



The *Great* Canadian
Catholic Hospital History Project

Documenting the legacy and contribution of the
Congregations of Religious Women in Canada,
their mission in health care, and the founding and operation of Catholic hospitals.



Projet de la *Grande* Histoire
des hôpitaux catholiques au Canada

Retracer l'héritage et la contribution des
congrégations de religieuses au Canada,
leur mission en matière de soins de santé ainsi que la fondation et l'exploitation des hôpitaux catholiques.

**The Hotel Dieu of St. Jospheh
Chatham, NB
and
The Religious Hospitallers of St. Jospheh
The First Fifty Years**

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A Chaplet of Memories



A Passing Glance of the **FIRST FIFTY YEARS** *In the History*
of

*The Hotel Dieu of St. Joseph,
Chatham N.B.*

The Religious Hospitalers of St. Joseph

February 2 1919

Feast of the Purification of our Blessed Lady



A Chaplet of Memories



A Passing Glance of the **FIRST FIFTY YEARS** *in the History*

*The Hotel Dieu of St. Joseph,
Chatham N.B.*

The Religious Hospitalers of St. Joseph
February 2 1919

Feast of the Purification of our Blessed Lady



Nihil obstat.

✠ Louis O'Leary. Censor

Imprimatur.

✠ Thomas F. Barry.

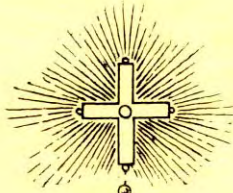
Bishop of Chatham.

Chatham, N. B.

Feb. 19. 1919.

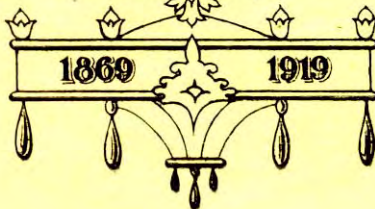


Apparition of the Holy Family
to
JEROME LE ROYER de la DAUVERSIERE
February 2, 1632,
directing him to found the
Congregation of the Religious Hospitallers
of St. Joseph



A CHAPLET OF MEMORIES

To
The Holy Family,
Jesus, Marie and Joseph,
we dedicate
this Chaplet of Memories,
a grateful testimony
to the protecting care of
The Glorious St. Joseph
the maternal love and guidance of
The Immaculate Mother,
and the infinite Charity
and Bounty of
The Divine
Child





HIS HOLINESS. BENEDICT XV

May 10/19.

Rome,

Monsieur Barry, Bishop,

Chatham, N.B.

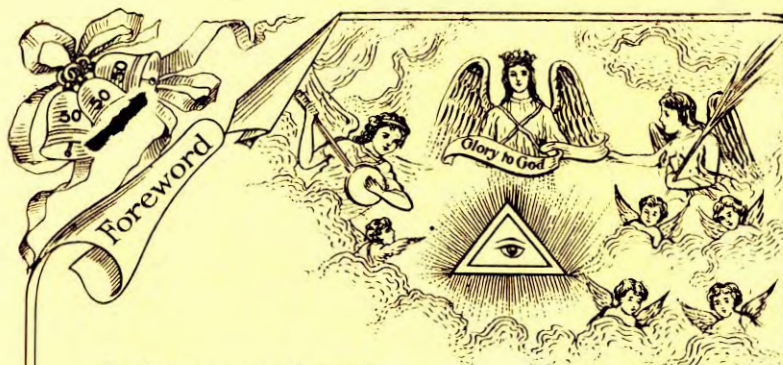
Canada.

The Most Holy Pontiff sends his best wishes for a prosperous and joyful increase on the part of the Hotel.Dieu of St. Joseph celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, and accords with paternal benevolence the requested Apostolic Blessing to the Sisters of the Community, their works and their benefactors.

CARD. GASPARRI.



Rt. Rev. THOMAS F. BARRY, D. D.
Bishop of Chatham.

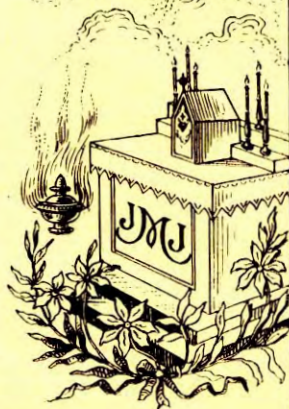


As the incense of man's work for God's greater glory ascends to Heaven, the Angels rejoice and their celestial choirs burst forth anew into the ineffably repeated "Sanctus."

The Saints are comforted and join their voices in the resounding hymn of praise.

The retrospect of fifty years of trial and effort, of sacrifice and devotion on the part of the Sisters of the Hotel-Dieu of Chatham, all offered for the spread of God's Kingdom and the diffusion of His love in the hearts of men, shows us a bright cloud of sweet smelling incense continuously wafted to the Throne of the Most High, during that long period of time.

Conscious of the beauty of the offering and the favor with which it is received in Heaven, we join our lowly voices to the celestial choirs in their hymn of praise, and rejoicing with them, we chant in accents of deepest gratitude to God and humble adoration of His Holy Name, a heartfelt "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth! The heavens and earth are filled with Thy glory. Hosanna in the Highest!"



*By The Right Reverend L. O'Leary DD.
Bishop of Hierapolis
Auxiliary Bishop of Chatham. N.B.*

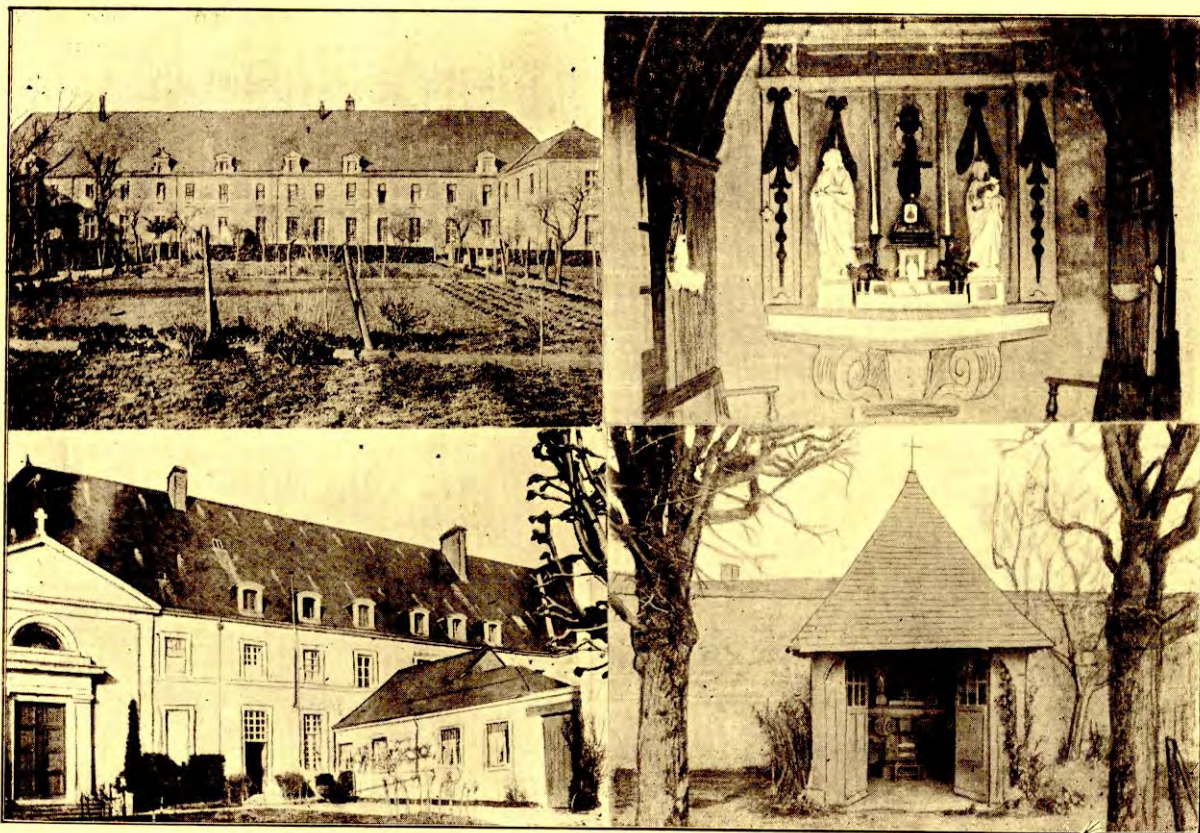
Jubilee Prayer.

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, Blessed Three,
Drop sweet dews of Benediction
On this Golden Jubilee.
Bless us as of old your blessing
Sent the Shepherds on their way
Spreading tidings of salvation.
God had come with men to stay!
Let their mission fall upon us,
That to mankind, we may bring
The sweet message of God's mercy
To the poor and suffering.
Take the Past into your keeping,
Bless it with your smiles and tears,
Chastened, sanctified, unite it
Unto Nazareth's hidden years
That as clouds of sacred incense
Canopy the Jasper Throne
And — all seraph's heights excelling —
Touch the Triune God alone.
Bless To-day, the joys and sorrows
Of this household pledged to seek
Solely God's greater glory,
After that example meek,
Traced long ages back at Nazareth,
Where the Lord Divine obeyed
Mary, and the lowly Joseph,
Creatures to His image made.
Bless the Future with your Presence,
Live again your hidden life
Midst our cloisteral seclusion,
Refuge sweet, from sin and strife.
Home from your Egyptian exile
Make this Nazareth all your own.
Live with us, sweet Holy Family,
Better loved and better known.

Introductory.

The chime of Golden Jubilee bells! We pause to listen, for this joyous chime awakens musical vibrations all its own. The blended harmony of Fifty Years,—notes joyous—notes sorrowful—the happy strains of peace, the broken chords of trial and anxiety — the clarion call to progressive enterprise — sweet sad farewells, silent voices from the eternal shores — all unite in sweetest yet strangest symphony.

We pause to listen! The joyous melody of the Present cannot lessen the soft loveliness of the faint, dying echoes of the Past, yet, lest the far off harmony be lost, let us give timely heed to the beautiful memories clinging to this cherished Past. To gather up and perpetuate these traditions — beautiful in the beauty of the hearts which they surround, but above all in the impress of Divine Beauty which they bear — is the aim of this humble chaplet.



HOTEL-DIEU of LA FLECHE (France), Cradle of the Institute.

A Chaplet Of Memories.

CHAPTER I.

The Cradle at La Fleche

“Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.”

The past fifty years has witnessed the foundation, growth and development of the Hotel Dieu of St. Joseph, Chatham, N.B. The Institution, conducted by the Religious Hospitallers of St. Joseph, or as they are popularly known the “Hotel Dieu Nuns”, dates its foundation from July 16th. 1869, when the four pioneer Sisters arrived from Montreal and were established in the first Hospital.

Before we recount the history of the foundation, we shall give a brief sketch of the Religious Institute whose exalted aims have led these devoted women to renounce all that is dear to the human heart — whose Holy Rules have supplied generous souls with motives for a life of active service in the care of the suffering poor of Christ and taught them to find, in the eternal rewards of a saintly life, compensation for the fleeting joys of time.

It was in the sunny land of France, in an age when the energies of her sons and daughters, impelled at times by widely divergent motives, were directed towards exploit in the recently discovered continent of America, that the Religious Hospitallers of St. Joseph came into being. Deeply as has Renaissance influence manifested itself in every phase of

human endeavor, nowhere, perhaps, has it more distinctly set its seal than on the spirit of religious enthusiasm displayed by the men and women of that age of discovery and colonization. All that was best and noblest of the French nation responded generously to the inspired impulse of extending the glory of God in widening the boundaries of French Dominion, and to that end the chivalry of that fair land gave itself in loyal service to projects for the propagation of the Christian Faith. Inseparably connected with one of these — the foundation of Montreal — was the establishment of a new religious order, the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu of St. Joseph.

From the Annals of the Institute, from contemporary history and from more recent writings, the most salient features in the foundation of the new Order have been selected.

The Founder.

Jerome Le Royer de la Dauversière, the descendant of a very ancient Breton family, was born about the beginning of the 17th. century at La Fleche, a small town of Anjou. Having received his education at the college of La Fleche, he succeeded to the municipal post held by his father. Shortly afterward he married Jeanne de Bauge. God blessed their union with five children. The eldest son succeeded his father in office, the four remaining children consecrated themselves to the service of God, two sons, as secular priests — two daughters — one as a Visitation Nun, the other filled many important offices in the Institute her pious father was destined to found.

The exemplary head of a model christian household. Jerome Le Royer de la Dauversière daily re-



JEROME LE ROYER DE LA DAUVERSIERE,
Founder of the Institute of the R. H. of St. Joseph.

newed the consecration he had made of himself and his family to the Mother of God, repeating to her in words of trustful love, "They are more thine than mine". The perfection of his life soon became remarkable among his associates, and the workings of divine grace within his soul made it evident to his directors that God had destined him to no ordinary mission. Prominent among the virtues which drew upon him the respect and admiration of his friends and acquaintances were his unbounded charity for the poor and afflicted and his zeal for the glory of God. The exercise of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, united to months of interior trials and temptations seemed a preparation for the revelation of February 2, 1630. The revelation was a voice that spoke in the depths of his soul directing him, to found an order of Hospital Nuns, and to send to the recently discovered Island of Montreal a branch of the new Community. His sentiments of self-distrust in presence of this supernatural communication and his simple trust in the over-ruling power of Almighty God are beautifully expressed in an article, attributed indeed to himself, from which we quote, "If God be not with the affair of Montreal, if it be a human invention, do not trouble yourselves: it will not last. What you have predicted will happen. But if it be God's will, who are you that dare to contradict it?"

The details of the trials — the apparent extravagance of the scheme, suspicion, ridicule, the delay of ecclesiastical approbation, in a word the proofs that his mission was indeed from God, — are beyond the scope of this little outline. M. de la Dauver-

sière perfectly submissive to his directors, abandoned all to Divine Providence, and little by little, the Omniscient Guide unfolded a marvellous network of circumstances, an inscrutable intermingling of human destinies that afforded convincing evidence of the over-ruling will of Heaven. It suffices to say that in God's own good time both missions were accomplished.

For the first, God had been preparing the soul of Marie de La Ferre to co-operate in His designs as Foundress and First Superior of the new Institute, the members of which, were, in a life of cloistered retirement, to consecrate themselves by the religious vows, to labor for the Glory of God, their own sanctification, and the good of their neighbor, by the practice of charity to the poor suffering members of Christ — this last to be the distinctive work of their congregation.

For the second also, providential aid was at hand. By a singular chain of circumstances, Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance, a saintly secular lady, was led to consecrate her young life to the establishment of the first hospital in Montreal. Though of gentle birth, she endured all the privations of the pioneer settlement, prepared the way and accompanied the first Religious — Mother de Brésolles, Superior, Sisters Macé, Maillet, and Polo—to their land of adoption. Mademoiselle Mance remained to her death, an invaluable auxiliary amid the perils which beset the Heaven-directed foundation.

Equally striking was the meeting of Le Royer with M. Olier — the illustrious founder of St. Sulpice;

and with the great souls who formed with him the nucleus of the Society of Montreal — M. de Renty, the Baron de Fancamp, Pierre Segulier and Paul de Maisonneuve. Of the Society, Le Royer was the silent motive power of inspiration, sacrifice and prayer.

Touchingly romantic in its detail is the narrative of the foundation of Montreal. The noble character of Maisonneuve stands out in the annals of Canada's history, majestic as the primeval forests that encircled the infant colony, kingly as the Royal Mount at whose base it nestled. Justly are the praises of History due to him, this loyal knight of the Immaculate Mary. Had he not vowed his life to the service of Mary and the spread of Christianity! A Renaissance Sir Galahad, has he not left to Canadian youth a type of manly courage grounded in purity of heart!

But passing recognition, however, is given to M. de La Dauversière, the man whom Heaven had commissioned to be the dominating spirit of the enterprise, and whose faith, indefatigable labors, silent prayers, whose financial ruin, finally, insured the success of the undertaking. Nor could it have been otherwise. It had been the studied care of the humble Founder to efface all trace of his influence on this event of history, and when the task assigned him had been accomplished, when the vessel which bore the band of Sisters for the mission of the far-off Montreal, had set its sails westward, Jérôme Le Royer de la Dauversière went home to die. His death was worthy of a life in which every adverse circumstance had been met with a "God will be the Master".

From our well known Canadian writer, Anna T. Sadlier, we quote the following: — “In summing up the character of Jerome Le Royer de la Dauversière many things are apparent — the strong indomitable nature of the man; his luminous faith, brightening and directing his life as the sun brightens every feature of the landscape; his unquestioning submission, exact obedience, ardent charity; his sweetness and serenity of disposition. Even in the presence of communications so extraordinary he deferred his judgment entirely to that of his spiritual director; and with complete equanimity and profound humility and lowliness of spirit waited for the appointed time. He neglected none of his ordinary duties —; and yet he found time for numberless charities and for the prodigious labors involved in carrying out the commands of Heaven. In the portraits extant of him, these qualities are discernible. In the broad forehead, in the dark and penetrating eyes, are to be read intelligence, energy, resolution, wit humor, geniality and those various lovable qualities which endeared him to so many people.”

The acorn falls upon the soft brown earth,
And midst the mouldering leaves it lies asleep
Wrapped in the mantle that the parent tree
Stripped from itself to shield those slumbers deep.
The verdant foliage, its day of glory o'er,
Serves but to nourish by its swift decay,
The tiny germ of reproductive life,
That in the sober-coated acorn lay.
Even so it has been in the lives of men.
Souls hidden midst the fading fumes of earth,
Hearts bearing in their breasts a life undying
Live on, in works, to which their zeal gave birth.

Thus it is that Jerome le Royer lives on in the Institute which he founded. The dominating spirit of the Religious Order is the same as animated the life of the holy Founder a lively faith in the overruling power of the Divine Will, an abiding sense of the Divine Presence and the all protecting care of Providence, a total abandonment to the designs and good pleasure of God combined with an ardent active charity towards the poor sick. The strength and energy of character implied in ideals such as these, demand, in the woman who embraces this vocation, virile qualities of mind and heart and soul. But, for one who is to spend her life by the bed-side of the sick and dying, are required in an eminent degree those qualities which belong to woman as her right, sympathetic kindness, motherly patience and tenderness. Divine Wisdom did not fail to give to the religious spirit of the new Order the essential touch of womanly tenderness. She, to whom God confided the mission of portraying in herself and sketching for her spiritual daughters the ideal attendant on the sick, was the venerate Foundress, the gentle Marie de La Ferre. A life sketch of this beautiful example of humble modesty and hidden self-sacrifice is as follows:

The Foundress.

“Marie de La Ferre was born in 1502, at the manor of La Ferre in Poitou, France. From the early chronicles of the Religious Hospitallers of St. Joseph, we learn that having lost her mother when very young, she at the age of three years repaired one day of her own accord to the Church of her baptism. What passed between God and her soul during



MARIE DE LA FERRE,
Foundress of the R. H. of St. Joseph.

that visit, none may tell, but from that time forward an irresistible attraction held her bound to the God of the Tabernacle. A painting in this Church representing the Blessed Virgin carrying the Divine Child, is believed to have been instrumental in arousing and fostering the attraction, winning her attention and eliciting her childish sympathy and affection. From the same source we learn also that being present at times when the conversation of her seniors dwelt on the dissensions then so frequent between Catholics and Huguenots, Marie would exclaim: "I want to be a Catholic!" She was too young to understand the meaning of her words, but we may believe that the Blessed Virgin put on Marie's lips this confession of the faith received in baptism; all the more so as in order to remain steadfast in that faith the child would soon have to undergo trials. Of those, however, there was as yet no sign. Quite the contrary. Her father had secured for his children a governess who seems to have been ideal. Marie was drawn to her at once; and the governess, on her side, was not slow in recognizing that the youngest of her wards bore a special stamp of habitual grace. The little one had an innate horror of sin, and often asked her governess what she must do to avoid evil and please God. "To be pure of heart", would the latter answer, "to please God and merit His favors, we must imitate Jesus Christ: He is the perfect model placed before us by the Eternal Father." Marie listened with interest to the story of Our Lord's life, sufferings and death and was often heard to pray: "O good Jesus, grant that I may imitate You and never offend You!"

The First Communion of Marie de La Ferre was one of three memorable Communion in her life; but the joy and consolation which on that occasion flooded her soul were the heralds of the dark hour of affliction. By a second marriage, her father placed over his children a Calvinist step-mother. He, of course, hoped to see her embrace the true faith, of which he was ever a loyal and dutiful son. Unhappily, Madame de La Ferre not only persevered in her own beliefs; but moreover, sought to win thereto her husband's children. Marie, as the youngest, became the special object of her arts and wiles. Employing at first caresses, only to be baffled in her designs, Madame de La Ferre determined to adopt the opposite course. Henceforward, Marie's home-life was one of suffering. To no one did the young girl ever breathe a word about the persecution she was undergoing; but God permitted conditions to become known, and the father was persuaded to allow his daughter to live with a maternal aunt. This aunt was a woman of the world — in the best sense of the word it is true, but having views and opinions in strong contrast to those of her niece. Little suspecting the violence she was putting on Marie, Madame de Goubitz introduced her into society. Averse, at first, to worldly festivities, but forced to take part therein, Marie fell a victim to the siren voice of pleasure, and began to seek satisfaction in "the world and the things of the world"... Mary Immaculate, however, was watching over her. Jesus in the lonely Tabernacle remembered her youthful vigils with Him. In Holy Communion one morning, she realized the risk she was running, and the necessity, the ur-

gency even, of an immediate break with the world. Forthwith her resolution was taken: she would be no longer a votary at the altar of pleasure: she would begin again to live for God alone. As was to be expected, her decision met with strong opposition from her friends; but Marie was firm. Expostulation, entreaty, remonstrance, all were unavailing, and finally she was left free to follow in peace the path of her choice. Not only that. In time she won thereto those who, under the plea of affection, had sought to lure her from it.

God, Who is wonderful in all His ways, had been preparing Marie de la Ferre by crosses and trials for the work of charity which she was to fulfil in the Church. A further apprenticeship was now to be hers in the opportunity to give full scope to her zeal and devotedness, which the change of sentiment on the part of her friends afforded her. She sought out the poor and sick; she interested others in them, always reserving to herself those whose condition entailed the most repulsive duties; they were the objects of her predilection and tenderest foresight. She counted no sacrifice too great, no detail too small, so happy was she in being able to make some return to God for all He had done for her.

