

THE PRECURSOR



Vol. VI., 7th Year MONTREAL, JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1929 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

110 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.

CHINESE HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY

112 LAGAUCHETIERE STREET WEST, MONTREAL

(Founded in 1918)

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception also visit Chinese patients in Catholic or Protestant Hospitals.

CITY OF RIMOUSKI, P. Q. (House dedicated to St. Francis Xavier)

(Founded in 1918)

Apostolic School for aspirants to the missions. Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Closed Retreats for young girls. Work-room of Church Vestments.

(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.

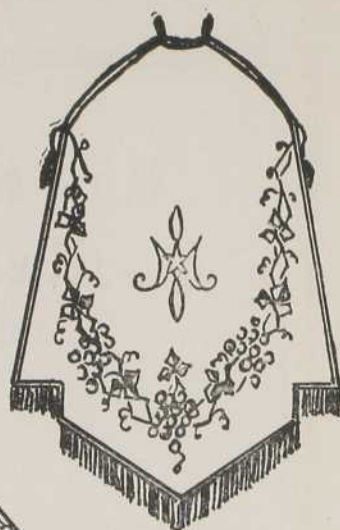
Missionaries must undergo several years' preparation before being able to commence their apostolic labors in foreign fields.

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.

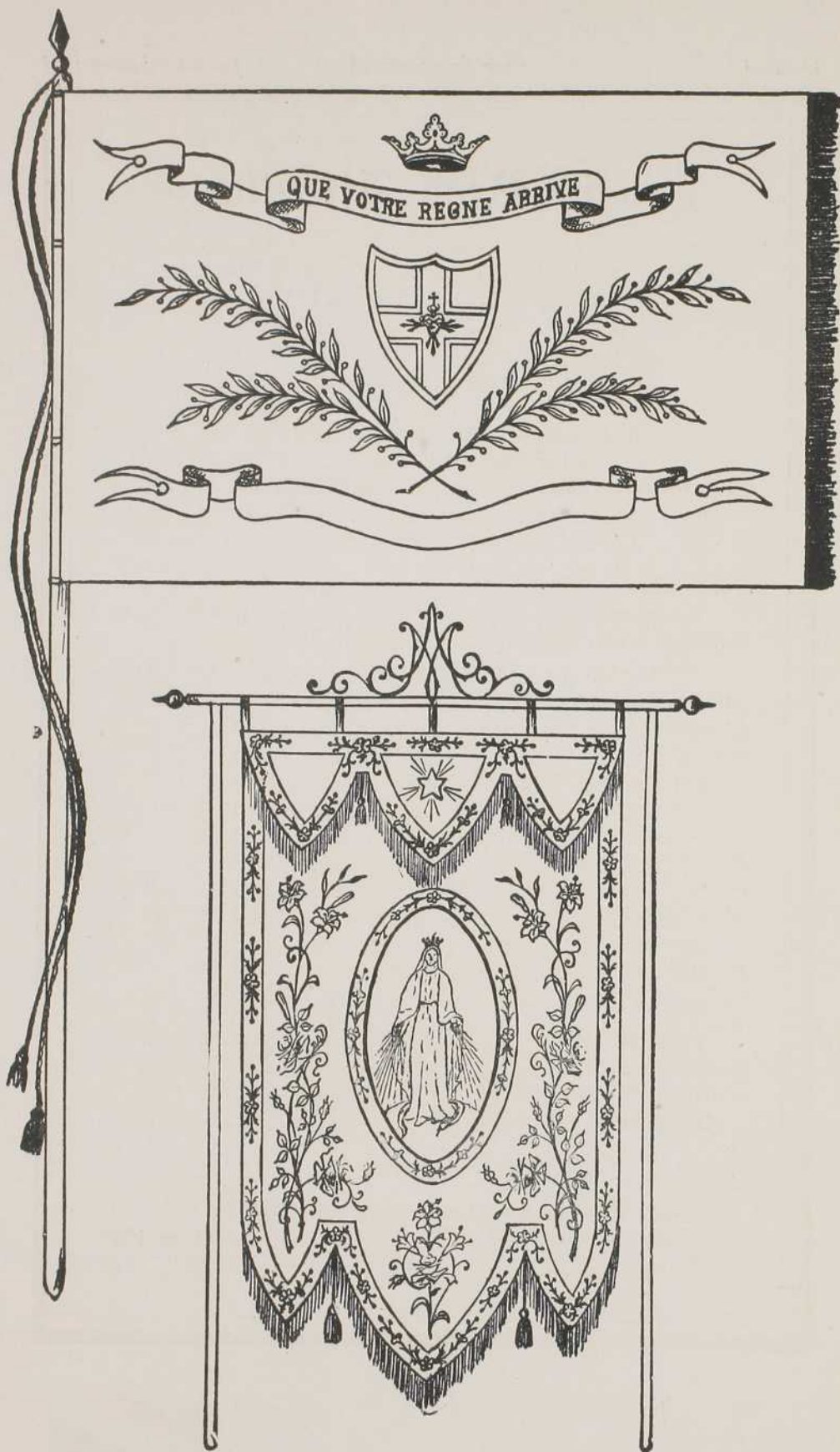


Kindly Read Attentively

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	“	“
<i>Altar Linen</i>	{ Altar Cloths	6.00	“
	{ Amices	12.00	per doz.
	{ Corporals	8.50	“
	{ Finger-towels	4.50	“
	{ Purificators	5.00	“
	{ Palls	4.00	“

We supply Altar-breads at the following prices:

Small	\$1.00 per 1000
Large	0.37 “ 100



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—in 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 baby.....	.25
Monthly support of a missionary sister.....	10.00
Monthly support of a novice preparing for the mis- sions.....	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 in 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.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



"O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS!"



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THE PRECURSOR

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Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception

with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal

VOL. VI, 7th Year

MONTREAL, January-February, 1929

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I am the Immaculate Conception

To His Grace Most Reverend W. M. Duke

Newly-elected to the dignity of titular Archbishop of Fasi
and coadjutor of

HIS GRACE MOST REVEREND T. CASEY, Archbishop of Vancouver

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

offer with their most respectful homages,
their lively congratulations and humble wishes.

Devotion to our Lady of Lourdes in the Missions

MISSION OF FUKUYAMA, JAPAN

For more than two years past, relates Father Roland in charge of the Mission of Fukuyama, there stands on a little hill the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. The summit is covered with small evergreens, which in time will overshadow the rock. On either slope little azaleas whose chalice-shaped flowers blossom in May, Spanish jasmines intermingled with the ivy and other creeping plants form a beautiful multi-colored wreath around the statue of the Blessed Virgin. At her feet in a cavity of the rock the beautiful red corollas of a wild rose bush gracefully twine, and a little lamp, symbol of the true filial devotion and love to the Christians for the Mother of God, there burns every night. In front of the rock is another symbol, that of a small lake whose outline forms the Chinese character *Shin* meaning "heart". This kind of a lake is often represented in Japanese gardens. Its waters empty into a little winding river. In Japanese, *river* is translated *Gawa* which has much the same sound as Gave,

The grotto gives me the occasion of speaking of the Blessed Virgin to the pagans who stop before it and who ask to visit the garden. I follow, and invariably notice them, filled with amazement before the beautiful features of the Virgin, also join their hands and incline their heads in an attitude of prayer and veneration.

Reverend Father Roland mentions the extraordinary cure of a catechumen, a doctor's wife. Her husband and another doctor considered her case hopeless and she, conscious of her serious condition, in all haste summoned a missionary asking to be baptized. The good Father after administering this sacrament gives her a little of Lourdes water exhorting her to drink some of it and to have confidence in the power and goodness of Mary. A few days after, the patient, completely cured, comes herself to the mission to offer her gratitude to the Blessed Virgin.



Little Treasures of China

It is the evening of February 2, 1926, at the Foundling-Home of Canton, China. The usually smiling faces of the little ones assume a most sad expression and silently do the tears flow from all eyes. What can be the matter? Is famine threatening these children or is the war about to snatch them from their so happy abode to cast them into exile?

Oh! this is not the cause of their grief; neither do their little bodies suffer from hunger, nor their little minds from the terror of combats. It is their little hearts that are bleeding: their foster-mother, a religious missionary, is about to leave them. She is recalled to Canada after a sojourn of more ten years in China, of which seven have been devoted to the care of her group of little orphans,

And how prove the gratitude with which their little souls are filled for her who has lavished upon them such affection and devotedness?... If these little children forsaken by their Chinese mothers, do not enjoy as little Canadians or as their little Chinese brothers of the well-to-do families the advantage of receiving a refined intellectual formation, God has gifted them with remarkable qualities of mind and heart. What then will our little ones do? Time is lacking... Impossible to prepare a beautiful programme as on festal occasions... On the moment a childish council is called and *Yi sa payi*, the little blind girl, is chosen to act as interpreter for her little companions. They form a circle around their Mistress; *Yi sa payi* advances, makes a Chinese bow, and improvises in her childlike simplicity this little address:

"Kou-neung, (Sister) how sad we felt on learning of your departure for Canada. It is only the thought that you are going to see *Tai Ma Me*

(The Great Superior), your Sisters, your parents, that makes us resign ourselves to this great sacrifice. How highly we esteem your venerated *Tai Ma Me*, your beloved Sisters, your dear parents. Please thank them for having allowed you to come to care for us.

"All we have, we owe it to you. Thanks, a thousand thanks!

"If we have rice, we owe it to you. Thank you, Sister, thank you!

"The dress that we wear, we owe it to you: Thank you!

"The roof that shelters us, we owe it to you: Thank you!

"The education, the formation, the family life we enjoy, we again owe it to you. Oh! dear Sister, thank you!

"You have made us to know the Master of Heaven; it is thanks to you, that we enjoy the spiritual privileges, the sacraments. Thank you!

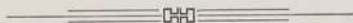
"You have revealed to us the secret of happiness, you have placed in our hands the key of heaven. Thanks! a thousand thanks!

"And you, Sister, you are really a mother to us! You understand all our sorrows and you know how to soothe them! As for me, a poor blind child, you know that I cannot share all the joys of my little companions.

"To ask you to invoke great Saint Joseph of your beautiful Canada (our Sisters had often spoken to the orphans about Saint Joseph's oratory of Mount Royal) to perform a miracle by curing me is really too much for I am not worthy of such a favor. But when you are in heaven, high up in heaven, and you see me coming, come to meet me and tell me that it is *you* for you know I have never seen you on this earth."

And the little blind orphan not even suspecting what deep emotion her words had wrought in the heart of her dear Mistress and among the other Sisters present, bowed and modestly returned to her place.

Are there not precious pearls among our treasures of China?



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.

A Few Roses Scattered

By the Little Sister of Missionaries...

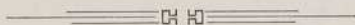
"When I shall be in Heaven, Jesus, Thou wilt fill my hands with roses and I shall shower them upon earth."

St. Therese of the Child Jesus



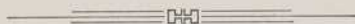
Thanks to the Little Flower who has obtained the cure of my son. In gratitude, please find enclosed One Dollar Mrs. James D., **Thetford Mines, P. Q.** — Enclosed, please find a postal note of One Dollar for the ransom of dying babies in fulfilment of a promise made to the Little Flower. Mrs. A. M. W., **Toronto**. — Kindly accept my offering of One Dollar in honor of St. Therese for the help she has given us. I recommend her another important undertaking promising a generous donation in return. Mrs. V., **L'Orignal, Ont.** — Please find enclosed Five Dollars in gratitude to the Little Flower for favors obtained. Mrs. E. M. R., **Lakewood, Ohio**. — Thanks to St. Therese who has obtained me a great favor. In gratitude find enclosed Two Dollars. Mrs. M. K., **Outremont**. — I am enclosing herewith cheque for One Dollar towards the Little Flower Burse as an offering for a favor. Miss S., **Cleveland, Ohio**. — My daughter whose case was considered hopeless has been cured through the intercession of the Little Flower. In gratitude please find enclosed One Dollar and Fifty Cents. Mrs. J. H. — In gratitude to the Little Flower kindly accept my offering of Two Dollars towards the support of a Missionary. P. B., **Hammond, St. Lambert, P. Q.** — Enclosed please find Ten Dollars for your missionary works in thanksgiving for a favor obtained through the intercession of Saint Therese. I recommend another undertaking to the little Flower. Mrs. E. M., **New Bedford, Mass.** — I am enclosing One Dollar in honor of St. Therese for a favor received. Mrs. G. C. W. **Fairhaven Mass.** — I have obtained a great favor through the intercession of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. In thanksgiving find enclosed One Dollar. Mrs. F. S., **Waltham, Mass.** — Please accept the enclosed offering of One Dollar towards the Little Flower Burse. I recommend to her, the cure of a very dear person. **Arnprior, Ont.** — In thanksgiving for a favor obtained through the Little Flower please accept my humble offering of One Dollar. Miss B. B. **Southbridge, Mass.** — Please find enclosed One Dollar for the Burse of the Little Flower. Thanks to the Little Saint for the protection she has given us. Mrs. A. J., **Fisherville, Mass.** — The Little Flower certainly fulfils her promise of scattering roses on earth. She has visibly protected me and in thanksgiving I am enclosing Five Dollars. Anonymous. — Please find enclosed One Dollar and Forty Cents in thanksgiving to the little Saint of Lisieux for new favors she has granted me. Mrs. J. G., **Hull, P. Q.** — In thanksgiving to Saint Therese for her visible protection I gratefully send you One Dollar to help your missions. Mrs. J. F., **St. Joseph, Sorel**. — Please publish a priest's thanks to the Little Flower for a remarkable recovery. — Please accept my offering of Ten Dollars in gratitude to the most powerful Patroness of Missionaries. Anonymous, **Assumption**. — I am enclosing Two Dollars for the Burse of Saint Therese. Please recommend to her the conversion of two dear ones. Mrs. B., **Montreal**. — When I need help I always have recourse to the Little Flower and I feel that it is not in vain. Mrs. F. R., **Pointe Sapin, N. B.** — After promise of publication I obtained, thanks to the Little Flower, a good position. In gratitude, herein find enclosed Five Dollars for the ransom of a Chinese baby. G. C., **Montreal**. — I feel that I owe gratitude to the Little Flower for a favor obtained. Please publish. — Mrs. E. C., **Montreal**. Heartfelt thanks to the Patroness of Missionaries. Please accept my donation of One Dollar. Anonymous — Cure obtained through the intercession of the Little Flower. Many thanks. A. P., **Three Rivers, P. Q.** — Please deposit in the Burse of the Little Flower the enclosed Twenty-Five Dollars in gratitude for a favor obtained. M. P. P., **Ancienne Lorette**. — In token of gratitude please accept my donation of One Dollar for your missionaries. I have obtained a great favor through the intercession of the Little Flower. Miss J. L., **Ottawa**. — Please publish in "The Precursor:" gratitude to Saint Therese and offering of Five Dollars for the Burse intended to support a Missionary. Mrs. B. A., **Montreal**. — My most heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Therese for favors obtained through their intercession. I again recommend myself to their protection. Mrs. F. B., **Ste. Helene**. — As promised I am enclosing an offering

of Two Dollars. Please join your prayers with mine in thanksgiving. A Subscriber.—Enclosed, please find One Dollar for a low Mass in honor of St Therese. Mrs. H. B., **Plantagenet, Ont.** — In thanksgiving for a favor obtained through the intercession of the Patroness of Missionaries, please find enclosed Two Dollars and Fifty Cents for the ransom of a pagan baby. Mrs. A. D., **Proulxville.** — My son is sending you his monthly offering of One Dollar, thus fulfilling his promise in honor of Saint Therese. Mrs. X. G., **St. Stanislas.** — Please join with me in asking the little Saint of Lisieux to obtain for me greater fervor in my religious duties. Mrs. A. **Montreal.** — The enclosed Four Dollars is towards the support of a pagan baby. This offering is in thanksgiving to Saint Therese of the Child Jesus for favors obtained. Mrs. I. D. **Montreal.** — Please find enclosed One Dollar for the renewal of my subscription. I hereby fulfil a promise I had made if Little Therese obtained a great favor for me. Mrs. M. L., **Napierville.** — Please find enclosed my offering of Ten Dollars for a favor obtained through the intercession of Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, after promise of publication. Mrs. M. B., **Napierville.** — I feel certain that my cure has been granted me through the intercession of the Little Flower. In thanksgiving please find enclosed Two Dollars for lamps to be burned at her shrine. Mrs. A. L., **Montreal.** — Please thank the Little Flower for the assistance she has given me when I passed my examinations. In thanksgiving, I herein enclose One Dollar. Miss M. M., **Lachine.** — Cure obtained through the intercession of the Patroness of Missionaries. Mrs. L., **Montreal.** — In gratitude for a favor obtained through the intercession of Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, please find enclosed Five Dollars. Miss E., **Morin Heights.** — Our thanks to the Little Flower for favors obtained. Miss R., **New Bedford, Mass.** — I was granted my cure through the intercession of Saint Therese after a promise of a donation of Five Dollars and a life subscription to "THE PRECURSOR". I am very happy to fulfil my promise. Mrs. C. R., **St. Felicien.** — Please accept my offering of Five Dollars intended for your missionary works. Help me to thank the Little Flower for favors granted. G. H. D., **Joliette.**



One of the dearest desires of Holy Mother Church is to redouble her efforts in the foreign mission field. She can do this only when labourers are more abundant, Catholics more deeply interested, and means provided. Let each one of us do his part in helping our Mother obtain her desire.

