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The Precursor

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MONTREAL

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Our cover picture: Spring in the air.

JAPAN: Transplanting rice.

MAY IN THE HAITIAN MORNES

Sister SAINT ADELARD¹, M.I.C.

On Mayday in Haiti is held the Festival of Agriculture. Professors and pupils consequently enjoying a holiday, I caught at the occasion to offer Our Immaculate Queen the spiritual nosegay of a legionary visit to Milard, a village in the distant mornes. It happened that the Port Salut *præsidium*, with which we co-operate, had as assigned monthly duty the teaching of catechism to adults and to children who are not enrolled in any school.

Immediately after dinner, I set out on horseback, accompanied by a young legionary and a catechist. For over an hour we rode along tortuous trails squirming through rocky ravines. So inspiring was it to think that we were on our celestial Mother's business, that we hardly felt the rays of the sun beating down upon us in relentless ardour.

Suddenly, over the rim of a wooded morne, appeared the shaggy thatched roofs of Milard etched against a sky of flawless blue. Friendly hands waved a cheery welcome. A group of five and twenty pupils between six and forty-five awaited us on the *glacis*, a sort of platform sprinkled with

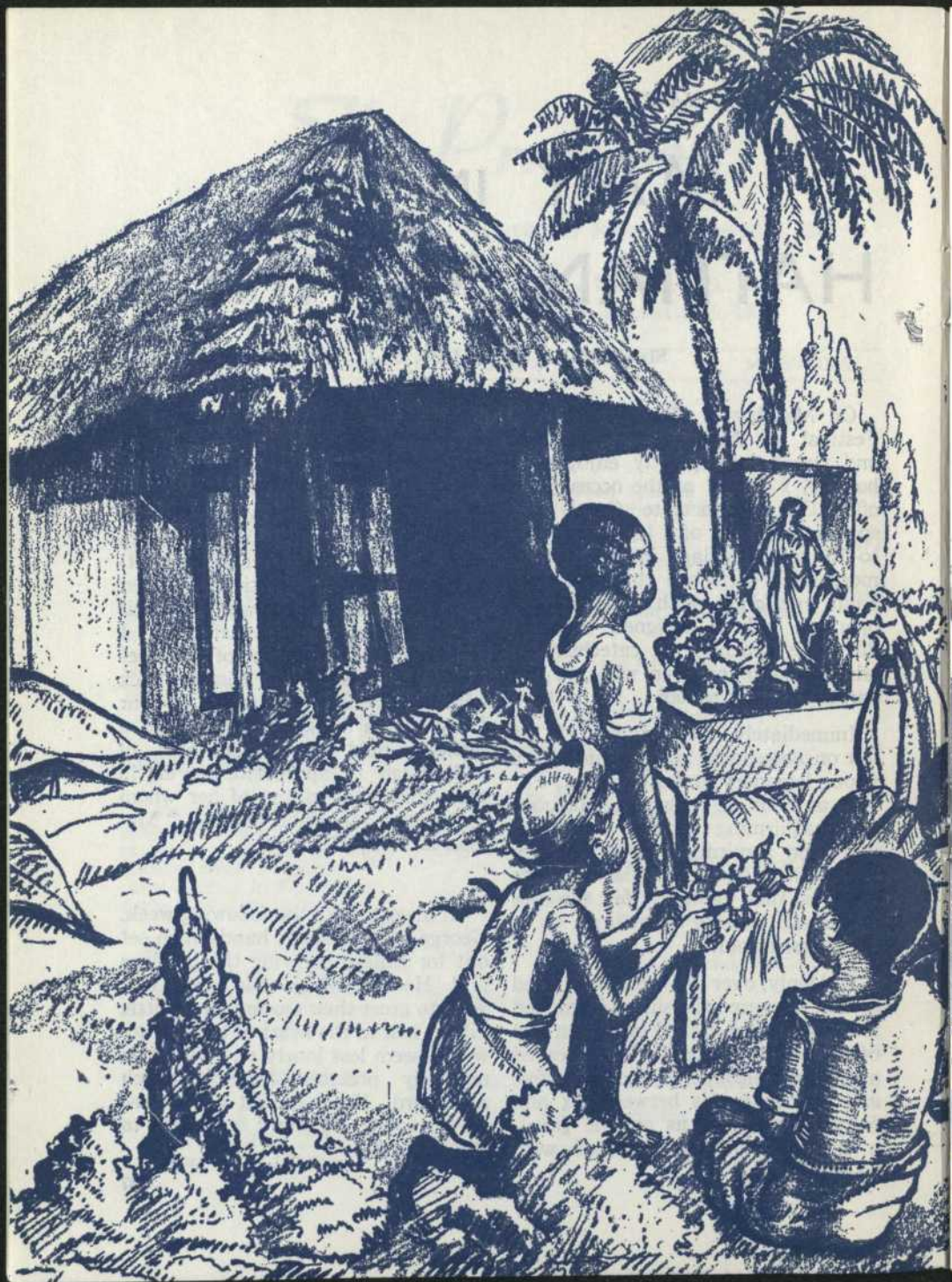
lime and sand where are spread out to dry, coffee beans, rice, maize, millet, or sisal.

After the opening prayer to the Holy Spirit for light, young and old fell to the study of the catechism with a will. Their success far outstripping my expectations, I cast about for means of rewarding their praiseworthy efforts. Just then I remembered that, in one of the cases lately received from friends back home, there was a statue of Our Lady of the Smile arranged as in a niche. Could the inhabitants of Milard fail to appreciate having in their midst the statue of her whom they call in inimitable accents, "Maman la Vierge" ?

* * *

In the course of the following week, George, the mission's handy man set out for Milard carrying the precious gift. How delighted the good folk were to greet their Queen! Their little village lost in the heart of the mornes would seem less lonely now with this motherly presence keeping watch and ward. The happiest of all was the devoted legionary assigned to this district.

¹ Cecile Frappier, Sorel.



In order the better to prepare those who were to make their First Holy Communion, I visited this outpost again in the second week of May. Imagine my joy when I found my pupils gathered about Our Lady's statue which they had prettily decorated with flowers and greenery! It was with deep-felt consolation that I learnt how every evening, the people came to pray the beads before this blessed image, closing the May devotions with the familiar

hymn " 'Tis the month of Our Mother".

Riding home through the hills at sunset, I was halted almost at every step. A young girl ran up to offer some oranges; a peasant wanted us to admire his maize plantation; an old woman complained of her numerous aches and pains; a youthful bride insisted on having us turn aside to admire her brand-new *caille*.... The last goodbyes had been said, the last farewells waved and we were riding



downhill in silence when snatches of melody unexpectedly floated down to us like airy golden balls. From the narrow goat path on top of the opposite slope, a woman was leading a calf to the water hole. As she walked, unaware that anyone was near, she sang with her heart in her voice an old creole hymn which went something like this: "Holy Virgin Help! We love your dear Son . . . we want to follow Him. But the black One is prowling near . . . Hover near us till we die."

This woman whose life is doubtless far from being carefree, proclaimed

her serene, unshakable faith in Mary. The mornes echoed the notes of her song in the balmy summer evening, reminding other souls to turn to her who is the Sovereign of this beautiful isle dedicated to her of yore by her loving son, Christopher Columbus, its illustrious discoverer. The evening star was gleaming brightly overhead when we alighted at our convent door an hour or so later. From our hearts rose a hymn of praise and thankfulness for the consoling events of this happy day. May our Blessed Mother deign ever to smile benignly upon her Port Salut legionaries and speed their work in her honour.

Padada's First Musical Concert

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Padada has seen the opening of its first "conservatory of music" if such a pompous name may be applied to our modest music classes. Twenty-eight pupils between seven and twenty-five, enrolled for piano and violin lessons. In order to encourage these budding musicians and more especially the "belated vocations" on the number, I organized a concert on the occasion of St. Cecilia's feastday, six months only after the beginning of their musical training.

You may easily imagine the difficulties involved. I had to compose a programme that would be simple, harmonious and varied, as well as adjustable to the capacities of my be-

ginners. What flurries I felt as the curtain rose and my timid group of youngsters found themselves for the first time in the limelight! The auditorium was packed with relatives and friends eager to enjoy the reflected glory that would come to them — if the concert proved a success. It did, thanks be to Our Lady and St. Michael patron of our Academy. Because of this, the reputation of our establishment has grown among the Filipinos sincere and passionate lovers of music under any form. May this noble art play its apostolic role to the full by drawing young people in increasing numbers to our Catholic school.

Sister Camille of Lellis, ¹ M.I.C.



Sister MARIE THEODORE¹, M.I.C.

During the summer months of the year 1802, the situation of the Blacks in Saint Domingue, then a French colony, became all but intolerable. Peasants and even soldiers deserting the colony, joined the bands of rebels hiding in the mountains. All were determined to shake off the yoke of slavery and to oust the hated foreigners so as to secure for their posterity a free, independent land.

