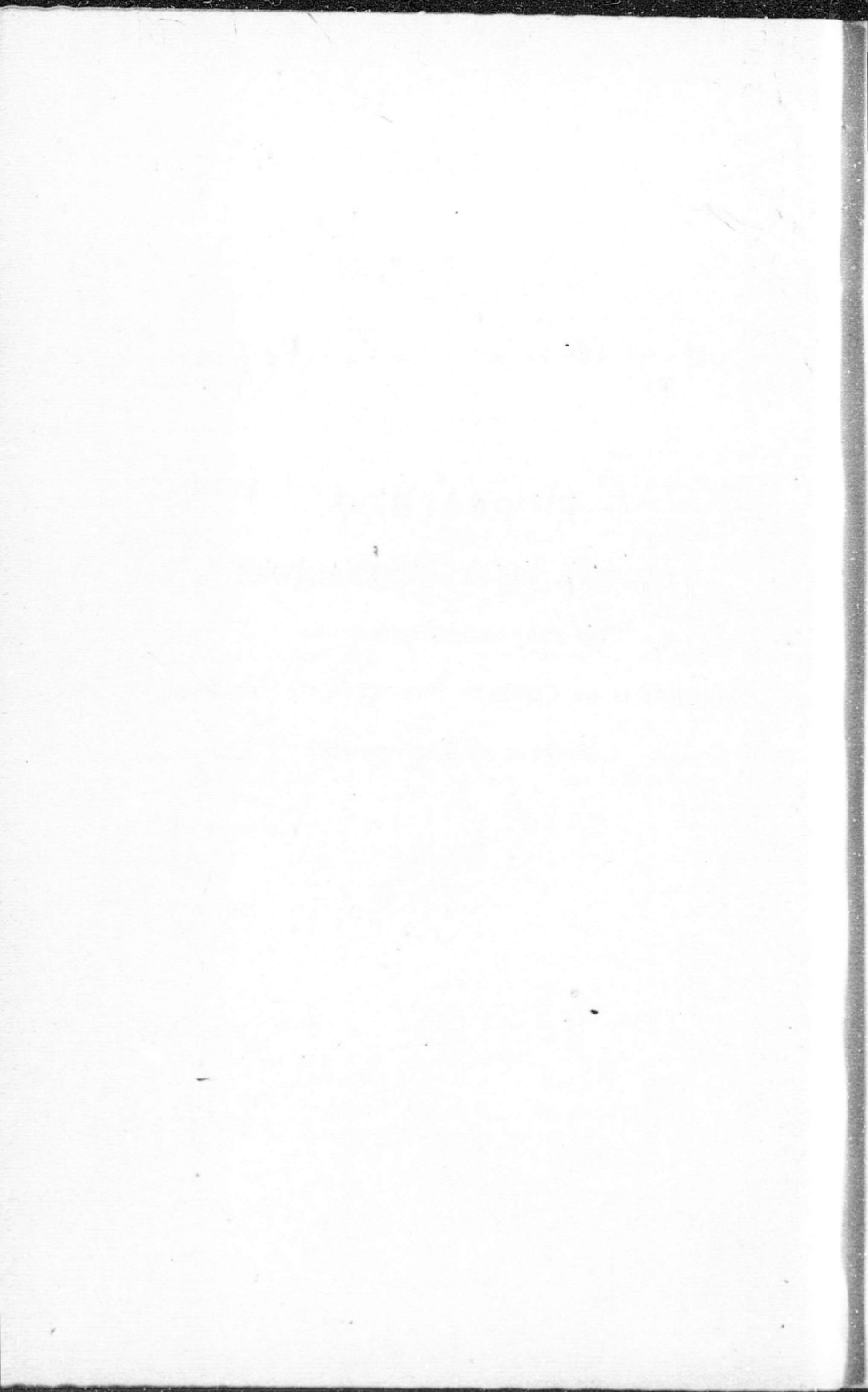


BIOGRAPHIES
OF THE FIRST BENEFACTORS
OF THE INSTITUTE OF THE
DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY SERVANTS OF THE POOR
(SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE)



BIOGRAPHIES
OF THE FIRST BENEFACTORS OF THE
INSTITUTE OF THE
DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY SERVANTS OF THE POOR
KNOWN AS
THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE
OF MONTREAL



PROVIDENCE MOTHER HOUSE
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MONTREAL
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FOREWORD

The benefactors given by Divine Providence to our Institute from time to time since the early days of its foundation are very numerous. Many of these devoted friends of the poor have already gone to receive the rewards promised the just. Their names are immortal. Forever inscribed in the Book of Life, we likewise find them written here below in the hearts of their faithful survivors. The remembrance of their beautiful deeds for suffering humanity is transmitted like a priceless heritage from generation to generation.

To perpetuate a souvenir so precious, we have endeavored to reproduce within these pages a few of the striking characteristics of our most signal benefactors. Again, as of yore, will they inspire us with lessons of virtue, although the eloquent, persuasive voices that once were theirs be silenced now forever. In poring over these brief reminiscences of their saintly lives, we shall be following the advice of St. Paul, who bids us keep the traditions of our forefathers with the greatest fidelity. And, too, we shall acquire an ever increasing respect and love for the Rules and pious Customs they have bequeathed unto us.

Destined solely for the members of our Institute, this volume must, necessarily, aim higher than for pure literary effect. It purposes, above and beyond all, to be a book of edification. While studying its meaning, may our souls be enkindled with the zeal of such true servants of God as the Most Reverend Archbishop Bourget, the Right Reverend Bishop Prince and the Very Reverend Canon Truteau. May we be inspired to render thanks to God, Who in decreeing the birth of our Community, deigned to procure for it such powerful aids!

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus and His holy Mother bless our religious family and keep it always in unity of heart and soul!

Providence Mother House
Montreal, September 23, 1919

BIOGRAPHIES
OF THE FIRST BENEFACTORS
OF THE INSTITUTE OF THE
DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY SERVANTS OF THE POOR
(SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE)

MONSEIGNEUR IGNACE BOURGET
SECOND BISHOP OF MONTREAL, AND FOUNDER
OF THE COMMUNITY
OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF PROVIDENCE

A certain historian has aptly remarked, that it suffices simply to recall some names to awaken a host of glorious memories. Assuredly, the name of Monseigneur Bourget has that power. Its meaning could be interpreted in many ways as model of priests and prelates; doctor of souls; champion of the interests of the Church; father of the Poor. One title given him long before his earthly career ended, often heard on the lips of the people, and openly proclaimed on the day of his obsequies was that of *Saint*. How many times since has he

not been styled the *sweet St. Francis de Sales* of Canada, the *Vincent de Paul of America*, the *Charles Borromeo of our day*! To sing so many accumulated glories, a magnificent harmony of melodious words were needed; and yet, naught have we but the simple language of filial love! Our hymn of praise, therefore, shall be, above all, one of sincere gratitude. We shall sing it with the artless simplicity of a child, all athrill with admiration for the glories of its father. And, if the lowly concert arising from the very tomb of our Founder redound in his person to the « Author of all good and perfect gifts, » may He look with a gracious eye upon our labor of devotion for the religious family whom he formerly surrounded with such truly paternal solicitude.

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD OF MONSEIGNEUR BOURGET,— HIS STUDIES,— HIS ELEVATION TO THE PRIESTHOOD AND THE EPISCOPACY

In one of the quarters of the old parish of Point Levis, called « Arlaka » may yet be seen an unpretentious farm-house of antique appearance. The people thereabout never fail to show this relic of by-gone days to the many

sight-seeing parties with pardonable pride as the house *where Monseigneur Bourget was born.*

Ignace Bourget, born October 30, 1799, of the marriage of Pierre Bourget, and Therese Paradis, was the eleventh of thirteen children. The Lord granted him the grace of belonging to a christian family where piety seemed hereditary. It is related of the first of his forbears, one Claude Bourget, who came to Canada towards the end of the seventeenth century, that he made a pilgrimage to the celebrated sanctuary, the Cathedral of Chartres, before embarking for America, and that he engraved his name on the marble flooring of that renowned temple so that the Blessed Virgin might remember him and continue to protect him in the land of exile. On his mother's side, young Ignace descended from William Couture, who had the happiness of undergoing martyrdom for the Name of Jesus Christ in company with Father Jogues, Jesuit. Hence, the birthright of a living faith and heroic devotedness was bequeathed to the child as a precious legacy by his ancestors. But, why weave perishable garlands around a cradle containing one of the brightest glories of a remarkable line, and who will give an immortal splendor to a name already illustrious?

Pious as an angel, Ignace, at an early age, was the joy and consolation of his family. The smile of a saintly mother had caught and held his first look, and beneath that reflection of sweetest serenity, his childhood years passed onward, tranquilly, unassumingly as befits the poor of this world. Those first years were the mysterious preparation of a chosen soul entering upon a way in nowise remarkable, save for intensely loyal fidelity to God.

After studying some time under Mr. Gingras, a secular teacher, in the parish of Beaumont adjoining Levis, Ignace Bourget entered the Little Seminary of Quebec to begin his classical course. He brought thither a receptive mind, a soul ardent in faith, and a clear and unperturbed conscience. His edifying conduct soon inspired his fellow-pupils with a love akin to veneration, and his professors with an unbounded confidence. What every one admired in him was his regularity, his eagerness for learning and his exact obedience, all qualities that guide one in the ways of order and peace. The most lovable traits of his character were his cordial kindness, his willingness to oblige, and his good comradeship. Mild and reserved, without taste for the boisterous games into which most fiery natures cast themselves headlong, he hid beneath an

apparently timid exterior, a valiant soul capable to do and to dare under the inspiration of virtue. Thus at the age of fourteen, he profited of his free days to go and visit a poor, crippled negro; besides giving him words of encouragement and good cheer, he shared with him whatever dainties he received from home. Some of his classmates, jealous of his excellence, spied his actions with evil intent. So edified were they, however, by what they saw that their prejudices soon vanished completely. Another incident, vouched for by an eye-witness is worth recording. One evening in the study hall of the Little Seminary, a real riot took place. At a preconcerted signal all the lights were extinguished, benches and desks upset without mercy, and books sent flying through the air. In vain did the prefect endeavor to quell the tumult. The leader of the revolt struck him in the face and forced him out of the room. The Director soon appeared upon the scene of disorder. After a short but decisive talk, he promised pardon and a general amnesty to all except the chief actor. « Unless he declares himself, » the Director added, « you will all be deprived of your weekly holiday and you will spend the day in study. » A few days passed by but the culprit kept mute. On Thursday morning the doors of the study hall were opened as usual. It was too true! All

were to be punished! But no! One of the number asked permission to go and speak to the Rector and left without being noticed. It was young Bourget. Almost overcome with bashfulness, he made his way to the Superior, mumbled out a few incoherent words, offering himself, doubtless, to expiate the misdeed. His action was taken as a formal self-accusation. He was subjected to a severe reprimand and condemned to undergo the sentence imposed. Returning to the hall, he remained there alone while his classmates rushed out to the playgrounds for the day. But the greater his humiliation in the sight of men, the more did his soul abound with joy for being, like his Divine Master, unjustly accused and condemned. The real culprit, however, soon tortured with remorse, acknowledged his fault and disclosed the innocence of his companion. Surprised and grieved beyond measure, the Rector summoned Ignace and reproached him for his deceit, adding that it was not permissible to tell a lie even to do good. « Oh, I did not tell a lie, » quickly replied the student, « I just let you be mistaken ; it was too bad to see them all in penance. » The guilty one was sentenced to be expelled, but here again, the Rector counted without the intervention of Ignace. The latter suffered more to see his

comrade punished than for his own humiliation. He pleaded so hard for his pardon that the Master, finding himself conquered, exclaimed with emotion: « Well, let him stay; but only on account of Bourget. »

Such was the behavior of the youth, who in after years was to become the second Bishop of Montreal. And yet, the many acts of virtue that drew upon him, the esteem and admiration of all, no matter how beautiful in themselves, were but the prelude of future deeds of greatness.



At nineteen years of age, Ignace Bourget made his choice of a state of life and vowed himself to the service of God in the sanctuary. After a stay of some months at the Grand Seminary, he was sent to the College of Nicolet as professor regent. Fresh from his *Alma Mater* the young ecclesiastic appeared as a chosen Levite, rich in promise for the future, a fruitful branch of the sacerdotal tree from which Christ looked for abundant fruit. Occasion very shortly proved his rare merit.

In 1821, the illustrious Archbishop of Quebec, the Most Reverend Joseph Plessis, obtained the partition of his vast diocese. Upon the Right Reverend John James Lartigue, a

priest of the Order of Saint Sulpice, fell the honor of becoming the first Bishop of the new diocese of Montreal, to the great delight of the Catholic population. The newly-elect Bishop, having requested a secretary of Monseigneur Plessis, the latter designated a young ecclesiastic, professor at the College of Nicolet, adding to the strength of his choice the following words: « If such a man cannot fill the position, I, for my part, know of none more worthy.» The Abbé Ignace was the person in view.

Without either Cathedral or episcopal residence, Monseigneur Plessis was forced to seek shelter with the Hospital Nuns of the Hotel Dieu. And there in the month of May, 1821, the new secretary entered upon the duties of his office.

In the difficult task imposed upon him by his elevation to the episcopacy, Monseigneur Lartigue had need of a tireless and devoted auxiliary: a man of great tact and judgment, capable of handling the various intricate problems, and of giving them the most practical solutions. Fortunately, all these qualities, allied to eminent virtues, were happily united in the person proposed by Monseigneur Plessis.

The Bishop of Montreal quickly realized and appreciated his secretary's real worth. On

the thirtieth of November, 1822, the dignity of the priesthood was conferred on the Abbé Bourget in the chapel of the Hotel Dieu. His Bishop, already won by his uprightness, and delighted with his knowledge and wisdom, chose him for his confessor. He also entrusted to him the care of his temporal concerns.

The new Levite, in loving consecration of self to the Lord, and in the full springtide of life and vigor, lay prostrate upon the floor of the sanctuary as if to attach himself irrevocably to the foundations of Holy Mother Church. He offered his whole being as a perpetual holocaust to the Most High, a true priest for time and eternity. Nor was he ever to falter in the attainment of his lofty ideal.

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The first movement of the Catholic people of Montreal was to provide a Cathedral and a residence for the Bishop. The supervision and construction of these new edifices gave the young secretary ample scope for useful effort. He received the gifts and superintended the works, giving to each one his due with a tactful discrimination that already revealed great breadth of mind, and perfect mastership in the treatment of men and things along business lines. Everything proceeded so harmoniously

and so well, that on the twentieth day of September 1825, Monseigneur Lartigue and his secretary were enabled to take possession of their new abode. Two days afterwards, the new Cathedral was blessed for public service under the title of St. James the Greater.

The Abbé Ignace Bourget had risen so speedily to the dignity of his calling; he had become so popular, and his piety had inspired such esteem and confidence in all hearts, that Monseigneur Lartigue delayed not to appoint him Vicar General in 1836; then, to petition the Holy See to name him as Coadjutor at the time when he, himself, became titular Bishop of Montreal. His Holiness, Gregory XVI, then happily reigning, graciously acceded to his requests. Therefore, on the tenth day of March, 1837, Ignace Bourget, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, received the Papal Bulls appointing him Coadjutor Bishop to the Right Reverend Bishop John James Lartigue with the right of succession to the episcopal see of Montreal. On the feast of St. James the Greater in the following July, the humble child of Point Levis was consecrated Bishop of Telmesse by Monseigneur Lartigue, assisted by the Right Reverend Bishops Turgeon and Gaulin. The ceremony took place in the new Cathedral in the presence of several prelates, one hundred and forty priests, besides an immense

concourse of the laity. It was a grand day and a glorious festival for the entire diocese. The joy of the people knew no bounds; the future of the Canadian Church seemed assured in the City of Mary, while the pages of history were emblazoned by a name revered by every one, and to be ere long still more glorified.

