

# THE PRECURSOR



Vol. XI., 16th Year

MONTREAL, January-February, 1938

No. 7

# **Works of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception**

## **IN CANADA**

### **MOTHER HOUSE, 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, Que. (Founded in 1902)**

Diocesan Office of the Holy Childhood. Procure for the Missions. Workroom 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 girls. Diffusion of a Missionary Review: THE PRECURSOR. Free Missionary Library.

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(Continued on page 3 of the cover.)



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*By procuring work for them.*

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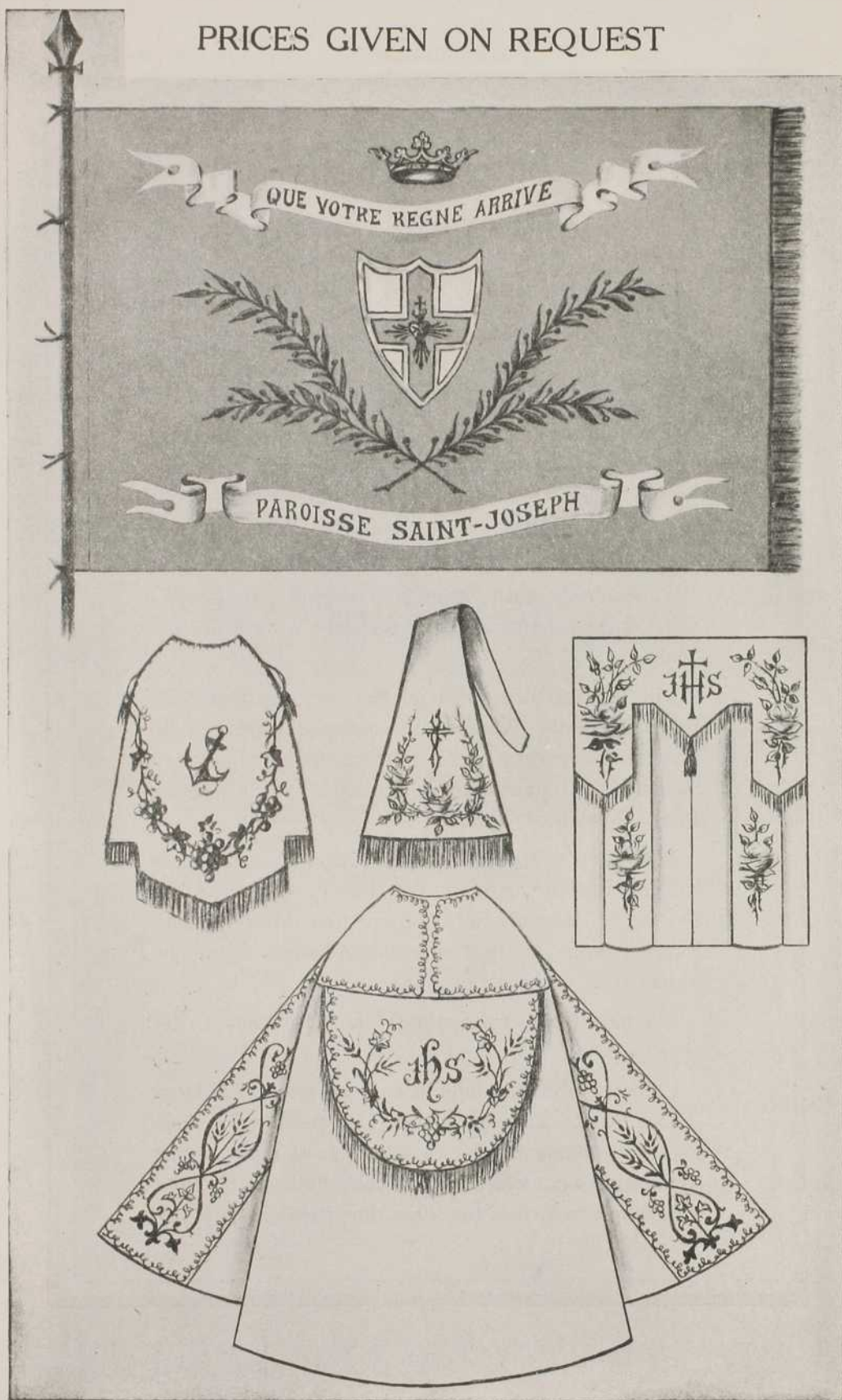
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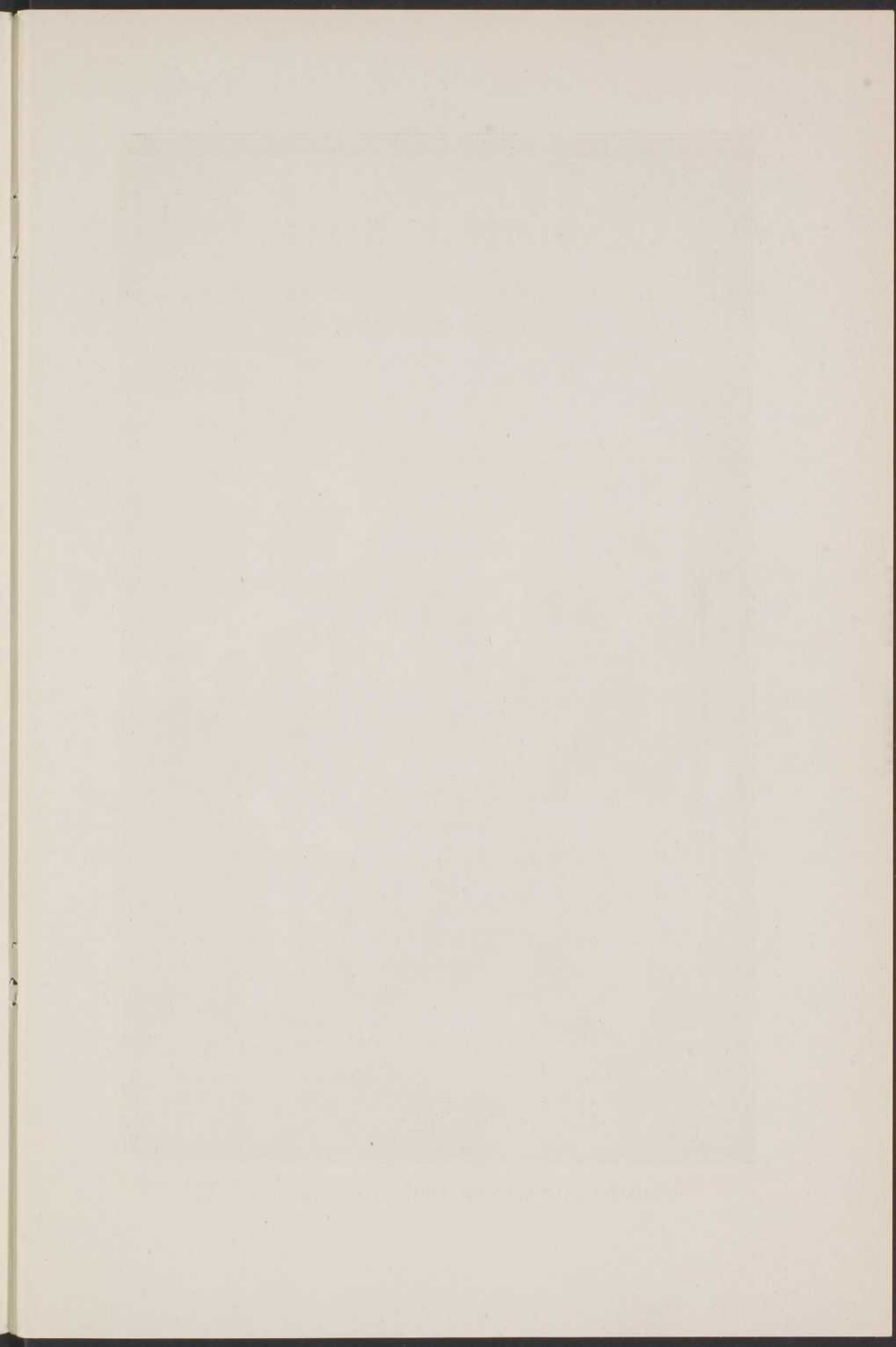
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**Subscription for life: \$20.00**

\* \* \*

A missionary must not be alone in spending his energies.  
All Christians must unite and help him in his work by their  
prayers and alms.







" O IMMACULATE MOTHER, PROTECT OUR BENEFACTORS! "



# THE PRECURSOR

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*May the Child Jesus bless you!*  
*May He grant you*  
*a Holy and Happy New Year!*



# Glory to God, Peace on Earth

---

**I**T IS one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven years since the angels sang the Birth of the Redeemer and His message of Peace: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will!"

It is one thousand nine hundred and thirty seven years since this happy event took place, and there seems to be now less peace on earth than there ever was, because God is less glorified.

Rulers of nations deny God before the universe and banish His holy law from their councils. A vast multitude raise the standard of revolt, pride, and ingratitude, and cry out, like Lucifer, "*Non serviam.*" A very great number serve God in a half-hearted way and glorify Him but little.

In consequence, nations are engaged in war, the social classes are oppressed by injustice, and individuals are straying from the path of duty.

If Our Heavenly Father does not destroy the world and exterminate all men on account of so much evil, it is because His beloved Son, profoundly humiliated in countless tabernacles, does not cease to implore His divine Mercy; it is because, around these tabernacles, holy souls, though few in number, persevere in praising and glorifying Him.

Dear Readers, at the opening of this new year, let us ask ourselves how we glorify and serve God, and let us take a sincere resolution to contribute as much as possible to the extension of the Divine Glory and the reign of peace on earth.

*Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will!*

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## Gaining Our Objective

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Is it safe to say that the habit of prayer inevitably results in the practical adjustment of human life to divine design. When a man prays he looks into the very heart of God. There he beholds perfections he must admire and love. There he sees the eternal plan in which his life must forever play a part.

Between the heart of God and the heart of man prayer maintains a communion or association that perfects human love and compels its expression in aim and in action. Thus we endeavour to develop the Christian character and become conformable to the image of God's most dear Son. This, in a word, is the vocation of every child of the Heavenly Father.

*Selected.*



## The Coming of the Magi

*O Judah, Judah, on your hills afar  
Beneath the glow of that mysterious Star  
You slebt, nor heard the swarthy Magi come  
Rending the night with heathen gong and drum!  
Lo! unto Bethlehem their caravan  
Wound like a serpent in the moonlight's span ;  
And many an idol strange and fierce was seen  
To glitter in the niche and palanquin  
The slaves and sacred camels had in care.  
Beating of hands and ritual moan were there,  
Assyrian cap and vesture, scroll and rod  
Of hieroglyphe ; yea, many an Ethiop god  
With ibis, dog and bullock deified  
Amid the clinking censers every side,  
Taunting the night with flashing jewels' pride.*

*Chaste Star of God, your silver radiance fell  
On mirrors raised with every darksome spell,  
While circling rhombus and Chaldaic globe,  
Secret of ages, unto Thee would probe!  
Hark, with their litanies of Powers unblest  
They cried to Thee, our God, and smote their  
breast!  
And see, afar, where like a tempest cloud  
Three monarchs swept before them fixed and  
proud!  
With eyes ablaze to guide their camels' flight.  
Their beards like comets streaming on the night!  
Lo! the strange tributes they have learnt to  
bring —*

*The world's grim wisdom and its sorrowing, —  
To find but in a crib at Bethlehem their King!*

— T. W.



# The Epiphany

---

**T**HE Magi were the first of the Gentiles to receive the gift of Faith. Their arrival in Bethlehem marked the beginning of a new epoch of grace, during which the Sun of Righteousness rose over the whole universe. To commemorate this remarkable epoch, the Church has established the Feast of the Epiphany.

This festival can be traced back to the early ages. Towards the middle of the fourth century, it was already so solemn that, according to Ammiens Marcellin, the Emperor Julian, while at Vienna on the Feast of the Epiphany, in the year 361, did not dare absent himself from the Office of that day, for fear of betraying his secret intention of abandoning the Catholic Religion.

In the solemnities of this festival, the Church displays her most splendid decorations and poetical treasures. The prophecies, hymns and evening psalms all praise with extraordinary enthusiasm the Sun of Righteousness, rising over the nations that had been sitting for so many centuries in the shadow of death. If we only recognized the gift of God, if we reflected on the state in which our forefathers were and in which we also would be without the Gospel, how gratefully would we not unite our voices to the voice of the Church, our hearts to her heart, our prayer to her prayer, to thank Him Who has deigned to give us existence in the heart of Christianity!

If we are but little impressed by these facts, let us consider the unfortunate nations, still degradingly oppressed by the yoke of idolatry. "Behold our abjection," do they say, "our extreme wretchedness, our barbarity, our inhuman sacrifices. What we are, you were and would still be, if it were not for Christianity. Keep jealously the treasure that you possess: that Religion which has drawn you out of barbarism and which alone prevents you from sinking into it again.

Let us interrogate the nations that have lost the Faith. What say the African coasts, so flourishing of old, that country of Augustin, Cyprien and Tertullian? What say Asia and that land of Greece, where the holy apostles untiringly toiled? There, where formerly existed the fervent Churches of Antioch, Corinth and Thessalonica, whose members were so enlightened, happy and free, what do you now see? Ruins upon ruins. The crescent has replaced the Cross; barbarism, science; and slavery, liberty. Joy has given place to tears; opulence, to poverty and misery.

From the midst of these ruins of their former glory, nations and cities cry out to us: "Christian peoples, we are your predecessors in civilization. We were what you are now, enlightened, free and happy. Keep what you possess: the Religion which has drawn you from barbarism, and which alone hinders you from sinking into it again.

O Lord, it is not without reason that Thou dost surround the Christian nations by idolatrous ones. By this deplorable and terrible spectacle, Thou dost wish to teach us to be grateful and faithful.



May these serious lessons make us reflect, and may so much misery touch our hearts. Let us not restrict ourselves to sterile compassion; but let us hasten to the help of those unfortunate peoples. Seconding the heroic zeal of the missionaries by slight offerings, at least, let us procure for these creatures, redeemed like us by the Blood of Christ, the happiness for which we are perhaps not sufficiently grateful. Who knows if the preservation of our Faith does not depend upon this. Doubtlessly, the true manner of entering into the spirit of the Feast of the Epiphany and of celebrating it worthily, is to help to bring the light of the Gospel to those who are plunged in the darkness of error.

We should also imitate the Magi in their fidelity to grace. Each time that God speaks to us by His ministers, by His inspirations, or by revolutions, plagues and benefits, it is a star which He places upon our horizon to call us to Him. Let us follow it as the Magi followed the star, *promptly, generously, honestly and faithfully*; and, like them, we shall find Jesus Christ. Like them, also, after finding Him, after rendering Him the tribute of our love, let us walk in another path. With God and His divine Grace in our hearts, let us be careful not to return to Herod, who is seeking to put the Child to death. By Herod is meant bad Christians whose conversations, examples and sarcasms tend to despoil us of the treasure of innocence.

Gratitude for the gift of Faith, zeal for the spreading of the Gospel, and a sincere desire to correspond to grace and to conform our morals to our belief, are the usual dispositions in which we should be, to celebrate worthily the Feast of the Epiphany.

Mgr. GAUME

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### The Source of Virtue

---

Of all the motives that can move the heart to virtue, love is the most powerful, the most permanent, and the most pleasing to God. It is powerful, because it draws us sweetly to Jesus Christ, and Our Lord has said: "No one can come to Me unless he be drawn by My Father."

It is permanent, because it twines itself round the affection of the heart, finds there an easy entrance, and abides as a welcome guest; whereas fear, though it may shake up the soul in a passing storm, is foreign to its feelings, and will be cast out as soon as its motive is forgotten.

And love is pleasing to God, for it is the working of the human heart, according to His own design. It is the sweetest incense that goes up from earth.

---

He who wishes to find Jesus will do so only by having recourse to Mary.

— St. Alphonsus.

# Encyclical Letter on Atheistic Communism

(DIVINI REDEMPTORIS)

*To the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries  
in peace and communion with the Apostolic See.*

*(Continued.)*

## *Alleged Conflict Between Doctrine and Practice*

36. But the enemies of the Church, though forced to acknowledge the wisdom of her doctrine, accuse her of having failed to act in conformity with her principles, and from this conclude to the necessity of seeking other solutions. The utter falseness and injustice of this accusation is shown by the whole history of Christianity. To refer only to a single typical trait, it was Christianity that first affirmed the real and universal brotherhood of all men of whatever race and condition. This doctrine she proclaimed by a method, and with an amplitude and conviction, unknown to preceding centuries; and with it she potently contributed to the abolition of slavery. Not bloody revolution, but the inner force of her teaching made the proud Roman matron see in her slave a sister in Christ. It is Christianity that adores the Son of God made Man for love of man, and become not only the "Son of a carpenter" but Himself a "carpenter." It was Christianity that raised manual labor to its dignity, whereas it had hitherto been so despised that even the moderate Cicero did not hesitate to sum up the general opinion of his time in words of which any modern sociologist would be ashamed: "All artisans are engaged in sordid trades, for there can be nothing ennobling about a workshop."

37. Faithful to these principles, the Church has given new life to human society. Under her influence arose prodigious charitable organizations, great guilds of artisans and working-men of every type. These guilds, ridiculed as "medieval" by the Liberalism of the last century, are to-day claiming the admiration of our contemporaries in many countries, who are endeavoring to revive them in some modern form. And, when other systems hindered her work and raised obstacles to the salutary influence of the Church, she was never done warning them of their error. We need but recall with what constant firmness and energy Our Predecessor, Leo XIII, vindicated for the working-man the right to organize, which the dominant Liberalism of the more powerful States relentlessly denied him. Even to-day the authority of this Church doctrine is greater than it seems; for the influence of ideas in the realm of facts, though invisible and not easily measured, is surely of predominant importance.