The tree of liberty which had grown deep roots in the hearts of the

Blacks had been ruthlessly felled. Toussaint Louverture, the tree's vigorous trunk, had been betrayed into the hands of his deadliest foes and treacherously exiled. News had lately filtered through the ranks of the insurgents that their valiant chief had just died, abandoned in a cheerless dungeon, somewhere in the Jura. After the passing of this noble hero, numerous followers rose up to defend the cause for which he had died: Dessalines, Petion, Fiffard, Christophe, Vernet, Capois, Cabard, Canzé,

¹ Lucienne Gadoury, Saint Elizabeth of Joliette

Féron, and others, fearless, loyal patriots all. What they lacked was a leader. On May 18, a makeshift Congress assembled in the obscure hamlet of the Arcahaie, proclaimed Dessalines general of the indigenous troops. The first act of the newly elected chief was the creation of a national flag. Until then, the French tricolour had evoked the three ethnic groups inhabiting the Island, the French, the Blacks, the Coloured people.

Surrounded by his companions, Dessalines ordered the French flag to be brought to him. Imperiously tearing out the white, he bade a young Haitian woman, Catherine Flon, sew the blue and the red bands together; the letters RF standing for *Republique Française*, he replaced by the motto, "Liberty or Death". Following the example of their leader, the rebels ripped away the white band from their pennons. Standing under a clump of palm trees, Jean Jacques Dessalines then proudly hoisted the new emblem for all to acknowledge while canons thundered and the call to arms sounded. Did not this handful of resolute men represent a whole nation acclaiming the bicolour as a standard of glory, a symbol of union, a pledge of victory?

Two days later, the Haitian flag received its baptism of blood. Three officers of the Blacks, Derenoncourt, Masson, and Laporte audaciously attempted the crossing of Gonave Gulf in direction of Léogane, under the nose of Admiral Latouche-Treville, commander of the French fleet. Each light sailing boat armed with

one small cannon, was manned by thirty bold seamen. The bicolour fluttering from their masts, they lustily sang, in Creole, Dessalines' martial hymn which freely translated runs thus; "Grenadiers, to arms! Why should you fear death? Forget that you have mothers... Forget your little ones... Think only that it is your duty to die."

It was a dark night. The moon which had been hidden behind clouds, suddenly emerged, flooding the sea with silver radiance. The three boats immediately became a target for the infuriated French soldiers. Derenoncourt and Masson had time to vanish out of range in coves where large vessels could not reach them. Laporte alone was unable to escape. Resolved to sell his and his companions' lives dearly, the brave young captain fired his cannon but soon found himself encircled by the enemy and on the point of being captured. Realizing that all was gone safe honour, he brandished the flag and shouted to his men, "Scuttle the boat!" A few moments more and the waves closed over the ill-fated schooner. Thirty-one dusky heroes sank to their fate defiantly crying, "Long live our flag! Up with liberty! Long live the Republic!"

This tragic event only served to fan the ardour of the Blacks in the cause of independence. Undaunted by hardships and reverses they doggedly fought on until they had entirely liberated their land and won for it a place in the sunshine of freedom.

May 18 remains a red-letter day

for loyal Haitians. Recalling as it does a past filled with valorous deeds, it reminds them of the high price their sires once paid to set the bi-colour flying under the sunny skies of their beautiful isle.



I WAS HUNGRY

Sister GABRIEL LALEMANT¹, M.I.C.

In a land as prosperous and fortunate as Canada, I wonder if there are many who can imagine the miserable plight of thousands over here? This is the thought that flitted through my mind the other morning as I watched crowds of refugees from Communist-dominated China assemble before our door for a free distribution of rice. Fearful of being perhaps overlooked, numerous were those who arrived at cockcrow and stood, patiently waiting, for hours in the broiling July sun.

They were gathered there over one thousand five hundred persons of all ages and social conditions, leveled to a common fate, a common poverty, a common starvation. Aged men, bowed and crippled leaning on staffs; fathers of families, gaunt and grey, tortured by their children's hunger pangs; mothers prematurely grown old and bent more under the burden of almost unbearable trials than under the weight of babies riding on

¹ Francoise Lacoursiere, Trois Rivieres.





their backs; groups of thin, ragged youngsters too strangely quiet, staring fascinated at the rice sacks piled up in front of them.

These sacks contained one third of the one hundred thousand pounds

of rice which are to be distributed to them at three different times. This splendid gift was obtained from the United States of America through the intervention of a tireless apostle of the refugees Reverend Paul Duchesne, M.M., director of The Hong Kong Catholic Welfare. For several years past the refugees have tripled the ordinary rate of population in the city. Many are the serious complications arising from this state of affairs. The greater number of these unfortunates, without any means of earning their keep, live together in miserable sheds or hovels clinging to the hillsides. Others huddle on sidewalks for the night having no other place to go. Whole families sometimes snatch a few hours of sleep on house verandahs.

A Protestant lady who came to live in Hong Kong a few months ago, re-





cently confided to us, "I can't go on living here in peace... There is too much misery all around." However this may be the refugees prefer their present sad plight to the Communist regime; the joy of having escaped from the "Red Paradise", gives them the courage to endure incredible hardships. How many among them have passed from opulent wealth to stark destitution! One of these exiles once silently revealed the extent of reverses in his personal fortune by simply exhibiting a photo. Who could have recognized in the tattered fellow standing before us, the well-to-do gentleman of leisure surrounded by his happy family? He wiped away a tear as he put the picture out of sight, then remarked, "Sister, I am ashamed to admit it but my children are famish-

ed... I cannot find suitable work to do. What a relief it is for me to secure here the rice necessary for at least one full meal!"

Ase, one of our former garden helpers in Canton, has fallen on evil days. Upon the so-called "liberation" of the city by the Communists, the latter tried to induce her to accuse the Sisters of murdering babies at the foundling home. Courageous and loyal, sixty-year-old Ase indignantly refused. Knowing full well that she would have to pay the price of her faithfulness if she remained on the spot, she made successful plans of escape. With her daughter and her grand children she found refuge in Hong Kong. Before long, having spent their scant savings, they were reduced to beggary. Fortunately, just when things looked darkest, Provi-

dence sent Grandmother charitable friends among the poor like herself. These helped her with an ingenuity born of desperate conditions, to build a shelter of empty condensed milk cases donated by The Catholic Welfare. Shortly afterwards, the old woman found employment and was awarded a ration of rice for herself and family. Were not these, rewards of her loyalty to the missionaries?

A mother of eight children, four of whom are in urgent need of medical attention, lives with her brood on an open verandah for lack of anything better. As the father cannot find any work to do but that of a coolie, he earns a bare pittance quite insufficient to feed so many mouths. Gone

for them are the happy times when they enjoyed three meals a day!

The facts just cited will help you understand the joy that is ours in being entrusted with the free rice distribution. Nevertheless this is far from being an easy task. It requires a firm control assured by seven policemen who help keep order and calm down the excitement of these starving people all eager to be allotted their share without any delay. The more enterprising in the crowd attempt to jump over the low wall separating them from the distribution centre. One old lady impatient to be served, tied her bag to the end of her umbrella and dangled it like a fishing rod in front of the distributors. Her wrinkled face creased in smiles as she





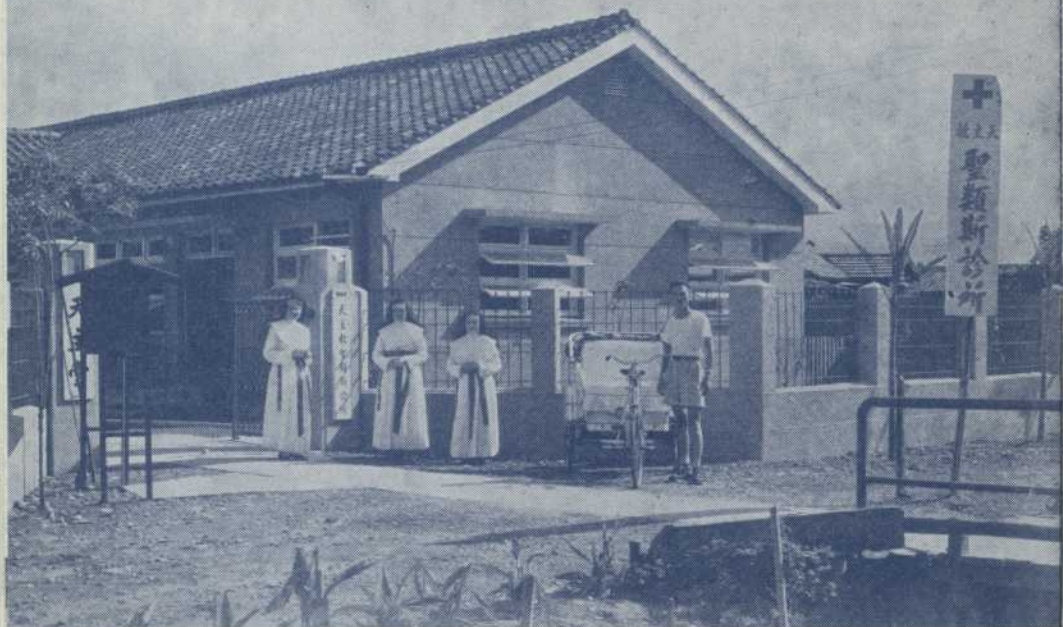
pulled it back filled to overflowing. "*Tatie, tatie...*" she cried out joyfully trotting back to those who were waiting for her at home.