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Three years later, the people of Montreal once more assembled in the same hallowed precincts, but for a vastly different purpose. This time, they came to pay the last tribute of respect to all that was mortal of their first Bishop and Pastor.

Monseigneur John James Lartigue died in the arms of his beloved Coadjutor at the Hotel Dieu on the sixteenth day of April, 1840. The closing scene at that illustrious deathbed was most touching. The Bishop had breathed forth his last parting sigh, surrounded by his priests and the nuns of the Hospital. Monseigneur Bourget, overcome with sadness, tried to recite the *Subvenite*. Unable to do so because of his deep emotion, he begged a young ecclesiastic to continue the prayer while he retired to his room. He was found there shortly afterwards, bathed in tears at the foot of his crucifix.

Apart from the intense grief caused by the loss of a pastor sincerely loved, Monseigneur Bourget, designated in advance as his successor, saw with great dread, the burden of the episcopacy falling upon his own shoulders. He had seen authority at too close range, and he knew too well its obligations to aspire to the position. With the greatest apprehension, therefore, did he assume charge of the Bishopric of Montreal on the twenty-third day of April, 1840. In a letter to his diocesans, written on the third of May, he announced the event with expressions of the most profound humility. After deploring in grief-stricken accents, the untimely loss of his regretted predecessor, he added :

«The sorrow his death causes you, Our very dear Brethren, is all the keener because you cannot comfort yourselves for his loss in seeing the mantle of the episcopacy falling upon one so little qualified to worthily replace a prelate so wise. Alas! We are far from having the necessary dispositions for the proper fulfillment of the glorious functions of the apostolate; and, it is to be feared that perhaps God has permitted our elevation thereto, only to punish us for our innumerable sins, and to chastise you for the little attention you have paid to the graces you have received through the ministry of your late excellent pontiff.»

Sublime words, uttered through no affected modesty! They were the faithful echo of the sentiments that disturbed his inmost soul. The new Shepherd was to base the imperishable monument of his many works upon the solid foundations of true humility. He found in his confidence in God a powerful counterweight for his extreme diffidence of self, and his implicit trust was certain to render all his undertakings fruitful. Another extract from the letter quoted above, proves again that he does not intend to remain inactive. He writes as follows: «Oh! how overwhelming is the thought of our charge. We implore you, our very dear Brethren, in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to lighten it by your obedience to the Church, by your fervor in the holy practices of religion, by your respect towards your pastors; in fine, by your horror of vice and your fidelity to all your religious practices. This is the only reward we ask of you in return for the trials and labors to which we intend to subject ourself for the love of you. Indeed, if there is one thing here below that can console us in the midst of our tribulations, it will be to see all of you, whom we love in Jesus Christ, walking in the paths of righteousness. Ardently do we desire to be enabled to present you at the last day, pure and without stain, before the tribunal

of the Sovereign Judge. May we save all whom God this day commits to our care as Pastor of His Fold, so that in the dread hour, when we shall appear to give an account of what we have accomplished in the performance of our sacred ministry, we may have the happiness of saying with Christ: «O Father, thrice holy, I have kept all those Thou hast given me, and not one has perished, save only the son of perdition.»

He then proceeds to outline his plan of action. Its extent must have made hell tremble and thrown consternation among the enemies of religion. Who may foretell the noontide splendor of a day whose dawning is so brilliant? And what glorious fruit may we not expect, ere the vesper bells of time ring out the sunset of a life so auspiciously begun? Before contemplating the realization of such magnificent promises, let us study the new light Our Lord has caused to shine within His Church. By its rays we shall more easily discern the secret of his influence on the destinies of the country he is to traverse, and where he is to leave in his wake a long path of glory, and a countless number of inestimable benefits to mankind.

CHAPTER II.

CHARACTERISTICS OF MONSEIGNEUR BOURGET.--

HIS MORAL AND RELIGIOUS VIRTUES

When the Lord wills to give His people a sure sign of His predilection, He sends among them a man, superior in genius, in science and in virtue, with the mission contained in the words of the Gospel: « So let your light shine before men, that seeing your good works, they may glorify your Father in Heaven. » Acting upon this divine behest, the noble figure of Monseigneur Bourget stands strikingly forth in the pages of our national and religious history. He was faithful to the command.

We have seen the schoolboy, the seminarian, the priest practising virtue in no ordinary degree. Let us now follow the prelate in the daily accomplishment of his various duties, and let us see him giving to each of his actions that imprint of perfection so eminently becoming a Bishop.

Monseigneur Bourget, richly dowered with the gifts of nature and of grace, was undoubtedly the man for the time in which he lived. Beside the wealth of a bright intellect, a loving

heart and a keen, penetrating mind, he possessed a rare combination of exterior qualities that compelled the respect, the attachment and the admiration of all. His beaming countenance, the mildness and affability of his look, the unction of his speech, the kindness and wisdom animating his every action, all explain the wonderful, irresistible sway he exercised over his people, over the masses, over all minds and hearts. He was a past master in the difficult art of conversation. His words were simple, interesting and gay. With the aged, he knew how to speak of the good old times long since gone by. With the younger generation, he conversed of the future, bright with promise. Seemingly without effort, he could always give an edifying turn to the most joyful conversation, letting fall here a comforting, pious word, there a counsel or an encouragement; at times, even a reprimand, the whole with such good grace and wise discretion that each one left him, pleased with whatever had fallen to his share.

We shall not here touch upon his warm-hearted hospitality, his equanimity of mind, or the charming simplicity which enhanced all his social virtues and made intercourse with him so attractive. Rather, let us admire amid so great a variety of gifts, those of his religious

virtues most proper for our imitation, and whose fragrance rejoiced Heaven and gladdened earth.

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We have already caught a passing glimpse of the vast treasures of humility hidden in the depths of his soul. The sentiments expressed by Monseigneur Bourget in his first pastoral letter could but gain greater strength in the thousand vicissitudes of his brilliant career, and he had need of all the resources of true and solid piety to complete his triumph. Nothing seemed to agree better with his personal desires than to make himself the least among the lowly, the poorest of the poor. He rejoiced in humble occupations, and he performed them right gladly whenever possible. One incident among many taken at random, will prove conclusive.

One cold winter day, a poor woman presented herself at the door of the Bishop's house to ask for firewood. She was given some, but it was not sawed into proper lengths for use, so she requested to see Monseigneur Bourget, to whom she stated her grievance. The good Bishop gave her money for the purpose. Hardly had the poor woman passed outside the door, when he called his treasurer and said to him: « Up to the present we have given away wood

ready to be burned ; how is it that now a woman has to ask for money to have it sawed ? » « Monseigneur », replied the treasurer, « it seems to me that it is enough for us to give away the wood without its being sawed. » Nothing more was said at the time. Next day, a pile of wood, sawed and split, lay in the yard. The treasurer was surprised, but thinking some one had disobeyed his orders, he let the matter pass as a first offence. Next morning the same thing happened, but the guilty one could not be found ! Said the treasurer to himself : « I'll find out who it is ! » After dark, he hid himself near a window overlooking the yard, and waited. Towards midnight he heard a slight sound, and peering out he spied a man stepping slowly through the gate ; an old man, evidently, his grey hair . . . his walk . . . his appearance resembles . . . Oh ! what a surprise ! and how grieved and penitent the treasurer was when he recognized his Bishop, who in spite of his great age, the late hour and the freezing cold, had come out to saw wood for his dear poor ! In a moment the remorseful witness was at his side, leading him into the house and saying : « Monseigneur, the wood will be prepared hereafter. »

This fact proves no less his charity than his humility, by which he always contrived to

hide his good deeds. And what was more disconcerting, he rarely failed to attribute the merit to others. His one object was to escape praise and withdraw himself from the eyes of men. When making his episcopal visitation, how earnestly he pleaded that no public demonstration be made! On this point, however, his desires went unheeded, and rather than grieve his people, he graciously submitted to their manifestations of filial love, in return for their happiness of possessing him in their midst for a few days. To see him going about among them, the brave villagers kept close to the church, or rectory, or in the neighboring houses. All had free access to their beloved Bishop to confide to him their joys or sorrows, their hopes or fears. The good Shepherd had a kind, pleasant word for all; if a reproach were deserved, he administered it in such a way that no one felt the slightest resentment. Frequently, he went to see the sick in their homes. We may readily conceive how highly such a favor was treasured, and that the privileged family who received the august prelate under their roof-tree, kept the souvenir among the most precious of their traditions.

Poverty and mortification shone with special lustre in Monseigneur Bourget. One of

his contemporaries, who can neither be taxed with ignorance nor exaggeration, made these two virtues a part of the funeral eulogy he delivered in the following words :

Who has not known his detachment from earthly goods? or the simplicity of whatever belonged to him? simplicity in his clothing, his furniture ; simplicity pushed to so high a degree by one who, at a single word, could open all hands and purses. More careful was he of evangelical perfection than of his material well-being in this world. Poor in life and poor in death, untiring in securing alms for the glory of Divine Worship, for the needs of the Pope or of the Church, or for the relief of the unfortunate; yet, always forgetful of self, possessing nothing he could call his own, he made a law unto himself never to carry money.

Returning one day from Kingston, he missed connection at Cornwall. A distance of twelve miles lay between him and his destination. He had no money, not even the proverbial «lucky penny» that the very poorest always have about them. What is he to do? Imitating the Apostles who left all, he will travel the twelve miles afoot, praying and blessing God all the way. When he arrived at Montreal at

ten o' clock that night, he had been on the road since four in the morning without a bite to eat.

This incident gives us some idea of his spirit of mortification, of his self-control, and of his utter determination to subdue all natural tastes and inclinations. He seemed to have made a pact with his body never to grant it any respite or comfort, even to retrench what was absolutely necessary, and to treat it always as an enemy. His sobriety was exemplary; his fasts multiplied; his privations continual. In his postures, no leaning back when seated, no support when kneeling. He kept himself constantly occupied without ever a moment's respite. Recreations, games or vacations were unknown to him. His frequent illnesses, so racking to a constitution worn out with labor, could not conquer his indomitable will. In the Passion of Christ, he found the secret of gaining the mastery over pain and suffering.



And yet, however eminent may have been the humility of Monseigneur Bourget, however heroic his poverty, his mortification, his meekness may appear, we may confidently assert that his dominant virtue was charity. It was part and parcel of himself; it was the life

of his soul and the fountain-head of all his good works. In its complexity of colors, shades and tints, under all its various and multiple forms, charity had in him every quality mentioned by the Apostle. Vainly do we seek other motives in the exercise of his apostolate than those inspired by his love of God and of his fellowman.

Throughout his entire life, Monseigneur Bourget had the care of the humble and lowly at heart, blending with the constant idea for the greater good of souls. As Bishop, his first thought was for the poor and the outcast. Later on we shall see what he accomplished for the betterment of their unhappy condition. Our present study shall be to ascertain to what a degree he loved them and his conduct in their regard.

His lively faith made him see the person of Jesus Christ in the poor, no matter how uncouth the exterior appearance. Whenever he faced the crowd of mendicants who thronged about his residence, he invariably addressed himself to the poorest and most destitute looking first.

He was, at once, the edification and the despair of his treasurer in giving away all he possessed. His footwear never lasted any length

of time; it was replaced over and over again, but within a week it had gone the way of all his personal effects, leaving His Lordship with only a worn-out pair of old slippers on his feet.

When he had to start for a trip, it was no easy matter to find proper clothing for him to wear. A fine new overcoat and fur cap had vanished,—the former to cover a venturesome colonist; the latter to a poor emigrant who had told the Bishop his tale of woe! For a while there were suspicions of thievery, so guards were set about to discover the culprit, when lo! the good Bishop was found purloining from his own wardrobe.

The situation became desperate! recourse to extreme measures had to be taken! Monseigneur had nothing left but one pair of shoes, one cloak and a handkerchief; as his linen all took the same road he was provided with but one change at a time. The good pastor hugely enjoyed the tricks his charity played upon him; moreover, he always finished by winning the game against his treasurer, saying simply: «God will give it all back to you.»

We have already noted how easy of access the Bishop was. Whoever came to him was freely welcome and might remain as long as

he pleased without wearying him. Hence, no wonder that his house was crowded at all times: the aged, men cast down by suffering, the young or poor, distracted mothers seeking comfort, consolation, help. The Bishop had a kind word and found some means of relief for each and every one. These audiences took up the greater part of his precious time, but he showed no fatigue, nor did a vestige of impatience cloud his features when he was obliged to listen to the interminable stories, told and retold by the poor or the disaffected. It was truly wonderful to see how he could pass from the most serious occupation to the performance of the smallest charitable service, going continually from his office to the parlor, setting aside or suspending the gravest questions while he went to teach the children catechism, and all this with a perfect freedom of mind, and a tranquil serenity of countenance impossible to be described.

No public or private sorrow found him insensible. Wherever misery, sorrow or shame took refuge, there he went. The prisoners found in him a kind friend to whose visits they eagerly looked forward, either as a favor or in the light of hope. The degraded and the outcast were familiar to the Good Shepherd who sought them out with all kindness, to speak to them

of contrition for their dissolute behavior and a hope of their speedy return to the path of virtue. The objects of public indignation became more amenable, more hopeful and more resigned under the helpful influence of the Good Samaritan. Like a vision of light, they saw him approaching their dismal abode of sorrow and shame to pour into their gaping, hideous wounds the oil and wine of sweetest consolation.

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The exterior virtues of Monseigneur Bourget were but the faint reflection of his faith and ardent piety. He was, verily, a man of action, ranking high among the imitators of St. Vincent de Paul, and worthy in every respect of comparison with him. Every moment of his long day was filled. He was the last to retire at night and the first to arise in the morning. He set himself to work with such assiduity that many thought he had made a vow never to lose an instant of time.

He was, above all, a man of prayer. If he knew so well how to carry on his work even in the midst of conversation, he knew better still how to entertain himself with God at all times. Mental prayer was the food of his soul, and a considerable portion of each

day was devoted thereto. A true lover of the Sacramental Sentinel, Monseigneur spent long hours in adoration and loving recollection at the foot of the Altar. Knowing the strength to be found in Jesus Hostia, he sent the heart-worn and the afflicted to that Source of all consolation. «Go to Jesus. Go to Jesus,» he repeated unceasingly. It was his constant refrain. Before appealing to him, his children knew what he would tell them and how he would add: «Pray and have prayers said. I too will pray. Then come back and see me.» The very fact of knowing that so powerful a suppliant pleaded their cause with God filled their hearts with comfort and hope.

If, at times, a country pastor complained of loneliness in his isolated post, the Bishop would reply: «Oh! have you not the best of Friends near you? How happy you should be to keep our Lord company! He is so often abandoned and forgotten by worldlings.» The perpetual Forty Hours Devotion which he established in spite of enormous difficulties, remain to us as an imperishable monument of his devotion to the Holy Eucharist.

With what words shall we describe the tender piety of Monseigneur Bourget to the Queen of Heaven? An entire volume of many

hundred pages would be too small to enumerate all his activities for the honor and glory of the Blessed Virgin. This lively devotion, so carefully implanted in his young heart by the teaching of his own dear mother, seemed to be the very life of his soul. It was evidenced by the frequent visits he made to the sanctuaries dedicated to Mary, by the touching custom he had of laying his pastoral letters and circulars at the foot of her statue before publishing them, and by his zeal in erecting confraternities in her honor. He loved to invoke her as « Help of Christians, » and it was to satisfy the sweet attraction of his heart that he had the historic pioneer chapel of the colony, *Notre Dame de Bonsecours*, thoroughly renovated and restored; and, thanks to his initiative, he caused it to become a noted place of pilgrimage habitually frequented by the faithful.

