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The Precursor

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IN THIS ISSUE

<i>Mystic Door</i>	3
The Redaction.	
<i>Under the Sign of Lourdes</i>	4
M.I.C.	
<i>Our Lady of Grand Bassin</i>	16
Sister Marie Theodore, M.I.C.	
<i>La Caridad</i>	20
Sister Saint Albert the Great, M.I.C.	
<i>Our Lady of Lourdes at</i> <i>"Charity, If You Please"</i>	26
Sister Saint Juliette, M.I.C.	
<i>Soliloguy</i>	29
<i>Lourdes... at Tak Sun School</i>	32
Sister Saint Philip, M.I.C.	
<i>Rosary Month at Bekkel</i>	36
Sister Marie Albert, M.I.C.	
<i>Rosebuds for Our Lady</i>	40
Sister Saint Elodie, M.I.C.	
<i>Marian Interview</i>	43
Sister Saint Rodrigue, M.I.C.	
<i>Our Dear Departed</i>	46

Cover picture: Lourdes grotto on the grounds
of our Gagalangin Convent, Philippine Islands.

Mystic Door

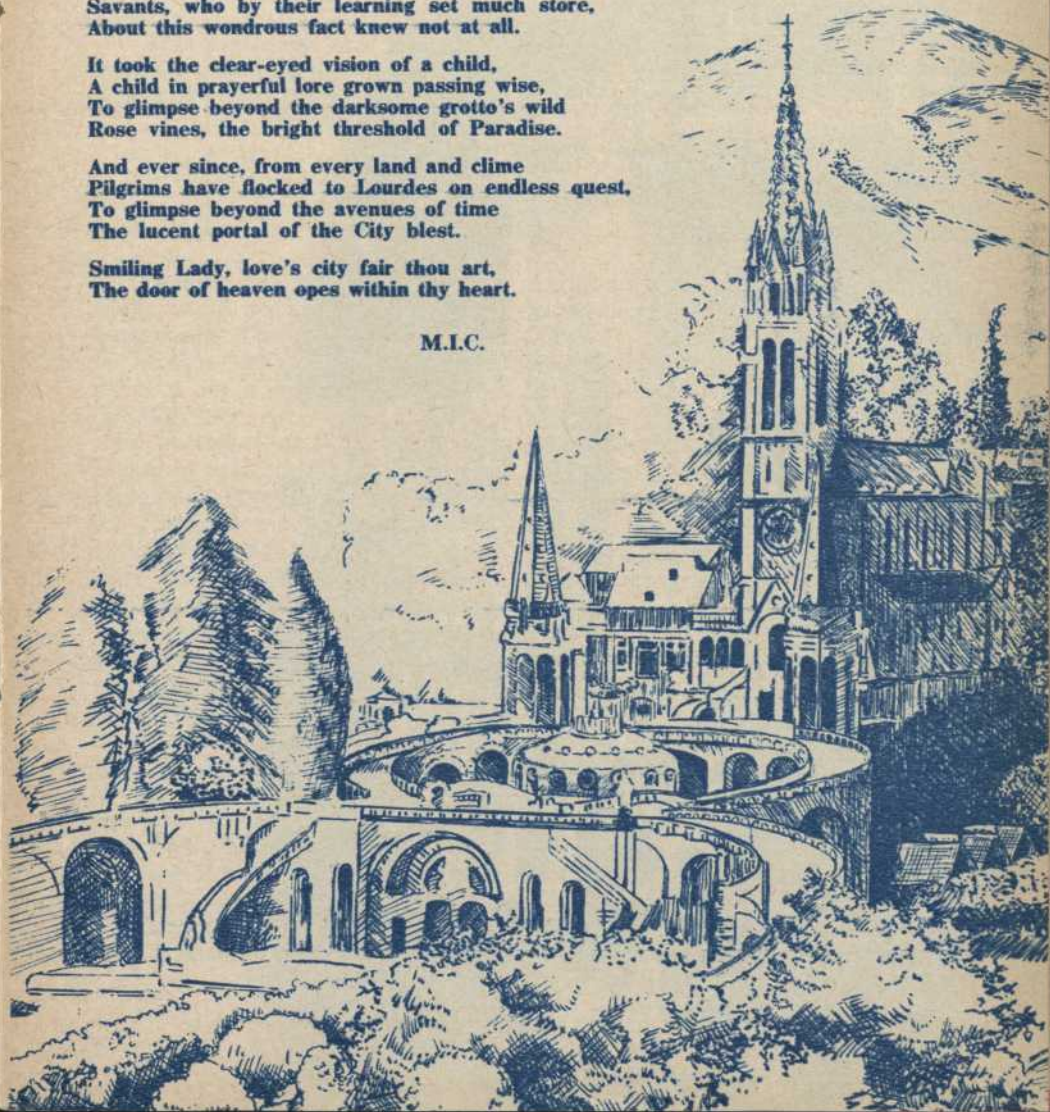
Nobody knew about the mystic door
Hewed in the Pyrenee's stern granite wall.
Savants, who by their learning set much store,
About this wondrous fact knew not at all.

It took the clear-eyed vision of a child,
A child in prayerful lore grown passing wise,
To glimpse beyond the darksome grotto's wild
Rose vines, the bright threshold of Paradise.

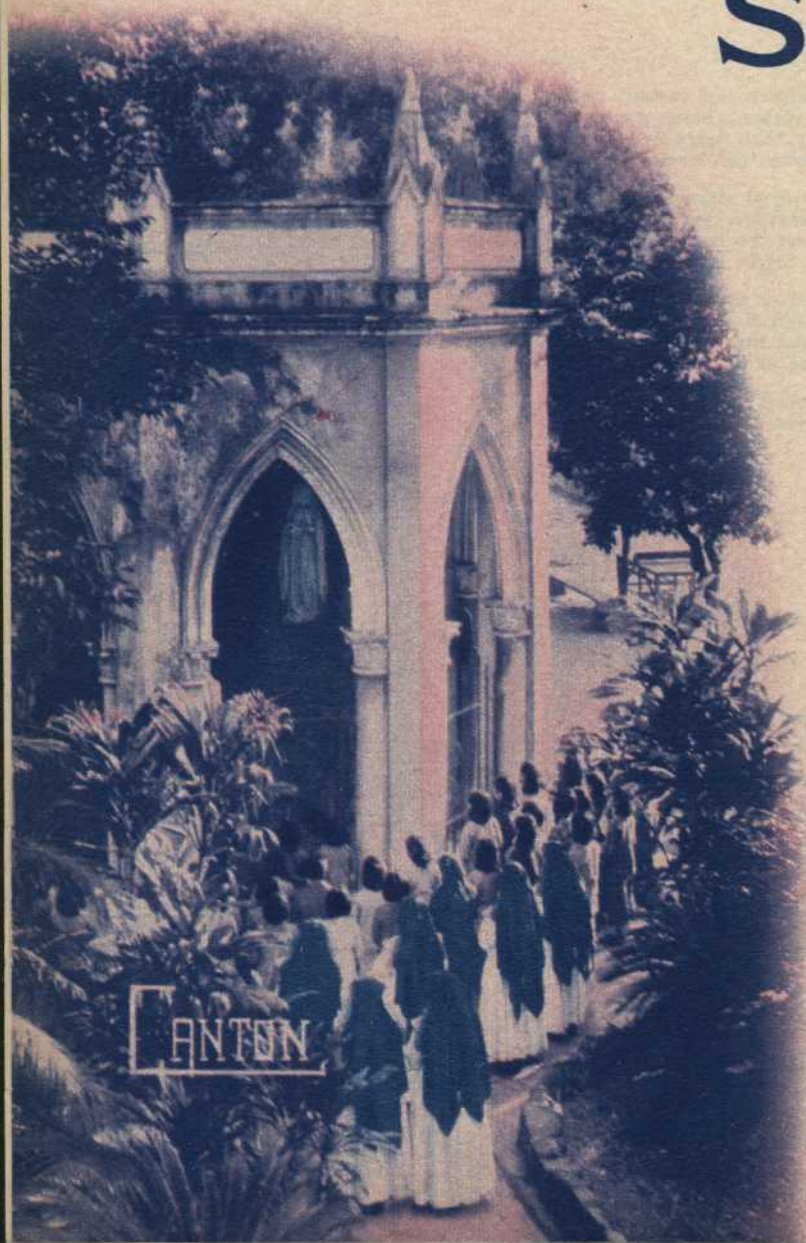
And ever since, from every land and clime
Pilgrims have flocked to Lourdes on endless quest,
To glimpse beyond the avenues of time
The lucent portal of the City blest.

Smiling Lady, love's city fair thou art,
The door of heaven opes within thy heart.

M.I.C.



UNDER THE SIGN



OF LOURDES

This centenary year 1958 marks with yet another blue and gold milestone the history of the Church in the 20th century. It lays at the same time a blue and gold landmark in the history of our missionary Society.

The Beginnings

It was in fact in 1908, while the whole world acclaimed the Lady of Massabielle, that the work founded by Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit received its apostolic mission from the Holy See. Archbishop Paul Bruchesi at that time in Rome participating in the sacerdotal jubilee celebrations of Pope Pius X transmitted the gladsome news to the Foundress in the following terms: "I met the Holy Father and we conversed intimately together for three quarters of an hour. I told him about your little family. He cordially blessed everyone of its members. I also called on Cardinal Gotti, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. All mission lands are opened to you... No country in particular will be assigned as your field of action. As of yore the apostles you are bidden 'Go and teach all nations...'"