38. It may be said in all truth that the Church, like Christ, goes through the centuries doing good to all. There would be to-day neither Socialism nor Communism, if the rulers of the nations had not scorned the teachings and maternal warnings of the Church. On the bases of Liberalism and Laicism they wished to build other social edifices which, powerful and im-



posing as they seemed at first, all too soon revealed the weakness of their foundations, and to-day are crumbling one after another before our eyes, as everything must crumble that is not grounded on the one corner-stone which is Christ Jesus.

#### IV

##### DEFENSIVE AND CONSTRUCTIVE PROGRAM

##### *Urgent Need for Action*

39. This, Venerable Brethren, is the doctrine of the Church, which alone in the social as in all other fields can offer real light and assure salvation in the face of Communistic ideology. But this doctrine must be consistently reduced to practice in everyday life, according to the admonition of St. James the Apostle: "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." The most urgent need of the present day is therefore the energetic and timely application of remedies which will effectively ward off the catastrophe that daily grows more threatening. We cherish the firm hope that the fanaticism with which the sons of darkness work day and night at their materialistic and atheistic propaganda, will at least serve the holy purpose of stimulating the sons of light to a like and even greater zeal for the honor of the Divine Majesty.

40. What then must be done, what remedies must be employed to defend Christ and Christian civilization from this pernicious enemy? As a father in the midst of his family, We should like to speak quite intimately of those duties which the great struggle of our day imposes on all the children of the Church; and We would address Our paternal admonition even to those sons who have strayed far from her.

##### *Renewal of Christian Life*

##### *Fundamental Remedy*

41. As in all the stormy periods of the history of the Church, the fundamental remedy to-day lies in a sincere renewal of private and public life according to the principles of the Gospel by all those who belong to the Fold of Christ, that they may be in truth the salt of the earth to preserve human society from total corruption.

42. With heart deeply grateful to the Father of Light, from Whom descends "every best gift and every perfect gift," We see on all sides consoling signs of this spiritual renewal. We see it not only in so many singularly chosen souls who in these last years have been elevated to the sublime heights of sanctity, and in so many others who with generous hearts are making their way towards the same luminous goal, but also in the new flowering of a deep and practical piety in all classes of society, even the most cultured, as pointed out in Our recent Motu Proprio *In Multis Solaciis* of October 28 last, on the occasion of the organization of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences.



43. Nevertheless We cannot deny that there is still much to be done in the way of spiritual renovation. Even in Catholic countries there are still too many who are Catholics hardly more than in name. There are too many who fulfil more or less faithfully the more essential obligations of the religion they boast of professing, but have no desire of knowing it better, of deepening their inward conviction, and still less of bringing into conformity with the external gloss the inner splendor of a right and unsullied conscience that recognizes and performs all its duties under the eye of God. We know how much our Divine Saviour detested this empty pharisaic show, He who wished that all should adore the Father "in spirit and in truth." The Catholic who does not live really and sincerely according to the Faith he professes, will not long be master of himself in these days when the winds of strife and persecution blow so fiercely, but will be swept away defenseless in this new deluge which threatens the world. And thus, while he is preparing his own ruin, he is exposing to ridicule the very name of Christian.

*Detachment from Worldly Goods*

44. And here We wish, Venerable Brethren, to insist more particularly on two teachings of Our Lord which have a special bearing on the present condition of the human race: detachment from earthly goods and the precept of charity. "Blessed are the poor in spirit" were the first words that fell from the lips of the Divine Master in His sermon on the mount. This lesson is more than ever necessary in these days of materialism athirst for the goods and the pleasures of this earth. All Christians, rich or poor, must keep their eyes fixed on heaven, remembering that "we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come." The rich should not place their happiness in things of earth nor spend their best efforts in the acquisition of them. Rather, considering themselves only as stewards of their earthly goods, let them be mindful of the account they must render of them to their Lord and Master, and value them as precious means that God has put into their hands for doing good; let them not fail, besides, to distribute of their abundance to the poor according to the evangelical precept. Otherwise there shall be verified of them and their riches the harsh condemnation of St. James the Apostle: "Go to now, ye rich men; weep and howl in your miseries, which shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted: and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered: and the rust of them shall be for a testimony against you, and shall eat your flesh like fire. You have stored up to yourselves wrath against the last days..."

*(To be continued.)*



The saints owed to their confidence in God that unalterable tranquillity of soul, which procured their perpetual joy and peace, even in the midst of adversities.

— *St. Alphonsus.*



## Our Lady of Lourdes

---

*The Virgin, free from sin conceived,  
Appeared to humble Bernadette ;  
Within a grotto placed on high  
Betwixt the earth and azure sky,  
She wore a robe with starlets set.  
O Queen of matchless purity!  
Protect all those who fly to thee.*

*The favoured child had never seen  
A vision to compare with that ;  
The sweetness of the Virgin face  
Recalled that she is full of grace,  
And echoed her Magnificat.  
O Mary, Queen Immaculate!  
Thy heart is kind, thy power is great.*

*At her command, adown the rock  
A streamlet flowed with healing power ;  
The sick have come to drink of it,  
And found its virtue infinite  
From then until the present hour.  
All grace doth flow from Mary's hand  
To souls devout of every land.*

*These waters cured and still they cure  
Disease that baffles human skill ;  
But skeptics fail to find the cause,  
And then appeal to " hidden laws "  
To gratify their godless will.  
If laws be hid, how can simple folk  
Their sphere define, their aid invoke?*

*There's none so blind as men perverse,  
Who shut their eyes against the light ;  
For such as they refuse to see  
The hand of God, though plain it be,  
And turn from day to groping night.  
O Queen of Grace! remove the cloud,  
Illume the blind, and curb the proud.*

*— Rev. Patrick J. Cormican, S. J.*



# Father Damien

*The Apostle of the Lepers of Molokai*

BY MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN, NEE LA FERRONNAYS

(Continued.)

Little satisfied with his efforts in a relatively limited circle, Mr. Chapman resolved to help the missionary still more efficaciously, by making an appeal to the public in general, by means of the *Times*, and he addressed the following letter to the editor of this paper.

DEAR SIR,

*Several newspapers have spoken lately of the work undertaken by Father Damien. We know what that work is; we know, also, what his devotedness has cost him. The case is as simple as it is touching. This courageous priest, who, for all that concerns himself, has made the vow of poverty, has now become a victim of the disease which affects those who surround him. In a very cheerful and serene letter that I received from him concerning this, he speaks of contributions which have been offered to him and says that he willingly accepts them for his poor patients. I have the approbation of the Cardinal Archbishop to make the appeal which I beg you to insert, and I shall gratefully receive and transmit all that will kindly be sent to me. The fact in question is eloquent in itself. I regret, however, that it has not a worthier interpreter than myself.*

*I am, dear Sir,*

*Your obedient servant,*

H. B. CHAPMAN.

The Readers of *The Times* generously responded to this appeal, and the apostle of the lepers enjoyed the greatest happiness that could be given to him during the remaining days of his life, which were already numbered. Thanks to these unknown benefactors, he was able to succour his poor people bountifully to the very last. In the midst of so much misery, it was still possible for him to accomplish the good which he had so ardently desired to do. Father Damien left behind him an organization which had only to be continued. Before passing away, he had the satisfaction of building from three to four hundred houses and two churches. But, what was a still greater consolation to him and at the same time an honour to Religion which inspired so much courage, two Religious of his Order soon came to share his labours and perils, and three Sisters came also to brave the contagion and devote themselves to the care of the lepers. "It is their vocation," people say. It is, too; but it is also the vocation — though less voluntary — of soldiers. However, when these are killed in some exceptionally brave deed, they are called heroes and their country is proud of them. We, Catholics, also can pride ourselves in the great number of heroes, who signalize our ranks and whose example invites to reflection.

Mr. Chapman, having other subsidies to send to Molokai, wrote another touching letter to Father Damien.

*My dear Father,*

*Enclosed please find a draft for 1,000 pounds sterling, amount contributed by some of those who have been touched by your example of heroic devotedness. I am not to be thanked for it, I am only forwarding what I have received for you. I consider myself highly honoured in being able to express to you my respectful affection. This money is entirely at your disposal. Use it as you wish for the chapel of your Catholic lepers. I shall send you, as soon as possible, another draft of three hundred pounds sterling. Meanwhile, I humbly beg a share in your prayers. Solicit for me a little of that spirit of sacrifice which animates you and which I am lacking. I should have liked to be able to go and offer you my services, however unworthy I may be; but I think that it is God's will that I remain in the midst of the poor here. Some are entirely destitute and, though I am myself too poor to help them, I have not the courage to leave them. Were it not for that, I should go and take care of you until your departure for a better world! My best regards to dear old Clifford! He is one that I envy more than I have envied anybody for a long time! As for myself, I do not even hope to go and pay you a visit in the spring. I am simply rivetted here for want of money. But, just the same, let us be cheerful and satisfied with everything.*

*Once again, may the Saviour console you in your martyrdom by the thought that, being lifted upon the cross, you will attract many others towards it. I know very well that I do not belong to the Catholic Church; but nothing can hinder my kneeling at your feet and respectfully acknowledging you as my superior, because you are eminently the servant of God.*

*I take the liberty of signing*

*Your loving friend,*

H. B. CHAPMAN.

In the month of November, 1887, his death being reported throughout Europe, Father Damien refuted this rumour by a letter, from which we quote the following passages.

"Unfortunately, God has not yet called me from this miserable world, and here I am still — for how long, I do not know — though I have now become almost useless."

"It is already a long time, you know, since I have been chosen by Divine Providence as one of the victims of this repulsive disease. I hope to be eternally grateful to God for this favour, for I feel sure that this infirmity will shorten my path to Heaven and render it more direct."

Further on, he continues:

"Though my body is very much infected with leprosy and my face disfigured, I am still strong and vigorous and I no longer feel the terrible pains in my feet. Happily, until now, the disease has not disabled my hands and I can continue to say Mass every day. This is my greatest consolation.

Pray for a great number of our unfortunates who are afflicted with a spiritual leprosy, not less fatal than the other. The devil has introduced among them the immorality of the Mormons, and there is nothing more difficult than to cure those who have become victims of it.



In another letter, dated November 16, 1887, is found the following remarkable passage:

"As I have much work, the time seems very short; and God so overwhelms me with joy, that I think myself the happiest of missionaries! Consequently, the sacrifice which God requires of my health, doubtlessly, to render my ministry more fruitful, does not seem to me worthy of consideration, excepting inasmuch as it is advantageous to me. It seems to me that I can say like St. Paul: "I am dead, and my life is hidden in God with Jesus Christ."

.....  
It is this mysterious joy so simply attested, this joy humanly inexplicable, which contributed, more than all the arguments of doctors and saints, to make the writer, of whom I have spoken, understand the invisible world.

The letter, from which we have extracted the preceding passage, is concluded by these words: "*Au revoir, au ciel.*" Written by him and at such a moment, these words assume a reality which renders them deeply impressive.

(To be continued.)

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## The New Year in China

In our country, New Year's Day is the first of January. In China, it is the first of the first moon, which coincides with the 20th of January, the 11th of February, or another date.

New Year's cards, visits, and gifts are in vogue among the Celestials. A happy New Year is wished to a superior by a deep prostration; to an equal, by a profound bow.

It is impolite to claim the payment of debts within the ten days preceding the New Year. On this fatidical date, recrudescant hatred and enmity disappear. The omission of the visits usual on that occasion is the cause of a complete separation. The pagans greet one another on that day by saying, "Fatsai! Fatsai!" (May you become rich! May you make a fortune!) The children receive a few coins or a handful of peanuts and gum-drops. The New Year is celebrated from the first to the twentieth of the moon, during which time the Chinese eat doughnuts, hold carnivals in the street, play cards and wear gaudy-coloured clothes.

Strange to say, according to the lunar calendar, a two-day-old child may be already two years old. If a child is born on the 30th of the 12th moon, this year counts, so he is a year old. The next day, the first of the 1st moon, he is two years old! There is always a *hussei*, a fictitious year. For this reason, the fast which the Church prescribes at 21 years of age, begins at the age of 22 in China. This fictitious year renders it difficult sometimes to know if certain youths have attained the canonical age required for marriage; for instance, a boy who is 17 years old, according to the Chinese manner of calculating ages, may really not yet have completed his sixteenth year.



# The Miraculous Medal

By Reverend Father J. A. Plamondon, S. J.

(Continued.)



Besides what we have just said, the following is the symbolism of the miraculous medal as given by authorized writers:

1.—The Blessed Virgin was represented surrounded by an inscription—the invocation now so popular—which is an explicit solicitation to acknowledge her exemption from all sin and to beg her, by virtue of this ineffable privilege—one of the most powerful in obtaining her protection—to intercede in our favour. The above-mentioned medal was thus to popularize the belief in the fundamental dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to prepare already its solemn definition of 1854 and to stand out as a constant contradiction to the rationalists, who deny original sin.

2.—Mary was standing on a terrestrial globe or on the universe, because God had constituted her Queen of it, just as Jesus Christ is its Immortal King throughout all ages.

3.—The Virgin was crushing a serpent with her foot, that is to say, that she declared herself victorious over the devil, the infernal serpent, by the first of her privileges. Avenger of fallen humanity, she thenceforth assured all human beings that might wish it, a perpetual triumph over Satan, the vowed enemy of all good, or over sin, the poisonous source of all the evils of time and eternity.

4.—The brilliant rays issuing from the Immaculate Virgin's hands, symbolized naught else—Mary has said so—but the abundant graces which she is so desirous of imparting to us in our various spiritual and temporal needs.

5.—On the reverse of the medal, the symbolism was not less striking nor less significative of important truths. According to general opinion, the cross resting upon the monogram of the Blessed Virgin symbolized the reign of Jesus crucified—*regnavit a ligno*—which was to be extended throughout the world inasmuch as true devotion to His Blessed Mother would be spread. The twelve stars encircling the medal represented Christ's Apostles, whose mission would ever be to establish this reign by their teachings, seconded by that unshaken zeal which is found in the Heart of Jesus, to which the Immaculate Heart of Mary is the most sure access. This truth, which could be inferred from the symbols represented on the lower part of the medal, was what seemed to be realized up to the present, in the order of events, particularly in those of Our Lady of Victories and Montmartre.

## INFLUENCE

After all, there only remained for the Virgin of 1830 to justify, by the reality, all that she seemed to promise. This justification, as in every other similar circumstance, has been ineffably great. In fact, scarcely had the medal requested by the Blessed Virgin been struck, when the use of it spread rapidly throughout the world, and wrought everywhere countless miracles of spiritual and temporal graces: miracles of conversion and salvation, miracles of cures, of un hoped-for success and of protection in the worst dangers. Nothing was lacking, not even a resurrection and the immediate deliverance of some possessed persons.

Its prodigious influence has also been clearly manifest upon at least ten battle-fields of Europe, Asia and America. From 1832 to the day following Sister Catherine Labouré's blessed death in 1876, in many countries, the sworn report was drawn up of hundreds of miracles obtained by means of this medal and justifying its designation of *miraculous* so very appropriate. It is just to remark that the beneficiaries of such favours were not only practical catholics; but that there could be counted among them, many freemasons and declared unbelievers, Protestants and schismatics, and even Jews and pagans. The details of these prodigies would exceed too much the limits that we have had to set for ourselves. It may, however, be edifying to mention, at least, the famous conversion of Alphonsus Ratisbonne, the Strasburg Jew, won to the Christian Faith by the miraculous medal, January 20th, 1842, during a trip that he made to Rome. Cardinal Patrizzi, then Vicar of Pius IX, charged with making a careful inquest of the matter, proclaimed, on June 3rd of the same year, the authenticity of this conversion, to which, in a decree, the Pope himself did not hesitate to attribute the character of a true miracle. Not only was Alphonsus Ratisbonne converted, but he eventually became a priest and a religious renowned for his virtues and his apostolic zeal.

The influence of the miraculous medal was to be revealed, also, otherwise than by miracles. As an immediate recompense for his merely material co-operation in its astonishing diffusion, the first silversmith who undertook to strike it and whose financial situation was at that moment in danger, made a fortune by it. It has certainly been also the powerful agent in bringing into evidence, for the glory of God, the edification of souls and the honour of her community, this holy religious, to whose tomb pilgrimages are being made to-day and whose cause of beatification was already introduced at Rome in 1907, with the consent of Pius X.

Better than that, however, it has occasioned for the Catholics of France, and even for the whole Church, a stronger impulse or an extraordinary outburst of devotion towards Mary, especially a revival of faith in her Immaculate Conception. From this standpoint, it truly was the dawn of a new era for the entire world. Although the ecclesiastical authority, even after a scrupulous inquest, in 1836, had not yet given an opinion upon the real heavenly intervention regarding this medal, Archbishop Quélen, who had doubtlessly intended to, died before doing so. The fact was, however,



generally admitted as much on account of Catherine Labouré's sincere character, the experienced wisdom of her pious director, the circumstances of the apparitions and the prodigious diffusion of the medal, as it was, in consideration of the countless extraordinary benefits obtained by means of it.

At least, before his death, in 1838, the Archbishop of Paris had proved to be the most clear-sighted, zealous and encouraging propagandist of Heaven's designs regarding this question. Not only did he wear the medal himself, but, moreover, he authorized the casting of a bronze statue to be offered to the devotion of the faithful in his Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the painting of a tableau according to the details of the apparition of November 27th, 1830. He, besides, dedicated his diocese to the Immaculate Conception and obtained from Pope Gregory XVI permission to celebrate the feast solemnly every year on the second Sunday of Advent. Finally, by another petition, he persuaded the same Pope to have inserted in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin *Queen conceived without original sin, pray for us*. Then, by way of crowning all these procedures by an unequivocal act, he published a mandate in which he highly proclaimed how well founded was the traditional belief in the Immaculate Conception of Mary, belief already taught throughout the Church, as attested by the Council of Trent.