What transports of joy inundated his soul when the Supreme Pontiff, Pius IX, proclaimed to the world the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God! One of the greatest joys of his life, and the one he recalled with intense emotion, was that he had assisted personally at that glorious event. The beautiful pastoral letter written by him on this occasion is a sublime poem of filial and tender love in

which he chants the praises of his Virgin Queen Immaculate.



It has been truly said that the episcopal cross makes a victim of him who wears it. Not to us is it given to gauge the truth of this saying with regard to Monseigneur Bourget. Trials that purify the golden splendor of the most beautiful virtues were his life-companions. They came to him directly by the Hand of God in the furnace of flame that destroyed his Cathedral, his residence and a major part of his beloved city; in the lamentations of his flock, bereft of house and home by the raging element; in the desolating horrors of two successive epidemics of Asiatic cholera. They gripped him personally by sickness of body, by contrarities that tore his heart and thwarted his most sacred projects. The enemies of Christ and His Church spared him neither calumny nor affronts; they tried, but all in vain, to besmirch the priestly character of this worthy benefactor of suffering humanity, this bright star of the episcopacy. Monseigneur Bourget bravely endured his own grievances in silence while heroically endeavoring to alleviate the sufferings of his children.

When he felt himself almost fainting, even as Christ beneath the weight of his cross, he

fled for refuge to some near-by sanctuary, and there in meditation upon the thorny road to Calvary trodden by his anguish-stricken Master, he seemed to cry out in his soul athirst for torments: « More suffering, O God! still more, if by them I may become like unto Thee! » His daily practice of making the Way of the Cross increased his devotion to Jesus Crucified. After erecting the Stations in all the parish churches of his diocese, he earnestly recommended the salutary devotion of the *Via Crucis* to the faithful, and set them the example by performing the exercise publicly during his pastoral visits with such touching fervor that many were moved to tears. When at home, unless prevented by illness, he made the stations in his Cathedral. After his retirement, he was many times found making the Way of the Cross in his private oratory when his feeble, trembling limbs could scarcely support him. In company with Jesus Suffering and Mary most Sorrowful, he made the pilgrimage so dear to his heart.

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To his love for souls, Monseigneur Bourget added devotion to Holy Mother Church and the Sovereign Pontiff. Any word coming from the Vatican, either as a counsel or as a simple word of advice went straight to his heart and

commanded instant attention. Complexity of business matters, the care of his pastoral charge, but above all, his attachment to the Holy See brought him frequently to Rome. Like the great Apostle, he desired to see Peter, to fill his soul with the positive light of truth whilst absorbing the manners and customs of Rome in order to introduce them into his diocese and strengthen the bond of union between his distant See and Holy Mother Church. His joy on the proclamation of the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope was intense. On that occasion he exclaimed: « Yes! I proclaim and declare that the Pope is infallible! It was formerly the dearest belief of my heart in union with the learned Doctors of Church. Now with the entire Church, it will be the food and sustenance of my faith. The Pope is infallible! I proclaim it with joy! It will be my happiness and my salvation to believe this truth and to teach it to my flock » Nor did words alone suffice the burning zeal of the holy prelate. When the fire had ravaged his Cathedral in 1852, and had necessitated the building of another he wanted it to be a *fac-simile* in reduced proportions of St. Peter's at Rome, so that it might represent by the nobility and beauty of its outlines, the nobility and beauty of our holy religion, and by its grandeur be a

perpetual hymn of praise mounting heavenward. He wished, too, that its very stones should be impregnated with the fervor of souls who in the years to come would gather within its hallowed walls for Divine Worship.

The violent persecutions directed against His Holiness, Pius IX, gave Monseigneur Bourget the opportunity he craved to prove his loyalty to the Pontifical cause. From 1860, when the States of the Church were invaded, his grief-stricken accents vibrated in every heart, and brought forth admirable fruits of generosity in behalf of the Holy Father, now forced to beg alms of his children. The battle raged at the very gates of Rome, and men were needed to defend the Pope.

The Bishop of Montreal, who had already obtained a flow of gold from his people for the sacred cause, now implored them to give what was far more precious, — their hearts' blood. After soliciting the prayers of the poor and the wealth of the rich, he made a stirring appeal to the chivalry of the young men of the land whom honor and renown, or martyrdom, perhaps, might attract. The attempt to carry succor to the distant scene of action was fraught with untold danger. The obstacles confronting such an enterprise were almost insurmountable. The

broad Atlantic lay between our country and Europe. Our youth had little or no training in military tactics; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the good Bishop's efforts were crowned with success. Five companies of Canadian Zouaves crossed the ocean and marched valiantly to the defence of the Papacy. Their bravery and prowess under circumstances the most adverse, proved to the world at large our country's love for Holy Mother Church. The prime movement for so heroic an undertaking had its origin in the great heart of Montreal's devoted Bishop, who brooked neither impossibility nor defeat in so noble but desperate a cause.

A burning piety and a marvelous spirit of faith animated Bishop Bourget and shone forth in his every act. Whatever he did was a subject for edification, a motive of zealous persuasion, a tacit invitation to think of doing good in this world in order to merit eternal happiness in the next.

The traits, faintly outlined in the preceding chapters, afford us a transient glimpse of a greatness far surpassing the ordinary. To be true to our model, let us now portray the venerable prelate in the midst of his admirable works. They will ever be his most eloquent panegyric because founded on love of virtue, of sacrifice and of duty.

CHAPTER III.

THE WORKS OF MONSEIGNEUR BOURGET.

To write the complete history of the Works of Monseigneur Bourget as Bishop, as patriot, or as citizen were to write the life-history of our nation. For, there is no remarkable event in the period of his episcopate where the grand figure of the second Bishop of Montreal does not dominate all others; where the man of unfaltering courage and prodigious enterprise has not transformed the moral and religious life of a country in the process of formation.

Not to us is it given to estimate at its priceless value, a career so useful to Church and to society at large. We should transgress the limits prescribed, and, perchance, dim the lustre of our grateful tribute. And yet, how can we trace the biography of our venerated Founder without delving into the treasury of moral and intellectual wealth whereof he was the wise and prudent depository? So flagrant an omission would be unpardonable. Therefore, let us cull from among the variety of works brought to life by his zealous endeavor, those most fruitful in lessons of charity and benevolence.

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The lowly estimate of self that caused Monseigneur Bourget to dread the dignity of the episcopal charge, in no wise dampened the ardor of his zeal for good works. In the holy presence of God, the new pontiff viewed the immensity of his duties, and he looked with far-seeing eye upon the vast field entrusted to his care. He beheld himself placed at the head of a young diocese, possessed of few resources, with a multitude of prejudices to uproot, obstacles of all sorts to overcome and general apathy to combat. In the firm conviction that God alone could crown his efforts with success, he resolved to abandon all his care to Him, and to act, nevertheless, as though all depended on his own endeavor.

Although gifted with a rare prudence that forbade rash ventures into paths unknown, Monseigneur Bourget still had need of super-human courage. His projects, once ripened by reflection and prayer, would be pursued to the very end with unwearying perseverance. He would take no account of human impossibility; sometimes, single-handed, he would brave all, provided God were with him. His principle was, first, to allow the Providence of God to open the way, and then to proceed therein with

giant strides. He subjected his actions by prayer and confidence to the divine influence, and then threw himself with the whole power of his personality into the undertaking. By these means, he was enabled to realise wonderful results, both in the number and the variety of his enterprises. When we come to bind the sheaves of his good works together, we marvel at the rich harvest thus gathered; and our amazement grows as we consider the almost insurmountable difficulties of every kind and degree that arose to hamper the progress of the intrepid man of God.

Indeed, the good Bishop, whose mind was filled with such grand and brilliant designs, whose soul was so animated with lively faith and heroic devotedness, knew full well the bitterness of adversity. And yet, how could it be otherwise, since trials are the daily bread of the Apostles? Throughout his long career, Monseigneur Bourget partook, day by day, of this bread of sorrow; and because his Divine Master knew no other, he, too, found it savory and nourishing.



The faculty of knowing how to create collaborators is a most precious one, and Monseigneur Bourget possessed it in an eminent de-

gree. At the very beginning of his administration, he founded the first chapter of his cathedral, wisely choosing men most capable of aiding him in the government of the diocese. He was thus enabled to visit his people assiduously, to provide for one portion of his flock without abandoning the other, or without leaving his principal post uncared for, since the faithful could now find priests at home ready to help them at all times.

Monseigneur Bourget considered the duty of teaching souls, and of providing them with abundant means of salvation as the most paramount of his episcopal obligations. To attain this end, and knowing as he did that the sheep of his fold had need of wise and holy shepherds, he devoted one of his first interests to the formation of his young clergymen. Heretofore, the aspirants to the priesthood had pursued their theological studies at the episcopal residence. He now placed them under the direction of the Sulpician Fathers at the Grand Seminary opened to admit them. This establishment soon became the centre where twenty-eight different dioceses sent their young men to be trained for work in the Master's Vineyard. Fortified with the most filial love for the Vicar of Christ; grounded in pure doctrine as taught by St. Alphonsus de Liguori; trained to strict disci-

pline and to the practice of virtues that make apostolic men, the student body still go annually forth from those classic halls, spreading far and wide the sagacity of the illustrious Founder and the glory of St. Sulpice.

Acting upon the same zealous impulse, Monseigneur Bourget inaugurated, in 1840, the yearly retreats for the clergy. Later, he organized the ecclesiastical conferences and convoked the first Diocesan Synod.

Under the leadership of such a chieftain, the priests of the diocese worked valiantly, but their numbers were inadequate. They wore themselves out in laboring far beyond their strength. The fields were white with the harvest, but the laborers, alas! were too few in number to reap and gather it in. Although the pressing needs of souls, languishing beneath his eyes, keenly afflicted the heart of Monseigneur Bourget, he was still none the less preoccupied with the wants of missions further afield, where the glory of God and the salvation of other priceless souls were likewise at stake.

From the frozen regions of the great Northwest, Monseigneur Norbert Provencher, the rugged pioneer apostle of the Red River country, sent out an impassioned appeal for help to save his struggling missions, threatened with

total failure for lack of *missionaries*. To this cry of alarm, the Bishop of Montreal had already responded by sacrificing such promising workmen as the Tachés, the Laffèches, the Bourassas, the Dandurands and others. They went heroically forth in search of the natives who wandered hither and yon, without spiritual guides, in the grim, silent wastes of their cheerless hunting grounds. Yet here came a second imperative call for additional recruits. Where was Monseigneur Bourget to turn for help? His own diocese was crippled for want of laborers. . . . What was to be done? Oh! how willingly would he offer himself to his worthy colleague were he not hindered by the weight of his own burden which kept him a captive on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Notwithstanding all obstacles, he must make superhuman efforts to secure other apostolic men to follow in the footsteps of the intrepid pathfinders of the Lone White Land of the Northwest Territory.

Accordingly with this end in view, Monseigneur Bourget undertook his first voyage to Europe on May 3, 1841. He firmly resolved to petition the mother country, France, to furnish the requisite help. His first care was to prostrate himself at the feet of Pius IX, to whom he disclosed his project, and from whom he received a hearty blessing with every en-

couragement. Guided by Divine Providence, he met Monseigneur de Mazenod, Founder of the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, to whom he exposed his needs and his desires.

All on fire with zeal for the House of God, the saintly Bishop of Marseilles could not resist the pleading of his venerable confrere. His tears mingled with those of the Canadian Bishop, while he promised to send a number of his sons whose banner bears the device: *To preach the Gospel to the Poor, He hath sent me.* The good Bishop kept his word, for in the month of December 1841, four Oblate Fathers reached our shores and immediately set to work. Their numbers have remarkably increased since that day, and the amount of good they have accomplished in Canada is incalculable; but, the first credit belongs by right to Monseigneur Bourget, just as the glory naturally reverts to God.

During this same voyage, the ardent prelate, all aglow with admiration for the Sons of St. Ignatius, took effectual measures for their return to the field, crimsoned with the blood of their martyred companions in the early days of the colony, and which they were forced to leave on account of the suppression of the

Society. Many obstacles arose to prevent the accomplishment of this design, but Bishop Bourget triumphed over all. In the following year, 1842, those valiant Soldiers of Christ, always in the vanguard where the interests of the Church are concerned, once again resumed their fruitful apostolate in a land they had already gained to the cross by their evangelization and heroic self-sacrifice.

Monseigneur Bourget likewise invited the Brothers of Charity, the Clerks of St. Viateur and the Fathers of the Holy Cross. All of these evangelical workers, each in his allotted sphere, were henceforth to labor beneath his eye or according to his guidance in the vast diocese of Montreal, and to cover in time, not only the whole of Canada but a goodly portion of the adjoining States as well.

For Monseigneur Bourget was far too broad-minded and generous-hearted to reserve all this army of laborers for his special corner of the Master's Vineyard. By his wearisome quests in the Old World he had garnered much good seed which he distributed among the volunteer workers to be scattered with lavish hand, not only in his own field, but far and wide over the American Continent, or wherever an abundant harvest of souls might be reaped

for the Heavenly Granaries. To corroborate facts, besides the strenuous efforts he made to safeguard the faith of his countrymen, — emigrants to the large industrial centers of the neighboring Republic,— Monseigneur Bourget also despatched members of his clergy, both secular and religious, to the vast Oregon country recently thrown open to christian civilization. By such unremitting and constant labor, he caused our Holy Faith to make rapid progress in remote missionary lands where the truths of religion were altogether unknown.



The imperative need of expansion fired the zealous Bishop with lofty ambition and saintly daring. It was not enough for him to send forth his clergy to the glorious labors of the apostolate, to stimulate their good will, or to raise their courage; he must also contribute his personal efforts to the good cause both at home and abroad.

When in 1841, the illustrious Bishop of Nancy, the Right Reverend Forbin Janson, accepted the invitation to make a temperance crusade throughout the diocese of Montreal, Monseigneur Bourget himself carried the Word of God in advance to the furthest and most out

of the way corners of his territory performing, meanwhile, all the varied work of the ministry. The backwoodsmen, known as the lumber Jacks of the forests were the special objects of his solicitude. Seeing them deprived of all religious helps, he took measures that they should be frequently visited by the missionaries. Well could he say in union with the Divine Model of Pastors: «I have come to cast fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it should be enkindled?»

The abundance of things spiritual where-with he favored the sheep of his flock was truly remarkable. Associations, confraternities, pious practices for keeping faith alive in the hearts of the faithful, blossomed at his word like flowers at the bidding of springtime zephyrs. The Work of the Propagation of the Faith, the Apostleship of Prayer, the Third Order, the Carnival Sanctified, the Eucharistic League of the Clergy, are so many splendid fruits growing upon the beautiful tree of his universal charity. Under his auspices, and fructified by his blessing, the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul spread abroad in every parish; the School of Medicine and Surgery was incorporated; the Boys' Chancel Choir of St. Peter's, the Catholic Unions and the Work of Good Reading were established. Another of the glo-

ries of his episcopate was to see springing into life alongside many religious institutions, secular societies where the laity could find food for heart and mind.

In other ways, indirect, but none the less effective, the venerable Bishop's zeal for souls manifested itself. While working for the material interests of his native land, its spiritual welfare was ever kept in view. His pastoral letters, numbering nearly three hundred, and written in a style similar to those of the first Fathers of the Church, are replete with patriotic appeals in favor of colonisation, of the development of the various industrial resources, or of whatever movement there was afoot for the betterment of the country at large or the glory of the nation.

Grand as he was in the works he founded, Monseigneur Bourget proved even more majestic when called upon to combat false principles. The errors of the day found him always on the defensive, a staunch guardian of the Faith, a champion of doctrine pure and undefiled as received from the inspired lips of the Vicar of Christ. So many were the struggles of the Bishop against the on-rushing tide of false doctrine, and so glorious his victories over his enemies, that an illustrious representative of

the Holy See to this country, bestowed upon him publicly and repeatedly, the title of «The Athanasius of Canada».

