



THE CALL TO VICTORIA, B.C.



"It would be daring the greatest danger to cross the St. Lawrence in such a storm; never has it been so furious, the very demons seem to be in it."

"So they may be," answered Mother General, "for I have no doubt they want to frustrate my efforts to send a Sister to a missionary land, where she will deprive them of much prey. Let us defy them! Take me over, I am not afraid, no harm will come to you in such a cause."

The boatmen were won over; they had not rowed far before the storm suddenly abated and the remainder of the crossing was easily accomplished. After this, there were several miles of muddy road to cover, and the early morning air was cold. To make matters worse, the driver had left some of the wraps behind, and Mother contracted pneumonia. It was about eight in the morning when the Sisters of the Mother House saw her arrive alone and half chilled.

"What has happened?" they asked with alarm, as they hastily gathered around her.

But Sister Mary Providence approached and said with quiet assurance, "Mother, you have come for me; I knew you would."

"How could you know, for it is only within the last twelve hours I have known it myself?"

"This morning when I was making my adoration on rising, a voice said, 'Make your oblation. Mother General is on her way to fetch you to join the party going to the Pacific Coast.' I have been expecting you."

"Yes, Sister Mary Providence, I have come for you. Sister Mary Elizabeth has developed typhoid and as this absolutely cancels her call to the West, Bishop Bourget indorses your going. You have only a short time in which to get ready, because we must leave in a couple of hours."

"I am ready now," said the generous nun, who like a sincere lover of religious poverty, had no personal belongings.

When the Chaplain heard the occurrence which had led to substituting Sister Mary Providence for Sister Mary Elizabeth he said, "The finger of God is there."

The news that Sister Mary Providence was about to leave for Vancouver Island soon came to the ears of the pupils, and then followed indescribable scenes of sorrow and grief. Lose the beloved Sister, who for five years had been all in all to them; devoted mother in their needs, magnetic teacher in their studies, congenial companion in their play, ingenious conductor in their dramatic performances—part with Sister Mary Providence, the glory alike of Convent and town, this was desolation too deep for words! Nor was this a passing moment of over-