

priest somewhat shyly. "You and all your brethren, Christians and pagans, are our children. The priest just like your former fathers must live in continence." When they heard this, they bent their forehead to the ground, exclaiming: "They are virgins! thanks be to God! thanks be to God!" This small incident vividly shows with what care the first missionaries had stamped on the hearts of their faithful three points of Catholic doctrine: devotion to the Virgin, the primacy of the Holy See and the priest's celibacy. These were the signs which enabled the Japanese Christians to recognize the true descendants of their ancient Fathers.

We left Japan with the conviction that we had acquired more knowledge in our few days in this land of marvelous beauty than any amount of reading could have given us. We met her heroic missionaries—men and women who rejoice to suffer all things to bring souls to Christ. We were told that the Empress would not reach Hong Kong on schedule time—around about trip to Manila was the cause of the delay which gave us the advantage of visiting this old Spanish town where we arrived early one afternoon. Rather fatigued, we asked ourselves whether or not we should take a carriage by which to arrive at our destination, St. Paul's Hospital. Then the thought of our poverty and the good that could be done by the few dollars saved decided us to walk. Once again we experienced the bounty and delicacy of the God of the missionaries. A respectable old gentleman who seemed to read our thoughts approached us offering his carriage, refuting our objections by these words: "Take it Sisters, this is my own carriage and my pleasure." He then requested the driver to conduct us to our destination and in a few minutes we had passed through the new American boulevard and had entered the walled city. St. Paul's Hospital is under the direction of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, who proved veritable Mothers to us during our sojourn at Manila. We had the honor of meeting His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate of the Philippines, Mgr. Petrelli, and on the 19th March, Feast of St. Joseph, we assisted at Holy Mass in his private chapel after which we breakfasted with His Excellency whose beautiful simplicity and paternal manner charmed and edified us. The Empress gave us time to visit the principal educational institutions and Churches. Many of the latter are very old and beautifully decorated. Once again, my notes, even of Manila, blind me and I am obliged to resist the temptation to tell you all and to give you, instead, those of China.

Hong Kong was our next port and we reached the harbor at the foot of this magnificent city in the late evening hours. The spectacle of illumination was truly ravishing. Sr. Marie de Loyola (now in Canada) and Sr. Aimée de Marie were there awaiting us. We took a vessel to Canton the same night hoping to arrive on Sunday morning in time for Mass in our own chapel. We slept very little and early in the morning, we were on deck. Lights illuminated the channel and there and further on we spied collections of miserable floating homes that manage to keep on the surface of the river. In these miserable sampans are born thousands of human beings whose lives are spent on the water. We could outline indistinctly on the dark sky—for we neared Canton in a downpour of rain—the twin towers of the great Cathedral of Canton which is considered to be the most beautiful Church in all China. At last the dock was reached; then in richshaw we hastened along the bank street that lines the river to a certain point where we were obliged to change our mode of travelling—we had arrived at the alley streets that are much too narrow for these carriages. A messy walk of about twenty minutes and we arrived at our convent where we took but time to make a short visit to Our Divine Host before going to the Cathedral for Mass. Then one of the happiest days of my convent life followed. We had not seen our Sisters for years. Somehow or other the news that sweets were hidden in our baggage pressed the opening of the same—even of particular interest to the orphans, big and little, as well as to the respectable old grandmothers who still wear the bonnets donated by the Lady Patronesses of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. The young ladies of Villa Maria would have felt on hundreds fold recompensed for their generosity had they seen the little ones as they devoured the contents of the numerous boxes which they sent across the broad Pacific. Perhaps you would like to come closer in contact with these little orphans? Would you like to hear a few touching incidents which occurred since my arrival here? Of course, you remember that we purchased hundreds of these precious little things every month. At the last evening recreation, we asked the Sister in charge of the babies, since two weeks ago, if she had reached the hundred mark yet. Her reply was: "Better than that, Sister, 165."

