...(I have placed dots to separate the buns and the slippers, the tooth-brushes and the sliced fruit, but there are none on the market-place!) the fourth neighbour has good, hot soup!—“It is really a general market,” will you exclaim!—Indeed it is; and what is convenient is that you can buy there...fractions of things! For instance,—we have just spoken of hot soup—the Chinese will, before each meal, go out with a sectioned pail. He will buy soup, enough to fill the first section, vegetables to fill the second section, meat cooked on the spot that he places third; tea, that goes fourth, and nuts that rush on the fifth part! How advantageous are flats !

Thus, all day, the market is held in this Chinese street. Buyers and vendors run, scream, bump against one another: business goes on just the same! To-night, when the patrons will have purchased their supper, the merchants will close their shop; this one will pile his empty boxes and shoulder his bamboo pole: he will go light-heartedly home with his day's earnings; that one will take up his unsold fishes and sadly go down to his sampan: fortune has not smiled on him to-day. Some will leave for the country-places: Soa-Ha, Ko-Pa, etc.; the others will reach their homes by the Chinese City's main streets. Little by little, the street will be deserted, all will reintegrate in silence: market is over!...

But come to-morrow; there'll be market again!

Mission interest must be sustained and increased.

Pauline Marie Jaricot

Foundress of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith.

(Continued)

To the exceptional gifts of nature—intelligence and beauty—"she joined the most capable weapons to conquer the hearts of God and man : boundless devotedness and ardent charity." (1) This explains the wonderful attraction and empire which she exercised over souls.

What St. Augustine said of his mother may be applied to her: "She was the servant of Thy servants, O God, and those who knew her, praised and blessed Thee in her, feeling Thy presence in her heart, for it was manifested by the fruit of her holy life."

In this state of things, the devotedness of her daughters had to be, like hers, in harmony with every cause and at the disposal of every need. She trained them quietly, in making them find an effective interest in all the afflictions of neighbor.

"When there was a conflagration in the city, and when we could see the smoke rising, I would make them experience the power of prayer grounded on the merits of Jesus Christ, and reminding them of the efficaciousness of the Holy Rosary, would ask them to recite it with me, for the unfortunates struck by trial.

"We would place ourselves at the windows, looking towards Lyons. There, with hands and rosary in the open air, we begged Jesus, through His Holy Mother, to put out the fire and preserve from all peril the stricken people. In these occasions, despite our unworthiness, God would manifest the power of Mary's Name, for scarcely was even the first Rosary said when the fire would abate. I can even affirm that the conflagration never lasted beyond the time we took to recite three Rosaries."

For the sublime but difficult task of forming souls to *absolute devotedness* in the most profound humility, her recourse was the *Tabernacle*, this "fortress of love, whose treasures supplement all poverty, and whose weapons remedy all weaknesses." *There* all is possible to Faith. So, when she heard of fallen souls, or of souls on the verge of falling *from high* in the mire of degradation, she besieged this divine fortress, knocking at the door by day, knocking again by night with the holy temerity and the burning tears before which the *Powerful King, the Almighty, glories in becoming weak* and lets mercy triumph.

Still, in the rush of such an active life, where her purse, time, intelligence and heart had become the property of all, she continued to feel in her inmost being the incessant struggle between nature and grace: this was the more difficult and painful as proud nature found new energies in the

(1)—Rev. Fr. Ramière, S. J.

injustice and lasting ingratitude which the servant of God suffered, and which seemed to justify these interior revolts.

Multiple solicitudes and trials did not hinder the protegee of St. Philomena from fulfilling the promise she had made to her benefactress, of erecting a chapel in her honor on the hill of Fouvriere. So, as soon as it became possible, she executed this design.

The new sanctuary was built on the terrace of Loretto, near St. Bartholomew's staircase, at the spot where the pilgrims could come to pray at all hours without trespassing private grounds.

This chapel is a miniature of that of Mugnano.

On the 11th of August 1837, Feast of St. Philomena, the Victim *par excellence* was, to Pauline's untold joy, immolated for the first time; and from that day, the virgin from above testified that she accepted her earthly sister's hospitality, by responding by miracles of all sorts to the prayers of those who invoked her on this spot.

Very soon the rich and the poor covered with ex-votos the walls and even the ceiling of this sanctuary, to testify that the powerful thaumaturge had averted peril, pain or death.

Repeated with gratitude by thousands of tongues, the name of Philomena promptly reached the solitude where God was fashioning to the heroism of His love, a very humble priest, the saintly Curé of Ars.