This appeared a beautiful dream. The Institute on whom this ex-

ceptional mandate was conferred was a toddler still, having been "baptized" only four years hence by His Holiness Pope Pius X. But what a "baptism" it had been under the glorious sign of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception! Who will gainsay that this new favour granted in 1908 was not yet another gift from the hands of the Immaculate Queen and Mother? A transposition of the marvelous story of Lourdes from the missionary standpoint this was in a certain manner. Like the obscure, untutored shepherdess this little community which then did not number ten professed Sisters was entrusted with a world-wide mission. Bernadette had been entrusted with a message of penitence for the conversion of sinners and with instructions regarding a chapel to be built and processions to be made at Massabielle. On the day when the beautiful Lady told the child her name, she transformed her into a missionary

with a universal radiation. In time, the chapel would grow into a basilica; the processions would be composed of throngs from every land and clime.

To the Society she had deigned to choose, Our Lady entrusted the diffusion of the Gospel message among non-Christian or dechristianized peoples and nations, the world over. Genuine message of penitence this was, for the soul that would accept the glad tidings as well as for the one who would transmit the message. We would search in vain for a single conversion that has not in one way or another been wrought at high price — the price of the heart's blood. When she claimed as her own the work founded by Delia Tetreault, Mary well knew that her missionary shepherdesses would hasten to erect chapels and grottoes in her honour no matter where they might be sent. Better still they would prepare living tabernacles to house her divine Son according to the formula "To Jesus through Mary." Such was the core of the message.

Fervent devotee of Our Lady that she was, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit straightway guessed the profound and hidden significance of having her work placed under the sign of Lourdes. How her filial love thrilled at this thought! The characteristic orientation of her Society's apostolate she beheld clearly outlined in the white radiance of Mary's Immaculate Conception.

In appreciation of these celestial favours, the Foundress in 1909 gave a double pledge of her gratitude; she assigned September 8 as departure day for the first six shepherd-

esses called to Canton by Bishop J. M. Merel and again on this same day she inaugurated in her humble religious family the wearing of the blue sash as part of its costume. Noting this event in "Relation of the First Thirty Years" the annalist comments, "The blue sash was adopted out of thankfulness to Our Blessed Mother because in this jubilee year of her apparitions at Lourdes Rome assigned us the whole world as field of apostolate."

The first departure created a sensation in Montreal and stirred about the young missionary community a wave of enthusiastic interest and cordial sympathy. In compliance with the Archbishop's express desire, a spectacular ceremony of departure took place at the cathedral in the evening of September 8. The six Sisters¹ some of whom had not yet come of age knelt on red plush prie-dieus near the altar rail. The church was crowded. A reporter wrote, "some fashionable ladies who had entered out of mere curiosity found themselves deeply impressed." Under the direction of the Grey Nuns, the choir of St. Joseph's Orphanage sang the departure hymn whose words had been tastefully adapted by devoted Mother St. Ann Marie C.N.D. Then, Archbishop Bruchesi delivered a stirring address. Gone was the time when the work founded by Delia Tetreault left him hesitant and perplexed. After paying tribute to the missionaries that the motherland had already given to the Church, he exclaimed, "This is the first time that Canada witnesses the departure of missionaries who are members of a

¹ Sister Marie of Lourdes
Sister St. Joseph
Sister Mary of the Child Jesus

Sister St. Peter Claver
Sister St. John Evangelist
Sister Marie of St. George.

national Institute whose sole aim is foreign mission apostolate ... People often remark that many works at home require our co-operation. They should remember that Catholics must have boundless zeal, a zeal that embraces the whole wide world. How could they remain indifferent to the apostolate? The non-Christians also are our brothers and we must do everything in our power so that may be applied to them the merits of the

blood shed upon the Cross for their salvation. We Canadians owe a debt of gratitude to the Church. If our faith is so deep and strong today we are indebted for it to our forefathers, those forefathers of ours who were true missionaries ..."

Himself stirred to his heart depths, the Archbishop touched the hearts of all present by his farewell address to the missionaries and the supernatural consolations he tendered to sorrowing relatives and friends.

THE GROTTO AT GAGALANGIN

where Sisters and pupils call on their Mother's love
and pay her homage.



When the Sisters came out of the cathedral after the ceremony, they were surrounded by the faithful who congratulated them and wished them *Bon Voyage*. With difficulty they finally extricated themselves and rode to the railway station where they were again met with veritable ovations. Kind father that he was the Archbishop awaited them there to bestow a final blessing. Was there not about this first departure something

heroic and daring? In those days China was a strange, mysterious country presumably filled with ambushes of all kinds, the back of beyond, whence missionaries could not hope to return. In those days also the missionary idea in Canada was far from being widespread as it is now. It took Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit's burning zeal and dauntless faith in divine Providence to launch on the route to Canton six young Sisters rich only in their enthusiasm, fervour, and the beginnings of a religious formation. None among them had had the least experience of mission life. Of the language, the mentality, the ways and customs of the Chinese, they knew next to nothing. And yet immediately upon their arrival they were entrusted with the



"I brought you a flower..."
lisps this winsome Japanese
orphan from Koriyama.

You want to see
happy children?
Come to Mzambazi.



direction of important works already functioning, such as a Creche, an orphanage, a work room. They were, moreover, called upon to inaugurate

an educational establishment — Holy Spirit School — first Catholic school for girls in the huge pagan city of Canton.

Since Then

The Lady of Lourdes who is also the Lady of the Rosary agreed the homage of her zealous daughter, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit. It was on the feast of the Holy Rosary that the first missionary shepherdesses reached their flock of Chinese lambkins.

Countless departures to all parts of the world have since then taken

place. None has ever been so spectacular as the first which had left the heart of the Foundress deeply saddened and anguished. How this dear Mother cherished humility and simplicity! To the young religious under her charge she was fond of quoting the old saw "Much cry and little wool."





HIGH SCHOOL LAS PINAS

Sister Mary of the Precious Blood (Aurore Racette, Limoges, Ont.)

Until now the Society has sent over 484 missionaries to the Far East, (counting in Vancouver, Canada, where Orientals live in considerable numbers), the Philippine Islands, the Antilles, Africa, and Madagascar. Faithful to its motto "May Mary Immaculate be known from pole to pole!" it endeavours to promote the gospel message in a Marylike manner through works adapted to local needs and to the mentality of various regions. Of its 64 establishments now existing 44

are situated in foreign mission territory; another 4 situated in Canada are dedicated to the apostolate among Oriental immigrants and a 5th forms part of the Home Missions.

In 1909, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit wrote to the Superior of the mission in Canton, then assailed by difficulties of all kinds: "The reason for the existence of this first mission may very well be merely to "buy" others at a cost . . . Of that we know nothing, for it is God's secret . . ." Canton, the beloved and sorrowful

First flowers of our Fomosan kindergartens.



first-born among our missions, may perhaps explain the present day advance of the Society's missions all over the world. Has not Holy Spirit School established under incredible hardships and now spoliated by the Reds been the factor for the surprising multiplication of our schools in mission territories? How proud the Filipinos are of the High Schools opened to them in various parts of their archipelago! Kowloon and Japan see eager boys and girls flock to the spacious modern classrooms built after the war. Haiti rubs its eyes in

wonder as it beholds the numerous schools built for the welfare of its children all over the island. Matanzas Diocese, Cuba, rejoices over the increasing number of its *Colegios*. Even the distant bush districts of Northern Nyasaland boast of a boardings chool, secondary and normal schools where examinations for Cambridge may be prepared. How elated Madagascar is to learn that this year the Malagasy graduates of Morondava Academy came out first in the Government examinations. The young missions of Northern Rhodesia and Formosa take

One of the first Japanese
"shepherdesses".



pride, the one in its school for Home Economics, the other in its brand new kindergarten. In every one of these institutions Catholic Action is held in high honour among the youth of all nations and colour. Everywhere the daughters of mission-minded Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit have the ambition of extending their apostolate through the formation of lay apostles in catechumenates, doctrine centres, Marian congregations, Legion of Mary praesidia, Eucharistic Crusade units, Guide companies, etc.

Side by side with the apostolate of education, our Society also carries on the apostolate of hospitalization. Here again we fondly believe that the dispensary of Canton, the Shek Lung Lazaretto, the prosperous clinics

of Suchow and Manchuria all ruined by the Communist invasion have assured the consoling fruition of today in Haiti, Nyasaland and Formosa. Hospitals, clinics, dispensaries, maternity wards, refuges, like so many nets cast into the seas of unbelief and religious apathy help to attain those whom the schools have been powerless to reach.

Likewise has not the happiness and security of the Mzambazi orphans, that of homeless girls in Koriyama and in Port au Prince some relation to the sacrifice of our beloved Chinese children of the Canton Orphanage? In fact, scarcely had the two Chinese establishments of To Kom Hant and Canton fallen into Communist hands than the three homes for unfortunate children mentioned above prospered by leaps and bounds.