A staff of thirty persons spent hours verifying names and ration tickets, weighing rice, filling up sacks. Theirs was a labour of love well requited by the thought that the poor would eat their fill at least this once. The grateful hearts of these hundreds have surely called down upon their benefactors "the Lord of Heaven's ten thousand favours".

Our own thankful prayers rise before God's throne for the generous American people whose charity ex-

tends, without any distinction of race, to all those who suffer and are in want the world over. We also offer appreciative thanks to The Catholic Welfare for granting us the privilege of being the intermediaries of its charity towards the destitute, thereby enabling us to illumine their lives with the consolations of our holy Faith.

May it further be granted us to reveal to this multitude the tenderness of their heavenly Father who has prepared for their souls an imperishable food, the Bread of Life of which He has said "Whoever eats of it shall never hunger more."



TAIPEI, TAIWAN

TAIPEI BEGINNINGS

Sister MARIE ESTHER, M.I.C.

(Alice Buteau, Notre Dame de la Guadeloupe.)

The *Java Mail* having anchored at some distance from the port of Keelung, we were rowed ashore in a small boat. Needless to say we received the warmest of welcomes from Sisters St. Elizabeth¹ and Marie Xavier². What a joy to meet familiar faces in far distant countries! As we passed through the customs, groups of Chinese and Taiwanese crowded about us inquiring how long we had been living here. They were both astonished and delighted to hear us speak Mandarin.

It took us a good two hours riding over smooth asphalt roads to Taipei.

¹ Blanche Menard, Saint Elizabeth of Joliette.

² Berthe Paradis, Tingwick.

On the way, we met very few cars or buses but bicycles by the hundreds. Even under the rain the countryside appeared beautiful. Hillside displayed clumps of mimosas and palm trees; from the gardens, the canoe-shaped leaves of banana trees waved a buoyant greeting; flowers of varied hues emerged here and there from draperies of luxuriant foliage. In the lowlands spread the restful green of the rice fields.

Our car came to a stop in the vicinity of No. 363. After crossing a small bridge, we were led to a gate of wrought iron swinging on two stone posts; inside an enclosure stood our dream house, a brand-new convent built thanks to the generosity of a mission-minded lady, Mrs. S. Simard of Montreal, P.Q. Sisters Imelda of the Eucharist¹ and Marie Therese² were awaiting us together with a group of Christians. In a trice we had made friends with the latter who excused themselves on not having gone to meet us at the port.

Our first visit was for the Lord and the Lady of the house. Kneeling before the altar, we poured out prayers of thanksgiving for having been granted a safe journey and a happy landing in this, our Promised Land of Taiwan. The chapel is a gem with its modern altar in natural wood, its sculptured crucifix, its prie-dieu and benches. Very pleasing to the eye is the floor of yellow and green terrazzo. Close by is a miniature sacristy with a convenient vestry wherein may be put away liturgical vestments still to come.

On the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, patroness of the mis-

sion outpost in which our convent is situated, took place the blessing of the house and the chapel by His Excellency The Most Reverend Joseph Kuo, archbishop of Taipei. Were present at the ceremony a group of Jesuit Fathers: Reverend Fathers J. Courchesne, Superior, J.W. Begin, Gerard Bourque, supervisor of the construction, Leo Valois, John Tung, Francis Gallego and Reverend Brother Gerard Aubin. After the blessing ceremony, His Excellency went to the mission chapel where he confirmed a group of thirty Christians, and officiated at Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. A lay Chinese Christian led the singing. An assistance of nearly three hundred persons filled the chapel and spilled over the courtyard gaily decorated for this festive occasion.

The first few days in our mission went by like a flash. There were so many things to do and we somehow wanted to do them all at once. Were they not all important? Reverend P. Ouimet, S.J., pastor, offered to lend us some liturgical vestments so we could have Holy Mass as soon as possible. The devoted Brothers Aubin and Ouellet installed an electrical fixture for the sanctuary lamp and the altar tapers. (Both are allowed here because of the heat.) On September 12, the tabernacle was ready to house our divine Guest. Hearing of this happy event Christians brought bouquets of flowers. We were deeply touched by the religious mentality of the Taiwanese; they consider the church or chapel as the Lord's dwelling, yes, but also as their own home since they are His children.

¹ Simonne Boisclair, d'Almaville.

² Marie Therese Roux, Montreal.

Rev. P. Ouimet celebrated High Mass in honour of the Holy Name of Mary. A goodly company of about forty Christians shared in our joy while some Taiwanese youths assumed full charge of the choir. In order to accommodate our guests, we threw open the sliding doors which separate chapel and dispensary waiting-room. Mass over, Rev. P. Ouimet addressed a few words to the assistance asking everyone to pray for the success of this new apostolic venture.

In the evening of this happy day occurred a celebration of another nature. Thirty young ladies gathered under our roof for a farewell banquet offered to their friend, Miss Nim, about to leave for Belgium where she intends joining the Society of Inter-

national Catholic Auxiliaries. Among the guests of honour present were several Jesuit Fathers: Rev. Peter Laramée, Philip Ouimet, John Tung, Francis Gallego. A hymn to Our Blessed Mother brought the merry gathering to a close.

Since then, our life runs its regular course. We are kept busy with the care of out-patients at the dispensary, the visitation of families to establish contacts, the teaching of doctrine to catechumens. Among the latter are three little sisters whose mamma is also preparing to receive Baptism. They will be the first fruits of our Taipei Mission. Lovingly we offer them in homage to the Immaculate Heart of our Queen who has chosen to mark our modest beginnings with regal and motherly favours.



THE REDS ENCOURAGE SANCTITY

Holy Mass must be at an early hour, say about three o'clock, because Father has a long day of travel ahead of him . . . and dawn finds Father on the road, off to the next village. Prayer makes the road shorter, and a missionary has a lot of things to pray for in pagan lands.

Today we have to cover these distances on foot, or by means of a bullock-cart, a fiendish invention specially designed to try and harrow one's soul, while methodically dismembering the body. The local Communists, motivated by a passionate love for the poor peasants, have blown up most of the bridges in our territory, and so provided the people with a lot more mileage between their villages, a gift which the proletariat hereabouts (and we miserable Capitalists) thus far have failed to appreciate. When it means a long detour of several miles through sun-baked paddy-fields in the heat of the noonday, one can become actually annoyed by this intense solicitude of the Reds for the material prosperity of us serfs. But thanks to the Reds we have more time for prayers along the road, and certainly more opportunity for sacrifice; and these are definitely the means God intends us to use in the conversion of these people.

Burma Mail



CAP HAITIEN, HAITI

First Laurels

On a sun-drenched day in July, took place the first graduation ceremony at our Madame Paul Magloire School. His Excellency The Most Rev. A. F. Cousineau honoured us with his presence together with a group of Cap Haitien notables. Unable to attend herself and to crown the fifteen graduates whom she affectionately terms her daughters, Mrs. P.E. Magloire, Haiti's First Lady, graciously appointed as her delegate on this occasion our Reverend Mother Saint Robert¹, Regional Superior.

The ceremony was opened by the presentation of a sketch titled *Les*

Sister SAINT OLIVE¹, M.I.C.

¹ Jeannette Dufresne, Val David, Que.



His Excellency The Most Reverend Albert Cousineau, bishop of Cap Haitien, discusses Legion problems with the Legionaries and Sister St. Olive, Superior of the High School and the Institute for Home Economics.

Moissons de l'Ecole Chrétienne in which work, science, virtue, and piety were personified as the diligent hand-maidens of all good educators. Last of all a pupil representing gratitude bowed herself in bearing a sheaf of pink roses. After the play, the fifteen graduates in turn came forward to receive their much coveted diploma from Bishop Cousineau's hands.

Immediately afterwards, the whole group went straight to the chapel to entrust wreaths and certificates to Our Lady. A new life is beckoning to them today, a life they are inclined

to picture as filled with success and consolation. They are eagerly looking forward to the launching of their little bark on this bright sea but reluctant as youth always is to forecast cloudy weather or terrific squalls. Who will keep them steering a straight course if not Mary, gentle Star of the Sea, to whom they have entrusted their hopes of future happiness?

Graduation was over. It was time for our "sweet girl graduates" to leave, and still they loitered. Little we guessed what a delightful surprise they had in store for us their teachers!

Towards the end of the afternoon they invited us to their classroom and there one of them read, in the name of all, the following touching address: "Dear Mothers, we hardly know how to express our feelings today... Our hearts are so full that we wonder whether we will be able to say all we want to say. Dear, dear Mothers, how deeply grateful we are for everything you have done to help us in our studies. Perhaps you will find that we are merely repeating the same things over and over again... But never can we tire proclaiming the benefits of the formation

received in this school, thanks to your devotedness. To every one of you, our beloved teachers, we say "Thank You!" a hundred times and more. We promise that we will always follow in the paths of virtue taught us in this blessed abode."