One day in response to an old Chinese woman who came to tell us that on the streets not far from our door a baby lay dying, we hastened towards the group of curious bystanders. The child seemed quite dead. We asked the poor mother who sat tailor fashion beside her little one, why she did not bring the infant to us sooner. We hastened to baptize the little one in case that life was not quite extinct. Then, we



assured our audience that if they brought their babies to us as soon as they noticed an illness that we would care for and if possible cure them. We had scarcely finished speaking when the coolie whom an officer had called to transport the body to the cemetery arrived. He demanded one whole dollar for the task. The mother was in despair. "I have not a cent," she screamed, "rather than give you a dollar, I shall go to the wharf nearby and throw my child into the river." "As you wish," replied the policeman, "but do not leave this corpse on the street an instant longer. The woman prepared to execute her plan. We requested her to give the body to us assuring her that we would find somebody to take it to the graveyard. "Na yaw sum." (You have a good heart), replied the grateful creature; "for this act of charity, I shall request the spirits to shower you with happiness."

Besides the babies that we receive in our orphanage at Canton and Tung Shan, are those baptized every day at Sy Quan by our Sisters. This is a pagan house, but we have the permission to visit the institution and its wards every day. The walk to Sy Quan is extremely fatiguing and our Sisters generally arrive soaked with perspiration. One day last week, the guardian remarked to one of us that we should not walk. We explained that we could not afford to pay one dollar every day for a chair (mode of travelling through the narrow streets. A sort of chair is suspended on two long bamboo bars, which are supported by the shoulders of two sturdy Chinamen.) With this explanation, we told him that we were very happy to suffer the inconvenience of heat and fatigue in order to gain eternal happiness for so many little ones. An old lady listened with attention to the conversation and followed Sister St. Joseph from bed to bed in scrupulous silence. The next day, the same woman was at the orphanage and after having lent annoying attention to all that the Sister did and said, disappeared as the day before in silence. The third day, the same good woman was again at her post, greatly puzzling the Sister who could not imagine the reason of this strange conduct. She finished her daily and consoling task of baptizing dozens of poor little babies who seemed but waiting the cleansing water of the Sacrament of Baptism before winging their flight to the Infant Jesus. The mysterious old lady then approached the Sister and spoke to her for the first time: "Li nee see" (Come with me). Sr. St. Joseph hesitated, then accompanied her guide through a number of the filthiest streets of Sy Quan. At the entrance of what can not otherwise be described than a dark cavern they entered and after some minutes, discovered in a corner a poor little baby apparently dead. "It is a long, long time since my little one smiled and it refuses all food. I beg you to pour that Holy fluid on the forehead of my little boy that he may be happy. The virtue of this water must be extraordinary else you would not walk long distances in such exhausting heat and without receiving a 'sapec' (cent) for your services." As soon as the child was baptized a beautiful smile appeared on the tiny lips. Our dear Lord permitted thus to affirm by a visible sign that this precious water had procured eternal happiness for the little one, at the same time rewarding the maternal anxiety of the poor mother.

One day, as Sr. M. Celina returned from Sy Quan, a man carrying on his back a tiny parcel of humanity, exchanged some words with a policeman. On seeing the latter raise his arm in the direction of Sy Quan, there passed through her mind the idea that this man was looking for an orphanage. She wondered if the baby would be alive when they returned the next day for it was too late to accompany the porter to his destination and administer the saving waters that same evening. It was nevertheless very embarrassing to risk insulting this stranger by asking if he were looking for a refuge for his baby. But who barters with human respect when there is question of saving a soul? Then to the policeman: "Was this man looking for an orphanage?" "Yes, Sister." "Then I know where there is one. Call him quickly and tell him to follow me. Hurry for he will disappear in the crowd." The policeman shouted at full voice: "Hey, the man that carries the baby, come here." No sign of reply. "Scream louder," insisted the Sister, fearing that all was lost. This time a little boy had lent his aid and succeeded in reaching. The man that carries the baby. Follow me and I shall lead you directly to an orphanage," and this time Sister took the direction of our convent at Canton. She hurried her step fearing that her new friend would find the way too long, requesting the

young Chinese girl who accompanied her to look back from time to time, to assure if their prize followed. On arriving at the last street, he seemed exhausted and inquired: "Is it still far?" "We are at the door" was the reply. The brave man placed the tiny package—which anyone could have mistaken for a bundle of newspapers—on the table and received with joy the price of his baby. The poor little being could not live more than a few minutes. The consolation of baptizing it came by right to Sr. M. Celina who gave it the name of her mother: "Mary Eliza, I baptize you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," hoping that in Heaven this little one would intercede for her to whom after God, she owes all. What inexpressible happiness is enjoyed by those Christian parents who have a missionary in the field afar!

