

found herself a house and the turtle a nest for herself where she may lay her young ones : Thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, O Lord ; they shall praise thee for ever and ever »

Ah how truly is the Catholic faith a great gift from God. How its radiant light sheds consolation and joy on the stormiest days of our pilgrimage in this valley of tears ! How can we help deploring the sad fate of our brothers whose ears remain closed to the tender appeals of the divine Prisoner of our tabernacles. *Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will refresh you.* How we did pray for those poor strayed ones, the most to be pitied among whom are those who, after being rocked on the knees of a Christian mother have betrayed the God of their first communion and now do Satan's work in the world. We were careful not to forget our dear subscribers and we have the sweet confidence that from the throne of light whence the white Host shone, rivers of grace flowing in all directions have reached our faithful readers and sanctified them without their knowledge. An hour of adoration passes away quickly when one prays to the Heart of Jesus for all the intentions dear to a Christian soul : Holy Church, Our Holy Father the Pope, the bishops, priests, the religious orders, our country, our relatives, friends, benefactors, sinners, the agonizing, the souls in Purgatory. Add to this the long litany of the personal intentions of each one. Then we must not forget thanksgiving for so many favors already received when we know that gratitude deepens and widens the channel of heavenly blessings.

In truth the solemnity of the Forty Hours brings great spiritual blessings not only to the parish in which it is celebrated with faith and piety but to the whole Catholic Church ; that is to say that these feasts in honor of the God of the Eucharist rejoice heaven, sanctify the earth and console purgatory. Oh ! what a beautiful and great thing is faith !

**December 11<sup>th</sup>.** — *The votive mass.* It is bitterly cold, 25 centigrade below zero. But it is not cold enough to daunt the worthy people of St Joachim who come, to the number of 180, to assist at the *votive mass* sung at 8 o'clock in the basilica by Rvd G. Lemieux, their pastor. This mass which is celebrated every year in the octave of the Immaculate Conception, was founded by the parishioners of St Joachim jointly with those of St Anne in thanksgiving for St Anne's powerful protection which averted an epidemic with which these two parishes were threatened.