Seeing the martyr of Mugnano so full of compassion towards the unfortunate, this man whose heart was filled with celestial love had, from that epoch, for the amiable virgin, a devotion to which was mingled something of paternal tenderness. He received from Pauline the first relic of the young martyr. We have, on this subject, details full of delightful naïveté.

When Pauline's heart was too much oppressed by painful secrets, and when her body wavered under crushing fatigues, she would come, either to Ars or La Louvesc, there to steep her soul in retreat, after which she returned, stronger, more calm and generous, to the post where she was retained by "love, that never thinks to have laboured enough for the one he loves."

Already loaded with merits and works, she could have enjoyed, in her beautiful solitude of Loretto, the sweetness and attractions of contemplation. But beside the anguish of her soul, anguish that she will soon make known to us, material cares, *accepted through devotedness to God's cause*, recalled to her mind the sad reality of life and hindered the expansion of her charity. We mean the acquisition, onerous for the time being, of the Monastery of the Visitation and of St. Just Hospital. Still, however heavy and painful as these burdens were, she preferred to keep them for a long time rather than expose to profanation this portion of the sacred mount. This is why she refused the liberal offers and scorned the menaces of a rich speculator—a freemason—who wished to acquire at any cost these plots of ground to transform them into places of amusement. "I preferred," said she, "to keep my

burden and expose myself to the indignation of the speculator, rather than leave into the hands of the enemy part of the hill consecrated to my heavenly Mother." (1)

We can infer, from her writings and the testimony of her contemporaries, that she constantly strived to safeguard the hill of Fouvriere and to re-conquer, inch by inch, all the ground delivered to strangers by Revolution. She sacrificed rest, fortune, reputation even (for she was looked upon as insane), rather than sell at a high price, to the impious, a few particles of this ground imbibed with the blood of martyrs and that she wished to reserve for consecrated souls. Without any calculation whatsoever she gives her gold away, to facilitate to religious orders the means of placing their tents on the hill of Mary; and when one is established there, her soul overflows with joy and she tries by every means in her power, to prove her devotedness.

If her personal resources are drained in the expansion of her generosity, she has recourse to a purse that is always open to her, that of her beloved Sophie.

In a letter addressed to His Eminence Cardinal de Bonald and which cannot be published *in extenso*, Pauline says,

"There were not, to my knowledge, any religious communities on the hill of Fouvriere, when our kind and powerful Master deigned to make use of His very humble servant to preserve this hillock, *not only from an imaginary or future danger, but from the real and imminent danger of being invaded by the buildings of public recreation grounds.*

"Without advertising and without any outside help (that lent by my father and sister cannot be ranked as such), sustained by divine protection, I succeeded in averting from this spot the *enemy* of my heavenly Mother, and in grouping at her feet several religious families to honour her."

She then relates under what circumstances the divers acquisitions of grounds around the sacred rock had taken place, and how she had kept them, herself or by others, up and against all, until they could be sold at a low price to religious Orders, whose Providence she then became.

What emotioning pages could be written in these peaceable abodes, if death had not silenced those whose *hearts were full of souvenirs!*...

Would it mean to say that Pauline should be looked upon as a Foundress of twenty or more Communities, actually grouped near the chapel of Fouvriere? No one would dare to insinuate it: a royal fortune even, would have been insufficient... We simply recall that the daughter of the Immaculate Virgin gave back, through her means or by some one else's, to the servants

(1)—The speculation of Providence replaced those of the usurer. Later on, the property of the Visitation was ceded to the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine at such good conditions that they still consider Pauline as their benefactress. She, however, stipulated that the chapel of the new establishment be placed under the title of St. Philomena.

It is true to say that this sale was effected regardless of human interest. The deed was concluded *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*. For certain ambitions these bargains are the best....

of her Heavenly Mother, their place in the shade of her ancient chapel. Her devotedness to the "religious families" was so great, that she helped their extension and foundations in other countries. A letter from Bishop Gillis of Edinburg, bears witness of this.

So, while they mount the peaceful paths of their holy and dear hill, may the Lyonese bless the name of her to whom they are indebted, in great part, for the calm and holiness of this august *blossoming foot-stool of the Immaculate Virgin*, as Pauline called it.

Among the *secret mysteries* of "Loretto, where such strange things happened," according to the idlers who were carefully kept back, we must count the delightful solemnity which united, several times each year, about sixty "initiated"; the most desired was that of August 11, Feast of St. Philomena.

After Mass, all assembled in the park. There, under the shady trees, they sat at tables where was spread an excellent meal prepared by the able cook of Loretto, and where pastry and dainties were served, all of which were offered to the guests, working-girls for the greater part, by the maternal kindness of Pauline. She would say the *Benedicite*, and then each took her place at the feast, while the birds sang near, waiting for the leaveings.