"The little Missionary"



Burse of St. Therese of the Child Jesus for the adoption of a missionary.

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

Our heartfelt thanks to the generous donors who have contributed to the formation of the second Burse in honor of the Little Flower, commenced in May 1927, and which was completed during the month of May last.

July	1928.....	153.10
September	".....	55.75
November	".....	192.00

Echoes from our Missions

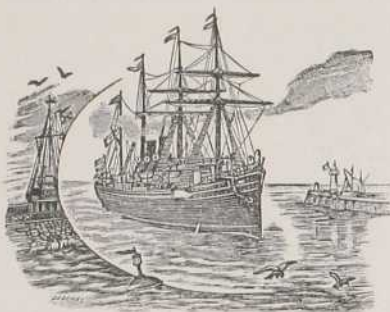
En route to the Missions of China, Japan and the Philippines.

*Gleanings from the Diary of our travelling Sisters, to our
venerated and beloved Mother.*

(Conclusion)

Aboard the "Empress of Canada,"

Friday, September 7, 1928



This morning we assist at five Masses celebrated by our four Canadian Fathers and by a Japanese priest who is returning to his own country after having made a trip to Rome. We are alone for the Holy Sacrifice, all the other passengers are sleeping, probably after having spent part of the night amusing themselves... How privileged are we to adore, bless and thank Him who has given His life for the salvation of souls... Discreetly do we sing a hymn to our Immaculate Mother, then our beautiful hymn of gratitude followed by the *Magnificat*. The five Masses over, we retire to our cabin and there find Sister Marie-de-Sion who has remained in bed, quite pale. "What is the matter?" we ask her. She answers, "I was so sick that I thought I had an *attack of sudden death* but I feel better now; I had even made my act of contrition!!!!... We greatly pitied her, but could not refrain from laughing at her joking...

On the walls of the corridors is announced for to-morrow "Holy Communion and Divine Service". We are surrounded by families of Protestant missionaries destined for China and Japan.

Sunday, September 9

Apart from our Sisters only seven or eight persons assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass... In compensation we offer to our loving Master the adoration and gratitude of the throngs who to-day fill our churches of Canada.

Tuesday, September 11

The sea is quite calm just now but it is pouring rain; useless to think of going on deck. The sky is grey, and since yesterday we cannot see twenty

feet ahead of us, so dense is the fog. As we are supposed in the course of the afternoon to meet the Empress of Russia which is returning to Canada the fog-horn blows almost continuously so as to avoid any accident. We must have passed the Aleutian Islands about 4 P. M. but we did not see anything owing to the fog.

Friday, September 14

Since our departure from Vancouver the weather has been rather cold. There were some days that it was impossible to remain on deck. To-day it is much warmer: we notice that we are nearing Japan. The sea has been rather calm, one night only it was quite rough. Since then it resembles an immense sheet of oil glittering as a diamond beneath the rays of the sun. We do not tire of admiring this spectacle which we find ever new to us. From time to time we notice fish who come to play on the surface of the water. We remark that they are always in groups... We also, dear Mother, shall remain grouped, closely united to our Mother-House, to our Sisters of Canada and to those of our Missions... Together we shall continue to form but one heart and one soul. Thank you, dear Mother for all your kindness, powerless are we to enumerate what you have done for us... thank you!!!

Saturday, September 15

Yesterday afternoon at four o'clock a life-saving practice was held for all the passengers in case that an accident should happen during the crossing. The alarm was given, the siren sent forth its shrill cry and all the sailors hastened to the deck, each one at his respective post.

The captain assured himself that everyone was present and then had the life-boats lowered for inspection as also the other apparatus so as to ascertain that everything was in good order. Firstly the women and children took their places in the boats the men following after, then the sailors, and lastly the captain himself, who in time of danger, should be the last to leave the boat. This practice is most interesting and at the same time most practical.

A Protestant lady comes to-day to inquire about our patients, and then takes up conversation with us. She is going to Kagoshima where she has already spent twenty-four years; she is returning from a three years' sojourn in England. She speaks lengthily to us of Japan for which she has a great attraction. She prefers Kagoshima to all the other Japanese cities. The climate there is favorable, although quite cold in December, January and February. Two miles from this city, on an island, does she tell us, is to be found a volcano which erupted in 1924. The inhabitants were obliged to leave the city twice, but the houses were not destroyed by the fire, only damaged by the earthquake which accompanied the eruption.

She tells us also that at Kagoshima, conversions are easier than anywhere else in Japan, that only a little time is needed to grasp souls from paganism and once they have embraced Christianity they are solid in their belief.

Sunday, September 16

At the second Mass which is said at 6.45, A.M. besides the Community of religious, ten other persons assist. This is the whole Catholic population on board. At ten o'clock we assemble before a little picture of the Blessed Virgin (a souvenir of Our Lady of the Cape) and there sing our rosary. This recalls to us the beautiful religious life of our dear "home", the life which we are so anxious to resume. We shall reach Yokohama to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock. We were delayed eight hours owing to a defectiveness in the machinery which hindered the ship from going at full speed. The fog which we had at the beginning of last week also delayed us.

Hence for ten days past we have been sailing in mid-ocean. Rapidly are we approaching our country of adoption. How we long to reach this land where the most sublime apostolate awaits us; the conquest of souls!

We feel that your maternal love accompanies us, dear Mother, and this animates our courage.

Monday, September 17

This morning we are skirting the shores of Japan. How charming nature is here!... What great and beautiful things God has made, and how pleased we are to see land... but it is souls especially that we long to conquer and towards whom we are desirous to take our flight... Only too soon shall we be obliged to separate, and we seem to feel more than ever how pleasant it is for sisters to live together... Needless to say that all our recreations are spent at Outremont. For my part, I visit the Community Room, the Temple, I take my place everywhere... I see you all, especially you, dear Mother! I have so much happiness. What gratitude do I owe you... What a consolation it is to be God's little missionaries, and missionaries of the Immaculate Virgin, to the extremities of the world!... It is true that our voyages are often very tedious and that our vocation calls for many sacrifices but when we see around us so many women who cross the ocean to follow their husbands, we reflect that if they have such courage for a mortal being, what should ours not be for our immortal Spouse!

Tuesday, September 18

We shall leave the harbour of Yokohama in a few minutes. Dear Mother we are unable owing to the rain and fog to describe in all its beauty the great Japanese port, but I assure you that never before have I seen so much activity. I do not know how many little boats have gone back and forth, some to be loaded, others to be unloaded. The majority of the Japanese wrap themselves in a straw coat like the one that you have as a curiosity at the Mother-House, but several do not seem to feel the air and content themselves with their natural coat... Hardly had we cast anchor yesterday when a throng of little merchants boarded our steamer selling Japanese embroideries, pearls, paintings. etc. etc... With a candid expression little boys approached us saying: "Do you want something?" Sister St. Francis

Xavier bought a few cards for our benefactors and gave them a miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin. They examined it, felt it, then with a look of satisfaction thrust it into their purse. "You know the Blessed Virgin?" she asks them.—"O yes! *Sei Maria, sama!... sama!...*" Sister St. Francis Xavier bids them good-bye in Japanese, *Sayonara*, and they understand her... Our dear Sister made use of the few words which she had learned on the boat...

To-morrow we shall be at Kobe where we shall be obliged to separate and take different routes... How painful will be this new separation!... Sister St. Francis Xavier was most charitable towards us during our long voyage and her charity touched us the more as this dear Sister was ill herself, for of the ten travellers only three escaped the terrible sea-sickness. We tried to care for one another in the best way we could, the more fortunate ones assisting those more severely attacked. It is on such occasions especially that we feel how much we love one another.

Dear Mother we again promise you to remain forever united by the ties of this tender charity which we have learned while at your side at our dear Mother-House. We also know that you unceasingly pray for each one of us; more than ever do we count on the assistance of the fervent prayers of our dear Sisters who have the happiness of living with you.



Chinese coolies wearing raincoat. Hongkong.

STRAW COAT AND HAT
which the Chinese and Japanese wear to protect
themselves from the rain.

After the separation of the groups

*for the different missions of Japan, Manchuria,
Haimen, and the Philippines*

EN ROUTE TO KAGOSHIMA, JAPAN

Wednesday, September 19, 1928

Guided by our beloved protector St. Joseph, we arrive at Kobe. Good Father Fage of the Foreign Missions of Paris comes to meet us, and then

it is a rush for the baggage as the *Hong Kong Maru* which is to conduct the Fathers of the Canadian Seminary and our Sisters to Manchuria leaves in a few hours. While the Sisters busy themselves in looking for the trunks and cases, those of Manchuria firstly, Sister Marie de la Protection and I go with Reverend Fathers Turcotte and Fage to exchange our money and purchase the tickets. Father Fage is uneasy, for he was unable to have cabins reserved, but St. Joseph kept them for us. In Japan paper money is of more value than gold. For \$100.00 in Canadian bills we receive 214 *yens*.

We, the four Sisters destined to Japan, accompany to their cabins our Sisters who are to leave for Manchuria. Apparently there are but Japanese on the boat. Father Fage procures some Mass wine for the Canadian priests that they may offer the Holy Sacrifice during the three days it will take them to reach Dairen. This Japanese vessel is quite small in comparison to the *Empress*. As it is anchored but a stone's-throw from the steamer, Sister St. Philippe, Sister Marie de Sion, and Sister St. Rose de Lima who are on deck see our Sisters leaving the harbor and wave to them. When everyone is settled in the *Hong Kong Maru* we go to have our baggage inspected by a custom officer. Father has the officer begin by the trunks, so when he comes to our cases he has had enough and only opens the one that contains the statue of the Blessed Virgin. Never can I express to you the joy I experienced in seeing our good heavenly Mother smiling so tenderly upon us. Scarcely have we finished to place the articles back into our trunks when the Maryknoll Sisters arrive, they also to pass the customs. Their boat *President Lincoln* comes into port shortly after ours. Two of their Sisters of Korea come to meet their four newly-arrived companions. Reverend Father sends us to the Sisters de l'Enfant Jesus, accompanied by his employee who a short while ago took charge of bringing our baggage for inspection. On taking the taxi I notice that the chauffeur is seated to the right, that he drives on the left side of the road and passes to the left of the tramways that go towards the left!... How strange it all is...! It would be impossible to describe all that occurs on the street of a Japanese city: the bustling back and forth in the narrow streets with no sidewalks, the bicycles, the street cars and the autos which are constantly tooting to warn the pedestrians and to try to make their way through them, make one believe that he is assisting at a moving picture show. Oh! what crowds!... The population of the city of Kobe is 150,000. Several of the men are dressed after European fashion, others wear the long Japanese dresses which give them the appearance of monks. The majority of the women wear the Japanese costume, with a big bow at the back. There are little girls, six or seven years of age very charming, one would take them for real Japanese dolls.

On arriving at the street leading to the Convent, displays of all imaginable things attract our attention. It is the feast of a temple situated on this street; every day this week, fairs will be held, and every night demonstrations of all kinds in honor of the temple will take place. The Sisters de l'Enfant Jesus, our travelling companions, who had left the

boat immediately upon its arrival are there to welcome us. The Superior, Mother Gertrude greets us most maternally.

In the afternoon we return to the *Empress* to bid a last farewell to our Sisters who are on their way to Haimen and the Philippines. They were beginning to think that they would never see us again.

Thursday, September 20

We are now in a Japanese train, which is also placed on the left side. We cannot forget that we are in Japan. There is a sign at the entrance to the station to direct the passengers to the different routes, for Kobe is an important city and there are more than one hundred trains that go through it daily but always to the left. The sign that is written in Japanese characters is also written in English: *Keep to the left*. Right beside us there is a young woman and girl who are leaving for a trip. Friends or relatives have come to the station to bid them "Good-bye". I notice that the lady is profoundly inclined, her hands on the basket she is carrying. I thought that she was tying something on it, but no, she was making her farewell bows. The others facing her, were acting in like manner, one bow answered the other and this without uttering a word. After the train left the station our two travellers comfortably placed themselves. For shoes they wear *guelas* like those we had at the Missionary Exposition of Joliette. The *guelas* are soon laid aside as they only have to let them slide off their feet. They sit on their heels, on the bench, face the window with their back to the engine. At meal-time, without putting their feet on the ground, they turn and face each other. The woman folds up her dress, probably so that she will not crush it and places her handkerchief on her knees, doubtlessly, so as not to soil her cream trousers.

