

*Memories of Mother Teresa Hagan.*

practice those virtues essential to her vocation that it is not hard to picture her in the speedy enjoyment of that "delicious land" whereof the Tuscan poet speaks, clad "in the white raiment destined for the saints" who

In the eternal springtime blossom fair.

All the city flags were at half mast on the municipal buildings, and a universal feeling of sorrow was abroad, when it became publicly known that the noble-hearted woman, the strong and courageous pioneer, the religious who had commanded the respect and admiration even of the most prejudiced, and the mother who had won so many hearts, was dead. Her Requiem was sung in the chapel of the institute, which was filled with a sorrowing throng. Prelate and priest were there to do her honor; also many of the most prominent citizens, former pupils, friends and admirers of the great woman who "had taught many and had strengthened the weary hand."

When the funeral cortege set forth, bearing her mortal remains away from the convent building which had been uninterruptedly her home for nearly half a century, four hundred pupils, with whom were associated a large contingent from the sister establishment of the Congregation de Notre Dame, accompanied it a certain portion of the way. It was a bright, still morning, with the cold frosty beams of the wintry sun fairly transfixing the Capital, which had grown up around the feet of her who was now being borne away to rest from her labors. And so the bereaved daughters of that highly gifted Mother were left to mourn their loss and to realize with heart-felt sorrow that she of the kindly smile and maternal heart is no longer with them.

One wonders how much of reality there may not be in the young girl's belief as expressed in a letter above as to Mother Teresa's still being with us. It is the old cry of the human for immortality: *non omnis moriar*. One can not but query if those Halls that so long held the influence of her refined and uplifting presence, that Office where from her desk she taught wisdom's lessons with rarest prudence may not yet be retaining something of that gentle power—some odic force—by whose sway through the years they were bound.