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If to all the more or less public acts of his life, we add the personal efforts of Monseigneur Bourget for his own sanctification first, and then for that of his clergy; for the direction of his religious communities; for the care of his flock, and the special administration of the numerous parishes he created, as likewise for his remarkable correspondence: again if we consider how, in his great goodness of heart, he was ready to answer every call upon his time, at no matter what hour of the day or night, we are constrained to acknowledge that superhuman strength alone could give such marvelous fecundity to his apostolic life. Therefore, in deepest veneration we bow before the noble, historic figure of the second Bishop of Montreal, the loyal servant of God and of Holy Mother Church.

However vast the territory already made to blossom like the desert through his energetic endeavor, the fairest portion still remains to be recorded. Herein we shall see the wise prelate in the absorbing role of kind protector, or better still, as the chief Founder of the

many religious communities, who were destined to aid him materially in fulfilling the multiple obligations of his pastoral charge.

In 1842, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart came from Europe in response to his invitation to dwell in Canada and Montreal. In 1844, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd crossed the ocean in search of the lost sheep whose repentance and return to the fold were to repair their wanderings. Later, the admirable Carmelite Nuns and the saintly Adorers of the Precious Blood followed, as angels of prayer and sacrifice, immolating themselves to God to appease His wrath, and to bring down upon the diocese all manner of graces and the continued blessings of prosperity.

Nor were the supremely imperative needs of childhood and youth overlooked. To respond in a most effective manner to their intellectual and moral formation, the good Bishop welcomed the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and founded the Orders of the Sisters of St. Anne and the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. The Congregation of the Ladies of Notre Dame, in existence since the early settlement of Montreal, enlightened and stimulated by his persuasive eloquence, bestirred themselves to new vigor by multiplying their day and boarding schools. Always and everywhere, the active prelate

blessed, counseled and encouraged, while the Lord rendered fruitful in honeyed sweetness, the many hives of busy industry.

Needs of another kind clamored for attention, and they were promptly answered by other workers of like devotedness. In his burning ardor, Monseigneur Bourget kindled anew the zeal of the pioneer Hospital Nuns of the Hotel-Dieu and the venerable Gray Nuns. Both valiantly responded with many new foundations.

And yet, despite all his efforts and the splendid results obtained, the charity of Christ urged the Bishop of Montreal to still further heroic endeavor. Another class of unfortunates stretched forth pleading hands, and laid bare deceived and broken hearts. These misled, but now repentant children, must be saved at all costs from further degradation or black despair; the innocent fruit of their crime must be gathered in and safeguarded. For them the good Bishop founded the Order of Misericorde Sisters, who today fill a high place in the ranks of charity workers.

All this, however, was but a spark from the glowing furnace of his heart. The charitable works under many forms, exercised by the Grey Nuns did not cover in entirety the various demands of a rapidly growing centre. Numbers of orphans, of aged, or of sick poor

yet remained without refuge or assistance. The sense of their misery did not escape the vigilant eye of the man of God. Like a vision of sorrow it followed him everywhere; nor would he give himself rest until he had provided shelter and ministering angels for all the helpless outcasts of his diocese.

Hence, as the result of his wearisome labors by day, and his harassing vigils by night, we behold a young and vigorous tree slowly expanding beneath his fatherly care, and timidly extending its branches. Under its peaceful shade, every species of human sorrow and human woe will gather to chant the praises of God and to exalt His Divine Providence, always so mindful of the wants of the weak and the lowly. And here we touch the intensely vital point in this our testimony of love,—the foundation of our own Institute of the Daughters of Charity of Providence to whom we have the supreme happiness of belonging.

CHAPTER IV

MONSEIGNEUR BOURGET, FOUNDER
OF THE COMMUNITY OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY
OF PROVIDENCE.

The life of Monseigneur Bourget may well be likened unto a rare garland of immortal

flowers of charity towards mankind. Not long may we linger in admiration of each separate blossom or to inhale its sweet perfume. Yet, there is one whose fragrant petals we would reverently touch, whose choice nectar we fain would taste, ere we lay our wreath in tribute of gratitude eternal upon the tomb of our Father Founder, and that is his own chosen *Work of the Providence*. Without affectation or pretension we may affirm that our humble Institute was, undoubtedly, the plant most dear to his great heart, and that he lavished upon it all his care and attention. This we fearlessly proclaim. Moreover, as things are valued by their cost, so marked a preference should neither astonish nor exalt us, for upon our Community in particular, did he pour the sweat of his brow and the tears of his heart.

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In order to fully comprehend the extent of MONSEIGNEUR Bourget's influence as the Founder of our Institute, we must hark back to the early days of his long episcopate. Hardly had he taken hold of his pastoral staff, ere the ardent desire he had of mitigating human misery in every form, became strikingly manifest.

Since the year 1828, Madame John Baptist Gamelin, a pious widow of Montreal, had

conducted a refuge where twenty-four aged women whom had she gathered in from the by-ways of the city, found the shelter and the care they required by their advancing years and accompanying infirmities. The new Bishop, inclined both by nature and by grace towards the weakest and the lowliest, failed not to give his protection and encouragement to the modest establishment. On December 19, 1840, he had erected the Stations of the Cross there for the exclusive benefit of the persons of the house. This was the first link in the unbroken chain of his good deeds, and which insured the permanence and success of the undertaking.

On the third of May, 1841, Monseigneur embarked on his first trip to Europe. While passing through Paris, the Sisters of Charity, residing in the *rue du Bac*, begged him to give them a talk about his distant diocese and his works. The good Bishop readily acceded to their request; but, on seeing such a goodly number of those angels of peace and consolation gathered around him, he could not repress his feelings of envy; hence, fired with the burning charity that was to consume him through life, he expressed his intense desire of securing the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul for his episcopal city. Several Sisters immediately offered

themselves for his mission, and negotiations were at once begun for the realization of his well-formed project.

Returning to his diocese in October of the same year, Monseigneur Bourget began preparations for the installation of the new community of Sisters. We shall not here dwell upon the disappointments that followed; nor how with the help of Madame Gamelin and her devoted co-laborers, and abetted by the generosity of the faithful, the Providence Asylum, made ready, presumably, to receive the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, arose within the very shadow of the episcopal residence. Rather let us consider the personal action of the zealous prelate. The material facts may be found consigned for our perusal in many other precious volumes.

Monseigneur Bourget had already canonically erected the Association of the Ladies of Charity, inaugurated the *Depot des Pauvres*, and founded another Association of Ladies of Providence to assist Madame Gamelin in her weekly distributions from the Depot to the homes of the Poor. He now looked anxiously forward to the day when the new Asylum should open its doors as the refuge for the unfortunate, and the home for the aged, where his apostolic heart made him see the promised angels of peace

and happiness from sunny France ministering to every need. How many times, when meditating upon the moral and physical woes he was in duty bound to assuage, must the saintly prelate have prolonged his ardent prayer at the foot of Christ Crucified. Those bleeding wounds seemed to cry aloud for pity, not for Himself, but for His poor, for His abandoned little ones! Ah! at that sight naught could dishearten the intrepid Bishop; he went about inspiring generous endeavor, pouring into souls that understood, the floods of his expansive charity, encouraging every benevolent manifestation, and expending in the service of the afflicted every fibre of strength he possessed. The sacred fire was enkindled everywhere. When he spoke of the poor, the choicest portion of his flock, his vibrant voice grew more eloquent and more irresistible. In reading his admirable letters, in which he makes appeal to the faithful of the entire diocese, one feels how his heart pulsates in each word traced by his pen.

And shall he now content himself with simply awakening enthusiasm or idly marveling at the gratifying results? Emphatically no! That would be to fall below the glorious standard he had raised. He, too, must give his individual efforts by active personal labor. We shall see the Bishop of Montreal take up

the beggar's staff and scrip and go about the streets of his episcopal city in quest of alms wherewith to build the Refuge for Christ's own Poor. In future and without fear, he can require of his Daughter similar renunciation for a task so painful to nature. To encourage them to persevere as mendicants, he can say to them : « I recall with great happiness that I received only an insult at the first door I knocked. The good gentlemen who accompanied me were indignant, but I rejoiced at my good fortune » Well could he say that he was blessed, for the Bishop, in the guise of a beggar, collected four thousand dollars for his beloved asylum.

The building progressed rapidly, and the date of opening was drawing near, when Divine Providence permitted a cruel deception to overtake the venerable Bishop. During the winter of 1842, a letter from the Superior General of the Lazarists announced that the foundation of two new houses of the Daughters of Charity in Rome and Algiers made the proposed foundation at Montreal an impossibility. This unexpected occurrence deeply grieved the Bishop. He wrote a most appealing missive in reply, insisting that at least two Sisters be sent to train the Canadian novices, but his prayers were unavailing.

Behold here a supreme test of his confidence in God! He had heretofore placed implicit trust in Divine Providence from whom he had received so many unequivocal marks of approbation; now, an unforeseen mishap threatens his work with dire failure. Must he renounce his plans? Was not the moment opportune for laying down a burden so beset with contrarities of every kind? Still the glory of God is at stake, the welfare of the poor is concerned; and when interests such as these beckon, the holy prelate can brook not a moment's delay. Moreover, in the present case, delay would invite certain disaster.

Perplexed, but not dismayed, he fled for refuge to the foot of the crucifix, imploring light and counsel from on high, then he arose strengthened with a new inspiration and a new determination. He will create the order of Charity still lacking, by founding a diocesan community, whose sole aim shall be the care of the poor, the sick and the suffering.

When his plan eventually became known, it was derided as extravagant. « There was no need for a new community. There were already enough for the works of charity, » said some. « Nonsense » argued others, « to dream of such an undertaking without sufficient means,

resources or guarantees. The existing communities can hardly secure enough recruits. How can another expect to maintain itself? What other works can it attempt under present day conditions?» Thus did the world scoff at the man of God. We, of a younger generation, know how well the apparent folly of our venerated Father Founder was justified. But what is perhaps little known and less realized, is that we have received the goodly heritage he bequeathed unto us, and that we enjoy the rich fruition of his heroic labors and meritorious sacrifices.

Turn we now to the ever memorable date of March 25, 1843, date of the investiture of the new Servants of the Poor. The ceremony presided by Monseigneur Bourget, took place in the modest oratory of the *Yellow House*, the Asylum under construction not being as yet sufficiently completed. While the first happy novices abandoned themselves to the delight of sweet thanksgiving, and while good wishes for their future success were showered upon them, the soul of the pious Founder was torn with conflicting emotions. Years later, in a letter written from Rome on April 2, 1856, to Mother Caron, the Superior General at the time, we read what follows :

«..... I must confess that when I saw you kneeling at the foot of the little altar of immolation, I was seized with the thought: What is to become of these good Daughters who so confidently abandon themselves into my hands? Should this enterprise fail, as in all human probability it must, how ridiculous will be their position before a wicked and malicious world! Their folly will never be forgiven them. Lost and disgraced forever in the sight of men, should success fail to crown their efforts! Judging by the ordinary rules of common sense as applied by human reasoning, success is hardly possible. Even by the light of faith, this foundation seems, to say the least, either too premature or highly imprudent. The ceremony of the first investiture was made, therefore, in the midst of agonizing doubts and great perplexity on your account.....»

Daughters of Charity! what a heart-rending revelation is here presented us! Our venerated Founder besought us never to forget the providential origin of our Institute. We cannot be true to his memory without recalling to mind all that he did, and all that he suffered for us. But, let us hearken once again to the voice now hushed forever in the silence of the tomb. After telling all the anguish he en-

dured that day, the darkest of his life, our Father Founder continues the sad recital of the bitter days that followed. They were a continuation of his sorrowing hour in Gethsemane.

« . . . Scarcely had you been clothed in your Holy Habit when you were jeered and mocked in the streets and called crazy. A furious storm violently assailed your infant community. Scorn and contempt from without, interior trouble and desolation from within; dire poverty with its attendant privations and temptations, besides a thousand other trials more or less grievous, surrounded the early days of your religious career. All were necessary, no doubt, for the growth of your little Institute; still, as none could foretell how it would all end, religious hope and trust were often at a very low ebb. . . . »

This last reproach, Monseigneur Bourget could not address to himself, for had he not willed that his work of predilection should bear the title of « Providence » to be a perpetual witness to his unbounded trust in God? To the extreme limit of his virtue of hope and trust had he pushed his holy and respectful daring. Now he endeavored to implant this same virtue in his Daughters of Charity of Providence. In a letter to one of the Sisters

he wrote: «I told the Community yesterday that its heavy debt did not alarm me. God knows how to pay off a few thousand dollars if you are really the Servants of His Poor. I rely on each one's good will, and I trust that, little by little, you will all one day arrive at the port of religious perfection. »

What wisdom, indulgent kindness and patience! Our revered Father exacted only of each soul that amount of effort proportioned to its strength and ability; he relied upon time; he precipitated nothing; he acted in all sweetness and he had good hopes... In so many words did he reveal himself the man of Providence, the moulder of religious souls necessary for the new Order of the Servants of the Poor. The spiritual welfare of his Daughters was his ruling passion. Whatever else remained was but of secondary importance, so persuaded was he that in making them follow the maxims of the interior life, they would in time produce good and lasting fruit. Hence follows his unbounded solicitude for their progress in perfection, his multiplied conferences, his salutary advice and wise direction, his frequent letters, all tending to inflame their hearts with Divine Love.

In placing his first novices beneath the sheltering mantle of the Mother of Sorrows on

the day of their profession, Monseigneur Bourget did not dispense himself from the task of training them to the duties of their holy vocation. On the contrary, he simply expected to second their august Mistress in all things; this he accomplished in a most admirable way. In the following chapter, we shall study him as the director of souls, the enlightened guide, whose teachings are fully as wise and helpful in our own time and day as they were three quarters of a century ago.

CHAPTER V

SOLICITUDE OF MONSEIGNEUR BOURGET FOR THE SPIRITUAL WELFARE OF OUR INSTITUTE

Applying to himself the maxim, « Well-ordained charity begins at home, » Monseigneur Bourget attended strictly to the many details of his own personal sanctification first, and then to that of the souls entrusted to his care, especially of his co-workers in his various enterprises. Among the latter, our Sisters held a foremost place in the solicitude of their Bishop. He never permitted them to lose sight of the fact, that his sole ambition in founding them, was that he might find gener-

ous souls, incapable of lapsing into the common ways of routine or tepidity ; whose religion would not consist in sentimental effusions, but whose vital spirit of sacrifice and self-denial should raise them to the heights of holiness.

Much was required of those humble Servants of the Poor who had naught but their simple goodwill to supplement their inexperience of religious life. Monseigneur fully understood the tactfulness and discrimination so necessary in his position as Founder of a young Community. He applied himself to the work with characteristic kindness, and he gave his cherished Daughters ample means of sanctification, of self-protection, and of apostleship in conformity with the duties of their vocation, and the dangers of their ministry in the midst of the world.

Wisdom far beyond the ordinary was needed to guide to the perfection of their state, Sisters, whose saintly modesty was to be their only veil ; whose cloister, the streets of the city or the wards of a Hospital ; whose chapel, the parish church, and whose family ties, none save those of the waifs and strays of humanity. This heaven-sent virtue, Monseigneur Bourget possessed in an eminent degree. No one knew better than he the painful obligations the

continual exercise of charity imposed on his Daughters. In sending them forth to minister to human misery in every form, to cope with poverty and moral degradation, where should he teach them to turn for the courage to overcome their natural repugnance and super-sensitiveness? Where to seek for the generosity that should give them wings to fly to the relief of distress without shrinking? Where to find the compassion that should make them mothers of all the unfortunates, but in a higher degree, because the source of their love should be infused from on high?

