

say her Rosary, she felt in her heart a deep longing to be like Father David Varas; to sacrifice all things for Christ. At the hour of study she took her geography and searched therein for three places: Burgos and Ocaña in Spain, and Llana-Hermosa in the Province of Bataan.

A few months after this day so dear to the heart of Teresa, the huge troop-ship "Logan" hoisted anchor and sailed down the Bay; as she did so the command of Teresa's father bade farewell to Manila. Only one aboard was sad as the towers of the walled city grew dimmer and dimmer and at length disappeared; and that one was Teresa. But as the boat came abreast of Corregidor, she bent her head forward and, gazing for a moment on a medallion of the Madonna which hung by a golden chain from her neck, said: "O Mother dear, is it not wrong for a Catholic to be sad when God demands a sacrifice? Sister Dolores often told me that the early Christians served in gladness and simplicity of heart, and surely that was a time when one was often forced to give up much."

Amidst salutes and greetings from Forts and ships the United States Transport "Logan" entered the Golden Gate after a pleasant voyage of twenty-nine days. Christmas found the Regiment of

Teresa's father quartered in a Presidio near the old romantic town of Monterey. Here, while the papas and mammas of the other young ladies of the Regiment were seeking spouses for their daughters from among those who had carried the sword for their country, the father and mother of Teresa knew that their child was to become the bride of Him who had borne the cross for the world. Sister Dolores had planted and watered the seed; God gave the increase.

Few in the Presidio knew how anxiously Teresa awaited the day on which she was to take the veil. As to the name she would take, I guessed Dolores, but in this I was mistaken; for on my last visit to the Arsenal at Blanco Point the children there, who attended the Convent of Our Lady of the Waters, vied with one another in telling me the story of the Martyr of Llana-Hermosa, which, they said, was told to them by Sister Mary David.

Albert Muller, O. P.

A PRAYER.

My dearest Lord, I pray to Thee for
blindness!
I do not ask that sight mine eyes may
fall—
I humbly beg Thy grace may work this
kindness—
That from my heart, faults of others
ever veil.

Hugh Welsh, O. P.