We would have liked to have had a time-table so as to know when we were to take the ferry for the island where Kagoshima is situated. We notice that there is a map on the wall in the rear of the car and imagine that it is a map of Japan, but it does not resemble ours. After examining it, we discover that the north is placed to the right, the south to the left, etc. We study it and conclude that according to the ground already covered we shall reach the limit of the island towards 9 o'clock. We also notice by the map that the station to which we are destined is Shimonoseki, and at the other side of the arm of the sea, that separates the two islands, we are to take the train at Moji. All this is not very clear, but by dint of signs, we manage to understand with the conductor's assistance. He wrote on a sheet of paper: "Shimonoseki, 8.45 P. M.; Moji, 9 P. M. ; Kagoshima, 10 P. M." And so at 8.45 we arrive at Shimonoseki. Everybody makes a rush for the boat; it is a real comedy. There are certainly twice as many people here than at Windsor and Bonaventure stations when they are overcrowded. And what noise the wooden *guelas* make on the pavement! If we only had a little more time to observe, but we have just a quarter of an hour to take the boat and there is much ground to be covered, moreover it is growing dark despite the many lights scattered here and there. I notice a Korean who has a little black hat, the crown of which resembles

the old style silk hats, and the brim, that of a sailor. This kind of a hat is worn on the crown of the head in such a way that one is tempted to ask: *Why wear a hat at all?* His wife is wrapped up in a sort of a cape which reaches almost to the ground; her footwear is neither *guelas* nor shoes... Beside her is a man with his daughter on his back. There are several women carrying their children in like fashion, others carrying them in their arms when their back is already burdened... At last we arrive at the wharf. If we find the people around us very strange, they also must find us so, for everybody stares at us as much as to say: *What kind of people are they?*... Most probably they have never seen religious before. We are scarcely settled in the little boat when it sets sail, and in a quarter of an hour we arrive at the island where Kagoshima is situated. As the train leaves only at 10 A. M., they make us a sign to wait at the station. At 9.45 we go to take the train, but it is impossible to pass the gate; the employee tells us something which we do not understand of course. Just then a Japanese who speaks English steps forward and says: "Can I do something for you?" He explains that we must buy *express* tickets for this is a special train and therefore must have special tickets. We finally take the train and are soon speeding towards Kagoshima.

Friday, September 21

On arriving at Sandai we perceive Father Calixte, O. F. M. who has come to meet us; he is accompanied by Father Hilarion and Brother Conrad. After an hour's ride in the train we reach Kagoshima. Bishop Roy has come to meet us with Father Gabriel who resides at Kagoshima, and a group of Christians. We go with Father Calixte to his residence; this house was formerly occupied by the Bishop. Father had the great kindness to wait for us to say Mass; thus we had the happiness, on the feast of St. Matthew, to receive Holy Communion for the first time in this city of Kagoshima, whence God has called us to make His name known and loved. We greet the ladies and young girls who have assisted at Mass, then breakfast is served. Reverend Father Calixte is at Kagoshima since the last few days. His Lordship has just named him Procurator of the Prefecture. The Bishop sees to the parish and Father Gabriel will go to an island to open a new christendom. I forgot to tell you, dear Mother, that we, who so much enjoyed seeing the good Japanese take off their *guelas* and remain thus during the whole voyage, were obliged to do likewise immediately upon our arrival, as the priest's house is a Japanese one, consequently covered with mats. Thus we were obliged to hear Mass in our stocking feet and receive Holy Communion the same way. The chapel is very small, scarcely larger than the sanctuary of the one in Joliette, but it is only a private chapel. The altar is pretty, but the rest is very poor. Six wooden candlesticks and a little brass lamp are the only ornaments.

We then visit our house which is at about twenty feet distant from the Fathers' residence. There are six apartments. In Japan, an apartment is measured by the number of mats it contains. One mat measures about

six feet by thirty inches. So we have two rooms of six mats, two of four and a half, and two of three. Father loaned us two little tables and four chairs; we have dinner at home but it was the priest's servant who prepared it for us. In the afternoon we go to visit Bishop Roy at the Prefecture... What an episcopal palace!... Good St. Francis of Assisi would certainly find his delight therein!...

While His Lordship is speaking to us, little children come and group themselves at his feet to be caressed. It seems quite natural for him but as for us we are deeply touched. The Bishop tells us that these little ones are the children of the Japanese lady at whose home our Sisters remained upon their arrival two years ago.



ARRIVAL OF THE MISSIONARIES OF THE
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AT KAGOSHIMA
JAPAN

As we are about to leave, His Lordship shows us the *fulons* (pronounced f'tons) that four Christian ladies made for us. These *fulons* are like the *mintoy*s of the Chinese. They are used for blankets in the winter, but while waiting for the mattress ticking to be filled at the Mother-House we shall use these instead of mattresses. They are very pretty; the reverse is pink while the top has a peacock design. His Lordship remarked to the ladies that they should have chosen cranes, emblem of longevity, to which they answered, "Oh! no, Your Lordship, rather peacocks, emblem of the beautiful works that the Sisters will take up in Kagoshima."

On leaving the Prefecture, good Father Calixte brings us to a store in the city where he helps us to purchase some dishes and food. We go up to the very top floor where there is a turret that permits us to view almost the entire city. Father shows us the steamer for Naze at anchor in the port, then the volcano about two miles distant in the bay, that erupted in 1914. The whole side of the mountain facing the city is covered by a coat of reddish lava. All this is of interest, but the most beautiful spot has not yet been shown us. Father indicates a little peninsula; it was there on August 15th 1549, on the feast of the Assumption, that St. Francis Xavier, missionary to Japan, first set foot, on his arrival in this country which he longed to win to the love of the good Master. The church of Kagoshima, built by Father Ragnet fifty years ago, is in memory of the passage of St. Francis Xavier, it is the only one that exists in this city which numbers 130,000 inhabitants.

In the evening there is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the church. We there see the Christians. They are not very numerous at Kagoshima, only about two hundred scattered here and there throughout the city. It is a pity that this church is so small for with even two Masses on Sunday, there is scarcely place for all the faithful. The floor is covered with mats or *tatamis*, so like the Japanese, we must take off our shoes at the door and walk in our stockingfeet. It is quite understood that there are neither chairs nor benches, since the Japanese sit on their heels on the floor. Still, they give each of us a chair. The children are placed near the communion railing, the men to the left of the nave, and the women to the right. His Lordship has donned his vestments of Prefect Apostolic which he had not yet done at Kagoshima, does it seem, for ornamentations are not in harmony with the palace of the Prefecture...

After Benediction, the catechist recites the prayers to which the Christians respond. Despite all our good will, it is impossible to understand them, save the word *Amen*.

On leaving the church the Christians are awaiting us in the "Episcopal Palace" to address us a few words of welcome. They are placed in the same manner as in the church. His Lordship places us beside him, Father Calixte and Father Gabriel also assist. The *futons* that had been prepared for us are there in a pile, and the ladies glance at them from time to time delighted at what they have done. It is impossible to relate the scene to you, Mother. Let it suffice to say that we could scarcely keep back the tears... The catechist seated in the midst of the men rises and reads an address which Father Calixte translates for us. He tells of their happiness in possessing religious in this untilled soil of Kagoshima, which was, nevertheless, the first shore visited by St. Francis Xavier, and where he worked one year and three months. He tells how much they appreciate the sacrifices we have made to come among them: leave our country, our parents, consecrate our youth to their service, adapt their customs, all this demands such abnegation on our part. Then a Japanese lady who has a fair knowledge of our language reads the following address:

VERY REVEREND MOTHERS,

"It is impossible for us to express how happy and proud we were to learn that you were crossing the seas to come and open a hospital in our city of Kagoshima. We are all liable to fall ill one day or another. In such a case how consoling will it not be for the Christians to know that there is a hospital kept by our good religious. How much more consoling will not be the thought that these good religious unite to a charity truly angelical an invincible patience and a spirit of sacrifice that relinquishes before no difficulty whatever.

"What a joy for us to know that henceforth beside the Fathers who care for our souls, there will be good Mothers eager to care for our poor bodies.

"The courage that you manifest in consecrating your youth to our Lord, then in leaving your beloved parents and friends, in detaching yourselves from your dear country to come so far to our city of Kagoshima, where everything is different, language, manners and customs, such courage is an example for us women, and a subject of legitimate pride for Catholics.

"While wishing that you will soon realize what you hope to do for the glory of God, we unceasingly beg this Good Master and the Blessed Virgin to grant you the most abundant graces of holiness and health.

"Kindly accept the welcome that I offer you in the name of all the Catholics of Kagoshima."

Father then asks me to say a few words. I simply express our desire to speak their beautiful language in order to tell them how happy we are to be in their midst. I ask them to pray to the Blessed Virgin in union with us that she may help us to learn it very quickly, so that we shall be able to express the sentiments which fill our hearts, and all the good that we wish them. Then His Lordship addresses them a few words.

Then two little Japanese girls who, though pagan, come quite often to the Prefecture, sing upon the Bishop's invitation.

At the dispersal of the assembly a number of children group around His Lordship. We are told that they want to play hide-and-seek with him and Father Gabriel as is their custom every evening.

Saturday, September 22

Last night we were obliged to put a boarder out of the house. As he did not wish to give up his place, we decided to make him pay the penalty. We were in our rights since Father told us that we were at home... The poor spider, though he was the size of one's hand, was finally conquered. Father told us that these kind of spiders are not dangerous, but that it is better to kill them when they come our way.

Sunday, September 23

Our first Sunday at Kagoshima... Father Gabriel came to see us, and having invited us to go to the church for Mass, young girls come to conduct us thither. They have a parasol, but no hat. On reaching the church it is understood that we take off our shoes, but having received our trunks we have our house slippers, so we are not in our stockingfeet this time. Father Gabriel asks me to accompany the *Asperges*. The young girls sing two hymns which I also accompany. I assure you, dear Mother, that I experienced much happiness to-day. What a grace to be chosen to come and make God known to these poor people! I say poor... there are certainly many of the well-to-do among the Japanese, but they lack the sole riches necessary. All the Christians of this big city of 130,000 inhabitants, some say 147,000, come to this little church... There were about 75 people this morning, those who do not live too far away came to the first Mass. I told you that the young girls did not have any hats... On arriving at the church they make, first of all, a profound prostration

then unfold a sort of handkerchief in which the Japanese carry everything, take out their linen or cotton veil, cover their heads and then begin to pray. In like manner, after Mass they put books and veil in the handkerchief, fold over the corners, make their prostration and leave the church. Father Gabriel preaches the sermon in Japanese. He came to Japan but three years ago, and already speaks the language very well.

The young girls come to the convent to practise the singing for Benediction. We use the organ that Father Calixte sent us. His Lordship asked that we see immediately to the choir practice and to the Catholic Ladies' Circle. There is a meeting every month.

Here, there is no Sunday, all the shops are open; on our way we see workmen planing, others making Japanese parasols, others, mats. We can see almost everything that is going on in the shops since everything is open.

Monday, September 24

Father Calixte would have liked that we commence our Japanese lessons on a feast of the Blessed Virgin, and as he did not have time during the day, he comes this evening. We commence by the "Hail Mary" which we do not learn all in one breath despite our many efforts, then Father initiates us in the abecedary... of our language of adoption.

Tuesday, October 2

Father Calixte having consecrated a host this morning for the pyx, we have Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament for the month of the Holy Rosary. We shall not have it every day as he is often obliged to absent himself, but he shall give it to us as often as he can. We shall have charge of the sacristy. This afternoon Father Pius comes to ask me if I can give him some information regarding the installation of a dispensary. It is at the extremity of the island of Oshima. There is a beautiful christendom there, the most beautiful of the Prefecture, about 600 Christians, but communications are difficult, one must cross many mountains, and the only path is that made by pedestrians. The Fathers make part of the trip on bicycle. Father has sent two young girls of his christendom to Tokyo to study, they are to return in the month of December.

This afternoon, Sister St. Jean Baptiste goes to do some shopping as we are to receive two of our sisters of Naze. She brings with her a French-Japanese dictionary and the written address of the house, in case she loses her way... We greatly enjoyed preparing this first outing.

Thursday, October 4

To-day is a great feast for the Franciscans. The Fathers sing during the Mass that is celebrated by Father Urakawa, Japanese, superior of the Nagasaki Seminary. Father Arvin, Professor at the same Seminary, officiates as deacon, and Father Seraphin as sub-deacon. For dinner, we send eggs in maple syrup accompanied by our festal greetings. The present,

is very humble and moreover we are obliged to borrow a dish from the Fathers' Procure to offer this dessert... After supper Father Gabriel comes with two visitors. They speak about the Seminary of Nagasaki which numbers about sixty pupils, seven of whom were ordained last year. This proves the work accomplished by professors and pupils, as the course is very long: fourteen years, not counting the elementary course which is of six years duration and the two years of military service.

EN ROUTE TO MANCHURIA

Kobe Wednesday, September 19

Our sisters, destined to the mission of Kagoshima accompany us to the Japanese boat, the *Hong Kong Maru* and remain with us until the whistle announces the moment of departure. We then embrace one another for the last time, receive the charitable words of advice of our dear elder sisters and then courageously do we separate.

Dear Mother, only those who know the tender charity that unites missionaries can understand how painful are such separations in a foreign land!

Our boat leaves the harbor at noon. En route to Dairen!... Our cabin is most comfortable, a window which may be opened day and night, wash-stands, bureaus, good beds, bottles of fresh water, a table and a foot-stool. The servants, all Japanese, are most kind.

Dairen appears but a short distance on the map, nevertheless, it takes us three days and three nights to make the trip.

Thursday, September 20

Every day we experience how good God is to His humble little missionaries. I had not in the least expected to assist at the Holy Sacrifice on the way, but seeing the perfect installation of the boat, the Fathers inquired if they would be permitted to say Mass. Their request is immediately granted and this morning Jesus again descends upon the altar and into our hearts. We pray for your special intentions, dear Mother, for those of our good Sister Assistant and those of our dear Sisters from whom we parted Wednesday and for all those who form our dear religious family. If you only knew how often we think and speak of you.

During Mass, the Japanese passengers and sailors looking through the parlor windows follow with a certain curiosity mingled with respect, the ceremonies which doubtlessly for the first time are celebrated before their eyes. Two in particular remain there for nearly an hour. Upon their faces can be read the efforts they make to understand what they are witnessing. Poor people so ignorant of the truths of our beautiful religion, how they are to be pitied!...

Since 7 A.M. we are at anchor in the port of Shimonoski. To the right, built at the foot of a high mountain is to be found the city bearing the same name, to the left that of Moji. Everywhere there is great commotion; many passengers take the boat here. They arrive in small barks which

have hardly reached the shore before they are emptied. It is an amusing spectacle to see the travellers as nimble as squirrels, climb down the stairs leading to the second class deck. But what strikes us mostly are the varied beauties of nature which have uninterruptedly succeeded one another since our departure from Kobe. We are constantly sailing between hundreds of islands and rocks, the former quite bare, the latter of great height and of picturesque form, crowned with bouquets of moss or verdant foliage. It is ever a new joy for us to gaze upon them; impossible to describe how beautiful they are. At night numerous light-houses indicate the route to the sailor. Last night the sun setting in all its splendor behind the majestic mountains was a most magnificent sight and recalled to us the beautiful sunsets of our Laurentides. If Japan has its charms, Canada, has hers also and we feel that they will ever remain fresh in our memory. It is and always will be the country of our loved ones, our cherished "native land".

The sea is beautiful, not even a wave ripples over its surface. Sailboats in countless numbers go to and fro. It is most interesting to watch them. They are so light that they gracefully skim the waters. We have just noticed the *Empress of Canada* which must have left Kobe last night. From our hearts springs a last farewell to our Sisters who remain on board. This meeting causes us great joy. We seem to see them, they, also, are only three now...