But the work of works, that over which the Society more especially rejoices is the creation of indigenous novitiates. At Baguio and Tokyo, Mary Immaculate keeps watch and ward over the enclosed gardens where the first Filipino and Japanese shepherdesses are being trained in the best traditions of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit. With equal solicitude Our Lady bends over the cradle of the young African community of Rosarian Sisters in Northern Nyasaland. There, under the direction of Canadian Mothers, valiant young girls of Africa, neophytes of yesterday, are initiated into the blessed secrets of religious life.

After half a century of service in the mission field, the Society draws

up its balance-sheet humbly and thankfully, in the spirit of the *Magnificat*. In none of its numerous apostolic works nor in its hopeful "second spring" does it glory. Borrowing the words of its Foundress it repeats, "Our Lady is responsible for all that has been done... she has never failed to assist me..."

Mary never spares her friends the Cross. The history of the mission posts in the Canton region as well as in Manchuria reads like a thriller where droughts, war episodes, exodus, epidemics, raids by bandits follow one another at a rapid pace. At the present time the Japanese and Filipino missions experience a heartening resurgence but what setbacks and destruc-

tion did they not undergo during World War II! New life has blossomed on ruins; the liberty enjoyed today has been paid by anguished months and years spent in the nightmare of prisons or concentration camps. Although exempted such drastic fate, the missions of other lands have nevertheless had their share of trials from the unleashed forces of nature or from other quarters. Their vigour, their enthusiasm, their vitality are the fruits of afflictions patiently and valiantly borne. Most remarkable of all not a single missionary Sister was lost in these troublous periods. Mary stood always ready to save them when peril threatened. Only one instance need be cited here. It happened in Paitchengtze during the Russian in-



These Northern Nyasalanders are training to become Rosarian Sisters and do they enjoy it!

vasion of Manchuria. Late one evening, a group of drunken soldiers forced their way into the little convent. The Sisters sought refuge in the only room of the house which had lock and key only to find that the rusty key would not work. A desperate S.O.S. winged its way to the Blessed Mother's throne. Suddenly the key fitted, the door was barred and so stoutly fortified by an invisible hand that it resisted all efforts to break it open. Mary Immaculate safeguarded her missionary shepherdesses from the insults of the Soviets. Once the danger was passed, the Sisters vainly tried to use the key again. It had worked only once under the open sesame: "O Mary conceived without sin..."

Another event nothing short of miraculous was the rescue of our Sisters interned at Los Banos Camp during World War II. From the blue unexpectedly sailed down on the fateful morning of February 23, 1945, brave American parachutists in the nick of time to save the prisoners from an execution *en masse*. How could Mary have abandoned those who had faithfully crowned her during their incarceration with chaplets of *Ave's* innumerable?

We also believe ourselves indebted to Our Lady for the remarkable immunity from accidents in continuous sea, land, and sky travel. During the past fifty years, in spite of perilous situations encountered, no serious mishaps have been recorded,



Every girl should learn to sew.
The Baguio postulants are trying their skill
on the religious costume they will soon wear.

not a single accidental death has occurred. This is Our Blessed Mother's response to the act of consecration traditionally made on the occasion of every departure and also we may

say to the promise made by Mother Foundress that the Sisters would never take part in any purely recreational excursions on water.

Watchman, What of the Night?

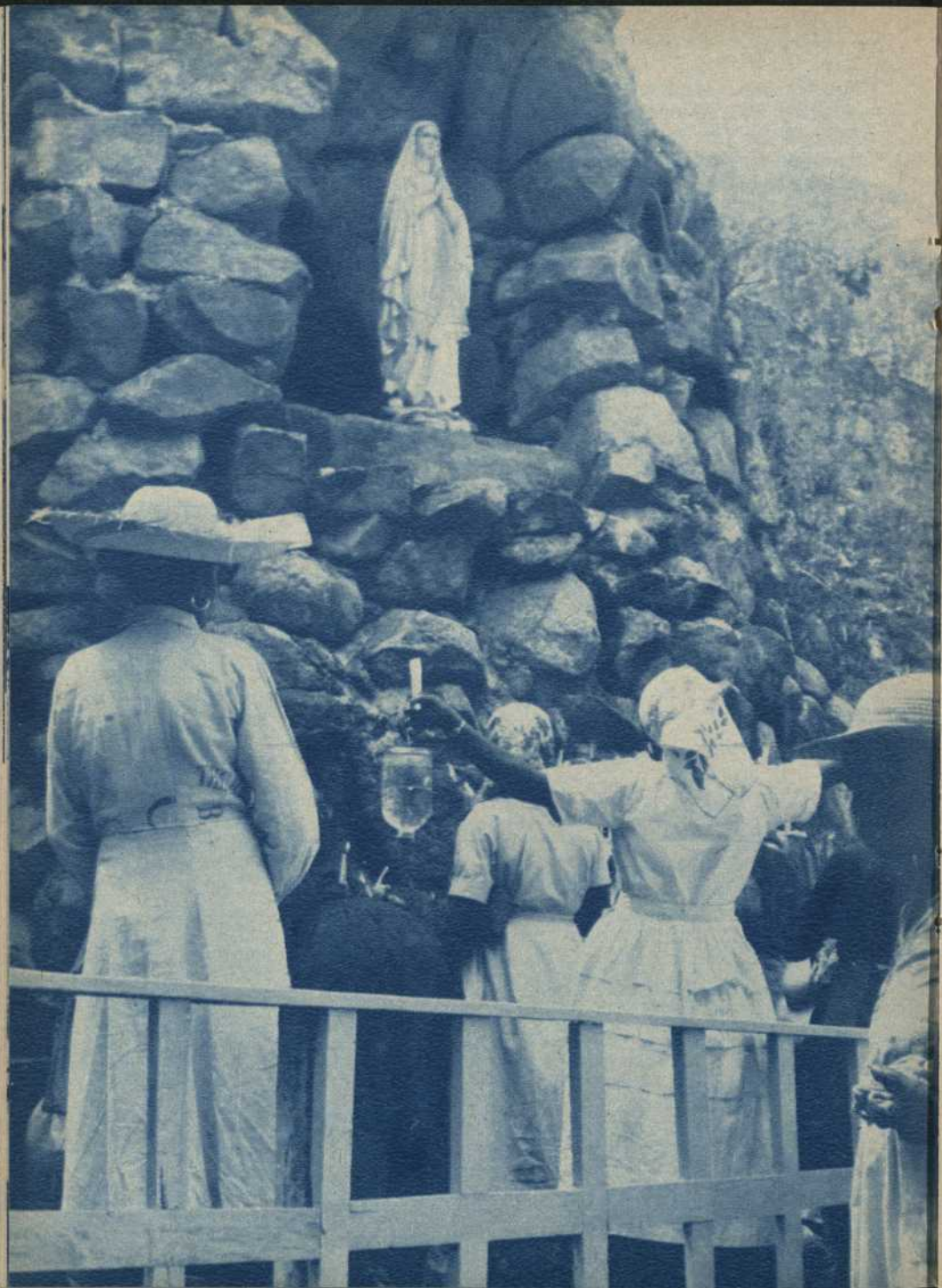
What will the future of our missions be? Will the tragedy of Canton and Manchuria be repeated elsewhere? Perhaps. But, by that time the missions of China may be on the point of bursting into bloom once again. Mission history is a perpetual starting afresh. The only mistake would be to give in to pessimism.

In spite of setbacks, the slow progress of works, even though one may

labour under the impression that nothing is being accomplished, the advent of God's kingdom is assured.

What will this other half of century bring our missions? Nobody knows. But there is no place for diffidence in our programme. We need but treasure the unwavering trust of that distant September 8, 1909, for our Society and its missionary mandate remain forever *under the sign of Lourdes*.





Our Lady

of Grand Bassin

Sister MARIE THEODORE¹, M.I.C.

Since that February 18, 1858, when Our Blessed Mother smiled upon the little shepherdess, Bernadette, is there a single country in the world that has not erected its own national replica of the Marian shrine at Massabielle?

Tender and constant devotion towards the Immaculate Virgin have flourished in Haiti from the days of the island's discovery by Columbus, himself loyal liegeman of Our Lady. Of the five Haitian dioceses, four are placed under the patronage of Mary's Assumption; in wooded mornes and lovely valleys, everywhere her praises are sung, her feasts are celebrated with touching demonstrations of piety.

It is at Grand Bassin in the diocese of the Cap that the Haitian Lourdes is situated. There, yearly travel from all parts of the country crowds of pilgrims eager to pay Mary the tribute of their filial love and to implore her powerful mediation.

Back in 1945 the hamlet now grown famous could not even boast of being an organized parish. But Our Lady undoubtedly loves the mountains. She had graciously elected the morne of Jeanton as her queenly domain. Under her inspiration, one of her faithful servants, Mgr. Le Breton, resolved to build in her honour a church on the slopes of the hill and a little below it a Lourdes Grotto. Both would command a view of the entire countryside.

On September 15 of the following year, His Excellency The Most Reverend Jean Marie Jan, bishop of Cap Haitien, blessed the new sanctuary of Grand Bassin. Eight years later, His Excellency The Most Reverend A. F. Cousineau, erected it into a regular parish district.