First fruits of our school in Cap Haitien these fifteen Haitian girls are to us like a rosary of deep-felt joys. On them we rely to aid in our apostolate by dispensing the treasures of staunch Catholic education to the sadly neglected little ones around them.



TRAGIC SHORTAGE OF PRIESTS in South America

Following the International Eucharistic Congress, Bishops of 23 South American countries meeting in Rio de Janeiro have discussed their serious lack of priests — even in Brazil where the Congress was held.

Commenting on the meeting, Vatican Radio has stated that there are only 6,740 priests in Brazil — an area equal to the whole of Western and Central Europe.

This means one priest for every 7,500 people.

In Peru, Venezuela and Bolivia the situation is almost the same with one priest for every 7,500 people.

In Guatemala the position is "catastrophic" with only 150 priests, each of whom has to care for 18,000 people.

The Republic of San Domingo presents an equally tragic picture with one priest for every 12,000 Catholics.

To the scarcity of priests must also be added the enormous distances to be covered, the lack of means of communication, the insufficiency of roads, and the barriers of dense forests.

In such circumstances, continued the broadcast, it is humanly impossible for the faithful to be reached by a priest and it is not surprising to hear how the faith languishes and morals become corrupt.





PONT VIAU NOVITIATE

Sister Lucy's Rosary

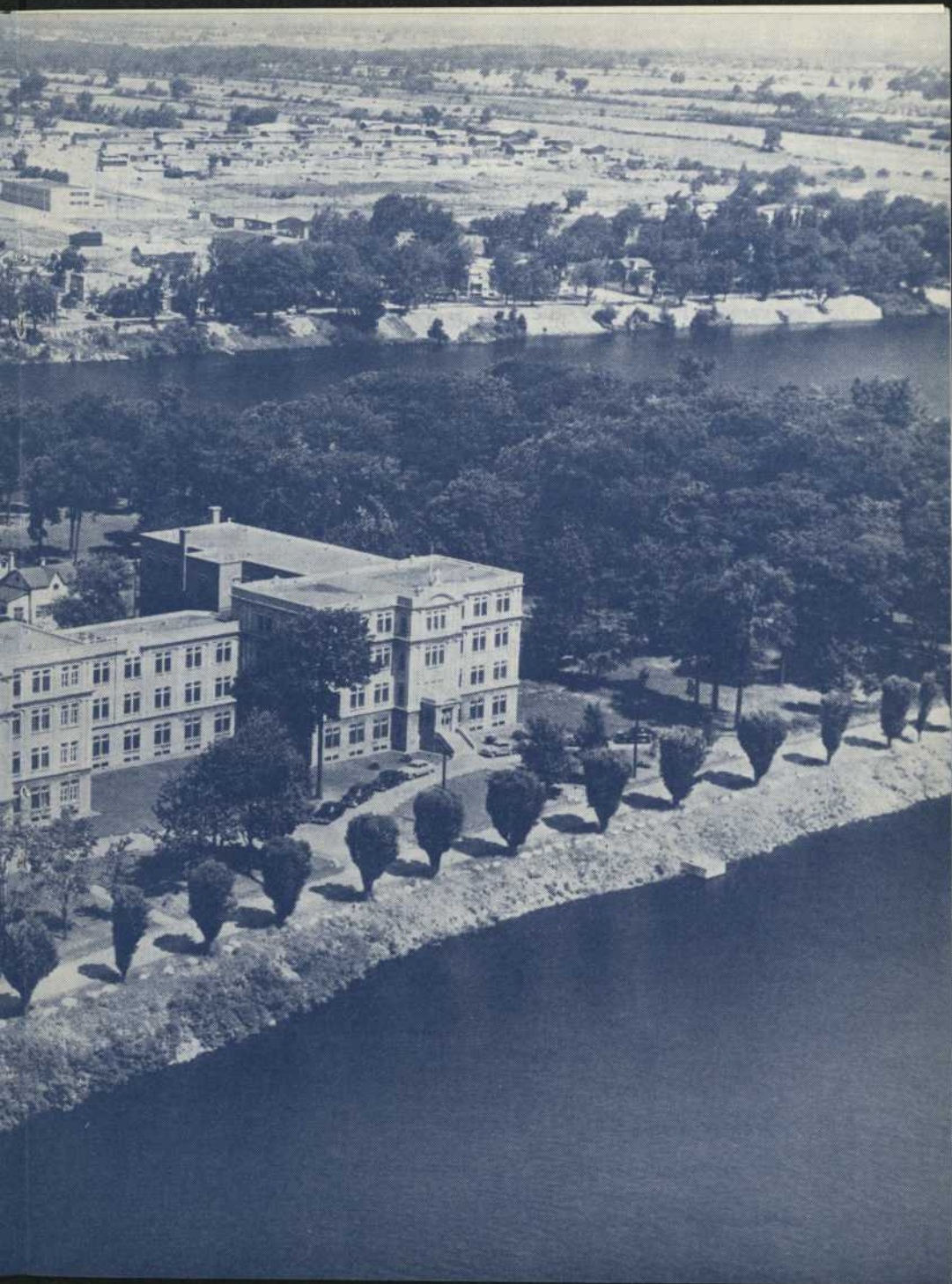
I am a rosary like millions of others, fashioned of black beads, strung on a sturdy metal chain, ended by a plain crucifix. Where and when did I first become aware of my vocation as prayer beads? At the shrine of Our Lady of the Cape, one day that a pilgrim detached me from the hook where I hung with a score of companions. "Just the thing for Lucy!" I heard her remark as she slipped me inside her handbag. Shortly afterwards the priestly blessing imparted me a current of mysterious forces; I felt transformed into a mighty cable linking earth to heaven, empowered to transmit messages to and from the Queen of the Universe.

The following day, I found myself introduced into a family where the children followed one another like stair steps. The pilgrim was their mother. And Lucy? Lucy was a lovely girl of twenty, a fervent devotee of Mary Immaculate. I could tell right away by the look that lighted up her face when her mother put me into her hands. Much more was I presently to learn of her intimate life. Whenever Lucy meditated on the mystery of the Visitation, for instance, she never failed to ask as a particular favour the grace to be true to her missionary vocation.

My career was inaugurated on the very day of my arrival, for in this happy home, all recited the family rosary every evening with the

**Praying the rosary under
the shade of spreading maples.**





Cardinal. They made up a polyphonic choir: the grave, rapid tones of Father and boys; Mother's voice, mellow and leisurely; the high treble of the girls; Baby Nicole's piping accents, broadcasting *Aves* out of turn breaking in with an occasional triumphant *Amen*.

Then came a fateful day, the day when Lucy left to enter the convent. I marvelled how she could be all smiles one moment and all tears the next. She was happy to offer her young life to God but sorry to leave her dear ones. For my part, I was overjoyed at the prospect of living in Mary's fair demesne, on the banks of the Rivière des Prairies.

Presiding over the green lawns before the main entrance, a white statue of Our Lady opened her arms wide in a motherly gesture of welcome. Lucy almost forgot her beloved Laurentian mountains at the sight of so much natural beauty framing the large stone building that she would henceforth call home. In front, the river flowed swiftly and silently on, its waters shimmering in the bright sunshine; on either side, spreading maples and tall oaks stood like vigilant sentinels about the house, the flower beds, the broad vegetable gardens. Beauty everywhere set to the song of birds and the sound of

rippling waves. Inside, Lucy found things even better. What a happy family formed the numerous white veiled novices and the black veiled postulants! She remembered then, with a startling clarity, that Gospel page where the hundredfold has been promised to those who have left everything to follow in their Lord's footsteps.

To me also has come the hundredfold. Instead of praying only one part of the rosary on my wooden beads, Lucy now says the complete chaplet of *Aves*, crowning them with a fervent *Magnificat*. The first of these rosaries she recites at midday in God's wonderful outdoors; the second before the Blessed Sacrament towards the end of the afternoon; the third in the evening with the Cardinal as she did at home. She then feels spiritually reunited to all those she has left to answer the call. It happens at times that the *Amens* do give her distractions . . . Baby Nicole's chubby face floats in the shadows, her red lips comically pursed. But our Blessed Mother understands that this is only normal and surely makes allowances. It often happens that my mistress recites more than the three regulation rosaries. At the Novitiate, "Mary's psalter" is recited without interruption from sunrise to sunset for the intentions of benefactors of the Community and the Missions. Lucy is happy to cultivate the noble virtue of thankfulness. While my little beads journey through her fingers, her mind travels all over the earth where missionaries are at work. Through prayer she helps them in their arduous quest for souls.

Our middle page:

PONT VIAU

Mary Immaculate's

Fair Demesne

My activities as a rosary are on the increase as you can infer from the above lines. Lucy and I are inseparable. You must not, however, believe that she is content with mere external practices. She is endeavouring to live "with Mary, in Mary, through Mary, and for Mary". How do I know? Well, all this she must learn at first on my modest black beads. Many a message runs along my spiritual cable from Mary to Lucy and vice versa.