Most of the other bishops of France vied in zeal with this worthy prelate by issuing similar mandates, and each in turn solicited from Rome, the privilege of having the Feast of Mary Immaculate in his diocese.

Sister Catherine had, then, said the truth when she announced that the Blessed Virgin had assured that indulgences would be easily granted upon request. Now, as it was expected, the miraculous medal was to be the cause of many other favours, especially for its first and most ardent official propagators. Thus, in 1847, Pius IX granted to the Superior General of the Lazarists the faculty to establish in the schools of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, a confraternity of the Immaculate Conception, having for ensign the above-mentioned medal, and participating in the same indulgences as those granted to the congregations affiliated to the *Prima Primaria* of the Jesuits in Rome. In July, 1897, a special decree of Leo XIII established a particular feast to commemorate the apparition of 1830, as there was already one for the Rosary and one also for the Scapular of Mount Carmel. In like manner, he also favoured the Priests of the Mission with an office and Mass proper to that feast. He added that this concession would be extended to bishops and religious communities who would request it. Then, by a subsequent decree, His Holiness granted to any priest celebrating Mass in the convent of the Sisters of Charity on the Feast of the Miraculous Medal, the privilege of the same Mass, of double rite of the second class.

On March 2nd, 1897, Leo XIII permitted the Superior General of the Lazarists to solemnly crown, in the chapel of the same Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul the statue cast after the model of the medal in question. This ceremony took place on the 26th of the following July. On July 8, 1909, Pius X canonically instituted a special association, the members of which



were to participate in a crusade preparatory to the great centenary of 1930. He declared, in his Brief, that these associates would have a right, by the very fact, to the indulgences of the blue scapular, called the scapular of the Immaculate Conception.

As for the rest of the faithful, they can indiscriminately gain rich particular indulgences, by duly receiving the miraculous medal according to the formula approved by Leo XIII, in 1895, and from a priest who has received the faculty for that. But if, outside of these conditions, it is impossible to gain the indulgences, every person, however, who wears, suspended from his neck, the miraculous medal simply blest with the common formula, can, at least, benefit by its supernatural virtue.

(The end.)

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## Necessity of Suffering

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What does the viticulturist do to his vine to obtain from it abundant and luscious fruit? Every year, he carefully prunes it; otherwise, the plants would lose their vigor and the vintage would be very scanty and of inferior quality. The Divine Viticulturist has a similar solicitude for our souls. "Every branch," says Christ, "that beareth fruit, My Father will purge it, that it may bring forth more fruit." (*John XV2*). By virtue of our union with Jesus Christ, our lives are capable of becoming very productive, no doubt; however, they run the risk of not producing according to their capacity. Our Heavenly Father, as a prudent gardener, will make us feel the incisions of sufferings and trials of all kinds: painful incisions, indeed, but most salutary, since they will enable our supernatural energy to yield its utmost.

For many, suffering is an object of hatred; it is a necessity which they curse while enduring it; it is a source of sadness, and an obstacle to happiness. Nothing is more false than this idea. Good people, too shortsighted, think that trials are only a punishment due to our sins. No doubt, this is sometimes true: an irritated master does not fail to chastise his guilty servant. But, certainly, as Our Lord's own words assure us, such is not always the case. Trials, under whatsoever form they may come, are a divine treatment inspired by the wisdom and love of Our Heavenly Father. "*Because thou wast acceptable to God, it was necessary that temptation should prove thee*". said the Archangel Raphael to Tobias. (*Tob., XII, 13.*) *It was necessary.* How deep is the signification of these words! Now sweet and consoling is this doctrine!

DIEUDONNÉ,

*Apost. Miss.*

# 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 will shower them upon earth."

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.



Kindly publish my gratitude towards St. Teresa for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mr. Pierre Moisan, **Neuveville**. — Sincere thanks for favour obtained through the intercession of The Little Flower. Miss Alice Woods, **Ste. Agathe des Monts**. — Lively gratitude to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for favour obtained. A. Roy, **Holyoke, Mass.** — Thanksgiving to the Patron of the Missions for favours obtained. Rachel Plouffe, **Ottawa, Ont.** — My most lively gratitude to St. Teresa

of the Child Jesus who has obtained a great favour for me. Mrs. Josaphat Marchand, **St. Michel des Forges**. — Heartfelt thanks to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for an extraordinary favour obtained. A. B. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of Lisieux for favour obtained through her intercession. H. A., **St. Janvier**. — Kindly help me to thank St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. A. L., **Quebec**. —

Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for favour obtained. L. M., **Verdun**. — I am pleased to acquit myself of a promise in thanksgiving for a favour received through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. A. G. R., **Notre Dame de Grace**. — Lively gratitude to the Little Flower of Jesus for her protection. A Subscriber to THE PRECURSOR,

**St. Laurent**. — Heartfelt thanks for a favour received through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for favour received. Mr. François Xavier Fortin, **Normandin**. — Thanksgiving to St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for favour obtained. A Nurse, **Montreal**. — Kindly help me to thank the loving Patron of the Missionaries for a favour she has obtained for me. J. S., **Ville Emard**. —

Lively gratitude towards St. Teresa of the Child Jesus for a favour received through her intercession. G. D., **Ottawa**. — Most heartfelt thanks for a grace obtained through the intercession of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. Mrs. C. S., **Ottawa**. — Thanks to St. Teresa for a cure obtained through her credit. Mrs. P. G., **Quebec**. — My most lively gratitude towards The Little Flower of Carmel for my son's cure. He was suffering from an abscess in the head. Mrs. Sauvé, **Montreal**. —

Please accept the enclosed offering for the ransom of dying babies in honour of the Little Flower, St. Teresa. M. B. T., **Schenectady, N. Y.** — I am sending you a Subscription to THE PRECURSOR, in thanksgiving for favours received through the intercession of St. Teresa, The Little Flower of Jesus. Miss T. G., **Williamstown, Mass.**

## OFFERINGS FOR THE LITTLE FLOWER BURSE.

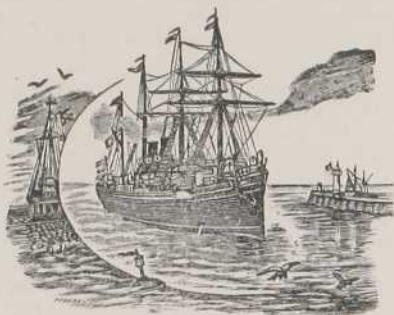
We shall therefore receive with gratitude, any offerings, (thanksgivings for favours obtained or requests for new ones) for the complete formation of the Burse in honor of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. May the Little Sister of Missionaries inspire generous souls with the thought of adopting a Missionary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

September-October 1935.....	\$ 29.50	March-April 1937.....	4.50
November-December ".....	7.00	May-June ".....	48.10
Year 1936.....	417.47	July-August ".....	29.75
January-February 1937.....	162.80	September-October ".....	18.00
November-December 1937.....	\$31.86		



# At Sea

*Letter from a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception  
who left for Manchukuo on September 14, 1937.*



*Aboard the "Empress of Asia",  
September 28, 1937.*

REVEREND AND DEAR MOTHER,

The sweet moments spent with you before leaving the Mother House and your last motherly counsels are still vivid in our minds. We should have been happy to remain there forever, but the parting hour had come...

We are already very far away; to-morrow, we shall be at Yokohama. The voyage is hard on Sister Ste. Jeanne de Valois<sup>(1)</sup>, who evidently is not a born sailor. I have made it my duty to be her nurse; for I have not been sick at all.

We are most grateful to you for all the kindness shown us by the Sisters of the Mother House; for, dear Mother, we know that it was all at your suggestion... We have felt the pleasant effects of it throughout the whole voyage. Even our box of lunch concealed ingenious surprises, and the spiritual messages hidden in the nut-shells placed here and there, were greatly enjoyed.

On the train, Reverend Father Robillard, P. S. S., brother of our dear Sister Cécile de Rome<sup>(2)</sup>, kindly took some of our baggage to his compartment. We appreciated this very much, for we were overcrowded in ours. He also invited us to take a hot dinner. We thanked him for so much solicitude, but we thought it better not to accept his kind offer.

According to our itinerary, on leaving the train at Vancouver at 9.20 A.M., we were not supposed to have time to go to our Oriental Hospital there before going aboard the ship; but, as the departure of the Empress was postponed to 5.00 P.M., we had the pleasure of a lovely half day spent with our dear Community of the West. Sister Marie de la Visitation<sup>(3)</sup> and Sister Marie de la Présentation<sup>(4)</sup> were awaiting us at the station and conducted us to the Convent, where we were heartily welcomed.

After dinner, Sister Superior<sup>(5)</sup> took us to visit China and Japan — sections of the Hospital assigned to these two nationalities. A Chinese was to be baptized that same day. This little visit seems to have enlivened our zeal.

1. Agathe DION, of Three Rivers.

2. Cécile ROBILLARD, of St. Ours, Richelieu Co.

3. Elise CROTEAU, of St. Antoine de Tilly.

4. Berthe SURPRENANT, of Swanton, Vt.

5. Sister AGNES OF JESUS (Margaret Sherry, of Montreal).



At four o'clock, our Sisters accompanied us to the quay and even to our cabin, which is No. 324. Among the ninety-eight passengers aboard, there were nineteen missionaries, belonging to six different Orders. As the *Empress* weighed anchor, all piously sang the *Ave Maris Stella*, followed by our national hymn. The sea was calm. At that moment, our dear Canada appeared to us for the last time, bathed in sunshine, as if smiling at her missionary sons and daughters. Little by little, we lost sight of her, and then, for thirteen days, nothing was to be seen but water and sky.

The following day, Sunday, Sister Ste. Jeanne de Valois was sea-sick, so I went alone to Mass, and likewise Monday. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered by all the missionary priests, excepting Reverend Father Rondeau, who was obliged to take off the Sacred Vestments, at the Gospel.

Towards five o'clock, on Tuesday, the 21st, as we were on deck, the sea began to be agitated. I was glad to experience a storm at sea; but, as my companion needed my help to return to our cabin, I thought it would be more sympathetic to find the rocking of the ship less pleasant. The sea was raging all night; and, the next day, the wind still kept the *Empress* very much inclined, obliging us to walk obliquely.

On the Feast of the Canadian Martyrs, a sermon was pronounced and appropriate hymns were sung at Reverend Father Rondeau's Mass. This little solemnity, with its missionary character, made the day seem somewhat like Sunday.

Our voyage is almost finished. At three o'clock to-morrow, we shall be at Yokohama, where I shall mail you these lines.

With this letter, dear Mother, kindly accept the affectionate greetings and grateful thanks of your two little missionaries.

Sister PIERRE JULIEN, M. I. C. (1)

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I. Jeannette TREMBLAY, of St. Fulgence, Chicoutimi Co.

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## Votive Lights in Honour of the Blessed Virgin

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### *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 favour from this tender Mother.

Float or candle	{	10 cents each
		75 cents for a novena
		\$20.00 for one year



## Echoes from our Missions

### CHINA

*Letter from Sister Marie de l'Espérance, Missionary of the Immaculate Conception, Canton, China, to her Superior General.*

*Holy Childhood Foundling-Home,  
Canton, China, Sept. 12, 1937.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

The newspapers must have informed you of the series of events which culminated in successive attacks on the principal cities of China. Up to the present, Shanghai has been the principal seat of hostilities. Each day has brought greater progress in the tactics of the Japanese. The blockade which was at first limited to the north has been rapidly extended, and we foresee the day when we also shall be besieged.

Actually, the English port of Hong Kong is our safeguard; but, if the sea is a highway for all, so is the air. Canton has already been visited several times by bombarding aeroplanes. We are continually on the alert and we thank God every day for His visible protection. As everything that concerns us interests you, we understand how much you must desire to know what we are doing in the present trial; so we have decided to give you a brief account of what has happened from day to day.

At 5.45 A.M., Tuesday, August 31st, the piercing sounds of sirens at the four corners of the city caused great alarm throughout the population. Each Sister in charge of a section was immediately at her post; the others devoted themselves to the general security. Six religious of Egypt were with us; they had come from Italy and were on their way to Hankow, via Canton, for the usual route via Shanghai is closed.

First of all, we looked after the babies of the Foundling-Home. Some of the pupils and orphans went to the school basement; others assembled in the garden, while a few stayed at the chapel. They were all silent with fear, excepting the babies that were too young to be aware of the danger. We could see the planes, which seemed as big as flies, fighting against one another and we heard in the air the noise of bombs and mitrailleuses; each detonation was distinct and... terrible. The combat lasted about a quarter of an hour. Six Japanese aeroplanes came to make a surprise attack upon



the airdrome of Canton. Luckily, there was but one aeroplane there for emergencies, and it alone suffered from the attack. Other Chinese aeroplanes returned the attack and hurled down three of their visitors; the other three fled from the field of battle.

The airdrome is situated near our Foundling-Home and Orphanage of Our Lady of Providence. It is there that the shock was most felt; windows were broken and the little ones were so frightened that several of them became ill. Sister Superior<sup>(1)</sup> decided immediately to seek a safer place for our dear children of the mountain. Sister Marie Céline<sup>(2)</sup> was sent to



SISTER JOSEPH DE LA STE. FAMILLE (JEANNETTE DELISLE, OF WORCESTER, MASS.), BAPTIZING FIFTEEN DYING BABES.

Shek Lung to ask shelter for part of our family. Reverend Father Marsigny graciously complied with her request, and, after a night's preparation, the children were in safety. It was Saturday, September 4th. Let us go back a few days.

### **Thursday, September 2**

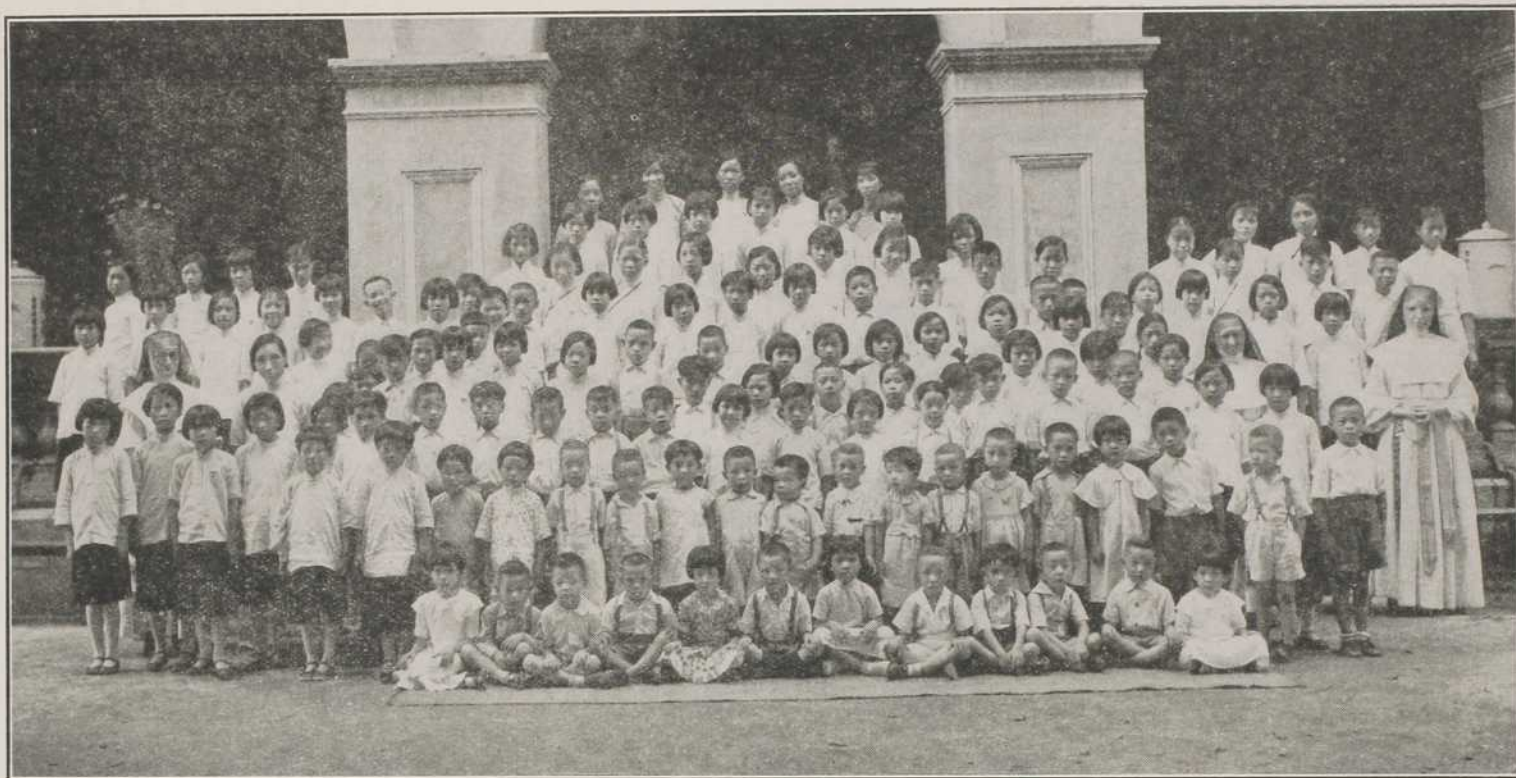
A terrible typhoon swept over our region about one o'clock this morning. The fury of the elements filled everyone with terror. The trees in the garden were all twisted. As the windows and doors in our houses were well fastened, we had nothing damaged, excepting a few flower-pots broken. At Hong Kong, there were several hundred victims of the disaster. Two ships, the *Conte Verde* and the *Asama Maru*, were stranded and greatly damaged.

Seeing nature thus raging, we said to ourselves: "Certainly God is sparing us; the Japanese have perhaps been hindered from making another incursion upon Canton." It seems that, in fact, twenty Japanese aeroplanes had left Formosa, that same night, to come and attack our city; the typhoon forced them to retreat, and ten are supposed to have been lost in the storm. We heartily thank God for sending the hurricane. Of two evils we should choose the least.