Meantime, the first groups of pilgrims began to seek out the church and the grotto on the hill. Grand Bassin gradually became a pilgrimage centre beloved of all Haitians. Every year the Cap diocese prepares its

¹ Lucienne Gadoury, Ste Elisabeth de Joliette.

own special rally by a solemn novena presided by the bishop in person. This year, the novena closed on the feast of the Annuntiation.

At seven on that bright March morning we boarded "Dieu là" the mission's motor truck and joined the cortege of vehicles crossing Hippolite Bridge in the direction of Ouanaminthe Cap. Sentries on duty in the neighbourhood refrained from questioning these voyagers whom they saw armed with rosaries and singing hymns to Mary.

After skirting the beautiful scal-

loped shores of Cap Bay, we passed through Morin, Limonade, and Trou du Nord. At Terrier Rouge began the stiff ascent to Jeanton. Here and there, flocks of sheep stood knee-deep in the grass munching contentedly until the roar of our motors frightened them away. At last the zigzag road picked its way uphill and soon amidst lush foliage emerged the graceful church and the grotto goal of our pilgrimage. From hearts and lips rose the accents of a hymn to the Immaculate Queen of this hill-side shrine.

To you they bring their fears and pain,
O give them rest
Upon your breast
And grant them endless bliss to gain.

Your children hasten to your shrine
Poised like a nest
On Jeanton's crest.
Upon them smile, O Queen benign!

Proud of possessing one of the most renowned Marian shrines in Haiti, the citizens of Grand Bassin have taken to heart the task of making their little town a model of neatness. Framed in tropical foliage, the *cayes* present an agreeable view of simple pastoral beauty.

Greeted by a scout salute, His Excellency The Most Reverend A. F. Cousineau entered the sanctuary followed by the throng of pilgrims. After Holy Mass offered at the outdoor altar beneath the grotto, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament was organized. Hymns to Mary alternated

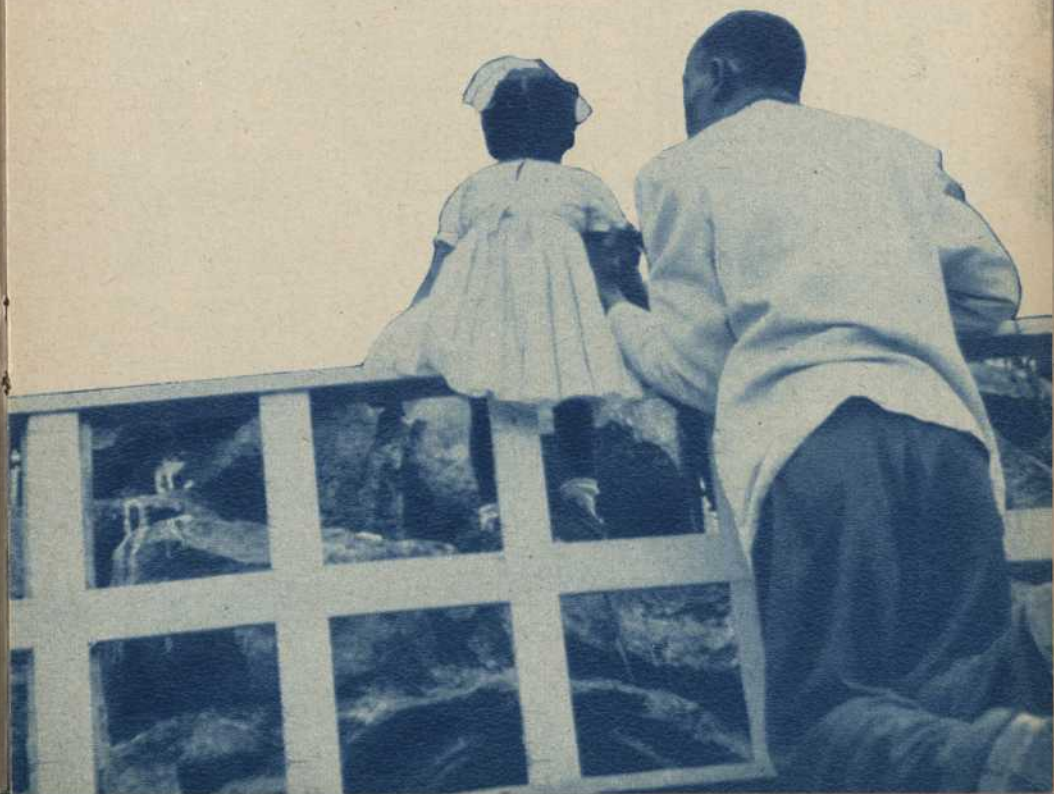
with those to the Blessed Sacrament as the cortege made its way back to the shrine for Benediction. The pilgrimage was brought to a close by the presentation of a play figuring the Mysteries of the Rosary to the enthusiastic approval of all present.

Before leaving Grand Bassin, groups of pilgrims gathered once again before the grotto to beg Our Lady's blessing and to bid her a fond farewell. Simple heartsprung prayers these, made to the tenderest of Mothers. While her papa knelt absorbed in his devotions, an adventurous three-year-old clambered

up on all fours the steps leading to the statue. She began to whimper when, looking back, she realized on what a high perch she stood. I helped her down until she reached the last

steps and found herself safely ensconced in her father's strong arms again. While their cars rolled down the green slope the pilgrims sang in farewell to their beloved Madona:

Softly rings the evening bell,
We bid a fond farewell
To your shrine, O Mother dear.
Bless all our days,
Guard all our ways,
Banish every doubt and fear.
And when life's day is past
Do, lead us home at last.





La Caridad

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

Enshrined in the heart of all Cubans is *Nuestra Senora de la Caridad* proclaimed national patroness of Cuba by Pope Benedict XV, September 24, 1915. Without any pretence at writing a detailed history of the miraculous statue venerated in the sanctuary of Cobre I would like to recall here the principal traditions regarding it. Of these, a few are grounded on authentic facts while the others partake of the legend. One thing is certain. From the first days of the discovery of the island the Immaculate Virgin was honoured and invoked by the inhabitants as their tender Mother and powerful advocate.

The Spaniards who settled here towards 1511 called the country by the name of Island of Our Lady of the Ascension or Assumption. In the archives of the period is found a curious document emanating from Madrid and dated January 9, 1517, by which Queen Jane granted Cuba a coat of arms. The shield bore in its upper part on field of azure blue the Assumption of Our Lady with the moon below her feet, upheld by four angels; the lower part had on field of

sinople the figure of St. James with rocks in the background. A remarkable thing about this interesting relation is that it described one century in advance the statue discovered by three youths of the Cobre region, floating upon a small raft on the waters of Nipe Bay.

Those who planted the seeds of devotion to the Mother of God on Cuban soil were to witness its growth in the souls of the aborigines even before the latter had become Christians as a popular legend recounts. Profoundly impressed by what a Spanish soldier related regarding favours granted by Our Lady, the chief of a primitive tribe took the habit of never giving battle without first fastening to his shield the picture of her whom he called the Spaniards' Advocate. Marvelous as this may seem, victory always remained his. Puzzled by a fact they were powerless to explain, neighbouring chiefs held a meeting one day to discuss which among all the tribal gods was the most powerful. The following test was proposed and accepted. While opposing armies stood in battle array two men from each

¹ Marguerite Jobin, Quebec.

camp solidly bound by their enemies were each bidden to invoke their particular deity. Our Lady was not remiss in granting the request of her proteges. She appeared, a queen of entrancing loveliness, holding in her hand a golden sceptre whose simple contact sufficed to liberate the prisoner who had called on her for succour. Witness of this prodigy the Indian Chief was converted with all his people.

One hundred years later, Cuba became a regular Spanish colony. Philip III of Spain established a gunnery in the city of Santiago. In order to secure needed mineral he further ordered the foundation of a small mining settlement at a short distance from the city in a place then known as Santiago del Prado, the Cobre of today.

It happened in the year 1604 that the inhabitants of Santiago del Prado being short of salt, three youths volunteered to fetch some from the Nipe salt-works. Juan Diego and Juan Rodrigo Hoyos were brothers; their companion was called Juan Moreno. Out they sailed in high spirits for what they considered a pleasant expedition. They had skirted the eastern coast of the island on a distance of over three hundred kilometres when night fell. Cayo Frances a customs post being at hand, they decided to put up there for the night. Meantime a violent wind rose and the waves ran mountain high so that they were forced to wait two whole days before sailing to destination. As they put out to sea on the morning of the third day a blue tinged haze veneered the horizon.

Suddenly, Juan Rodrigo exclaimed,

"There's something over there. What can it be?" The other two Juans strained their eyes in the direction where he pointed and they also descried an object they could not well define because of the distance. "It's a bird resting on the waves," opined Juan Moreno. But as their boat drew nearer, the strange object grew larger. It was surrounded by a shining vaporous cloud which gave it a mysterious appearance. "It's not a bird after all," cried Juan Diego. "It's a child standing on the water." "That's what it is!" chorused the other two.

The cloud, gradually dissolving, disclosed to their wondering gaze an exquisite statue of Our Lady standing upright on a small raft. As the celestial voyager drew abreast, Juan Diego knelt and with trembling hands reverently lifted her overboard while his friends laid hold of the raft on which they found engraved in large letters the inscription, "*Yo soy la Virgen de la Caridad*" (I am the Virgin of Charity).