Friday, September 21

Our meals are served after European fashion at the same table as the four Canadian Fathers of the Foreign Missions. From the very outset we learned to make the customary bows in the refectory for not a Japanese leaves the table without having made a profound reverence to every guest, though they be twelve or fifteen at table. It is evident that we are not obliged to subject ourselves to these customs, but we know that we greatly please the Japanese in submitting to them.

Saturday, September 22

We are at Dairen, the second last stop of our voyage. The nearer we come the more eager we are to land. We leave the boat at 11 o'clock. Reverend Father Berichon of the Foreign Missions of the Province of Quebec awaits us at the wharf. He is accompanied by Reverend Father Tibesar of the Foreign Missions of Maryknoll, Pastor of the Mission of Dairen, confided to the Americans. It is there that the Fathers of the Foreign Missions will receive hospitality. As for ourselves we are conducted to the Reverend Sisters of Providence, American religious, whose Mother-House is at Indiana. Three of them on mission, at Honan near Shanghai, were obliged to take refuge here, awaiting the end of the troubles which arose in this part of China. They hope to return thither before long. Words are powerless to express, dear Mother, how kind these religious were towards us.

Dairen is a large city belonging to the Japanese. Its port is open to all nations. Every month it harbors an average of 350 to 400 steamers. The buildings are well constructed and the streets very wide. All kinds of conveyances are to be seen: *pousses*, pony-carts electric cars, autos etc. In this large city there are but two Catholic churches, and of a population of about two hundred thousand, we count scarcely two thousand Christians. This is one thing to which I cannot become accustomed; so many people and so few Christians!... Oh! how little known is our holy religion and how gratefully we should thank God who has placed us in the midst of the small number who practise it.

Before supper we go to the little church of the mission for our spiritual exercises and at 8.30 P. M. Reverend Father Tibesar comes with us to the station where we take the 9.10 train for Mukden. We heartily thank our most charitable hostesses who exact from us a promise of writing and who tell us that if they are still in Dairen next year, they hope to see us in the person of our Sisters destined to join us in Manchuria.

Sunday, September 23

Last night at 9 P.M. we took the train for Mukden, Father Berichon saw to our tickets, accompanied us on the train, and at 7 A. M. the next morning, when the train stopped, took us, first to the cathedral, where we heard Mass, then to the bishop's palace to greet our new bishop, Mgr. Blois who had delayed a trip to be at home when the new missionaries would arrive.

His Lordship, with paternal kindness, assisted at breakfast which we took at the palace. The meal over, Father Berichon who was constantly our guide accompanied us through the episcopal palace which is all new and very spacious. On the roof there is a magnificent terrace from where we have a splendid view of the city. Mukden is an immense city, much larger than Montreal. It is not as beautiful and not as clean as Dairen, Japanese possession, but the European section is pretty. The mission compound is situated in the Chinese quarters; the streets are narrow and without sidewalks. Everybody remains in the open air. Here there is a restaurant, farther on a general store, there, a blacksmith, a shoemaker with all his tools on his back, a fruit merchant who is dusting his stall with a duster whose primitive color is not distinguishable, a salesman of drinking water etc., etc., etc. Everybody cries out, praising his merchandise!... Even the poultry and hogs freely exercise the right of passage that is granted them. The houses have but one storey, with earthen walls and thatched roofs.

At the good Sisters of Providence of Portieux, we receive the same kind welcome that they extended to our Sisters last year. They lavish so much affection upon us, that for the time being, we forget the great distance that separates us from our dear Mother-House.

Tuesday, September 25

At 9.10 this morning we take the train and at 2.10 this afternoon we arrive at Pingkai. There, we are obliged to wait forty-five minutes for we have to change cars to continue on the Chinese railway. We had reached our last stop and were wishing that we had wings to go more quickly but to our disappointment an accident occurs at 5.15 which causes a delay. A poor unfortunate wishing to leave the train still in motion, loses his balance and falls below. One of the wheels strikes his head causing a large wound. Happily we were just leaving a station and the train was still going at a slow rate so it was easily stopped. Reverend Father Berichon hastened to assist the poor man and to dress his wounds. At first the passengers would not consent to have him brought in. It was after much argument on the part of Father Berichon, that they agreed to give him access to the train. There, where Catholicity is unknown, sympathetic charity is not found and cannot be found. Poor abandoned pagans, how they are to be pitied!

At 6 o'clock we reach Liao Yuan Sien. We have arrived at last! It is dark. Conveyances sent by Father Lapierre await us at the station. One of the best Christians of the mission, Lee Ou, a virgin, Tchang Yanna and another Christian, Mrs. Tchang have come to meet us. In all we form a cortege of six carriages.

The tinkling of the sleigh bells announces our arrival. Then the little bell of the chapel begins to ring. Oh! Mother, I could have cried! How touched I was on hearing its notes! Words cannot express my impressions when on entering the mission, I saw Father Lapierre, our Sisters in white, and the orphans standing at the door of the church. The latter, in good French, welcomed us. Oh! how it touched our very hearts.

We repair to the chapel for Benediction. Sister Ste Jeanne de Chantal takes her place at the organ while the children sing the hymn entitled: (*Mère de Dieu, bénissez nous*). Bless us, O Mother of God! So the first hymn that greets us on China's soil is the very one that resounded in our ears on leaving the little white chapel of the Mother-House. Dear Mother, this incident caused us a joy that words fail to express. It seemed that distance had vanished and that we were again close, very close to you.

Reverend Father Bonin officiates at Benediction and intones the *Te Deum*. Oh! what gratitude do we not owe to God and to our Immaculate Mother for this great favor of our vocation to the apostolic life.

After Benediction Sister Julienne du Saint-Sacrement leads us to the convent and good Father Lapierre follows and inquires about our voyage, also bestowing his blessing upon us. After his departure questions are asked on all sides. We cannot find time to answer. Oh! dear Mother, your name and that of Sister Assistant are often on our lips. The Sisters are all enjoying good health. We are surprised to find Sister Saint Gerard looking so well.

Would it please you to hear about our new home? It is a one-storey house divided into three apartments. We have subdivided the kitchen

into two rooms and have placed two beds in one of them. We have added a fourth one in the old dormitory. In the front room which will henceforth be the kitchen we have placed the stove. The house is small for six persons, but we are so happy to be together that this inconvenience is overlooked. Father Lapierre, accompanied by Father Berichon, and the four new missionaries called again yesterday morning. Father Berger and Father Lomme arrived in the evening and Father Quenneville is expected to-day. The others are unable to come to see their new confreres on account of a pulmonary pest which ravages the district where they are. It is a very wise precaution. Yesterday we went to see the virgins and the orphans. For the first time I set foot in a Chinese home. We enter by the kitchen. Beside it, separated by a curtain, is the apartment which is at the same time parlor, sewing-room, and bedroom. The Chinese bed, *k'ang*, is about the only piece of furniture. The Chinese sit on this to eat and to do their work, but a hard bed it must be to sleep on, for it is made of bricks on which is spread a thin straw mat. They tell us that the Chinese who are accustomed to lie on them sleep as soundly as we in our beds.



MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
CHINESE ORPHANS AND VIRGINS OF
LIAO YUAN SIEN, MANCHURIA

Before long our dispensary will be most flourishing. Patients with sores and wounds of every description come from all directions.

Dear Mother, how happy we are that God has chosen us to come to this distant land, but how we feel our incapacity and unworthiness. Above all we feel the need to ever remain united to our dear Mother-House, where we enjoyed such happiness!

We count upon the help of the Immaculate Virgin and upon the fervent prayers of all our Sisters who have the happiness of remaining near you, good Mother.

YOUR HAPPY AND GRATEFUL DAUGHTERS
OF MANCHURIA

The vocation which Christ chose for Himself ought to have at least as much of our consideration as any of the wordly callings, when we come to decide upon our future.

"The Little Missionary."

En Route to Haimen, China and the Philippines

The Empress of Canada, September 20, 1928

Since yesterday there are but three of us aboard the *Empress*. We had all assembled for Holy Mass when at 6 o'clock the boat reached Kobe. Oh! dear Mother how painful was the separation... While we were ten together it was a little like the Mother-House, we felt ourselves almost at home...

After having seen to the baggage our Sisters of Kagoshima we went to the Japanese boat with our Sisters destined to Manchuria. At noon, we saw the latter disappear from our view, our boat being but a few feet distant from theirs. We thought we had bid a last farewell to our Sisters of Kagoshima, but in the afternoon they came back to the boat as their train was not to leave until this morning. You may easily imagine our joy, dear Mother!

Tuesday, September 25

Our Sisters destined to Haimen arrived at Shanghai on the 21st and about ten o'clock the boat reached Hong Kong. What a beautiful city! Magnificent white edifices surrounded by palm trees are situated on the verdant mountains. From a distance we can hardly figure to ourselves that we are nearing a mission country... but on entering the port our impressions quickly change. Hundreds of Chinese are there waiting in wretched barks. Scarcely has the boat cast anchor when they thrust long bamboo poles into the interior and all in file climb these improvised ladders screaming at the top of their voices. We imagine every minute that the bamboo pole will break or that these poor unfortunates will lose their balance. But no, their agility is really astonishing. In one of the barks a woman with a baby on her back remains alone. Without losing any time she herself begins to row... At each stroke of the oar the poor little one's head swings back and forth like a ball; its little pale face and closed eyes, excite my pity I believe that the baby has died of misery, but someone assures me that it is sleeping. Poor child, why has it not one of our good mothers of Canada to rock it... this woman appears so harsh.

I waited nearly half an hour for the arrival of our dear Sisters of Hong Kong, Sister St. Paul and Sister St. Georges who had gone to attend the funeral service of Reverend Father Laurent, M. E. This good priest had come from Shameen to Hong Kong (Bethany), a home of rest for the Fathers of the Paris Foreign Missions. It was there that God accorded him the eternal rest instead of the temporary one which he there sought.

Beloved Mother, you may well imagine that our dear Sisters did not leave me very long on the boat, just the time to embrace fraternally one another and we sail towards Kowloon. Sister Marie du Saint Sacrement, Sister Marie de Lorette and Sister Saint Patrick are there awaiting us. All in one voice beg me to speak to them of our Mother, of Sister Assistant, of all our Sisters. I would need five tongues to keep no one waiting.

In the afternoon of the twenty-fourth Sister Superior and I took the ferry from Kowloon to Hong Kong. Obligated to go thither on business, Sister St. Paul wished to show me this city, I also rode in a *pousse*... At first I found it a pleasure to try this mode of travelling but when I saw the poor unfortunate Chinese who conducted me all covered with perspiration I felt like casting myself from my seat. I was ashamed to be the burden of one of God's creatures, created as I to His image, and loved by Him in like manner.

This afternoon I went to St. Joseph's Hermitage with Sister Marie de Lorette. Sister St. Joseph du Sacré Cœur received us with great demonstrations of joy as also did the orphans living there, even to tiny Delia whose little eyes sparkling as pearls seemed to express her joy in seeing a Sister from the Mother-House. You have heard of little Delia have you not Mother? She was born on the fifth of February... Sister St. Joseph has great hopes for this little one and takes the greatest care of her. The little orphans appear to be very happy and work at the lace-making with much enthusiasm and joy.

At four o'clock Sister St. Paul, Sister St. Georges and Sister Marie du Saint Sacrement came with me to the boat. I tried to coax Sister St. Paul to accompany me as far as Manila but she considers it too much of luxury since several Dominican religious and the Maryknoll Sisters are travelling with me.

We shall arrive at Manila the 27th, at 6 o'clock. How I wish that the *Empress of Canada* on its return trip to our country could convey to you, news from your little daughter.



DINNER IN THE GARDEN OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
HONG KONG, CHINA

Thursday, September 27

I am at last in Manila! Sister Superior and Sister Assistant with the nurses-in-training were at the wharf to meet me. As at Hong Kong all our Sisters asked me many questions so as to have news of our Mother, of Sister Assistant and of our Sisters of Canada. Nearly the whole forenoon was spent thus and I assure you that I did not lose a minute. I also visited the Hospital. How numerous are the poor sufferers upon this earth and, nevertheless, it is here but a little corner of it. I could not say very much to these poor patients but on entering each ward I asked our Lady of Seven Dolours to be herself their comfort and solace.

It is very warm in Manila dear Mother but there is much air which we inhale freely. I am well and quite at home, Sister Superior, Sister Assistant, and all the dear Sisters are so kind.

I do not give you any details about Manila. The boat leaves this afternoon and I would like to find time to send a few words to my other "Mamma".

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*Letter of Sister Marie de l'Epiphanie, Superior at Tsongming,
Haimen, China, to her Superior General*

Shanghai, August 14, 1928

BELOVED MOTHER,

I cannot tell you how much the news of my nomination for Haimen surprised me. I would have willingly spent the rest of my life at Canton, but since obedience calls me elsewhere joyfully do I go thither.

The evening of August 7th, Sister Marie de Jesus and I came to Hong Kong to take the boat which was to weigh anchor at 6 o'clock the next morning. We landed at Shanghai the morning of the 10th towards half past nine. His Lordship Bishop Tsu to whom we had sent a letter announcing our arrival, having received it at Haimen but on the 10th, immediately sent a telegram to the Helpers of the Holy Souls which they received only after our arrival. His Lordship set sail the same day for Shanghai where he arrived the afternoon of the 11th, expressing his deep regret in not being at the wharf to meet us. On reaching Shanghai and finding no one waiting for us I made use of the knowledge acquired during my visit here last October. After a few inquiries we arrived at the Convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, situated beside the Procure of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, in the centre of Shanghai. There the good sisters kindly offered to see to our trunks and directed us to Sen Mou You (House of the Holy Mother) at Zi Ka Wei where we were most maternally welcomed.

Ah, dear Mother what an admirable work there exists here! What noble women are these religious! Last October when I made a short visit to the establishment it still felt the affects of the recent uprisings. The Sisters were obliged to evacuate it for at least a few days, I believe. Their works



HIS LORDSHIP RT. REV. S. TSU, S. J.
Vicar Apostolic of Haimen, China

were more or less affected by such troublesome times. The French marines have still to-day a body of soldiers who keep watch day and night in one of the establishments of the Convent. It is necessary to take this precaution, do the religious tell us, not on account of near danger, but that the mission grounds seem to be eagerly sought after. And it must be added that it is a post which well may be coveted.

Monday, August 20

Since the 11th we have been with the Helpers of the Holy Souls and shall remain here until the first days of September. Sister Marie de Jesus is recuperating while taking lessons in the language, in embroidery and other useful subjects. For my part, I am studying the dialect and learning in particular the manner of treating the maladies of the country, especially those to which we shall be exposed ourselves, for there is neither doctor nor pharmacy at Tsongming, and no other foreigners besides ourselves. I am now arranging a little pharmacy; one of the religious is helping me in this task and gives me all required information. The time which I am thus employing will not be lost.

I made a rapid visit to the dispensary. When the wealthy class come for treatment and wish to pay the religious they tell them that they do not receive money for their care, but ask articles for their pharmacy or for their poor patients. These religious have a school and dispensary in each of the christendoms of Shanghai and visit them two or three times a week. At the different dispensaries baptism is administered to a number of babies. The Zi Ka Wei dispensary is open every day and is always crowded. Everything is done in an order really admirable. While a certain number are being cared for the others listen to the instructions given them by a Christian Chinese.

