

lence, that the Missionaries at the Stations gather at the feet of their Master in the chapel. — Then the voice of the Superior makes itself heard in these words : “ Let us pray for our benefactors... ” And the supplications forthwith rise heavenward to the great Father, and to the Blessed Virgin.

“ Father, to our benefactors who impoverish themselves for the Salvation of souls, give daily bread, and to all give superstantial Bread — the hunger for the Holy Eucharist which only the Living Bread can satisfy.

“ Father, forgive them the sins they have committed against Your Divine Majesty, as they forgive those who have offended them.

“ Father, do not permit our benefactors to succumb to temptation; the temptation to sin, to murmur in adversity, to become discouraged in suffering and under heavy crosses.

“ And you, O Blessed Mother of God, all powerful and merciful, you who comprehend the desires, the needs, the agonies of your children ; O Most Holy Virgin, pray for them and make intercession for them. Guard them during life, and assist them at the hour of their death.— Amen ! Amen !..”

Every evening this earnest request soars toward Heaven during the hours devoted to prayer until finally night spreads its shadows over the vast, mysterious, African reaches which the Missionaries in their lonely and humble Stations are trying to evangelize.

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Dawn has not yet appeared in the sky when again the Fathers meet in the presence of Him who is the Light, the Truth, and the Life, in order to revive His ardor of Divine Love by the fire of their supplications.

The most precious hour of the day is that wherein the priest mounts the steps of the altar. In Africa it is in the rude travelling tent, the tiny reed chapel, or the straw-roofed cathedral that the Holy Sacrifice must be