These new agapes took place in the midst of perfect union and charity, virtues which Pauline succeeded in obtaining, despite the difference of habits and mode of living of her guests.

It was really touching to see her then, so simple, tender, full of affection and gaiety, in the company of those for whom this day of joy made up for so many habitual privations.

The afternoon was spent in games, songs, and intimate conversations with the *Mother*, who offered to each a little souvenir, accompanied by good advice and affectionate encouragement. In the evening a second reunion at the martyr's chapel, closed the day, where the *holy liberty, humble equality and true fraternity* of the Gospel had given fresh courage and poured joy into every heart.

Loretto, thou dwelling hallowed by prayer, suffering, and charity, the day is perhaps nigh when, perceiving thee from every point of the city, the Lyonese, touched at the remembrance of *thy mysteries*, will lift their eyes towards Mary's sanctuary and will bow down with a holy respect, saying, "God was really there, and....we did not know it!"...

THE MESSENGER OF THE SAINT

Whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. The land that shall receive thee dying, in the same will I die.

Ruth, Ch. 1, 5, 16.

In her writings, Pauline very often alludes to the obstacles that freemasonry opposed to her designs, and her struggles against the incessant

attempts of this impious sect to appropriate some of the grounds of the holy hill.

The freemasons did not like Miss Jaricot. We must say that reasons were not wanting to explain this antipathy. Here is one, however, which was never known to them.

Venerable abbé Collin whom Pauline had stopped in his resolution to go in solitude where he wished to bury himself in order to escape the glory of becoming Founder, having at last become the Father of the great *Marist* family, fostered the desire of placing *his children* on the hill of Mary.

But every corner was already taken; one single property, that of Puy-lata, was still for sale, because no one cared to buy it: the freemasons had there their oldest Lyonesse Lodge and a lease of several years assured them this residence. They were asked to cancel the lease but refused to do so. What was to be done ?...

Pauline, who was consulted, answered without hesitation: "*Buy it in spite of everything. I know someone who will drive Satan away.*"

The property of Puy-lata was purchased, and Pauline besieged it, yes literally besieged it, for she had miraculous medals scattered all around the walls of the house.

"We came into the house thus," writes Reverend Father Mayet, "and I remember having seen the Blessed Sacrament on the ground floor, the freemasons on the first story, and us, the religious, on the upper flats, whence we could hear the blows of the hammer, the cries, vociferations of these wretches. I have said Mass under the spot of their devilries."

This incongruous gathering did not last very long:

What happened on the first floor? We do not know. What is certain is that, after having refused to cancel with advantage the lease they had taken, the *Brothers and friends* did not delay in telling the Superior of the Marists that they were ready to accept their conditions.

Consulted anew, Pauline answered with a smile:

Simply tell them that you will continue to live in *good harmony* with them till the lease expires."

This answer was given, but not without a slight tinge of malice.

The devil was not at all pleased; he was made terribly uneasy by the real presence of the Sovereign Master and by the power of the Immaculate Virgin. The freemasons suddenly left their Lodge, without asking for indemnity nor *even* taking with them their cabalistic and sacrilegious objects.

In the month of May 1839, Pauline made to Italy a second trip of which no one knew before she left, save Miss Sophie David her friend, a trip she undertook for two principal motives: To make known, verbally, to Cardinal Lambruschini the inspirations, desires, trials and intimate pains of her soul: see for the last time Gregory XVI., who was already declining towards the grave and to whom she wished to submit *important affairs*, dealing with the Church's interests.

Accompanied by one of her daughters, Constance Poitrasson and the faithful Claude Rousset, who had both followed her in 1835, she sailed from Marseilles to Naples, and went to Mugnano, according to the promise she had made of returning, in gratitude to St. Philomena for her miraculous cure.

"I took a carriage at Naples, to go to Rome," said she, "and I had the happiness of offering two Irish Bishops to travel with us, that which they accepted gratefully. One was a missionary in the West Indies.

The arrival in Rome could not be more favorable: it was Whitsunday-eve. On the very next day, we assisted at office in the papal chapel, where the College of Cardinals surrounded the August Head of the Church.

(To be continued)

IMPORTANT EVENT.

CANTON, CHINA.