Here at Zi Ka Wei there is an immense work-shop wherein a number of Christian women are employed. Were it not for this work-shop, these Christians, the majority of whom are former orphans of the Sisters, would seek employment in the factories of the city thus exposing themselves to the wickedness of the world. All kinds of articles are fabricated in these work-shops. The Christians unable to do embroidery work are employed in the making or mending of clothing or in the laundry.

The orphans are quite numerous. The religious have them study until they have attained their fourteenth year. They then understand their

religion and read and write sufficiently. They help very little with the ordinary work, but however they are taught to do their own sewing, washing, etc. At the age of fourteen they are employed at the sewing, not with the workers come from outdoors, but alone at the orphanage with one or two teachers. Those who have a talent for fancy-work are given embroidery to do, the others remain at the sewing or other work. At the age of fourteen or fifteen they are engaged, and at eighteen they marry. Those fourteen and over receive a salary in proportion to their work. When they marry they receive as trousseau the money which they have earned. To stimulate and encourage them they are given each month a percentage of this salary not in money but in necessary articles. A few of these orphans wishing to remain virgins are received as Children of Mary and live with the religious whom they assist so much the more since they are initiated in their works. There is a boarding-school for the Christians, a place of probation for virgin catechists called "The Nativity" and "The Morning Star" for the pagan students.

They who greatly assist the religious are an assembly of young girls about thirty in number who cannot be received as religious. They wear a special costume, make the annual vow of chastity and the promise of obedience and poverty.

There is also a society for outside workers. Its aim is to look after the young girls on Sundays, to have them assist at the different offices and hinder them from going to amusements where they would risk losing their souls or at least their good principles. The religious also visit the poor Christian patients in their homes.

I leave the works of the good Helpers of the Holy Souls to speak to you of our establishment in our new home at Tsongming. On September



CHINESE JUNKS CROSSING FROM HAIMEN TO TSONGMING, CHINA

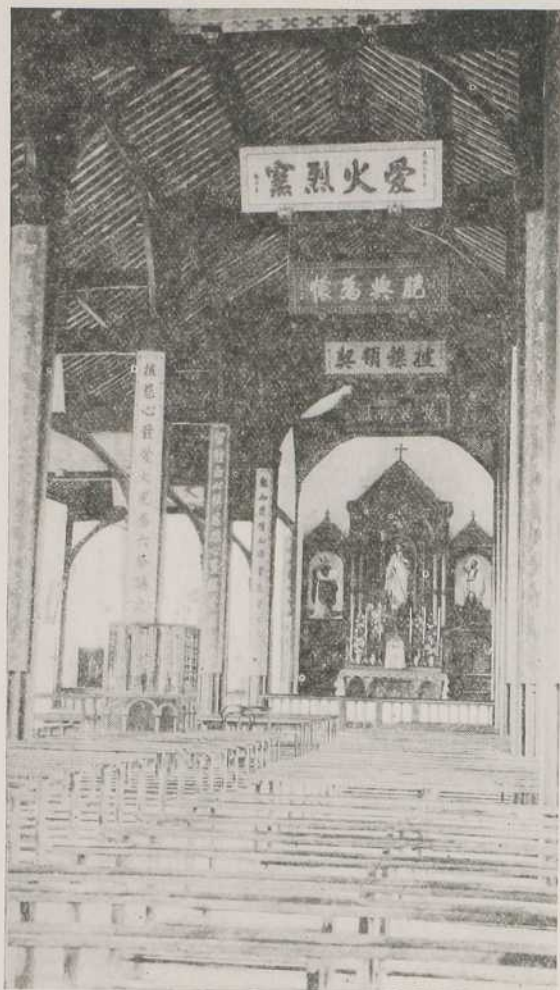
3rd, His Lordship Bishop Tsu went there himself, taking with him much of our baggage. He was intent on having everything prepared for us and on receiving us himself. The following morning it was our turn to leave Shanghai. The good Sisters sent two "members" to conduct us to our boat, gave us a nice lunch for the trip, and sympathetically bid us "au revoir". A niece and cousin of His Lordship, both twenty-one years of age and very intelligent, Catherine, two servants and the *Sie Sang* (His Lordship's servant) a very aged man, formed our cortege, guiding us and seeing to our baggage. In China the people bring their baggage with them, as for the Chinese they carry their bed material everywhere they go. Our companions had all this besides all our packages.

His Lordship's brother and sister-in-law had kindly packed and labelled everything. What good-hearted people are these Chinese! I am astonished in witnessing their thoughtfulness for us.

The arrival of two Sisters with such an attendance is not affected without a little uproar. As in the other parts of China, the coolies dispute with one another as to who will carry the packages so as to procure a little money, the conductors wish to carry us; Sister Marie de Jesus and I have become almost deafened with the noise. The policeman demands order, for a moment there is a little tranquillity, but they at once recommence. The Bishop's *Sie Sang* and our faithful companions keep an eye on everything so that nothing disappear. Understanding not a word of the language we are obliged to pay attention to the signals given us to advance or to remain where we are. Finally, we are each shown a rickshaw. We leave the first for the Catholic Mission with Marie Jeanne and Marguerite, niece and cousin of His Lordship. The servants look after the baggage and will follow us shortly. The trip over the rough narrow road is made in an hour and a half. It is very warm but our conductors are like real steeds, the fatigue does not seem to depress them in any way. Mine is as gay as a lark, he yells to his companions ahead of him and laughs with those behind. The Bishop's name often glides into his conversation. This is the only word that I am able understand. When we must cross an improvised bridge he turns and walks backwards so as to guide the two wheels of his rickshaw. He would not for the whole world wish to upset me. However, this would be a very easy matter as the bridge on this occasion is no wider than the carriage itself.

There are very few trees to be found on the soil we are crossing but there are gardens everywhere: fields of beans, corn, buckwheat, Chinese vegetables and sorghum. The little narrow muddy river we are skirting is bordered in several places by reeds. I forgot to mention the cotton plant which is one of the principal means of livelihood for the inhabitants of the island. The houses are small, the majority built of reeds and straw. Here and there groups of houses form little villages. Everything appears very poor. Owing to difficulties in communication with the cities, the island has remained until now in its primitive state.

After a ride of an hour and a half we perceive the steeple of the mission dominating a group of low white houses. They are the mission houses



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF TSONGMING
VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF HAIMEN, CHINA

separated from the neighboring property by a high wall. We stop at the entrance to the little church where His Lordship, the Vicar General, and the Reverend Pastor await us. We go first to pay a visit to our Divine Lord in the Tabernacle, and then repair to the parlor to there greet His Lordship and several priests. On leaving the compound the little pupils of the Presentandines dressed as angels, bow, and while singing and scattering flowers escort us to their house where they deliver a little declamation. The Reverend Pastor by whom we are accompanied translates their words of welcome and the wishes offered us. After this first greeting we go to see the little ones who have come for the sole purpose of meeting us. They are very tiny. In fine, we are shown our home, quite small, but which we already cherish dearly.

His Lordship himself saw to every detail. We are so

deeply touched by such kindness that we do not know how to express our gratitude. A little statue of the Blessed Virgin brought from Shanghai is taken from our trunk and lovingly enthroned.

In China, the dampness, especially in the fall, threatens to ruin everything; our companions tell us how we may conserve what we have brought with us by placing in the pantries, libraries, linen-cupboards, etc., vessels of tin or air-tight wood in the bottom of which are placed one or several pounds of limestone. I have already proved the efficacy of this experiment. Biscuits, macaroni, powders, everything that freely absorbs the dampness are thus perfectly conserved.

The artesian wells spoken of by His Lordship will be made only in a few months, so we must drink only rain water boiled and filtered; without these precautions one risks, does it appear, to contract serious illnesses. For the washing we go to a well for water; this water must be clarified with

alum. A piece as big as the yolk of an egg in fifty gallons of water, even when boiled, clarifies it in a few hours, all the earth and waste matter sink to the bottom.

The scarcity of fire material is the cause of there being very little hot water in China. I was told that in certain localities hot water is sold. We shall procure our supply from the Presentandines until we have our own complete installation. For the present we have but a coal-oil stove, very serviceable for the kitchen but which burns too much oil to furnish us hot water. We have a Canadian stove, but alas! not a Canadian to build a chimney. The good Chinese attempted to make one. All went very well until they reached the ceiling, but while they went in search of ladders so as to climb on the roof, it fell to pieces in the twinkling of an eye. I was but three or four steps away with my back turned, I saw nothing of the occurrence save the bricks on the floor, the overturned ladder that brought with it the nice new granite pans that were placed on a shelf. Fortunately, there was no accident save the one I have just mentioned, and the discouragement of our poor Chinese, who, although very good are not however skilful masons in Canadian chimneys.

Sunday, September 23

Our Sisters have arrived! What a joy! I am unable to describe it. Since the 19th I have been at Shanghai, and often have my thoughts wandered towards the *Empress of Canada*, only too slow in arriving. Finally, Friday towards 5.45 P. M. I came to the pier with a companion, kindly given me by the Helpers of the Holy Souls, a sister-in-law, a niece and a brother of Bishop Tsu. For more than an hour our gaze was fixed on the white steamer, which seemed to move only enough to increase our impatience. At length at 7 P.M. it reached the port. We were told that a very prominent personage of China, the son of Sun Man, whose arrival the papers had been announcing for the past few days was one of the passengers aboard. This, no doubt, accounts for the immense throng awaiting the *Empress*. We had much difficulty in making a passage in order to reach our travellers. Seeing that I had to wait a long while for my turn on the gangway I tried to distinguish them on deck. Finally I noticed above my head hands which beckoned to me; I approached and recognized our dear Sisters. We bowed and smiled, but it was impossible to hear one another. Knowing that they had seen me I tried to gain the gangway. I felt myself so crushed by the crowds that I wondered if I was not going to be smothered. I asked the officer who was trying his best to keep back this throng, if we could not come up. "Try to come", he said. His Lordship's niece, very tall of stature, went first, her mother following, then my companion and myself. Owing to the late hour we could not remain long with Sister St. Philippe destined to Manila. We gave her all kinds of messages for our Sisters of Hong Kong, Canton, and Manila. The boat was to leave at 5.20 the following morning.

Monday, September 24

I left you yesterday, dear Mother, to assist at Benediction, after which the Bishop's niece, and Mother St. Agnes brought us to the parlor where six pupils of the Vicariate came to greet us by reading the following address in Chinese poetry:

REVEREND MOTHERS,

"Our Lord has said: 'I am the Good Shepherd. I leave Heaven to seek among the thorns my lost sheep; I die for their redemption at the age of thirty-three; after the Ascension I conceal myself night and day in the tabernacle to be the food of their souls'.

"You, Reverend Mothers, true disciples of Our Lord, you are doing all that Our Lord has done.

"As a preparation, you leave your parents, the world, to become religious; to come here to our poor China, country of demons, you abandon your own dear country, beautiful Canada, by a long and painful voyage.

"Henceforth you will labor to lead lost sheep to the fold.

"'Tis certainly by your prayers and labors that the Heart of Almighty God is touched, you the faithful imitators of Jesus in the Tabernacle become the living bread of the poor wandering sheep strengthening them daily and establishing the kingdom of Christ in repelling the power of the infernal spirits.

"In fine, you, Reverend Mothers, worthy disciples of our Crucified Lord you die here in our country to draw God's blessings upon his wandering sheep with the intention of bringing them ere long to the one true fold.

"What a beacon of hope you are for us!"

We arrived in our Mission the night before last, it is like a country of the olden days. We have just had our supper; while taking recreation my three companions wash the dishes. Sister Marie de Sion says: "I have learned twelve words in Chinese to-day," and the others hasten to ask her what they are... "I do not remember them," she answers, confused and surprised at the same time to have forgotten them. She is warned that she has yet six times to forget them...

We are all cheerful, very cheerful! His Lordship came to Shanghai the day after the arrival of our two new companions and came again to see us at Tsongming. He is going to Haimen to-morrow and will return here in a month with Reverend Father Coté, S. J., a Canadian, who has come back to China and who will act as secretary to the Bishop. What thoughtfulness on the part of His Lordship. He fears that we shall find it hard. He has provided for everything. His relatives have kindly supplied all our furniture and our first provisions.

I have much to relate to you, dear Mother but the time for correspondence is very short. Commencing to-morrow we shall make clothing for the babies of the Foundling-Home. There are about two hundred children a year and a half old who will be sent to us as soon as we are able to care for them.

The Bishop asks us to take charge of the direction of ten young girls who have finished their elementary course of studies and who are desirous of embracing the religious life. Instead of sending them to Shanghai. His Lordship wishes to keep them in his vicariate and insists that they continue their studies. This apostolic school, the Foundling-Home and the orphanage are the works that he confides to us for the moment; with the study of the language, this will take up all our time. "We have glanced a little at the contents of the cases sent us from Canada and we notice that they contain many good things. Oh! how I thank you, dear Mother. In everything I again see dear Outremont. I find therein the heart of my Mother! I am touched even to tears! I saw that there was children's clothing. We shall be most grateful for all that you may send us. All parcels, on which duty is to be paid should be addressed to the "Procure of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, St. Joseph's Church, Montauban St., Shanghai, China. For the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception.

Before leaving, I wish to express to you my heartfelt thanks for having sent us our dear Sisters whom we so dearly love. Thanks also for the money and the numerous useful articles contained in the cases.

Sister MARIE DE L'EPIPHANIE, Sup., M. I. C. (1)

* * *

SHEK LUNG LAZARETTO

Monday, July 16, 1298

Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Thirty of our patients are invested with the holy scapular. May our divine Mother, in clothing them with her blessed livery, keep them ever under her maternal protection!

A contingent of twenty-eight lepers unexpectedly arrives: nine women and nineteen men. They seem to be well disposed except two unfortunates, who are condemned to life imprisonment: the first one because he has opened graves in order to rob the dead of their clothing and to sell the coffins; as to the second we do not know the cause of the penalty. Oh! how we pity them! This prison is such a horrible place especially during the hot weather. We strive to make God known to them so that so much suffering may not be lost for eternity. We give them books in which are related stories from Sacred History. They thank us heartily for this mark of interest.

Friday, July 20

We are somewhat uneasy on retiring this evening, as troops of highwaymen are on the island. We sprinkle the house with holy water and then abandon ourselves to the watchful care of the Blessed Virgin who has visibly preserved us from so many dangers in the past.

(1) May Moquin of Eastman



MISSIONNAIRES
DE L'IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
ET LEURS PAUVRES
LEPREUX



LE RÉVÉREND
P. PRADEL M.E.
DIRECTEUR DE
LA LÉPROSERIE



MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AND THEIR POOR LEPERS
REVEREND FATHER PRADEL, M. E., DIRECTOR OF THE LAZARETTO.

Saturday, July 21

We return thanks to Our Immaculate Mother for it was not in vain that we have had recourse to her. This morning we learn that the chief of the bandits had forbidden his men to harm us in any way. We see them pass in troops on the opposite side of the river. How privileged we are to have in heaven so good a Father and so tender a Mother to watch over us!