The statue was found to be fifteen inches high. Our Lady's face was the colour of ripe wheat; on her left arm she carried the divine Child who had one hand lifted in a gesture of benediction while in the other he held the globe of the world. Beside themselves with joy and admiration, the three Juans firmly believed in a heavenly intervention. After securing a few pounds of salt, they hurried back to Cayo Frances where the Madona was placed on a leafy float pending its removal to Santiago del Prado. No sooner were the miners apprized of her coming, than they prepared a tem-

porary shrine. Later on, the administrator Don Francisco Sanchez had an oratory constructed and offered as his personal tribute a copper luminary whose flame he vowed would perpetually burn before the blessed image.

For three years the Virgin of Caridad dwelt inside the parish church, then she manifested to the inhabitants of Cobre her desire of having a special chapel built in her honour. One day, a girl called Apolonia set out for the mines to meet her mother. On the way, what was not her amazement to find the statue of La Caridad perched on the summit of a neighbouring mound. Down the slope she ran, excitedly telling everyone she met about the wonder. Struck by this miraculous event, the pastor, Father Francisco Bonilla, determined to do as Our Lady wished. When the parishioners disagreed with regard to the spot where the new shrine ought to stand, three luminous pillars reached down from the sky to the exact place where Apolonia beheld the statue.

Notwithstanding this sign from above, the chapel was erected some two hundred feet below, on the site of an abandoned mine. Would Our Lady countenance this overruling of her desires? The future was to tell. Shortly afterwards, prospectors began to discuss the probability of finding a lode of copper underneath the floor of the newly built sanctuary. Be-

cause of this, the little church was dismantled and moved higher up the slope until it stood at last on the spot chosen by La Caridad as her demesne of predilection.

Authorized by Rome in 1936, His Excellency the Archbishop of Santiago solemnly crowned the miraculous statue of Mary brought in procession from Cobre to the episcopal city of Santiago. All along the way, enthusiastic ovations greeted the Virgin of Caridad who had left her mountain shrine for the first time. When she was about to start on her way, the villagers of Cobre naively cautioned the bearers "We are only lending Our Lady to you. You must promise to bring her back. If not, we will go and fetch her. Take good care of her, for she is our Mother."

After the chanting of the *Regina coeli* intoned by His Excellency F.V. Zubizarra, the bells rang out a merry peal while the prelate crowned the Holy Child and His Mother. To the strains of the national anthem a shower of sweet smelling flowers was then scattered from an airplane.

In a special message addressed by Pope Pius XII to the Cuban nation on February 24, 1947, the Holy Father asserted, "Cuba is verily the Mother of God's domain where for centuries she has reigned under the title *Nuestra Senora de la Caridad*."

BOLIVIA



Sr. Irene of Jesus
(Irene Trudelle,
St. Narcisse)



Sr. Suzanne of Jesus
(Suzanne Soudan,
Montreal)



Sr. Marie-Amand
(Lucile Baril,
Soreville)



Sr. St. Eulaine
(Eulaine Seguin,
Welles)

AFRICA



Sr. Alfred Marie
(Marcelle Girard,
Quebec)



Sr. Jane of the Cross
(Yvette Demers,
Quebec)



Sr. St. Alexina
(Antoinette LeBel,
Quebec)



Sr. Jane of Valois
(Jeanine Faries,
Whisper Falls, Mass.)

CUBA



Sr. Maria Teresa of Jesus
(Maria Teresa Trujillo,
Matanzas, Cuba)



Sr. Odine of Jesus
(Odine Trudelle,
Quebec)



Sr. St. Veronica
(Fabienne Beauchamp,
Pointe-aux-Lacs)

JAPAN



Sr. St. Michel de Sainte
(Fernando Charbonneau,
St. Hyacinthe)

HONG-KONG



Sr. Mary of the Rosary
(Suzette Bassière,
Montreal)



Sr. St. Paul
(Yolande Moquin,
Richmond, Ontario)

Mission Assignments 1957

THE PHILIPPINES



Sr. Mary of Jesus
(Edmine McLamson,
Ogdenville, N.B.)



Sr. Marie Micheline
(Micheline Lefebvre,
Westmount)



Sr. St. Josephine
(Marie Jeanne Tanguay,
La Providence)



Sr. St. Omer
(Madeleine Desrosiers,
Worcester, Mass.)



Sr. Marie Laure
(Berthe Beaumont,
St. Pierre du Montm.)



Sr. Therese of the Trinity
(Francis Massicotte,
St. Titus)

HAITI



Sr. St. Ambroise
(Francis de Varennes,
Loretteville)



Sr. St. Beatrice
(Beatrice Birubi,
St. Omer des Maties)



Sr. Marie Ann
(Jeanne Biland,
Laurierville)

Our Lady of Lourdes

at "Charity, if you please"

Sister SAINT JULIETTE¹, M.I.C.

The establishment of "Charity If You Please" exists for the sole benefit of the poorer classes. At the present time, ninety-five patients of both sexes are cared for in three of its wards. The fourth ward is home to one hundred and thirty girls for the most part rescued from the pit-fall of virtual slavery.

On the grounds, near the entrance, stands a lifesize crucifix. Who better than the Saviour can heal and console those who have been broken on the wheel of life?

But something would have been missing if, beside the divine Physician, there had not been found a Mother all compassion and tenderness for the distress of her unfortunate children. And thereby hangs the tale of a Lourdes grotto. Nobody seems to remember the exact date

when it was first artistically fashioned out of rounded stones and surrounded by clumps of tall cocoanut palms.

When the first group of our missionary Sisters came to Les Cayes, September 18, 1943, Our Lady was there smiling a motherly welcome upon them from the recess of her rustic alcove. "Do not fear, my daughters, I will help you in your work of mercy," she seemed to say to the newly arrived Sisters.

Fifteen years have marched past. Never once did Mary fail to keep her promise. In the sunny atmosphere of successful ventures, in the dark hours of tribulation, she has ever been near to counsel and to guide, to comfort and to strengthen.

Deeply indebted to her are all of Charity's inmates. With the first light of dawn, they may be seen



gathering at her feet to implore her assistance; at noon, heedless of the burning rays of the sun, they seek out the outdoor shrine eager to sing the praises of Lady Mary; again, as night shadows come and go, devout groups linger at her feet for a soothing good night talk.

In the course of the year, several pious Associations from neighbouring parishes hie to Charity's grotto in pilgrimage. Legionaries of Mary assemble here in May to acclaim their

Queen and petition for renewed fervour in her service. When storm-clouds darken the political horizon, old and young, rich and poor flock to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes to cast their apprehensions in the bosom of her mercy, to secure her protection on the beloved motherland.

The youngest members of Charity's large family, our dear orphans, run to the grotto with their every little ache and pain. Some time ago, I sent a mischievous six-year-old there

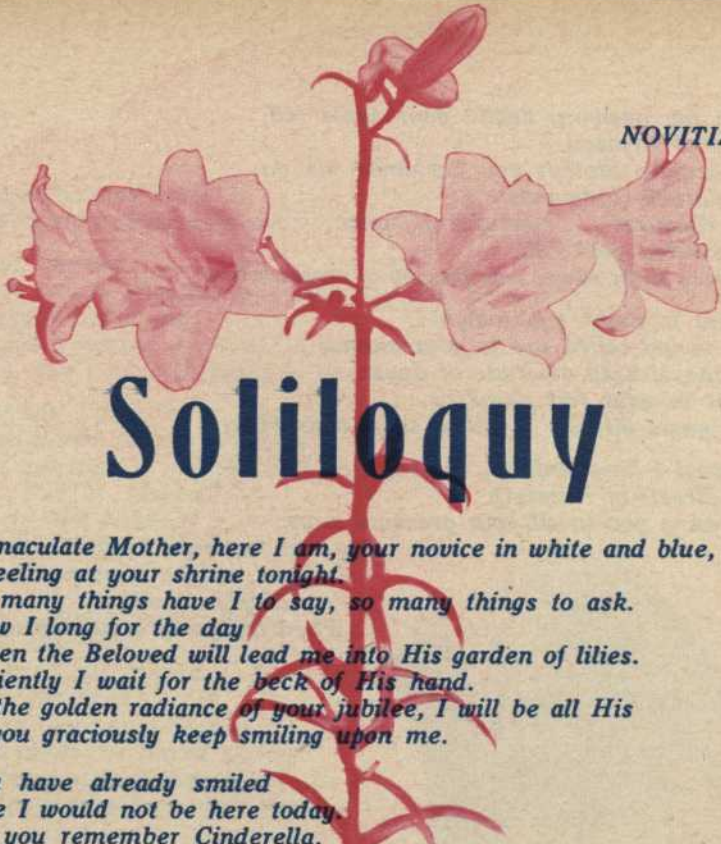
to pray for a portion of wisdom only to find her a little later curled up on the sand napping contentedly at the feet of her celestial "Maman".

Countless are the favours Our Lady has bestowed upon her clients. When first we were put in charge of the refuge only half of the one hundred patients had beds. The others slept on a mat or even on the bare floor. To the numerous S.O.S. written on slips of paper and deposited beneath her statue, Mary answered by providing the Work with generous benefactors. Conditions gradually improved.