Thus was Marie de La Ferre gradually prepared for her special mission and it was in Holy Communion again that she understood the Divine Will in her regard. . . . She was to found a new society of Spouses of Jesus Christ who would serve Him in hospitals under the patronage of St. Joseph, and honor in a special manner the Holy Family.

The story of the beginning of her Order is the story of all beginnings. Difficulties of every kind beset her path; but, strong in trust in God, Mother de La Ferre wavered not; and in 1643, had the consolation of seeing her Institute canonically established.

The first House of the Order was opened at La Fleche. Foundations followed in quick succession; and not only France, but America too, became the scene of the labors of the spiritual daughters of Marie de La Ferre. To Montreal they came in 1659, and founded the Hotel-Dieu of St. Joseph — the first hospital in the city of Mary. Besides eight Houses in France, and one in Belgium, there are twelve Houses of the Congregation in America located as follows: in Canada, at Montreal and Arthabaskaville, P.Q.; Kingston, Cornwall and Windsor, Ont.; Tracadie, Chatham, Madawaska and Campbellton, N.B.; and in the United States, at Winooski, Vt., Chicago, Ill., and Polsen, Mont.

Mother de La Ferre saw but three branches of her Institute spread out their beneficent arms to suffering humanity, viz; the Houses at Baugé, Laval and Moulins. She, herself, established the hospital at the last named place, in 1651. Scarcely had its doors opened to patients, when a violent epidemic broke out in the city. Day and night the Foundress and her Sisters tended the stricken who thronged to the hospital. When the plague had begun to subside, the devoted Superior was attacked by the dread malady. Her spiritual children stormed Heaven by prayer and sacrifice in order to obtain the cure of

their beloved Mother; but no prayer could longer retain here below her whose appointed work was accomplished; and on July 28, 1652, Mother de La Ferre died — a victim of her charity.

“Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam”

ST. MICHAEL.

St. Michael! Champion of God's glory bright!
Archangel blest! what was the love-born cry
That shook thy being — rent the azure sky —
When thou, triumphant o'er rebellion's might,
Did'st first behold in beatific light
The unveiled Face of God—thy King most High,
And prostrate 'neath His glance benign did'st lie
Crushed in adoring love, by that blest sight!
“Quis ut Deus” thy battle-cry had been
When Lucifer God's might divine did'st spurn
The cry that rent the angel host in twain
Two-thirds to laud God's honor—one to sin.
“Deus charitas est” was't thine to learn
And first proclaim that Love's eternal reign!

CHAPTER II.

The Foundation.

“They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.”

Dear to the heart of every Religious are the beautiful traditions that go down from generation to generation. Destitute at times of the original setting of details that would enhance their lustre, they are, nevertheless, encircled by a holy radiance emanating from the fireside glow of religious affection in the sanctified twilight of memory. Yet not to memory alone are entrusted these sacred treasures of the past, as the annals of monastic institutions attest, and it is from the Chronicles of the Hotel-Dieu of Chatham that we gather details of its foundation.

Among the first records of this manuscript we read: “The history of this foundation is so closely connected with the foundation of Tracadie that it is impossible to relate the former without speaking of the latter, which was its cause according to the natural order of events. His Lordship, the Right Reverend James Rogers, in visiting his diocese for the first time in 1860 had occasion to visit the Lepers’ Lazaretto at Tracadie, a little village some fifty miles from Chatham, and he was deeply grieved at the sad spectacle offered by so unfortunate a portion of his flock”.

Here is noted the good Bishop’s resolution to obtain Sisters of Charity to care for the afflicted lepers, and, further, the obstacles in the way of the accomplishment of this design. The narrative continues:

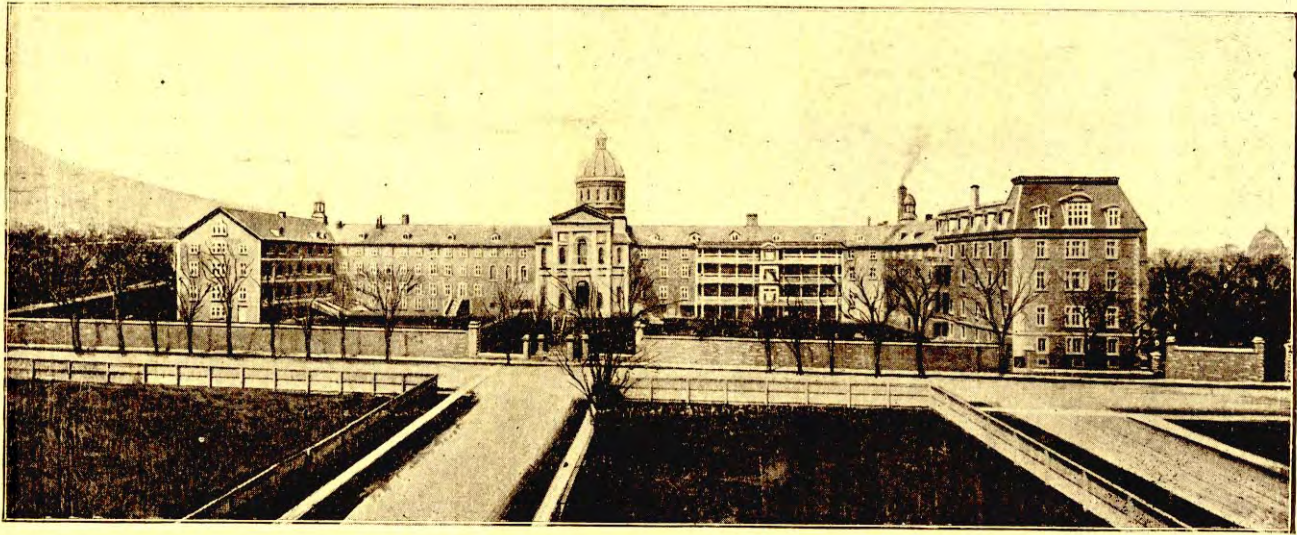


Rt. Rev. JAMES ROGERS, D.D.,
First Bishup of Chatham.

“Obliged to make his second voyage to Rome, he confided the project to Rev. Father Paquet, V. G. After several fruitless requests to different Convents in Montreal, the Rev. Father finally addressed himself to the Hotel-Dieu. Shortly after, two of the Sisters were sent to obtain personal information of existing conditions. Their account although terrible to nature, only served as a further incitement to accept the foundation, and this was accordingly done. But numerous difficulties instantly arose which delayed the enterprise several months. In the meantime, His Lordship, himself, arriving from Rome, hesitated, not knowing if he should establish a Community of Cloistered Religious in a village as isolated as Tracadie, without being assured of the consent and support of the government under whose direct charge and support was the Lazaretto. While waiting to obtain official guarantees, His Lordship, unwilling that the poor sufferers should be any longer deprived of the care their sad condition called for, made charity triumph without prejudice to either prudence or wisdom, by offering to found a house of the Institute in Chatham, his Episcopal town; so that, if the foundation of Tracadie were to fail, the Religious would find a home in the former, which he promised to support according to his ability. Matters being thus settled, and the government at the time in favor of the foundation at Tracadie, six of our Sisters left Montreal for their new home. Since then, our Sisters have continued the duties of charity towards those poor, disinherited of the earth, but dear to Him, Who for love of us disdained not to become a leper in the day of great expiation on Calvary.

“In the Autumn of 1868, His Lordship went to Montreal to treat in person of the proposed foundation at Chatham. The little ones of the flock were ever an object of special concern on the part of our worthy Prelate, and as the need of an hospital was not urgent, His Lordship would have wished our Sisters to undertake the work of education. Our Community in Montreal did not see their way to accept this second work, whereupon His Lordship applied to the Reverend Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, who consented to open a mission at Chatham as soon as a suitable building would be in readiness to receive them. Divine Providence had, however, arranged otherwise as we shall see later on.

“On his return to Chatham, His Lordship set to work to prepare accommodation for the two Communities which were to come to Chatham the following summer. Our venerated Prelate knew well that a Religious Community especially of a Cloistered Order; could not subsist without the spiritual aids, to which by their Rules and Constitutions they are entitled. On the other hand, he could not possibly dispose of a priest for them exclusively, having but one for the Parish of Chatham, and being himself so frequently absent. In this embarrassment, His Lordship, with his usual wisdom and foresight, saw nothing better than for the time being, to combine the two Institutions with the Cathedral in one building, so that the Priest could do service to all. To carry out the project, His Lordship had the Church turned, and drew up the plans for two wings, of which that on the right was to serve as Academy, and that on the left as Hospital. It was on December 10th. Feast



HOTEL-DIEU OF MONTREAL,
First House of the Order founded in America—1659.

of the Holy House of Loretto, that the above arrangement suggested itself to our beloved Bishop, and to the day of his death, His Lordship greeted the return of the date with grateful thanksgiving to God.

“The Mother House at Montreal authorized Rev. Mother Pagé, Superior at Tracadie, to visit the place relying fully upon this good Mother’s wisdom and prudence. She passed through Chatham on her way back to Montreal in May 1869, and had an opportunity of seeing how the work had advanced, of conferring at length with His Lordship and of hearing of the favorable disposition of the Chatham people towards the projected foundation. At her departure for Montreal, His Lordship told her that the building would be in readiness to receive the Sisters in July. The Report given by Mother Pagé proved satisfactory to the Mother-House, and after fervent prayer and reflection the Community selected from among their number, those who were to form the nucleus of the new Community. God’s choice fell on Sister Louise D’Avignon, selected for Superior. Sister McGurty, Sister Beauchamp (called St. Louis) and Sister Vitaline.

“The good Bishop, always so foresighted in his charity, had sent Rev. Thos. F. Barry, now our venerated Bishop, to accompany the Sisters “en route” and in the afternoon of July 12th the devoted missionaries bade a tearful farewell to their beloved monastery and departed for Quebec, whence they were to proceed by boat to the land of their adoption. The Reverend Sisters of the General Hospital of that city gave them a most cordial welcome. On the following day they bade farewell to their kind hostesses and embarked for Chatham”.

Amid these first hours of exile it must have been an earnest of God's care over those who leave all for Him, to discover that the "kindhearted Father Barry" had at his own expense purchased their tickets — no small sum of money at that day — and indeed this delicate charity on the part of our good Bishop was, as their letters testify, a kindness which touched them deeply.

So, too, must their hearts have been inspired by holy hope, when they began their three days voyage on board the steamer that week plying between the Gulf ports — "The Secret" — to human eyes "a chance", but the eye of faith, seeing in the most trivial circumstance an evidence of eternal design in the lives of men, reads into it a deeper meaning. They had indeed — our Holy Foundresses — embarked upon unknown seas — what storms, what calms, what threatened shipwreck awaited their undertaking would be known only when they had reached the port of Eternity! In this symbolic sense too, their vessel was "The Secret" — they had launched out into the deep of sacrifice — their bark, the Secret Designs of God, — their compass, the guiding light of the Holy Family — their sails, the ample folds of an all-wise Providence—and at the helm, was the Divine Pilot.

"The Secret" arrived at Chatham, July 16th. "Our good Bishop", writes the annalist, "who was to be their Father and Protector, was not there to welcome them. The Sisters left Montreal earlier than was at first intended, and though they telegraphed to His Lordship at their departure, the latter, then on his Pastoral Visit throughout the Diocese, received

the telegram too late to allow of his reaching home in time. They were given however, a most cordial welcome at His Lordship's Residence, where they remained until the following day. On Saturday, they went without delay, to their future abode, the Bishop's former residence, adjoining the building then in construction. This modest structure 36ft. by 25ft. may be said to be a relic, having been successively the Cradle of the Presbytery, Bishop's Palace, College and finally Hotel-Dieu. Our Sisters immediately set to work to prepare this little house, which vividly pictured to them that which the Holy Family must needs have found in Egypt. Their first care was to select the most suitable apartment for the Most Blessed Sacrament, and there to place an Altar, which they brought from Montreal, the gift of Mr. Bourgeau, architect in the above-mentioned city. The Holy Sacrifice was celebrated on the following day by Rev. Father Nercam, Chaplain of the Hotel-Dieu of Montreal, who afterwards delivered a most touching sermon on those words of our Lord 'You, who have left all to follow Me will receive a hundred-fold in this world and life eternal in the next'. His Lordship, returning home on the 21st., celebrated Holy Mass the next morning in the Chapel of the Hotel-Dieu''.

Simple, warm-hearted and sincere was the welcome extended to the Sisters by the people of Chatham and we may note here that many, many, are the lines dictated by gratitude, wherein the pen of the chronicler has ingenuously recorded incidents indicative of the loyal and generous support, the appreciative co-operation evinced towards the Institution by the people of Chatham. Of these first days

we read: "For a time after their arrival in Chatham our Sisters were an object of pious curiosity to the people, particularly to the children, who came in crowds with nosegays of flowers in such an abundance that the Sister employed in receiving them, was obliged to throw them into barrels, which were soon filled. She would have preferred something more substantial considering the poverty of the house, but she prayed and said to herself, 'Patience, let the flowers come, the fruit will soon follow'. She was not disappointed. When the children had made their visits, it came to the turn of the parents, all of whom considered it a duty and a pleasure to give an alms. With some, it was money, with others, it was farm produce."

Again we read, "The people of Chatham fully appreciated the sacrifices our Sisters were making, combining with their laborious work of caring for the sick, the still more arduous one of educating the young; consequently they worked energetically in organizing musical entertainments and other social gatherings, the proceeds helping to defray the expenses for the furnishing of different apartments in the Academy."

Time and again in these early days, financial troubles arose, threatening even the existence of the struggling foundation, but the encouraging words of their good father, Bishop Rogers, were ever prophetic, "The Lord's arm is never shortened, — Cast thy care upon the Lord and He will feed thee".

Nor was it only in temporals that the new monastery felt the blessing of Heaven. Generous hearts were found, who came to offer, not their goods but

themselves, and in 1872 our first Mothers had the joy of opening a regular Novitiate for these souls, who must in time assume the task of perpetuating their establishment — henceforth they could feel assured that God willed to continue the work He had begun through them.

This brief account of the infant days of Chatham's Hotel-Dieu would be incomplete without a more intimate acquaintance with the unselfish women, who generously and voluntarily became exiles from their beloved and well-established home in Montreal to embrace the privations and strenuous labors inseparable from foundation work. These good Mothers have already found the fruition of their labors in the bosom of God—may they rest in peace and may we who reap the blessings of their sacrifices, in gratitude to God and to them, ever deserve that from their home in Heaven they may bless us with an approving smile.

In the autumn of 1873 the saintly foundress, Mother D'Avignon was recalled by the Mother-House of Montreal. This devoted Mother's health had become so impaired that her beloved Community considered it advisable that she return home — “God had His own great designs in this event, for the following year this devoted Mother returned again to New Brunswick as Superior of another Foundation, opened at St. Basil, Madawaska, where she died after four months of untold sacrifice and labor. . . . She was a great soul, endowed with rare qualities, prudent and discreet, possessing those admirable traits of character that form holy souls. Her favorite devotion was the Rosary, with a filial affection

for our Glorious Father St. Joseph". — The Annals.

But we can find no truer, more vivid portrait of this virtuous woman than in the letter written on her way to the Chatham foundation. Even after the lapse of fifty years, we are in reading it, speaking heart to heart with a religious whose sterling qualities and superior ability so well fitted her for the task entrusted to her, and whose great heart diffuses through it the perfume of an expansive charity.

On Board the "Secret".

July 14, 1869.

Dearly beloved Mother and Sisters:—

We are nearing our journey's end, and before setting foot in "our land of exile", I wish to drop you a few lines. Even did gratitude not render this a duty, the lively and respectful affection I bear you, would not permit me to do otherwise.

(The beloved Foundress here gives details of their arrival at the Depot of Montreal, the friends who there awaited the departure of the train. She then continues.)

.....The Superior of the Grey Nuns was likewise there with Sister Malefort, compatriot of Sister St. Louis. This good Mother accompanied us to our berths... All came to give us marks of friendship, which, while covering us with confusion, at the same time consoled us in our sorrow — so true is it that sympathy inspired by a charity, as noble as pure, has an ascendancy over the deepest sorrow.

.....The good health we have enjoyed, we attribute to the prayers you are offering for us. This increases our debt of gratitude to our dear Community, a debt so great we can never hope to repay it. But the thought that we are indebted to Mothers who love us with a religious affection that excludes all selfishness, and which finds its happiness in that of others, encourages us to further augment our indebtedness by asking the assistance of the fervent prayers of our dear Community for the success of the work confided to us, in spite of our incapacity. On our part, we shall labor to fulfil God's designs upon this new Foundation, and upon us whom He has chosen for the work.

Be kind enough, my dear Mother, to excuse this badly written letter; I have the inkstand in one hand, the pen in the other, and the paper on my knee. My heart which dictates those lines, reposes calmly on your indulgence.

Be pleased to accept again the assurance of the affection we bear you in exile as at home.

Your humble Daughters of whom
I am happy to be the interpreter,

Sr. D'Avignon, R. H. of St. Joseph.

Such is the glimpse into the inner beauty of this noble soul. And it is no doubt the permission of an all-kind Providence, that while all trace of the earthly features of the Foundress has been lost, the letter should have been preserved, that a soul-portrait might go down to future time. The more does this seem probable since the monastic archives preserve also the letter written by His Lordship, Bishop Rogers, to the revered Foundress when she was about

to return to Montreal, a letter which accompanied the ecclesiastical permission to leave the monastic enclosure. We transcribe it here in part:—

My dear Mother D'Avignon:—

It is with reluctance that I have signed the annexed obedience; for you can well understand how great is our grief at seeing you leave the beloved community which you founded with so much sacrifice, governed with so much wisdom and maternal solicitude and by the members of which you are cherished with such boundless filial affection and respect!

However, God's Holy Will be done! When we consider how near you were to your final departure for eternity but a few weeks ago, we feel grateful to God, Who graciously listened to the supplications of your afflicted children and friends, and restored your health sufficiently, so as to leave you yet on earth a while longer to edify and sanctify all around you as you have hitherto done.

This sentiment of gratitude to God for your recovery makes us the more resigned to see you returning to your beloved home and dear friends in Montreal.

Another consideration also makes us promptly accede, however it may cost our feelings, to the just and natural wishes of your beloved Superiors and friends in Montreal who recall you thither.

When it was decided that a branch of your most respectable Community of the Hotel-Dieu of Montreal be established in my humble Diocese I felt profoundly grateful for such a favor! When, subsequently, I could not help perceiving that the Sisters

sent to the houses of Tracadie and Chatham were evidently some of the most precious and cherished members of the Mother House, my gratitude and admiration were, if possible, intensified. But I felt that after those noble Sisters would have completed their work of planting these young foundations of their Institute, their Superior would probably recall these cherished members to their happy home — their Mother House. Hence, however much we might have to regret their departure from us, nevertheless, a sentiment of respect for the just and reasonable wishes of our benefactors makes us promptly acquiesce.

But be assured that your memory shall never fade away from amongst us.

Adieu! May all the holy angels and saints of Heaven led by their Immaculate Queen and her virgin spouse, St. Joseph, conduct you safe, and preserve you secure from all harm forever!

† J. R.

This letter characteristic of the grateful-hearted Bishop, not only testifies to the respectful esteem and admiration accorded the Foundress, but affords us also, a most appreciative estimate of her devoted companions — Sisters St. Louis, McGurty and Vitaline.

“Sister Beauchamp, (called St. Louis) was recalled to Montreal in 1877, and shortly after her arrival there, was elected Superior of the Mother House. This fact, alone, places before us the sterling qualities of the dear Sister — Whilst at Chatham, Sister St. Louis filled the offices of Assistant Superior and Bursar of the Community and Hospital. Com-

bined with this arduous work, our loved Sister had some duties at the Academy. We see her at her best in the midst of the children. Yes, Sister St. Louis loved the 'little ones', becoming a child with the children, and during the times allotted for play, she herself planned and arranged their games to make them happy. She was kind, without weakness, and strict without severity, she knew how to win and hold hearts, absolutely 'all to all' so that the pupils loved and respected her — Some of our Sisters here— her former pupils — read with a sorrow softened by spiritual consolation, the beautiful circular letter from the Mother House, giving the details of her saintly death, and they were not surprised to hear that 'she was loved by all, old and young, in the Community, and the fear of causing her pain, was after their fear of God, one of their strongest restraints'."

"Sister McGurty, held the office of Chief Hospitaller and was in this position obliged to have more frequent intercourse with the people—even to-day, in many of the old residential homes, holy and happy memories surround her name. She was, indeed, an angel of charity, and the indigent poor of Chatham lost a true Mother, when in 1882 she returned to Montreal.

"For fifteen years, this devoted Sister labored here in the cause of Christian charity. In her care and attendance of the sick, she drew all hearts to her—nothing being left undone both by day and night to help the needy and suffering. — Indeed, we can truly say, that the key-note of what we might call Sister McGurty's ruling passion, was her love of

doing and giving — with her, generosity at times seemed almost to be the indulgence of that natural instinct so prominent in the Irish character. She was frequently heard to say, ‘I am afraid I shall have no merit in attending my patients, I feel so much pleasure in giving, and in waiting on the suffering poor, whom Jesus loved so much when He was on earth.’ She has herself said that she felt ashamed in taking money from the poor patients. ‘If I had not my Vow of Poverty’, she would say, ‘I would keep all the poor in Chatham for nothing and never ask anyone of them for a penny — it is such a pleasure for me to give my life and all that I have to Almighty God’.