A poor blind man unexpectedly arrives, saying: "Sister, I have been blind for over a year. I was told that many are cured here. Please cure me...! I have no money left. Permit me to stay here for a few days for treatment. You Sisters are so kind-hearted... I shall remain at the foot of this tree for I have nobody to lead me here every morning". How numerous are the poor sufferers in pagan China!... Almost every morning, besides our lepers, thirty or more patients come for medical treatment. Oh that we could reveal to all the light of Faith! For a few days past the heat has been excessive. Our poor lepers are stricken with fever and many of them are seriously ill.

Friday, July 27

The heat still prevails and the fever also, carrying off ten of our men lepers. If it would only rain!...

Thursday, August 2

Two more lepers have gone to God. Happily we had the privilege of baptizing them. As a rule it is harder to convert the men than the women. Although they all believe in God, they are afraid to embrace the Catholic religion as they dread the obligations that it imposes.

At last a beneficent rain cools the atmosphere and fertilizes the soil. This morning on seeing the rain our lepers unanimously exclaim, "*Ta tie tin thu*" (Thank you, dear God). Yesterday a few of them remarked, "If the heat continues a week longer we shall all die..." These poor lepers suffer martyrdom during the hot season.

Friday, August 10

We are told that the bargemen who surround the island are selling all their hens. They read in the papers that a spirit has been around cutting their wings; if anyone should eat these hens, they will die... If they are kept, in three weeks the owners themselves will die... For this reason, everyone wants to sell his fowl and as no one is willing to buy them they are all buried alive. These poor people are so grounded in their superstitions that we cannot convince them of the contrary.

To-day God takes to Himself a poor woman who has been here only a week.

Sunday, August 12

To-night we are heart-broken. One of our lepers died without Baptism. He had been at the Lazaretto for the past two years, but up to the last refused this grace. What grief this causes the heart of a Missionary!... We fear that it is due to our lack of fervor that we have been deprived of the salvation of this soul... Let us hope that God showed him mercy on the threshold of eternity!

The heat is not as intense and the continual rain makes us fear an inundation.

Wednesday, August 15

Our Blessed Lady has called two of our patients to celebrate with her in heaven the beautiful feast of the Assumption. The first is a good old woman, sixty-eight years of age. The Blessed Virgin led this soul hither to her own dwelling for the sole purpose of procuring her the grace of Baptism before death, as scarcely a fortnight has elapsed since her arrival in our midst.

Recently her husband and little grandson came to see her bringing with them her shroud. It was heart-breaking to see how bitterly the old man wept, but his wife consoled him, saying "Why cry? I am well cared for here, much better than when I was at home, with my daughters-in-law... I am contented, the Sisters treat me most kindly..." Poor woman! If she has come to the lazaretto to die she may thank her daughters-in-law who, in order to rid themselves of her, had her arrested under pretext that she was stricken with leprosy. She has a slight wound on the sole of her foot... Is it really leprosy? It is hard to say... At all events, God permitted this incident that she might procure her passport for Heaven.

The second is a man who dies immediately after being baptized. Doubtlessly the Blessed Virgin lovingly received him on this day of her Assumption.

Wednesday, August 22

We receive a new contingent of lepers: five women and fifteen men. Among the women are two little girls, sisters, who have but a slight touch of leprosy. Their clothing consists of the little dress they wear and we have absolutely nothing in our wardrobe; the elder patients share with the newcomers the little they possess.

One of them had \$10.00 but thieves stole it from her. In this group, there is also a good old woman fifty years of age. She comes from Hong Kong; her relatives had her arrested. "They did not even give me time to take my glasses," does she say. "I could sew, make dresses, but I have no glasses!..." Then she relates how it all happened. "I was taken to Canton where I remained seven days without food; every night I shook with the cold and was very feverish. It was a kind-hearted woman who gave me this old padded dress. Oh! how I suffered! I was unable to walk and the police forced me to leave, saying: 'Leave or I will beat you to death!' I answered, though you were to beat me to death, I could not

suffer more than at present... Wait till I can walk a little... Then I was led to a station in Canton, there, they gave me a quarter of a bowl of rice and a piece of salted fish, the size of the tip of my finger. For the first time in two weeks I have satisfied my hunger, thank you Sister. I am not too exacting; if you give me salted fish I shall eat it, if you give me vegetables I shall eat them also. As long as I may satisfy my hunger I shall be happy ". I do not believe she can live much longer for she is very ill; she will be easily converted.

Thursday, August 30

One of our Christians died after receiving the last sacraments. Another one who has been baptized also leaves us for heaven. He was an artist and often worked in the chapel. It was he who painted the ornaments. We miss him very much.

Wednesday, September 5

Brother John of Maryknoll came to see us. He is a doctor. He found our patients in a pitiful condition, especially the men. He promised to send them medicine and gave alms for the children which enabled us to buy dresses for seven little girls.

Manila, Philippine Islands

Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters of the Chinese General Hospital

Sunday, August 12, 1928

At our parochial church takes place this morning at 10 o'clock the imposing ceremony of Confirmation, administered to five hundred persons, adults and children. In Manila, the newly-born are confirmed immediately after Baptism. The presbytery which is used as a temporary chapel is overcrowded with the faithful. The parish numbers forty thousand souls under the care of one pastor. We must admit to our regret, that a great number belong to other sects or to Aglipayanism. It was not without emotion that His Grace mentioned having in his diocese forty parishes without a priest, and these parishes are very populous. How many are the sheep without pastors!!! And the infernal wolf delights in ravishing the fold of the Divine Master.

To-day, three very consoling baptisms. A little boy of the Charity Ward just arrived from China, who has heart-failure, is baptized after having received a few religious instructions. The second, an adult, is baptized at the hospital door and is then transported to the morgue. The third is still struggling with death which in a few hours will permit him to enter the eternal abode.

At about 8 o'clock the ambulance stops at our door, bringing us a young Chinese who is seriously ill. Sister Superior seeing that the ambulance

drivers hesitate to lay him on the bed asks them if he is tied to the stretcher. On approaching she discovers to her great surprise, straps, not for the young man, but for a rooster cut in two and applied to the body of the patient in place of hot-water bottles. Dr Schmidt, a German physician, of great renown and very particular, called to attend the patient, looks amazingly upon the scene. However, the patient must be subjected to auscultation, but how can it be done with this modern poultice, which would cause the competitors of Pasteur to shudder! As this method is not approved in nursing we politely invite these improvised nurses to take their leave and then proceed with the care that hygiene demands in such cases. Her recovery is doubtless. The strong Chinese medicines, ordinarily taken in large doses, seem to have given the fatal blow. The intestinal hemorrhage gives rise to sinister omens. However, this soul will not be deprived of its passport to the city of the elect as we await the first propitious moment to favor her with this precious treasure.

Wednesday, August 15

A catechumen, an old Cantonese of the Charity Ward who has been for a long time cook in a presbytery of one of the provinces of Manila and who, since a few months back has been preparing for Baptism assists at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament this evening. He is beaming with happiness and is unable to express his joy. He says in his illustrated language that his heart is all *in bloom*. His large eyes sunk deeply into their sockets, are not large enough to take in the decorations adorning the chapel all so strange and new to him. He notices the statues of *Santa Malea*, of *Sanctos* (the Sacred Heart) etc. etc. There remains the statue of St. Anthony against the wall on the Gospel side of the altar. "Who is that man standing up there?" Sublime praise to the humility of the Saint and the subject of a new lesson in Christian Doctrine. The good old man knows his catechism, but he is not yet acquainted with the different Saints. He passes with success his examination before Reverend Father Miguel, to whom the answers, which are given in Chinese, are translated. The good Father shows great interest and promises our "grown-up child" to obtain permission to baptize him... When he is asked, who is the Pope, he answers "The Pope, is the *Padre number one*, the chief of all the *Padres* of the Church".

Monday, August 20

Our Reverend Pastor having been replaced yesterday for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament our good Chun Pan is deeply disappointed because he has not been baptized. To-day, feast of Saint Bernard the long-desired hour has come for this privileged soul. At 5.30 P.M. after having administered Extreme Unction to two patients, Reverend Father baptizes our aged man who henceforth will be called Bernard in honor of the Saint of the day. His joy is indescribable... This sixty-year-old pagan who had foreseen in the charity of the priest, whom he was serving, the first rays

of the Faith preached in the Gospel, can now sing his *nunc dimitis*. He was particularly interested in the story of the saintly prophet, Simeon. One day, Sister Marie des Victoires, while giving him religious instruction, notices that he is not looking so well and seems rather downcast. Smilingly she asks him; "Do you not want to die?..." The poor old man's face, tortured by suffering, brightens: "I do not want to die before I have seen the Lord," he answers with a happy smile. He had not only meditated but applied to himself the words of the Saint. Often we have found him asleep, his Chinese Catechism which he had studied until 11 o'clock still in his hands. He knows the *Pater*, the *Ave*, and the Act of Contrition by heart. With a holy pride he recites them without missing a syllable. Is he not justified in desiring a greater happiness, that of participating at the Eucharistic Banquet?... Our Lord must smile, and desire the moment to be united to this soul newly converted to the Faith. One day he was reading this passage of the Gospel: "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life." When asked what life is spoken of here, he answers firmly convinced: "The life of the heart." Was he not right? Is not the heart the source of spiritual life?

Wednesday, August 22

During the afternoon exercises in the chapel, a little five-year-old girl enters carrying a bunch of little white flowers. She discreetly stands on her tip-toes and places them on the altar before the tabernacle. Turning, she seems quite surprised to see that there is some one present. She stops, and amazingly looks at the sisters one by one and then quietly leaves the chapel. This distraction which takes place while we are conversing with the Divine Guest might have drawn from our lips the complaint of the Apostles to the Good Master when surrounded by little children, had we not Our Lord's kind answer: "Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Doubtlessly He lovingly smiled at this offering. This child is a patient of our Hospital.

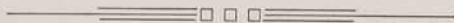
Friday, August 24

During the night, two patients unexpectedly arrive. One, a seven-year-old child brought from the provinces has scarcely a breath of life left. We administer the excellent medicine which cures his soul of original leprosy, and two hours later he goes to join the cortege of the angels. The other, a young man eighteen years of age who has weak spells, is also in a dying condition. The same medicine also takes affect upon him and he marvellously revives. After Mass, good Father Roman hears his confession and administers Extreme Unction. A cloud of sadness comes over his features. "What is the matter?" asks the Sister infirmarian, to which question she receives this avowal, cause of his anxiety. "Sister," said he, "I cannot remember the *punishment* Father gave me. He told me that you would help me, but I cannot remember it". "Do not be uneasy," rejoined our Sister, "I shall ask Father." The young man had three

Our Fathers to recite during the course of the day. A pupil writes him the prayer in *Tagalog* and the young man joyfully accomplishes his *punishment*, "for," says he, "when I was going to school in Saint Domingo (College directed by the Dominicans) I knew my prayers in *Tagalog* but since I have left school I have forgotten everything". He is given a small catechism containing the morning and evening prayers in his own language, the method for confession, of hearing Mass, and comments appropriate on the Holy Eucharist. He smiles with joy and immediately begins to study in order to prepare himself to receive Holy Communion next Sunday, as promised him. It will be his second Communion.

Thursday, August 30

During the last month the celestial vintagers have gathered from the vineyard confided to our care, twenty-five superb ripened fruits for the eternal press. What an abundant harvest.!



We, Missionaries are the instruments which the Divine Master uses to lead souls; but it is the alms, the prayers and the sacrifices of friends of the apostolate who lift these souls from earth, and raise them up to God, through Mary who is for us all the star that lights the way to heaven.

Propagation of the Faith



All the young people when they come to choose a vocation, ought to ask themselves whether our Lord does not want them to be of His apostles, to go out to gather the poor pagans into the Fold of the true Church.

"The Little Missionary"



Remember, that although God may not have called you to go forth in person and preach the Faith to infidels, you are given none the less the sublime vocation of apostles, a vocation inseparable from the profession of the Christian Faith. God has given you the true Faith, and that not for your own personal sanctification alone, He wills that upon your collaboration depend the eternal salvation of pagan peoples. Will you let these poor souls perish?

Propagation of the Faith

Extracts FROM THE Novitiate Chronicles

Dedicated to the Parents of our dear Sister Novices



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

Sunday, September 16, 1928

The holidays are over... To-morrow our classes commence anew, but before undertaking our work for the year we ask that to-day be spent in recreation. Our request is readily answered and throughout the day our happiness re-echoes from every corner of the dove-cot!... All the games of our childhood are played and never before have they seemed so amusing!... Doubtlessly 'tis that the good Master to whom we have consecrated our lives deigns to enrich in a special manner the happiness He has sown on our path... We are deeply touched and do not fail to tell Him of our gratitude during

the hours of adoration we spend in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

The evening is spent in performing a melodious concert: piano, violin, singing, recitations... All is carried off with grace and with the most amiable simplicity. When the bell invites us to repair to the chapel, it is with a heart filled with gratitude that we profer our thanks to the good Master, and then it is the prayer and the evening hymn.

Saturday, September 22

Our good Mothers have often spoken of the so agreeable evenings they spent in the country husking corn, where, does it seem, they enjoyed themselves so much, that just to hear them speak of it gave us to share their pleasure! How interesting it would be to take part, were it only for once... but on entering the convent, we have made the sacrifice... Still, God whose delicacy embraces every detail, had not said the last word. Here, at the noon recreation we all hasten to the woods and there beneath the majestic trees set to husking corn... Oh! what a happy time we have and how we amuse ourselves!... Our Mothers had good reason to find these parties interesting!... Lively remarks, innocent joking come from all sides, while from our hands fall the corn and beans into the immense kettles. A gentle breeze sends the leaves circling into the air, seemingly, they wish to replace the little birds in accompanying our merry laughter... Ah! truly nothing is as pleasant as work and amusement 'neath God's loving gaze!

Sunday, October 7

To-day is the feast of the Holy Rosary. No flowers have we in our garden to offer to the Queen of Heaven, but we must not be discouraged

for we have at our disposal a mystical flower which will never fade, our *Ave Maria*. This we offer at every hour of the day and night to our heavenly Mother, since we have the happiness of reciting the perpetual Rosary in the Community, and we know that it is not the devotion the least acceptable to her heart... Is it not that which she asked of little Bernadette of Lourdes when she encouraged her by the most ravishing smile to repeat the blessed *Ave* while the translucent pearls of the Rosary glided through her own virginal fingers!

O yes, blessed prayer of the Rosary how beautiful, how sweet, how consoling, thou art! Thou rejoicest the heart of my Mother, thou art the sacred chain that unites me to her, thou answereth to all the needs of my loving and filial soul, in fine thou art and wilt be until the hour of death, together with the crucifix and ring of fidelity, the most precious jewel of the humble Missionary of the Immaculate Conception.

Thursday, October 11

Our House at Three Rivers, having had the great honor on October 9th of receiving the visit of the Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency Mgr. Andrea Cassulo, we cherish as a priceless treasure the words which he deigned to address to the little Community united, and which our dear Sisters have so kindly transmitted to us. We find them so substantial that we in turn cannot resist the desire of having our Sisters of the Missions benefit by them also. Is it not thus in a family closely united, that all good things are shared with one another?...