Visit of Mgr. Valtorta, Vicar Apostolic of Hongkong and of Bishop Fourquet, Vicar Apostolic of Canton to His Excellency Mr. Eugene Chen, Minister of Foreign Affairs. During the conversation there was question of the divers vexations that foreign missionaries have to endure in certain places from associations or individuals incapable of distinguishing between a *stranger* and a *stranger*. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, greatly annoyed, decided that steps be taken in the future to avoid these vexations and religious persecutions. It was suggested to give to each missionary, who happens to be in a district where there is a near persecution or to any missionary who makes the demand, a passport signed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the National Government, clearly indicating the reason that urges missionaries to come to this country and the supernatural and humanitarian motive of the work he undertakes. He found the suggestion to be excellent.

Reverend Father Pierrat was the first to obtain the passport in question. It was written in excellent terms. The bearer, so it states, though of foreign origin has no relation whatever with foreign Governments, neither does he deal in the politics of the interior of the country where he lives; his sole desire is to practise virtue and to draw others to its practice, to be charitable, to preach, etc., etc...For these reasons the National Government recommends him to the protection of the local, civil and military authorities.

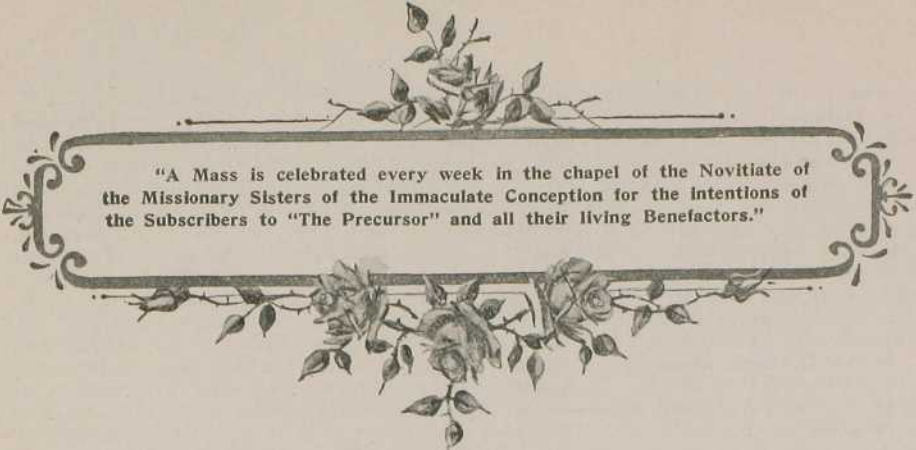
Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin for favors obtained.



"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

Enclosed please find One Dollar in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favor obtained. Mrs. D. A., **Montreal**.—My most grateful thanks to our Immaculate Mother for a favor obtained. Mrs. K., **Springfield, Mass.**—Would you kindly make a novena to Our Blessed Lady in thanksgiving for a favor obtained. The enclosed offering is for Vigil Lights. M. O. D., **Montreal**.—In grateful acknowledgement for a favor received, please accept the enclosed "mite" for your missionary works. Mrs. D. McB., **Nouvelle, Bon. Co.**—Please accept the enclosed offering for your missionary works in thanksgiving for a favor received. D. St. A., **Uxbridge, Mass.**—Please accept this donation, Five Dollars, for your needy works, in honor of the Blessed Virgin for a favor she has obtained for me. M. A.—Enclosed you will find an offering of Two Dollars, one in acknowledgement for a favor granted through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and one in appreciation of St. Teresa's intercession. A grateful subscriber, **Worcester, Mass.**—In gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favor granted I am enclosing One Dollar for your works. Mrs. E. L. S., **Holyoke, Mass.**—May Our dear Lady be ever thanked for a great favor she has granted me. Mrs. E. H., **Worcester, Mass.**—In grateful thanks to Our Immaculate Mother for a favor granted I am enclosing One Dollar for your works. **Webster, Mass.**—Our Blessed Lady has heard our prayers. In thanksgiving for having obtained my petition I am enclosing One Dollar for your missions. Mrs. F. C., **Waterbury, Conn.**—Please find enclosed One Dollar in thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother and the Little Flower for a favor obtained. Mrs. C. T. T., **Bristol, Conn.**—I am sending a small donation which I promised if a certain favor were granted. Our Lady has obtained it for me, and it is with pleasure that I am fulfilling my obligation. M. C. S., **Ansonia, Conn.**—The enclosed offering, One Dollar, is in thanksgiving for a favor received. E. R.—You will find enclosed One Dollar which I promised to send every month if my baby lived. God in His goodness saw fit to take my little one, I shall send my offering just the same. Mrs. H. F., **Worcester, Mass.**—The enclosed offering, in thanksgiving for a favor obtained, is for your needy charges in China. W. J. B., **Toronto, Ont.**—Please accept this offering of One Dollar for a great favor obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. W. F. O. N., **Chicopee Falls, Mass.**—The enclosed offering of Two Dollars is for your Chinese Missions. J. McK.—In thanksgiving for a favor received I am enclosing an offering for your missions. Mrs. A. B., **Bridgeport, Conn.**—Enclosed please find my renewal subscription to "The Precursor" and a little offering in thanksgiving for a favor received. M. E. O'R., **Sussex, N.B.**—The enclosed offering, Five Dollars, is for the ransom of a little Chinese babe. Mrs. F. X. D., **Pottersville, Mass.**—'Tis with heartfelt gratitude to Our Immaculate Mother for a favor obtained that I am enclosing Six Dollars for your worthy works. Mrs. J. S., **New Bedford, Mass.**—As a token of gratitude to Our dear Lady for a great favor obtained I am sending Two Dollars for your works. Mrs. A. B., **Bridgeport, Conn.**—Please have a Mass said for the Holy Souls in Purgatory in thanksgiving for a petition granted. A. W.