1. Sister MARIE DE LOYOLA (Orphise Boulay, of Coaticook).

2. Gracia BLANCHETTE, of Drummondville.





THE PUPILS OF THE HOLY GHOST SCHOOL AND THEIR DIRECTRESSES, THE MISSIONARIES  
OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: SISTER MARIE CELINA (GRACIA BLANCHETTE, OF DRUMMONDVILLE), SISTER MARIE DE LOYOLA, Superior  
(ORPHISE BOULAY, OF COATICOOK), SISTER MARIE IMMACULEE (ALICE VANCHESTEIN, OF ST. MICHEL DE NAPIERVILLE).

**Friday, September 3**

Towards ten o'clock in the morning, the sirens again gave the alarm, but for a short time only. The invaders took flight at the sight of the Chinese aeroplanes.

At eight o'clock in the evening, another alarm was given, louder that time. The whole personnel was grouped in fervent prayer in the school basement. The doors and windows were closed and it was very hot. The current was taken off after three successive alarms. No light was allowed, not even the glimmer of a candle. Guards went around obliging the people to maintain complete darkness. The Europeans at Shameen were compelled to do likewise. In the meantime, the Sisters of the Foundling-Home, of the Orphanage and of Our Lady of Providence were making packages in preparation for the little ones' departure by the train, the next morning. We were in great uncertainty, for bombs could fall upon us at any minute. We could not follow what was taking place in the air, but we had placed our trust in God and in the Patrons of our house. Had we not just carried in procession around the whole premises the statues of our Immaculate Queen and our good Father St. Joseph? What had we to fear under such powerful protection?

After waiting more than an hour, the "all-clear" signals were given. The return of the light permitted the Sisters to continue the preparations for the morrow.

**Saturday, September 4**

We worked all night and the children, up since several hours, were ready at seven o'clock to mount the truck, which was to conduct them to the station. Sister St. Jean Baptiste<sup>(1)</sup> left the Convent at six o'clock with a Chinese girl to take an earlier train, in order to notify our Sisters of Shek Lung, lest the telegram sent the previous day had not reached them.

The group leaving Pak Mai Hong was composed of Sister Superior, Sister Marie de l'Espérance<sup>(2)</sup>, Sister Marie de la Miséricorde<sup>(3)</sup> and fifteen little ones of the Foundling-Home, with a cook and some Chinese helpers, including two blind women. There was also the baggage. The truck from Our Lady of Providence arrived a few minutes later, bringing Sister Marie Céline, Sister St. Expédit<sup>(4)</sup> and forty-eight children, of various ages from three to ten, with almost as many packages. There were also two helpers, a deaf and dumb woman and a blind one. The little tots were taken down one by one, the bundles two by two, and the procession directed its way towards the platform. All of a sudden, whom did we see but Sister St. Jean Baptiste, who was supposed to be on her way to Shek Lung!... To her great disappointment, there was no train.

A third class coach was assigned to us. The train was to leave soon, so children and baggage had to be placed quickly. The former were crowded five or six on each seat; the latter was thrown in by the windows, to save

1. Irene PELLAND, of West Glover, Vt.

2. Aurea VANNARD, of Montreal.

3. Berthe DUFRESNE, of Ste. Hélène, Bagot Co.

4. Marie Anne ROMPRE, of Ste. Thècle.



time. Finally, all were placed, and we were quite overheated, on account of the speed with which the work had been done. We counted our *cherubims*, once they were all seated. We had already counted them at the station, on the lower platform and again on the upper one. All were present. *Deo Gratias!* But suddenly, we heard a terrible uproar! Chinese entered our carriage already filled. They looked frightened, gesticulated, spoke very loudly and altogether, so that it required some time before we could understand what they desired. Finally, entering into conversation with one alone, we succeeded in learning that they wished to have our coach for some soldiers — returned convicts — who were being sent to the front. What discomfiture!... We had to think quickly, however; the train was more than ever about to leave. We inquired into which compartment we were to go. After some discussion, a station agent entered and settled the question. An order was given; our little ones had to give up their seats and tumble into the baggage car. Quick, children, to the door, and you bundles, to the windows! The transshipping was effected as by electricity. We were in a car three-quarters filled with merchandise of all kinds. In one end were sacks of flour covered with palm-leaf suits emitting the pleasant odour of dried hay. Upon these, we perched the bravest ones who were not afraid of being up high; the others were seated on the floor, on straw-mats that we were bringing to be used as beds for them during their insular life at Shek Lung. Quite a number also were placed on the packages dispersed here and there. Well, this time, it was finished; the train was about to leave. But no, misfortunes never come single; peace was not to be had so easily. Three men entered and, going straight to the end of the wagon, quickly dislodged our little crowd. It had been forgotten that these palm-leaf suits were to be delivered to merchants in Canton. The transference was soon accomplished; jumping down requires less time than climbing up! At last, we heard puff! puff!... The train began to move. We bid good-bye to dear Sister Superior, who gave us some indications; then, *en route!*... The heat was stifling, and we were ninety in the car, which was already loaded with merchandise. On our request, a door was half opened, giving us a little air and a chance to see around us... For missionaries, the accommodation was not too bad. The children, who had been kept awake by all these adventures, seeing themselves settled at last, were soon overcome with sleep; even the most valiant lay aside their pride and slept, striking their heads against those beside them and snoring... On awakening after this little nap, the younger ones were hungry. Sister Marie de la Miséricorde, provident mother as she is, had brought a box of Chinese biscuits, which were immediately distributed and succeeded in drying many tears. At about half way, we were again disturbed by the unloading of sacks of salt and other bales. After a journey of two hours and a half, we reached the station of Shek Lung. Then, crossing the bridge, we perceived the big barge of the lazaretto on the river bank. Our telegram had therefore been received. As soon as our little crowd was out of the train, we gathered the parcels together. Reverend Father Marsigny had sent a trustworthy man to meet us, though he somewhat doubted that we had been able to



leave Canton, on account of the uncertainty of the circumstances and trains. Sister Marie de l'Espérance took care of the children, leaving Sister Marie de la Miséricorde and Sister St. Jean Baptiste to see to the baggage. What a fine procession we had getting these little ones and cripples to the barge. It was the first time that our protégées had ever had such an experience. The women carried the tiny tots and weaker children on their backs, holding at the same time, one or two older ones by the hand. A good number went by themselves, in rank, as much as possible, so as not to go astray. In ordinary circumstances, it is a ten minutes' walk, but, on this occasion, it took very much more time. What hesitations and how many diverse incidents! At every few steps, some of the little ones became frightened and began to cry. We had to stop to console them and help them to cross the dangerous spots. Another lost one of her only pair of shoes; so we had to return to look for it and put it on her. After half an hour, we reached the shore and prepared to embark. We so well filled the barge that, when the packages arrived, there was no place left for them, and we were obliged to leave them on the shore with a guardian and hire a boat to transport them.

On the road from the station to the river, Martha, nine years old, had taken dizzy spells and could not walk another step. One of the helpers carried her all the way, and we laid her in the bottom of the barge with her head resting upon the knees of a dumb woman, who took great care of her. Without any accident, our boat glided along under the steady strokes of the oars and soon reached the lazaretto.

As the water was high, we landed directly in front of our Sisters' dwelling. We had perceived their white veils from a distance. They were awaiting us on the stone-steps that serve for a landing-place, and their welcome



FLOWERS OF CHINA BLOOMING BEFORE MIDNIGHT AND ETIOLATING BEFORE DAWN.  
THESE HAVE BEEN PLACED BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT IN THE CHAPEL  
OF THE HOLY GHOST SCHOOL IN CANTON.

smiles made us forget the difficulties of our situation. The children were first of all seated on a long straw mat in the basement passage, to rest a while; then, they were conducted to their quarters in the recreation hall. Sister St. Raphael<sup>(1)</sup> had done everything possible to assure the comfort and safety of our little ones. It is true that many things were lacking, for our dear Sisters had given of their poverty; but, the fraternal affection will make us forget the discomforts of indigence. Suffering together will be less painful.

Sister Marie de l'Espérance and Sister St. Jean Baptiste returned to Canton to-night, leaving Sister Marie de la Miséricorde on the Island with the seventy-five protégées.

You can imagine, dear Mother, what a relief it is to Sister Superior to think that part of the personnel is in safety, for the present at least.

### **Sunday, September 5**

To-day, we have enjoyed a little tranquillity. We have learnt that an English boat running daily between Canton and Hong Kong, was stopped twice last night. It had to return to Hong Kong. Notice has been given that the night boats cease running. Swatow, situated between Shanghai and Canton, has been bombarded five times to-day by the Japanese aeroplanes.

### **Monday, September 6**

Sister Superior has left with our devoted Lucia for Shek Lung, where she will see about organizing classes for the children. The teachers have accompanied her. They have brought meat and Chinese bread to our dear Sisters of the Lazaretto, who have not had any since the beginning of last week; for the typhoon has done so much damage on the railroad between Shek Lung and Hong Kong, that all communications are interrupted.

### **Tuesday, September 7**

Sister Superior returned from Shek Lung, this afternoon. She says that the children are already quite at home. Those who were sick are all better, except little Martha, who died this morning. The doctor who was called from the city of Shek Lung could do nothing to save her. Evidently, she was fear-stricken. In her delirium, she threw her arms around the neck of Sister St. François d'Assise<sup>(2)</sup>, who was attending her, saying: "Sister, hide me under your veil, and I shall not be afraid!" This child had been following the regular course of studies and was very intelligent. She had received Holy Communion on Sunday. Doubtlessly, her little sisters from Paradise came to meet her. She was buried with the poor lepers of Shek Lung.

### **Thursday, September 9**

A missionary Father of Swatow came with Reverend Father Chatelain to pay us a short visit. He told us that the region of Swatow is now in

1. Malvina BIRON, of Coteau Landing.

2. Clara HEBERT, of Montreal.



much greater danger than we are; that the city and its suburbs have been bombarded by the Japanese several times already. We begged an exchange of prayers, for our needs are similar!

Japanese boats glided up the Pearl River to-day. An English boat running between Canton and Hong Kong was visited by the Japanese officers, who spent an hour or more examining attentively all the papers and documents. The day service only is continued and we have been told that, henceforth, special pilots will be employed for safety in difficult passages.

### Sunday, September 12

This morning, the sirens were again heard; but, as we are beginning to be accustomed to the alarms, we try to continue our ordinary life. By tens of thousands every day, the people of Canton leave the city. The foreigners also seek safety. The classes are empty. Lack of funds renders the actual situation still more complicated.

We remain fully confident in Divine Providence, but we economize as much as possible and eat very sparingly; Sister St. Joseph du Sacré Cœur<sup>(1)</sup> is quite skillful in economical cooking. We were very much edified by the orphans the other day. The older ones, after consulting one another, came to Sister Superior and asked her to give them only two meals a day. "The Sisters deprive themselves for us," they said, "we have nothing to give you, but we can make some sacrifices at the table. If we eat at ten o'clock and again at five, that will be sufficient; we shall not be hungry, sure! sure!"

A perpetual guard of honour is made to obtain peace and protection. Every night, a Sister sits up with an orphan, so that the rest of the personnel sleeps with less anxiety. The Sisters are bearing valiantly the difficulties of the situation and they hope that new recruits will soon arrive; for the work has not diminished. The separation of the children has multiplied the needs, and there is always so much to be done in the different offices.

What is in store for us? God alone knows. It is not possible to foresee a long time ahead, because the events are very often contradictory to our expectations. Dear Mother, your lessons of joyful confidence in God, which we strive to put faithfully into practice, are for us the secret of inalterable peace, in the midst of the present vicissitudes. We shall continue to inform you, as often as possible, of our situation. Do not be anxious about us; the past is a guarantee of the future. How many times already have you not seen your children in peril; and, when the danger was passed, have you not always been able to thank the Divine Master for having protected them?

Beloved Mother, your whole family of Canton begs you to implore upon them Heavenly blessings, which may be a safeguard to them in this hour of danger.

Your loving daughters of Canton,

by Sister MARIE DE L'ESPÉRANCE. M. I. C.<sup>(2)</sup>

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1. Marie Louise CHEVRETTE, of St. Majoric de Grantham.

2. Aurea VANNARD, of Montreal.

## MANCHUKUO

*Extracts from the letters of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception at Pamientcheng, to their Sisters of the Mother House.*

*Pamientcheng, August, 1937.*

VERY DEAR SISTERS,

Two months ago, Jongtze, one of our orphans, fifteen years old, died after an illness of nine days. In her last moments, while unconscious, she exclaimed in her delirium, as if addressing one of the orphans who died two years ago, "What do you want, Ingth'o'en? Whither do you wish to take me?" At sunset, on the twenty-seventh of June, she calmly breathed her last, fortified by the Sacraments of our Holy Religion.

The next day, her companions of the Orphanage sang her funeral service; then, she was laid to rest at the foot of the great white cross in the cemetery of our dear departed protégées. Jongtze was ten years old when she was brought to the Catholic Mission after the death of her mother, in 1932. At her arrival, she was like a little savage, speaking to no one and running away as soon as she was approached; but Baptism, which she received in the month of May of the same year, completely transformed her. According to the desire of the pupils of the Apostolic School of Rimouski, who adopted her, she was named Mary Delia Yvonne. May she now intercede for her benefactresses and obtain precious favours for them.



SISTER SAINT LAZARE (JULIETTE RAINVILLE, OF BEAUPORT, P. Q.) AND THE VIRGIN TCHANG TEACHING THE ORPHANS HOW TO COOK.

ALL HELP TO PREPARE THE MEALS, EVEN THE LITTLE ONES WHO KEEP THE FIRE GOING.





MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF PAMIENTCHENG, MANCHUKUO, AND SOME OF THEIR HELPERS.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: SISTER GABRIEL DE MARIE (GABRIELLE FILION, OF LACHUTE, P. Q.), TCHANG TERESA, NATIVE SISTER OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY, SISTER ST. LAZARE (JULIETTE RAINVILLE, OF BEAUPORT, P. Q.), TCHANG AGNES, NATIVE SISTER, SISTER ST. JEAN D'EPHESE (LAURETTE MORAN, OF ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA).

BEHIND: MRS. LIOU, INFIRMARIAN-HELPER, SISTER SAINT PAUL DE LA CROIX (MARIE ANNE CYR, OF ST. MICHEL DE SQUATTECK, P. Q.), SISTER BLANDINE DE JESUS (BLANDINE SIMARD, OF ROBERVAL, P. Q.) AND MISS SOUEN, TEACHER OF CHINESE.



AT THE ORPHANAGE OF PAMIENTCHENG, THE LITTLE ONES PRACTISING FOR THE SUNDAY HIGH MASS, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF SISTER ST. LAZARE (JULIETTE RAINVILLE, OF BEAUPORT, P. Q.), SISTER BLANDINE DE JESUS (BLANDINE SIMARD, OF ROBERVAL, P. Q.), ACCOMPANIES ON THE HARMONIUM.

THE YOUNGER ONES, UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF AN OLDER PUPIL, IMITATE THE BIG GIRLS.

She is greatly missed by her companions and by all the Sisters. These poor children that God has confided to our care, are very dear to us. It is for them that we have been called from the other end of the world. We greatly desire to make of them convinced Christians, whose lively faith will compensate for the indifference of the multitude of infidels who surround us.

It is cheerful to hear the prattle of the little ones, who sing or pray while playing or working. The other day, we heard the tiny tots of three and four, beneath our windows, reciting in their own way, while endeavouring to render their childish voices more solemn, the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I, a great sinner..." Our Divine Lord must have smiled at them.

They are very fond of singing and music. On fine Sunday evenings, we take the harmonium outside during recreation; and, immediately, all group around it. We have them sing all that they know, without omitting their national hymn; and it is always a great pleasure for us to teach them the songs of our dear distant Canada.

On holidays, the amusements preferred by the Manchu children are gymnastic contests and races. They run while skipping, while carrying a ball on a board, while picking up beans, etc. Prizes are awarded to the most clever ones.

On the 24th of June, we had all the orphans make a procession in honour of St. John the Baptist. They were dressed in Canadian costumes, decorated with red, white and blue ribbon. The most charming was the little St. John, clad in white wadding and wearing a curled wig. A white lamb, which came in the cases from Canada last year, completed the legendary tableau of our dear Patron. Conscious of the honour that was given to her, the four-year-old girl played her role with great ease and gravity unusual for a child of her age.

We have just opened the new Dispensary. Never before in their lives have several of the patients seen such a beautiful house... The well-lighted rooms, with their pure white walls, are quite a novelty for them. The cupboards with glass doors, through which can be seen the bottles of medicine in perfect order and the glittering surgical instruments excite their admiration, as do, also, the hot and cold water taps and the sinks, where the water disappears as if by magic. A few pictures, representing scenes from the Bible, give a more attractive appearance to the apartments. Truly, this new building is a credit to Reverend Father Gilbert, who drew the plans and directed the work.

The Dispensary consists of three rooms: the waiting-room, the consultation-room and the room for injections and slight surgical operations. The floor of the last two apartments is covered with straw mats; consequently, we have adopted the Japanese method of having the patients change their shoes for lighter ones that we have had made for that purpose.

We are sending you a photograph of a woman who arrived one morning on a donkey. Tuberculous and unable to walk, she drags herself on her knees in her little house, to serve her mother-in-law and father-in-law. The





THE HAPPY PROTÉGÉES OF THE MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF PAMIENTCHENG, MANCHUKUO, WITH THEIR DEVOTED PASTOR, REVEREND FATHER BARBEAU, M. E.

TO THE LEFT: SISTER ST. LAZARE (JULIETTE RAINVILLE, OF BEAUPORT, P. Q.); IN THE CENTER: THE VIRGIN, TCHANG AGNES, NATIVE PROFESSED SISTER OF THE CONGREGATION OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY; TO THE RIGHT: SISTER BLANDINE DE JESUS (BLANDINE SIMARD, OF ROBERVAL, P. Q.).