And now, would you enjoy a short visit to our leper colony at Shek Lung. Follow me again through the dark alley streets of Canton to railway station. You must keep out of the way of rickshaws, chairs, and coolies—one great medley of beings and things. The voyage, once the train is boarded, is most delightful—the rural scenery constantly changing. The well watered rice fields are particularly interesting. You remember that rice is the principal food of China's millions. The mountains are not quite so attractive as the Rockies of our country for their slopes are dotted, so to speak, with mounds of the dead. In China, every family has its own cemetery; the civil authorities never intervene in the question and the result is that there are tombs scattered here and there, and everywhere along the highways, in the fields, on the slopes of the hills and about the outskirts of the towns. I shall give you, in details, the Chinese burial customs in another letter. In a few hours, we are at Shek Lung station. Then what we could call in Canada "a portage walk or trail" of thirty minutes and we find a clammy sampan awaiting us at the river side and after a quiet row of about one hour on a surface of calm water, we catch our first glimpse of the Lazaretto; the inmates, as soon as they perceive our sampan, welcome us with demonstrations as we approach, saluting us with a continual: "Tin Thu po yow" (May God bless you). The little convent is today decorated with gay banners, flowers, and inscriptions: "All for God's greater Glory," "Magnificat anima mea Dominum," etc. We hastened to visit Our Divine Host where we knelt in humble supplication for a particular blessing for each and every member of the Holy Childhood—for every tiny soldier of the Infant Jesus.

The poor lepers were rejoicing in the return of the Month of Mary—our Lady's Month, the Month of a Mother's special blessings, when our gardens are emptied on our altars, and the beautiful things of nature, from a superb flower to a child's heart, are gathered round our Blessed Mother to wish her joy and to ask her assistance. Surely the May devotions in the late evening, and bear well in mind, on a leper colony, in far off China, have a particular charm. The leper's chapel is situated a few yards from our convent. Those of our patients who were able to walk were already grouped around a magnificent statue, natural size, of the Immaculate Conception, gift of the Reverend Father Bray, Director of the Congregation of the Children of Mary of Notre Dame. This beautiful Virgin is the consolation of our poor exiles, and that day, her altar was decorated with pretty yellow roses fashioned by the fingers of the suffering ones around her.

The devotions began by a Chinese translation of "It is the month of Mary" sang by a little girl of seven years. The choir composed of a group of fifteen leper children joined the chorus which was followed by the Rosary and the Magnificat. The "Good Night" hymn in French to our Lady was particularly touching. The voice of the same child was this time plaintive and almost supplicative: "Ta voix de Mère nous appelle pour nous sourire et nous bénir." We felt the heart of the child pass in the words which she sang. Surely, Mary's children of predilection were kneeling round her to receive her smiles, her benedictions, her encouragements, needed indeed in their cruel sufferings. I shall never forget this visit to Shek Lung. All the gay, calm and resigned while awaiting the call of a happy passage to the joys of eternity.

And so you see that despite the privations of the mission field there are great consolations. Think of the thousands of babies baptized each year in the orphanage of Canton, Tung Shan and Sy Quan! And then not a single leper dies without reconciliation with his God. How often the Sisters retire with happy hearts conscious of having registered fifty baptisms in one single day. Fifty little ones who thanks to the penances and sacrifices of the soldiers of the Infant Jesus in Canada and elsewhere, have been gained for Heaven. Joys are not excluded from the life of a missionary; he enjoys delights that far surpass all happiness in this world. And pray, what can gladden the heart of an apostle in a country strange entirely to him? First of all, the very fact that a mission exists there and that its success, however small is assured. Any missionary will reap joy and satisfaction, when he sees that his work is going bravely on: how much more so the missionary, who sees God's work making progress and who feels that

his labor is not in vain. Let us take a glance at the past. Only a few Christian families scattered throughout the neighborhood, this was the beginning of the mission. And now? The Catholic Faith has gone into hundreds of villages. Although the true apostle does not and will not attribute this wonderful progress to his own merits, still he is happy, and deserves to be so, when thinking that God condescends to make use of him as an able, though unworthy instrument to save so many souls that would otherwise be lost. Then there is no delight compared with that of saving souls single handed, baptizing them with one's own hand, and personally leading them to their Father's house.