To her material bounties Our Blessed Mother has added spiritual blessings, infinitely more precious. How many moribunds — erstwhile prodigals — have been here transformed by sacramental grace. A patient long estranged from the religious practices of his childhood, entered Charity one day in quest of a bodily cure. A few hours later he was at death's door and stubbornly refused the ministrations of a priest. In her anguish, the Sister-Nurse turned to Our Lady of Lourdes. The rest of the day went by without revealing any change in the dying man's dispositions. But on the following morning as soon as she came into the ward he beckoned her to his bedside. "Quick, Mother, a priest," he gasped. Like a shipwrecked man he clung to the Chaplain's arm, confessing the errors of a lifetime. Towards evening he died shriven and repentant. Emmanuel, another guest of the establishment, was apparently in good health when he collapsed in the yard one day while bantering with a group of friends. He also had been living at odds with his conscience

for years. Brought up in an atmosphere of loose living and rank religious indifference he had never even made his First Communion. Endeavouring to restore him to consciousness, the Sister-Nurse sent up desperate pleas to Our Lady of Lourdes for help. "Dear Mother," she prayed, "Give Emmanuel at least one quarter of an hour to make his peace with God." After a few moments, the moribund opened wondering eyes. Seeing Sister at his side he tried to speak but only succeeded in making unintelligible sounds. Just then, noticing the miraculous medal suspended from his neck, Sister urged, "Emmanuel, kiss your medal and repeat the prayers I am going to say." Thanks to Our Lady's blessed intervention he repeated in loud tones acts of contrition, of charity, of abandonment to divine Will. Tears streamed down his face as the priest entered bearing Holy Viaticum which was to be his first and last communion. Daylight was waning when he passed away, fully conscious, contented and joyful at the thought of going home to *Papa le bon Dieu* (papa God).

How many others whose soul history resembles that of Emmanuel are beneficiaries of Mary's merciful attentions! While awaiting eternal glorification, may the fragrance of these favours showered upon Charity's domain contribute in making you thanked and exalted, O lovely Lady of Lourdes. On the occasion of the glorious centenary of your apparitions at Massabielle deign to accept the sheaf of our grateful *Magnificats* with the renewed dedication of our lives in order to make you known and loved from pole to pole.



NOVITIATE

Soliloquy

*Immaculate Mother, here I am, your novice in white and blue,
Kneeling at your shrine tonight.*

*So many things have I to say, so many things to ask.
How I long for the day*

When the Beloved will lead me into His garden of lilies.

Patiently I wait for the beck of His hand.

*In the golden radiance of your jubilee, I will be all His
If you graciously keep smiling upon me.*

You have already smiled

Else I would not be here today.

Do you remember Cinderella,

Flighty queen of the midnight ball?

The girl who forgot the late hour

Because . . . because of the glamorous atmosphere.

The revelry over,

I mumbled a few Aves.

Poor wilted flowers they were . . . I felt so sleepy.

Have you forgiven me, Mother dear?

Suddenly my eyes made out your statue,

Vision of glimmering white

Against the mobile shadows.

Slender and serene you stood

Between cream jars and perfume vials,

Like a mute reproach.

What will the baubles of earth profit you? You seemed to whisper.

I began to thirst after the crystal waters of your purity;

Peace stole into my heart

Like gently falling snow.

*Upon my newborn desire your smile fell,
Celestial benison.
Immaculate Mother you beckoned me on
To glorious conquests,
Self conquest . . . conquest of souls.
I answered your call.
Ah, me, bitter sweet was the joy of renunciation.*

*I want to thank you tonight
For having called me to your service,
For the blessed quietude of days
Spent in your fair demesne.
Two years already . . . How swift their flight!*

*In spirit I have walked
The streets of Nazareth
Following you in all your gracious ways.*

*My eyes fastened in childlike wonder
On you, ectype of womanhood,
Fair Maiden-Mother.
When the going grew difficult*





*Into your blessed hand
I slipped my awkward fingers.*

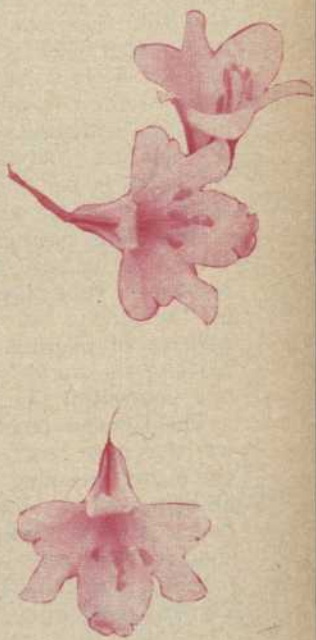
*I have learned
How to live in closest union with you
And your divine Son.
To build a temple of silence in my soul
Where only God and you may dwell.*

*O radiant Dawn,
You scattered all the shadows.
Now I can clearly see the brightness of the sun,
Jesus, Sun of Justice,
Light of the world,
Whose betrothed bride
I am.*

*O Lily "blown into a flame",
Within my heart
Your hand has fanned
Pentecostal fires.
Nothing more do I desire
But to carry the sacred flame,
The flame of love divine,
From pole to pole.*

*O Beauty of the World,
Purer far than driven snow,
Can you know how eagerly
I await the nod of the Bridegroom's head?
Can you understand a wonder
Such as this?
He who feeds among the lilies
Has wooed
This shy maid in white and blue.*

*Most Glorious Lily,
God's fragrant flower,
Your Son will claim me as His bride
On February eleventh
In the golden radiance of your jubilee.
Smile upon me, Mother fair,
For Jesus beckons as you smile.*



Lourdes...

at Tak Sun School

Sister SAINT PHILIP, M.I.C.

Bright-eyed, a look of wonderment on their chubby faces, the little men of Tak Sun drank in my words as I told them the marvelous story of Lourdes. The white Virgin, the Mother of the Lord of Heaven, had once stepped down from highest glory to converse with a little girl of their age, had asked her to tell the beads in her honour, to dig into the soil at a place whence had gushed a miraculous fountain. In conclusion, I went on to say, "Would you like to have in your playground a replica of the grotto at Lourdes, where millions of pilgrims travel from all parts of the world? You could build one yourself if you tried."

The Chinese boys, non-Christians for the most part, did not quite catch my meaning but they were all eagerness to do as I asked. Their hands waved excitedly and they shouted their assent.

"But, you'll need piles of stones. Do you know where to find them?"

Black heads bobbed and rosy mouths set in purposeful lines.

No sooner had the recess bell released my birdies, than out they tumbled running in haste to explore their playground in search of stones. They succeeded in making several little mounds of pebbles, then one of them suggested "Let's go to the seashore to find big stones tomorrow."

After school, the following day, many groups carrying large baskets set out for the beach. In the bus, they met the big boys from Lasalle College who teasingly inquired, "Where can the Tak Sun bluebirds be going with such big baskets?" (people give our Tak Sun pupils this nickname because of their blue and white uniform.) But the laddies hugged their secret tight. "You just wait and see," they parried.

Several hours later, they returned bending under the weight of the fairly large stones they had found. Somewhat flushed and out of breath

with the unusual exertion they were, but their hearts were as light as thistledown so true it is that Mary grants sweet contentment in return for all work done for her sake.

The thing now was to fit the stones together and fashion an alcove capable of holding a fairly large statue. Manuel had an inspiration. "My daddy keeps a lot of cement in his godown. I'll ask him for a few bags..." Manuel's father being agreeable, in poured the cement. One bright Saturday morning, the boys transformed into budding masons

bravely launched their work of construction enlivened by shouts and merry laughter. After more than one slip and many a valiant effort, the inexperienced workers brought their enterprise to happy completion.

Scarcely had the grotto been erected when a lovely Madona in flowing white veil and blue sash arrived from France accompanied by a youthful shepherdess dressed in the garb of the Pyrenean peasantry. Entering the Tak Sun premises like a Queen who takes possession of her realm she was lovingly acclaimed by the

THROUGH MARY TO JESUS!

Sister Therese of the Blessed Sacrament (Therese Guenette, L'Original, Ont.) teaches the Crusaders of Tak Sun School to live up to this motto.