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

Petitions

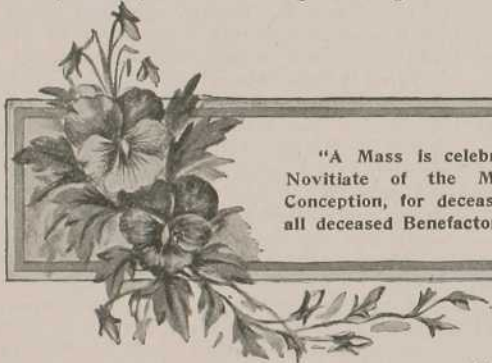
"O Mary conceived without sin,
pray for us who have recourse to
Thee".

I ask the Blessed Virgin to help my husband to obtain a better position and a larger salary, also that I may enjoy better health in the future. Promise of \$5.00. Mrs. R. St. G., **Verdun**. — A position desired and the grace to know my vocation. M. V., **Port Daniel, Quebec**. — \$1.00 for your missionary work for a novena of lights to the Little Flower for a special intention. N. R. R., **Waterbury, Conn.** — Would you pray to Our Blessed Mother that I may obtain a good position. I promise a liberal offering if granted. C. McG., **Milford, St. John, N. B.** — Accept this offering of \$2.00 for a special favor. If answered, I shall send \$15.00. S. F. W., **Montreal**. — My son George is losing his faith. Please make a novena for him, also burn two lamps for his brother's intention that he may find work. Mrs. F. B., **Bristol, Conn.** — A very special favor is desired. I ask you to offer prayers during a novena for my intention. If granted, even in part, I shall send \$2.00. E. H. C., **Forestville, Conn.** — May I ask you to send me two Miraculous Medals. K.L.G., **Brooklyn, N.Y.** — Five years' subscription to obtain good health. E.D., **Southbridge, Mass.** — The conversion of my son. Enclosed find \$1.00 for novena of lights. — Would you make a novena to the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower, and when I obtain my request I shall send \$5.00. Mrs. B.H.C., **Redmondville**. — I desire a very special favor through the intercession of the Little Flower of Jesus. Shall send a liberal sum in thanksgiving. M. H. M., **Naugatuck, Conn.** — I renew my subscription and send \$2.00 for lamps to Our Blessed Lady to obtain a favor. Mrs. J. F. B., **Waterbury, Conn.** — Cheque for \$3.00, renewal of my subscription and for lights at Our Lady's shrine for the conversion of a brother, and that another brother may better his position. C. C. D., **Montreal**. — I promise to subscribe to the Precursor as long as I live if the Blessed Virgin obtains a cure for me. Mrs. C. N., **Worcester, Mass.** — Please accept this offering for a votive light for a request of mine. Miss J. A. McK., **New Haven, Conn.** — Would you kindly pray for my health. Mrs. R. N., **Union City, Conn.** — I ask you to make a novena that my son may obtain a position. I promise to have lights burnt before the Sacred Heart. Mrs. C. M., **Verdun**. — Pray for my baby girl. Shall remember favor. Mrs. V. M. G., **Dimock Creek, P. Q.** — I have been in a nervous state for sometime and wish another cure for which I should like you to make a novena. Miss F. O'N., **Manville, R. I.** — I am sending \$1.00 for a novena to Our Blessed Mother, that my husband may obtain a better position. Mrs. B. B., **Worcester, Mass.** — A mother of four sons asks help of Our Immaculate Mother and St. Teresa. Mrs. A. B., **Waterbury, Conn.** — \$1.00 for the Precursor. Kindly pray for the cure of my little girl. Mrs. M. M., **Haileybury, Ont.** — A very special request is desired of Our Immaculate Mother and St. Teresa. I shall send an offering if granted. Mrs. E. B. — Prayers that a brother may obtain a suitable position. Miss A. E. T., **Worcester, Mass.** — Enclosed please find \$2.00 for a novena. If Almighty God grants my request I promise \$10.00 for two Chinese babies, also to be a life subscriber. M. M.