AT THE DISPENSARY OF PAMIENTCHENG, MANCHUKUO. AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF THE PATIENTS, SISTER ST. JEAN D'EPHESE (LAURETTE MORAN, OF ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA), AND MRS. LIOU, HER HELPER, PREPARING MEDICINE.

DURING THE YEAR 1936, 48,557 TREATMENTS HAVE BEEN GIVEN AT THIS DISPENSARY WHERE 22,407 PATIENTS WERE RECEIVED.

latter accompanied her and inquired if we could cure her within a week and if the cure would be *guaranteed*. "If not," said the man, "I shall take her back and the disease will follow its course." In the hearts of these egoistic pagans, self-interest is stronger than pity.

Such is true also in the case of this inhuman father who was about to choke his child, because it was sick. Attracted by the cries of the innocent



SISTER ST. JEAN D'EPHESE (LAURETTE MORAN, OF ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA) RECEIVING A POOR TUBERCULOUS PATIENT WHO, BEING UNABLE TO WALK, HAS COME ON A DONKEY, FROM A DISTANCE OF FIFTEEN LI.

victim, a Christian ran to the rescue of the poor little one and brought it to us. Reverend Father Caouette baptized it and, a few hours later, it expired.

We are leaving you, dear Sisters, to answer the numerous letters which we have received from other parts of Canada. If messages from our native country are most welcome to us, it is also a joy for us to express our deep affection and gratitude to our loved ones.

Report of the Dispensary of Pamientcheng, from June to August, 1937, inclusive:

Baptisms.....	22	Patients.....	5,323
Treatments.....	7,141	Dressings.....	1,250
Homes visited.....	55	Teeth extracted.....	49
		Injections.....	199
		Vaccinations.....	11

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Report of the Dispensary of Leaoyuansien, from February to July, 1937, inclusive:

Baptisms.....	43	Patients.....	14,675	Dressings.....	2,644
Treatments.....	17,537	Teeth extracted...	122	Homes visited....	330
Injections.....	422	Vaccinations.....	260		



*Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters, Missionaries to Tung Leao.*

**Wednesday, February 3, 1937**

Early this morning, our Sister Nurse is called to visit Mrs. Li, who is seventy-three years of age. The sick woman, before taking the potion which is offered her, anxiously inquires: "Am I going to die very soon?"

"God alone knows," answers Sister. "Are you afraid to die?"

"Not at all," she replies.

"What will become of your soul?"

"It will either go into a horse or an ox."

After listening attentively to Sister's explanation of the Christian Doctrine, she accepts the miraculous medal which is given to her.

**Monday, February 8**

On the occasion of the Chinese New Year, Reverend Father Laberge gives us a week's vacation at the Dispensary. We are free, however, to answer the sick calls or not.

A poor man comes to-day and begs the "doctor" to go and see his little boy. Hoping to have the opportunity of baptizing the child, we eagerly respond to his desire. How heart-rending is the sight of the gloomy hovel, where three little children, one of eight, the four-year-old sick boy, and a baby, eight months old, are on the kang, shivering with the cold. Their mother, hired as a nurse in a wealthy family, comes home but once a week; and their father, a pedler, after spending the day in the city, returns at night to prepare the supper — a very meagre one! Misery reigns in this home; however, the little ones are cheerful and good.

After treating the poor sick child, we pour the Saving Waters on the brow of a little dying baby that is brought to us by its mother. Thus, we have the consolation of relieving the physical sufferings of one little child and of assuring eternal happiness to another.

**Tuesday, February 9**

A beggar-woman asks us to kindly come and see her little girl who was hit by a truck. "Since the accident," she said, "I have asked every doctor of the city to treat my child; but, as I have no money to pay them, they have all refused. The last one on whom I called advised me to come to the Catholic Mission, assuring me that my little girl would be well cared for here. That is why I have come." "I shall follow you immediately," answers Sister. The woman is quite surprised and happy to see that the foreign "doctor" disturbs herself for a poor woman, and she cannot help praising her devotedness. The occasion is most favourable to speaking of God and His infinite goodness. The Sister-Infirmarian profits by it and, to her great joy, the woman decides to come and reside at the Mission.

**Wednesday, February 17**

On account of illness, a child, a few days old, is thrown into a sewer. A passer-by, seeing the little child, notifies a Christian who takes it to the

Mission. The Sister-Infirmarian remarks a little piece of bamboo in the skull of the child covered with blood. Without delay, the Regenerating Waters are poured on the brow of the unfortunate little one, who soon after wings its flight to Heaven. Is not its happiness due to the prayer or sacrifice of some unknown soul desirous of helping the missionaries?...

### **Saturday, February 20**

Recently, we received in the Home an old woman, fifty-seven years of age, suffering from dropsy. Seven months ago, she flew into a rage over some disagreement with her husband; and, while still exceedingly heated, she drank a large quantity of water. After a few days, she began swelling and swelling until she became enormous. It is the most serious case of dropsy that we have ever seen. We performed a paracentesis; twelve quarts of fluid were removed; and the treatment is not yet finished. This unfortunate woman has the happiness of assisting every day at the explanation of the Christian Doctrine. Great is our gratitude towards God, Who draws good from evil! Had this accident not happened, this woman would probably have never known about our Holy Religion.

### **Friday, March 12**

We are completing our busy day by a visit to a place seven *li* from here. It is the sixth one that we have made already to-day. The hundred patients treated at the Dispensary, the injections given, and all the other work inherent in missionary life give us a good day's work to offer to our Divine Master. May He bless our labour!

### **Monday, March 29**

A tuberculous child of eleven is sent to us. We have no hopes of curing her, but we wish to save her soul; and, for this reason, we invite her to remain at the Mission with her mother. As the parents have already heard about religion, it is easy for us to speak of the matter. The best of care will be given to her daily, while the study of the Catholic Doctrine will prepare her to enter into the Church.

Charity plays a great part in the conversion of pagans; however, lack of funds often prevent the missionaries from realizing their apostolic desires. Oh! if all those who are favoured with fortune would only help the unfortunate!

### **Monday, April 5**

No happiness can be compared to that which Sister Marie Médiatrice<sup>(1)</sup> seems to enjoy this evening as she relates the events of the day. In her trips through the city, she has had the consolation of baptizing four dying babies. These little ones, after being given various Chinese medicines by the charlatans who had treated them and had then abandoned them, were finally shown to the Mission *doctor*. There was nothing else to be done for them but to purify them in the Baptismal Waters. After receiving this

1. Marie Aline MALOUIN, of Quebec.



signal grace, they took their flight to Heaven, where they will praise God during all eternity. How beautiful is our vocation and what sweet consolations it affords us!

### **Wednesday, April 7**

The mild weather now permits us to begin to vaccinate the children. As a good number of them are brought to us, we have the occasion of baptizing several.

### **Monday, April 19**

Last Saturday, we went to visit Mr. Tch'ang, who had been suffering violent headaches for some days past. After treating him, we gave him a short explanation of the Christian Doctrine.

This morning, our patient happily relates to us the dream that he had last night. "I saw," he says, "a charming lady clad in white, her eyes



IN FRONT OF THE RESIDENCE OF THE REVEREND PASTOR OF TUNGLEAO, MANCHUKUO. THE OLD MEN OF THE HOME WITH SISTER ST. BERNARDIN DE SIENNE, MISSIONARY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (ANTOINETTE FOISY, OF WATERLOO, P. Q.) AND A CHINESE HELPER.

were beautiful, her countenance radiant, and she was holding a lovely child in her arms. She said to me: 'Do not associate any longer with the devil; come with me and you will be very happy.' I followed her into a place dazzling with brilliancy, where there were many people who seemed to be most happy and peaceful. After contemplating this wonderful abode, I awoke, unfortunately, to find myself still here on the kang."

From this, we conclude that it was the Blessed Virgin that Mr. Tch'ang saw during his sleep, and we profit by the occasion to exhort him to become Christian. "Oh!" replies he, "of course, I shall be a Christian and, if you wish, baptize me immediately." As he is not in imminent danger, we give him a miraculous medal, so that the Blessed Virgin may continue

to watch over him, while he will be better instructed in our religion and prepared to receive the Sacrament of Baptism.

### **Wednesday, May 5**

At the Dispensary of Siao kai ki, where we go three times a week, there is a good deal of work but also much consolation. Many mothers who would not come to Tungleao on account of the distance, bring their babies there, and quite a number of these are baptized. We sometimes have the opportunity of visiting homes. This afternoon as we were preparing to return, a man clothed in rags came to ask us to go and see his wife, who was very ill with dysentery. Complying immediately with his desire, we accompany him to his home, the wretchedness of which is indescribable. Covered with only a few rags, the mother is lying on the kang with two little children weak with hunger. We give the patient some medicine to relieve her and prolong her life a little; and, as we cannot, despite our desire, remain longer with these poor unfortunates to console them in their affliction, we promise them to send the catechist, who will teach them the Catholic Doctrine, source of true consolation.

### **Monday, May 31**

Report of the Dispensaries of Tungleao from January to May, 1937, inclusive. (The Dispensaries were closed sixteen days in the month of February.)

Baptisms.....	146	Patients.....	11,856	Treatments.....	22,595
Teeth extracted.....	66	Homes visited...	378	Vaccinations.....	331

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*Gleanings from the Diary of our Sisters, Missionaries to Taonan*

COME QUICKLY!

### **Tuesday, March 9, 1937**

While we were attending to the numerous patients of the Dispensary, a young man urged us to go and visit his sick wife. "Come quickly," said he, "she is dying." We left immediately and, arriving there, we met the relatives and friends coming out of the house, wiping their eyes and shaking their heads. "It is useless to go any farther," said they. "She is dead." We insisted on going to her, just the same, but they persisted in refusing to let us pass. Our helper succeeded, however, in entering the house, and, noticing one of her acquaintances in the assembly, she addressed her a few friendly words and finally asked if it would not be advantageous to let the Sister-Infirmarian come in. Thereupon, we were invited to enter. Scarcely had we approached the so-called dead person, when, to the great astonishment of all the persons present, she opened her eyes. She even answered our questions intelligently and accepted the miraculous medal



that we offered her. She then acknowledged that she had already had the intention of becoming a Catholic, when she was young, but that she had never thought about it since. However, as she expressed her desire to become at last a child of God, we poured the Regenerating Waters upon her brow. Scarcely had we finished pronouncing the sacramental words: "Margaret, I baptize thee, etc." when the sick woman relapsed into her comatose condition. This is another example of God's infinite mercy towards souls.

#### IN A CART DRAWN BY A DONKEY...

### Thursday, March 18

A farmer came from a distance of several *li* to beg our Sister-Infirmarian to go and visit his son who was very sick. His cart, to which were harnessed a donkey and two mules, was at the gate. The weather was fine. It was a good day for a trip in the country; so we took our places in the cart and off we went. Needless to say, this kind of vehicle, with its axle which turns with the wheels, is an excellent means of facilitating the digestion.

After an hour's jolting, we came to an earthen house. On entering, we found lying on the kang an unfortunate little boy, who had been suffering from tuberculosis for four years and whose body was covered with sores. While we were preparing medicine for him, we asked him if he believed in God and if he wished to become His child. He answered affirmatively, for his sister, a catechumen, had already taught him the principal truths of our Holy Religion. After having him recite an Act of Faith, the Lord's Prayer and the Angelical Salutation, we poured the Saving Waters on his brow and named him Joseph Camillus.

#### INTERESTING LITTLE LADS

### Wednesday, April 7

Very interesting was the twelve-year-old boy who was carried to the Dispensary on the back of his mother, fifty years old. Covered with tuberculous sores, the youth was terribly thin. He examined the Sister-Infirmarian, and his big questioning eyes denoted anxiety and hope. "Doctor, can I be cured?" he asked, in a touching voice. "You must come for a treatment every day," we answered, "and place all your trust in God. He alone is the Dispenser of health and life." At these words, the mother and child were all eyes and ears to grasp the meaning of our reply. We gave a miraculous medal to the sick boy, who joyfully accepted it and promised to invoke with confidence the beautiful Lady represented thereon.

Another little lad, not less interesting, came also to be treated to-day for tuberculosis of the bones with which he has been threatened for several years. Intelligent and proud like those of his condition, he carries his head high, though he is not disdainful. He looked sympathetically at the numerous sufferers in the treatment room, but did not say a word to any person.

He awaited the moment when Sister, who was dressing a sore, raised her eyes; then, smiling, he bowed to her. After auscultating him, we offered him a remedy which usually pleases the patients: injections; but he refused them. "I do not wish to be pricked," declared he. Soon after, changing his mind, he courageously accepted the treatment; then, expressing his gratitude by a profound bow, he withdrew.

#### A NARROW ESCAPE

##### Saturday, May 8

Holding the baby by its two feet, the father was about to hurl it to the ground, when the Sister-Infirmarian arrived. The little victim was but a few hours old when its mother expired; and the father, like a good pagan, holding it responsible for the death of his wife, sought to avenge his grief upon it. With the help of her companion, Sister succeeded in saving the baby from the hands of the unfortunate husband, and they joyfully returned with their precious burden. This evening, the little one was taken to the church and baptized under the name of Madeline. Until we can find her a nurse, she will share the cot of Juliana, another orphan three months old, who also was rescued by the Sister-Infirmarian, just as she was about to be crushed by her father.

#### A WORD ABOUT THE BOARDING SCHOOL

Every year, our Boarding School is so crowded that it would be impossible to accept a greater number of pupils. It was only by her ingenuous entreaties that a nine-year-old girl obtained her admission. Upon her arrival, she was told that unfortunately there was no room left; but she did not consider herself beaten. She had met our Sisters at the Eastern Dispensary and, confident that we would help her to obtain her admission, she came to the Convent. "Sister," she said, "I beg you to consider the question, for I wish to become a Catholic and be baptized." Finding the child very bright, we consulted the Pastor, who came himself and acceded to her desire.

One of the boarders, who was baptized last Christmas, has spoken to us of the hope she cherishes of converting her father and mother. "They wish to be instructed in the Catholic Religion," she told us. "On last New Year's Day, none of the usual superstitions were practised in the house, for mamma knew that it would grieve me. She even endeavoured to know what would be most pleasing to me." Thus, by their influence, our pupils can do very much good in their homes.

On the 12th of June, the boarders gave a nice concert in honour of Reverend Father Bonin, whose patronal feast was the following day. A festival song opened the entertainment. Then came a little play entitled: "On the Way to Martyrdom" followed by a dialogue: "The Lost Child." A song by two little girls brought the entertainment to a close. Father Bonin addressed encouraging words of thanks and congratulation to the pupils.

The final examinations began on the 8th of July. Every one studied



earnestly with the ambition of coming first. Each evening, all recited three Hail Marys to ask the Blessed Virgin's help. Some had even put miraculous medals in their books. Vacation began on the 18th, and merrily they all went to spend two weeks at home, excepting five whose parents live too far away. These were very resigned, and we did all that we could to amuse them, during the absence of their companions. One of the great pleasures that were given them was to have their photo taken by Sister Thérèse d'Avila<sup>(1)</sup>. You will see them watering the flowers in the garden with Sister St. Pierre de la Croix<sup>(2)</sup>, who also amused them by telling them stories. The explanation of the illustrated Catechism was an agreeable pastime for them.

Early in August, the pupils returned full of enthusiasm to resume their studies.

Report of the Dispensary of Taonan from January to July, 1937, inclusive:

Baptisms.....256			
Patients.....19,866	Treatments....26,098	Dressings.....5,377	
Teeth extracted... 98	Homes visited... 781	Vaccinations..... 254	

Report of the Dispensary of Tong T'ang from January to July, 1937, inclusive:

Baptisms.....64			
Patients.....6,439	Treatments....10,876	Dressings.....4,121	
Teeth extracted... 44	Homes visited... 93	Vaccinations..... 88	

\*  
\* \*

## VANCOUVER

*A few incidents of the apostolic life  
of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception  
at St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Vancouver.*

The Mission at Vancouver, which has been assigned to us by Divine Providence, represents China and Japan in miniature; for our Hospital here has been founded for immigrants of these two nations. It will not be astonishing, therefore, if the subject of our chat is, sometimes, a little Nippon or, again, an inhabitant of the Celestial Empire. Both will interest you, we are sure, for each has a soul made to the image and likeness of our Heavenly Father.

On the second of last January, our good Berchmans, of whom we have already spoken to you and who has been a patient here for seven years, had an attack of apoplexy. He was anointed and, after receiving a last absolution, peacefully expired.

1. Thérèse SAUVE, of Ste. Scholastique.

2. Sidonia ROUSSEL, of Montreal.



A GROUP OF OLD MEN AT THE ORIENTAL HOSPITAL OF VANCOUVER.



The places in the Hospital are not long vacant. Two days after Berchmans' death, another Chinese, forty-five years old, arrived. After gambling away his fortune, he had lost his mind, and he was in such a pitiful condition that we received him unhesitatingly in the hope of winning his soul to God. In the solitude of his private room, he continued discoursing loudly upon business matters, as if surrounded by a crowd of interlocutors. Strange to say, this insane man, who seemed to be completely deprived of his senses, became peaceful and smiling whenever we spoke to him of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. Taking advantage of this circumstance, we exhorted him to be sorry for his sins and to accept Baptism which he received with joy.

In the month of January, Bartholomew gave us great anxiety. Three serious hemorrhages, caused by ulcers of the stomach, led us to believe that we were going to lose him; but, when evening came, the dear patient so insisted on having his supper that it could be easily seen that he had no intention of dying so soon.

Little Tony whom we received last year in danger of death, has passed away. He is greatly missed by the patients, whom he cheered by his merry prattle and childish songs. An eight-year-old boy has come to take his place. The poor little one does not cease to sob and repeat in a plaintive voice: "I go home;" but, unfortunately, he has no longer any home. His mother is dead and his father, who lives in the country, used to leave him with friends who were willing to keep him. Through lack of necessary care, he has never grown any taller than a four-year-old child, and it is pitiful to see him.