“Her character in this matter was so well known, that patients who could at least partially meet the expenses of their hospital attendance, would make no remuneration. When remonstrated with, she would say, ‘I can’t help it, I am so ashamed to ask those poor creatures for money’. Then again, if she found a patient or at times persons who visited the institution blessed with the goods of this world, she, in her own quaint way, would place her needs before them and ask for a little donation, ‘to make her boys’ as she generally called her patients, ‘more comfortable.’ With this dear Sister, it was but to ask and have for no person could refuse, looking upon her happy, joyous face, they went away with a peace in their souls to return at different intervals with gifts ‘for the good Sister McGurty,’ for such was the household name of our devoted Sister. The passages quoted above bring out the true character of her liberality. She regarded all things, as God’s, and as such to be returned to Him again

either directly in the service of our holy Religion, or indirectly in the person of God's poor. In her untiring labor of self-sacrifice, she never looked on what she disposed of as her own, but dealt with it as something which God had placed in her hands simply to be dispensed in His service. The vividness of her great faith rendered it impossible for her, for one moment, to forget the unseen presence of the Master of all things in His own household. Our limits forbid us adding more on this subject, and saying all that might be said of our dear Sister McGurty's charity and love for the poor sick, but we must add that it was a charity, that partly had a little of its reward in this world in the affection of those on whom it was bestowed. This dear Sister ever retained a very deep affection for 'her children at Chatham', as she loved to call us, and only about two weeks previous to her death, she wrote one of our Sisters the details of her daily duties, all sparkling with the wit of the Emerald Isle.

“Whilst the Foundress, Mother D'Avignon, and her two companions were working in their different offices and winning hearts to love God, good Sister Vitaline, the Domestic Sister, attended to many things. It was not her fault, if at times our Sisters felt the pressure of poverty, for this dear soul, kind and large-hearted, did all she could to lessen the strenuous labor of her superiors. Night and day she toiled and it was this arduous labor that brought upon her the sickness that in the end was the cause of her death. On account of illness, this devoted Sister was recalled by the Mother House”.

We regret that want of space must limit our expression of gratitude to the other dear Sisters, who labored in the establishment of the Hotel Dieu. Of the sixteen cherished Sisters who came to labor in this little vineyard, fourteen already have their names written in the book of Life. "Requiescat in pace" we softly whisper over each dear name — Sister Paré, Sister Raymond, Sister Drolet, Sister Odile, Sister Sirois, Sister La Ferre, Sr. Harty, Sister Delphine, Sister Pagé and Sister Renaud.

Sister Raymond, Sister Sirois and Sister Renaud were, in the designs of God to guide the destinies of the little community in the office of Superior.

Mother Raymond was chosen to fill the office on the departure of Mother D'Avignon. The daughter of an old seigneurial family—the Seigneurs of St. Hyacinthe—she was a woman of rare culture and accomplished refinement. She had been given to Chatham as Directress of Study, when the Community decided to add the work of education to that of caring for the sick. "She was" say the Annals, "a holy soul hidden in God, one who was soon to take her flight heavenwards. She brought to her task a wonderful submission to God's Will. The Holy Rule was her guide and she herself was a living exemplar of that Rule."

In 1879 when on account of her ill-health this dear Mother was recalled to Montreal, in bidding "good-bye" to our Sisters, she said, "I am leaving my heart in this little mission, and will offer the remaining suffering days of my life for the spiritual and temporal needs of the Foundation." Did she look beyond her day and see the remainder of her suffering life turned into blessings!



HOTEL-DIEU OF CHATHAM,
Present Monastery and High School.

In this hour of sorrow, when "Jesus was", so it seemed, "asleep in the boat", the strong faith that dwelt in the prayerful soul of Mother Sirois was to waken the Sleeping Master. "Even unto death" did this beautiful soul love the religious family of her adoption—Yes, ours in life and in death, she alone of the devoted band of missionaries took her flight heavenwards from our midst; her mortal remains lie in the Convent Cemetery, her spirit, we feel, still hovers over the Community she loved so well,— but of her we shall speak again.

Mother Renaud became Superior on the expiration of Mother Sirois' term of office. This good Mother had, like Sister McGurty, the secret of winning hearts. Of a sympathetic nature, she was what the pupils loved to call her, "a sweet saint". Gentleness, kindness and piety, were her characteristics. Her power over those who came within her influence was remarkable, and she is still affectionately remembered by the people of Chatham. In 1893 our Mother House decided to open the Foundation at Burlington, Vt., and having very few English-speaking subjects, recalled Sisters Renaud and Delphine. They had hoped, like Mother Sirois, to leave us only for eternity, but the voice of obedience had spoken.— They left us on the 14th of August, and in this sad "farewell parting" we gave back to our Mother House the last of those loved pioneer Sisters. It was long the hope of the Sisterhood, that God would permit Mother Renaud to witness and to share the joys of the Golden Jubilee. His Will inclined to ours, yet in another sense. Scarcely had the illuminated horizon heralded the dawn of this year of rejoicing, than

the Divine summons called her to join the band of dear departed in Heaven, — our blessed dead who chant for us the eternal “Te Deum”.

God has, however, given to two of the devoted band, the joy of beholding the golden crowning of their labors. These beloved Sisters of the dear Mother House — Sister St. Patrick and Sister Beauchamp, (a sister of Sister St. Louis, one of the Foundresses) still treasure a most affectionate interest in the Foundation, to which they gave so many years of labor and sacrifice.

So confident are we of their sisterly indulgence, that we may presume to unlock their heart-treasures and read therein the holy joy and thanksgiving that is theirs to-day. How often has it been evinced when they made it their happiness and consolation to welcome, in their dear Mother House, Sisters from their well-beloved mission! What pleasure is theirs in reading the letters that give them details concerning it, and when — May God bless them — they kneel at His feet, how fervently do they still implore the benedictions of Heaven on their ‘own Foundation’ of Chatham.

Were it not that the Holy Rule of Cloister forbids departure from the monastic enclosure, except for absolutely necessary and approved reasons, how greatly would the presence of these two venerated Sisters increase the joy of our fiftieth anniversary — how much too would their own happiness be augmented by a visit to the Community of Chatham. This may not be, and we await in the eternal cloister of God’s bosom the never-ending reunion.

“Qui seminant in lacrymis, in exultatione metent.”

VIEWS IN HIGH SCHOOL.



Senior class

Studio

Commercial Department

1. 1st Orchestra.

2. Studio

3 Commercial Class, 1919.

The Night Watch.

Can you not watch one hour — one — with me?
Our God beneath the olive shade
This sorrowing plaint has down the ages sent.
Will men not give one midnight hour of love
To the lone Sentinel within the Altar Tower?
“My Lord and God! to Thee my self is given
My heart, my soul, my mind, all now are Thine
By the blest vows, Thou hast Thyself inspired —
The sacred bonds that bind me to Thy service
And to Thy well-beloved — the suffering poor.
To these, dear Lord, Thy sick and suffering members
My time, my strength, my sleep and rest are given
And the sweet promise made before Thy altar
Awaits fulfilment, e'er life's shadows deepen.
Yet lonely Heart! my Eucharistic Jesus!
Still, 'tis for me Thy long night watch is kept!
May I not, too, Thy yearning pleadings answer?
May not I, too, Thy holy vigils share?”
“Amen, amen! My chosen one elected
To watch beside the bed of racking pain,
To soothe the aching brow, or turn the pillow,
Where toss the victims of consuming fever —
To Me thou dost, what thou dost do for them.
In them, by Me in agony, thou watchest.
Beside their bed, thou keepest watch by Me.
Then through the long night's weary vigils
O'er couch of pain a ministering angel —
Thy heart to Mine united — watch with me.”

CHAPTER III.

IN MEMORIAM.

Tribute of Gratitude.

To the late Bishop Rogers, do the people of Chatham owe the benefits that have attended the establishment of this Institution, for under God, his zealous charity was the moving influence in the Foundation. Most fitting is it, therefore, that the memory of the venerated Prelate be woven as a golden thread of benediction into this little chaplet.

No more faithful pen-sketch of our devoted father and friend, could go down to future time than this:

“Our revered and beloved Father and Founder, the Right Reverend Bishop Rogers was born on the 11th of July 1830 in Ireland, whence he emigrated with his parents to Nova Scotia. In course of time he was ordained priest for the Arch-diocese of Halifax. On August 15th. 1860, he was consecrated Bishop of the newly erected Diocese of Chatham, where he was installed on the 22nd. of the same month. The little parish Church in wood took the name of Cathedral and the Presbytery 36 ft. by 25 ft. adopted that of Bishop's Residence. His Lordship was, at his own request, relieved of his responsible office in the August of 1902, and from the April previous, was cared for in our Hospital until the solemn summons came on the 22nd. of March 1903. His Lordship was in his seventy-seventh year.

A writer says 'That man is nearest divine excellence who combines culture, strength of mind and natural goodness'. — Our loved and venerated Pre-late possessed all these qualities in their fulness, but he had a greater than all these combined — a heart overflowing with love and confidence in God, which came into his life in the faithful practice of our holy Religion. The habitual realization of God's dominion over all things inspired him with a fearless confidence that all that was given to God would be amply repaid, hence often was he known to take from his purse the last cent to give it to the needy. Indeed, ordinary laws of prudence seemed often disregarded, and if reminded of this, he would say 'Money is the very least of God's gifts, and I shall go on as I always have done and trust in God, so don't tell me what amount of money we have'. Reverend Thos. F. Bannon, parish priest of Chatham for twenty years, repeated the aforesaid to one of our Sisters, saying at the same time, 'it is no use talking principles regarding money matters to His Lordship, he'll do what he wishes, and indeed there seems to be a sort of beautiful rivalry between the Bishop and our Blessed Lord, which should be the more generous. I have frequently remarked that often the exact sum given by His Lordship in charity, less urgent than his own needs, came back through some unexpected channel, and whatever sums of money were placed at his disposal, seemed only to touch his hand for a blessing ere their distribution.' The dread of trusting in human aid was one of his strongest principles, and never would he allow the parish priest of Chatham to tax the people. 'Let them give what they

can', he would say, 'they were always generous and gave more than they were able to give.' God's poor and the simple wandering Indian of the forest were ever his children of predilection, the latter always finding a true Father and friend in our venerated Prelate. All his solicitude was for souls, especially those of the young though the soul in every state claimed a share in his whole hearted zeal all he did in Church and State was directed to that same great end. We say in Church and State—for His Lordship was most interested in the welfare of our Country, his great personality coming out, as it were, in his virile qualities of kindness, truth and justice. The appreciation of the people of Chatham was fully demonstrated in the immense multitude of all classes and creeds, who followed the earthly relics of the saintly Bishop to the Cemetery. He loved the people of his diocese, the people of all denominations, all seemed to belong to him, for he was thoroughly at home with them all. The very boatmen on the beautiful Miramichi called him 'Father' and this was his name of predilection. Yet His Lordship's immense popularity, if we may use such an expression, was not gained by any sacrifices to human respect. When ever it was expedient to administer a reproof, he spoke out in a plain, straightforward manner, and at times with a warmth which he sometimes regretted. Self reproach of this nature, he would avow by so frank an acknowledgement that the hearts of those to whom the reproof had been addressed could not be other than touched. His Lordship's spiritual life was characterized by an admirable simplicity of piety, which led him to treat with God as with a good Father. From this sprang that wonderful confidence

in and absolute abandonment to Divine Providence, which found a truthful expression in the words to which he gave utterance during a period of trial, 'I know not, O Good Father, where I am, but I know where Thou art, and that suffices.' In concluding this outline, it is, of course obvious to every one, that the leading feature of our much loved Prelate was his most exquisite, invincible kindness — He was kindness itself, he might almost have been styled that quality invested with a visible form, and his gentlemanly manners were but a fit expression of his goodness of heart. Yet, if our worthy Bishop had attractions to make himself loved, he had also so much gravity and modesty, that one could not choose but respect him — but with a respect full of love. — His natural character had a considerable tinge of the wit and sunshine of his native land — simple, beautiful and yet grand, like the green-hilled bank of the fair Killarney.

One of the greatest sorrows that could have fallen upon us was the death of our beloved Father and Friend, and one of our greatest consolations is, in the thought, that we had the privilege of caring for our worthy Prelate during his last illness — God's providential hand was again manifest in giving us this opportunity to repay in some small degree our debt of gratitude. His Lordship had not been feeling well for some months previous to that morning in April, when coming to offer the Holy Mass in our little chapel, he was obliged, through extreme weakness, to rest for some time before concluding the Holy Sacrifice. After all was over, arriving at the vestry, our good Mother Walsh was in waiting, and as she

so often has told us, 'I could scarcely control my feelings when I beheld our dear old Bishop looking so faint and exhausted, and yet he tried to assure me that the 'weakness was just of passing moment!' Having partaken of some light refreshment in the vestry, our good Mother suggested he should remain at the hospital for medical treatment, and he said, 'Well, my dear Mother, I shall do so for I feel that what you say of my condition is true, and indeed I am at home in the midst of my own children.' When our dear Mother told us of this interview, it was with silent tears seeking an outlet. After resting some time, our good Mother accompanied His Lordship to the best suite of rooms in the hospital. Standing at the door, but without entering, His Lordship turned to our Mother, and in his own genial way, said, 'Now, my dear Mother, you must give me my liberty in the choice of my future home', and what was our poor Mother's surprise and regret, when he asked for a suite of rooms on the top storey of the building. His Lordship, from that eventful April morning, 1902, remained with 'his children' until the solemn summons came on the 22nd. of March the following year, and during that interval of time went but once to visit his own Residence. Full to the last of that suavity of manners and considerateness for others, truly he must have longed for rest after his prolonged and toilsome life, and yet in the retrospect, how trifling must have been the trials and troubles of the past, and how his great heart must have glowed with gratitude in remembering the blessings which had tracked his way, and the changes which Divine Providence had, within forty years, brought about in the condition of the people and the external position of the

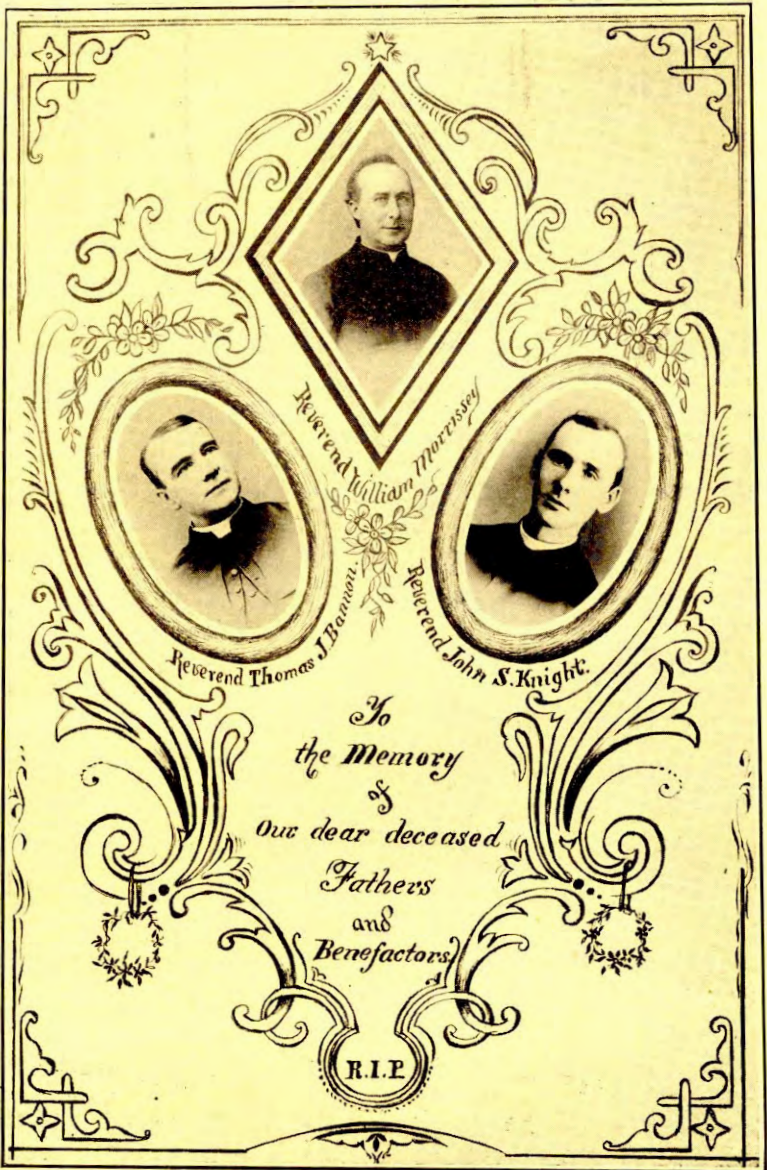
Church throughout his Diocese. The rare qualities of our beloved Father's life as noted in the "Annals of the Foundation" surprise us, but it also makes us understand why God showered graces upon him and blessed all his undertakings. The debt of gratitude our Community owes our revered Father and Founder is very great and to future generations must we leave the duty of acquitting it by prayers and Holy Communion to be offered as directed in the Annals of the Institution."

"In the death of Reverend Thos. J. Bannon, a loyal and devoted friend of the Institution was removed, but not lost, for his religious virtues live in the members of the Sisterhood whom he helped to train. 'Grace imparted and edification received are bonds forged by Heaven between souls.' And we love to think that those spiritual bonds are day by day more closely cemented in Heaven.

To give a general idea of the many qualities of this good Father, we quote here three paragraphs taken from the "In Memoriam", which spaced four columns of the "Miramichi Advance", then one of the leading papers of the Province of New Brunswick.

'Died on Tuesday, 27th. February, at 4 o'clock, p.m. after a protracted illness of nearly a year, at the Hotel-Dieu, Chatham, N.B., surrounded by loving and mourning friends, the Reverend Thomas J. Bannon, Rector of the R. C. Pro-Cathedral, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Chatham, in the forty ninth year of his age and twenty fourth year of his priesthood.

Father Bannon's loss will be keenly felt, not only by the members of his own family, to whom he was endeared, but by all with whom the duties of his



office brought him into intimate relations, his Bishop, his fellow-priests, the religious Sisters of the Hotel Dieu, but especially by the Catholic people of Chatham, young and old, over whom he has presided as parish priest for the last twenty years.

Modest, unassuming, unobtrusive, his genial and amiable disposition won him the esteem of all his fellow-citizens. Faithful and pious, he labored with earnest but prudent zeal in the cause of his Divine Master, so that his pastoral work was most successful, his word being a law to every member of his loving flock.'

“Gifted with a sound practical sense, and with an appreciation of the need of the age — that of a Catholic education — he looked to the end and outcome of things, hence from the beginning of his labors as parish priest his dominating principle was, that no education was too high or too good for the children of his flock. Notwithstanding the variety and importance of his duties, he worked and labored in organizing and perfecting a system of methods and regulations bequeathing to our teaching staff a precious legacy of true ideals in the work of a Christian education. And the rare success as teachers, the Sisters have had during the past years is a guarantee that the programme, outlined by this good Father has been faithfully carried out.

Nature had endowed him with that quick sensibility by which, without further study, he entered into every character, and the kind interest he took in each one's spiritual and temporal needs made him the Father and friend of all who knew him. He visit-

ed the Academy at least twice during the week, and in entering the various departments every eye beamed a welcome, for it was the signal that their best friend and true Father had come among them. His heart lay in the work of education and well did the little band of pupils respond to his fatherly interest. He seemed to come down to the level of the childmind, and took evident pleasure in applauding, rewarding and planning pleasures, so that the little reminiscences of those happy days have thrown a sunlight upon the lives of those, who were blessed to have been under his fatherly guidance.

“The spiritual interests of the Sisterhood were confided to this good Father’s care for eighteen years, and notwithstanding his laborious duties he gave himself with unremitting zeal and disinterestedness to our welfare, as if it were his sole concern, endeavoring to form true and faithful Spouses of Christ, who would with courage and perseverance follow their Divine Master in the narrow and thorny path of religious perfection. During his long and painful illness, his patience, spirit of prayer and resignation to the Will of God, proved that the lessons he so frequently inculcated to others had first taken firm root in his own soul. When the solemn summons came, our beloved Father was surrounded by those he loved best in this world. His Lordship, Bishop Rogers, Father E. Bannon, his brother, Fathers Joyner and Knight, his venerable Mother, Dr. McDonald, and Mrs. McDonald, his only sister, with almost all our Sisters and over two hundred and fifty children in our little chapel. It was in the midst of this incense of prayerful

supplications that Death came as an angel of peace placing our dear one in the Eucharistic embrace of the Divine Master.”

Among the dead we number another signal benefactor of the Institution, one whose name is held in benediction — Father Morrissey.

We will not say ‘to all who knew him’ — for ‘all’ knew him — he was a perfect model of Christ-like gentleness and charity. Rich and poor alike without distinction of race or creed, found in him a tender father — a generous friend. The gift of healing which has by some been attributed to an intuitive knowledge of medical science, might rather be ascribed to the indwelling spirit of charity — the perfect union of heart and will, with the Divine Heart of the God-man, by which this saintly priest reproduced in himself a likeness of the Divine Physician — and hence it might truly be said that the charity of Christ dwelt in his heart and “virtue went out from him and healed all” — “all”, for none came within the influence of Father Morrissey’s presence but felt that healing touch in body or in soul. ,

Throughout his life, this holy priest was a devoted friend to the Hospital and when the divine summons came, it was given us to witness that last glory of a holy life — a saintly death. That solemn moment, in him resembled and in truth it was the awakening of a child to behold the countenance of the tender Father in Whose arms he rested. Though his death was sudden and unexpected, yet with his usual tranquillity and calm he went forth to meet his Judge Whom he still held as Guest withing his heart.

Father Morrissey died March 30th. 1908. His title to signal benefactor rests not alone on the generous legacy bequeathed to the Institution at his death, but above all, on his life-long interest in all that concerned the welfare of the Community.

The memory of Father Babineau of Tracadie is regarded with sentiments of gratitude. His cordial interest in the Chatham foundation was the 'other-self' of his devotedness to the heroic undertaking of our Sisters at the Lepers' Lazaretto in Tracadie, and until his death, Father Babineau was an esteemed friend of the Hôtel-Dieu of Chatham.

Another devoted friend of the Institution was the late Father Pelletier. Dating from the first days of the Foundation, the kindness of Father Pelletier continued till, when the golden span was nearing completion, the Divine Will summoned this good priest to his eternal reward.

Short but fruitful in good works was the life of the regretted Father Knight. During the brief space which the Divine Master allotted him to harvest sheaves for the eternal granaries, this zealous priest devoted himself with untiring energy to the interests of the Institution. Gratitude counts as done, what there is the will to do — when the Angel of Death hovered near, awaiting only God's appointed time, this faithful father and devoted friend was often heard to say, "I shall look down from Heaven on the New Academy" — the project was then being discussed. May not God's condescending goodness permit that tasks left unfinished by an early death be completed by the power of intercessory prayer in Heaven.