Daughters of Charity! well you know the divine armory whose key our venerated Founder gave you, when he discovered unto you the mysterious treasure your Foundress Mothers received from the august prelate: the wonderful secret which enabled them to exercise a fruitful ministry of Charity throughout the world, in addition to their own sanctification. From his lips fell words that still charm our ears after a lapse of seventy-five years. . . . « In the devotion to Our Lady of Seven Dolours you will find the graces of your vocation. This devotion will produce abundant fruit among you, and it will draw down upon your works multiplied new blessings. It will attract numerous privileged souls to your Community. It will

animate you in the practice of your important duties. Besides, it will merit for you compassion for every woe, and it will assist you in relieving all.»

It was, undoubtedly, a master stroke on the part of M^{ou}seigneur Bourget to give the Sisters of Providence, Our Lady of Seven Dolors as a model of the charity they should have for the suffering members of Christ. Rather let us add that it was a heavenly inspiration, a happy necessity to which he gladly yielded. So sublime a devotion could not have been bequeathed to us by a simple coincidence or by any human agency. The blessed Virgin Mary herself deigned to establish the devotion to her Sorrows, till then but little known outside of Italy, and to spread it in the vastness of the New World by means of an Institute, providentially founded in her own privileged city, Ville Marie, later known as Montreal. Before an image of the Desolate Mother, our saintly Foundress heard the first, low whispering of interior grace that invited her to heed the sufferings of her fellow-beings, and then to mount, step by step, to the glorious rank of Servant of the Poor, under the exalted title of Spouse of Christ. And that grace was potent for innumerable conquests to Divine Love. Its far-reaching effects continue to be felt in our

time and day, and it constantly brings great numbers to the foot of the cross to console the heart of our Mother by their response to the pleading of mankind in distress. By depositing in the heart of Madame Gamelin an irresistible attraction for the mysteries of the Passion of Our Lord and the Sorrows of Mary,—an attraction that was to be transmitted through the Foundress Mother to all her daughters,—Heaven prepared for our Institute an element of self-sanctification and prosperity.

Monseigneur Bourget thoroughly comprehended, and immediately grasped the workings of the Divine plan in introducing the devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows into the Community on the very day of its canonical erection. He never gave a conference or instruction to our first Sisters without making some considerations or special mention of the Dolors of Mary, or of the Passion of her Divine Son. So deeply rooted was this custom that twenty years after the foundation, still following his original plan, he could say: « I have applied myself since the beginning of the Sisters of Providence to unite them intimately to the cross of Jesus and to Mary's swords of sorrows. If they continue to rely always for support on the Passion of Christ and the Dolors of His Blessed Mother, I shall

bless the Lord for having left them a most priceless heritage. One of the sweetest consolations of my death-hour will be to know that I have left behind me true lovers of the cross. »

In discovering to his Daughters the precious treasury of graces hidden in these two salutary devotions, Monseigneur Bourget spoke from experience, and he was certain of being understood. Our venerable Foundress Mothers knew the thorny route from the lessons they had received. There was little need of urging them forward because their hard trials and their daily tribulations were the sensitive guide-posts of their weary pilgrimage. In the home-circle of his religious family, where all hearts were united in sympathy and wide open to the inspirations of grace; where each one was eager to profit by his wise advice, the magnanimous soul of the ardent prelate expanded while devoting himself to their training and formation. Overwhelmed as he was at times by the weight of bitter calumny; persecuted, either directly or indirectly, by the enemies of the Church, the harassed worker sought no other refuge save the Mount of Calvary. Into the heart of the Desolate Mother he poured his anguish and his tears; encc, in strengthening his Daughters in the love of

suffering, he relieved his own. Thrilled with his earnest, glowing appeals, the Sisters followed their guide with rapid strides in the path of sacrifice and hidden devotedness.

One day, during an annual retreat, he uttered these remarkable words: « Sisters, do you really wish to make progress in the interior life and to follow whithersoever your vocation leads you? Seek neither to think, to study or to know aught else but Jesus and Jesus Crucified. May the Community never lack crosses! Founded to compassionate the sufferings of Our Savior, should her principal nourishment fail her, she is in danger of perishing. On the contrary, when she suffers she cannot fail, because it is necessarily in trials that she clings closer to Jesus, her only support. Therefore, the more the Community has to suffer, the more fervent will she be; but, should trials and crosses ever be wanting to her, she will surely then be in great danger.»

Formed in such a school, our Foundress Mothers fully understood his meaning when he inured them to tribulations, not with a passing sympathy, but by placing before their eyes the delicious fruits to be plucked from the tree of the cross. To one of their number he wrote: « I need no one to tell me that you are reso-

lutely treading the painful road to Calvary. The chalice of bitterness continues to overflow, thank God, and each one of you must be plunged in grief at the foot of the cross where your Mother stands, majestic in her woe. Have courage and confidence, since there is no other way for you to arrive at religious perfection or to attain the perfect success of your holy and charitable undertaking..... »

Truly a most admirable doctrine, and one free from all illusions, was that wherewith the saintly Founder fed their souls. But, in proposing an ideal so lofty and so contrary to the inclinations of nature, did not the worthy Founder fear to discourage his Daughters? Evidently not, since in teaching them to love the cross, he removed the heaviest and the hardest part of all, namely, the dread of the cross. Whether she wills it or not, each soul here below has her own *Via Dolorosa* to traverse. Those who enter upon it willingly are the happiest because they love the crosses they meet along the way. They shoulder them bravely, knowing that suffering unites them to Our Lord and detaches them from the world. The first step alone counts. This painful first step they took on the day of their religious profession. Under the guidance of their Father Founder they grew athirst for immolations and

pious practices. He repressed, however, the too great arder that might in time prove illusory. On a certain occasion when one of the Sisters consulted him concerning a supplementary addition to the spiritual exercises, he replied «You have enough prayers to say daily. Therefore, I am not of the opinion that you should add more in future. What is most strictly necessary for the honor and glory of God and of His saints, is that you recite your daily prayers with renewed fervor each time.» We may well say that there was method in his training.

Monseigneur Bourget was thoroughly convinced that without prayer, active natures could not escape danger, nor spend themselves effectually in the service of the neighbor, without certain loss to themselves, nor without prejudice to their own virtue. Wherefore, in the rules based on those of St. Vincent de Paul which he drew up for their use, he generously intermingled hours of prayer, wisely subordinating same to the duties of state. He required, too, that they should make their work a constant prayer. He would often say to his Daughters: «Unite yourselves intimately to Jesus and all will go well. Prayer is the very life of Communités: so, make use of every means in your power to become women of prayer, and this in spite of your numerous occupations.

Always keep united to God by a continual remembrance of His holy presence. » Many ways were suggested by him as a means for arriving at this end. « In serving your poor » he told them frequently, « penetrate yourselves with this thought: Jesus feeds me in His holy Eucharist. I, in return, will feed Him in the person of His poor. Labor to become true Daughters of Charity. Wear yourselves out in the service of your neighbor in imitation of Our dear Lord who wore Himself out in wearisome toil for others. Embrace every repugnant duty of your holy vocation with the same courage and joy Our Savior did when He took upon Himself the heavy weight of the cross. Thus will Our loving Savior, all torn and bleeding from His fearful scourging, enable you to endure generously the toils and hardships of your state; to count as nothing the sleepless nights and lonely vigils beside your patients when you consider the long, cruel hours of His Passion in Gethsemane's garden or in the loathsome dungeon.» Another time he said: « In undergoing such dreadful torments, Christ made the Adorable Will of His Father His own. In imitation of Him, do all your works for the love of God and for the good of your neighbor. Be always zealous in the service of the Poor, in nursing the sick, in visiting the prisoners, in caring for the orphans, the aged, the

deaf-mutes, in distributing alms and in the performance of all the works entrusted to you by Divine Providence. Never forget that you are obliged to enkindle and keep the fire of Divine Love burning wherever you may be. »

Thus did Monseigneur Bourget consider the exercise of charity as a most efficacious means of apostleship. He counseled his Daughters to relieve bodily suffering, the more readily to reach the soul, after the example of Our Lord who multiplied His wonderful miracles on all sides with a view of increasing His miracles of conversion.

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Monseigneur Bourget earnestly sought to implant all manner of admirable virtues in the hearts of his children of Providence; notably those of humility, purity, devotedness, goodness, kindness and joy. Above all, he wished them to be simple,— not the boorish simplicity arising from lack of education or home-training,— but the simplicity that merits the name of virtue and is of celestial origin. True simplicity belongs to God; it is one of His Divine attributes. The soul, gifted with this sweet virtue, exercises a winning charm, holds a universal sway; and when turned to good, encourages virtuous endeavor, and

makes more conversions than either direct zeal or fiery eloquence.

These desirable fruits were known to Monseigneur by experience. His own soul moved in the broad daylight of habitual serenity and along the straight line of duty. Possessing in a high degree, real simplicity of heart, the fruit of total self-detachment, he desired his Daughters to sell all and purchase the Evangelical 'pearl of great price' which he considered the perfection of humility, or better still, the perfection of a Servant of the Poor.

He sketched a portrait, as it were, of the virtue of simplicity. This is kept among our treasures as the Last Will and Testament of a Father to his children. It presents a noble ideal of sanctity to our view, and an inexhaustible source of salutary meditation. How beautiful simplicity appears when it acts solely for God; when it finds in Him its repose, its only consolation, its sweetest delight, its supreme reward for every sacrifice! How amiable in its forgetfulness of self, its preference for the poor and the outcast, its retirement from the noise and bustle of the world, its hidden attraction for all that is lowly and modest, humble and true! Beautiful is that simplicity which withdraws itself from the eyes of the world, which longs not for things of time; which

grieves not over losses nor material accidents; which preserves its equanimity when insulted or rebuked, because its treasure and its joy is laid up in Heaven where nothing is lost, and where all is found again by simple souls who have renounced all earthly things for the love of God. Surely, simplicity is the key to all the secrets of the interior life. It opens the treasury of Heaven. It is so precious that when once possessed, the soul, no longer heeding the perishable goods of earth, can relish naught save things celestial.

Monseigneur Bourget desired to engrave this spirit of simplicity deep down in each one's heart of hearts so that it might become the distinctive characteristic, as well as the true spirit of our Community. While recommending it to his Daughters as a means of sanctification, he constantly referred to it as an absolutely essential condition for the success of their charitable administrations. He knew that to live in the midst of the world, to make themselves acceptable to every one, to exert a salutary influence over hearts and minds, they had need to purchase many things with the rare coin of sweet and charming simplicity. They had to gain the favor of the rich, not by personal talent or austere virtue, but by a seeming disregard of self and feelings; by po-

liteness without affectation, and by perfectly frank and natural manners. By the bedside of their patients, or in their intercourse with the Poor, they should always preserve a calm, unruffled exterior and converse joyously; in fine, their compassion should be smilingly bestowed, so as to make the unfortunates forget their sufferings for a time or to bring a little ray of sunshine into their cold attics or into the bleak hospital wards. Finally, in order that simplicity might teach them how to maintain a happy medium between undue reserve and too great freedom,—openness of heart and discretion were required to enable them to do good to the people of the world whom a too rigid appearance of virtue, or a too sedate way of acting, repels. « Happy shall you be, my very dear Daughters, if you have the 'simple eye' spoken of by Our dear Lord; for then, most assuredly, shall the entire body of your Community shine by your works of justice and charity. »

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The admirable virtue of simplicity, so glowingly portrayed by Monseigneur Bourget, shone with splendor in his own person, in all his ways and in his numerous writings. No wonder then that we find in it the very essence of the rules he gave the Community, and in

the strenuous efforts he made to inculcate its necessity. No one can tell the infinite pains he took to make our rules conform perfectly with the primary end of the Institute, and consequently, by their very nature, for the sanctification of each one of its members.

In not permitting the man of God to realize his hopes of securing the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, Divine Providence, by a singular intervention, provided him with a copy of their rules. These, with a few slight modifications, our pious Founder adapted for his new religious family. Before giving them as a definite line of conduct, however, he would give them a character of stability, mellowed by the wisdom that time imparts to all such attempts, and which later generations so justly admire. Only in 1858, fifteen years after the foundation of the Institute, did the Founder have the rules printed, and copies distributed to the Sisters. With what maturity, wisdom and diffidence in himself did he work at the revision of those rules! Not a single detail was overlooked. Monseigneur Bourget was not one who deemed that high-minded spirits should not condescend to examine things too minutely. Too well he knew the importance of his task, not to give it all his time, all his application. Forty days

of silence, study and prayer did not seem to him too long a period to devote to the work.

How our first Sisters must have thrilled with joy on receiving the precious treasure of their Rules and Constitutions, the ripened fruit of the labors, the prayers and the vigils of their saintly Father Founder! In giving them the long-desired book, he could say with St. Vincent de Paul on a like occasion: «Oh, poor but happy Rules! You have waited long for them, my dear Daughters. We have delayed transmitting them to you because, as you have already practiced them during so many years with fruit and consolation, they will now present you with nothing more than what may prove easy and useful in the future.» These were not the exact words employed, but his heart gave expression in terms none the less touching :

«Take this book for your guide during your journey through life. Each time you open it, think that Our Lord opens His Sacred Lips to instruct you in your duties. Kiss it with the same affection wherewith you would kiss His Sacred Feet. Read it as a letter from your Heavenly Spouse to warn you of your slightest faults, or to entertain Himself lovingly with you. Let one of your reso-

lutions at the end of each meditation, in your thanksgivings after Holy Communion and, after your other exercises be, to observe your Holy Rule, more especially the point you break most frequently. These are the principal practices we recommend, my very dear Daughters, as certain means of attaining the perfection of your state by the faithful observance of the Rules that we now impose upon you in the Name of Our Lord, who says to you through us: «Take and receive with joy the yoke of the Lord, for My yoke is sweet and My burden light.» Oh, how encouraging those words of the Divine Spouse! and how helpful they are to make you study, love and practice your holy Rules to your latest dying breath.»

Daughters of Charity! what need have we of further exhortation to strengthen us in fidelity to our holy Rules, should such touching words fail to have effect upon our souls? Their sweet accents, thank God, always re-echo in our hearts and renew us in fervor. Yes, venerable Father, eagerly do we hearken to your voice adown the years, and heed your slightest wish. We lovingly comprehend your high ambition for our greater good. From your throne on high, watch your religious family, safely guarded by the Rules you so

wisely traced for our guidance. Watch it grow and expand in grace and wisdom, and in the daily exercise of humility, simplicity and charity!

CHAPTER VI

ACTIVE COLLABORATION OF MONSEIGNEUR BOURGET IN THE MATERIAL PROGRESS OF OUR INSTITUTE

We have admired in Monseigneur Bourget the wise, prudent and enlightened Director of souls. We shall now consider him as the promoter of the material progress of our Institute.

Doubtless, with a view of sparing their weakness, the Lord rarely permits His servants to see at first sight the immense extent of the designs He inspires. In like manner was the Founder of our religious family treated as he, himself, very simply bears witness in the following statement:

When I began your Community, I had nothing to give you but my blessing and my good advice. A poor Bishop in my position could do nothing for your temporal welfare. I did not aim very high, because you see, I knew by experience that when we keep close to the ground we do not become dizzy. So thought St. Vincent when he said that his

works were little. And the more he thought and said so, the more God made his works increase and appear great in the sight of man. Thus will it be with you when you have a lowly estimation of yourselves. The more humble you are in the eyes of God, the more will He be pleased to increase the growth of your works. My dear Daughters, may experience make you acquire the virtues of simplicity, humility and charity. This is the legacy I bequeath unto you. My intention in forming your little Community was to gather together a number of persons of goodwill to become the Servants of the Poor and the Sick, especially in their homes. I was far from expecting that the tiny grain of mustard seed would spring up so rapidly, or that the branches of this Community would spread out so far and wide in so short a time.