The young novice is now eagerly

training for the great harvest of souls. Where will she be sent? Only God knows whether it will be in Asia, in Africa, in Europe, in the East Indies, or in America. It does not matter much as long as I am allowed to accompany her, for I have made her motto my own, "May Mary Immaculate be known from pole to pole!" To encircle the globe, to balance its poles on Our Lady's little finger, is not this the noblest of ambitions for a missionary rosary?

A NOVICE

FAVOUR of OUR LADY of MERCY

It happened in the forenoon of September 24. I started on my usual rounds of the sick and needy humming the lines of a familiar hymn learnt in my girlhood days:

LADY, HELP IN PAINS AND SORROW
SOOTHE THOSE RACKED ON BEDS OF PAIN;
MAY THE GOLDEN LIGHT OF MORROW
BRING THEM HEALTH AND JOY AGAIN.

My most important errand that morning consisted in dropping in at the hospital and casually inquiring after a tiny girl patient whose days were numbered. Sister Superior and others had vainly tried to baptize her, for her non-Christian grandmother kept constant watch by her pallet, fiercely determined to keep the Christians at bay.

Grannie was no prepossessing figure as she crouched on the bare floor and glowered at us. With a whispered call to the merciful Mother for help, I drew near and tried to thaw the woman's coldness with my pleasantest smile. But all my attempts at friendliness were ignored. Meanwhile the sick baby lay all unaware of the silent battle being fought to free her soul from the shackles of sin. Suddenly, I had an idea. As the child was not lying flat on her back but was almost doubled over with pain I stretched out my hand as if to pat her head and with the help of a wet sponge was thus able to baptize her without the formidable grandmother noticing anything amiss.

Thanks be to Our Lady of Mercy for her motherly intervention! Two days later, little Elise Marie slipped across the boundaries of time into a blissful eternity.

SISTER ST. RODRIGUE¹, M.I.C.

¹ Francoise Pageau, Quebec.



Mati's church constructed under the direction of our Canadian Missionaries.

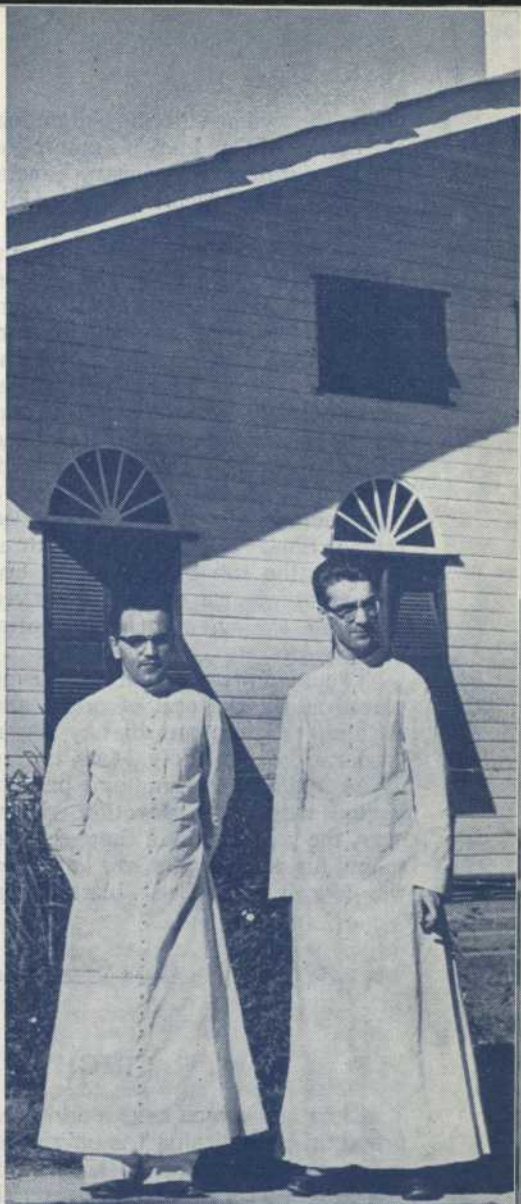
**MATI,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**

Mass for the Miners

Since over a year, a small village has been growing on a mountain slope beside a deposit of iron ore. An American engineer in charge of this mining venture hired a good number of labourers who agreed to settle down with their families in the vicinity of the mines. For their use, the mining company built simple but comfortable wooden dwellings all facing the road, the spacious administration building, and the manager's bungalow.

Rev. Father Baril, pastor of Mati, had for many a month been devising means to minister as regularly as possible to the spiritual needs of Catholics among these miners. He

**Rev. Donat Baril, P.M.E.,
pastor of Mati, and his
confrere Rev. J. Bernier.**



chose the evening of the Sunday in the octave of Our Lady's Assumption to inaugurate his ministry among them by the celebration of Holy Mass.

At the appointed hour, the company wagon picked up the pastor, his altar boy, and two of us Sisters who were to help lead the prayers during the Holy Sacrifice. At the end of about one hour of riding over smooth roads, we reached the borderline between cultivated areas and forest lands. From this point onward, engineers had laboriously traced a road hemming a deep, thickly wooded ravine. Slowly climbing up the three miles to the top brought us at last to a spot whence could be enjoyed a bird's eye view of the entire countryside.

The administration building being placed at the disposal of priest and faithful, Father immediately began preparations for Holy Mass during which hymns were sung and prayers recited with great devotion. Mass over, the pastor gave a short sermon telling his parishioners how happy he was to call down God's blessings on

this new Christian outpost. Who knows? This humble settlement in one of the loneliest regions of Mindanao may yet become a thriving centre of Catholicism.

Although he was not present at Mass, the administrator afterwards invited us to share refreshments with his family. He is not a Catholic but he is very kindly disposed towards his employees who are. To facilitate the practice of their religious duties, he willingly consents to lend them his administrative quarters every Sunday for Mass. He even assured Father Baril that he intends building a chapel as soon as he can manage to do so.

His generous and disinterested conduct put us in mind of the centurion mentioned in the Gospels. May it call down upon him the priceless gift of Faith. As we journeyed home, we made ours the plea that the Jews once made for the friendly centurion, "He deserves to have this done for him; he is a good friend of our race . . ."

Sister MARY LUCY, M.I.C.
(Marguerite Gagnon, Quebec.)

RIGHTS OF WOMEN

Christian women have more to be thankful for than we often realize. To prove this graphically it is only necessary to contrast the "rights of women" in the civilized world with those of women in French West Africa where women are classed as a "commodity" on the black market. A girl of 15 has just been sold for 100,000 francs. Marriage among the Cameroons, as they are called, is most degrading. Girls are considered part of the family estate, to be "willed" as "wealth and assets" along with the furniture and livestock. A mother has absolutely no rights in court against a son.

The Christian Family

Land of Rich Ripe Rice Ears

Sister MARY OF THE REDEMPTION¹, M.I.C.