In 1913 there died in the hospital an aged priest, the Reverend Hugh McGuirk. Father McGuirk was parish priest at St. Basile, Madawaska, when the Chatham Hotel-Dieu was founded. In 1873 he came as a patient to the hospital. The circumstance led to his conferring with Bishop Rogers and Mother D'Avignon, then Superior of the Chatham Community, on the prospect of obtaining a third foundation of the order at St. Basile, to replace the Sisters of Charity who had been recalled by Archbishop Connolly of Halifax.

The issue of the negotiations then begun with the Mother House at Montreal, the recall of our saintly Foundress, Mother D'Avignon, and her subsequent transfer as Foundress of the Hotel-Dieu at St. Basile have already been noted. The devoted priest, whom God had chosen as His instrument in extending the congregation, was to spend the last years of his life at the Hotel-Dieu of Chatham, and to the time of his holy and peaceful death Father McGuirk entertained for the Community sentiments of the most cordial esteem. He died March, 28, 1913.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

This tribute of gratitude to our departed benefactors leads us irresistibly to the quiet little cemetery within the monastic enclosure, where sleep our cherished dead. Hidden in life, in death veiled from our sight, these beloved ones await beneath the extended arms of the white figure of the Crucified, the dawn of the Eternal Jubilee. Departed — yet not forgotten — how often is not the silence of their

resting place broken by the reverent footsteps of the living — how many a fervent “De Profundis” whispered at the foot of the Crucifix in the tranquil evening, still speaks to them of that affection which is perpetuated in death — how often as the busy Sister passes quickly by the hallowed spot, on the round of her multiplied duties, or even as she catches a glimpse of the quiet graves, does not a devout “Requiescant in pace” accompany her loving glance. She too will one day find rest with the quiet dead.

God alone may number the blessings we to-day enjoy, which have been purchased by the self-sacrifice of those hidden souls, who, having consecrated to the Author of their being, every faculty of body and soul, generously embraced labor, hardships and poverty for the sole love of God, and his suffering poor. To them, it has been given to look down from Heaven on this day of rejoicing — the happy privilege of being our representatives before the throne of God, to supply from the treasures of His mercy what is wanting to our grateful thanksgivings. May they rest in peace — and may their memory be our benediction.

But among these blessed dead there is one that is regarded with special veneration — one whose beautiful soul must beam upon us to-day with heavenly sweetness — for in the hearts of the Sisterhood she has long been canonized. In the sketch of the Foundresses, we have briefly alluded to the saintly Mother Sirois, as the only one of these devoted Mothers whose desire to remain with us had been gratified. Was it that this soul had gained such an ascendancy

over the Heart of her Divine Spouse that He could not but yield to her desires — desires that aimed solely at His greater glory?

Sister Sirois came to Chatham in 1872. She was accompanied by a novice professed at the Mother House for the new Community, and it was at this time that the regular Novitiate of the Foundation began. Was it a coincidence? Sister Sirois was not sent as Mistress of Novices, but in the designs of God it was in this office that she was to leave the impress of her strong character and exalted ideals on the souls which she formed to religious virtue. Appointed in 1873, she held this post till she became Superior. As Superior her first act was to return to the Mother House to obtain a Sister to fill her place—and on the expiration of her administration, she returned to her ‘office of predilection’.

Mother Sirois became Superior in 1879. In reference to the event it has been written: “That day was, if we may so speak, the dawn of a new era in the life of our little Community, and as the darkest hour is herald of the dawn, so do we feel safe in asserting that our Community has passed through no darker or gloomier period than the two years preceding Sister Sirois’ term of office. The departure in quick succession of our dear Sisters St. Louis, Paré, Drollet, Harté, St. Michael and Mother Raymond, left our little foundation almost on the verge of annihilation. But He, Who watched over His Apostles — when, storm-tossed on the Sea of Galilee, they cried out to Him, — watched too over our humble bark, and in His own good time reassured the trembling crew, and placed at the helm one who from all eter-

nity had been destined to do so much for our little Community. But as 'the seed must first die', so had the chosen one to pass through humiliation before becoming the instrument of renewed vitality to the struggling foundation. To any Superior the charge is no sinecure, but to our dear Sister Sirois, it meant sacrifice pure and simple—and though we may not here detail the workings of our Divine Spouse upon this chosen soul, let the reader be persuaded that in submitting to this call of God, she trampled under foot self with its most intimate inclinations, and let her pause here to breathe an 'Ave' for the soul of her who hesitated not to sacrifice herself unreservedly — to cast aside the most lawful and natural instincts, to rescue our little bark from the threatened shipwreck.

“When in 1872 our Community asked of Montreal a Sister to aid in the new foundation, Sister Sirois was selected.—A soul of sacrifice, she unhesitatingly responded 'Ecce Venio', though at the time she was convalescing from a severe attack of bronchitis—and although to take the boat she had almost literally to rise from her sick bed. Could a hand less firm than hers have raised the tottering, all but fallen, edifice — we think not.

“Of a very delicate constitution, the energy of her will strengthened by grace, enabled her to bear up with constancy against the almost continual physical suffering she had to endure.—She did nothing without first looking to God and then as if He lent her His beautiful perfections she unconsciously diffused them. The glory of God was the sole end of all her thoughts, words and actions, and hence 'fidelity to

little things' went hand in hand with the courage and perseverance with which she undertook and accomplished things great and difficult. She saw the great need of a Christian education for the youth of the town, and from the beginning of her official duties bent all her energies to perfect the system at the Academy, and with the aid and advice of Reverend Thos. J. Bannon, the course of studies was continually strengthened and improved.

“Sister Sirois was a rare soul endowed with the gift of prayer, a soul whose perfume seemed steeped in holiness. To see this dear Sister was to love God better, for His love dominated her life.”

While the above extracts show us the religious wonderfully favored by supernatural graces and intimate communings with God, we have but to read the records of the official acts of her administration to learn that Mother Sirois was, at the same time, a woman eminently endowed with a practical sound judgment and unusual intellectual perception—qualities which showed themselves no less in her guidance of the religious spirit of the Community — establishing and fostering an enlightened piety by the intelligent application of the spirit of our Holy Rule to the exigencies of time and place.

She was a beautiful type of the perfect Religious Hospitaller of St. Joseph, who unites intimate union with God to assiduous application to the external duties of charity. An incident which showed how little in her the one interfered with the other, occurred but a few hours before death unveiled the Beauty that had been the sole aspiration of her heart.

Sister Sirois had risen from her sick bed and was sitting near the chapel gallery awaiting the hour of Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, when a sudden extreme weakness warned her that her release was nearer than she had thought. She called a passing Sister, — it was the assistant Superior — and asked her to warm Reverend Mother. Sister Assistant sent the message and assisted the dying Sister to her bed. Vividly conscious that the unseen God of faith was about to reveal Himself in the face to face vision of eternity, the saintly Sister was not unmindful of the claims of earth. While calmly awaiting the arrival of Mother Renaud, she asked Sister Assistant to convey a message of gratitude to three gentlemen to whom she had felt herself greatly indebted during her term of office as Superior. The gentlemen were, the Spiritual Director of the Community, Reverend Father Bannon, the Community Physician, Dr. John Benson, and the late William Connors, a trusted friend and adviser in legal and financial affairs. Seeing God in all things her spontaneous expression of gratitude to those who had rendered her services, was but the overflowing of a loving acknowledgment that all things come from God.

The memory of her beautiful life is as a gentle balm to heal the wound caused by the death of this saintly spiritual Mother, who has been called the Second Providence of the Chatham Foundation. Departed, yet with us, for Sister Sirois still lives in the religious spirit of the Community, as well as in the minds and hearts of the Sisterhood. A gift of God to us in her life, does she not continue in a happy eternity her interest in the spiritual and temporal needs of the religious family she loved so well!



IN THE CONVENT CEMETERY.

Where is thy sting, oh Death! thy victory where!
There falls across the silent, hallowed ground
An answer deep, a still and voiceless sound!
The figure of the Crucified is there
Casting a shadow like a whispered prayer,
That lingers trembling o'er each grassy mound
Pledge of the rest the holy dead have found,
Hope of the living who the cross must bear.
Departed Sisters! you the path have trod
That leads the soul to Calvary's darkened height!
Life's cross, midst toil and suffering was borne,
And now, you gaze upon the Face of God
To wait, in bliss, crowned with eternal light,
The glory of the Resurrection morn.

"Requiescant in pace."

CHAPTER IV.

Wayside Flowers.

There are many of these little wayside flowers, beautiful in their simplicity — their home-like loveliness. We may tarry to gather a few. Attracted by the sweet perfume of Divine tenderness which they exhale, we have selected these little ones to bear away with us.

Connected with the moving and swinging round of the 'Church', already alluded to, a quaint little incident is related. When the good Bishop first made known that happy inspiration of the 10th of December 1868, many there were who considered the undertaking an impossibility — hence the frequent and animated discussions on the subject. Present at one of these informal debates was an 'old Irish lady of sturdy faith. In her opinion the plan was quite feasible, and she grew almost indignant at any one saying or implying the contrary. Finally, after listening for some time to the expressions of opinion 'pro and con', she silenced all further discussion by exclaiming, "What, our Blessed Lord has said that whoever has faith as large as a grain of mustard seed, can move mountains, and do you really think that Bishop Rogers has not sufficient faith to move that little Church", and she was right." A few days later willing hands were found to undertake the task. So quietly and dexterously was it accomplished that neither the priest engaged at the time in catechising a class of little children nor the few devout souls in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, were in the least disturbed, or even conscious of their changed position in space.

From St. Margaret's, a little country district some six miles from Chatham, came the first novice who entered the new Community—Miss Mary Phelan, called in religion, Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart. It is noted in the chronicles, that her name was the same as that of the first novice of the Mother House of Montreal, and like her, she was born on the Feast of St. Joseph. We may further remark that her name in religion might be considered as prophetic of the homage that the Divine Heart of the God-man would receive through the Community thus begun. Devotion to the Sacred Heart was first to be promoted in Chatham by our beloved and regretted Mother Renaud. An ardent and zealous lover of the Divine Heart, Mother Renaud obtained in 1886 ecclesiastical sanction for the erection of the Archconfraternity of the Guard of Honor in the Community and in the Academy. The Devotion thus established in the Sanctuary of Religion extended its vivifying influence, until it was canonically established in the Parish of Chatham.

Three years later, 1889, Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart died very suddenly. Sister was suffering from an attack of bronchitis, but her condition excited no anxiety. During the night of June, 21, pneumonia developed and though there was still no sign of immediate danger, Mother Renaud felt impelled to summon the priest. The Last Sacraments were administered. After conducting the Chaplain to the door, Reverend Mother returned to find the dear Sister dying. It was in the early morning of June 22, that year the Feast of the Sacred Heart, that the first novice of the Hotel Dieu of Chatham — one whose religious name ever reminded her of the love

of her Divine Spouse — heard the call of the Heavenly Bridegroom to the eternal wedding-feast.

The fact that the dying Sister had, despite her sudden summons, the happiness of receiving the Last Rites of Holy Mother Church, was attributed to the implicit trust of our beloved Mother Renaud in the Divine Heart of Him Who bids us “watch and pray for we know not when the hour cometh.”

It was mid-winter, and Sister St. Louis, Bursar of the Community, looked anxiously at the depleted larder, as she remembered with sinking heart that the ‘purse’ too was empty. The supply of potatoes was exhausted, but remembering that “faithful servant, whom the Lord had appointed master of His possessions”, she addressed herself in humble trust to our Good Father St. Joseph, asking him to come to the assistance of this little household dedicated to the honor of the Holy Family. Except to faith, strangely inexplicable was the reply to the trusting prayer. The following day, a farmer from an adjoining district — St. Margaret’s — came to the little monastery with a load of potatoes. In answer to the expressions of gratitude and no doubt surprised queries of the good Sister, the worthy gentleman replied, that the evening before, an old man — a stranger to him — had called at his door, informed him that the Sisters in Chatham had no potatoes, and asked him to go round among the neighboring farmers and collect potatoes for them. Who was the unknown stranger? To no one had the Sisters made known their particular need of this vegetable, by none other than the good-hearted farmer was the unknown way-farer seen, and to this day do they await a natural explanation of the event.

The hospital was established — without revenue, it is true, but in the firm hope that the Divine Master, Who, when on earth had made the poor His companions of predilection, would not withhold His support from this work of mercy begun for their comfort and relief.

Yet anxiety arose—the hospital had no physician, and moreover, no remuneration to offer for services that might be procured. Only a few weeks, however, did this embarrassing situation continue, for the Divine Physician put it into the heart of good Dr. Stafford Benson, one of the oldest and most respected physicians in the town, to come to our Mothers and offer his gratuitous services. The kind-hearted doctor came regularly to attend the patients, but he was soon to reap the reward of his charity. Two years later, 1871, he was stricken with paralysis, which in a few weeks caused his death. Some time before his demise, he asked to be driven to the Hotel Dieu to bid a last adieu to the Sisters. He was brought by his son, Dr. John Benson. The good old man, unable to speak, his sufferings too intense to permit, even, his being removed from the carriage, awaited outside the hospital window the grateful Sisters, who had assembled within to bid him a last farewell. This touching “adieu” he acknowledged by signs. In dying, he bequeathed to his son, Dr. John Benson, the care of serving the hospital — a bequest which was fulfilled with unwearied assiduity and extreme delicacy.

Of Dr. John Benson, the Annals say, “He was more like a father than a doctor — he was always ready to attend to the needs of the Institution and

In Grateful Remembrance



Stafford Benson
M.R.C.S.E. M.D.
First attendant Physician
1869 - 1871.



John Benson M.R.C.S.E. M.D.
1870 - 1907



Joseph B. Benson C.M.D.
1875 - 1909



John MacDonald C.M.M.D.
1884 - 1906

*Medical Staff of the Hotel Dieu
of Chatham, N.B. from 1869 to 1909*

as for his medical care of the Sisterhood, he left nothing undone that skill and kindness could devise. His kind heart appeared to feel our poverty and the laborious efforts made to support the many wants of the Institution. When the Provincial Government, in aid of the Hospital, gave the yearly grant of three hundred dollars, referring to the matter, he smilingly said, "It's only a drop in the bucket, Sister, you should let those men know your outlay for meat alone." He himself was always ready to help us, and in his will left a handsome legacy to the Hospital in the donation of all the surgical instruments and furniture of his office. Like his father, when death was upon him, and he was no longer able to continue his profession, this good friend had himself driven from time to time, to the Hospital to exchange greetings with Reverend Mother and the Nursing Staff. He died June 22nd, 1907.

A younger brother, Dr. Joseph Benson, who was studying medicine at Montreal when his father died, was also a devoted friend of the Institution. He served the Hospital from 1875 to within a few days of his death, which took place, April 7th, 1909.

Dr. McDonald came to reside at Chatham in 1884, and offering his services to our Sisters, did all he could to further the interests of the Hospital. This good friend also bequeathed his surgical instruments and other professional accessories to the Hospital. He died at the Hotel Dieu Dec. 18th., 1906.

The Institution feels deeply indebted to these first members of the Medical Staff. It was often remarked that the cordial friendship and unanimity of sentiment existing between these devoted physi-

cians was truly that of brothers. And touching indeed did it seem that having served together, they should, we might say, together retire from the post of Duty. Within the short space of three years, 1906-1909, these three who had for well-nigh forty years comprises the Medical Staff of the Hospital were replaced by entirely new members, the Medical Staff of to-day.

Privations! — here are instances. The Annals record of the Winter of 1874 passed in the Second Hotel-Dieu, that the Community was too poor to buy wood enough for Hospital, Academy and Monastery. The patients and the children could not be allowed to suffer, the privation must be the lot of the Sisterhood. There were no furnaces then — the buildings were heated by stoves — wood being the only fuel used. In order to economize the fuel, the Sisters were obliged to spend the day in the various departments of Hospital or Academy. In the evening before the hour of retiring, fires were lighted in the dormitories or corridors of the sleeping apartments that there might be sufficient warmth for the Sisters to return for the night.

After removing to the Third Hotel-Dieu conditions were much the same. Wood and water had to be carried by the Sisters up to the third flat. The maximum number of pieces of wood any Sister should carry was fixed by obedience, and it was “consummate imprudence” to exceed the number. Not unfrequently the uninitiated in the ways of Divine Wisdom, attempted to make one trip do for two, as our senior Sisters inform us. Not unfrequently too was practical application given of the saying “Experience

is a good teacher", for, often, as the worldly-wise, though fervent young Sister, had all but reached the goal, first one piece then another fell from her relaxing grasp and tumbled down even to the foot of the stairs.

Through the whole establishment were the proverbial "thirty-nine" stoves. In the apartments occupied by the patients and the boarding pupils, fires were kept burning all night, and the Sisters who sat up to watch the sick had also, to watch the fires. In the living rooms of the Boarding School and of the Community, fires were lighted in the early morning. Our senior Sisters remember well the onerous duty that followed the long night-watch with the sick, of making the tour of the buildings to light the fires. Many a time the unskilful novice after fruitless efforts "to get it to burn" — efforts in which all the supply of kindling was consumed, and the coals were blown till they "went black out" — scratched her numbed fingers trying to make shavings for another attempt.

It was no uncommon thing to find that the basin of water procured the evening before for the morning toilet, had, during the night, become a miniature rink. The ice had to be broken and that water used, there was no alternative.

As the Sisterhood of to-day listen to the account of the sacrifices in the early years of trial, there would be reason for holy envy were they not assured, even by those who have outlived the years of suffering poverty, that the change is one of kind only.

"The old order changeth giving place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways."



*Front Entrance
to Academy.*

Study Hall.

Music Department.

VIEWS FROM ST. MICHAEL'S ACADEMY.

The order of to-day requires its own peculiar privations and God will see to it, that the religious life be one of strenuous labor and continual sacrifice.

A little child had been gratuitously cared for by the Hospital — not only during illness but also through a protracted convalescence that bade fair to continue indefinitely. Consideration of the child's poverty combined with other exceptional circumstances made the kind-hearted Sister hesitate to consent to the little one's discharge. The length of the child's stay at the Hospital and the circumstances of her retention gave her considerable liberty, and she frequently went to the garden to while away the time and enjoy the air. On one of these occasions, when as is usual at the hour of noon, the Sisterhood were at dinner, and all other inmates of the building were employed in some indoor occupation, the child came in from the garden to tell Sister that smoke was issuing from the angle of the building between the hospital and the cloister wings. The alarm was given—the fire was found to have made but little headway—and thanks to the timely warning given by this poor little one of Christ, its progress was soon arrested.

We find ourselves mid the rows of snowy beds where weary little brains find rest from books and book-lore, where youthful energies are recruited in dreamless slumber, under the watchful, albeit maternal surveillance of the Directress of Discipline—the silent occupant of the curtained alcove in the farther corner of the childrens' dormitory. Long since the dreamland sprites have danced above each tired pillow—the midnight chimes have rung un-

heeded, and over innocent slumbers have crept the early hours of another "school day". Did some mischievous fairy try to disturb the rest of a wee dreamer by whispered tales of childhood griefs hid in the dawning day? It was not the explanation that suggested itself to the kind heart behind the white curtains of the alcove, when she was awaked by the restless tossing of a little child not far from the corner nook. A while she listened, the fretfulness became more marked and fearing the child was ill, the good Sister rose and went to the child's bedside to make sure. Some trifling indisposition was the only apparent cause of the child's complaints, and after bringing her some medicine and a drink of water, Sister tucked the little one warmly in bed, and returned to her own. Passing the window, the good Martha noticed a light reflected as from a window in the basement—a circumstance she knew to be unusual at two in the morning, and which determined her to learn the cause. Sister went down to the basement. Here she found an ash-barrel in flames—it was in the days of wood fires. Ashes not completely dead, had, it seems, been thrown into the almost full barrel the evening previous—the fire had smouldered during the night and could have burst into flames but a few moments before Sister had detected the light, since the barrel then burning rapidly from the top downwards was still untouched some six or seven inches from the floor. Happily no hangings were near to ignite, and soon was extinguished a fire that otherwise must rapidly have spread through the basement and ground floors with consequences that can well be imagined. God's blessing on an act of kindness! God's blessing on those who love and care for His innocent little ones!

Among the little boys who attended the Sunday School classes, formerly conducted by the Sisters for the boys of the Parish, was one who was "going to be a priest". So he said, and so the Sisters, who taught the frank, manly little lad, believed. The nearest to being a Priest was to be an altar-boy, and the little fellow came to the Convent to learn from the Sister Sacristian—who taught in the boys' Sunday School—how to serve Mass. As an altar boy he served the Mass of the aged Bishop Rogers and in simple boy-fashion would repeat to the Sister Sacristian the words of the Bishop, relative to his "becoming a priest".

"You will say your first Mass here will you not?" was not unfrequently the encouragement given to the holy aspirations of the child.

"Of course I will," was invariably the ready response.

Awaiting the hour of Mass or Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament the child amused himself by singing hymns or practicing "to be a priest". The Sister Sacristian relates that before the boy had yet outgrown the simplicity of childhood, she one day entered the vestry to find the little lad in cassock and supplice, a priest's biretta on his head, pacing up and down the room.

The pious altar-boy was later chosen by our venerated Bishop Barry to serve his Mass, and though, as the boy grew older, the reserve of youth silenced the expression of his aspirations, it was only what was expected when Celestine Savoy entered the Seminary to study for the priesthood.

The young seminarist had all but completed his studies, when delicate health obliged him to interrupt his course. The hope that rest might restore his physical strength was not to be realized. It was evident that the Divine Master was to close by an early death, a life that in will and desire had been given to the service of God and the salvation of souls. Was the infinite goodness of the Heart of Jesus to be outdone in generosity — would He leave unrealized the ardent desire of childhood that had but increased with years? No, the life-long aspirations of the young ecclesiastic found sympathetic response in the kind heart of our venerated Bishop Barry, and the approach of death was brightened by the Bishop's promise, that he would die a priest. He was bidden prepare to receive Holy Orders. Father Savoy was ordained Nov. 5th, 1916. That afternoon the young priest came to thank the Sisters for their prayers offered in his intentions. He was greatly fatigued from the ceremony of ordination, but he would give a priestly blessing to each of the Sisters; he would also fulfil the oft repeated promise of boyhood, "Of course I will say my first Mass here". Two days afterward, Nov. 7th, he offered the Holy Sacrifice. It was likewise the fulfilment of another promise — one made to his dying mother, the one that had been her consolation in death, that, though God did not permit her the joy of seeing her son a priest, his first Holy Mass would be offered for her. Father Savoy had but ten times the privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. His last Mass also was to be offered in the Convent Chapel. It was to spare him fatigue that Reverend Mother had invited him to come to the Hotel-Dieu. His condition grew rapidly

worse, until his beautiful life was closed by a saintly death, Jan. 12, 1917. Our venerated Bishop Barry was deeply affected by the death of Father Savoy, whose edifying youth and holy aspirations had given promise of a life of devoted zeal in the work of the ministry; and His Lordship's touching words at the funeral of the regretted dead, showed that he found consolation only in the thought, that had the fervent young priest lived but to offer the adorable sacrifice of the Mass once, that one Mass would have given to God infinite honor and praise.