"*Tota pulcra es Maria, et macula originalis non est in te...* How beautiful art thou O Mary!..." With these words, blessing us several times His Excellency greets us. "How beautiful!... this title, Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception... I bring to you Our Holy Father's blessing."

Then he takes his place in the modest arm-chair which we present to him. "It is not the first time that I have met the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception. I saw your Sisters of Vancouver. I myself blessed the corner-stone of the hospital which they had constructed for the most unfortunate and forsaken of God's children. There, your Sisters accomplish God's work in a true spirit of sacrifice. They give hospitality to poor aged Chinese in a very small house. I asked to see the rooms reserved to the Community. 'Your Excellency,' said the Superior indicating the little room in which we were seated, 'this is all; the same room is used as community-room, refectory and dormitory; the other rooms of the house are for our old people and our patients.' Oh Sisters, what poverty: a few little low narrow beds, that is all... Well, this is how good is accomplished. You have works in the Orient, in China. 'Yes, Your Excellency, several houses in China, and in Japan two new missions.' — You know that Our Holy Father is called the Pope of the Missions; he takes much interest therein... Our Holy Father blesses you, and is pleased.

"What are your works here?" — "We have charge of the Holy Childhood in the schools." — "Your Excellency," replied Mgr. Paquin, "our

Sisters go throughout the diocese to speak to the children of the Holy Childhood Association." — "You are promoters of the Holy Childhood... Yes, go Sisters, it is necessary to stimulate, to stir ardor, one must devote one's life to a work in order to have it progress... Work courageously, do not flinch beneath the weight of difficulties. Work for God, forgetful of self in a spirit of abnegation and sacrifice; it is that that counts, that which urges God to render fruitful our apostolate.

"Oh how these poor infidels are to be pitied... Here we are at a table richly served nothing is lacking; but what have they?... Let us give them of our abundance, let us sanctify ourselves, we cannot give what we do not possess. Let us sanctify ourselves in order to sanctify and save them in return.

"Continue, Sisters, I bless you in the name of Our Holy Father. Our Holy Father thanks you."

Sunday, October 14

His Lordship Bishop Plante, Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec honors us by celebrating Holy Mass in our modest chapel. We are deeply touched in thus being favored. When, after the Holy Sacrifice His Lordship comes to speak to us in the reception hall, he tells us that being on a visit to the Foreign Mission Seminary, he did not wish to return to Quebec without giving us a proof that he had thought of us. The Bishop assures us also of the interest he bears to our Community and to its works, adding that he would pray that all, novices and postulants, attain the aim so ardently desired, holy profession. Before leaving, His Lordship paternally blesses us and a holiday is accorded in his honor.

Saturday, October 20

We spend the evening recreation grouped around our Mistress who relates the death of one our Sisters, Sister St. Anne Marie who arrived at Nomining in 1921, the anniversary of which we celebrate to-morrow. We listen in all eagerness to this edifying narration and we make the reflection that it must be very consoling to die a child of the Immaculate Conception, but we bear in mind also that for this we must be worthy daughters of our Mother. We must live in such a manner that she may plead for us before the supreme tribunal... If we were summoned to appear before our Judge at this very moment would our hands be full... or empty?... Let us from this very day think seriously of the matter so as not to be taken by surprise, and let us try to heap up treasures for eternal life since 'tis they alone that are of value.

Thursday, November 1, All Saints' Day

All Saints' Day is a day of great rejoicing. More than all other festivities we deem that it is the great family feast when all of God's children triumphant, militant or suffering, reunite beneath their Father's loving gaze to congratulate, to encourage, to assist one another. O sweet frater-

nity! O tender charity! how beautiful, how amiable, how bountiful thou art!... The altar of our "cenacle" is adorned with symbols: the palms, lights, lilies, and roses recall to us the different categories of the elect: apostles, virgins, martyrs, confessors, in a word all those who have triumphed and who shine as stars in the heavenly abode; we contemplate them with envy and enthusiasm offering them our humble homages.

After the recitation of the first part of our Rosary we assemble in the recreation hall forming a triple circle around our good Mistress to introduce our holy Protectors for the year, for it is a tradition in the Community to ask the Blessed Virgin to kindly choose herself the saint who is to have charge over us during the year, and our heavenly brethren seem no less anxious than we for the dawn of this day, for on awaking they come in throngs to offer us their assistance; but it is understood, we choose the first arrival.

This presentation is the first scene in our beautiful holiday and how interesting do we find it. The whole heavenly court is there represented commencing by the Queen of all Saints who will protect in a special manner 'neath her virginal mantle our dear Mistress; then it is our good Father St. Joseph who will direct the steps of our devoted Sister Economist; then comes the holy old man Simeon, then our good grandmother St. Anne, our grandfather St. Joachim, then the apostles, martyrs, pontiffs, virgins, then the humblest of the saints whose names have been revealed to us but in the martyrology... finally our dear parents who are already enjoying eternal bliss... We seem to see these great multitudes surround this morning the nest of the little birds of the Immaculate, spreading over it a beneficent and protecting umbrage. May we be for them the cause of great joy by our perfect docility!

After Benediction which took place at 3 o'clock, our chapel, which this morning seemed to reveal to us a little corner of Heaven, now invites us, to think seriously of death, for it is entirely despoiled. Not a flower, not a plant, not a light, save the little sanctuary lamp which casts a pale reflection over the tabernacle, seemingly inviting us to beg our Eucharistic God to be merciful to the dear souls who suffer in the flames of Purgatory. We do not remain deaf to this call and until the evening prayer, we multiply our visits. We pray with our whole hearts so that each indulgence may be the ransom of a poor captive. What happiness if, this evening, thanks to our four or five thousand visits that many more souls possess heavenly bliss!

Friday, November 9

With childlike joy do we this morning perceive the earth covered by a spotless white mantle. What sweet memories does this first snow recall to us!... When we were real small it was a world of happiness which beamed before us, and in our young minds a thousand bright plans were formed. Immediately we found it necessary to bring out our sleighs, scarfs, tuques and mittens, and joyfully in our new attire we hastened to try the slides which, alas, did not bring us very far... we then undertook to build snow-

men, castles, walls etc, but with no more success, for the substance melted away in our hands... but what matter! it was the first snow!...

Later on when we had become little or big scholars, the first snow was always the subject of a *nice composition*. We then brought out the poetry and beautiful feelings with which our souls were filled; how beautiful it was sometimes! What pleasant moments of recreation must not our dear teachers have enjoyed in reading our master-pieces!...

To-day the first snow has retained, do we feel, all its charms of former days, but the thoughts which it suggests to us are somewhat modified: they have become more profound and more serious. The first snow speaks more eloquently of the purity which should adorn our souls, we, especially, who glory in our beautiful title of "Daughters of the Immaculate". It even transports us to distant shores beyond the seas, where souls as numerous as the flakes that fall, call for missionaries, who in causing to descend upon them the sweet dew of grace, will render them as pure and white as snow... but it reminds us also that to have the happiness of operating this transformation, we must bid farewell to our beautiful Canadian snow... This will cause not a little heart pang, but for the noble conquests which we look forward to it is well worth while to sacrifice the beautiful snow of our native land as well as many other things!... However, that does not hinder us from exclaiming with joy, in awaiting the time when we shall no longer be permitted to see it again but in memory and in dreams, "All hail to the first snow!... All hail to the Canadian snow!..."



Pauline Marie Jaricot

Foundress of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith.

(Continued)

THE RETURN

"Call me not Noemi, (that is beautiful)
but call me Mara, (that is bitter,) for the
Almighty hath filled me with bitterness."
(Book of *Ruth*, Ch. I, V. 20)

After having bathed in her tears so many saintly projects and having seen all human means of salvation fail her, Pauline, her soul wrung with anguish and exhausted from fatigue, generously submitted to the mysterious designs of Providence. This Providence ever adorable, even in its incomprehensible rigor, had permitted the devil and man's malice to enchain a zeal so pure and so disinterested.

It was now no longer possible for the courageous woman to make use of any of the means with the help of which she could have at least given a

modest beginning, if not the entire accomplishment of the immense work whose project she had conceived.

Vanquished by so many obstacles, she retraced her steps to Lyons, where she was to perfect herself in the divine science of resignation and of mercy... The return to Loretto was as mournful as that of a funeral procession. She saw all her hopes vanish one by one like flowers dispersed by a storm. In the home of her dear spiritual family, she found *seven* vacant places and those of her children who were faithful to her, were in such a state of discouragement, that she could not refrain from uttering aloud her doubts: "And you, do you also wish to leave me?... " All protested that they would remain with her until death. These protestations resembled those addressed by the disciples of Our Lord on the eve of His death, and the holy mother felt it... The desert around her heart was growing larger and larger, in keeping with adversity. The majority of those who at first had helped her now turned against her, and the fragile props on which she could still rely, bent or broke, at the time she wished to make use of them.

Is it then possible to the weakness of human nature to undergo such an absolute desertion without feeling an interior revolt?... Who would dare affirm it? As for us, we do not dissimulate that, in Pauline, although so generous, this nature was irritated to the point of being perturbed in all the powers of her soul and that, *at a certain moment, to remain firm in charity, Mary's poor child felt the need of placing her heart in the heart of the Mother who remained standing at the foot of the cross to which her Son was attached...*

The act of consecration which she then wrote to the Queen of Martyrs is one of the beautiful monuments of her holiness. We see her love soaring free and strong above the interior upheavals, as the storm bird soars above the angry waves, whose foam but refreshes its wings.

Here are its last paragraphs:

"My tender Mother, I desire to learn in a more perfect manner of the anguishes of my Saviour, anguishes which *my arrogance* did not at first perceive but from a distance and as something hidden... Despite these revolts, I ardently desire to penetrate into the Heart of Jesus Christ *in order to participate in His manner of judging afflictions and crosses and to become initiated in the Passion of Our Lord* to commence to live in a new life which Faith so precious displays but which nature, ignorant and cowardly, dreads, and can neither taste nor wish for.

"I no longer wish to do my will, plunge me into the Holy Will of God! Lead me into the sorrowful way in which He wishes me to follow, *conduct me to the consummation of my sacrifice* to the good will of Jesus, my only love.

"I implore you to offer me to His glory, my last end, which I wish without opposition nor condition, as including all that I could desire for time or for eternity, for this glory is the wisdom of my God, His mercy and sovereign beatitude.

"Mary, my Mother! I can do naught else but lisp! My powerlessness and weakness bind me by chains of pride... But you see, good Mother, the depths of my will do not differ from what I am telling you... *Accept me as I am*, in the degradation of my infirmity as a child of Adam, and, *as a Mother* more tender than all earthly mothers, guess that which I do not tell you, ignorant as I am of the good which I desire, and afraid because of my feebleness...

"Take me at my word: to thee I give myself, I abandon myself totally, ever counting on thy maternal care. I am no longer mine but thine, without reserve, and forever."

"Thy poor slave"

When in 1830 and in 1834 Pauline accepted and awaited martyrdom by the sword, little did she understand the meaning of the mysterious word which her guide had addressed to her in a heavenly apparition. But at the solemn hour when at the feet of the Queen of Martyrs, she accepts unreservedly and unconditionally the accomplishment of God's Holy Will in her regard, she has a perfect knowledge of the prophetic words of her spiritual father; for since long has she entered the arena where one suffers "the martyrdom of the heart" which is accompanied by no glory here below, and which nature can neither desire nor enjoy.

We shall learn from the following narrative if this heroic offering was in vain.

When on her return, Pauline confided to the saintly archbishop of Lyons the extremity to which injustice and jealousy had reduced her, she found in him a true father receiving his child with as much more respect and kindness as she was the more unfortunate and worthier than ever of his tenderness.

If the timid character of the august pontiff hindered him from openly taking her defence, she who was one of the glories of his flock, he defended her by his gentleness, even in undergoing because of her a real persecution. This is what undeniable documents attest.

As in former days when one wished to wrest from Mgr. de Pins the condemnation of Pauline's writings, and the interdiction of her universal correspondence with the Living Rosary, in like manner it was now wished to force Cardinal de Bonald to exact from this same Pauline the abandonment of her regenerating design, which the wicked feigned to name the *Rustrel affair* and the sale of Loretto *at a low price*.

The holy archbishop refused to second the unrighteous views, and continued to oppose the shield of his forbearance against the blows secretly dealt him, in order to expiate his devotedness to his noble and unfortunate child.

From her own people Pauline found neither support nor efficacious help, her brothers and sisters were no more, and in order to better realize His crucifying views on *the victim of His choice*, God permitted the greater number of the members of her family to misunderstand her and the others to be in the impossibility of coming to her assistance.

However, her rich relatives had offered her a reasonable sum of money but on the sole condition that she use it exclusively for her own personal needs, but she had refused this help. The delicateness of her heart explains this refusal.

Much of her time was spent in listening to the recriminations or the threats of those who, in reality, would have had no right to her wealth if she had recourse to justice which limits the covetousness of men. She had sacrificed even to the very last of her resources to obtain with much difficulty the delay of the expropriation of Loretto and of Our Lady of the Angels. Reduced to an excessive poverty she was nevertheless suspected of having enormous sums in her possession, and every means was taken to force her to yield her *treasure*.

This ignoble and inconceivable suspicion gave rise to cruel and humiliating spying, and even to injuries, which the street beggars did not hesitate to loudly repeat, when this mother of the poor, become poor herself, begged to be excused for not being able to give as before. But her charity was still greater than her humiliations, and she could have said: *Everything is lost, save...Love* which rises superior to all.

While forsaken and disowned and suffering with such courage, God sent her occasionally consoling angels. They were the faithful friends of whom we have already spoken, they were also, at other times, apostles who remained united to her by the ties of gratitude and of charity.

One of them, the most illustrious, Mgr. Retord, already at the term of his glorious life and touching the hour of his reward, wrote her a letter in which he opens his heart entirely to this virginal soul whom he recognizes as worthy of a like confidence, and capable of finding, even for a bishop, lively and expressive words.

Eastern Tongking, May 17, 1850.

My very dear Aunt, (1)

Truly indeed I bestow upon you my apostolic blessing. May the holy angels bear it to you from the heart of Asia, whence I send it to you. Receive the blessing of God's elect; blessed in this life, and blessed eternally in the next; blessed in all your undertakings, your desires for God and your actions for His glory! Yes, indeed, since it is also your desire I shall entreat Our Divine Lord to grant you to live the life and to die the death of the saints; or rather I shall entreat Jesus Himself, to pray to His Father for you while immolating Himself upon the Altar for your intentions.

(1) The reader has not forgotten a letter cited in Chapter XXIII. and in which Mgr Retord justified with such grace and fraternal abandonment the affectionate title which he gives to Pauline.

He died at Tongking October 22, 1858. Death came to him while alone in the midst of the forests which had sheltered him from the sword of the executioners, but where he had contracted the terrible sickness called in that country, *fever of the woods*.

Venerated in Asia as in Europe and rich in the conquest of thousands of souls whom he had saved, he could now breath his last in repeating the words which Pauline has sent him as a cry of love and of victory: *All is consummated*.

But you must know, kind Aunt, that missionaries (I, still more than any other) require much for body and soul... and consequently greatly need the help of Divine Providence and the protection of Mary.