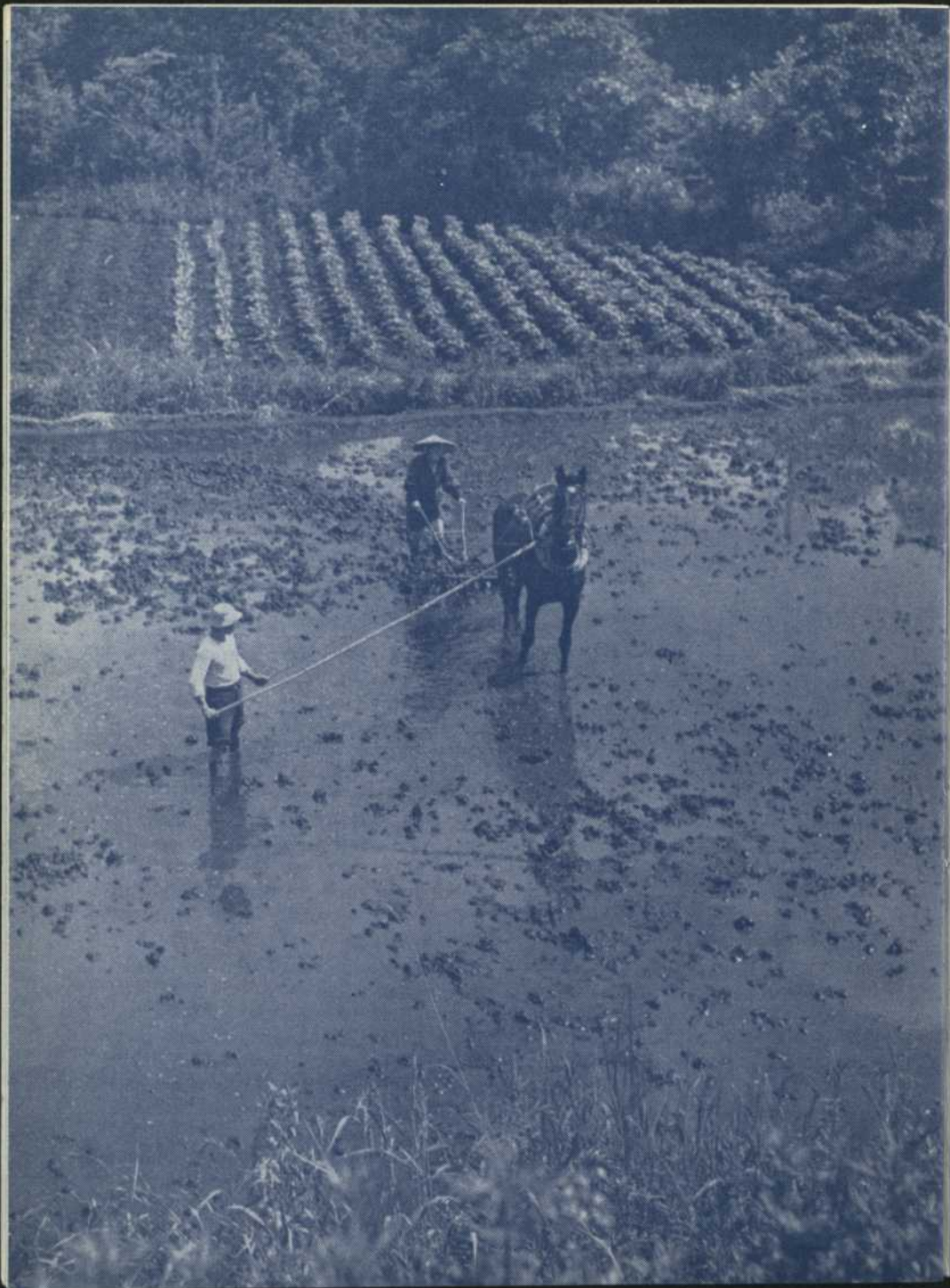
Today as in the days of Emperor Jomei thirteen centuries ago, Japan can still be called the land of rich ripe rice ears. Of its 40,000,000 farmers, 95 per cent raise rice. The pity is that they should have so little space in which to do this raising, most of their farms being less than two and a half acres. The total area of Japan proper is about 150,000 square miles, let us say the area of our own provinces of Quebec and Ontario put together. Furthermore, only about 16 percent of the country's total surface — miniature valleys and narrow coastal plains — is suitable for cultivation. If this much at least were remarkably fertile! But, no. It is made so only by dint of arduous subsoil working, careful weeding, and wise irrigation and fertilization. Fortunately, Japanese tillers of the soil being shrewd, alert, and resourceful, can coax abundant crops from even the least promising plot of land. They are also masters in the art of terracing hillsides. Thanks to their unrelenting toil, neat smiling gardens replace, along the steep slopes, unsightly heaps of stones and tangles of underbrush.

The Japanese farmer coddles his crops, giving each plant individual attention almost as if it were a pet child. But the crop that gets by far

the most coddling is the precious rice crop. The seed, first sown in small beds, sprouts in five or six days. While hopefully awaiting the *nyubai* (rainy season), men and women busy themselves preparing the rice fields. This involves much hoeing, spading, manuring, and plowing. Early in June, the first downpours of the *nyubai* usher in the rice transplanting season, a right merry season in Japan. During the day, the villages are practically emptied of their inhabitants; only the very old and the very young remain indoors. School children are given a week or so of holidays in order to take their share in the transplanting bee. Older folk whose joints are too stiff for protracted bending, pull up the seedlings from the beds and tie them in bunches of fifty or a hundred; the young fry carry these bunches to the planters. Seedlings are set out by hand, in orderly rows marked by a large wooden frame.

This goes on from early dawn until noon when a halt is called for a lunch of cold rice seasoned with salted vegetables and a drink of tea; then the task is cheerfully taken up again to last throughout the afternoon and early evening hours. In the gloaming, all trudge back home to the village where a hearty meal of soybean soup,

¹ Basillisse Maillet, St. Louis, N.B.



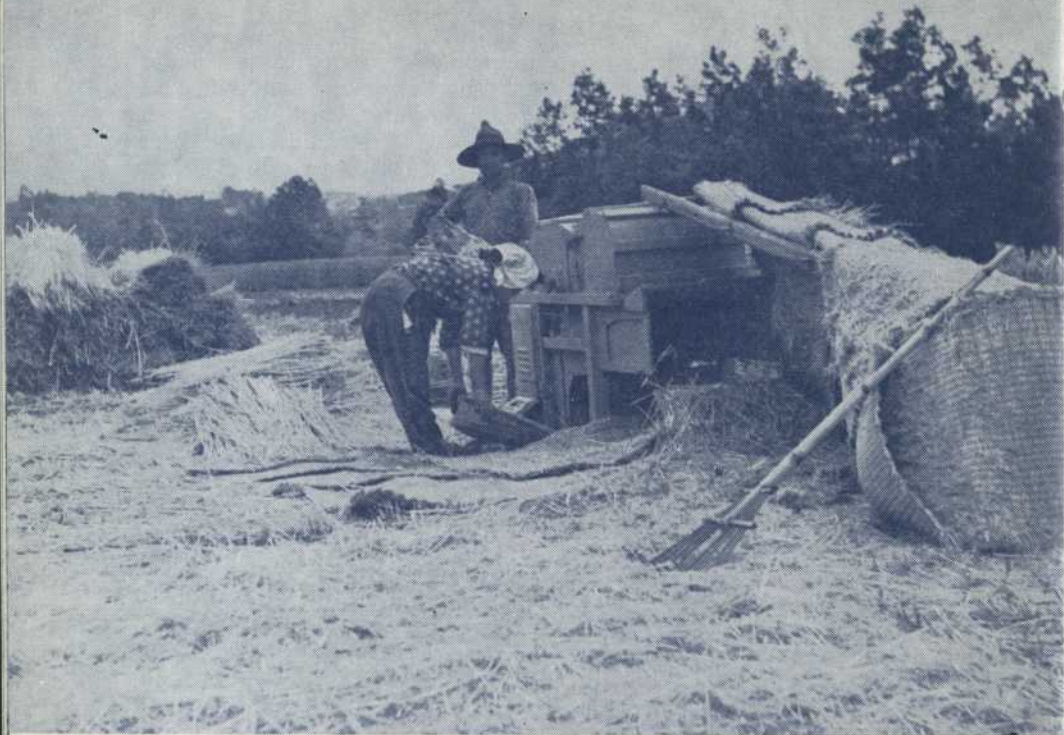
rice, fish fritters, and pickled vegetables awaits them. Groups of farmers often exchange hours of labour in a friendly spirit of collaboration. All work first on one man's field, then on the next man's until all have been done. The end of the transplanting season is marked by a rustic celebration in which all the villagers take part.

In September, the rice harvest furnishes one more occasion when neighbourly obligingness is displayed to its full advantage. The grain is cut by hand as nearly all farm labour is performed in Japan. Tied in bun-

dles, it is then carried to an open space by the roadside and hung, ears upside down, on large wooden racks which stretch for miles like golden walls set up on either side of country roads. Children are expected to help with the harvest just as they have helped with the transplanting. Released from school an hour or so ahead of schedule, their boisterous groups invade the rice fields for a grasshopper hunt following the minute directions issued by the village headman. Even our kindergarten tots have their appointed day and field. Can they be taught too early the

Flooded rice fields ready to welcome the seedlings.





The winnowing of rice in Japan.

precious lessons of helpfulness? Proudly they march away in ordered ranks, armed with voluminous brown paper bags in which to imprison as many "hoppers" as they can. Their mammas will afterwards stew these insects in soybean sauce and sugar. Eaten with rice they provide dainty tidbits having a rare nutty flavour.

What the farmer needs he should produce is a catchword in Japan. Accordingly, beside rice, the farmer grows wheat and barley sown by hand in bunches to ensure a heavier crop; white radish, two feet long; carrots that dig down deeper still

into mother earth; lotus produce edible roots a yard long; Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, sugar potatoes, and enormous eight-headed potatoes. He also possesses small orchards of peach trees, fig trees, and persimmon trees; clumps of graceful bamboo plants; for the beauty of their bloom, a few cherry trees; and as food for the silkworm, a plot of mulberry bushes. Have you ever heard of "shoe" trees? Probably not since they are special to Japan. Every farm has at least a pair of these, called by their rightful names *kiri* (paulownia) trees from whose light, strong wood the menfolk fashion

the family *geta* (clogs) during the long winter months.

Each farmhouse has a good thatch roof with a pumpkin vine growing over it in summer and perhaps a few stalks of gay irises blooming along its ridge. Inside, the floor of the living room is covered with inch-thick padded straw matting kept spotlessly clean since all shoes must be left outside. Only this room and perhaps a small room off it can boast of a ceiling. In the large kitchen, the rafters are visible, darkened by the smoke of an open hearth. Half of the floor is usually boarded up but the rest is just packed dirt. This is easily

accounted for since, instead of a shiny modern range, Japanese housewives have to be content with primitive stoves made of baked clay or with open stone fireplaces. In these simple, peaceful surroundings the Japanese peasants live frugal, contented lives. Of them it has truly been said that theirs is not so much "a low standard of living as a high standard of simplicity." Would that in every one of these hamlets, the spire of a catholic Church might point upward to the "mansions eternal" where a loving Father waits and watches for his children of all tribes and nations to come home at last.