The work founded by Monseigneur Bourget was, indeed, destined to thrive rapidly along the lines of progressive development in the midst of privations and trials; fertilized as it were by grace, and sweetened by the maternal protection of kind Providence.

Fidelity to wise regulations had drawn upon his Daughters, God's special blessings. Very soon, even the most prejudiced against the new Community, were happy to secure its services.

The moral support accorded by episcopal authority had much, of course, to do in this sudden veering of popular opinion. Monsieur Bourget hid from no one his preference for the Sisters of Providence. Our first Sisters were close to him in his hours of stress and anguish, although their own heart-aches were many. They had been formed beneath his eye, in holy resignation to what the morrow might have in store for them, or to what humiliations each day might bring forth. Therefore, it was but natural that after placing them in a position to ably second his designs, he made use of them on all occasions as his willing and devoted co-laborers.

From the month of December, 1844, he confided to them the care of the aged, sick or infirm priests. This mark of confidence together with the custom the prelate had of always placing his Daughters to the forefront in the realm of charity, won the sympathy of the people and the clergy to the new Order of the Servants of the Poor, and attracted a goodly number of subjects. Two years had barely elapsed since their foundation, and they already counted a first establishment at Saint Isidore, Long Point; a second at Laprairie, in addition to the Hospice St. Joseph for the invalid priests. Truly, the first seed sown was

springing into life and sending forth its tender shoots from the parent stem.

Monseigneur Bourget rejoiced exceedingly and gave thanks to God ; but alas ! a trial of an altogether different sort came to wring the heart of the Bishop and to threaten his work with destruction. The dread scourge of typhus fever broke out in April, 1847, while the Bishop was absent in Europe. On learning that the plague had crossed the ocean, and was working havoc in his episcopal city, he hastily despatched the affairs requiring his personal attention abroad, to fly more quickly to the scene of death and disaster at home. The seventeenth of May, 1847, saw the devoted Bishop back in Montreal, working might and main to organize Relief Committees. At his call, the Grey Nuns took charge of the *Sheds* at Point St. Charles, temporarily erected for the unfortunate Irish Emigrants who numbered more than eight hundred victims. Very soon the first band of nurses found themselves unable to cope longer with the situation ; so Monseigneur permitted the cloistered ladies of the Hotel Dieu to share in the work. Finally, the good Bishop appealed to our Sisters for volunteers to replace the older Orders already falling on the field of honor. The call to go forth and die, if need be, in the service of their afflicted brethren was

impatiently awaited. Although counting only four years of existence, and with barely enough subjects to carry on the current works; still, at the very first hint from our saintly Founder, every Sister from Mother Gamelin to the youngest novice eagerly offered herself. Twelve of the number were chosen and they left for the ambulances the very same day to begin their labor of love.

Not satisfied with sending his children to the hard conflict of charity, the Bishop himself went there to minister to the suffering ones in person, nor was he spared more than others. He soon fell a victim to his zeal, and hovered perilously near the brink of the grave for a month or more. His clergy, too, were worthy of their chief. They took turn about at the *Sheds*, and no patient died without receiving the helps of religion. Many, not of our faith, begged for admittance to the true religion and were received at the last hour.

At no mean price are souls purchased, as we learn from Our Savior Christ. Victims are required that the inestimable grace of conversion may be bestowed on others. And these victims were to be taken from among the clergy and amid the ranks of virgins whom the Lord had selected. By the thirteenth of

August, Montreal already counted eight priests and ten nuns on its roll-call of brave heroes and heroines who had given their lives for their fellow-men.

Of the thirty-four Sisters of our Community employed in the care of the emigrants, twenty-seven contracted the disease. Two had expired and a third was at the last extremity when Monseigneur Bourget, fearing the total destruction of our young religious family, made a vow to avert the danger. He promised, in the name of the present and future members of the Institute, that they should burn seven candles every Friday, in perpetuity, in honor of Our Lady of Seven Dolors. Desiring that the first votive offering be contributed by a poor person, he paid for the first candles himself, deeming with good reason that he was the poorest in the entire diocese. Heaven heard the many petitions made in trust and humility. After eight months of terror, the scourge finally ceased its ravages, leaving in its wake, however, numberless orphans cast adrift, homeless and helpless in a strange land, with no hope save in the care of Divine Providence. The Bishop of Montreal once more became a willing instrument for the furtherance of its All-Wise designs.

While the epidemic was at its height, he had opened the Hospice St. Jerome Emilian where one hundred and fifty of the emigrant children were received by our Sisters. But this did not suffice the charitable prelate. His great heart dreamed of providing suitable places in private homes for these poor children. In his pastoral letter of March 9, 1848, he counseled his diocesans to adopt one or more of these distressed waifs. In reply to his strong appeal, he soon had the consolation of seeing the citizens flock to the Hospice for the purpose of reclaiming the little ones. Only sixty remained to the share of our Community and these were assured of a happy future.

Two years after the struggle with the typhus fever, Monseigneur Bourget saw his people engaged in mortal combat with another foe, —the cholera,— one none the less dreadful than the first. In the new campaign of charity organized by him, he permitted our Sisters to attend the plague-stricken alone, without being accompanied as prescribed by rule, so that they might be able to relieve the sick more rapidly, and in greater numbers. Still, this new trial did not yet crown the measure of tribulations destined for him by Divine Providence. On July 8, 1852, a vast conflagration destroyed his cathedral and residence! Eleven hundred

homes were reduced to ashes and nine thousand people deprived of shelter. Monseigneur Bourget was absent at the time making his visitation at Vaudreuil. One of the priests hastened to bring him the dire tidings. Like Job, he listened calmly and patiently, then sweetly replied: « The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be His holy Name ! » One thought alone troubled him, and that was of his poor. He inquired, and on learning that the flames had respected their refuge, and that the Providence remained standing intact amid the general ruin, he was overcome with emotion, tears flowed from his eyes, and words of gratitude fell from his lips: « We thank Thee, Lord, for having spared Thy Poor ! » Thus did his noble heart exult on learning that his chosen ones, the most abject and the most deserving of pity, were spared.

This endless chain of public calamities necessarily increased the prelate's heavy burden. So many and such unforeseen disasters, in addition to his pastoral visits, undertaken in the certain hope of strengthening and reanimating souls, in nowise abated his untiring energy. Indeed, it would be difficult to calculate the immense amount of individual effort he expended in his unwavering zeal for the greater glory of God.

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In the earlier stages of his career, we have seen how Monseigneur Bourget interested himself in the far-off Canadian Missions, and how he gave them, notwithstanding his own pressing needs, numbers of ardent, devoted workers. These were men truly animated with the spirit of God, and consumed with an unquenchable thirst for the salvation of souls. Appeals for help were made to his generous heart with the utmost confidence, and with the certainty of receiving help in some form or other. Generally speaking, the worst cases of misery and distress, as in the affair of Monseigneur Provencher, the apostle of the Red River Missions, were designedly, brought to his notice.

Another missionary Bishop from the Pacific Coast, the Right Reverend Augustine Magloire Blanchet sent forth a piteous plea for assistance of another kind. His cry was for Sisters,—the Sisters of Providence,—whom he had learned to know while Canon of the Cathedral of Montreal and Treasurer of the Bishopric. Altogether unexpected was a petition of such a nature. According to our Father Founder's original plan in the erection of our little Community, we were not destined to go beyond

the limits of the diocese of Montreal, but Providence, who makes use of the weak to conquer the strong, and of the folly of the cross to confound the wise, ordained differently. After many days of mature reflection and earnest prayer, the work of the distant missions was accepted by the Institute on April 26, 1852. Five months later, five of our Sisters left for Oregon; but the Lord destined that first heroic band for a much more remote section of His Vineyard. To the coast of Chile, He guided the little caravan of timid nuns, ignorant as yet of the beneficent role they were to fulfill in the hospitable land of South America.

Sadly disappointed in his first attempt at securing Sisters, Monseigneur Blanchet bravely bore the trial that turned so admirably to the advantage of the Bishop of Santiago. He did not, however, relinquish his desire for the foundation of a mission for Sisters which he wisely foresaw would be productive of great beneficial results for his growing diocese. He reiterated the request he had made to the Superiors four years previously. Once more the General Council replied in the affirmative. Monseigneur Bourget prudently absented himself from these deliberations in order to leave the Sisters perfectly free in their decisions, as well as in the merit of the sacrifice he secretly expected of their gen-

erosity. In this circumstance again, was he to taste the bitterness of calumny, and contribute his share of personal suffering. The resolution was scarcely made public, ere the saintly prelate was accused of «taking pleasure in immolating his Daughters» by exacting such untold renunciation of them. He was taxed with imprudence, blamed for his exalted ideas, exaggerated zeal, etc. Ah! were the servants of God weighed by the benefits they procure for church and humanity, or by the shedding of their hearts' blood in the sorrows and contradictions they endure, his latest attempt would surely win for MONSEIGNEUR BOURGET the most brilliant gem in his crown of glory.

Moreover, the opposition unexpectedly encountered from without, was doubled by obstacles from within. When came the time to appoint the Sisters for the new mission, it became strongly apparent that the withdrawal of four or five more subjects from the exercise of its daily works would seriously cripple the Mother House. All sorts of plans were devised to replace the departing missionaries, but as no practical result could be reached, the proposed venture seemed doomed to failure. MONSEIGNEUR BOURGET, more solicitous for the welfare of souls than for his own immediate wants, offered the Sisters employed in the care of his

Cathedral sacristy and residence. This kind offer happily solved the difficulty, and permitted the missionaries to leave for their distant field of labor.

In spite of the multitude of obstacles arising on all sides, Monseigneur Bourget would not let himself be disheartened in the pursuit of his charitable enterprise. Like the Saints, enlightened by the grace of God, he could discern the divine action through the thick mists of human contrarities. He knew how to wait prayerfully in peace and hope. And, as his ambition savored nought of things earthly, Heaven always yielded in time to his superhuman courage and to his invincible confidence.

Providence again seconded the pretended folly of the Father Founder and the so-called extravagant zeal of his Daughters. The tiny offshoot of foundation planted in Vancouver in 1859, like a frail sapling buffeted by wind and storm for a considerable length of time, finally took deep root. Vigorous branches sprouted from the parent stem, bedewed by the sweat and tears of the first five foundresses. The Province of the Sacred Heart, counting today twenty-two houses in different parts of Washington, Oregon and California, is one of the

most flourishing in the whole Institute. All thanks to God and to His devout servant who so powerfully aided and sustained the early efforts of our first missionary Sisters.

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After God, to Monseigneur Bourget's initiative are we indebted for the success of the work of the Deaf Mutes, and for that of the Insane. The former, begun at St. Isidore's, Long Point, could number for many years after its inception more foes than friends. The novelty of the method of teaching the Deaf Mutes, the utter lack of necessary resources for the acquirement of indispensable school requisites, as also for the board, lodging and clothing of the pupils, belonging for the most part to the indigent class, were obstacles sufficiently grave to dampen the ardor of the most enthusiastic. To these already existing difficulties, new ones were soon to be added. The public at large, failing to visualize the utility of the work, gave it little sympathy and less help; they even went so far as to endeavor to dissuade the Superiors from continuing the undertaking. Calmly and patiently, Monseigneur Bourget listened to every recrimination; then by a single word, he quieted the perturbation of his Daughters. «Let them talk. Go ahead with the

work.» Nothing more was needed to reanimate the confidence of the Sisters, or to uphold them in the conflict with mistrust and contradiction. Success eventually crowned their efforts. Meanwhile, M^{on}seigneur Bourget, who had closely watched the development of the work, knew that the time had come to provide it with a suitable location. Possessing nothing of his own, he solicited and obtained in 1863, the gift of a magnificent piece of ground on upper St. Denis Street where the fine Institution of the Deaf Mutes now stands.

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Without the intervention of its Father Founder, our Community never would have presumed to undertake the care of the Insane. Weighty reasons had hitherto prompted the General Council of the Institute to reject the Government's proposal for them to assume the control of a Hospital for the Insane. M^{on}seigneur Bourget, however, viewed the proposed offer from an altogether different angle; hence, the Superiors of the Institute, in dutiful submission to the wishes of the Bishop, re-considered the project. Without further hesitation, the difficult task was accepted, nor have they ever had cause to repent their decision. And

yet, who may tell the anxiety and fear of the first directresses of the work? so diffident were they of their qualifications. Aware of their feelings on the subject, Monseigneur Bourget one day said to them: «Fear not, my dear Sisters. From among your patients, God will provide you with precious auxiliaries who will assist you in caring for the sick and in their surveillance. You are doing the work of God, my Daughters and He will protect you.» These words had an admirable effect. From that moment, Divine Providence has amply provided for all the needs of the Insane, and the work in its different stages of progress, today stands as a monument, and proves the blessings granted to the blind obedience of our Foundress Mothers in the early days.

Let us here close the short recital of the benefits wherewith Monseigneur Bourget favored his cherished Institute. These can never be valued at their full worth; yet, the remembrances evoked in this modest biographical sketch suffice to assure to the memory of our venerated Father and Founder an immortal homage of filial gratitude and love from the present and future generations of our religious family.

CHAPTER VII

LAST YEARS OF THE EPISCOPACY OF MGR BOURGET
HIS RETIREMENT — HIS DEATH.

In the foundation years of the Institute, Monseigneur Bourget frequently repeated to our Mothers and Sisters the following remarkable words, religiously preserved in our archives: «Success is granted to suffering. Souls whom God predestines to important functions, and of whom He wishes to make use in the performance of some good, are doomed to suffer. He bestows success to their works, and perfection to their virtue, in just proportion to the goodwill they manifest for suffering.» In this declaration, the venerable prelate, all unknown to himself, characteristically traced the history of his own eventful life.

Let this be proclaimed far and wide, because without the royal stamp of suffering, all his virtue, all his labor would fall short of the admiration they awaken. They would be but an enigma or a pleasant fiction. In justification of his unqualified assertions, be it known to all that Monseigneur Bourget was intimately acquainted with painful adversity and that he bore it valiantly. Naught was wanting to make

his virtue truly heroic; neither corporal suffering, nor anguish of soul; nor contradictions on the part of men, nor affliction on the part of God. Even days of dire distress had he known, when, deprived of all, without a roof to shelter him, or cathedral, or resources of any kind, he became the laughing stock of the malevolent, ever on the alert to point the finger of scorn. He saw himself exposed to the mocking pity of the enemies of that Church to which his multiplied misfortunes gave an added prestige.

Because the Bishop of Montreal was tenacious in defending truth against error; because his works were numerous and beautiful; because his goodness toward all was boundless, he made friends and admirers among his people. And because of these very reasons, he, like his Divine Master, who went about doing good, made himself enemies, and was traduced and calumniated.

We have seen the ever vigilant pastor working night and day for the greater good of all with indefatigable ardor and enthusiasm. We have seen, too, how he had the happiness of keeping faith within himself and of inspiring it in others; of practicing charity personally and of making others practice it. In him we have seen the apostle of every noble cause, seeking

in foreign lands precious co-laborers; founding and maintaining institutions required by pressing needs; binding families together by watchfully providing educational facilities; and, finally, we find him wherever episcopal activity could bring forth fruits of salvation, and realize spiritual and temporal profit for society at large. Unfortunately, he had not the consolation of seeing the righteousness of his motives, the urgency of his reasons, or the reality of the miseries he endeavored to assuage, indorsed by every one. Frequently misunderstood, abandoned at times, and often betrayed, he endured great anguish of soul, and he shed bitter tears alone with His God.

Happily, Divine grace never failed the admirable prelate, nor do we anywhere see that his courage ever faltered. What mattered the malice of men to him personally? If in his heart of hearts, he suffered intense pain, he knew where to seek for comfort; and, by extending his zeal to other souls, he reaped new merit for his own. He had ample assurance, moreover, of the moral support of the majority of his diocesans. They well knew that in all his manifold enterprises, their devoted Bishop sought only the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls.