For bodily ills we must accustom ourselves even to the point of bearing them with joy and facility. They may be even an occasion of merit before God, but it is not for them that I come to trouble you, but for the miseries and necessities of my poor soul, for which I ask the assistance of your prayers.

Ah! if you knew how heavy is the *bag of sins* which I drag everywhere through the world, how it fills more and more by thousands of daily faults; what indifference, what aridity harass this poor soul, what languidness during meditation, what distraction during prayer, what defects ever reappearing in my character!

If you knew of all my interior miseries, my spiritual necessities, good Aunt, how you would pity me, how you would earnestly entreat Jesus and Mary to cast upon me their loving gaze which arouses the most hardened hearts and raises to life, souls dead to grace... Perhaps you will think that I speak thus through a sentiment of humility. *Oh! no*; things are just as I explain them to you, *and still I do not tell you all...* you will therefore pray fervently, yes, you will pray to Jesus and Mary for *your Annamite nephew*.

The answer made by the holy *aunt* to the confidences of her august nephew is so magnificent, so beaming with the fire of divine love that in the imperious necessity to which we find ourselves reduced, we prefer to suppress it entirely rather than to mutilate it by abridging it. One finds her ever beautiful, simple, pure, elevated, the mystic of the *beggar of Christ*, and this *mystic* is as the Gospel which inspires her, like unto a beautiful river whose vivifying waters are in certain places, so accessible that a little lamb may traverse them without peril, and in others so deep that an elephant may swim therein without the least trouble.

With refined thoughtfulness and full of humility, this abandoned soul reassures the servant of Christ of the daily miseries of which he reproaches himself, and recalls in order to console him, the merits and the greatness of the apostolate which she describes in a rather prophetic manner. Her sentiments become more and more illuminated accordingly as she speaks of the love of Jesus Christ for souls, and the particular tenderness of the Divine Heart for those who labor for their salvation. One would conclude in reading these pages that the splendors of eternal glory were no longer hidden, with regard to the virgin apostle and that already she contemplated the glory of her august *nephew* and lord, depositing at the feet of Christ, with the palm of martyrdom, the harvest of apostolate.

Forgetting the exile here below, she had just spoken the language of Heaven and enjoyed a little peace in this celestial conversation. But to this fleeting extasy ere long followed the stinging realities of life, such as error, the malice of men and the hatred that Satan waged against her.

(To be continued)

Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin

for favors obtained



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

BL. HENRY SUZO.

Kindly accept the enclosed offering One Dollar in thanksgiving for a favor granted through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. M. H. R., **Lakewood, Ohio.** — Through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin I have obtained a special favor I enclose herein One Dollar in thanksgiving. Mrs. G. K., **Montreal.** — Thanks to the Our Lady, my sister is recovering her health. I am enclosing herewith One Dollar for lights. Mrs. F. P., **Montreal.** — Here enclosed Fifty Cents in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. V. C., **Montreal.** — In gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for a favor obtained, I am enclosing herewith Two Dollars for your missions. Miss M. McC., **Newcastle, N. B.** — Enclosed please find Two Dollars in thanksgiving for a favour received. Please pray for my intentions. F. M., **Montreal.** — Kindly accept the enclosed offering Ten Dollars as my token of gratitude for a favor granted. Mrs. M. C., **Fall River, Mass.** — The enclosed offering Two Dollars is for two Masses of thanksgiving to our Blessed Lady for past favors. S. G., **Douglastown, P. Q.** — Please find enclosed an offering for two novenas of lights in honor of the Blessed Virgin and the Little Flower for favors received after promising publication. Mrs. R. F., **Verdun, P. Q.** — The enclosed thank-offering of One Dollar is in honor of the Blessed Virgin for many favors received by applying the miraculous medal. Anonymous. **Montreal.** — I am enclosing One Dollar in thanksgiving to our Blessed Lady for favors granted me. Mrs. F. B., **Belle Anse, P. Q.** — In thanksgiving to our Immaculate Mother and St. Therese I am sending you the offering of One Dollar. Mrs. M. S. H., **Montreal.** — Enclosed, please find One Dollar promised for favor received. Miss E. W., **Linwood, Mass.** — I herewith enclose \$2.00, one for a favor obtained, the other for a special intention. J. K., **Verdun, P. Q.** — To express my gratitude for having obtained a special favor I am sending you an offering of Two Dollars. Mrs. S. S., **Worcester, Mass.** — I hasten to return thanks to our Blessed Lady for a favor received after promising to have lights burned in her honor and to renew my subscription to "THE PRECURSOR". A Subscriber — Enclosed please find Five Dollars for your missions in gratitude for favors obtained. A. S., **Verdun, P. Q.** — This offering Five Dollars is for the ransom of dying babies in fulfilment of a promise to the Little Flower. M. W., **Toronto, Ont.** — My subscription to "THE PRECURSOR" and Five Dollars for the support of your missionaries; this is my thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. A. B. **St. Leonard.** — Five Dollars had been promised for your missions if I rented my apartment by September 1st. I am happy to tell you that my request has been granted. Mrs. A. L., **Worcester, Mass.** — In gratitude for a favor obtained, I am sending my renewal subscription to "THE PRECURSOR" and One Dollar for your missionary works. Mrs. A. O. **Ottawa.** — In fulfilment of a promise I am enclosing herewith Twenty Dollars for your needy missions. Mrs. L. **Cartierville.** — I am happy to send you this small offering of Two Dollars in thanksgiving for a favor obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. I earnestly implore her assistance for one of my little daughters who has sore eyes. A Subscriber from **Charlevoix.** — Enclosed please find Five Dollars as a token of gratitude to Our Lady. Miss Z. D., **St. Joseph de Beauce.** — I am enclosing Two Dollars in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a position obtained. A. H., **Montreal.** — Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin to whom we never have recourse in vain. I am enclosing herein Two Dollars. Mrs. W. B., **Amos.** — Here enclosed One Dollar in token of gratitude to Our Lady for favors received. A Subscriber. — I am subscribing to "THE PRECURSOR" to prove to Almighty God how grateful I am for a favor He has granted me. Mrs. J. B. —

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Petitions

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

Enclosed please find One Dollar for a Mass. If it be God's will I hope to regain my health. Mrs. A. H. Taylor, **Ahuntsic**. — Through the intercession of the Little Flower I am asking my father's health and also his conversion. Should this little Saint deign to hear my prayers I promise to send Five Dollars for your needy works. Mrs. Ed. L., **Richmond, P. Q.** — I enclose One Dollar for a novena in honor of St. Therese for a special intention. I promise a donation if my request be granted. M. D., **Fitchburg**. — I most earnestly ask your prayers for the recovery of my husband's health, and if granted I promise to send a monthly donation of One Dollar for your needy missions. Mrs. R., **Lachine, P. Q.** — Please find enclosed Five Dollars an offering for five Masses. If my requests be granted I promise a donation. Mrs. M. M., **New York**. — Kindly ask the Blessed Virgin that my husband may give up drinking. I enclose One Dollar for a novena. Mrs. G. D. A., **Pohdam, N. Y.** — I herein enclose Two Dollars for the renewal of my subscription to "THE PRECURSOR" and for a novena of lights. I further promise Twenty Dollars for the upkeep of a sanctuary lamp for one year in China if my husband and I recover health. Mrs. H. F., **Worcester, Mass.** — Please make a novena to Our Blessed Lady for special intentions. If my request be granted I promise a donation. H. M., **Montreal**. — Offerings received and special intentions requested. A Catholic friend. **Vankleek Hill, Ont.** — Mrs. C. D., **Haywood, Manitoba**; — Mrs. C. W., **Verdun**; — Mrs. F. W. — I am sending Two Dollars for a novena. Please pray that my son may have good health and a suitable position. Mrs. M., **Waterbury, Conn.** — Please find enclosed Two Dollars for the renewal of my subscription and for your needy missions. Kindly pray for my intentions. Miss A. J. S., **New Bedford, Mass.** — Will you please pray to the Little Flower that I may sell my property? If my request be granted I promise a Mass in thanksgiving. Mrs. Jos. S., **Ville Emard, P. Q.** — Please pray for my intentions. I am sending Five Dollars for your missionary works. Mrs. F. A. Y., **Seymour, Conn.** — Enclosed find an offering for two Masses for a special intention. Mrs. S. G., **Douglastown, P. Q.** — I earnestly recommend my intentions to your prayers. Enclosed please find One Dollar. Mrs. V. V., **Winnipeg, Man.** — May I take the liberty of enclosing my offering of Five Dollars for your needy mission? Please remember me in your prayers. Mrs. C. S., **Hochelaga, Montreal**. — I am coming to solicit your fervent prayers for very special intentions. Please find enclosed Two Dollars for Mass and novena. Mrs. A. R., **Toronto, Ont.** — Enclosed please find Two Dollars. I beg your good prayers that my son may give up drinking. Mrs. M. G., **New Bedford, Mass.** — Please find enclosed Two Dollars towards the renewal of my subscription to "THE PRECURSOR" and the Burse of Saint Therese. I recommend my child's health and mine to your fervent prayers. Mrs. S. C., **Warren, R. I.** — Please pray for my intentions. Mrs. G. O. C., **Leominster, Mass.** — I am sending One Dollar for a novena in honor of the Blessed Virgin for a special favor. If it be granted I promise a further donation. Mrs. A. P., **Montreal**. — Kindly make a novena for a very special intention. I herein enclose Five Dollars. Mrs. J. S., **Cleveland, Ohio**. — Enclosed please find One Dollar. Kindly pray for a special intention. Mrs. L. M. W., **Montreal**. — Positions requested. Mrs. E. H. D., **Montreal**. — Mrs. J. L., **Ottawa**; — Mrs. M. C., **Westmount**; — Mrs. D., **North Bay, Ont.** — Mrs. E. E. H. J., **Swastika, Ont.** — I am enclosing Fifty Cents for lights. Will you please send me a miraculous medal? Mrs. J. A. W., **Chandler, P. Q.** — I herein enclose Five Dollars. Please pray for my special intentions. S. M., **Leominster, Mass.** — Health requested: Mrs. P. M., **New Richmond**; — M. W., **Montreal**; — A. C., **Montreal**; — Mrs. W. F., **Montreal**. — I beg your good prayers that my boy may give up drinking. I am enclosing Two Dollars. Mrs. D., **New Bedford, Mass.** — I herein enclose my offering of Two Dollars for the renewal of my subscription and for a novena to the Blessed Virgin. Pray that I may obtain a very special favor. Mrs. W. M. J., **Sault Ste Marie, Ont.** — I am renewing my subscription. Kindly pray for my husband's health. Mrs. T. S., **Whitinsville, Mass.** — Will you kindly offer prayers for the recovery of my husband's health. I promise a monthly donation of One Dollar if my request be granted. Herein find enclosed One Dollar. Mrs. G. H. R., **Wynam, P. W.** — Special intentions recommended: Mrs. G. C. M., **Quarry Ville, N. B.**; — I. L., **Mattawa, Ont.**; — Mrs. J. A. K., **Cleveland, Ohio**; — Mrs. P. J. S., **Worcester, Mass.**; — Mrs. M. M., **Montreal**. — Please find enclosed Two Dollars my renewal subscription to "THE PRECURSOR" and an offering for your missionary works. — Mrs. J. A., **Cleveland, Ohio**. — Please find enclosed my renewal subscription to "THE PRECURSOR". I recommend myself to your special intentions. Mrs. K. M. N., **Sudbury, Ont.** — May I ask you to offer prayers to the Little Flower that I may recover my health? I am enclosing Five Dollars for the ransom of a pagan baby. Mrs. K. L. S., **Cleveland, Ohio**. — Special favors requested: Mrs. M. J., **Central Falls, R. I.** — Mrs. M. L., **North Bay, Ont.**; — Mrs. M., **Montreal**; — Mrs. J. B., **St. Jerome, P. Q.** — Mrs. F. B., **Timmins, Ont.** — I am renewing my subscription to "THE PRECURSOR". I beg your prayers for a conversion. Mrs. J. L., **Hill Grove, R. I.** — Herein find enclosed my renewal subscription to your review. Please pray that my son may obtain a suitable position. N. W., **West Bathurst, N. B.** — I am enclosing Two Dollars for the renewal subscription to

"THE PRECURSOR" and for your needy missions. Mrs. C. H., **Attleboro, Mass.** — Kindly accept my offering of Ten Dollars for the monthly support of a missionary Sister. Please pray for me. Mrs. M. L., **Holyoke, Mass.** — I am enclosing Three Dollars for my subscription to "THE PRECURSOR" and for lights. Mrs. J. W., **Montreal.** — I earnestly beg your prayers for my husband's recovery to health. I herein enclose Fifteen Dollars. Mrs. E. R., **Montreal.** — Offerings received and special favors requested: Mrs. M. B., **Worcester, Mass.**; — Mrs. I. McDonald; — Mrs. A. B., **Holyoke, Mass.**; — Mrs. P. L., **Cote St. Paul**; — Mrs. McD., **Ogdensburg, N. Y.** — I recommend to you my mother's health and my husband's intentions. Mrs. H. R. de C. **Verdun.** — Please find enclosed One Dollar for a novena of lights in honor of Our Blessed Lady. C. G., **Gravenhurst, Ont.** — Kindly make a novena and burn two lamps at the Blessed Virgin's shrine for my intentions. Mrs. J. W. C., **Bord-à-Plouffe, Que.** — Will you please accept this offering of Two Dollars in honor of St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a special intention. Mrs. M. A. D., **Wrightville, Que.** — I am sending Two Dollars for a novena to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Therese of the Child Jesus for a special favor. A Subscriber. — Offerings received and special intentions recommended: Mrs. A. M., — Mrs. T. M. F., **Montreal**; — Mrs. A. E. P., **New Bedford, Mass.**; — Mrs. J. A. K., **Cleveland, Ohio.**; — A Subscriber — You will find enclosed an offering of One Dollar for lights to be burned in honor of our Blessed Mother. If my request be granted I shall send a donation later. Mrs. J. D., **Westmount.** — I beg your fervent prayers for my husband and children. Enclosed please find One Dollar. Mrs. A. L., **Central Falls, R. I.** — In renewing my subscription to "THE PRECURSOR" I beg your prayers for a special favor. I herein enclose Two Dollars. M A., **Montreal.**



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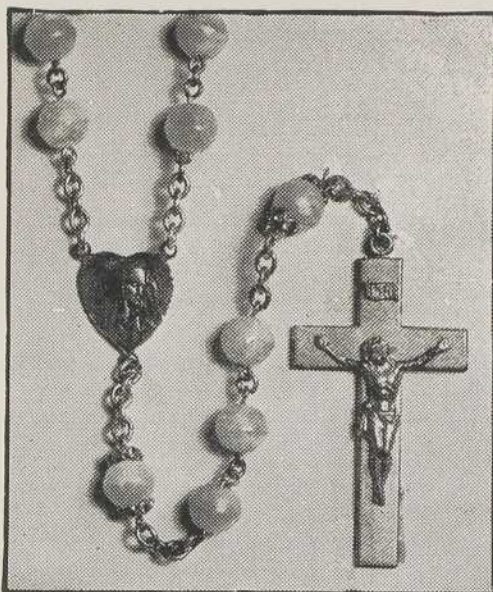
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