Japanese farm house.





Drawing water from the community well.— In Japan.

Mysterious Collaboration

Sister SAINT ALEXANDRINE¹, M.I.C.

Taonenji had been sick for many moons before she reluctantly agreed to apply for hospitalization at the Lilongwe Government Hospital far from her bush village. There it was found that very little could be done for her worn-out body; there also were new horizons opened up before her soul by a zealous White Sister who regularly visited the patients. Taonenji felt a strange mixture of attraction and revulsion whenever was broached the subject of the life to come, the life that would be so different from this one and that would last forever. It was very difficult for her to make up her mind. On the one hand she suffered opposition from her family who all belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church; on the other she was buffeted about on the waves of her own hesitations and perplexities. Meantime, realizing that hospital treatments brought her scant relief she prepared to return home. Her devoted catechist felt dismayed at this piece of news. Was there much likelihood that in a thoroughly pagan milieu, the poor woman would find the courage to go the whole way and eventually embrace the Faith she had learned was the only true one? Nothing was left to do but to entrust this wavering soul to Our Lady of Africa's maternal protection.

To all appearances, Taonenji had been swallowed up again in the dark-

ness of heathenism. It happened, however, that after a certain time spent in her tribal village, the sick one decided on seeking help from her daughter Everina who lived in Fort Jameson. As her illness steadily grew from bad to worse, she was finally transferred to the city hospital conducted by lay nurses. There it was that I met her one day on my visits of the patients.

I knew nothing about her case then but as her life was fast slipping away, I made it a point to inquire after her religious convictions. How pleasantly surprised I was to learn that she eagerly desired Baptism! To all my questions she replied correctly and unhesitatingly; so without any further delay I poured the blessed waters of regeneration calling her Magdalen. While I pondered within myself who had so well prepared this soul for a happy passage from time to timelessness, her daughter drew near with a request, "Amayi, I also want to be baptized some day." When I inquired whether there were any catholic Mission near her bush village, she replied that there was none. "Did your mother ever live elsewhere than in her native place?" I went on. "She once spent a few weeks for treatments at Lilongwe Hospital." Here probably was the key to the enigma.

On the following day, we enjoyed the pleasure of extending the hospi-

¹ Evelyn O'Neill, Quebec.

tality of our convent to a White Sister passing through Fort Jameson on her way to her mission. As I was about to leave for my daily visit to the hospital, the visitor offered to accompany me. Upon reaching destination we found Magdalen in the throes of her last agony. We knelt to pray at her bedside. I noticed that my companion gave a little gasp of surprise at sight of the patient. "Where does this woman come from?" she whispered. "From Natenja, in the neighbourhood of

Lilongwe..." The White Sister turned again to the moribund, then, "That is Taonenji, I am now perfectly sure of it. Our Lady of Africa has not turned a deaf ear to my plea."

As we wended our way home we pieced together this spiritual puzzle, praising divine Providence for bringing about Taonenji's conversion. Sister X's heart overflowed with thankfulness for having been allowed to see the seed she had cast come to happy fruition; mine exulted at being

Missionary collaboration in Nyasaland as well as in Northern Rhodesia. Visiting Mua Leprosarium, conducted by the White Sisters. Rev. Father Genest with a group of Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.





Sister St. Alexandrine explains to little black girls of Fort Jameson the mysteries of letters and syllables.

able to find out who had prepared the furrow and planted the precious seed.

And now Magdalen, catechized by a White Sister and baptized by a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, is drawing in her wake Everina, Tiko, and Zengosi . . . Who was it that first obtained for them merciful graces flowing from the Saviour's Heart? Perhaps a child who offered Him the sacrifice of a "Sweet Mary"; or a young boy or

girl who gave up alluring pleasures in order to remain good; or a harassed father and mother who offered their daily worries and annoyances for the Missions; or again a saintly grandmother who told her beads the whole day through that His kingdom might come all over the earth . . . Who has procured for Magdalen her passport to eternal happiness? That remains God's secret and the mystery of mysterious coincidences that will be solved only in the Land of Leal.

To London

by Jeep

Sister SAINT ALBERT THE GREAT¹, M.I.C.

As there are around the globe a baker's dozen of towns or cities bearing the name of Montreal, so are there several others called after London, the lordly British capital. Without quite expecting such cities to present a skyline similar in every respect to that of their homonyms, one seems entitled to find in them at least a few points of likeness.

But, the London I visited one day last October was a lonely *campo* consisting of twenty thatch-roofed farm houses! During the rainy season, this hamlet is entirely cut off from the rest of the world because of the bad routes which then turn into swamps. Farmers on horseback are the only ones who travel during this time — excepting, of course, missionaries. What bad roads could hold them back? Unaccustomed to riding horses, Sister St. Colette² and I accepted with alacrity the jeep graciously offered by the administrator of the *central*. Although London is not at any great distance from

Mercedes, we had the impression that it was at the back of beyond for the car churned and growled, inching its way through veritable lakes. No habitations were in sight anywhere. In this eastern part of Matanzas province — the immense red plain of La Habana — sugar cane plantations rise like emerald walls on either sides of the roads, screening houses from view.

Once at destination, our troubles were not over. It seemed that the Evil One knew we had come to London on this Saturday morning to teach catechism to young girls between seventeen and twenty-three years of age who had not yet made their First Holy Communion. With diabolical glee he doubtless watched us sloshing from one distant house to another. I am even tempted to think it was he who led our chauffeur astray into a sort of wild savannah from which we had much difficulty in extricating ourselves...

¹ Marguerite Jobin, Quebec.

² Lucienne Constantin, Montreal.



A citizen of the PUEBLO escorted
to his final resting place.



The Cuban peasant's humble dwelling.

Bad roads notwithstanding, we succeeded in visiting all the families in London, and everywhere we received a pleasant welcome. However, much lifting of eyebrows and many quizzical glances greeted our inquiries whether there were any children of age to learn their catechism and prepare for reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Eucharist. Did the *Madres* doubt of their being good Catholics? Nearly all Cubans are baptized; all cherish a tender devotion to the Virgin of Caridad whose picture or statue is found in every home. Beyond that, however, do not require from them anything in the line of

attendance at church or of practice of their religious duties.

After repeated visits, the Sisters have at long last been fortunate enough to enroll in their doctrine course thirty adults who have as yet received no other sacrament than Baptism. If only missionaries were more numerous! As it is, our Sisters having to teach in the *Colegio* all week can give only their Saturdays to this pressing work of imparting catechism lessons to distant *campo* inhabitants. Please unite with us in praying the Lord of the harvest to send more labourers into Cuban fields of missionary endeavour.

RUMPHI,
NORTHERN NYASALAND

Training Catechists

Sister SAINT BRIDGET¹, M.I.C.

In 1953, Msgr. St. Denis, W.F., Prefect Apostolic of Northern Nyasaland, inaugurated at Rumphu a training centre for catechists, those precious auxiliaries of the priest on the missions. In this school, future lay apostles will deepen their convictions and broaden their knowledge of the doctrine in such a way as to measure up to their role when left to their own initiative in distant bush districts.

As nearly all are married men with dependents, Monsignor further decided to create for their use a sort of student city consisting of forty neat cottages. In his milieu, the catechist, like Saint John the Baptist, must be a shining light; both his social and his homelife should radiate, in the midst of the pagan masses, the genuine Christian spirit. How could such an ideal be realized unless his wife also received an adequate formation enabling her to be his true helpmate, a sharer in his responsibility?

Our zealous Prefect Apostolic therefore decided to extend catechetical training facilities to the women folk. I found myself assigned to this task,

my first class of adults numbering twenty African women. None of these had had much schooling; moreover, the majority were neophytes, with only the most elementary knowledge of religion. Under such conditions they were totally unfitted to aid their husbands in their difficult task.

Their training course evidently began with catechism lessons. Then, they were gradually initiated into the mysteries of hygiene, pediatrics, domestic economy. Docile and attentive, they particularly enjoyed the hour devoted to sewing and knitting. Here I wish to express appreciative thanks to the unknown benefactor whose generous alms furnished the required equipment for these practical classes. The last hour of the day was spent learning to read and to write. My pupils liked these lessons although at times they found the going difficult. I often heard them dolefully remark, "If only we had studied when we were children! Now, our heads are so hard... But our parents always said a girl need know nothing more than how to cook the *sima* and hoe the vegetable patch... All she was good for they thought was to be given

¹ Jeannette Caron, Saint Jean de la Lande.

in marriage as early as possible in exchange for several cows. Her father could then afford to buy himself an extra wife or two." Whenever my grown-up students thus lamented their lack of instruction, I never failed to stress the importance of schooling for their own boys and girls.

At the end of the first school year, ten out of my sixteen graduates could read and write fluently in their own native language, the Citumbuka. How elated they were! "Now, we'll be able to read the letters we receive," they naively exclaimed. Upon leaving for her respective bush vil-



lage, everyone of my grown-up pupils carried away one change of clothing, the work of her own hands, as well as knitted wear for her children.