"Stealers of paradise" often pass through the Hospital. A Japanese, twenty two years old, after only two days here, was given his passport to Heaven. He arrived one morning, very ill. Seeing him in danger, we instructed him without delay in the principal truths of our holy Religion, and he was baptized under the names Joseph Charles Edward. Perfectly conscious to the last, he peacefully passed away.

These miracles of God's infinite Mercy make us long for a hospital large enough to receive all the poor sufferers who come to our door. At present, new patients cannot be admitted until some of the actual patients die or return home. We hope that St. Joseph will help us to realize our project of construction. During the month of May, we had to throw down the walls of a passage and two little rooms in order to be able to receive four new patients. Thus, every corner is occupied.

This year, the Catholics of Vancouver had the great happiness of seeing a Community of Anglican Sisters of the city abjure error and embrace the true Faith. A Protestant minister also became Catholic.

On the Thursday of Easter week, we had the pleasure of witnessing another conversion. One of our helpers, a young Ukrainian of sixteen, made her First Communion. Having come from Alberta while still quite young, she had not had the chance of being instructed in her religion. As she speaks English, one of the Sisters taught her the Catechism. Being naturally good and piously inclined, she had no difficulty in applying herself

to her Christian duties. We shall probably have also the consolation of instructing her brothers and sisters, who are all good children. Even the baby, to whom we have given a miraculous medal, often offers her precious talisman to her mother, saying coaxingly: "Mamma, kiss sweet Mary, kiss again sweet Mary."

The patients who are brought to us are not always as meek as angels. Murakami, who now patiently endures the sufferings that God sends him, was brought to us after a serious hemorrhage, which he had while in prison. In a fit of violence, he seized the throat of one of his companions, and the doctor ordered him to leave the Hospital. He returned a second time, to

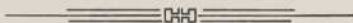


IN THE GARDEN OF ST. JOSEPH'S ORIENTAL HOSPITAL,  
VANCOUVER, B. C.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: SISTER ST. WILFRID (FLORENCE DAUPHINAIS, OF FLETCHER, ONT.), SISTER AGNES OF JESUS, SUPERIOR, (MARGARET SHERRY, OF MONTREAL), SISTER MARIE GABRIELLE (EVANGELINE GIGUERE, OF QUEBEC). TWO CHINESE OF THE OLD FOLKS' HOME AND LITTLE MOSAKA, JAPANESE PATIENT.

be sent away again on account of his reprehensible character. Grace finally vanquished this wretch who, since his conversion, is quite another man. He does not cease bewailing his misdeeds and begging the Sister-Infirmarian to pray for him. How wonderful is the power of grace!

In the month of April, our dear Sister St. Wilfrid<sup>(1)</sup>, who came a short time ago from the Mother House with Sister Marie Gabriel<sup>(2)</sup>, had the happiness of pouring the Baptismal Waters upon the brow of a Japanese girl, Miss Tomiye Koyamagi, whom she named Mary Delia Germaine. She was glad to have baptized her; for, the next day, the Buddhistic patients surrounded her bed reciting prayers and performing the ceremonies of their religion.



To love God is a great thing; but to make others love Him, so great, that it is a joy ever fresh and new each day.

*Father Faber.*

1. Florence DAUPHINAIS, of Fletcher, Ont.

2. Evangeline GIGUERE, of Quebec.



# Extracts FROM THE Novitiate Chronicles

*Dedicated to our dear Parents*



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

*St. Bernard.*

## Saturday, October 2

The mortal remains of our lamented Mother St. Gustave<sup>(1)</sup>, first Assistant General of the Community, those of our dear Sisters St. Elzéar<sup>(2)</sup>, Ste. Cécile<sup>(3)</sup>, Ste. Anne Marie<sup>(4)</sup> and Marie du Divin Cœur<sup>(5)</sup>, and also Mrs. MacKenzie, our devoted benefactress — all interred at Côte des Neiges — were removed to our cemetery last Tuesday, September 28.

Our dear Sister Assistant General, with a few Sisters of the Mother House and the personnel of the Novitiate, attended the ceremony which was presided over by Reverend Father Chaumont, Assistant General of the Foreign Mission Society. After the *Libera* and the Absolution, the coffins and graves were blessed; and as soon as our dear departed ones were lowered into their last resting-place, we sang to our Heavenly Mother the hymn of confident supplication, *Salve Regina*.

Today, our dear Sisters buried at St. Vincent de Paul: Sister St. Lucie<sup>(6)</sup>, Sister Eugénie de Jesus<sup>(7)</sup>, Sister Marie Georges<sup>(8)</sup> and Sister Madeleine de Béthanie<sup>(9)</sup>, have been brought to the cradle of their religious life, where they, too, will await, in peaceful slumber, the eternal awakening.

We entreat our elder Sisters, who were so deeply imbued with the spirit of our Institute, to be our advocates before the Throne of the Most High, and we beg those who, while still novices, have gone to receive in Heaven the nuptial crown, to obtain for us the grace of being faithful until death to our vocation, so that we may be admitted, like them, to the virginal cortège of missionaries of the Immaculate Virgin.

## Thursday, October 7

On this beautiful feast of the Most Holy Rosary, the decoration of the chapel, suggestive of a touching symbolism, reminds us of the mysteries on which we meditate each day during the recitation of the rosary: the pink bouquets recalling the joyful mysteries; the red roses, the sorrowful mysteries and the golden roses, the glorious. May our daily *Aves*, be received by our Heavenly Mother as so many charming flowers fragrant with the sweet perfume of love and gratitude.

1. Joséphine MONTMARQUET, of Montreal.

3. Léontine LAMOTHE, of St. Ours.

5. Maria GAGNON, of Sacré Cœur, Beauce Co.

7. Méléline CARON, of Montmagny.

9. Madeleine PIGEON, of Quebec.

2. Angelina LABRANCHE, of St. Majoric.

4. Annette GALLIPOLI, of Montreal.

6. Claire LANGLOIS, of Ste. Claire, Dorchester Co.

8. Marguerite ROUTHIER, of Ste. Foy, Que.

As we spent in the silence of the monthly retreat the Solemnity of the Holy Rosary which coincided with the feast of our Patron, St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, we were hoping that to-day would be a holiday; but our hopes vanished at the sound of the bell calling a group of novices to class at nine o'clock, as usual. We hastened to offer this little disappointment to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary with the intention of addressing her, during our work, as many invocations and prayers as we would have pronounced joyful words during the recreation that we had hoped to take in her honour. But our Blessed Mother, satisfied with our intentions, sent us, by our Mistress, a pleasant *Deo Gratias*, which was doubly welcome to us on account of our having just sacrificed it.

### **Wednesday, October 20**

Several days of this beautiful month consecrated to the Blessed Virgin are also special feasts in her honour: the 11th, her divine Maternity; the 16th, her virginal Purity; and to-day, *Mater Admirabilis*.

Like children taking advantage of every occasion to manifest their love for their mother, we joyfully greet these blessed dates, and we endeavour to console our Heavenly Mother for the ingratitude of so many who are also her children but who seem to be indifferent to this glorious title.

### **Sunday, October 24**

What fervent prayers do we offer on this Sunday of the Propagation of the Faith to obtain that all Catholics be animated with the missionary spirit and stimulated to devote themselves to the evangelization of the pagan world; that abundant blessings be showered upon the small army of apostles who, throughout the whole world, are combating for Christ; that missionary vocations may be ever more numerous; and, finally, that we ourselves who, despite our unworthiness, have been chosen for the apostolate, may generously accomplish God's holy designs.

### **Monday, November 1**

It is always with eagerness that we await the morning of All Saints' Day, for it is understood that the first saint who comes to our mind, at the moment of our awakening, is to be our protector during the coming year. We consider this to be not a result of chance, but an effect of the maternal solicitude of the Blessed Virgin, who chooses from the Heavenly Court a new Patron for each one of us. St. Isidore, the labourer, becomes for this year, the Patron of our dear Mistress, who is happy to confide to him the culture of our souls.

At half past two, we sing Vespers, after which we begin the indulgenced visits for the faithful departed. We shall continue making them as numerous as possible to-morrow, which will be devoted to our monthly retreat. Is not the thought of death and of the purifying flames of Purgatory very efficacious in exciting our fervour and fortifying us in our good resolutions.





# *The Children's Page*

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

Now that winter has come, the days are short, because the sun rises late and sets early; the bleak north wind has stripped Nature of its summer charms; the earth is covered with a mantle of dazzling whiteness; and the little birds have gone to seek, in other climes, balmy breezes, verdant bowers and sparkling waters.

If the days are short, the nights are long, especially for little children, who fall asleep with the early gathering shadows to awaken only when the morning sunbeams are already caressing their candid brows and playing in their golden curls.

It is Divine Providence Who wills that the days be short and the nights long, in order to afford the earth relaxation from its strenuous summer labour.

All creatures, docile to the laws of nature, take advantage of this rest: the plants which, in autumn, seemed to have died away, are only slumbering under the snowy mantle which covers them; the insects have enclosed themselves in their cosy nests to enjoy the long winter's nap; and the animals, huddled snugly together in their shelters, share the universal repose. Man also is not exempted from the natural need of greater rest to restore his exhausted strength; it is why the winter evenings find each family gathered around the glowing hearth, in pleasant restfulness.

Besides this advantage and others, too, winter, although very cold, has many charms, as you will see in the following.

One beautiful spring day, Julius was playing in his home garden. The air was fragrant with the sweet perfume of lilacs and apple-blossoms. Little flowers, here and there on the green downy lawn, were opening their pretty corollas to the sun; the insects, awakened from their winter sleep, were chirping gaily. Overjoyed by it all, the little fellow remarked to his father who was watching his childish sports: "Papa, spring is the season that I like best. Why did God make winter, instead of letting it be always spring-time?"

His father, ever solicitous for his son's formation, wished to profit by this occasion to give him a practical lesson. Taking a note-book from his pocket, he called him and said: "Write on this page what you have just said."

Julius wrote very carefully: "Spring is the season that I like best. Why did God make winter instead of letting it be always springtime?" Then,

off he went after a butterfly, quite forgetful of what he had just done.

After some months, spring had gone and summer had come again, with vacation-time and its picnics and pleasant excursions in the fields and woods. Julius enjoyed himself so much that he could not resist exclaiming, one day: "My! what a pity that it is not always summer!"

His father, immediately opening his note-book at a new page, presented it to him, saying: "Write these words down, Julius." And the boy wrote: "What a pity that it is not always summer!"

But gradually summer mellowed into autumn. The trees and shrubs were soon despoiled of their richly tinted foliage; the pretty flowers all disappeared; and the chirping of the grasshoppers was no longer to be heard. With the disparition of summer charms, however, came the reaping of autumn riches: the fruits and vegetables were gathered in great abundance. Julius, who was very fond of apples and grapes, was delighted to see them in such great quantities.

"That is one of autumn's gifts," remarked his father. "Do you not like this season?"

"Oh! yes, Papa," answered the boy, "I like autumn very much. I like it better than all the other seasons!"

"Well, I have not seen your progress in writing for a long time. Come and write that sentence in my note-book."

On another white page, Julius, with a steady hand, traced the words: "I like autumn better than all the other seasons."

The fallen leaves had entirely covered the ground with a gorgeous carpet of scarlet and gold. The trees, with their long bare branches extended towards the sky, seemed to be expecting something new, when, from the clouds, came fluttering down pearly flakes, like so many tiny stars, alighting here and there and soon becoming so numerous that, in a short time, the earth seemed clad in a mantle of ermine. It was winter...

Julius received a sled, snow-shoes and skates from his father, in reward for his good conduct at home and at school. How happy he was and how he enjoyed the sports!...

But, a little later, when the winter was drawing to a close and the ice was beginning to melt, he was vexed because he could no longer skate. To his good father, who reproached him for his ill-humour, he replied, by way of excusing himself, "Winter has passed so quickly!"

"Come, my child," said the father, "and jot that down in my note-book."

Julius did so... Then, his father, turning over the pages of his memorandum, added, "Read this now." Very much surprised, Julius read the four declarations written by himself and long since forgotten.

"Spring is the season that I like best. Why did God make winter instead of letting it be always springtime?"

What a pity that it is not always summer!

I like autumn better than all the other seasons.

Winter has passed so quickly!"



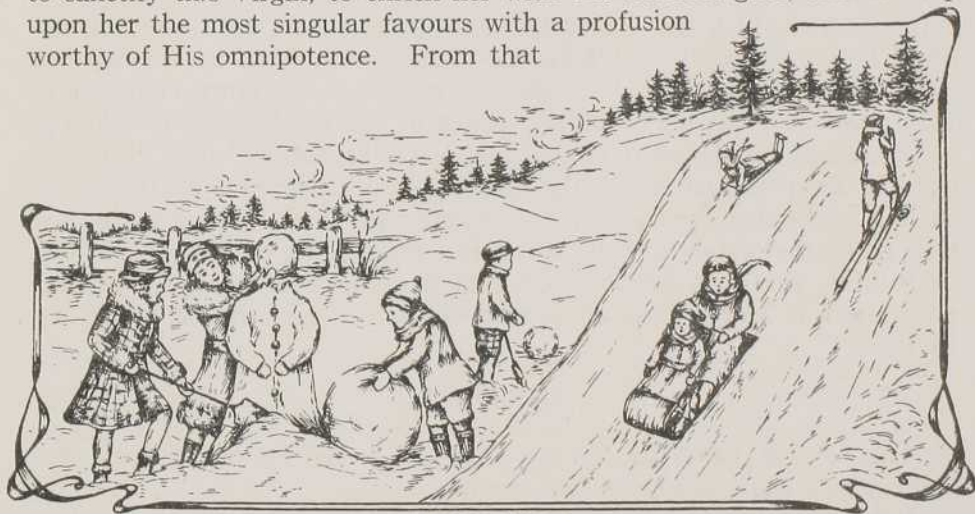
"See," said the father, recalling to his son the circumstances in which these lines had been written, "see how inconsiderate our words sometimes are. Learn to reflect before speaking and to praise God Who has done all things well and Who has made the seasons so appropriate to all our needs."

Let us, also, dear Children, learn to appreciate the beauties and benefits of the seasons, without excepting the charms of winter with its jolly sleigh-rides over the whitened roads; its merry sports in the fields of untrodden snow, when the air is crisp and bracing.

With the return of the beautiful winter season, come also the pious solemnities which fill all Christian hearts with joy: The Immaculate Conception, Christmas, New Year's, the Epiphany, etc.

#### THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

In this feast, we celebrate the first appearance which the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, that most glorious of all pure creatures, made in the world, with those first seeds of grace which produced the most admirable fruit in her soul. Her Immaculate Conception was itself a glorious mystery, a great grace, and the first effect of her predestination. Her Divine Son, the eternal God, in the first moment of her being, considered the sublime dignity to which He had decreed to raise her, and remembered that august, dear, sacred, and venerable name of His mother, which she was one day to bear; and He beheld her with a complacency, and distinguished her in a manner, suitable to so near a relation she was to bear. He called her not His servant in whom He gloried, as He did Israel, but His mother, whom for the sake of His own glory He decreed to exalt in grace and glory. From that instant the eternal Word of God, Which was to take flesh of her, looked upon it as particularly incumbent on Him, in the view of His future Incarnation, to sanctify this Virgin, to enrich her with His choicest gifts, and to heap upon her the most singular favours with a profusion worthy of His omnipotence. From that



WINTER SPORTS

very moment He prepared her to be His most holy tabernacle.

When Almighty God commanded a temple to be built to His honour in Jerusalem, what preparations did He not ordain! What purity did He not require in the things that belonged to that work, even in the persons and materials that were employed in it! Again, what purifications, consecrations, rites, and ceremonies did He not order to sanctify all the parts of the building! This for a material temple, in which the ark was to be placed, and men were to offer their homages and sacrifices to His adorable Majesty. What then did He not do for Mary in spiritually decking her, who was to be His living tabernacle, His Mother! It is an undoubted truth that she was sanctified and freed from original sin before she was born, and that she was brought forth into this world in a perfect state of sanctity. In this mystery she appeared

pure and glorious, shining among the daughters of Adam as a lily among the thorns. To her from the moment of her conception God said: "*Thou art all beautiful, my love, and there is no spot in thee.*" She was the *enclosed garden*, which the serpent could never enter; and the *sealed fountain* which he never defiled. "*Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array!*" These words we may understand as spoken by the angels at the first glorious appearance of the Mother of God, astonished to behold her, after the dismal night of darkness and sin, as the morning rising, beautiful as the moon, shining as the sun, decked with the brightest ornaments of grace, and terrible to all the powers of hell, as the face of an army drawn up in battle.

Saluting her with the whole Church, let us exclaim in praise and supplication: "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!"

#### CHRISTMAS

This festival, more than all the others, is longed for by the little ones and is also a cause of joy to their parents.

It is attractive on account of the sublime mysteries and scenes which



*Happy is the child who, by his prayers, sacrifices and holy desires, disposes his heart for the coming of the Infant Jesus; he will receive abundant blessings.*



it recalls to us: Jesus, the supreme Beauty and Love, Son of God, King of Heaven, become a little Child and laid in a manger; Mary, Joseph and the shepherds kneeling before Him in adoration; above the stable, angels descending from on high, that blessed night, and singing: "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will!"

It is rich in precious graces, which Jesus brings to the earth and bestows upon all well-disposed hearts. Oh! happy is the child who, by his prayers, sacrifices and holy desires, disposes his heart for the coming of the Infant Jesus; he will receive abundant blessings.

Its gift-giving, and the stockings hanging near the chimney and filled with pleasant surprises leave in the minds of the children impressions never to be forgotten.

#### NEW YEAR'S DAY

This festival is both solemn and joyous: solemn, because the Church then celebrates the Circumcision of the Infant Jesus Who, on that occasion, shed the first drops of His blood for us; joyous, because the Divine Child then received the Name of Jesus, that all-powerful Name by which we are saved from eternal reprobation, that most holy Name in which every knee should bow, of those that are in Heaven, on earth, and under the earth.

