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Fifteen spring times have come and gone since that memorable First Communion of little Joseph. Shortly afterwards his father not succeeding in gaining his family to share his belief left his home without informing any one of his intention, or leaving any clue to where he had gone. Joseph thus grew up solely under his mother's watchful care until such time as he was of age to enter college where principally through the generosity of the same Pastor who had prepared him for his first communion he was able to make a full classical course with the result that the fair-haired cherubim of school-day fame is now Father X... and was ordained ten years ago.

His mother having tasted the fulness of joy at the realization of her dearest wish was soon called upon to make a sacrifice equally as great and consent to see her son leave her for a distant part of the Master's vineyard in fulfilment of the promise he had made during his first mass : to devote his life to the conversion of Infidels in order thereby to obtain his own father's conversion. After blessing his mother and exhorting her to place her confidence in St. Joseph, the young priest set out on his hazardous mission; We will let him tell the rest of the story himself : "I was riding through an unknown portion of Tong-King when in an unfrequented part of the valley I came across a small hut. As I stood on the threshold seeking admittance a weak voice cried out crossly : "What do you want here, coxcomb ? It only needed your presence to drive me mad." Notwithstanding this ungracious welcome I entered and was surprised to see an old man, more dead than alive, scarcely able to speak, suffering the throes of a burning fever lying there on a miserable bed. Realizing his critical state I asked him, did he not want to go to confession. He shook his head murmuring no, no. My heart went out in pity to that poor wretched specimen of humanity and bending gently over him I said : sick, lonely and unhappy as you seem now, surely your life must have known brighter days ? Do you remember making your first communion ? Do you remember a loving mother who taught you how to pray ? Have you no wife, no children...

"These words, wife, children acted like an electric shock upon the dying man. He trembled, sighed and said in a