Montreal.—Offering of \$2.00 for a novena of lights for a special intention. Mrs. T. R., Ware, Mass.—Continue the novena for our intentions.—Mr. and Mrs. R. J., Bristol, Mass.—Please pray to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus that I may be cured immediately of earache and obtain four other favors. I enclose \$2.00. A subscriber, Boston.—Please remember me in your prayers.—Mrs. G. K., Syracuse, N. Y.—I enclose 25 cents to buy a dying Chinese baby. Mrs. E. L. L., Syracuse, N. Y.—Offering for Chinese baby that I may have a little soul in Heaven to pray for me. Mrs. A. F. P., Syracuse, N. Y.—My Subscription and offering for a novena of lights in honor of the Sacred Heart.—That I may obtain the position I am seeking. I offer \$1.00 for a novena of lights. If granted, I shall send \$5.00. Mrs. K. O. C., Fitchburg, Mass.—\$5.00 for masses and prayers for the repose of the soul of my son and daughter. Mrs. P. W., Montreal.—Recovery for my mother. I send \$1.00 for a novena of votive lights. M. F. C., Indian Orchard, Mass.—I promised you \$1.00 which you will find enclosed for Mass stipends. Mrs. W. H. C., Rosemont.—\$1.00 for a Mass and \$1.00 for your works. L. McC., Attleboro, Mass.—Offering for lights during the month of June. Miss M., Montreal.—Thanks for the Miraculous Medal. Am sending \$2.00 for a novena of lights for a special favor. Miss M. McK., N. D. des Victoires, Montreal.—A very special favor is desired through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Please find enclosed \$5.00 for a novena. H. E. L.—Enclosed please find \$2.00 for your missionary works. Please make a novena to the Blessed Lady of Victory and the Little Flower to obtain a special favor. If granted I will forward a cheque of \$25.00 yearly. L. A., Westmount.—My health is very poorly. Please say a prayer that I may get better. Mrs. J. M. M., Fall River, Mass.—Please pray for my husband that his health may be restored. \$1.00 offering. Mrs. M. G., Montreal.—Would you be so kind as to pray to St. Teresa, the Little Flower, for a position for me? If I secure a steady position, I promise to send Five Dollars for your Missions. P. F., Montreal.—Through the intercession of Our Immaculate Mother I hope to obtain a great favor. If it is granted I shall send Three Dollars for your missions. Mrs. P. G., Adams, Mass.—Enclosed please find One Dollar for a novena of lights in honor of our Blessed Mother; if my request is granted I promise an offering for your works. E. F. G., N. Attleboro, Mass.—I am enclosing One Dollar for a novena of lights to the Blessed Virgin for a special favor; if granted I shall send Five Dollars for your needy missions. F. A., Webster, Mass.—Will you please pray for my intentions? If God sees fit to grant my request I shall send an offering of Five Dollars. Mrs. B. W.—You will find enclosed an offering of Eight Dollars. Your pious prayers are requested for several special graces. M. M. D., Worcester, Mass.—Kindly have your little ones in China pray to Our Lady of Victory for my intentions. I am enclosing an offering of One Dollar for your works and hope to be able to send more later on. Miss I. C., Adams, Mass.—Please find enclosed the sum of Five Dollars for the little Chinese baby I adopted in the summer. I trust that in return God will deign to grant the great graces I desire. R. E., Drummondville.—Please make a novena for my intentions. I promise to send Two Dollars a month for the foreign missions if my favors are obtained. T. B. C., Toronto, Ont.—The enclosed Dollar is for a novena of lights in honor of our Immaculate Mother for the improvement of my health. Mrs. C. K., Pawtucket, R. I.—I am sending One Dollar for your works and I promise to continue sending it every week if my son, who has been away for seventeen months, remains at home. His Mother, New Bedford, Mass.—May I solicit your prayers for a special favor? I shall send Five Dollars for your works in China. M. E. G., New Bedford, Mass.—Find enclosed One Dollar for the benefit of your missions; I beg your prayers for the recovery of my little daughter's health. Mrs. A. B., Montreal.—Would you kindly pray for several great graces? I promise an offering of Fifty Dollars for your needy missions if our prayers are granted. B. J. M., North Adams, Mass.—I earnestly ask the prayers of your Community for my husband who suffers from heart trouble. Mrs. J. K., Montreal.—Enclosed please find One Dollar for a novena of lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine for my intentions. S. B., Bristol, Mass.—Will you kindly make a novena to Our Blessed Lady for a great grace? If granted I shall send a thanksgiving offering of Five Dollars. E. C., Montreal.—I shall be grateful if you would make two novenas in honor of St. Ann for the restoration of my health. I am enclosing Two Dollars for your works. Miss V. B., Ludlow, Mass.—I promise to send Five Dollars for your missions if a favor that I greatly need is granted. Accept my feeble offering of One Dollar. S. M. C.—I recommend to your prayers the health of my dear daughter. If she is cured I shall have it published and send an offering. Mrs. W. P., Montreal.—Kindly accept the enclosed offering of Two Dollars for a novena of lights for my intentions. My brother is out of work owing to ill-health; will you please pray that he will obtain a position before long? If God sees fit to grant my request I shall send an offering of Two Dollars for your works. M. O. B., New Haven, Conn.—The enclosed