It is solemn also because it brings to a close a year which has fled never to return and, placing us on the threshold of a new year, it reminds us that we are rapidly approaching the end of our career. It shows to us here and there the places left vacant by those whom we have known and loved and who are no more. It makes us reflect on the years gone by which God had given us to know, love, and serve Him, and merit thereby eternal happiness.

It is joyous moreover because a new year brings new hopes which entertain peace and joy in our hearts. For this reason, we exchange wishes on this day and we beg God, Giver of all gifts, to bestow upon all, His divine treasures.

Now, dear Children, let me conclude by heartily wishing you the Divine Child's choicest blessings for the New Year.

*Your Great Friend,*

THE PRECURSOR.

#### THE LEGEND OF THE PINK PEARL

No city in the rich country of Ophir was to be compared to superb Cariathsame, the city of the hundred marble palaces. No other royal dwelling equalled in magnificence that of the richest and most respected prince in the country, Melchior Sadi, with whom none could rival in learning and wisdom.

None of that wealthy Oriental's inestimable treasures was so precious and dear to him as the little princess Azuba. She was as beautiful as a flower kissed by the morning dew, and her brilliant eyes had never shed a tear.

Azuba had lost her mother at birth, but her father's love was everything to her. Patient and devoted, he had watched, day and night, over her cradle and had let her play with his caskets of gold and diamonds which she enjoyed pouring out on the flag-stones. Willingly, he would have sacrificed his riches and comfort to satisfy her every desire and fancy. Besides his daughter, whom he loved passionately, the only object of his attention was the clear evening sky, studded with brilliant stars, in which the prince Melchior Sadi, like his forefathers, sought the manifestation of God.

In the remotest corner of his immense garden, rich in palms and sweet-scented laurels, he had built a lofty tower rising above all the other monuments of the city. There, every evening, fatidical observer, he scrutinized the boundless firmament where, the twinkling stars, invisibly held in space by some mysterious influence, seemed to approach the earth.

Like his forefathers, Melchior also knelt and prayed: "O Lord, when art Thou to manifest Thyself? When will the star predicted by Balaam rise over the nations?" The prince did not attend the religious ceremonies held in the golden temples of Cariathsame; he belonged to the religion of mystery and expectation, of austere and vague tradition capable of attracting only a few privileged souls, men of character whose hearts cannot be satisfied with fleeting pleasures but who seek their happiness in the mysterious life to come.

Azuba was twelve years old, and her father's solicitude for her frail constitution had implanted in her soul the delicate and charming flower of compassion for the suffering and afflicted. In some cases, excessive happiness renders people selfish; in others, it produces a superabundance of charity which needs to communicate itself, as the overflowing source cannot resist spreading its clear waters over the surrounding earth. Thus with her benefits, the princess Azuba imparted to all around her, the joy of her pure innocent heart; the poor who received her royal alms went away consoled by her sweet smile which reflected love like incense emits perfume.

Now, one very hot day late in December, in that pleasant country where the frost and north wind are unknown, the young princess, followed by her servants, was passing lightly in the grove along the river like a graceful butterfly, when, suddenly, a woman appeared from behind a group of tamarinds laden with pink clusters. Everything about her indicated her extreme poverty, and the new-born child, that she was carrying, was miserably covered. She pressed him sadly to her motherly heart, and it was quite evident that she would have willingly shed all the tears of her sweet pleading eyes, if necessary, to protect him from even the least harm or pain.

"Oh! the lovely child!" exclaimed the princess, lifting the veil which covered his brow.

"He is poor," said the mother, "and he will have to suffer."

Azuba, startled, called out: "Zaredda, give me quickly something for this dear little one; perhaps, his mother has not a shelter for him."

"You gave everything to the beggars as we left the palace," answered the slave. "The purse which was full is now empty."

"Oh! I am sorry," said the child, with tear-filled eyes.



She hesitated for a moment; then, removing her necklace of rich pearls, one of which was a most rare jewel — perhaps, the only one of its kind to be found — a beautiful pink pearl of such delicate iridescence that it seemed like the petal of some exquisite flower borne there on the wings of the gentle zephir.

"I have only this," remarked the princess twining the light string of pearls around the tiny hands of the child, who had awakened and was smiling. "I am giving it to you, because I do not wish him to cry." she said, as she tenderly kissed the child's pink cheek.

The mother, touched by this princely gift, answered, "May God return it to you some day."

"What have you done, Azuba?" exclaimed the devoted Zaredda. Such a jewel for a poor woman! Have you forgotten how highly your father prizes this gem whose origin is unknown and which he purchased from a Persian who had inherited it from his ancestors. Let me detain this woman until I can exchange the jewel for a few gold pieces, which will be more useful to her."

"No," replied Azuba, musing, "I am glad that I have given my nicest pearl to this poor mother. Of what use to me are all the jewels that my father gives me, if I cannot relieve the poor and the suffering?"

Zaredda made no reply. She or any other in the palace had never thought of contradicting Azuba.

During this short dialogue, the young mother with her child had disappeared. In vain, the princess looked in every direction. "I am sorry," she said. "I should have liked to know who they were and whence they came... After all, God has sent them, and my father says that we must respect the secrets of the poor."

When Azuba returned to the palace at sunset, she inquired of the busy servants, "Where is my father?"

"In the tower, at the other end of the garden," was the answer, "and he has given orders to be left alone to-night."

"He is seeking the star," thought the child, as she let the women change her clothes and brush the dust off her light buskins. Then, she dismissed Zaredda, her faithful servant who scarcely ever left her more than did her shadow, and plunged into the obscurity of the garden.

Azuba was not timid. She had always been so tenderly protected that she did not know what fear was. She found the night enchanting. She loved its deep calm, weird sounds, indistinct odours and faint lights. She was the true daughter of the silent and meditative explorer of the starry firmament.

As she flitted through the laurels and daturas like a libellula, with the silver trimmings of her blue tunic glistening in the quivering moonlight, she could have been taken for the mysterious sylph of these quiet groves.

Without hesitating, the little princess pushed the cedar door inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and lightly ascended the stairway. The sound of her footsteps were deadened by the heavy Oriental carpet on the stairs.

When she reached the terrace which served Melchior Sadi as observatory

she suddenly paused a moment, trembling at the thought of her audacity.

Had not her father said that he was not to be disturbed? But, had he ever turned away the child who loved him so dearly? Was there ever an order so severe that he did not modify it at her request? However, that night, what was there so imposing, so mysterious? Why this feeling of respectful apprehension which dominated her?

There, in the moonlight, she beheld the stately form of Melchior Sadi, motionless, his eyes raised towards the zenith. A silent breeze was gently swaying the majestic palms and playing in the folds of his long white tunic, but did not seem to cool his burning brow.

She heard him whisper: "What is going to happen? The sky seems to be disturbed by some strange influence. It is as if the heavenly bodies which have regularly followed their course for centuries were agitated. It is not yet midnight and the sun seems to be rising, yonder, in the lands of Judea..."

Melchior Sadi, stretching his arms towards Heaven, exclaimed: "Oh! mysterious and incomprehensible Lord, Thou Who rulest over the myriad stars, has the time come at last for the appearance of Thy promised sign? The planets are trembling and from the whole earth sighs and pleadings are rising towards Thee. Something prodigious is about to envelop the world. Manifest to us the Gift of Thine omnipotence; teach us Thy truth and guide us." As he lowered his hand, it encountered the silken hair of a child.

"Azuba, you here at this hour!" he exclaimed.

"Father," was her reply, "I wish to seek the star with you."

She was trembling, with emotion, no doubt, but also on account of the chilly nocturnal breeze. Her father, sitting down, took her in his arms and wrapped her in his long purple cloak.

Thus they remained enraptured by the supernatural influence of that mysterious night, meditating on the divine revelation transmitted to them by their ancestors.

"Father," softly inquired the child, "what will the star say?"

Solemnly, he repeated the prediction of Balaam, the son of Beor, his forefather: "A star shall rise out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel... Water shall flow out of his bucket and his seed shall be into many waters..."

Once again reigned the profound and mysterious silence. It seemed as though the expectation of thousands of years and countless generations were centered in this solemn hour, and weighed upon these vigilant souls.

All of a sudden, the earth was illuminated by a brilliant light. From the fathomless depths of heaven, appeared a dazzling meteor which eclipsed in splendour all the other heavenly bodies.

Azuba sprang to her feet amazed. "The star, father," she cried, "behold the star!"

The prince had fallen upon his knees in speechless adoration. The moment so long desired had come — that moment which had been the subject of his life-long meditations. Overcome by an emotion which sur-



passed all human strength, he remained dumbfounded and motionless.

But the child, standing in the beam of light emitted by this extraordinary star, lovingly watched it in its course through the firmament.

"Father," she said, "It is moving; it is going towards the Occident."

Melchior, to whom the numberless constellations were no longer a mystery, gazed for a long time upon that blessed star gliding majestically and gracefully through the sky like a magnificent ship on calm waters. A great desire took possession of his soul. He heard God's call and, as he had ever been awaiting this solemn moment, he rose unhesitatingly and said, "Let us follow the star."

Azuba's tender voice re-echoed, "Let us follow the star!"

A few minutes later, there was great excitement in the rich palace. There were torches everywhere; the slaves were hurrying to and fro; the elegant Arabian dromedaries, hastily awakened, were richly saddled and laden with a thousand precious objects.

Opening his treasure-house, Melchior Sadi declared: "I shall bring to the new-born King, my most precious treasures;" and he chose from the brilliant jewels, the sweet-scented perfumes, the sumptuous carpets, the costly silks and shining gold, all that was most beautiful and rare.

As he was finishing his preparations, he beheld before him Azuba, his cherished daughter, also ready for the departure. "You are too young for such a long journey," he said, caressing her auburn curls. "It is better for you to remain here."

"Oh! father, let us follow the star," she ardently replied.

He loved her so dearly that, as usual, he yielded to her desire. "For the new-born King, my most precious treasures," he repeated. "I have nothing more precious, nothing dearer to me than my pink pearl, my Azuba!"

Uttering these words, he noticed that the pearl necklace no longer adorned his little princess. "Dear child," he exclaimed, "what has become of the precious jewel that I gave you as a pledge of happiness? I no longer see it."

"It is in the hands of a poor little child and his mother," calmly answered Azuba. "I had nothing else with which to relieve them; so I gave them my happiness. If I still had it, I would bring it to the King of the Star."

"Why did you not ask me for gold, my child," he queried, "instead of giving this pearl, the only one of its kind in the world?"

"God will return it to me," she said smiling. "They promised me so."

Long before the dawn had illuminated the mountains of the East, Melchior Sadi's long line of camels was en route to the desert. Leading the way on a fleet-footed animal magnificently caparisoned, Melchior Sadi followed, not the curves of the road, but the luminous direction slowly traced in the sky by the star. Close by, a white dromedary gently bore Azuba and her faithful Zareda.

For many nights, the caravan advanced, interrupting its march during the day to permit the beasts to rest; and, as soon as the star appeared in the evening, Melchior Sadi hastened to resume the journey.

One night he was rejoined by the dark featured Jasper, the Ethiopian prince, and the aged Arabian Balthazar, the first of the Eastern Magi.

They also had left their far-off countries, to come in search of the newborn King announced by the star.

A few nights later, the quiet streets of the small city of Bethlehem were full of excitement. The inhabitants thronged to their doors to see the sumptuous Oriental caravan passing, but no one supposed its destination to be a poor grotto at the entrance of the city. The chiefs of the caravan themselves could not have indicated it, for they were simply following the star which had been leading them already for so many nights. This brilliant meteor was visible to them alone, doubtlessly, for no one else seemed to notice it.

The star passed over Bethlehem and stood over the place where the Child was — a poor stable, a kind of grotto. Not at all astonished at this poverty, no more than they had been dazzled by the heavenly brightness, the princes dismounted their superb dromedaries and entered the humble shelter.

They beheld the scene which has been the object of the world's adoration for nineteen centuries: a poor young Mother holding upon her knees the most beautiful Child that the earth has ever offered to heavenly contemplation. Those who had seen the star perceived a divine halo encircling the Child's brow and His government upon His shoulder.

Balthazar, the sage of sages, entered first, carrying a precious incense-burner filled with Arabian incense, whose fragrance was sweeter than that of the flowers. He prostrated himself on the bare, rough ground, until his white hair touched the earth: "Eternal and Almighty God," he uttered, "I adore Thee."

Beside him was Jasper, the African prince, holding in his dark-skinned hands, glittering gold, which he poured in a brilliant shower at the feet of the Mother and her Child. Kneeling in profound adoration, he exclaimed: "I believe in Thee, King of Heaven and earth!"

Melchior Sadi held in his trembling hands a delicate gold-encircled jasper vase containing, not the exquisite incense, but bitter myrrh.

What had they learnt during their long journey across the boundless stretches of sand, these three great kings of the earth, there in humble adoration before a feeble Child and His poor Mother? The star which had illuminated their way, had also enlightened their minds and had revealed to them the secrets of the Most High, while Jerusalem, the holy city had no knowledge of the prodigy which was accomplished so near Ephrata, and its rabbis, bent over the scrolls of the law and prophecies, read them over and over again without understanding them!... The star had not shone for them. You, O princes, from distant Ethiopia, Arabia and mysterious Ophir, you understand!!! Such is the privilege of those who generously follow the star, they go from light to light.

In his turn the prince of Cariatse utters these astonishing words: "I hope in Thee, Redeemer of the world, Thou Who hast become man to expiate our sins."

Thus, the three magi had accomplished their mission in proclaiming the great and threefold mystery...



From behind Melchior Sadi's purple mantle, appeared the white form of Azuba, the pearl of the Orient. Her father, knowing that all his treasures belonged to God, added in a voice trembling with emotion: "O you also, tender flower, lily of the valley, my most beautiful rose, the last scion of the son of Beor."

The candid child, so graceful in her gold-embroidered tunic, unconsciously dropped the costly jewels that she had brought for the King of the Star and, seeing herself empty-handed, she appeared for a moment somewhat grieved and confused.

The Virgin's smile reassured her and, suddenly understanding that she possessed a treasure which surpassed all the precious stones of the earth, the only treasure desired by the Holy Child of Bethlehem, she crossed her arms upon her heart and, in an ecstasy of joy, she affectionately rested her head upon the bare feet of the Son of Mary.

"I love Thee," she sweetly exclaimed.

Jesus smiled, His tiny hand blessed the candid brow of the princess Azuba, who suddenly perceived, shining in the Virgin's hands, the priceless necklace that she had given to the poor beggar-woman of Cariathsame. "God is returning it to you, dear child," said Mary lovingly. "To please my Son, keep your soul as pure as this nacre and as limpid as this pink pearl."

As a pledge of her love, Azuba kissed the divine feet, and thus, at Bethlehem in presence of Mary took place the Mystical Espousals between Jesus and the pure child of the Orient.

After those blessed days, the Magi secretly returned by the route which traversed the Idumea desert. The princess Azuba wore on her neck the mysterious pearls. She conserved, in her eyes, the heavenly vision which was to influence her whole life and, in her heart, the sweet Name that Mary had taught her to whisper: Jesus!

*(To be continued.)*

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## A Kind Interpretation

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Try to interpret the actions of others kindly. If a classmate uses a sharp tone in speaking to you, it is very probable that he or she did so unintentionally and now regrets it. You know how you sometimes speak brusquely without meaning to do so and the next moment are sorry for it. At such times you appreciate the kindness and gentleness of the friend who says, "You didn't mean it. You were busy and in a hurry and I don't mind." Try, then, to be just as considerate of others as you like others to be to you.

