

in the heart of a fair-minded unbeliever, a wandering savage or a half-civilized heathen : his children and his sick. The missionary nun will bring up his children and nurse his sick through the purest and most disinterested love of Jesus Christ.

On this foundation, all of sacrifice and self-denial, will the Kingdom of the true God be established in the souls of men. The cross planted by the missionary priest midway between the school and the hospital becomes an object not of aversion but of love, placed as it is under the guardianship of these angels upon earth, whose devotedness effects more for civilization than all the civil administrations, scientific and official missions or treaty stipulations any nation could devise.

In asking Almighty God this month to bless all the holy religious women who have left the comforts of home and severed themselves for ever from relatives and friends, to go forth at the Master's bidding in quest of souls to save, we shall be praying for many a member of our own Canadian communities. We find them already scattered over this continent, we mean through both Americas : in the north beyond the Rocky Mountains, in the south on the slopes of the Andes. Thank God, too, that He has so far deigned to honor religious congregations indigenous to the soil of the Dominion, by associating them with the older religious orders, of exotic growth, in the great work of foreign missions. It is a sign of exuberant health and vigor when the vine extends its branches far beyond its own native enclosure, and its tendrils clutch at supports beyond, when its fruit hangs in tempting clusters in sight of the stranger and wayfarer.

God bless such fecundity, and may the roaming savage or untutored Indian quench his thirst for God's truths beneath its grateful shade.

When our native land is threatened with some impending calamity, in punishment of our own evil-doing, and