Two Dollars is for a novena of lights in honor of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for my little niece's health. M. J. McG., **Adams, Mass.**—Two sick children suffering from an accident; daughter seriously ill. **Barrie, Ont.**—Please continue to pray for my sister who is somewhat better; and would also ask your prayers for my brother who is in very poor health. A Subscriber, **Toronto, Ont.**—My husband is not very prosperous in his business transactions. Will you please pray that there will be an improvement? I shall send Ten Dollars for your works if my petition is granted. Mrs. F. L., **Sutton, Que.**—For a favor partly obtained I am enclosing One Dollar hoping that before long it will be fully realized. Mrs. B. L., **St. Jerome.**—Please accept the enclosed small offering for lights to be burned at the shrine of the Little Flower for two special favors. W. J. B., **Toronto, Ont.**—I am sending my renewal subscription to THE PRECURSOR, asking you to pray for my intentions. If my favor is granted I shall be able to send a donation towards the Little Flower Bursary. Mrs. J. J. C., **Worcester, Mass.**—I wish to participate in a novena in honor of Our Immaculate Mother for two special favors. I promise an offering for the annual care of a leper if my favors are granted. B. P., **Holyoke, Mass.**—A favor is requested from the Little Flower. Offering of One Dollar for your works. Mrs. M. S., **Naugatuck, Conn.**—Please pray for my intentions. C. S., **Holyoke, Mass.**—I am suffering from nervousness. Please beg the Blessed Virgin to obtain my cure. The enclosed "mite" is for your works. S. E., **Fitchburg, Mass.**—Through the intercession of St. Teresa I hope to obtain a very special favor. I promise a generous offering for your missions if it is obtained. Mrs. M. R. N., **North Adams, Mass.**—Kindly make a novena in honour of the Immaculate Conception that I may obtain a special favor. A. R. Q., **New Britain, Conn.**—If through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin I obtain a very great favor I shall send Five Dollars for your missionary works. Mrs. R. S. M., **Waterbury, Conn.**—You will find enclosed Three Dollars: one is for THE PRECURSOR and the other two, for your worthy cause. A.H., **Montreal.**—A mother asks prayers for her wayward son. Mrs. J.W., **New Bedford, Mass.**—You will find enclosed One Dollar for a Novena of Lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine for the cure of my husband who is addicted to drink. Mrs. M. D., **Springfield, Mass.**—While renewing my subscription to THE PRECURSOR, I am sending an extra dollar for lights in honour of the Little Flower for my intentions. M. H., **New Haven, Mass.**—Will you please pray for my intentions? I am enclosing Two Dollars: one is for my subscription and the other for your missions. Mrs. M. O. N., **St. John, N. B.**—I promise an offering of Two Dollars in honor of St. Teresa if a great favor that I am asking for is granted. Mrs. E. J. B., **Waterbury, Conn.**—The prayers of your Community are kindly requested for my intentions. Should my request be granted I shall send an offering. Subscriber to THE PRECURSOR, **Toronto, Ont.**—Please intercede with Our Immaculate Mother that I may obtain a very great grace. C. J. O. B., **North Adams, Mass.**—Would you kindly make another novena for my intentions? I shall certainly send a generous offering for your worthy works if my request is granted. Miss E. A., **Woonsocket, R. I.**—Please find enclosed One Dollar for lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine for a very special favor. If this favor is granted I will send Five Dollars for your good works. S. M. F., **Hartford, Conn.**—Very special favors requested through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. M. F., **Northbridge, Mass.**—Am remitting herewith the sum of One Dollar for a novena of lights in honor of the Blessed Virgin that my husband, who is addicted to drink, will be cured. Mrs. A. J. S., **Worcester, Mass.**—One Dollar for my subscription to THE PRECURSOR and one for your worthy works.—Please pray for my intentions. J. S., **New Bedford, Mass.**—Kindly say a prayer for my intentions. G. C., **Bridgeport, Conn.**—May the dear Little Flower obtain a great favor for me through your prayers. I promise to send a very generous offering if she grants my request. J. P. G., **Worcester, Mass.**—I beg for a remembrance in your prayers for my brother who has left home since five months and has not been heard from since. Mr. H. D., **Forestville, Conn.**—Enclosed is another little petal for the Little Flower. My favors have not been obtained, but I hope that during Our Lady's month my hopes will be realized. M. S., **Montreal.**—Please accept the enclosed offering, One Dollar, for a novena of lights in honor of the Blessed Virgin that I may obtain a good position. If my request is granted I shall send Five Dollars for your works and subscribe to THE PRECURSOR for five years. C. T. H., **Worcester, Mass.**—Please make a novena in honor of the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower that I may rent my rooms. 'Tis the only way I have of earning my living. I shall send Five Dollars for your good works as soon as they are rented. A Subscriber.—Enclosed you will find One Dollar for lights to be burned at Mary's Shrine. Miss B. E. M., **Fall River, Mass.**—My renewal subscription to THE PRECURSOR and Ten Dollars for your needy missions. Please pray for my husband's and daughter's health. Mrs. A. H., **Naugatuck, Conn.**—Would you kindly have lights burned in honor of the Blessed Virgin for my intentions? I. A. L., **Turners Falls, Mass.**—Please find enclosed One

