



FOREWORD



SIXTY YEARS ago four Sisters of St. Ann landed in Victoria. They had crossed the Isthmus of Panama on newly laid rails—the first railway that ever spanned America from ocean to ocean. They had gone forth, like Abraham of old, out of their country and of their kindred, to found a new home on the shores of a tranquil sea. And even as God blessed Abraham and prospered him, so the blessing of God rested on the little community of four, and caused it to flourish.



THE ACORN is now grown into a sturdy Oak beneath the shadow of which Sisters of St. Ann from many a corner of this far Western Vineyard find respite from labour and fresh strength to bear the burden and heat of the day.

"They go their way weeping, sowing the seed; they shall come again with joy, bringing their sheaves with them." Ps. 125:6. In the footsteps of the four pioneers, hundreds have followed. And they, too, have sown in tears for others to reap in gladness.

But who shall so forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or stretch a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

One there is, and One only. Others note the losses which the years bring, when

our way of life
is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;

He notes the gain. So the idle passer-by sees the corn bleached by the suns of autumn, and is perhaps saddened at the thought of the bloom and verdant beauty that has passed with the springtime. But the husbandman rejoices in his new-found treasure of golden grain. These covers bind together one small bundle of sheaves from the sowings of six decades.

✠ ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

Bishop of Victoria

Pentecost Day, 1918