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So, when dawned the day of his sacerdotal jubilee in 1872, Monseigneur Bourget became the object of enthusiastic demonstrations. Unequivocal proofs of affection and devotedness, with the sincere wishes of his people and clergy for a long and glorious reign, had been lavished upon him. His health, although somewhat undermined by long and excessive fatigue, seemed to promise many more years of active labor. Notwithstanding his seventy-three years, the venerable Bishop felt able to say with St. Martin: «*Si adhuc sum necessarius non recuso laborem.*» If I can be of further service, I shall not refuse to work.» Accordingly, he grasped more firmly the duties of his office, and continued to govern his diocese with a hand that the on-coming years had not yet weakened.

At all times, Monseigneur Bourget professed a lively interest in the aged, infirm priests. For their relief he had opened the Hospice St. Joseph in 1845; but when his new dwelling was built in the western part of the city in June, 1874, he transferred the invalid clergy to the more commodious Hospice of the Sacred Heart which he had provided for them on Mansfield Street close by his own residence. Our Sisters continued in charge as heretofore.

A few months after arranging so bountifully for the welfare of his veterans of the sanctuary, the good Bishop was stricken with a serious illness that put his patience to the test. It had always been his custom to retire to the Hotel Dieu for treatment. This time, however, our Sisters had the privilege of taking care of him in the new Hospice. In spite of the gravity of the attack and the ensuing complications, the robust constitution of the patient triumphed over the disease; but he remained feeble and suffering to the end of his life.

After his convalescence, Monseigneur Bourget continued to reside at the Sacred Heart Hospice, going only to his office for the most urgent business. This relieved him from the greater part of the audiences that absorbed so much of his precious time; and enabled him, besides, to devote more attention to the grave problems that troubled the last years of his episcopate. The interests of our Institute, at that time in jeopardy on account of the legal controversy in the suit of the « Spruce Gum Syrup, » disquieted him not a little. Much of his time, and many of his hours of rest, were spent in preparing documentary evidence for our attorneys. When the latter, apprehensive of the obstacles they deemed insurmountable, were on the point of giving up the struggle, our

Founder encouraged them, saying: « Have no fear. You are defending the rights of the poor. Keep right on. God is with you. » And he was not mistaken. The happy issue of the affair justified his confidence, besides assuring him once again of the gratitude of our religious family.

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The immense importance of the diocesan questions he was called upon to settle at this period, required such incessant labor on the Bishop's part, that his shattered health could not long withstand the strain. A low fever of nearly constant duration, in addition to frequent spells of sleeplessness, gradually undermined his powers of resistance.

In the month of July, 1876, although suffering acutely for several days prior thereto, he presided at the first council of the Bishops of the Province of Quebec whom he had convened to discuss in common the various interests of the different dioceses. He was the moving spirit of that august assembly, even as he was its most brilliant light; but the sessions lasting three days, exhausted his strength. He was forced to take to his bed at the close of the last meeting, and very shortly afterwards, owing to the serious nature of his malady, he received the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction.

Nothing could be more touching than to see how he prepared himself to die. The sharpness of his suffering seemed to redouble the ardor of his love for God. His features became illuminated during prayer, and the divine flame consuming his heart, betrayed itself on his lips in words of loving resignation, lively faith and angelic piety. The Sisters in attendance, secretly marveled at the wonders God's grace wrought in the soul of His servant. In those hours, more than ever before, it seemed that the Divine Master was pleased to share with him the love of His Sacred Heart for mankind. The frightful pains that racked his body, far from absorbing all his attention, appeared to give the heroic patient wonderful presence of mind, and to make him heedful of those whom the thought of losing him forever, rendered inconsolable. For his clergy, his religious Orders of men and women, for all who came to see him and to beg a blessing they surely thought might prove the last, Monseigneur had an edifying word or a smile which hid his suffering state, and which inspired his visitors with a slight ray of hope for his recovery.

The spirit of prayer, of charity and of patience, and a great thankfulness for the most trivial service rendered him, were among the striking virtues appealing daily to the infirma-

rians engaged in caring for the august patient in the Hospice of the Sacred Heart. Drawing conclusions from the annals of those days, a dominant note, sounding harmoniously in the charming symphony of that privileged sick room, seems to have delighted the Sisters above all, and that was his sweet submission to God's most holy Will. Whatever word of hope or of sympathy addressed to their venerated prelate, elicited no other response save this: «I desire to do God's holy Will. It is truly what is best for me and I cannot be mistaken in what pertains to my best welfare. Should I not place all my trust therein? O Will of God how amiable thou art! How happy are we in loving and accomplishing what thou ordainest! and how miserable we are when we love thee not!»

Such perfect dispositions proved agreeable to the Lord, for, contrary to all human expectation, He heard the voice of the people crying unto Him, and He restored the venerable Bishop to health once more. Convalescence was very slow, however, and Monseigneur never regained his former vitality. Yet, it pleased the Lord to prolong his precious life for nine more years to be a beacon light to the generations of young Levites, eagerly striving to follow in his footsteps.

Henceforth, his diocese was to have him no more at its helm as chief Pastor. Monseigneur Bourget had piloted the bark for thirty-six years. During his long incumbency, many illnesses, joined to a laborious and austere manner of life, had made serious inroads on a naturally robust constitution. Tried to the utmost in his honor and his virtue, he had ever possessed his noble, valiant soul in patience. But, with old age creeping on apace at a time when the burden of the episcopate became more onerous, he wisely thought that Heaven required nothing more of him in his rapidly declining years, than the office of prayer, and the silence of retirement in preparation for the peaceful passage from time, to the never-ending joys of a blessed eternity.

He accordingly tendered his resignation to Rome as Bishop of the diocese of Montreal in the month of June, 1876. The Father of the Faithful, judging that his loyal servant had creditably earned the right to retire from active duty, graciously acceded to his request; but, in so doing, he conferred upon him a greater token of esteem for the capable administration of his vast diocese by bestowing upon him the dignity of Archbishop, and making him titular of Martianapolis.

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The Hospice of the Sacred Heart where Monseigneur Bourget had resided since 1874, being located in the centre of the commercial district, could no longer serve as a retreat suitable to his needs. A second attack of the illness which had already proved so nearly fatal, made it apparent to all that if so precious an existence were to be preserved, the venerable septuagenarian should, of necessity, be removed to a place where rest, solitude and fresh air so indispensable for his health should be found.

The diocese was at that period passing through a financial crisis that rendered it somewhat difficult to filial love to carry the project to a successful issue. Monseigneur Bourget had not a cent he could call his own. He had always ranked himself amongst the poorest of his flock, and he had just put the crowning touch to his detachment from worldly goods by relinquishing his right to a pension from Rome. «I prefer,» he said, «to cast myself into the arms of Divine Providence which has always come to my assistance up to the present time. Why should it abandon me in my last hours?» And, indeed, when all earthly hope was at its lowest ebb, that loving

Providence which he had so confidently invoked his whole life long, came opportunely to his relief.

The Bishopric owned a splendid residence, set in spacious grounds at the Sault-au-Recollet, and this they decided to convert into a dwelling-place for the venerable prelate. Our Community was continued in its post of honor, and in its privilege of caring for the distinguished patient.

From the date of his resignation, Monseigneur Bourget had been allotted a modest pension from the ecclesiastical fund. This enabled the Sisters to procure what was most necessary in his state of extreme debility and prolonged suffering; but, when the Episcopal Corporation found itself in embarrassing circumstances, the aged gentleman refused to accept the allowance, small as it was. Thus, he who had always given so bountifully to the poor, saw himself reduced to live on alms. To the honor of the clergy, the religious communities and the faithful at large, be it proclaimed that these alms were always abundant, and that they amply sufficed the needs of the illustrious poor man. Thanks to their generosity, the Residence St. Janvier at the Sault-au-Recollet was soon provided with appropriate furnishings. The clergy, when visiting their

former Bishop, were gratified to find him in a position commensurate with his merits and suitable to his dignity.

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Monseigneur Bourget moved into his new domicile on June 16, 1877, and there found the beloved solitude his heart craved. His life was now one uninterrupted exercise of piety. Prayer had always been for him a continuous need, a repose par excellence; it was his joy, his very life. Contemplation, intimate converse with Our Lord, the constant remembrance of God's holy presence, marked his every moment. The hallowed names of Jesus and Mary were frequently on his lips. In every occurrence, he saw the direct intervention of Divine Providence; and, in imitation of the Saints, he cast himself and all his cares into the Everlasting Arms with the simplicity of a child. His yearning for penance was none the less admirable. From early childhood he had envied the members of religious orders who devoted themselves to rigorous penitential exercises. Carried away by his love of mortification, we have seen him as a Bishop, oblivious of his dignity, giving the young clerics or the novices of the houses he visited, examples of the most humiliating nature. This favorite practice of his

probably gave rise to the saying that if the Bishop of Montreal had been mistaken in some things, it was in his too great asceticism, a fact incompatible in worldly eyes with the height of his position, and which made his life rather that of a monk than that of a Bishop. But his manner of acting is ably defended by the long list of illustrious prelates to whom the Church has awarded the title of saintliness, and the record of whose lives form the most beautiful pages in her history. Happy those in high places who can be reproached of no other fault than the austerity of their lives, and their exact fidelity in following the strict maxims of the holy Gospel!

Altogether withdrawn from the busy haunts of men, and devoted entirely to the contemplation of the eternal years, the Archbishop of Martianapolis, however, still kept in touch with what concerned the salvation of souls and the honor of religion. He made a daily offering in their behalf to God of all the moral and physical sufferings he endured.

At the Residence St. Janvier, as elsewhere, the poor flocked about him. They came, unmindful of the six-mile distance from the city, to obtain from him they lovingly styled «the holy Bishop,» compassion and assistance; nay

even the cure of their bodily ailments, so great was the confidence wherewith his virtue inspired them. Their deep and simple faith touched the heart of God, and often by the prayers of His faithful servant, He granted the temporal favors requested. At all times He bestowed some spiritual grace, clearer light, or a greater desire for things celestial to those contemplating the calm, serene features of Mgr. Bourget, or hearkening to his words and receiving his fatherly blessing.

Nor was the Archbishop in retirement forgotten by his faithful clergy or his zealous co-laborers in the episcopacy. Not a week passed without numbers of these coming to visit him. To some he gave discreet counsel, to others the help of his prayers, to all the edifying sight of his virtues; and thus he found means of being useful to souls.

Our favored Sisters at the Residence were not the last to feel the effects of his ardent charity. As in the brightest days of his sacerdotal career, when the good Bishop spoke of heavenly truths, his words of unction and his expression of countenance, like sparks from a glowing furnace of love, seemed as though they would enkindle all hearts. Everything about him preached evangelical simplicity. Our Sisters listened to every word falling from his

lips with the greatest eagerness. Great was their gratitude to God for leaving them the care of so good and kind a father.

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One of the last and most important services Monseigneur Bourget rendered our Institute was the revision and the correction of our Holy Rules in 1878. He had done the preliminary work when the General Council was formed in 1866. At the same time, too, he had prepared a Customary which he very carefully amplified and corrected. Therefore, when the question arose, in 1876, of obtaining the approbation of our Rules and Constitutions from the Holy See, Monseigneur Fabre, the Archbishop of Montreal, entrusted to our venerated Father Founder the task of revising them once more before presenting them at Rome.

Monseigneur Bourget subjected himself to this serious enterprise with the utmost kindness and in a great spirit of faith. He read and re-read our Holy Rules; he redoubled his prayer and recollection; he asked the Sisters for special prayers to obtain light and grace from the Holy Ghost. He set himself assiduously to the work confided to him by episcopal authority, and to whom he humbly submitted his labor when completed.

Here again it may be noted that Monseigneur Bourget, although retired from active life, still spent many days in useful employment. He continued to consume himself for the greater glory of God, until one last act of supreme devotedness in pursuit of his priceless treasure of charity, felled him, like a brave warrior, with his face to the foe. The act in question was scarcely appreciated at its real value at the time; or, perhaps it may not have been sufficiently proclaimed to the world at large, for the simple reason that such deeds of heroism were habitual to the indefatigable prelate. We love to record that noble, generous deed in fullest detail for the edification of all.

In 1880, the Episcopal Corporation, finding itself perilously near the brink of bankruptcy, was forced to make an urgent appeal to the liberality of the clergy, and of the faithful of the diocese, for funds to satisfy its financial obligations. In the face of so critical a state of affairs, tending to discredit ecclesiastical authority and to paralyse the different works so auspiciously begun, the sensitive heart of Mgr. Bourget was pained beyond measure. His wonderful energy prompted him to come to the rescue; so he begged and obtained from Mgr. Edward Charles

Fabre, the authorization to travel throughout the whole diocese with a view of arousing the faithful to the dangerous crisis threatening the bishopric, and to solicit their charitable aid.

Then was seen in our country a renewal of the early ages of faith; on the one side priestly heroism, on the other the divine, irresistible sway that the sight of personal virtue has over the minds and hearts of the people.

Notwithstanding his eighty-two years and his bodily infirmities, the aged Archbishop of Martianapolis, animated by the need he felt of devoting himself, took up his pilgrim staff and scrip, and fared forth once more, a wanderer for the glory of God! The time was mid-winter; the roads almost impassable; the fields and highways covered with snow many feet deep; the north winds blowing in wild fury; no matter; nothing could stop him. Relying upon the affection of his former diocesans, and with supreme trust in God whom he had consulted in prayer, and the Blessed Virgin Mary whom he had chosen for his guide en route, he started to make the tour of the diocese.

The people, never expecting to see their beloved Bishop this side the grave, greeted him most enthusiastically wherever he appeared. The clergy vied with one another in paying

him their homage. In accordance with the express desire of Monseigneur Fabre, the venerable Archbishop officiated pontifically in all the parish churches. It was beautiful indeed, to see the grand old man, robed in full pontificals and crowned with locks of silvery whiteness. His animated features radiated peace and serenity; his whole exterior was full of majesty. The dignity of his bearing, enhanced by his fourscore years and his marvelous benignity, attracted every one. Whithersoever he journeyed, crowds of people flocked to see and hear him, and to receive his fatherly blessing.

In each parish the same program was followed. At the end of the pontifical mass, a priest read to the assembled congregation a statement of the assets and liabilities of the Bishopric, explaining at the same time how the revered octogenarian Archbishop, now retired from duty, felt impelled to become a mendicant; how he was proceeding from parish to parish to beg alms from the faithful to save the Mother Church of the diocese from inevitable disgrace and utter ruin. In the distinguished presence of the dear familiar prelate, bowed beneath the weight of years and bruised by suffering, his people could not repress their emotion. The mere sight of God's 'poor beggar' going about the country, with the grace of

heavenly charity on his lips, brought tears to every eye, while the much needed gold flowed abundantly into the outstretched hand of the noble petitioner.

Many, in making their offering, knelt at his feet, and became so absorbed in feasting their eyes upon him that they forgot to make way for others. Numberless mothers pressed their alms into the tiny hands of their innocent little ones, so that the good Archbishop might see them and touch their pure brows caressingly with a murmured benediction. Beyond the sanctuary, scenes no less touching occurred. In the sacristy, there crowded the sick, the halt and the cripple to await his coming. Monseigneur went about among them comforting some, counselling others, awakening the hopes of brighter days, exhorting every one to patience, and promising to all the help of his prayer. Not until he had spoken to each afflicted soul personally, would he listen to his attendants, who vainly urged the lateness of the hour, or his imperative need of rest.

Such were the activities of Monseigneur Bourget in 1881. His collections, begun in January of the same year, were interrupted in the month of August following by a voyage to Rome,—the eighth he had undertaken for the

honor and glory of religion. Returning in October, he resumed his tour of the diocese, astonishing all by his extreme vigor in spite of such great fatigue. Monseigneur Bourget's confidence in the generosity of his former flock was not unfounded. Thanks to them, he was enabled to contribute a large sum to the depleted treasury, and he had the intense satisfaction of seeing the credit of the Episcopal Corporation once more established on a sound financial basis.