"Ite ad Joseph."



SHRINE OF ST. JOSEPH.

(High School Dept.)

Ave Joseph.

Ave Joseph! shadow tender
Of the Heavenly Father's splendor
Fallen o'er the Word made Flesh,
Veiling mysteries most holy,
Wrought in Nazareth's cottage lowly
God made man in Mary's womb —
Spouse of that most pure of creatures
Gazing raptured on the features
Of the Mother and the Child.
Of God's home the meek defender,
Sweet the praise thy life did'st render
To the Fatherhood of God.
Head of the Most Holy Family,
On thy breast reposes calmly
The all-holy Son of God.
By the office to thee given,
Guardian of the King of Heaven,
Be of homes the guide and stay.
By thy sweet and happy death,
Breathing out thy dying breath
In the Heart of Mary's Son;
By the might of Mary's prayer
Hovering o'er thy judgment there,
Place us in their arms to die.



CHAPTER V.

From Past to Present.

Fifty years in the life of an Institution must of necessity be replete with abundant matter for interesting narrative. We shall not detail the various phases of progress embraced in this golden circlet — it must suffice that we give passing notice to events which we may say mark transition periods of its existence.

The historic little dwelling '36 x 25', situated between St. Thomas' College and the Hotel-Dieu Buildings, already referred to as the cradle of all the parochial institutions, was the first Hotel-Dieu. On the first floor of this small house were four rooms, two on the right, two on the left of the entrance hall. The first room on the left was destined for supply-room and parlor, the second was the chapel. The Hall served as parlor for the sick during the day — at night it was the sleeping apartment of a little orphan boy received a few days after the arrival of the Sisters. In case of need this hall was used as hospital ward. The first room on the right, containing three beds — constituted "the Hospital"; the second served the purpose of refectory and pharmacy; at need this room too was used as ward. The three rooms on the second floor — more properly the attic — were occupied by the Sisters. The kitchen was in the rear — the attic above this apartment being divided into two rooms — one occupied by an old gentleman who had placed himself at the service of the Sisters — the other, by an old lady, an invalid,

and a little orphan girl. When the refectory was used as ward, meals were served in the kitchen; this latter, the Chronicles tell us was very often filled with numbers of poor, who came for medicine, or with whole families of Indians, who entered without ceremony to warm themselves, or "visit the Sisters".

The Sisters were obliged to suit themselves to these circumstances, while awaiting the construction of the Hospital.

It may be interesting here to note that the first to come to our Sisters for relief were three—a little boy with his father, and at the same time a poor woman — "a fact", say the Chronicles, "that reminds one of the little family of Nazareth, the more so since the woman's name was "Mary". The first Acadian who came to the Hospital was by name "Joseph". The first who died bore the name of the venerated Bishop Rogers, "James". During the one year spent in this first Hotel-Dieu, sixty patients were received and treated, and between four and five hundred were given relief and medicine.

The carrying out of the plan outlined by Bishop Rogers—turning the old church and constructing two buildings, which with the former would form a "T" shaped construction — was, on the departure of His Lordship for Rome, Nov. 16, 1869, entrusted to our worthy Prelate, Bishop Barry, who was at the same time appointed Spiritual Father of the Community. This good Father seconded most energetically the efforts of His Lordship, in striving to have the New Hospital in readiness as soon as possible. On the 8th. of December, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time, under the



ST. MICHAEL'S ACADEMY,
1902 to 1919.

dome of the then cathedral of Chatham. It was not, however, until the 2nd. of July 1870, that the patients could be removed to the New Hospital, owing to the constant noise of the workmen.

In the meantime, His Lordship had returned from the Eternal City. His first thought was to arrange for the opening of an Academy. The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame had, as already stated, agreed to undertake this work but on further consideration, it was felt to be too great a tax on the people to aid in the support of institutions conducted by two different communities. Mother D'Avignon realizing this, offered to undertake the work of education, and all being arranged, this good Mother returned to Montreal, to obtain Sisters to direct the new institution. Mother D'Avignon returned from Montreal, July 16th. She was accompanied by Sisters Raymond and Drolet, who were to begin that work of education which has developed into the St. Michael's Academy of to-day.

It will be noted that the Sisters who were to undertake the instruction of youth, arrived in Chatham on the first anniversary of the Foundation of the Hospital — and further, this date, the Feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, was the day on which the parochial school for girls had been formally opened by the crowning of the statue of the Blessed Virgin, eight years before.

Thus begun, the work of the Sister Institutions continued until 1876. In that year His Lordship seeing at length the possibility of realizing his long cherished desire of obtaining Christian Brothers to direct a College and conduct the parochial School for Boys, considered certain changes advisable.

The "Bishop's Residence", not only served to accommodate the ecclesiastical students, but likewise afforded class-rooms for the then existing boys' school. The construction of additional wings for the projected college was imperative; at the same time, the Sisters were still without a regular monastery. To meet this two-fold proposition, the good Bishop decided that the building then serving as episcopal residence, seminary and boys' school, should be converted into the hospital — a central construction, the convent chapel, and two wings were to be erected, — the one in line with the hospital but on the opposite side of the chapel was to be the new Academy — the other, the Monastery, should extend to the rear of the chapel.

This arrangement gave to the Sisters greater retirement, and the buildings vacated by them could be suitably adapted to the other parochial institutions. Accordingly, in this year, 1876, the Hotel-Dieu and Academy were removed to the Third Hotel-Dieu, the building still occupied by the Sisterhood. Two years later, the second Hotel-Dieu, then the Pro-Cathedral and College was reduced to ashes.

The double task of caring for the sick and educating the young was pursued with ever increasing success, until in 1897, the number of pupils necessitated the construction of the beautiful stone edifice, St. Michael's Academy. The building was blessed and formally occupied on that feast so dear to the aged Bishop — the 10th of December, 1902.

The winter of 1905 was a memorable one in the annals of the Hotel-Dieu. Small-pox had been pre-

valent throughout the Province, though it had not appeared to any alarming extent in Chatham and surrounding districts, — an epidemic of chicken-pox was, however, reported.

In January, a patient with due medical certificates was admitted into the Hospital. A few days after admission, the patient developed a very mild form of small-pox, so mild indeed, that the attending physician isolated the case only as chicken-pox. The true nature of the malady soon became evident and the Hospital was placed under quarantine. At the same time it was discovered that the chicken-pox already reported was in reality variola, and not only was the epidemic spreading to an alarming degree, but it had also taken a more virulent form. A request was accordingly made by the Board of Health, that the Hotel-Dieu open its doors to the “victims”.

When the presence of the dreaded malady was first detected in the hospital, all patients suffering from the contagion had been so isolated that anxiety as to its further spread within the Institution was no longer entertained. Patients who were still exempt could not, however, because of the quarantine, be discharged until the ban be removed. Neither could the perspective of an indefinitely prolonged detention of such inmates be entertained by either patients or hospital management. Moreover, though the Academy Building is entirely separated from the Hospital, and all communication between the Nursing and the Teaching Staffs was, during the quarantine, prohibited, nevertheless the Institution would not assume the responsibility of exposing patients, and possibly, boarding pupils, by the admission of variola-stricken outsiders.

Love of the sick and suffering, the dominating spirit of the Institute, could not pass by, unheeded, an appeal for the services of the Sisterhood in the interests of God's afflicted ones. Unable to comply with the request of the Board of Health, the Community offered, as an alternative, to furnish a staff of Nursing Sisters if the Board would procure and fit up a building suitable for an Isolation Hospital.

The proposition was readily accepted. The Board of Health Officers in search of proper accommodation, finding no available building in suitable location, came to the conclusion, that the only way out of the difficulty was to construct a frame building for the purpose. It was March, but despite the inclemency of the weather, the erection of the first Civic Hospital was begun on the western limits of the town.

In the meantime, the Nursing staff had been chosen. What happened long ago in the Mother House of Montreal, when volunteers were asked for the service of the lepers in Tracadie, had here a repetition of ways and results. The entire Sisterhood responding to the appeal, every Sister's name was found in the "little box" that, in both instances, served the purpose of "recruiting officer" at the Superior's office door.

Holy Obedience, however, allowed to but three chosen ones the realization of the coveted sacrifice. They were Sisters Laporte, St. Michael and Nathalie. Accompanied by two maids from the Hospital, they left the Monastery May 10th, cheerfully to embrace the labor and privations attendant on their mission of love.

The hasty preparations demanded by circumstances made it necessary to occupy the newly erected building, and remove thereto all cases of variola before the interior was finished. The hospital was in fact little more than boarded in; the chilly spring wind entered by many a chink; rough board partitions separated the apartments; and on the arrival of the Sisters, only a superficial cleaning had been done.

The three devoted Sisters, to whom God had appointed the arduous task, can alone give any idea of the cost to nature entailed by inconveniences, inclement weather, and uninterrupted labor ere sanitary conditions were established and maintained, and the patients made warm and comfortable.

Taking care of the patients was not the only task of the Sisters and the two maids who had migrated to the emergency hospital. On the devoted staff devolved also the work of kitchen, laundry and other household duties. An orderly, M. Howard Thompson, had been employed by the Civil authorities for service in the Men's department; to the goodness of heart of their above-named associate did the newly installed staff of Sisters and maids owe many a helping effort to lessen the privations and surmount the obstacles that beset their way.

The late regretted Dr. McDonald, who had been appointed physician, was by his devoted kindness and assiduous attendance on the patients a most faithful "friend in need" to the exiled Sisters, as well as to the poor sufferers.

All subsequent victims of the epidemic were at once sent to the Civic Hospital, and the isolation of patients proved so efficacious a check to the conta-



HOTEL-DIEU OF CHATHAM,
Present Hospital.

gion that only thirty-six new cases developed. All patients having recovered, the devoted staff completed its work of charity by the thorough fumigation and cleansing of the wards and annexes.

Not from themselves, but from the grateful appreciation of the Civic Health Board, did we learn that it must have been with the consciousness of work well done that the devoted band returned to their beloved home about the end of June. The Town felt, not a little, its indebtedness to the Sisterhood for the services thus rendered to the municipality, — as gratefully accepting as it was generously given, this testimony of cordial relationship between the Civic Authorities and the Hotel-Dieu Hospital.

The following year the wing of the Hotel-Dieu which in 1902 had been vacated by the removal of the pupils to the new St. Michael's Academy, was remodelled and fitted up to accommodate the likewise increasing needs of the Hospital. Yet even with this extension, very great inconveniences were met in the rapidly developing requirements of hospital work. Especially was the need of new and modern operating rooms felt to be indispensable. The liquidation of debts contracted in the building and equipment of the Academy had left the Institution literally penniless — and many were the fervent prayers that some means of obtaining the necessary funds might present itself.

It came — a former resident of Newcastle, who having sought his fortune in the mines of the Rockies and had succeeded in accumulating considerable wealth, returned to the land of his birth.

Reverend Mother asked the Honorable Mr.

Tweedie to interest this gentleman, by name, John McKane, in the pressing needs of the hospital. Mr. Tweedie promised to comply with the request but suggested that Rev. Mother write to Mr. McKane asking for a donation to aid in constructing operating rooms. Reverend Mother wrote, but the reply gave only occasion for hope — “Stocks are down, but I’ll remember you, — perhaps later.”

Two years slipped away, when one morning Reverend Mother was called to the telephone. Busy with urgent correspondence, it was with reluctance that she left her duties to answer, as she supposed— an agent. It was Mr. McKane; true to his promise, this gentleman called the following morning. In answer to his inquiry as to the sum required for the intended addition, Reverend Mother told him that the figures made out two years before were \$11,000. In promising a cheque for \$11,500, he smilingly said, “It’s my experience that actual expenses always exceed calculations.” In a letter accompanying the cheque, Mr. McKane expressed his appreciation of the great good done by the Institution and gave this beautiful testimony of filial affection. “The gift”, he said, “is in memory of my dear departed Mother, whose life was an example of charity to the poor”.

Events proved that this handsome donation was by no means to cover the cost of the new construction. The architect engaged to visit the building and draw up the plans, stated that the only possible direction for the new wing did not afford facilities for light necessary to operating rooms. Moreover, in surveying the grounds, he considered the site on Loban Avenue an ideal situation. Thus the idea of

erecting an entirely independent structure unexpectedly presented itself. It was clearly the only one feasible — but the approximate cost of the New Building must be upwards of \$85,000 — with only \$11,500 to begin. Yet the Community determined to trust to Divine Providence for the funds necessary to complete and equip the New Hospital and the work was begun.

The building was formally opened, and the patients removed from the Old Hospital on the 8th. of January, 1913.

A transition period — for the building on Loban Avenue offers every facility for the practice of modern hospital technique, while the assiduity and high professional standing of the devoted physicians and surgeons on the attending medical staff, leave nothing to be desired.

Worthy successors of the first attendant physician, the illustrious Doctor Stafford Benson, these honored gentlemen perpetuate the traditions of the devoted Medical Staff of the Second and Third Institutions. — the Doctors John and Joseph Benson and Doctor McDonald.

The members of the Medical Staff of the Jubilee Year 1919 are:

P. J. Duffy, M. D. C. M.	Chatham, N.B.
W. S. Loggie, M. D. C. M.	Chatham, N.B.
F. C. McGrath, M. D. C. M.	Newcastle, N.B.
B. A. Marven, M. D. C. M.	Chatham, N.B.
A. J. Losier, M. D. C. M.	Chatham, N.B.
J. McKenzie, M. D. C. M.	Loggieville, N.B.
J. Hayes, M. D. C. M.	Nelson, N.B.
J. Beaton, M. D. C. M.	Blackville, N.B.

In 1913 the Old Hospital became St. Joseph's Preparatory School for Boys — Boarding pupils and day pupils were received — the course of instruction from Grades I to IV inclusive.

The rapid increase in the enrolment in St. Michael's Academy particularly in the High School, Commercial School and Art Departments made it impossible to accommodate all the pupils in the Stone Building, and it was found necessary in 1917 to give up the project of a boarding school for little boys — and convert these apartments into High School, Commercial and Art Departments. Accommodations for the little boys being made in the parochial building, the Sisters continued their instruction.

The same year marked a new development in Hospital work, the opening of the Training School for Nurses. This School was opened September, the eighth, Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady.

This year, too, witnessed the installation of the Steam Laundry — And in connection with the event, we see still in the years that harvest the golden grain, that the prophetic words of our dear departed Bishop are yet replete with vital meaning. "The arm of the Lord is never shortened."

The great increase in the number of patients and boarding pupils necessitated every modern convenience in the line of laundry work, and were the heavy debts contracted in the building of the hospital paid, there would have been less reason for hesitation. But with these debts still to be met, and war conditions rendering every step in this direction still more expensive, it was thought improvident to attempt any new expenditure. No doubt the hidden sacrifices of

the good souls engaged in this laborious office received their recompense. During the excessive heat of the July of this year, Reverend Mother, had occasion to visit the laundry. The sight of the Sisters and maids here employed — great beads of perspiration on their foreheads — their clothing drenched with moisture, the atmosphere dense with steam and reeking with nauseating odours—so affected the good Mother, that going to the chapel, she knelt before the compassionate Heart of Jesus and appealed to Heaven to lighten the burden of those engaged in the laundry work. That night, without stating the object, our good Mother recommended a temporal favor to the prayers of the Sisters, and the Community began a novena to St. Joseph for the unknown intention. The following Wednesday, the eighth day of the novena — a venerable and devoted friend of the Institution from its very foundation called on Reverend Mother. This good gentleman, the late Honorable Judge Wilkinson—told Reverend Mother that during the last two weeks the thought of the Sisters had often recurred to his mind, and he had come to offer a little donation as a mark of the appreciation he felt for the great good the Sisters had accomplished in Chatham by the work of the Hotel-Dieu and Academy. His “little donation” was \$1000 —St. Joseph’s answer to the novena was at once employed to defray the initial expenses of the New Laundry.

Judge Wilkinson had ever been a most dear friend of His Lordship, Bishop Rogers, and is it not a mark of the eternity of true friendship that this

venerable gentleman should have been the instrument in God's hand of realizing once more the truth of the departed Bishop's oft repeated words, "The arm of the Lord is never shortened."

Divine Wisdom was to summon this devoted friend to his eternal home during the course of the Jubilee Year. In his death the Institution lost an esteemed and devoted friend. In our works of charity he had ever shown a most cordial interest and his respectful admiration for the Sisterhood found frequent voice, not only during his visits to the Institution, but also in the letter of greeting which ever accompanied his Christmas gift, never-failing token of his appreciation of a life devoted to zeal and self-sacrifice.

On the one occasion — a few years ago — when ill health prevented this venerable patron of education from assisting at the closing exercises of St. Michael's Academy, his touching letter expressive of sincere regret was read by His Lordship, Bishop O'Leary. His Lordship made his address to the pupils consist in a tribute of gratitude to the absent one. Thus may we say that, a veteran attendant from its pioneer days, Judge Wilkinson held a place of honor at every Commencement Exercise in St. Michaels' down to that of 1918. On this occasion, though ninety three years of age, he, for the last time, gave public expression to that sincere admiration he had ever entertained for the Institution. At so advanced an age, he still retained his intellectual powers — a faculty which failed him but a few days before his peaceful death, Oct., 22nd, 1918.

Our narrative has brought us now to the eve of the Golden Jubilee. We must, however, retrace our steps to note how strangely providential events have made evident, in us, the truth of the words — “the paths of God’s children cross and recross in an infinite number of ways”.

The first Sisters who left the Hotel-Dieu to Montreal to labor in the Chatham Diocese, came in answer to the telegram sent by Bishop Rogers to Mother Mance, Superior of Montreal Community. It read: “If Government refuse allocation, impossible for me to support Sisters at Tracadie; but if the Sisters will accept a position at Chatham, I will give them one near my residence and all the help in my power. So, if you please, let Sisters come to Chatham and leave to Providence to perfect the charitable enterprise.”

When we recall the situation we realize the sublime trust of Bishop Rogers in hazarding the Foundation for the Lepers’ Lazaretto at Tracadie and the generous self-sacrifice of the Sisters of the Mother House of Montreal who so eagerly embraced that work of heroic charity. But we recognize too, that the telegram which time proved of such vital import to God and to souls, is likewise the link which holds bound, not only to the Mother House of Montreal, but also to each other, the four Establishments of Religious Hospitallers founded in the Chatham Diocese.

We have shown how inseparably connected were the Foundations of Tracadie and Chatham. The Sisters, destined for the mission of Tracadie, temporarily resided for a short time in the First Hotel-Dieu of Chatham. The saintly Foundress of the Chat-

ham Community was, as we have seen, to open up negotiations for the Hotel-Dieu of St. Basil, Madawaska, and as its Foundress also, was in the designs of God to close her saintly life amid the trials and sufferings that beset that Foundation. We have still to note the connection of the Chatham Hotel-Dieu with the Foundation of the Hotel-Dieu of Campbellton — the fourth House of the Order established in the Diocese.

The solicitude of the Rev. Father MacDonald, then parish priest at Campbellton, for the care of the suffering poor, and the education of the young, in his parish, and his urgent representations, induced Bishop Rogers to make again an appeal to the generosity of the Montreal Community. The Community again responded, and through the zeal and generous support of the devoted Father MacDonald the Foundation was realized in 1888.

At that time God had so visibly rewarded the faith and sacrifices of our venerated Foundresses, that the Mother House of Montreal, called upon the Community of Chatham, now steadily increasing in numbers, to aid in the proposed Establishment. Like the other Houses in New Brunswick, the new Hotel-Dieu Community was to undertake the work of teaching in addition to hospital work, and the Community of Chatham was asked to make the sacrifice of the Sisters needed to direct the work of education. The Sisters of Chatham willingly acquiesced in the desire of the Mother House, and our beloved Mother Renaud had the happiness of seeing missionary Sisters go out from our humble home. The happiness! yes, for though nature, it is true, feels keenly the sever-

ance of ties knit by union of sentiment and aim; it is nevertheless subject of spiritual joy to behold the extension of works for the glory of God. Sisters Fenety and Doyle were God's choice for the new mission, and they accompanied the Sisters who came from Montreal to found the Campbellton Hotel-Dieu.

When our beloved Sisters were leaving their cherished home, the regretted Father Bannon said to Sister Fenety, "You will come back to take charge of a school for our boys." The words were prophetic. After twenty four years of labor in the Campbellton mission, during which our dear Sister filled the most important offices, including that of Superior, she returned to Chatham in 1912. The following year, as already noted, the school for Boys was opened, and it was Sister Fenety who took charge. Our dear Sister Doyle who had filled the offices of Assistant Superior and Directress of Studies, had been recalled in 1903 to undertake the direction of the High School, when the increased enrolment at St. Michael's Academy necessitated the opening up of a separate department.

God, however, demanded a further proof of good will in favor of our Sister Establishment in Campbellton. In 1918 the spirit of sacrifice so beautifully exemplified by our holy Foundresses, so consistently instilled into the hearts of the Sisterhood by the venerated missionary Sisters who followed them, was again to deprive the Community of the services of a cherished Sister to further the general good of the Congregation. In answer to the request of the Campbellton Community, our beloved Sister Walsh, whose ability and religious virtue, manifested during

her twelve years of administration as Superior of the Chatham Community, so well fitted her for the task Divine Providence had assigned, went to fill the office of Superior in that Community. Thus was forged the last link in the chain of providential circumstances that have bound together by memories of mutual grace, the four Houses founded by the Mother House of Montreal under the authority of our beloved Bishop Rogers.