In the succeeding years 1954-55-56 other groups have come to Rumphu to be trained as good Christian wives and mothers. My classroom measures

only 15 x 15 feet square but what does it matter? Within its walls, a noble work is being accomplished, that of preparing valiant women such as described in the Ecclesiasticus, "everlasting foundations" and "golden pillars" for the African Church of tomorrow.



Plain and purl...

Sister St. Bridget

says it is as easy

as shelling peas.

Just try

and see!

Our Beloved Dead

Rev. Sister Cecile Vanasse, Sisters of Charity of Montreal General Hospital, **Montreal**, Sister of our Sisters Marie Bernard and Mechtilde of the Blessed Sacrament; Rev. Sister Mary of the Holy Redeemer, Precious Blood Sisters, **Portland, Oregon**; Mr. Adelard Lefebvre, **Montreal**, father of our Sister St. Charles Borromeo; Mrs. Elphege Blain, **Verdun**, mother of our Sister St. Clare; Mr. Ernest Mathieu, **St. Ephrem de Beauce**, father of our Sister Gertrude of Jesus; Mrs. Charles Langlois, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister St. Charles Garnier; Mrs. Henri Coursol, **Montreal**, mother of our Sister Francoise du Carmel; Mrs. Aristide Carrier, **Worcester, Mass.**, mother of our Sister Marie Aristide; Mr. Benjamin Tremblay, **St. Fulgence**, father of our Sister Pierre Julien; Mr. L. A. Beauregard, **St. Hyacinthe**, father of our Sister Cyrille de l'Enfant Jesus; Mrs. Joseph Perron, **Lac aux Sables**, mother of our Sister St. Augustin; Mr. Cyrille Gagnon, **Quebec**, brother of our Sister Marie Lucie; Mr. Paul Martel, **Montreal**, brother of our Sister Monique d'Ostie; Mr. Aristide Rouleau, **Montreal**, brother of our Sister St. Adrien; Mr. J. B. Barrette, Mrs. Evelyn Perrier, Mrs. Eug. Lefebvre, Mr. Leo Landry, Mrs. Rene Payette, Mr. Robert Theriault, **Montreal**; Mrs. Jessie M. Leary, **Notre-Dame de Grace**; Mrs. Malvina Beaudry, **Fairview**; Mrs. Aime De Ladurantaye, **Verdun**; Mrs. Ferdinand Harle, **Rosemont**; Mrs. Joseph Vincent, **Longueuil**; Mrs. J. A. Fortin, **Hochelaga**; Mrs. Joseph Descoteaux, **Maison-neuve**; Mrs. J. A. Daigneault, **Ville Mont Royal**; Miss Therese Brais, **Boucherville**; Miss Eva Perrault, Mrs. Pierre Nolin, Mr. Emilien Langlois, Mrs. Joseph L'Ecuier, Mrs. Magloire Berger, Mrs. Henri Vallee, Mr. H. Ethier, Mrs. Ulric Trahan, Mrs. Auguste Hebert, Mrs. Roch Choquette, Mr. Denis Lefebvre, Mrs. Gaudette, **St. Jean**; Mrs. Octave Géhu, Mr. & Mrs. Telesphore Langlois, Sr., Miss Yvonne Fortin, **St. Valentin**; Mr. Ovila Archambault, Miss Delphine Charron, **St. Denis sur Richelieu**; Mrs. Nap. Saint Hilaire, Mrs. Theophile Bellavance, **St. Odilon de Crambourne**; Mrs. Jean Godin, **Saint Louis de Bonsecours**; Mr. L. J. Desilets Joliette; Miss Alice Michaud, **St. Gabriel de Brandon**; Mr. Paul Cournoyer, fils Pierre, **St. Ignace de Loyola**; Mrs. Albert Riopel, **St. Come**; Miss Flore Piette, **Berthierville**; Mrs. Joseph Lefebvre, **Mont Laurier**; Mr. Philias Labelle, **Val Barrette**; Mr. Arthur Desaulniers, **Yamachiche**; Mr. Alcide Lariviere, **La Presentation**; Mrs. Omer Bruneau, Mr. Leopold Sainte Marie, **La Minerve**; Mrs. Eugene Marin, Mrs. Arthur Roberge, **Quebec**; Miss Yvette Laforce, **Howick**; Mrs. Lucien Hamel, **Lotbiniere**; Mr. Paul Rodrigue, **Beauceville Ouest**; Mrs. Arthur Nadeau, **St. Cyprien de Dorchester**; Mrs. Philippe Lefrancois, **Chateau Richer**; Mrs. Arthur Gaudreau, **Montmagny**; Mrs. Ernest Dion, Mrs. Louis Laroche, **Scott Junction**; Mrs. Joseph Marcell, **Farnham**; Mrs. Arthur Beaulieu, **St. Ulric**; Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Larue, **Shawinigan**; Mrs. Ferdinand Belanger, **Trois Rivières**; Mrs. Azarias Belanger, **St. Thur be**; Mr. Aime Bouchard, **St. Ludger de Milot**; Mrs. Harry Gagne, **Levis**; Mrs. Rosaire Gilbert, **St. Luc de Dorchester**; Mr. David Couture, **Saint Marie de Beauce**; Mr. Alexis Michaud, **Cacouna**; Mr. Joseph Michaud, **Notre Dame du Sacre Cœur de Rimouski**; Mr. J. B. Lavoie, **Rimouski**; Mrs. Dan Gaudet, **Cornwall, Ont.**; Mrs. Marie Anne Pouliot, **Augusta, Me.**; Mrs. Albertine Gagne, **Salem, Mass.**; Mr. Ferdinand J. Leblanc, **Lynn, Mass.**; Mr. Tancrede L. Blanchette, Mr. L. N. Milot, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mrs. Louise Gagnon, **Cambridge, Mass.**

Death is the turning of the page of life's music hurriedly while we continue the song of blissful harmony. Death is the window through which we view vistas of eternal beauty and happiness. Death is the door opening one of the many mansions of the Supreme Father, in which we shall continue our existence in perfect peace.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.
NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9.
OUTREMONT, 314 St. Catherine Road
Montreal 8.
CHINESE HOSPITAL, 112 Lagachetiere St., West
Montreal 1.
NOMINIQUE, Labelle County, Que.
RIMOUSKI, Que.
JOLIETTE, 750 St. Louis Street.
QUEBEC, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.
VANCOUVER, Oriental Hospital, 236 Campbell St.
VANCOUVER, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital
3080 Prince Edward Street.
THREE RIVERS, 1325 de la Terriere Street.
GRANBY, 35 Dufferin Street.
GRANBY, 279 Main Street.
CHICOUTIMI, 766 Cenacle Street.
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, Que.
SAINT JOHNS, Que., 430 Champlain Street.
PERTH, N. B., C. P. 259.
OTTAWA, Ont., 443 Gilmour Street.

UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, Mass., 207 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

OUR LADY OF FATIMA HOUSE
103 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.
OUR LADY OF PROTECTION HOUSE
Clear Water Bay Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

FORMOSA

KUANHSI, Catholic Church, Hsinchu Hsien, Taiwan.
SHIH KUANG TASE, Catholic Church, Hsinchu
Hsien, Taiwan.
TAIPEI, Ho Ping Tung, 2nd Section, An Tung
Chieh 363, Taiwan.

JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi,
Fukushima Ken.
WAKAMATSU, 480, sakae machi, Aizu Wakamatsu.
TOKYO, 108-4 cho me Fukazawa cho, Setagaya ku.

ITALY

ROME, via Giacinto Carini, 8.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, Immaculate Conception Anglo Chinese
Academy, Gen. Luna St., Intramuros.
MANILA, 2212 S. del Rosario St., Tondo.
LAS PINAS, Rizal.
MATI, Davao Province.
DAVAO City, Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall.
PADADA, Davao Province.
BAGUIO City, II, Pacdal, Mountain Province.

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti.
LES COTEAUX, Haiti.
ROCHE A BATEAU, Haiti.
PORT SALUT, Haiti.
CAMP PERRIN, Haiti.
MIREBALAIS, Haiti.
LIMBE, Haiti.
CAP HAITIEN, Haiti.
CHANTAL, Haiti.
TROU DU NORD, Haiti.
PORT AU PRINCE, cité No. 2.
DESCHAPELLES, Albert Schweitzer Hospital
Post Box No. 4, Saint Marc, Haiti.
MERCEDES, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MARTI, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MANGUITO, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
LOS ARABOS, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MAXIMO GOMEZ, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
COLON, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

KATETE MISSION, Katete River P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C.
MZAMBAZI MISSION, Kafukule P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C.
RUMPHI MISSION, Rumph P.O., Nyasaland, B.C.
KARONGA MISSION, Karonga P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C.
KASEYE MISSION, Fort Hill P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C.
MZUZU MISSION, Nyasaland, B.C.
NKATA BAY MISSION, Nkata Bay P.O.
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