

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.*”