Not without rays of sunshine were the fifty years of trial and progressive enterprise. Family festivals cast the radiance of a holy joy over many a darkened hour, and the Annals furnish too, details of "Historic Days", spires of time glistening in the golden sunset.

First, days of joy bright with the halo of spiritual benedictions — God's sunlight on the mist of graces falling on our humble home when we welcomed within its walls representatives of the Vicar of Christ. Back in the early days, as in later years, the visits of dignitaries of Church or State meant an elaborate programme at St. Michael's Academy. In the first pages of the Academy Register is recorded a reception given Mgr. Roncetti, Papal Ablegate. The visit was not an official one. In 1875 Mgr. Roncetti had been commissioned by the Holy See, bearer of the Cardinal's Hat to Archbishop McClosky of New York, the first American Prelate who received that dignity. Just what circumstances induced the Papal Ablegate to visit our venerated Bishop Rogers does not appear, but in the absence of historic data we may presume that Divine Providence made the gracious persuasiveness of our genial Bishop a means

of bringing the struggling foundation thus early within the shadow of the Unshaken Rock of Peter. The Register tells us that Mgr. Roncetti, Papal Ablegate, accompanied by a number of ecclesiastical dignitaries from the United States and Canada, was received and entertained by the pupils of St. Michael's Academy.

Three years later the Institution was to receive the first official visit of a representative of the Holy See, Mgr. Conroy, Apostolic Delegate to Canada — but under what different circumstances! The blessings of peaceful prosperity rested on the works of the zealous Bishop, when he had welcomed Mgr. Roncetti to his Episcopal Town. Who could have foreseen the storm that was so suddenly to darken the serene heavens, and burst in destructive violence over the devoted Bishop — sweeping away all that had resulted from the arduous toil of nearly twenty years — obscuring, though it could not dim, the sunlight of God's Providence!

“I know not where I am, my God, but I know where Thou art!” had been the act of filial abandonment to the Divine Will, the submissive fiat of our saintly Bishop, when on the night of Feb. 14, 1878, Cathedral, Episcopal Residence, The Christian Brothers' Residence and the Parochial School for Boys were reduced to a heap of ashes.

Divine Providence deemed it well to try “the gold” in this flaming crucible — to test the faith and constancy of a magnanimous heart by the most crushing of reverses. But, as in the world of nature when storm has spent its fury, the returning sunlight transforms the dark cloud vapour into an arch



Pupils of St. Michael's Academy, 1919—Orchestra.

of heavenly beauty, so did the sunlight of Divine Providence shine forth again upon the heart that bent so meekly under the tempest of adversity, and the trials of our beloved Bishop were changed into the radiant color of renewed strength, courage and hope.

The sincere and practical sympathy that poured in upon Bishop Rogers on this occasion, was proof of the esteem accorded him by all classes and creeds. The generous help that enabled him to undertake the work of reconstructing the Parochial and Diocesan Institutions is minutely detailed in the official account of the disastrous fire. Promptly and generously the leading business men of the Miramichi, irrespective of race or religion, contributed to the Parish fund for the projected buildings, and so energetically was the work done, that June 20, 1878 was the date fixed for laying the corner-stone of the New Cathedral. It was this ceremony that occasioned the visit of Mgr. Conroy to the Chatham Diocese. The Apostolic Delegate came to lay the corner-stone of the New Cathedral, and to impart the blessing of Christ's Vicar to the sorely-tried Bishop and his faithful flock.

On the afternoon of the day of his arrival in Chatham, His Excellency was given a reception at the Hotel-Dieu. In the Annals are to be found descriptions of the festivities usual on such occasions, but more interesting is it to examine extracts, there-to appended, from the "Miramichi Advance", which, while they do not refer directly to the Hotel-Dieu Institution, are, nevertheless, most happy illustration of the spirit of fraternal good will that existed

among all classes in the town of Chatham and on the Miramichi. It is as grateful acknowledgment, that the same generous spirit of respectful esteem was evinced towards the Hotel-Dieu by the community in whose midst Divine Providence had placed it, that we quote from the Extracts, the testimony of Bishop Rogers to the broad-minded and generous sentiments of the people of the Miramichi. The paragraph cited below is taken from the words of His Lordship at a banquet given on this occasion when proposing a toast in honor of His Excellency, Mgr Conroy. It reads:

“We have the very great honor to possess, in our most distinguished guest, the highest ecclesiastical personage of the Catholic Church in America, the Delegate, the Plenipotentiary to us, Catholics, of His Holiness, the Pope, the Head, on earth, of our Church. And we have present at this board, to meet and welcome our honored Guest, a distinguished representation of the principal men of all ranks, professions and business pursuits in Miramichi, irrespective of creed or race. The gentlemen present who are not of our Faith come to welcome a distinguished scholar, a gentleman of rare merit and experience personally, as well as of high official position in the Church of us, their neighbors and personal friends. Though they differ from us in religion, yet they wish to manifest their kind sympathy in honoring socially, him, whom we wish to honor. This kindness on their part, is only in keeping with the uniform urbanity, cordial good will and kind social and business intercourse for which the people of Miramichi are particularly distinguished — without compromise of prin-

eiple on the part of any one, or of convictions of conscience in points whereon we differ. — We have here a representation of those kind neighbors and friends of all denominations whose sympathy and good will were displayed in so effective and practical a manner on the occasion of our late calamity. The presence, then, of so many worthy guests is proof that I represent their sentiments on this occasion, in expressing our grateful satisfaction and high appreciation of the honor conferred upon us by the visit of the illustrious Bishop of Ardagh, whom the Pope has sent as Delegate to Canada, Dr. Conroy, so distinguished in every branch of learning, officially so elevated and yet so amiable and condescending as to come to aid and cheer us by laying the corner-stone of our Cathedral”.

Mgr. Falconio, who came out to Canada as Papal Delegate when the permanent Apostolic Delegation was established at Ottawa, visited the Chatham Diocese during the July of 1900. The Delegate's stay in the episcopal town was from Wednesday, July 11th to Friday, July 13th. A souvenir pamphlet commemorating the tour of His Excellency through the Diocese supplies us with details of the Delegate's visit to Chatham. The Honorable W. S. Loggie, M.P., then Mayor of Chatham, went to the station to meet His Excellency and welcomed him in behalf of the citizens. In the words of the Pamphlet: He spoke as follows:” Your Excellency: As Mayor of the town of Chatham, I have very much pleasure in extending to you a most hearty welcome. Representing the citizens, and in their behalf, the duty is a most pleasing one to me, and I sincerely hope Your Excellency's visit will be of an agreeable and pleas-



HIGH SCHOOL CLASS.
1919

ant character. In reply, His Excellency said he appreciated the kind words of the Mayor representing the citizens of Chatham, and was pleased to know of the good relationship existing among all classes in the community and he prayed that the blessing of God would rest upon all the people of the town”.

On Thursday, July 12th, the Delegate was accorded a reception by the pupils of St. Michael's. From the pages devoted to the Academy and the Hotel-Dieu we quote: “In replying to the children's address, Mgr. Falconio gave expression to the delightful surprise he experienced in finding such an institution in Bishop Roger's Diocese. The seance just given compared favorably with any he had attended in the largest cities he had visited. He congratulated the children on the opportunities they had, and reminded them of their duty of thanking God, their dear venerated Bishop, and devoted teachers. He then requested them to kneel, and gave the Papal Blessing”.

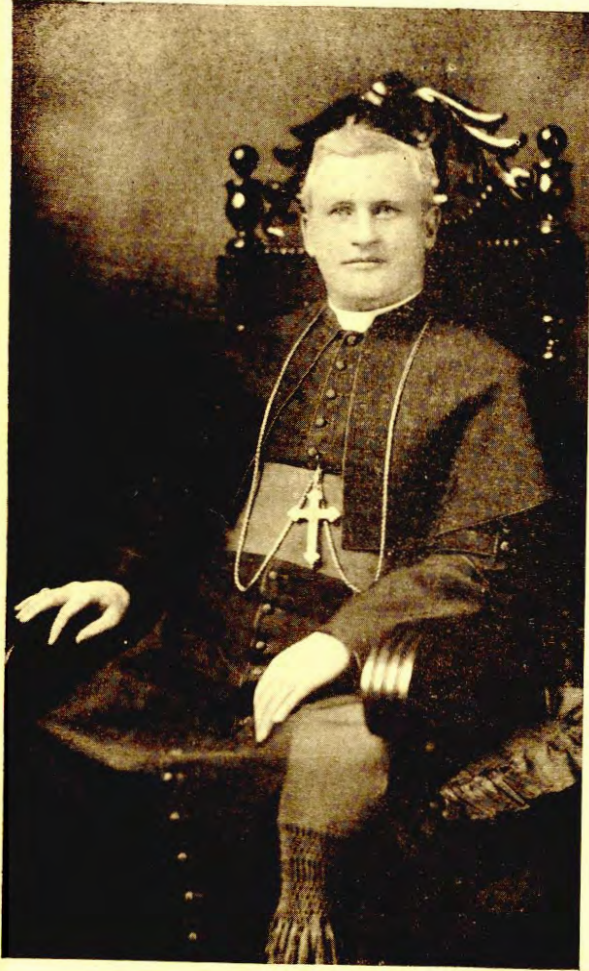
The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered by Mgr. Falconio in the Convent Chapel and the Papal Benediction given to the Community was the halo of spiritual blessings, the portion of the voluntary poor.

His Excellency afterwards visited the Institution giving to each of the patients in the Hospital wards the Papal Blessing.

Mgr. Sbarretti, who succeeded Mgr. Falconio as Apostolic Delegate, visited Chatham in 1904, but as he came at the end of July, the dispersion of the pupils for vacation prevented any programme at the Academy. His Excellency's visit to the Institution was informal, yet none the less the channel of inflowing graces through the Benediction of Christ's Vicar.

Once again a representative of the Sovereign Pontiff was given joyous welcome — a welcome most desired, most happy, because of the mission on which the Delegate Apostolic was bent. In 1914, Mgr. Stagni came to confer the plenitude of the Holy Priesthood on our beloved Bishop O'Leary, named Titular Bishop of Hierapolis, Auxiliary to the Bishop of Chatham, the ceremony of whose episcopal consecration had been fixed for June 11th, Feast of Corpus Christi. As an extended reception programme had been arranged, the Delegate came to Chatham, June 8th. The pupils of St. Michael's Academy and of St. Joseph's Preparatory School were eager to share in the welcome accorded to the Delegate on his arrival. The girls dressed in white were drawn up in the form of a cross, in front of the Episcopal Residence—the little boys in zouave uniform were proud to be part of the Guard of Honor to meet His Excellency at the station and form in procession to the Episcopal Residence.

“On the evening of June 11th, the pupils entertained Mgr. Stagni, the newly consecrated Bishop, the assisting Bishops and Clergy in the Assembly Hall of the Academy. A grand “*Hæc Dies*” was the opening chorus, followed by a unique greeting by nine little girls each carrying a basket of flowers. After singing a welcome to the representative of their dear Holy Father, — the “Children's Pope” — one of them, a little one of five years, presented a basket — a crown of seven lilies — to His Excellency. A second presented to Bishop O'Leary, the new Bishop, a crosier of pansies and forget-me-nots. The third presentation was to have been a floral “*M. J.*” the motto of our revered Bishop Barry, but he being



Rt. Rev. J. LOUIS O'LEARY, D.D.,
Bishop of Hierapolis, Auxiliary Bishop, of Chatham.

absent through illness, a basket of carnations was given to the Senior assisting Bishop as a welcome tribute to all the reverend guests.

“A scene from the life of St. Frances of Rome was rendered by the senior pupils. It had been dramatized some years before by His Lordship, Bishop O’Leary, and by a happy coincidence was most appropriate for the occasion.

“The final chorus was a Papal Anthem, the last verse of which was sung in Italian by the Papal Zouaves, who, all the while, formed the body-guard of His Excellency.

“When the Delegate addressed the children, he said that he was touched with the faith and loyalty he had met on all sides since his arrival in Chatham, and the children seemed imbued with the spirit of devotion to the Holy See and its August Head. The drama particularly affected him, as it recalled to his memory and even made him taste anew a great consolation he had once experienced when, as a young Bishop, he said Mass in the chapel of the Oblates, of which order, St. Frances had been a member. There, paintings on the wall illustrated the very scene which had been enacted, and when the young lady who took the part of the Saint appeared on the stage carrying a bundle of faggots, he thought himself back again in the little Roman Chapel”.

We interrupt the extract from the Academy Register to say that not alone to the children did Mgr. Stagni speak of the pleasure — the spiritual consolation even, — given him by the beautiful dramatic glimpses of “St. Frances of Rome”. When the guests had left the auditorium and were about to bid

“adieu” to our Reverend Mothers, His Excellency in conversation with Reverend Mother dwelt on the happiness the drama had occasioned him, at the same time, emphasizing his regret that so few such subjects of religious biography had been utilized in literary production for the amateur talent of our colleges and academies. When the Delegate was told that “St. Frances of Rome” was one of a series of religious drama, begun by His Lordship, Bishop O’Leary, to further the development of spiritual ideals in the minds and hearts of the pupils of St. Michael’s and of St. Joseph’s Schools, he was even more gratified and deeply interested; and it was with great earnestness that Mgr. Stagni then said, it was his express wish that dramas portraying, as did the one just enacted, the loveliness of virtue, the beauty of the perfect Christian life, be frequently placed before the eyes of our youth.

Naturally the remarks of Mgr. Stagni were very gratifying to the pupils, but the Records further tell us that to the happiness afforded them in the praise of the Delegate, was superadded the heartfelt joy of knowing that their beloved Father, the newly consecrated Bishop, had been specially pleased with the success of their entertainment. His Lordship came the next day to tell them so. He had been delighted with them, and many of the distinguished guests had remarked that they had not expected an entertainment such as they had enjoyed.

Though His Excellency left Chatham the day after the ceremony of Consecration, the bells of gladness did not cease to ring. The register concludes the narrative of the festivities of this happy week :



Boys of St. Joseph Preparatory School in uniform,
for reception of MGR. STAGNI, Papal Delegate.

“On the following Sunday the new Bishop pontificated for the first time at Mass and Benediction, the latter ceremony being preceded by a procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament within the walls of the Cathedral, St. Joseph’s little Zouaves formed the Guard of Honor of the Sacred Host and four little girls paved the way with flowers, whilst the College and Academy choirs sang alternately the hymns of the procession. At the moment of solemn Benediction the Guard of Honor presented arms to the King of Kings—a scene that deeply impressed the large congregation. Thus ended the week’s celebrations with the benign smile of the God of Love, a sweet harbinger of the career of him whose motto is ‘Amor Dei.’

To the truly christian heart, loyalty to King and Country comes next to loyalty to God and the interests of His spiritual kingdom, and it is from that deep fountain-head of fidelity to the mandates of God and of religion that have sprung the brightest examples of heroic devotion to King, country and fellowmen—to principles of peace, justice, and liberty. The correct understanding of the duties of citizenship is therefore an essential element in the religious training of youth, and, its subsequent application to circumstances demanding unselfish loyalty, is likewise index to the soundness of the principle that makes religion the basis of all education. Hence it is, that St. Michael’s Academy counts it an essential duty to instil into the hearts of its youth, the spirit of loyalty; hence too, it is considered motive of patriotic pride that so early in its history, the Institution was honored by the presence of a representative of our sovereign.



PRIMERY DEPARTMENT.
1919.

The first event chronicled in the Academy Register is the visit of Lord and Lady Dufferin at the end of the school year 1872-1873 — the second year of its existence.

It is noteworthy that the date of the first vice-regal visit was the anniversary, so hallowed by the smile of Divine Providence, July 16, the birthday of the Institution. In the seventies, the end of June was not the term of study for the boy or girl, on through the hot days of July that generation trudged to school. We leave the children of to-day to sympathize with the classes of early days. Then the minimum vacation left schools in session for July 16, but the pupils of 1873, at least, made no complaints. Lord and Lady Dufferin were coming and the excitement was worth a whole vacation.

The children—the mothers too, no doubt, — of to-day, will readily enter into the spirit of the by-gone generation — “getting ready” means the same now and always — and the “great day” must have resembled a “June commencement.” The programme does not come down to us in official records, but certain numbers occasion many a merry laugh to some of our senior Sisters, who among the “tiny tots” held very important places for the great event; and they assure us that the entertainment was, in germ, the dramatic talent of the Academy of to-day. The copy of the address presented to His Excellency is standing proof of the assurance. The Academy Register preserves the copy, and records the fact, that the illuminated address presented to Canada’s first Governor General by the pupils of St. Michael’s, “holds an honorable place in His Excellency’s Album



S. M. A. BOARDING PUPILS 1919

of Addresses presented during his official term in Canada”.

Again in 1897 was the Institution honored by the presence of a representative of the Sovereign. In the month of October, Lord and Lady Aberdeen visited Chatham and were entertained by the pupils of St. Michael's. The event is entered in the Academy Register in the form of extracts from the press, which show how much the public appreciated the part taken by the Institution to do honor to the Town's Vice-regal Guests. One extract reads: "Too much cannot be said in praise of the entertainment given in their honor at the Hotel-Dieu. It was all very beautiful the good Sisters deserve the thanks of the community for the part they took in the celebration."

We remark in the programme a "Medley of Scottish Airs" — and in the reply of His Excellency to the pupils' address, the Highland Lord seems to have been specially pleased by the musical selections. His Excellency paid a touching tribute to the good accomplished by the venerable Bishop Rogers; the evident proficiency of the work accomplished by the Sisterhood, was, he said, proof that the Foundation of the Institution was one of his undertakings that had proved most fruitful in happy results.

One of the last bright links in the golden chain of Fifty Years was the visit of His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire. The joyous bells of peace had rung their glad tidings to the war-weary world, and the spirit of national joy and thanksgiving for the triumph of the Allied Armies gave additional impulse to the manifestations of loyalty to His gracious Ma-

Majesty, King George, in the person of his representative, the Governor General of our beloved Dominion. His Excellency had but a few hours to remain in Chatham, and the civic Authorities therefore considered it advisable to have the pupils of all town schools united for the reception programme. The disappointment of our pupils in not having had the happiness of entertaining the Duke of Devonshire within the walls of their beloved Alma Mater was solaced by the consciousness that not alone in the chorus of national song, but especially in the musical selections contributed by the Convent Orchestra, had St. Michael's Academy given a full share of the welcome accorded to the Honored Duke by the children of Chatham. Nor was this all. To the teachers of the Art Department was given the honor of illuminating the address presented by the citizens of Chatham to the Governor General.

The Citizens' reception over, the Governor General and his suite visited the Hotel-Dieu Hospital. The vice-regal party were met in the Entrance Hall by the Reverend Father Hartt, Chaplain of the Hospital, Reverend Mother Superior and her Assistant Sisters, the Medical Staff of the Hospital, and the pupil nurses. The distinguished guests were then conducted through the various departments. His Excellency greeted the patients with kindness and simplicity. He showed himself sincerely appreciative of the up-to-date equipment and discipline of the hospital, and the evident proficiency of the nursing staff. The light facility afforded by the great window of the operating-room His Excellency pronounced second to none in all the institutions he had visited.



First Group of Pupil Nurses

Front Entrance to Hospital

Operating Room

VIEWS FROM HOSPITAL BUILDING.

From this window, commanding as it does a splendid view of the Town and surrounding districts, His Excellency enjoyed the beautiful winter scenery of the Miramichi.

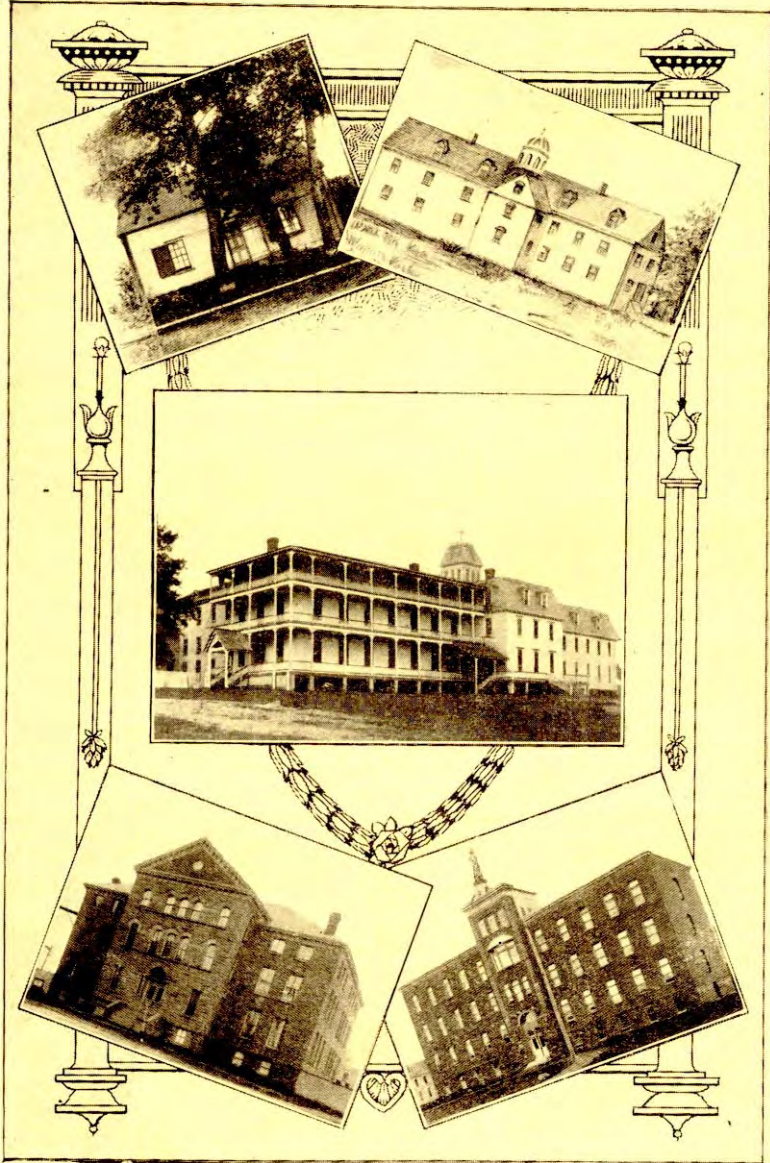
The Governor General congratulated Reverend Mother on the perfectly modern Institution and the high standard of professional work maintained by the Sisterhood; he congratulated also the pupil nurses on the advantages that were theirs, remarking that the Town was fortunate to possess an Institution so well prepared to give the highest professional training to young ladies desirous of embracing the nursing profession.