Dollar for a Mass for the Holy Souls to obtain a favor very much needed. A. G., **Montreal**.—I greatly desire to sell my property. If the Little Flower obtains this favor for me I shall contribute \$1,000 towards her Burse. I. A. L., **Verdun**.—Please pray to the Sacred Heart that a great favor which I desire be granted. I shall send, in thanksgiving, a donation of Two Dollars. Mrs. L. D., **Quebec**.—Your help near Our Blessed Mother is requested that I may be spared a very serious operation. Mr. X., **Toronto, Ont.**—Success in works of zeal undertaken for God's glory. S. M. E. Prayers are requested for my sick child. His mother. **Port Colborne, Ont.**—We desire peace in the family. Mrs. F., **Humberstone, Ont.**—My husband's conversion. Mrs. W., **Welland, Ont.**—Please accept the enclosed offering for a novena of lights in honor of the Blessed Virgin that I may be able to pay my debts. Mrs. E. D. M., **Spencer, Mass.**—Would you kindly make a novena to The Little Flower for the recovery of my mother's health? The doctors have no hopes, but I am sure that dear St. Teresa will help her. W. J. M., **Montreal**.—My husband is suffering from a very sore lip that, we are afraid, will turn to cancer. Please pray that God will prevent such a misfortune.—I shall send Five Dollars for your works if my brother, who is troubled with rheumatism, is cured. Mrs. W. G., **Fairhaven, Mass.**—My mother desires the help of your prayers for improvement of her health. She promises to be life-subscriber to your review if she is favored. Mrs. S., **Fitchburg, Mass.**—I beg you would remember in your prayers one of my sisters who is actually severely afflicted by a nervous prostration. Miss N. C. G., **St. Catherines, Ont.**—My husband has suffered from ulcers in the stomach. A third operation is deemed urgent. Would you please pray that he be spared? Mrs. J. K.—A position is desired.—My daughter suffers very much from nervous trouble. Mrs. S.—I am in a real predicament concerning my child's future; please offer a few prayers to the Little Flower for this intention.—I am soon to enter the Novitiate; kindly pray to our Divine Mother for my perseverance in the Lord's service. Miss X.—Please find enclosed One Dollar for a Novena of Lights in honor of Our Immaculate Mother, Saint Joseph and St. Anthony that I may have better health and that my husband have steady employment. If, through the Holy Will of God, my request is granted, I promise to send more money for your good works. E. F. C., **Loggieville, N. B.**—A tenant is desired. M. G., **New York City**.—I invested money in stocks and have as yet had no returns (this investment was made six years ago). Would you kindly give me the help of your prayers for this intention. Mrs. Mcl., **Montreal**.—Health for my son and myself. Mrs. S. G., **Bristol, Conn.**—The grace of good health. Mrs. E. C., **Fall River, Mass.**



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



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