His journeys, though arduous

enough, are not without their pleasures. The tolls come always followed by the pleasant views from the tops; the beautiful valleys, the villages nestling among the trees, the babbling brooks meandering through verdant fields—nature is beautiful everywhere; wherever she lives she mirrors the greatness of God, elevating and inciting the soul of man to glory and thank the Almighty Artist. The high hills themselves carry the mind beyond this earth, up to those of eternity, from which we may view for all time the ever new beauties of the King of Glory. And what enables the missionary to bear up amid the storms and the tempest and various dangers of his travels in a wild and unknown country? What

keeps alive his courage, his strength, and gladness? It is the thought of the sublime mission which he must fulfill; he knows that he is sent into the whole world by Christ Himself to teach the nations and conscious of this divine calling, he minds neither the heat nor cold, neither hunger nor thirst, He remembers the consoling words of Scripture "Euntes ibant et lebant, etc."—Going, they went and wept, casting their seeds; But coming, they shall come with joyfulness carrying their sheaves."

When our bodies are left in the tomb our character lies in two worlds, both the one we have left and the world to which we go.

\$5,000.00 Challenge

THE CANADA PERMANENT TRUST COMPANY
TORONTO, ONT.
No. 402
Toronto, September 16th, 1919.
Receipt is hereby acknowledged from
the ONTARIO BREWERS' ASSOCIATION of the sum of
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS deposited with us
under a Challenge agreement made this day to the ONTARIO
REFERENDUM COMMITTEE to prove that Beer containing 2.51%
alcohol by weight is intoxicating.
A. E. Heslin
Manager, Ontario Branch.

TO THE REFERENDUM COMMITTEE

The Ontario Brewers' Association can no longer disregard the attempts of the Ontario Referendum Committee to mislead the people of this Province in the forthcoming Referendum.

In its campaign literature the Referendum Committee has corrupted the statutory ballot as set out below, and its advertising positively asserts that the light beer to be voted on is intoxicating.

The Referendum Committee is either misinformed or is deliberately misguiding the people for a purpose.

The purpose is to make the voters believe that they are voting for or against intoxicating beer.

Examine carefully the two ballots reproduced below.

Government Statutory Ballot Paper

Question 2.
ARE you in favor of the sale of light beer containing not more than two and fifty-one one hundredths per cent. alcohol weight measure through Government Agencies and amendments to the Ontario Temperance Act to permit such sale?

Question 3.
ARE you in favor of the sale of light beer containing not more than two and fifty-one one hundredths per cent. alcohol weight measure in Standard Hotels in local municipalities that by a majority vote favor such sale and amendments to the Ontario Temperance Act to permit such sale?

Question 4.
ARE you in favor of the sale of spirituous and malt liquors through Government Agencies and amendments to the Ontario Temperance Act to permit such sale?

Referendum Committee's Distortion

2. ARE you in favor of the SALE OF INTOXICATING BEER in Government Agencies?

3. ARE you in favor of the SALE OF INTOXICATING BEER in Standard Hotels?

4. ARE you in favor of the sale of all kinds of spirituous and malt liquor in Government Agencies?

The Government Ballot clearly shows that the public is only to vote for or against the sale of beer containing not more than 2.51 per cent. alcohol by weight.

BEER CONTAINING 2.51 PER CENT. ALCOHOL BY WEIGHT IS NON-INTOXICATING

To establish that the 2.51 per cent. beer to be voted on is not intoxicating, the Ontario Brewers' Association have deposited \$5,000 with the Canada Permanent Trust Company, and they hereby challenge the Ontario Referendum Committee to deposit an equal amount with the same Trust Company to prove that beer containing 2.51 per cent. alcohol by weight is intoxicating, or admit that their literature is deceiving the electorate.

Upon the investigation, the losers are to forfeit their deposit to a charity or charities to be named by the Investigating Board. The investigation is to take place before a nominee of the Ontario Referendum Committee, a nominee of the Ontario Brewers' Association, and the third nominee to be agreed on by the two persons so chosen—and if they fail to agree, to be named by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

This Challenge to be answered immediately by the Ontario Referendum Committee.

Ontario Brewers' Association

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