On a tastefully illuminated page of the visitors' Register are preserved the signatures of the Duke of Devonshire and his suite — a happy souvenir of the honor conferred on the Institution by the presence of a representative of royalty on the eve of its Golden Jubilee.

We leave the beautiful memories of the by-gone — we are standing in the light of a joyous present, on the smiling threshold where the bright expectations of the dawning future lure us onward. Yet the unknown prospects of time to come, cannot eclipse the beauty of past realities — realities purified, sanctified by the storms of adversity. The Past has given its character to the Present — it must be but perpetuated in the Future.

A characteristic of the venerated Bishop Rogers was, that any affair to which he put his hand had to be accomplished on the grandest scale possible. With him the "best" was never "too good", and this same trait has marked the growth and development of the Hotel-Dieu Institutions which he founded.

From SEED-TIME to HARVEST.



1. 1st Hotel-Dieu, 1869-70.
2. 2nd Hotel-Dieu, 1870-76.
3. 3rd Hotel-Dieu, 1876-1913.
4. S. Michael's Academy, 1902-19.
5. Present Hospital, 1913-19.

In Hospital work, Nursing School and in St. Michael's Academy are to be found the best and most modern equipment; the most up-to-date and efficient methods. A spirit of progressive enterprise has ever kept these Sister Institutions abreast of the time, and the success which attends the efforts of the Sisterhood in these various lines of operation, is standing testimony to the efficiency of the Institution. No less so, is the continued expansion of these two most noble, if most arduous works of charity. Already with the heavy debt still due on the new Hospital, there is the felt necessity of greater accommodation both in the hospital and St. Michael's Academy. But with the progressive spirit of the Past, there must also, in grateful thanksgiving, go down to future time, that implicit trust in the overruling power, the tender watchfulness of Divine Providence which has been the "purse and script" of the past.

"Magnificat anima mea domino."





FIRST SHRINE OF B. VIRGIN
in the Academy

Mother most blest! when first thy virgin eyes
In love estatic sought the Infant Face,
That wed the God-head with our fallen race;
Before thy mind what plans divine did rise
In retrospective view?... In rapt surprise
Thou didst behold unveiled thy gifts of grace
Within His eyes!... In God-blent colors trace
Thine image pure, conceived beyond the skies.
Virgin and Mother! Mystery divine!
The eye of God was on thy beauty bent
As from eternity He named thy name...
This thou didst see in that first glance of thine,
For thou wert mirrored in divine content
And thy Babe's eyelids were thy portrait's frame.



PUPILS OF ST MICHAEL'S ACADEMY— 1919

The following addendae to the present Chapter, must be considered independetly of the souvenir as a narrative — the first having been written after the work had been completed and steps towards publication taken; the second was entered when the print proofs were received. In the first, impelled by a spirit of heartfelt thanksgiving, we have sought to give place in our Jubilee Memories to the merciful protection vouchsafed us on the morning of Thursday March 13th, 1919; in the second the pen would outline the shadow of the cross that fell upon our humble home on the morning of Wednesday June 11th.

As the Community retired on Wednesday night, one could fancy the Guardian Angels spreading their white wings over our peaceful little town, hushing it in silent slumber under the silvery light of an almost full moon. The quiet loveliness that wraps midnight Chatham is known to none better than the Sister on night duty. None better than she, can picture that Wednesday night, — the floods of moonlight pouring down upon the snowy hills, lighting up the imposing group of buildings that crown the eminence behind the town, softening into alternate light and shadow above the homes clustered at its base. Since the destructive fire of 1878, already referred to, it has been a traditionally imposed duty for the night nurse to look out from time to time over the monastery and adjacent buildings to know that “all is well”. With her, we shall take a glance over the hill behind the Town. On the northeast, shadowing the Episcopal residence is St. Michael’s Cathedral,

its gothic spire silvered by the moonlight, directing our thoughts heavenward ; on the west, the Hotel-Dieu buildings, St. Michael's Academy and the New Hospital at the south-west and south-east corners respectively of the "T" shaped frame structure, that includes Monastery and High School; in the centre occupying the summit of the hill is St. Thomas' College, a four-storey frame structure built on the same plan as the Monastery but larger—the front face extending 200 feet, the rear wing running back 80 feet; over the central portion where the three wings meet, rises a great dome. The Institution, a boarding school and day school for boys, has been under the direction of the Basilian Fathers since 1910. Such it was that Wednesday midnight.

With the setting sun, there had risen a strong south-westerly wind, that increased in force as the night advanced, and rapidly driving clouds obscured from time to time the bright moonlight. The sky was thus overclouded when between midnight and one o'clock of Thursday morning, one of the Sisters on night duty, having occasion to go down stairs noticed, in passing the window on the landing, light in the Cathedral windows. Sister passed on, but the peculiar appearance causing her to reflect, that it was too red for either electric light or moonlight, she mentioned the fact to the Sister on the second Floor and together they went to make sure that nothing was amiss. They were but a few seconds regarding the steady reddish glow, when lights flashed on in the dormitories on the third floor of St. Thomas' College. The next minute the students were seen rushing towards the rear stair-case of the east wing

— their precipitate exit from the building telling the terrible truth, the College was on fire. No flame was then visible from the Hospital, but one of the Sisters came at once to warn Reverend Mother. By the time Sister had reached the Superior's room, the apartment was lit up by the red reflection. Meanwhile the fire-alarm rung in from No. 32 our ward, awakened the Community. One glance told us that the College was doomed — an attempt to save it would have been folly. Owing to the severance of the electric current, the south-west and rear wings were in darkness; but a red glare lit the north eastern wing and even as we looked, flames burst from its western face and the appearance of light in the rear wing revealed the progress of the fire. On the discovery of the fire, imperative orders had been given by the Rector to leave the Building without a moment's delay. The order was literally obeyed; with what clothing they could grasp, Fathers, Professors and students hurried out, nor were the inmates of the east and north east wings out a minute too soon. The flames closed in behind them. Reverend Father Pajeau whose room was on the second storey of the eastern face, found doorway and corridor barred by flames; he burst open the window, the ladder reached to him by the students was too short; the volume of blazing embers following the air current made it impossible for him to retain his grasp, and relaxing his muscles he dropped to the icy ground beneath, sustaining the fracture of a limb and serious bruises.

In God's providence, the wind was blowing from our direction and it was on the most sheltered corner of the building that the fire seems to have

originated. Still, the height of the College and the proximity of surrounding buildings, made us fully alive to our danger. Even against the driving wind, the flames were advancing with tremendous rapidity into the south-west and rear wings. To save the residences windward from the burning building was for the fire-brigade a desperate task, and were it not that a stretch of vacant lots separated the College from the residences directly windward, it must have been impossible. The hose to be disposed of on the leeward side was thus, at first, necessarily limited.

It will be remembered that between St. Thomas' College and the Hotel-Dieu buildings is that cherished relic of the past, the little dwelling that received our pioneer Sisters — the First Hotel-Dieu. The walls of the building had been extended, so that the east end of the building was joined to the western wall of St. Thomas' College, thus affording communication between the two. Only a narrow alley of some ten feet separates the house from the laundry wing of the Hotel-Dieu; while running back parallel to each other and connected with their respective buildings are the barns and storerooms of both Institutions.

The onward rush of the flames into the interior of the southwest wing adjacent to the Hotel-Dieu, became fearfully apparent as window after window lit up with the lurid glare. In less than half an hour the northeastern wing was in ruins; the rear wing, a sea of fiery billows; the south west, a pent up furnace; and over the great dome the flames leaped far into the sky with maddening fury, hurling against the wind, volumes of dense smoke, through which darted fiery tongues, over the west façade.

Down by the south west wall, scarce reaching to the second storey of the tower on the rear corner of the wing, was all that could save the Hotel-Dieu from sharing the fate of the College, — the Cradle of the Institution. We remembered, that forty-one years before, it had escaped destruction, on just such a night as this, and we fancied our beloved Bishop Rogers looking over the rim of Heaven at this repetition of the fire of '78. But we remembered, too, that the buildings were older and drier, and the dependencies to the rear had been more dangerously extended. Already the bowling-alley and the barn had caught; we knew that heroic efforts must be put forth by the fire-brigade to cope with the awful odds against them, and just at this point the wind seemed about to change its direction. In that anxious moment, warned by the Fire Department, preparations were made to vacate the east wing of the Convent. Abandoned to the Divine Power of Him Who rules the elements, and trusting to the intercession of St. Joseph, we awaited the manifestation of God's Will.

The flames had burst, now, from the windows of the west wing; the metal roof melted and sank beneath the fiery waves, the explosions in the chemical laboratory sent heavenward volumes of flame and smoke; — wall after wall tottered and fell inward, till alone the west wall of the great four-storey edifice stood between the devouring flames, and the "First Hotel-Dieu".

The Fire-Brigade had directed streams of water into the interior and over the roof and walls of the little dwelling, but it must rapidly vaporize before

the intense heat, should the wall fall outward upon it, checking the advance of the fire-men, and exposing it to the scorching flame. The wind had but veered for a short time, it was again in our favor; the corner tower, however, attached as it was to the little house prevented the ready collapse of the wall inward. The full impact of the hose was directed against it; the verandas extending along its front on second and third floors parted and fell outward with part of the west end tower, a shower of blazing embers over the east end of the cherished building; then the west wall leaned and sank inward into the raging furnace. Some eight feet of the first storey remained, the floor of the ground veranda was not yet on fire, the section of the tower adjacent to the little house had not fallen, and the west end chimney still stood. The firemen then took the fearful risk of going on the veranda beside the remaining portion of the burning wall, close under the tottering chimney, to direct streams of water against the east end of the dwelling, while one mounted the roof under the blazing tower to attach the hose to the east gable. Chief Skidd, who had from the start been foremost in danger, in a desperate attempt to fix the hose on some building in the rear, advanced too far into the burning area; he became asphyxiated by the smoke, and had to be taken to the Hospital. Doctor Duffy, who was on the scene, administered restoratives, and as soon as normal heart-action resumed itself, the Chief was back at the post of duty. So forgetful of their own safety did the firemen become, that they were ordered back by the Captain; but the battle was won. And although the historic little dwelling stood three hours on the margin of a crater

seething with angry fire, though the action of the water on its flame-swept eastern wall continued till long after day-dawn, and the wind had become a gale, the Hand of the Almighty tempered the fiery elements, and strengthened the arms of the devoted fire-men, who were obliged to keep the hose playing on the stores of coal burning in the ruins, all that day and the next night. Even as we write, ten days since, and be it noted, the anniversary of the death of our beloved Founder Bishop Rogers, the smoke and steam rising through the blackened mass of debris, indicate that fire still smoulders in the tons of fuel buried under the desolate ruins.

It was not in selfish joy that we sang that Thursday night a Te Deum of Thanksgiving. The loss of St. Thomas' College must be a sore trial to our venerated Bishop Barry. Only a few years ago, the Caraquet College and later the Bathurst College were destroyed by fire. The Chatham College was thus the only Institution for the education of boys, left to the Diocese. But as the circumstances of the disaster vividly recalled the memorable night of Feb. 14, '78, when the similar institution built on the self-same foundation was reduced to a heap of ashes, so were we forcibly reminded of our departed Bishop Rogers by the words of our venerated Bishop Barry — "God's Will be done! He knows what's best", a sentiment that was but the echo of the fiat of his sainted predecessor.

We love to picture the beautiful soul of the beloved Departed gazing down upon us, and exclaiming as was his wont, "Glory be to God! God bless you!"; and we doubt not that, in this hour of trial,

the blessing of Chatham's first Bishop falls on his worthy successor and his people, that from the ashes of affliction a monument to God's greater glory may arise.

The firmer does this conviction become, as we recognize that the disaster has but served to increase the spirit of faith and self sacrifice of the people. The decision to rebuild — this time the nucleus of a University — was taken that Thursday night, while the firemen still worked on the burning ruins — a decision that in itself is an act of implicit trust in Divine Providence considering the debt due on the Cathedral.

The Club-rooms of the Knights of Columbus were placed at the disposal of the Basilian Fathers to serve as class-rooms for the college students, where lectures are to be resumed March 24,—under what difficulties may be imagined. Nothing was saved from the burning building — valuable libraries, class-room furniture, apparatus — all perished, and the Fathers have to begin anew after so crushing a reverse. But may we not see in the very weight of the blow, the advent of a new era in the existence of the Institution? Has not the hour of Divine Clemency struck?

We may not pass by here, the fraternal spirit manifested by the Chatham people on this occasion. On the night of the fire all hands were ready to help — all homes were opened to shelter and provide for the students — many of whom had escaped but partially clad, some even in their bare feet—all penniless. The sympathy and kindness extended to the Fathers by all classes and creeds gave evidence that

the spirit of mutual good-will for which the early inhabitants of Chatham were noted, has descended as a happy legacy to their children. As proof of the sincerity of this mutual good-will, we are happy to note that Principal Harrison, of the Chatham Public Grammar School, offered to Reverend Father Roach, Rector of the College, the Grammar School desks not actually in use, for the students who are about to resume work in the present St. Thomas' College.

The class-rooms of St. Joseph's Preparatory School had perished with the College, but the little boys were not to miss their annual celebration on the 19th of March, the feast of St. Joseph. The Assembly Hall of St. Michael's Academy was left to them for the day. As Reverend Mother was on her way that afternoon, to greet the little boys, she passed the primary department of the Girls' school and the little ones related how during the fire, the blessed candle had been lit before family shrines of the Sacred Heart or St. Joseph; and the mothers had their little ones kneel down to pray that "the Sisters wouldn't be burnt". The letters expressive of prayerful gratitude, received from former pupils told us how dear the walls of their Alma Mater still are to the pupils and graduates of the by-gone.

Though many of our seniors Sisters, as pupils, witnessed the fire of 1878, only four of the Community of that year live to rejoice in this second visible proof of God's protecting love. Two of these Sisters who were among the first Novices of the Foundation are in our Community, Sister Connors and Sister Agnes; and two are now in the Mother House of Montreal — our beloved Sisters St. Patrick and

Beauchamp, then devoted missionary Sisters in the Chatham Foundation. That these two venerated Sisters sang, with us, the hymn of thanksgiving we gather from the letter of Sister Beauchamp. Sister writes : "Your almost miraculous escape recalls that of 1878 when Church, Bishopric and Brothers' College went to ashes in the space of a few hours, the Hotel-Dieu narrowly escaping disaster. It is awful to think of what might have happened, especially at this time ; Saint Joseph and his colleague, Saint Amabilis, were there protecting you."—Especially at this time."—Herein the beloved Sister refers to the Jubilee Year, and her words tell us how intimately the joys and sorrows of the Chatham Foundation are felt by these dearly loved missionary Sisters.

The mention of St. Amabilis has reference to the devotion practiced by the Community of reciting, every Thursday, a prayer in honor of the Saint, to ask his protection against fire. The devotion was brought with the Community from the Mother House of Montreal. The fact that the fire occurred on a Thursday is significant.

That our preservation was a marvellous intervention of Divine Providence we gratefully acknowledge, but we have yet to recount what seems to us a touch of Divine tenderness for our Jubilee Year. Not only was the First Hotel-Dieu almost miraculously preserved, but abandoned for college purposes, it is, as it were, returning to the Community for the Fiftieth Anniversary. The building is now being transformed into St. Joseph's Preparatory School where, before long, the Sisters will return to their

labor of love — the instruction of the little boys. Truly, the last link of the golden fifty has been welded in a crucible of fire.

It was remarked by His Lordship, Bishop O'Leary, that St. Joseph's School had, up to the present, enjoyed but a very unstable existence and, true, it has met with every obstacle, hardship, and inconvenience; but His Lordship added a statement, that we believe prophetic of its future, "St. Joseph's School had to come to the Cradle of all other Parochial Institutions before it could be firmly established — now it will prosper".

One Deo Gratias in the hour of trial is worth a thousand in the day of prosperity. This we knew, but we did not know that our God was so soon to ask of us that proof of trusting love.

Our Jubilee Memories were about to close on the beautiful Past, when the very sunlight of multiplied favors made deeper the shadow of the cross that was to hallow the last pages of our humble narrative.

It was over the open grave of our dear Sister Connors that we were asked to pronounce our tearful fiat. Dear saintly Sister, the eldest member of the Community, her suffering life held more than any other the joys and sorrows of the Fifty Years, and now that the Divine Master takes the Past into His keeping, He takes, too, her in whom the Past lived on; yes, to place her among our cherished memories, God has broken the precious vase that the perfume of her beautiful life might spread itself throughout the volume, e'er the final page be placed.

Our venerated Sister entered the Community in 1873, the year of the establishment of the regular novitiate. By nature, of an energetic character, she gave herself body and soul to labor for the glory of God and the good of the community. But God had His own designs upon this ardent soul. In the full strength and energy of youth, the displacement of one of the vertebrae reduced her to a state of utter helplessness. For five years, her faculties in perfect vigor, this soul of energy, unable to raise even her head from the pillow, lay in a condition of apparent uselessness. Only to God, if even to Him, did she complain of the utter annihilation of self-will demanded for conformity to this dispensation of Divine Wisdom. To her patience alone did the community physician, Dr. John Benson, attribute her partial recovery. After some years of gradual improvement, the afflicted one was able with great care to walk from her room to the chapel and to community room. The remainder of her life was spent in the chapel and at work, crocheting or fulfilling the duties of community Pharmacist. Hers was a life of humble submission to the will of God—a hidden, silent sacrifice,—but in the sight of God how heroic must not the immolation of her ardent active nature have been. Was she not the the silent victim pleading for the prosperity of the community and its works? Such is our firm belief. Her perfect religious life made her seem part of our Holy Rule itself—so ingenious was she in finding ways of supplying for the dispensations that her infirmity required—so anxious was she to relieve others and be herself a burden to none.

“As we live so shall we die,” and truly may the words be applied to our beloved Sister Connors. On Tuesday, June 19th, the dear Sister retired as usual. At half past eight that evening as the bell tolled the hour for the community to leave the chapel, Sister was seen coming, as was her wont, to the door of her room, to make her genuflection with the community before retiring. When the Community assembled in the chapel next morning, the saintly Sister was in eternity.

Because of her inability to go up and down stairs, Sister Connors slept on the ground floor. When Sister first occupied the room, a sister had slept near her lest she should require anything during the night. For years, however, our dear Sister had insisted that she did not need anyone, and knowing her fear of causing trouble, no one had remained on that floor. The Infirmarian knew by experience that it was a source of pain to the dear infirm Sister, should anyone, accidentally hearing her move, take the trouble to go down stairs during the night to see if she needed anything.

God watches over His own. On Tuesday evening, a convalescent Sister who was sleeping in the Infirmary, asked permission to return to her own room. In spite of her assurances that she was entirely well, Reverend Mother refused the request. During the night, Sister suffered a relapse of her illness. She heard Sister Connors coughing and not to disturb the Infirmarian, Sister would have gone down to her for a powder, had not the increasing pain caused faintness. The suffering Sister was at length forced to awaken Sister Curry, the Infirmarian. Sister Curry had medicine that she might

have given, but noting that Sister Connors' cough was distressing, she was glad to have an excuse to go down to her room. She went down, told Sister what she was going to give the sick Sister and asked if she had anything better. Sister Connors said she would get up and give her a powder. The Infirmarian helped Sister to put on her slippers and though the distressing cough continued the dear infirm one went to her medicine cabinet and took out the powder. As she returned to her bed the Infirmarian said to her, "You need a dose of medicine yourself. I am going to give you some." It was about a quarter after three, and Sister replied, "Oh no, I don't need anything. I don't want to break my fast and lose my Holy Communion," Sister Curry replied, "If it were anyone else, you would require her to take something, now as Infirmarian, I am going to bring you some medicine."

Sister Connors quietly submitted and the Infirmarian returned in a few minutes with the cough mixture. As she gave the medicine, she noticed that a pallor had come over Sister's face and she was in perspiration. Sister Labillois and Sister Laporte were awakened; when they reached the room it was plain that no time was to be lost. The Infirmarian went to call Reverend Mother, Sister Laporte hurried to the hospital for Reverend Father Burns, a convalescent patient. Before Reverend Mother, (a younger sister of Sister Connors,) had reached the bedside, the dying Sister had lost consciousness. A few minutes later, the priest pronounced the words of absolution over the unconscious form, the Holy Oils sealed with their purifying unction the closed eyes, that were even

then opening to the vision of Eternal Love. With the same peaceful submission that she had borne her cross through years of suffering did she answer the sudden summons to appear before her God. In less than half an hour from the time Sister Curry first went to her room, all was over. . . .

The Hand of God was clearly manifest in the circumstances attending the death of our saintly Sister. God's love for us was seen in this, that He would not permit the death, which was to close so hidden a life, to be shrouded in the silent pall of night.

One by one as we came down to meditation on Wednesday morning, we stood dazed before the little notice fixed to the chapel door : "Our dear Sister Connors died this morning at 3.45." It was as if a light had gone out, as in the hushed silence of the chapel we tried to realize the truth.

The funeral services took place on Friday morning. His Lordship, Bishop O'Leary officiated at the Requiem High Mass, assisted by Reverend Father Crumley, Deacon, and Reverend Father Hartt, Sub-deacon.

Our venerated Bishop Barry was present in the Sanctuary. Touching were his words addressed to the Community, before the Libera. Most touching, too, was it to see the venerable Prelate officiating at that last blessing above the mortal remains of her whose clasped hands held her Holy Vows, the sacred promises that almost forty-five years before had espoused her to Christ.

As the coffin was sealed at the close of the Libera and the Choir intoned the "In Paradisum"

the Sisters, carrying as is the custom, lighted tapers, formed in procession and passed through the cloister corridor to the little cemetery.

Mother St. Clarence and Mother St. Edwin were there to represent the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, a Religious Order connected in its foundation days with the Religious Hospitaliers of St. Joseph: but strangely providential was the presence of Sister M. Canisius, a Sister of Charity from the Community of which Mother Cleophas—a sister of our Reverend Mother and the regretted dead—is a member.

Over the grave of the beloved departed, His Lordship, Bishop O'Leary, gave the last blessing extended by Holy Mother Church to her children, and the procession, reciting the "De Profundis," returned to the chapel.