"bluebirds" who warbled fervently, *Ave, Ave, Ave Maria.*

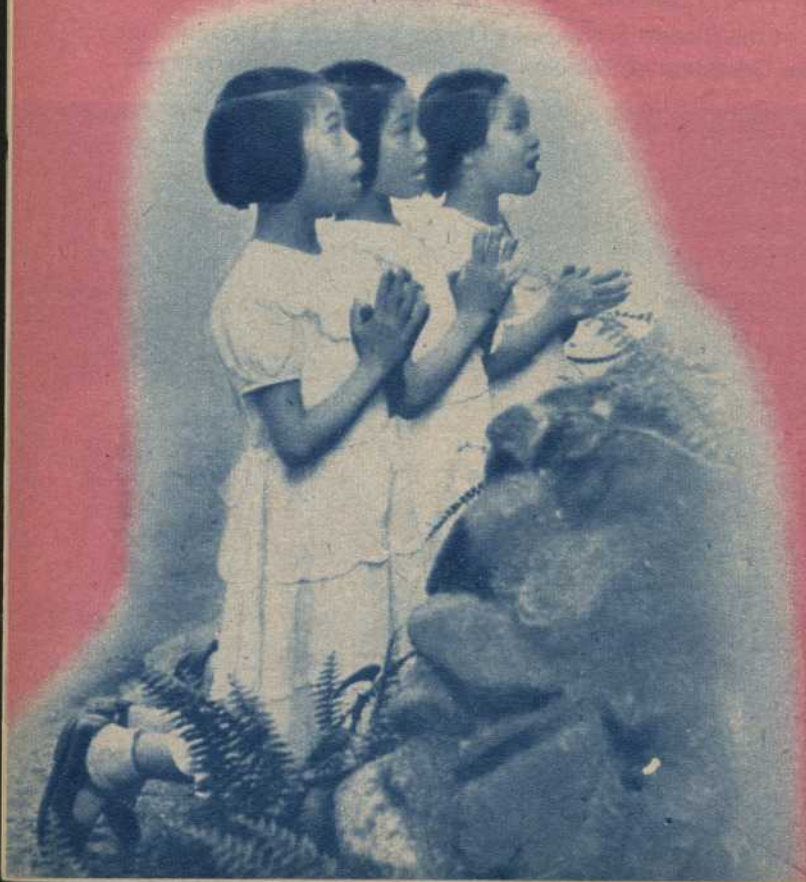
Since this blessed month of May 1949, Mary is always there in her niche of stones wreathed with lianas and flowers. These stones, what touching tales they might tell had they only a voice; tales of motherly protection, tales of love, tales of conversions...

Every morning during the school year, the noisy phalanx of our 1300 boy students gather at her feet to salute her by an *Ave Maria* and to offer prayers, works and games.

From the outside, neophytes come to her in the shining whiteness of

their baptismal raiment; newly-married couples kneel before her to ask for her blessing on their home; ardent young crusaders entrust her with their secrets of love for her divine Son; courageous Legionaries beg for guidance in their quest for the salvation of souls. Thousands of refugees who come to us for relief, pause before her grotto to confide their heartbreaks to her, the haven of the tempest tossed.

Jealously do the discreet stones guard the secret of the pious dialogues exchanged between the Queen of Missions and her humble missionaries who never fail to greet her respect-





fully in their comings and goings.

For all these tributes paid to Mary, for those fervent prayers and filial secrets entrusted, rejoice, dear little

bluebirds who have fashioned the Lourdes of Tak Sun. May Our Lady in return open wide to you at last the playgrounds of paradise.

Rosary Month

Sister MARIE ALBERT¹, M.I.C.

About two years ago, His Excellency The Most Reverend W. Brasseur, Vicar Apostolic of the Mountain Province, assigned to the personnel of Baguio Novitiate the small *barrio* of Bekkel as its portion of his immense vineyard to till. Sister St. Marcel² and I were the lucky ones to be put in charge of this apostolate which consisted in bringing into contact with the Catholic Church the villagers of Bekkel and eventually preparing the way for the erection of a regular parish. Several times a week we scaled the twisted mountain trail leading off the main road to the remote mountain district, home of Igorot tribes. Their welcome at first proved rather frigid. It is true that our very slight knowledge of the illocano dialect did not favour friendly conversations. As there was no hostility, however, we continued to visit

regularly the public school classes of the region in order to get acquainted with the children and teach them by means of pictorial catechisms. Here we insert grateful thanks to the kind Canadian friends who donated these precious volumes. While preparing their class work, the teachers cast many a surreptitious glance at the coloured charts we exhibited.

Once we had done with the children, we went up and down the hillside paths from one humble hut to another. Nearly always during the day, we found the old people alone with the babies as all the able-bodied villagers were busy in the fields. During the evening meal, grandfathers and grandmothers told the younger folk about the Sisters' visit. Gradually, the latter began to arrange things so they might meet

¹ Madeleine Alarie, Abitibi.

² Antoinette Castonguay, Montreal.

at Bekkel



Here the Igorots worship God in Bekkel.

the visitors whose reported kindness and sympathetic interest had aroused their curiosity.

The happy day came when papas and mammas being willing, a dozen little ones were made children of God through Baptism. Then, a few adults also shared in this priceless grace and formed the nucleus of the new mission outpost at Bekkel. A modest chapel was built on the green heights where a missionary climbed every Sunday to offer the thrice Holy Sacrifice for these fervent neophytes.

By the close of the year 1956, the chapel proved too small to accommodate the increasing number of parishioners; numerous were those who had to remain outside during religious offices. When, in September of that year, the zealous Vicar Apostolic paid a surprise visit to the humble fold of Bekkel, he was pressed with urgent appeals for permission to build a larger church. The project was approved on condition that the necessary funds be secured in the locality.

Notwithstanding their poverty, the Christian Igorots promised to contribute their share. For the rest they rely on St. Joseph, patron of the Church Universal. I am sure that he will not remain indifferent, for the good folks of the mountain are

devotees of his Immaculate Spouse as the following episode will prove.

Setting out for one of my weekly rounds of Igorot villages, last October 2, I decided to inaugurate the month of the Rosary in the mountains. Sister St. Marcel carried a small statue of Our Lady in her bag, while I took along my whole store of rosaries received from my dear mother and generous benefactors in Canada. Upon reaching Bekkel, I went straight to the public school Principal and broached my plan. Not only did he accept my proposal but he offered to help with his pupils to prepare everything needed. In a trice the schoolyard summerhouse was decorated with greens and wild flowers, and a makeshift "throne" was erected for the Queen of the Holy Rosary. My one hundred and eighty rosaries duly distributed, the procession formed on two ranks with the Principal and teachers in the lead. The children followed singing hymns or reciting *Aves*.

Afterwards, the school personnel congratulated me on this celebration which they had enjoyed very much. Like the Filipinos, the Igorots have a weakness for processions and parades. May this modest inauguration of her Rosary month in the wilds of the mountain district call down Our Blessed Mother's blessings upon Bekkel and upon her Igorot children.



*Sister Marie Albert
is happy to have rosaries to distribute
and the Igorot children are happy
to receive them.*

Rosebuds for Our Lady

Sister SAINT ELODIE¹, M.I.C.

For several years, Sukagawa San, a young woman with a deepfelt interest for things Catholic, had been a regular caller at our convent. When her mother-in-law had fallen seriously ill, she had dutifully asked us to instruct the old lady and to have her baptized. Once or twice every week she brought floral offerings tastefully arranged to deck Our Lady's statue.

And yet she continued to remain hesitant just outside the gates of the Shepherd's Fold. What was it that kept her back? Perhaps an exaggerated sense of her own indignity or a secret apprehension of her family's reaction should she embrace Catholicism. But *Seibo Maria* (the Holy Mother) was tenderly watching over this soul of goodwill. One Saturday, Sukagawa San arrived as I was preparing to enter the chapel. "Sister, is there anyone in there just now?" she queried.

"I don't think so. But I was just about to go in. Would you like to ac-

company me?" She jumped at my offer, "Thank you so much for your kindness. I could not make up my mind to enter alone as I feared being at a loss to know how to behave properly."

While we knelt together in the quiet little chapel, I prayed fervently that the gift of faith might be granted to this dear friend of ours. Before she went out she thanked me profusely and added, "Please, Sister, pray hard for me."

Another week had not yet gone by when Sukagawa San called again this time with the good news that she had resolved on learning the Catholic doctrine. "Will you accept me as a pupil?" she asked. "I'd like the Sisters to teach me the catechism." To Sister Marie Xaverio², a young Japanese Sister entrusted with this work of apostolate, fell the happy lot of coaching her in the principal truths of our holy Faith. The very next day the neophyte brought her little

¹ Simone St. Amand, Saint Aime.

² Catharina Sachiko Hongo, Tokyo.



Sister St. Elodie (Simonne St. Amand, St. Aime) learns the knack of making Japanese o sushi (rice sandwiches).

daughter along. "Mamma," the child had pleaded, "I also want to become a Christian because I want to go to heaven."

Sukagawa San's salutary influence over her neighbours soon bore fruit. A young mother requested that her little girl be enrolled as a catechumen, saying, "I want her to grow up good and virtuous like the Christians." Another neighbour begged to assist at the doctrine courses "to hear the wonderful things that fill the heart with joy."

A Buddhist woman recently re-

lated to me how she had been made a witness to *Seibo Maria's* bounties. "Two years ago," she declared "your Reverend Mother Superior General gave me a medal of *Maria Sama*. As I then had no faith whatever in such a symbol, I left it lying on a shelf in the living room. One of my sons who had completed his studies had been vainly endeavouring to find suitable employment. One day, before going out, he attached the medal to his coat. Soon afterwards he secured an enviable position which solved our pecuniary problems in a most satis-



Sister Marie Xaverio (Catherine Sachiko Hong, Tokyo).

factory manner. Ever since, my son never tires of telling everyone he meets that he is indebted to *Maria Sama* for his success. He absolutely refuses to part with the medal."

May we not liken these conversions already on the way to so many tender rosebuds filled with promise? Dear readers, we rely on you to supply the dew of your *Aves* in order that *Maria Sama* may soon be able to present to her divine Son many a full blown rose culled in her Japanese gardens.