*The Field at Home.*

# Thanksgivings to the Blessed Virgin for favours 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.

Please find enclosed an offering in thanksgiving for a favour obtained. I wish to recommend to your prayers two special intentions. Mrs. E. J. H., **Johnsburg, Vt.** — I enclose the ransom price for four dying Chinese babies, in thanksgiving for favours received. Miss K. M., **Vancouver, B. C.** — Enclosed find small offering in thanksgiving for a favour received. Please continue praying for my intentions. Mr. C. E. S., **Campbellton, N. B.** — Enclosed find offering as a thanksgiving in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Please ask Our loving Mother to continue protecting us. Mrs. L. D., **North Malden, Ont.** — You will find herein, an offering for a lamp to be burned at Mary's shrine for a favour that has been obtained. M. L. B. — Kindly help us to thank the Blessed Virgin for her intercession and please pray for one of my sisters who is very ill. The offering enclosed is a token of my gratitude for favour obtained. Mrs. C. G., **Holyoke, Mass.** — I am enclosing an offering for lamps to burn in front of the statue of the Blessed Virgin, in thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Mrs. C. T., **Meriden, Conn.** — Enclosed you will find an offering promised by my daughter and myself if we obtained a favour asked through the intercession of our Heavenly Mother. Would you please make a novena for my intentions. I promise to send another contribution later if I receive the great favour I am asking. Mrs. J. R., **Hemmingford, Que.** — Enclosed find offering for a favour obtained. I wish to recommend to your good intentions a very special favour. Mrs. E. J. H., **St. Johnsbury, Vt.** — Enclosed please find offering in thanksgiving for a favour received. Please pray to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin and St. Ann, that I may regain my health, and also for another intention. Mrs. O. H., **Newport, Vt.** — The enclosed offering is a token of gratitude. My daughter has been successful in her examinations. Please pray that she may secure a good position. Mrs. E. C., **Webster, Mass.** — Sincere thanks for favour obtained. A Subscriber, **R. R.** — Lively gratitude for a grace obtained through the intercession of our Lady of Seven Dolours. Mrs. Arthur Barrette, **Montreal.** — I wish to acquit myself of my promise in gratitude for a benefit received. Mrs. A. Clark. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a position obtained. Mrs. U. J. G., **Montreal.** — Our Heavenly Mother has granted my request, I wish to thank her from the bottom of my heart. Mrs. L. R. C. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for work obtained. I beg her to continue protecting me. Mrs. D. Bellemare, **Shawinigan Bay.** — Homage of gratitude for great favours obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Mrs. J. B. Moreau, **St. Luke.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a cure obtained. Mrs. Gregory Veillette, **St. Narcisse.** — I thank the Blessed Virgin for having cured my headaches. Mrs. Wilfrid Faucher, **St. Ephrem.** — Grateful thanks to the Blessed Virgin for favour obtained. Mrs. J. Lizotte, **Cabano.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. A Subscriber. — Thanksgiving for a special favour. A Subscriber. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. A. Morin, **La Durantaye.** — Homage of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for favour received. Mrs. Louis Pichette, **St. Didace.** — Grateful thanks to the Blessed Virgin for favour received. Mrs. A. Beaudoin, **St. Felicien.** — Thanksgiving for favour received. Miss J. Lacerte, **Yamachiche.** — I am happy to acquit myself of my promise. It is the Blessed Virgin who has helped me to keep my position. Miss A. F. — Many thanks to the Blessed Virgin for the favours that she has obtained for me. Mrs. P. Roy. — Thanksgiving for favour received. Miss A. D., **Longue Pointe.** — I was greatly favoured at my work, and I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin. I. F., **Lewiston, Me.** — Our Lady of the Holy Rosary has not forgotten me during her month. New favours have been granted me for which I wish to thank her with all my heart. Mrs. J. E. B., **Johnsbury, Vt.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Mrs. H. P., **Montreal.** — Many thanks to God and the Immaculate Virgin for a grace obtained. Miss Y. M., **St. Césaire.** — Lively gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin for her motherly protection. I beg her to continue assisting me. A. C., **Brunswick, Me.** — Sincere thanks to the Immaculate Virgin for the benefits she has bestowed upon us. M. G., **Deschambault.** — Kindly help me to thank our Heavenly Mother who grants me so many favours. A. C. — Thanksgiving to Mary! A. Pigeon, **Montreal-Nord.** — Thanksgiving for a favour obtained. Mrs. F. L., **St. Placide.** — Having obtained my request, I gladly acquit myself of my promise. Mrs. G. L., **La Providence.** — It is a duty for me to proclaim the kindness of Mary. Kindly continue praying for all my loved ones. F. B., **St. Joseph de Cléricky.** — A thousand thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour received. Mrs. S. D., **Contrecoeur.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favours received. We wish to obtain other graces. Mrs. E. D. — My health has greatly improved. Kindly help me to thank the Blessed Virgin and ask her to make me recover my



health entirely. Mrs. C. V., **Ville St. Pierre**. — Very grateful thanks for favour received. Miss A. A., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks to our Heavenly Mother for a favour received through her intercession. Mrs. L. D., **Montreal**. — I wish to express my sincere thanks to the Blessed Virgin and beg her to obtain other favours for me. J. C., **Taunton, Mass.** — My most lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, I have obtained my cure. M. A. T., **Shawinigan Falls**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained. Mrs. W. T., **Hérouxville**. — I have obtained the position that I desired. Kindly publish my thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother. R. V., **Cote St. Paul**. — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for favours received. We hope that she will continue to intercede for us so that we may remain in good health, that our work may be blessed and that we may obtain all the graces of which we stand in need. Mrs. J. L., **St. Pierre de l'Isle d'Orleans**. — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favour received. Mrs. J. H., **St. Valentin**. — My throat is perfectly cured. Thanks to our Heavenly Mother! Mrs. M. L., **Henrysburg**. — Thanksgiving for favour obtained. Mrs. J. R., **Victoriaville**. — A thousand thanks to our Heavenly Mother for her maternal protection. Mrs. C. E. B., **Montreal**. — Thanks to the Blessed Virgin! My husband has found work. I beg our Blessed Mother to continue protecting us. Mrs. A. Lussier, **Montreal**. — My little girl who suffered from lung trouble, was cured by the application of the miraculous medal. Kindly help us to thank the Blessed Virgin and beg her to grant my child a perfect recovery, for she is not very strong yet. Mrs. P. D., **St. Antoine**. — Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Mother for favour received. Mrs. A. C., **Sherbrooke**. — The Blessed Virgin has granted my request. I thank her from the bottom of my heart and now beg her to obtain a position for my husband. Mrs. R. B., **Montreal**. — Heartfelt thanks for protection at my work. Mrs. L. A. L., **Northbridge, Mass.** — Lively gratitude for favour obtained and petition for other favours. Mrs. F. C., **Montreal**. — Thanksgiving for cure obtained. Mrs. I. McMitchell, **Ville Emard**. — Graces being lavished upon me, I do not wish to be ungrateful and am happy to publish my thanksgiving. J. M., **Ville Emard**. — Thanksgiving for favour received. I beg for a very special grace. H. B. P., **Fort Kent, Me.** — Sincere thanks for position obtained. J. R. — The Blessed Virgin has granted me the grace to have a class. I wish to thank her with my whole heart. L. M., **Montcerf**. — Sincere thanks for favour obtained. A Subscriber. — Enclosed please find ransom price for a Chinese baby likely to live. I owe a great debt of gratitude to the Immaculate Virgin for a cure obtained. Mrs. Louis Roussel, **Biddeford, Me.** — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for favour received. Mrs. A. B., **Trois Pistoles**. — Having prayed Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, we have been very successful in the sale of a property. Our most heartfelt thanks to our All-Powerful Queen. Mrs. E. L., **Ste. Germaine Station**. — Lively gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for favours obtained. Mr. Euclide Beland, **Louiseville**. — Homage of gratitude to Mary for grace obtained. Mrs. A. N., **Montreal**. — I wish to express my gratitude for grace obtained and beg prayers for a new favour. Mrs. J. L., **Ansonville, Ont.** — Heartfelt thanks to the Blessed Virgin for a favour obtained through her intercession. Mrs. Wilf. M., **Lewiston, Me.** — I have obtained a favour for which I am very grateful. With great confidence, I beg for other graces. Mrs. D. P., **Aldenville, Mass.** — Enclosed find offering for favour received. Will you please pray the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Ann that I may recover my health and that my son may stop drinking. Mrs. O. H., **Newport, Vt.** — Several weeks ago, I promised the ransom of dying babies if I obtained my request. My prayers have been answered and in thanksgiving to our Blessed Mother, I enclose the promised ransom. Mrs. P. D. T., **Southbridge, Mass.**

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

## Petitions

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

Will you please make a novena for me, that my cold may get better. I would also like you to say a few prayers for my little son who has been sick for a whole year. Mrs. D. C., **Dalhousie**. — Please remember in your prayers, my poor son who is dead, and kindly say a prayer also for a poor unfortunate soul. — I have been sick for about ten years. I should be very pleased if you would pray for me, and I promise to send you a generous offering if I get well enough to be able to do my work each day. R. H., **Massena, N. Y.** — Please pray that I may find a position soon, and that I may not lose courage. Miss V. E. B., **Holyoke, Mass.** — Would you kindly pray that I may obtain a favour. If I do so, I will send you an



offering. Mrs. M. C. D. — My eyes are weak and very sore at times. Please pray for me, that within three months I may be better. I promise to send an offering. Mrs. J. M., **Mas-sena, N. Y.** — Will you kindly make a novena that my mother's sight may improve, as she is almost blind, and that I may find work. Miss C. L. M., **Van Buren, Me.** — Please pray that some one dear to us may be cured. Enclosed please find a small offering. Mrs. J. T., **Valleyfield.** — Kindly remember me in your prayers. Mrs. G. F., **Montreal.** — Enclosed please find offering for a novena of lights, and kindly pray for a successful operation and a prompt recovery. Miss J. M., **Kénogami, P. Q.** — Please pray that our father may return home. — Please pray our Immaculate Mother that I may get a position and thereby be able to give my family the necessary food and clothing. Mr. L. St. P., **Keegan, Me.** — Would you please offer prayers for my intentions and my husband's that we may receive what we wish in the very near future. If our request is granted, we shall send you an offering and our renewal subscription to THE PRECURSOR. Mrs. S. S., **Britton, Ont.** — Please pray that I may obtain a special favour within a short time. If my request is granted, I will send an offering for the annual care of a leper, also the ransom of three babies likely to live. Mrs. D. L., **Fitchburg, Mass.** — I would like you to make a novena for my son that he may get a position. Mrs. T. A., **Corn-wall, Ont.** — Please make a novena as soon as possible to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary for my request. I promise to send an offering at the end of the novena. Miss A. G. — Please find ransom price for two dying babies. Kindly make a novena that I may sell my claims soon. Mr. H. C. — I am praying for a special favour and I wish that you would remember me in your prayers. If I obtain this favour, I will renew my subscription to THE PRECURSOR for life and contribute to your works. Mr. L. M., **Old Town, Me.** — Please make a novena to Our Blessed Mother that my son may get a good office position after he has graduated in January; and that we may get along better than in the past and be able to pay some of our bills. If our prayers are answered, I promise a donation from my son's first pay and I will renew my subscription to THE PRECURSOR. A widow. — Enclosed, please find offering. Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary for my special intention. Mr. J. H. M., **Kénogami.** — Please make a novena to our Mother of Perpetual Help for my little girl's speedy recovery. I would like you to pray also that my son, my husband and myself may recover our health. If my request is granted, I will send an offering for the monthly support of a missionary Sister. Mrs. P. McL., **Montreal.** — Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary for a very special intention. I promise to send a donation if my request is granted. A Child of Mary, **North Adams, Mass.** — Will you please pray that we may sell our business, also for another intention. I will gladly send a donation if your prayers are answered. A Friend, **Indian Orchard, Mass.** — Enclosed, please find offering. Please pray for my intentions. Mr. M. A., **Newport, Vt.** — I would like you to remember me in your prayers to the Immaculate Mother and St. Teresa. I promise an offering if my intentions are granted. A subscriber, **Apple Hill, Ont.** — I would like to have you pray to the Blessed Virgin that my three sons may get steady work, and for two other intentions. When I shall have obtained these favours, I shall send an offering for the monthly upkeep of a Crib. Mrs. A. D., **Kirkland Lake, Ont.** — Please pray for the cure of a person dear to me. — Kindly pray to the Blessed Virgin that I may recover my health. I am sick since thirty years and I find the time very long. My courage fails me. Mrs. J. N., **Montreal.** — Kindly make a novena for me that I may obtain a favour I very much desire. Miss M. G., **Southbridge.** — Kindly pray for my little eight-year-old girl who must undergo three operations. I am sick myself and beg the help of our Heavenly Mother, for I have seven children. Mrs. N. G., **Montreal.** — Please pray for me that my sufferings may be relieved. Mrs. P. — Kindly say a prayer for my family's needs. Mrs. N. P., **St. Isidore.** — I should like you to pray for the success of our undertakings so that we may be able to pay our debts. L. B. — Will you please make a novena so that we may succeed in selling our store. Mrs. R. L., **Drummond-ville.** — Kindly pray for my husband's perfect recovery. Mrs. W. R., **St. Gédéon.** — Please pray for the success of my little commerce. Mrs. L., **Montreal.** — Will you please make a novena to the Blessed Virgin that I may obtain a better position. Mrs. L. A., **Préfontaine.** — Kindly pray that we may obtain peace, health, and success in our undertakings. Mrs. J. M., **St. Gédéon.** — Would you kindly pray for the two following graces: for two persons, a change of life for the best; light and strength to resist temptations. J. C., **Montreal.** — Please pray the Blessed Virgin that my four sons may obtain work and that I may recover my health. Mrs. H. B., **Ste. Ursule.** — Kindly pray the Blessed Virgin for my son that he may recover his health. Mrs. X., **Grand'Mère.** — I beg your prayers so that the Blessed Virgin may guide my two sons in the choice of their vocation. Mrs. E. A., **Grand'Mère.** — Please make a novena that we may obtain health. Mrs. H. F., **St. Didace.** — Would you kindly make a novena so that I may recover my health. Mrs. A. C., **Maskinongé.** — I am a poor afflicted mother, and I should like you to pray that my husband may give up drinking. Mrs. X. — Would you please pray for my parents who are sick and also for my own recovery and that I may know my vocation. A Jocist, **Montreal.** — Please pray that we may obtain peace in our family. Anonymous, **Biddeford, Me.** — Please pray for the cure of a person dear to me. Anonymous, **South Berwick, Me.** — Kindly pray for the complete cure or, at least, for a visible improvement in my dear aunt's condition. C. B., **Montreal.** — Please pray our Heavenly Mother that my two children may return to the path of duty, that my son may find work and that my husband may receive the sacraments more often.



Anonymous. — Would you be so kind as to make a novena for my two sons that they may obtain work and for my other boy, that he may recover his health. Mrs. S. C., **St. Gérard des Laurentides**. — Please pray for my cure. Mrs. O. L., **St. Sévère**. — Please pray Our Immaculate Mother that I may recover my health. Mrs. A. L., **St. Etienne des Grès**. — I should like you to make a novena so that my husband and daughter may obtain work and that we may have peace in the family. Mrs. X., **Montreal**. — Please pray for a poor discouraged mother that her husband may give up drinking and that they may succeed in settling an important affair. Mrs. X., **Montreal**. — Please make a novena for a very special favour. Mrs. A. T., **Ste. Dorothée**. — Kindly pray for all my family and for myself that I may obtain a special favour. B. — Kindly have an intention for my vocation and health. Miss I. B., **Laverlochère**. — Would you please pray for my brother's conversion. Miss X., **St. Honoré**. — I should like you to pray for my little boy who suffers from bronchitis. Mrs. H. C., **Montreal**. — I beg the intercession of the Blessed Virgin so that my daughter may obtain a good position. Mrs. F. G., **Almaville-en-bas**. — I beg all the subscribers to pray for a poor mother who is suffering from a cancer and also for her son that he may find a position. Mrs. C. L., **Verdun**. — Please pray our Heavenly Mother for my husband's conversion; I should also like you to pray that we may have peace and work in the family. A Subscriber. — Kindly make a novena for my son's conversion. Anonymous. — Will you please pray for my husband that he may regain his health and be able to return to work. If my request is granted, I promise to subscribe to THE PRECURSOR. Mrs. P. S., **Montrock, Ont.** — Please pray for my little girl, she is now twenty months old and cannot walk. If she walks within a year, I will renew my subscription to THE PRECURSOR. Mrs. W. P., **Ashland, Me.** —



## NECROLOGY

Very Reverend Canon Damase Lafortune, **L'Assomption**; Reverend Father O. Gosselin, P. P., **Courcelles**; Reverend Father A. Madore, S. M., **South Lawrence, Mass.**; Reverend Father Roger Huot, S. J., **Immaculate Conception Scholasticate, Montreal**; Mrs. Arthur Surprenant, **Grand'Mere**, mother of our Sister Marie de la Présentation; Mr. Georges Etienne Blais, **Quebec**, brother of our Sister Madeleine de la Passion; Mr. Jules Clouâtre, **Montreal**, father of our Sister Maurice de Thèbes, novice; Mrs. Georges Bolduc, **St. Damien de Brandon**, mother of our Sister Marie Georges, novice; Mr. Amable Lévesque, **Ste. Florence de Matapédia**, father of our Sister Cécile Lévesque, postulant; Mr. William Dompierre, **Hamilton, Ont.**; Mr. Peter Ouimette, **Springfield, Mass.**; Mr. Patrick Furlong, **Ireland**; Mr. James Pridham, **Outremont**; Mr. Edward Sullivan, **Outremont**; Mr. G. Brown, **Montreal**; Mrs. Alice White, **Detroit, Michigan**; Mrs. Albert Fortin, **Oakland, Me.**; Miss Mary Flynn, **Mitchell, Ont.**; Mr. Patrick Haggerty, **Montreal**; Mrs. Anne Leveck, **Sombra, Ont.**; Mrs. Nathalie Bergeron, **Pembroke, Ont.**; Mrs. Alice Cormier, **Waterville, Me.**; Mrs. Philias Pare, **Waterville, Me.**; Mrs. P. H. Bonner, **Richmond, Que.**; Mr. Arthur Mallette, **Montreal**; Mr. Peter McCarthy, **Verdun**; Mrs. John Dunn, **Montreal**; Mr. Alfred Brammall, **Montreal**; Mrs. Mary F. Gauld, **Presque Isle, Me.**; Mr. Thomas Hatton, **Verdun**; Mr. Paul Fournel, **St. Sauveur des Monts**; Mrs. Hercule Dufour, **St. Sauveur des Monts**; The Honourable J. B. Archambault, **Outremont**; Dr. Hertel Bellefeuille, **Outremont**; Mrs. H. Demers, **Outremont**; Mrs. Eugene A. Senez, **Outremont**; Mrs. A. Asselin, **Notre Dame de Lourdes**; Mrs. Leo de Vaux, **Batiscan**; Mr. Ulric St. Germain, **St. Lambert**; Mr. Noel Lambert, **St. Lambert**; Mr. J. E. Plamondon, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. J. B. Adam, **Westmount**; Mrs. David Beaulieu, **Rosemont**; Miss Elizabeth Tremblay, **Long Point**; Mr. Louis Beuloin, **Verdun**; M. J. J. Tynan, **Montreal**.

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# Benefactors of the Society

of the

## Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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

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

A Founder's or Protector's Diploma is given 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 a year.

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

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## Privileges Granted to Benefactors

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While commending their Benefactors to God, that He Himself may reward them according to their generosity, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception assure them as large a share as possible in the merit of their apostolic labours, as also in the prayers and sufferings of all the poor 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 and Sunday 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 placed on the Altar of Exposition).

4. — For the same intentions, the members of the Community make, every day, the Guard of Honour to Mary, which consists in the continual recitation of the Rosary before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The Guard of Honour is also made at the Shek Lung Lazaretto. There, the poor leper women, in successive groups of fifteen, continue the 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 granted to deceased Benefactors.