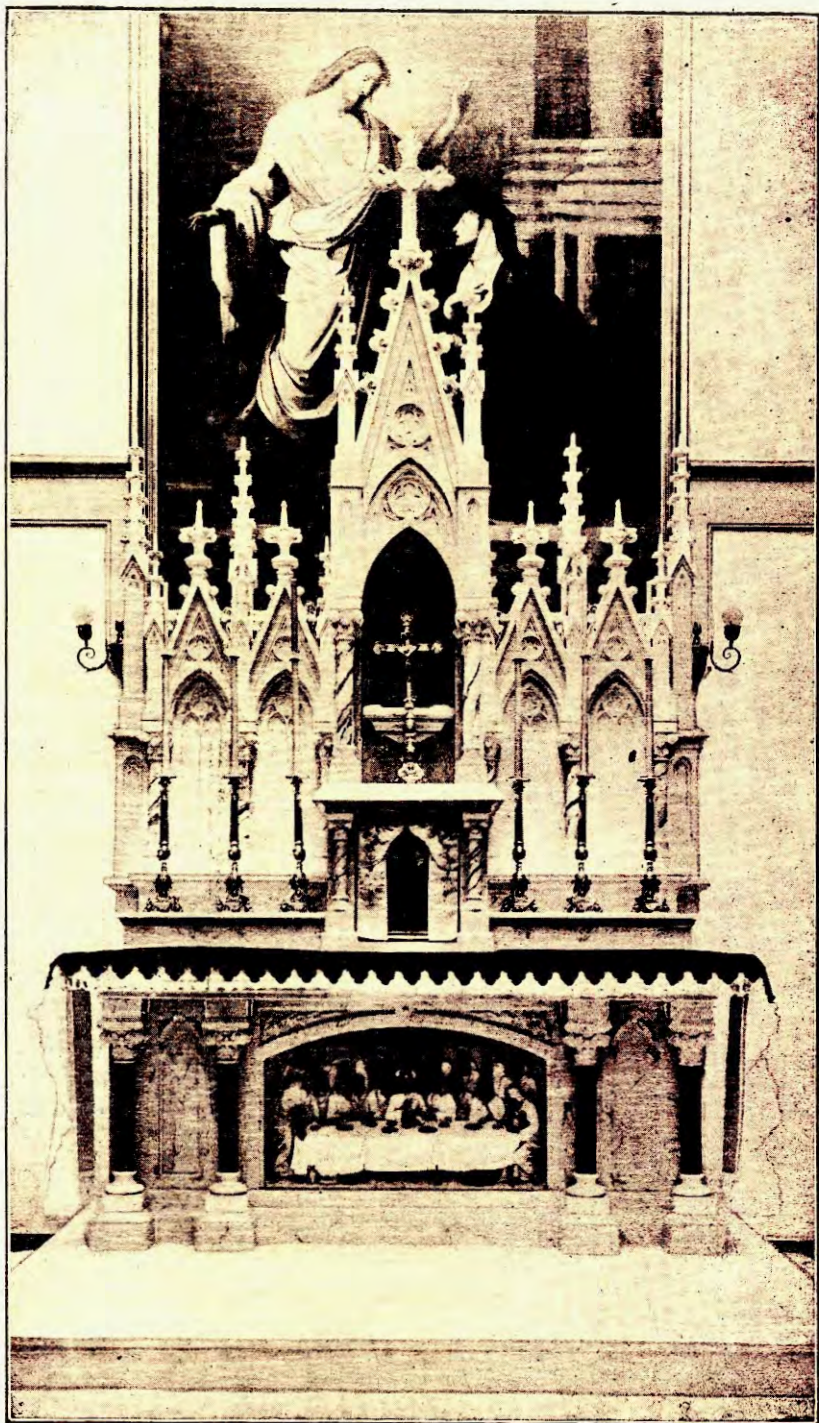
Our hearts were sad but we knew that the shadow was the hand of God outstretched in love. Was it that we clung too fondly to the gifts of God, even though the love was pure? It may have been and on the eve of Jubilee, we were reminded by the touch of sorrow that even the holiest things of time are passing. A link with the past was suddenly broken, that the new era may dawn upon increased generosity in the service of the Divine Master, a higher conception of an eternity with God, before we too, join the loved ones that have gone before.

Beautiful were the letters written to our bereaved Mother and Community. Most beautiful those from friends of the early days,—no doubt, for them, the mists of time have cleared and in a truer light the outlines of the eternal shores are

GRADUATES — 1919



Left to right— 1st row, 1 Margaret Fitzgerald, - 2 Regina Morneault, - 3 Stella Skidd, - 4 Mary Hay, - 5 Margaret Craig
2nd row, 1 Margaret Guest, - 2 Margery Friel, - 3 Germaine Dionne.
3rd. row, 1 Marguerite Morris, - 2 Sazel Hayes, - 3 Helen Gorman.



MEMORIAL ALTAR

visible—they had known her, whom we mourn, in the first years of her religious life, when, a true Martha, she “was busy with much serving.” Later, when the dear one had become a silent Mary at the feet of the Divine Master, the visits of these Reverend friends to the Episcopal Residence, meant a call at the Hotel-Dieu, inquiries for Sister Connors and a request that their labors and intentions be remembered in her prayers.

Mgr. Varilly, referring to the suffering saintly life of the dear departed, expressed his sincere regret that circumstances prevented his presence at the funeral, but assured us that in Holy Mass offered on the day for the beloved dead, he would be closely united to us in our sorrow.

“I most sincerely sympathize with you and your religious family,” wrote Mr. Dugal, “and I will pray for the departed soul. But . . . I will offer my prayers conditionally, the merits to be applied to the poor souls effectually in Purgatory. Sister Connors was given such a long time to clear her spiritual debts, if she had any, and she so honestly employed that time!”

The Rev. E. J. Bannon, cousin of our regretted Sister, in a letter written after his return from the obsequies, said, “I enclose \$10 for your memorial altar, the gift to be in memory of dear Sister Connors—my own, will come later.” The Community is to commemorate the Fiftieth Anniversary by a memorial altar. Under the altar-stone are to be placed the names of those who contribute to the fund for its purchase. The Reverend Father makes this circumstance the channel of his kind and thoughtful sympathy.

Sister Martina, a sister of our regretted Bishop Rogers, a religious of the Sisters of Charity Mount St. Vincent, wrote in a style her sainted brother might have used. "I should like to have seen the meeting of my dear brother, the Bishop, and your, beloved Sister Connors when she entered our heavenly home. How delighted he would be to see again one of his children!"

From Montreal, came the consoling thought of our Missionary Sister, Sister Beauchamp. "This is the sacrifice of submission, adoration and thanksgiving, chosen and demanded by the Supreme Priest and Pontiff, Jesus Christ, to be offered in your name to the Divine Majesty on the eve of the Jubilee. May the thought of a thanksgiving host chosen by the Divine Master, from among the laborers of the first hour, alleviate the sacrifice of one so dear to you and your Community."

The thought is consoling, as is the union of heart in which our one dear Sister now on mission, Reverend Mother Walsh of Cambellton, writes to our bereaved Reverend Mother. "I know what a pang of grief it has been to the Sisters, but for you, dear Mother it is truly a sword of sorrow. May our dear Lord console and strengthen you. For the fourth time he has tried you by the sudden visitation of death to your loved ones—but He has wonderfully sustained you in the past, and that is the best pledge that He will do so again to-day. My heart is too full to write more. I pray for you and cannot tell you how I feel for you."

We may not mourn our dead in selfish sorrow, but we fear no reproach from the Heart of Christ,

though we cannot offer Him a "Deo Gratias" unmixed with pain, when He severs affections He Himself has formed and strengthened.

Were it not so, were it not that the human heart is human, we would joyously assent to the words of Bishop O'Leary, "I do not understand why you should regret Sister Connors! Had another been called so suddenly, I might; but her life for years has been a preparation for death, her sufferings have been her Purgatory. I can but rejoice for I feel she is now with God in Heaven. He required of her that last sacrifice, a last purification that He might admit her at once into His Presence."



CHAPTER VI.

Te Deum Laudamus.

We are about to bind the clasp on this humble "Chaplet of Memories". May we do so with all consciousness that no link has been forgotten. Yes, none have been forgotten, yet true it is that some are hidden, for—the one shadow on their claim to grateful eulogium in these pages — the chaplet is still held in the hand of the living.

When the joyous chimes of future jubilees again awaken the echoes of past times; when another pen records the benefactions of which regard for the humility and modesty of the living renders us silent, when these devoted friends shall have reaped the reward of their unselfish charity, then may the *Annals* be opened without fear of wounding the delicate sensibilities of the noble and generous heart, to detail the claims of these "the living", to the gratitude not only of the present but of future time.

But, even as the pen bequeaths to future generations the duty of paying the full tribute of gratitude to these our benefactors, whom Divine Goodness has given to share in the rejoicing of the Golden Jubilee, fear lest our debt may not thus be fully acquitted without a present testimony of grateful appreciation, bids us trace in this Jubilee Souvenir, names that are one with devotedness to the interests of the Institution.

Already have we noted the kindness of our venerated Prelate, Bishop Barry, to the First Sisters in

the Foundation of the Institution. In his declining years, this good Father prefers that his benefactions remain the secret of Heaven, where the Master Who seeth in secret will reward — may our munificent Lord reward even in this life with the hundred-fold of spiritual benedictions.

Among the names that gratitude would enter here in gilded letters, is that of our revered Auxiliary Bishop, the Right Reverend J. L. O'Leary, D.D. This Prelate, so beloved by the "little ones" of the flock, has since his coming to Chatham eighteen years ago, in all justice merited the love and respectful affection of the children, by his active encouragement and earnest co-operation when there was question of their Christian education. A most devoted benefactor and zealous friend of the Institution in all that concerns its temporal advancement and prosperity—in his priestly office, appointed guardian of its spiritual interests, Heaven only may measure the fidelity with which this true Father has fulfilled his trust. Delicate consideration forbids us to say more — yet we feel that His Lordship's episcopal motto, "Amor Dei", explains and embraces all — nor may we ask from the Divine Dispenser of all good gifts one greater, as reward for his zealous devotedness, than the perfect realization in time and in eternity of the "Love of God".

The kind and generous interest of the Very Reverend Mgr. Varrily, an active and devoted friend of the Hotel-Dieu in its foundation days, has long survived his actual connection with the Institution when Parish Priest of Chatham, as is evinced even to this day. So too has the golden span been witness

of the untiring devotedness of Reverend Father Dixon. A true benefactor, from his priestly hand have fallen blessings that shine as a ray of God's own charity, through the mists and storms of half a century. The generosity of the Reverend Father Bannon, though veiled in deference to his modest wishes, and the goodness of the Reverend Father Joyner, long devoted to the welfare of the Community and ministerial duties in the Hospital, find in these humble pages a heartfelt souvenir of grateful appreciation, while the cordial esteem and kindly interest of the Very Reverend Monsignor Dugal must, too, grace our Jubilee greetings. His parish too remotely situated for this Reverend friend to be a frequent guest of the House of Chatham, his fatherly interest and zealous devotedness to our dear Sisters of the Hotel-Dieu of St. Basil, have made this venerated Superior of the St. Basil Community, embrace as members of one family all the Houses of our Holy Institute,—hence that expansive charity which occasions the Very Reverend Monsignor's claim to a grateful remembrance in these pages.

For many years the Registers record the name of Miss Quinlan as a member of the teaching staff of St. Michael's Academy. It was in the early days, when her goodness of heart and zealous piety made her a devoted promoter of the interests of the Academy and of the Sisterhood. We shall ask our beloved Sister St. Patrick, who when on mission in Chatham was, for fourteen years, as a member of the teaching staff, intimately associated with Miss Quinlan, to permit us to quote from a letter written to Reverend Mother a few days ago: "For the Jubilee

I shall be with you in heart and mind. It is providential you have dear Miss Quinlan with you. She is a living relic of our early beginnings — to her disinterestedness and devotedness we owe a great part of the success which attended those first days of labor and sacrifice. With Father Bannon who was always there to do his great share, Miss Quinlan was ever willing to give a helping hand. May God grant her peace and consolation with you for many years to come". With us, for in recent years it has been to her a great pleasure, to resume in some way, the task of former years by giving instructions to private pupils.

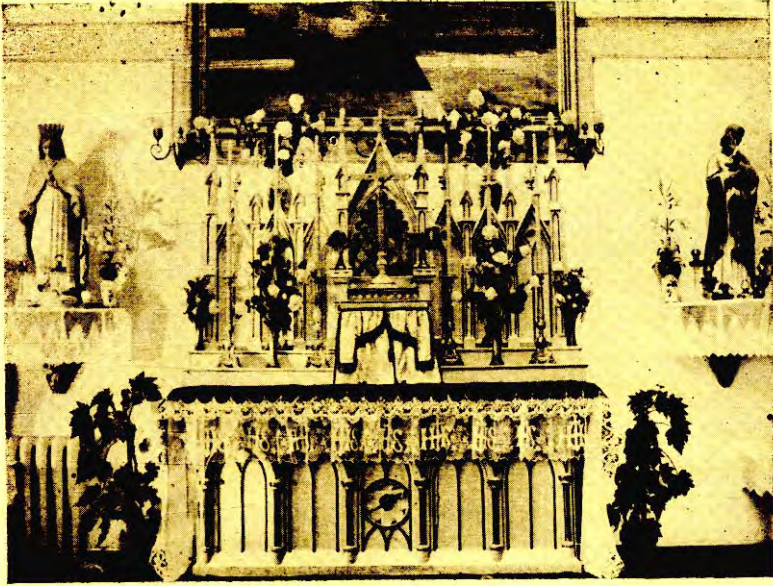
The Chronicles speak of the grateful appreciation of our first Mothers for the personal interest and earnest support given by Miss Quinlan to the undertakings of the Sisters in the needs of education; the senior Sisters to-day recall the happy memories of "Miss Quinlan's class room"; and the dear lady herself enjoys no sweeter earthly pleasure than the feast days, when her old-time pupils repair to her room in St. Alosyus' Department; for on such occasions the theme of conversation is "memories of the past" or "interests of the present", topics that are interwoven with the affections of this dear devoted friend, a friend of fifty years!

In selecting the above names, we have by no means completed the Honor Roll of the esteemed benefactors, who among the Reverend Clergy and the distinguished laity, consider it a happy privilege to sing with us a grateful "Te Deum" — that sublime paean of praise and thanksgiving for the infinitude of graces that have been poured upon this cherished

object of Divine Munificence during the last half century. Graces that have but rested in benediction on the beloved monastery, ere they diffused themselves into the hearts and souls of mankind through the sister-works of charity, it has been the God-given vocation of the Sisterhood to embrace.

When we shall have fulfilled all things, we are bidden consider ourselves unprofitable servants, yet in all truth and humble thanksgiving, must we not recognize that many, many, of the gifts of Heaven have already returned again multiplied, to the bosom of the Eternal Father — blessings that have attended the relief of the poor and suffering, — that renewed physical strength, cheerfulness of mind and content of heart, that have accompanied discharged patients on their return to various avocations, with renewed life, unconsciously to share with their associates restored energy and good spirits; again, blessings, the praise and thanksgiving of those souls whose last suffering hours were soothed, brightened and sanctified by the tender ministrations of charity and whose departing spirits were on their upward flight followed by pious suffrages into the bosom of God; and finally those blessings — the numberless homes that have been beautified and sanctified by the dominating influence of a true Christian education.

God has blessed the work He has given us to do, but He has done more. From the very fulness of His mercy springs the impulse of gratitude. God has loved and blessed the Community in its religious life and spirit. The cradle of religious virtue, wherein the venerated Foundresses placed the Infant Community on the day of its birth, our Lady's Feast



ALTAR of the CONVENT CHAPEL.

of Carmel, July 16, 1869, has been rocked by the hand of Adversity. Stern, yet withal tender nurse, she has been faithful to her task of purifying religious virtue from the dross of human frailty, of testing its worth by poverty, labor, privation; and despite the hardships that beset the early years of the foundation, there were courageous souls who shrank not from the sacrifice, happy that they might give themselves to God at their own cost.

Before the heating system was introduced, the hand of Death too often parted the willing spirit from the feeble flesh. That the rows of plain grey crosses in the Convent Cemetery mark the graves of twenty-eight dear departed, is due, in the natural order, to the privations, the intense cold — the

poverty in food and raiment—which was the portion of the Sisterhood in the struggling days of the foundation.

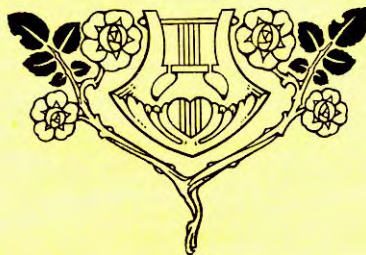
In the natural order — but may we not borrow the thought of a French writer to explain the action of Divine Providence in taking from the affection of the Sisterhood, souls of such promise, and in our human views, so needed for the accomplishment of God's work. We do not wonder that man beholding a flower of surpassing beauty breaks the frail stem and delights himself with its fragrant loveliness. Why then marvel, that the Heavenly Gardener should choose to regale Himself with the sweet perfume of beautiful souls culled in the first unfolding of Divine grace. He will return again to look for fruit from others.

The thought claims credence as we read the life sketches of the cherished hearts stilled in the silence of the grave. Though the Divine Spouse has visited His humble garden, to gather and place within the vase of His Sacred Heart, soul-flowers that have delighted Him, their perfume still lingers in the Garden, and the broken stem has blossomed forth anew. No doubt the very sacrifices and privations of these first victims had induced the Divine Master to scatter broadcast the seed of religious vocation, and He had but to give the whispered invitation to the chosen ones to fill up and to increase the ranks. Yes, in this God has shown His love for the Community — in the souls whom He has led within the hallowed walls of the cloister, there to devote themselves to His glory and the good of humanity. The little band of four has grown into a happy and pros-

perous Community of fifty five and in the home of their eternal rest, our venerated Foundresses await each passing year the increase of accidental glory that is theirs, when each young novice, in Presence of the Almighty and Eternal God, the whole Heavenly Court and her beloved Community, conscious of her own unworthiness makes to the Divine Majesty the sacred Vows that bind her to Christ as His Spouse forever.

“The fiftieth year shall be kept holy” — and are not the accumulated mercies of fifty years, impelling motive to crown this first half-century in the life of the Hotel-Dieu of Chatham, with the halo of sanctified faith, renewed hope and more ardent charity ere we embark on the unknown seas of future time!

What may that future be? It is still the all-holy secret of the Omniscient God. But this we know — the last triumphant strain of the Jubilee “Te Deum” is likewise the matin hymn of the dawning future,— “*In te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum.*”



The Divine Child.

The Holy Child — in wisdom and in grace
Unfolding day by day to God and men—
Subject to creatures! He the Lord of Glory!
Through boyhood's years, what lessons taught He
then!

The Word Divine! the Wisdom of the Godhead!
His youth in humble hidden toil is spent
And all the while, His vast designs of Mercy
Are silent held, within His Bosom pent.
From Nazareth's threshold, did the Boy Divine.
With wistful longing, down the ages gaze,
The clear and limpid orbs of Omniprescience
Beheld all men that e'er His name will praise.
Sweet holy Child! what thoughts were in Thy bosom
As on our humble home Thine eyes were bent?
What did'st Thou ask Thy chosen ones to give Thee
What lessons have you to this Nazareth sent?
Within Your Heart is there not hid a blessing?
A special grace that love may here increase,
And crown the golden years that now are closing
With promise of eternal joy and peace.



STATUE OF THE S. H. OF JESUS
(Entrance of Hospital)

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Errata.

Page	7	Line	13	Devine	Read	— Divine
"	13	"	16	smelling	"	— smelling
"	23	"	20	wit humor	"	— wit, humor
"	24	"	22	venerate	"	— venerated
"	30	"	5	aedificaderit	"	— aedificaverit
"	32	"	2	Bisnop	"	— Bishop
"	33	"	5	o	"	— to
"	50	"	7	missionnaries	"	— missionaries
"	56	"	29	acknowledgement	"	acknowledgment
"	62	"	8	childmind	"	— child mind
"	62	"	18	io faithfnl	"	— to faithful
"	63	"	35	withing	"	— within
"	70	"	7	warm	"	— warn
"	78	"	6	comprises	"	— comprised
"	78	"	28	consumate	"	— consummate
"	82	"	7	awaked	"	awakened
"	83	"	8, 11, 22	Sacristian	"	— Sacristan
"	83	"	25	supplice	"	— surplice
"	83	"	32	styd	"	— study
"	84	"	26	dying	"	— dying
"	96	"	31	omit "and"	"	
"	97	"	19	alwyas	"	— always
"	98	"	1	independent	"	— independent
"	100	"	8	recking	"	— reeking
"	101	"	13		"	— the never failing
"	102	"	7	to	"	— of
"	115	"	20	ts	"	— as
"	119	"		Primery	"	— Primary
"	127	"	19	domino	"	— Dominum
"	129	"	2	independetly	"	— independently
"	130	"	24	Cahtedral	"	— Cathedral

Errata (continued)

“	134	”	23	restoratives	”	—	restoratives
“	137	”	26	seniors	”	—	senior
“	138	”	5	Your	”	—	Your
”	138	”	18	practiced	”	—	practised
”	139	”	16	ot	”	—	of
“	139	“	32	e'er	“	—	ere
“	140	“	15	dispensattion	“	—	dispensation
“	141	“	20	accidently	“	—	accidentally
“	141	“	30	Infirmatian	“	—	Infirmarian
“	142	“	24	avakened	“	—	awakened
“	144	“	22	ve	“	—	we
“	145	“	16	sincerely	“	—	sincerely
“	145	“	27, 30	alter	“	—	altar
“	146	“	21	walsh	“	—	Walsh
“	146	“	21	Cambellton	“	—	Campbellton
“	147	“	3	his	“	—	has
“	151	“	21	pupills	“	—	pupils
“	151	“	22	Alosyus	“	—	Aloysius
“	151	“	23	conservation	“	—	conversation
“	158	“	1	Liste	“	—	List

N. B. To detail the errors in hyphenation would require too extended an Errata. General notice is here given of mistakes; for example,-

Page	66	line	7	glimp-se
”	82	”	31	ba-sement
”	94	”	17	devolv-ed

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