The passage of these souls from Buddhism to Catholicism is often laborious. Painful, ever renewed struggles face those who decide to throw off the yoke of ageold superstitious

practices. For example, on a certain day pumpkin cooked in a certain manner must be eaten if paralytic strokes are to be avoided in the course of the year. Or again, the paper images of the neighbourhood deity distributed by the bonze must be accorded a measure of respect unless you want to invite divine displeasure... Catechumens will consent to burn them but only in fire on which rice has been cooked to avoid incurring the vengeance of the offended spirits. Vestiges of these superstitious beliefs remain deeply engraved in the indigenous soul. May our fervent prayers help these, our Japanese brothers and sisters, to cross courageously the obscure tunnel leading to the Light.

Marian Interview

Sister SAINT RODRIGUE¹, M.L.C.

—From the shadowy depths of your grotto, O lovely Lady of Lourdes, you smile down upon all who pass your way. With what tenderness you gather to your breast your African children! Dear Mother mine, I admit that I am curious. I cannot help wondering what it is they tell you, these little ones of Fort Jameson, on their frequent visits to your shrine. For instance, that solemn six-year-old laddie who never lets a day pass without calling on you... And, if I am not being too bold, what do you answer them?

—So, you wonder what that beloved black child says to me when he daily kneels at my feet? Why, he simply reminds me of the wonderful scene of the Annunciation while he repeats in fervent accents Gabriel's message *Tinione Maria*. At the mission kindergarten he has thus been taught to greet me, his heavenly Mother, and since, nothing can keep him from paying me a daily visit. Rain or shine, my faithful young knight comes to pay me the tribute of his love and praise. In heaven only will he learn how fondly I protected him in all his ways. The *Aves* of his childhood

will be for him the first links in the chain of his salvation.

—But, Kiri, dear Mother, four-year-old Kiri, demure in her new gingham dress too large for her size, her melting eyes fixed on your ethereal loveliness, what can this little pagan maid tell you?

—Kiri? The child never has her fill of my beauty. You see, the poor mite's heart is already heavy with sorrow. When she gazes upon me she thinks of her own precious mamma maltreated by a drunken, bigamous husband. A mute prayer is mirrored in the brown eyes so trustingly lifted to my face and because of it, I will watch over her destiny. My motherly love will bring about the conversion of the unbelieving father and the rescue of the sorrowing mother from her pitiable fate.

—What about Enaya, the twelve-year-old boy who, the other evening accompanied by his classmates, brought you a huge bouquet of wild flowers? Did he have a secret to confide?

—The school year is waning. He and his classmates asked me to give them success in their examinations. You

¹ Francoise Pageau, Quebec.



What can they be telling you, these young Africans
of Fort Jameson?

have seen how I have granted their naive petition. All of them passed. Enaya returned afterwards on his own and told me about his desire to become a priest.

—A priest? But, dear Mother, Enaya is a pagan!

—I know. Nevertheless, Enaya attends the mission school where he learns to know and to love the true God. He has been told how my Son calls a few chosen souls to carry on the work of his redemption. Enaya yearns to be filled with grace in order to win his pagan brothers to the true faith.

—Will this dream of a little bush lad ever come true?

—Why not, if my Son has called him? Nothing is impossible to God. He has been wise to entrust me with the secret of his budding vocation. I know that you are thinking of the money that will have to be found to defray the expenses of long years of study. You need not worry. Am I not the Queen of Missions? I know many generous souls who will deem it an honour to provide for the needs of this future African levite.

—Mother, when night shadows envelop the African country, groups of laughing black girls kneel for a few moments at this your outdoor shrine. They love you with a trustful ardent love. How joyfully they sing their

cause de leur prière, demain les trouvera plus généreuses et plus heureuses.

— Une dernière question, ô Mère! Pourquoi ces jeunes mariés, au sortir de la messe nuptiale, se sont-ils jetés à tes pieds, l'autre matin?

— Conscients des écueils de la vie chrétienne au sein du paganisme, ils ont imploré des grâces de force et de fidélité. Parce qu'ils m'ont invoquée, mon secours ne leur fera jamais défaut.

— O bonne Mère! oui, toujours tu rayannes un sourire de bonté et d'amour sur tous ceux qui t'approchent. Ah! si tant de pauvres cœurs ulcérés, tant d'âmes tristes et douloureuses voulaient déposer ainsi en ton Cœur Immaculé les lourds fardeaux qui gênent leur voyage terrestres, de quel poids tu allégerais leur

existence! Les croix inévitables d'ici-bas deviennent tellement plus légères et plus aimables à qui te rencontrent sur sa route!... Enfin, que n'es-tu pas pour tes fils et filles missionnaires en terre étrangère? ô toi, leur joie, leur réconfort, leur doux espoir! Que feraient-ils sans ta bonté maternelle soutenant leur labeur, consolant leurs peines, appuyant leurs prières?

O douce Immaculée! demeure avec les pauvres humains pour les aider et les conduire à ton Jésus. O Notre-Dame de Lourdes! Mère chérie, redis à l'humanité inquiète de 1958 le lumineux message de Massabielle, message de pénitence, de paix, d'amour. Notre siècle atomique, notre siècle de vertigineux progrès matériel et de science sans Dieu a plus que jamais besoin de l'entendre!



ters working in strange, distant lands? To them you are hope, sweetness, and light. What could they achieve if you lingered not near supporting them in their labours, consoling them in their sorrows, listening to their prayers?

—O gentle Lady of Massabielle, remain with us, poor humans, and

lead us all to your divine Son. Repeat to our confused modern world boastful of its stupendous material progress and godless science the luminous message you gave Bernadette, one hundred years ago, message of love, peace, and penitence. Never has mankind needed it so badly.

Our Beloved Dead

Mrs. Ernest Leger, **Montreal**, mother of His Eminence Cardinal Leger; Rev. Father F. X. Gauthier, **Salem, Mass.**; Our dear Sister St. Francois d'Assise (Clara Hebert, **Montreal**) missionary in Hong Kong and sister of our Sister St. Peter Claver; our dear Sister Marie de la Nativité (Marie Anne Barrette, **Causapscal**); Mr. Lorenzo Frechette, **Drummondville**, father of our Sister St. Frederick; Mr. Michel Breton, **Quebec**, father of our Sister Elizabeth of Portugal; Mrs. Omer Fontaine, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister Joseph of the Good Shepherd; Mr. Odilon Couture, **St. Sabine of Bellechasse**, father of our Sister St. Clovis; Mrs. Alphonse Fortin, **St. Octave de Metis**, mother of our Sister Alphonse Marie; Mr. Hyacinthe Bois, **Hebertville Station**, brother of our Sister St. Theresa; Mr. Elias Tremblay, **St. Cyprien**, brother of our Sister St. Adelaide; Mr. Abel Paradis, **Levis**, brother of our Sister Marie Gertrude; Mr. J. B. Richer, **Montreal**, grandfather of our Sister Raymond of Jesus; Mr. Abias Pepin, **Montreal**; Mrs. Liguori Paradis, **Levis**; Mrs. Gustave Labine, **Outremont**; Mrs. Edouard Constantin, Mrs. Guenette, Miss Aldia Boisvert, Mr. Alderic Cousineau, Mr. Donat Pilon, **Montreal**; Mr. Eugene Lacombe, **Ville Saint Pierre**; Miss Maria Lemay, **Rosemont**; Mr. Neree Laplante, **Laprairie**; Mrs. Achille Pelletier, Mr. Xavier Courtemanche, **Mont Laurier**; Mrs. J. Alcide Beaumier, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mr. Adolphe Paquet, **St. David**; Mrs. Emile A. Paquet, Mrs. E. A. Dion, Mr. Borromee Cloutier, **St. Raymond of Portneuf**; Mrs. Richard Jacques, **St. Germaine of Dorchester**; Mrs. Emile Tardif, **St. Andre of Kamouraska**; Mr. Elzear Gagnon, **Riviere Ouelle**; Mr. Raoul Dufour, Mrs. Joseph Labbe, Mrs. David Simard, **Baie St. Paul**; Mrs. Joseph Pelletier, **Jonquiere**; Mrs. Pierre Roy, **St. Felicien**; Mrs. Christine Morin, **Salem, Mass.**; Mr. J. O. Manny, **New Bedford, Mass.**; Mrs. Joseph Clavette, **Methuen, Mass.**; Mr. J. Edward Melville, **Oakland, N.J.**; Mr. John Sheridan, **Granby, P.Q.**

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RIMOUSKI, 85 St. Germain Street, P.Q.
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QUEBEC, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.
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GRANBY, P.Q., 35 Dufferin Street.
GRANBY, P. Q., 279 Main Street.
CHICOUTIMI, P.Q., 766 Cenacle Street.
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, P.Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.
PERTH, N.B., P.B. 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 TSE, 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.

MADAGASCAR

MORONDAVA, Madagascar.

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, 11, Paddal, 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. Africa.
MZAMBAZI MISSION, Kafukule P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
RUMPHI MISSION, Rumpho P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KARONGA MISSION, Karonga P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KASEYE MISSION, Fort Hill P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZUZU MISSION,
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
NKATA BAY MISSION, Nkata Bay P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
FORT JAMESON, P.O. Box 107
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.
KANYANGA MISSION, Lundazi P.O.
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.