The Archbishop of Montianapolis celebrated with great thanksgiving the sixtieth anniversary of his sacerdotal ordination in the month of November, 1882. This pious solemnity, shining with brightest lustre amid the deepening shadows of his declining age, seemed like the bright afterglow of a magnificent sunset. The grand life-work of the illustrious Archbishop of Montreal was completed. His recent act of supreme devotedness in behalf of the Episcopal See was for him, the last magnanimous endeavor of a dying hero who delivers one more victorious stroke before succumbing forever.

Acting upon the advice of his oculist, Monseigneur Bourget was henceforth obliged to forego the daily recitation of the breviary,

and to content himself with saying the Mass *De Beata*. He offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the last time on the feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1884. From this date he was compelled to remain in bed, and his life from thenceforward was a continual succession of gains and relapses. Faith, strength in suffering, trust in God, zeal for souls, thirst for Holy Communion, and a burning desire for Heaven, shone forth more resplendently than ever in the months preceding his demise. He made of his bed of pain a throne of glory and of merit, sweetening his acute sufferings by prayer, and sending forth incessantly to the dear Master whom he had loved and served so loyally, ardent protestations of love and fidelity.

As the hour of death drew near, his suffering state became more pitiable. He pleaded for the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. His angelic piety may be readily conceived. After craving pardon of all whom he might have offended, he prayed with the ardor of a seraph, recommending to God the Church, the diocese and its head, the clergy, the religious communities and all the faithful so dear to his heart. Then he added:

«I feel that my last hour is near. O my Divine Creator! This is probably Thy last visit to me on earth. In a few short hours I

hope to see Thee face to face. I am all unworthy, and my great fear is that I shall not receive Thee as worthily as I should . . . But I cast myself with confidence, O my God! into Thy merciful arms. I die in the firm trust that Thou wilt bid me welcome. Yes, God will be merciful to me. I shall be admitted into His holy presence to see and enjoy Him for all eternity.»

These words were uttered with the utmost difficulty, between gasps and moans that showed how excruciating were his sufferings. The august patient retained his perfect lucidity of mind and profound peace of soul to the very last. For the least care, the slightest attention, he was profuse in thanks, begging God to bless and reward those who assisted him.

With one last act of perfect contrition and love upon his lips, the illustrious Archbishop Bourget peacefully yielded up his soul to God in the afternoon of June eighth, 1885, at the patriarchal age of eighty-three years, seven months and nine days.

In withdrawing him from the world, the Lord took one of its brightest lights, one of the saintliest of His Canadian sons. The entire nation felt this. The tears and regrets they paid his memory were many and sincere. For

sixty-three years the great Bishop had identified himself with the current affairs, as well as with the charitable works of the diocese of Montreal. In unison with the prayers from the whole country for the repose of the soul of the heroic departed, there arose a mighty hymn of praise wherein not one discordant strain could be detected. To the saints alone does God discern, in spite of the shadows of time and the petty wrangling of man, such unrivaled blessings. During the obsequies of the second Bishop of Montreal, there were enacted scenes similar to those occurring at the tomb of the greatest servants of God, immortalized in life as in death. When all that was mortal of Monseigneur Bourget was being conveyed from the Sault-au-Recollet to the Church of Notre Dame, every possible honor was shown the funeral cortege by the Bishops, the clergy, the religious and social delegations; and the sad solemnity savored more of a glorious triumph than of general mourning. When the massive doors of the Cathedral crypt closed, at length, upon the casket containing the precious remains of the celebrated prelate, the whole assembly, priests and faithful, moved by a universal impulse of veneration and piety, gathered with holy eagerness whatever had belonged to the saintly Bishop, or that had touched his consecrated person.

The mitre, the cushions, the draperies or other linens were divided into thousands of pieces, and distributed among the vast crowd surrounding the mortuary vault.

In our religious family, the loss of a Father so beloved, caused an affliction so profound that strong faith alone could sweeten or render bearable. From the first instant of its foundation, our humble Institute had leaned in tranquil security upon its Founder, while he watched and carefully tended it, and to his great delight, saw it thrive and prosper. In all the trials and difficulties that had beset it, his encouragements had strengthened it, his counsels had enlightened it, and his direction had guided it toward a high ideal, as yet but faintly outlined. Therefore, the sorrow that overwhelmed the community may be more easily imagined than described. To whom should they now turn for comfort in their hour of supreme desolation and anguish? Gone was the good, kind Father who had ever upheld them! And yet, more than ever now, did his spirit of simplicity, humility and charity, and trust in God seem to take new root in their hearts. Besides, were not these fundamental virtues his dying legacy to his children? Ah! now, in very truth, had the moment come for them to put in practice the lessons learned of yore, and to

repeat the words they had heard, times without number, from his lips in the days of affliction. «God plants the cross about our work. So much the better. It is a good sign. Let us be strong and courageous.»

From high Heaven, our venerated Father Founder willed to sweeten the bitter anguish of his children by giving them one more proof of his everlasting love,—the crown as it were of the many he had profusely lavished upon them while on earth. By the designs of Providence, his great human heart, the most precious of all his relics, became the heritage of our Community. In the sacred intimacy of our religious family, we bestow upon it all the love and veneration within our power, while awaiting the earnest, prayerful wish of all that it may one day be glorified by the entire Church.

In loving contemplation of that heart all on fire with the love of God and His Poor; which vibrated with enthusiasm for every just and noble cause; which wore itself out in defending the right and for the triumph of truth over error; of that heart, in fine, that like the Master, knew the bitterness of the chalice he willingly accepted for the salvation of souls, we more keenly feel the need of spending our lives in the service of God and the suffering

members of Christ. Our vocation as Daughters of Charity shines forth with greater splendor in all the beauty of sacrifice and supernatural devotedness. Then it is that the life of our Father, so fruitful in deeds of mercy and kindness towards his fellow-men, unfolding itself to our view, furnishes us with so many and such salutary lessons. Those inspired words of the Psalmist: « I have loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore hath the Lord crowned me with a diadem of glory, » sum up the mortal and blessed earthly career of our saintly Father and Founder, Monseigneur Bourget.

O Father, forever loved and forever revered, may our religious family in Heaven above, be the brightest jewel in thy immortal crown of Bliss-Eternal!

THE REVEREND JOHN CHARLES PRINCE

FIRST DIRECTOR AND ECCLESIASTICAL SUPERIOR
OF THE COMMUNITY.

Apart from our venerated Founder, the Right Reverend Bishop Ignace Bourget, no one more deservedly merits the gratitude of our religious family than the Reverend John Charles Prince. First as Director, then as ecclesiastical Superior of the Community, he played an important rôle in the history of its foundation, and contributed a goodly share towards making it rich and beautiful in holy examples. His name should ever live among us; and that his name should so live, crowned with respect and veneration, we give him his rightful place in these pages. Rash indeed, would it be on our part to attempt to portray the glorious heights of a life ennobled by so many eminent virtues; yet, while we may not gauge the value of such a life, we shall endeavor to fulfill a lesser task imposed by the law of filial piety, that of faithfully recording for imperishable remembrance the priceless favors our Community has received from his hands. Viewed in this light, an appreciation is permitted us, and it will be characterized by its simple eloquence and sincerity of heart.

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Monseigneur John Charles Prince was born in the peaceful little parish of St. Gregory in the district of Three Rivers on February 13, 1804. In bestowing upon him the name of Charles at baptism, — instead of that of Edward chosen by his mother, — the designs of Providence were unknowingly served. In accordance with the example of his illustrious patron, and under the direction of the saintly Bishop of Milan, our future prelate was destined to pursue a glorious career in the service of souls, and to the honor of religion in the episcopacy.

The early lessons of home and school prepared his soul for the practice of virtues which make saints. Showing a marked inclination for study, he was early sent to the seminary at Nicolet where he completed the entire classical course with brilliant success.

He embraced without delay the ecclesiastical state with all the ardor of his soul, and received tonsure on September 18, 1822, at the age of eighteen years. In the seminary, it was foreseen that this first step of the young levite would surely lead him into the paths of complete self-devotedness. After having been a shining example for his fellow-pupils, he was now to become the model seminarian and un-

tiring professor. Whilst pursuing his course in theology, he taught the humanities, first in the college at Nicolet, and later at the Seminary of St. Hyacinth. The eminent qualities of the young professor gave promise of the immense service he was afterwards to render holy religion. He impressed upon his students the intimate knowledge of their duty, and he was rewarded by their steady application to studies and their ardent goodwill.



Monseigneur John Charles Prince was ordained to the priesthood on September 28, 1822, by the Right Reverend John James Lartigue, who appointed him Director of the young ecclesiastics at the Grand Seminary of Montreal. He taught theology with rare ability until the year 1831, when he was promoted by his Bishop to the Directorship of the Seminary at St Hyacinth¹. At this particular juncture, the institution was going through a crisis which brought it to the verge of ruin. Filled with confidence in God, the new Director undertook its restoration. His methodical mind and natural logic, coupled with the wonderful resources of his faith and piety,

¹ At that time the city of St Hyacinth formed part of the diocese of Montreal.

permitted him in a short while to restore every thing to a healthy, normal condition. The vigilant professor and his zealous co-laborers, ever on the alert for the betterment of conditions, worked unremittingly for the brilliant success that later crowned the Seminary with glory and the active Director with lasting credit.

A person of such marked ability could not long remain hidden from his Bishop. In January 1841, the Right Reverend Bishop Bourget, successor to the late Bishop Lartigue of happy memory, held the opening chapter of the Cathedral in Montreal. He selected the Reverend John Charles Prince for one of his titular Canons, and his choice was soon justified. The duties devolving upon the newly appointed Canon were greatly diversified because his natural talents and solid judgment, together with an indefatigable zeal, made him equal to every undertaking, and were a guarantee of success.

Wherever a breach was most likely to occur, he was there ready to defend the enemies of the Church and of right by word or pen. In 1840, he founded the *Melanges Religieux*, a journal which became the mouthpiece of religion until 1852, when the establishment, with all its fixtures and material, was

destroyed by fire. To said journal, the Very Reverend Canon Prince contributed vigorous articles, showing a deep knowledge of dogmatics, a remarkable literary art, and a constant alertness for the interests of God and the triumph of truth. His labors, however, extended far beyond the limits of the diocese. Towards the end of 1841, we find him with the Right Reverend Remi Gaulin, Bishop of Kingston. The Catholics of that city, abandoned to themselves on account of the scarcity of priests, were benefitted by the services of the eminent Canon Prince. They were also partly indebted to him for the foundations in their midst of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame and the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu.

The Very Reverend Canon Prince, having completed his mission in Kingston, returned to Montreal where a new task awaited him. The novitiate of our Institute had just been opened by Monseigneur Bourget in his episcopal city. Every one knows through what alternating periods of successes and reverses the work of our venerated Foundress Mother, — begun in 1828, — had to pass, ere it could be sanctioned; and even in 1843, it was far from being firmly anchored to solid foundations. In order to steer the fragile bark safely into port, the first requisite was a capable pilot. So with

his keen judgment, Mgr. Bourget chose the Very Reverend Canon Prince for the work. He was only thirty-nine years of age, yet he could well be numbered among those of whom the Scriptures say ; « Their understanding surpasseth that of the ancients and they rise in their presence. » Monseigneur Prince was accordingly appointed Director of the newly-founded Community. This charge, imposing numberless and difficult duties, brought to light the sterling qualities wherewith he was endowed both by nature and by grace. Possessed of solid virtue, he joined to a truly sacerdotal spirit, the knowledge that made him an authority in matters ascetic. The first Sisters of the Institute found in him the true guide required by their inexperience.

The Very Reverend Canon began his ministrations by becoming Master of Novices. In daily, familiar conferences he initiated the novices into the practices of the religious life, taught them the methods of meditation and other spiritual exercises as outlined by the holy Founder. He was ever ready to assist the novices; at any hour they could confidently seek him for enlightenment and counsel which he gave with prodigality when there was question of souls.

To us, it seems, that our Foundress Mothers alone could give to his memory the tribute of honest praise it so richly deserves. They, alone, could realize the penetration of that superior mind, the uprightness and piety of that chosen soul, the love of God wherewith that priestly heart was consumed. Still, the history of those early days furnish rich and abundant material for later generations. We may open the pages anywhere and find, like pearls in a precious casket, the name of Monseigneur Prince closely allied with that of Monseigneur Bourget. And indeed, what more fitting! The works the latter had founded, — the object of all his hopes and fears, — the former labored to maintain with a wisdom beyond compare. Working heart and soul with the Founder, Monseigneur Prince impressed upon the Institute a direction conformable to its end, and formed each of its members to the practice of strong and generous virtue, free from all illusion.

To mould such virile and energetic souls as were our Foundress Mothers, it is not at all astonishing to find that Monseigneur Prince was occasionally severe in discipline; still his methods were not in any way devoid of evangelical clemency. If the wise Director knew how to be firm when necessity required, he also knew how to be kind and fatherly in all

circumstances. Understanding thoroughly the needs of the soul, he dispensed at the auspicious moment the encouragement that sustains, the counsel that enlightens, the admonition that corrects. With a practised eye, he foresaw the trials through which our young Community would inevitably have to pass; hence, he determined beforehand to make it strong in the day of battle by subjecting it now to daily crosses. The course he pursued has been amply justified by the results obtained during the three-score and ten years that have since passed, and we, of a younger period, marvel at his wisdom while enjoying its fruits.

Even were the results not the immediate consequences of devotedness, joined with admirable zeal, there are still numerous other facts to prove how faithfully Monseigneur Prince served the interests of our Institute. Not content with watching over the spiritual welfare of its members, he spared no measures, nor vigilance, nor labors to insure the progress and extension of its works. Thanks to his initiative, our first Sisters were sent to the Hotel Dieu Hospital to take lessons in caring for the sick; to the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame to learn how to make church vestments, and to acquire a knowledge of other industries essential to the works of charity.

Nor did the homely details of common life escape his salutary influence. He insisted that the different employments should be performed in a systematic, intelligent manner. He either gave personally, or had some competent person impart to those in charge, lessons in order, economy, religious propriety, the keeping of records and other transactions, and the making of purchases with prudence and good judgment. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate or fully appreciate, the wonderful vigor infused into both the spiritual and temporal organisation of the Institute, without adding that, next to Monseigneur Bourget, our Father and Founder, Monseigneur Prince deserves to be ranked as our most noted benefactor. In truth, numerous other communities, colleges and religious institutions could say the same, for the eminent Canon possessed the art of giving himself with incredible activity to many fields of labor without neglecting the most insignificant.

The proofs of wisdom and virtue manifested by Monseigneur Prince, ere long merited for him the honor of being presented to the Holy Father as worthy of promotion to the episcopate. No sooner had he received intimation of his being appointed auxiliary to Monseigneur Bourget than he made use of every means in his power to escape the honor.

On being reminded, however, by His Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI, then happily reigning, that submission to the Divine Will should be his chief concern, he offered no further resistance. The Papal Bulls were forwarded to him on July 5, 1844.

A few months later, the Bishop-Elect announced to the Community his departure for « Mont Columban » with a view of becoming more familiar with the English language. The news came as a sudden blow to the young religious family that still stood in great need of his support and protection. Unused to privations of such sort, our Sisters, in their great grief, failed to realize that God willed trials of this nature to befall them in order to force them to place all their trust in Him alone. Once they had mastered the lesson that grace can always supply what is lacking in whatever happens according to Divine Providence, the good Father was restored to them for a while longer.

In fact, after the consecration of the Very Reverend Canon Prince as Bishop of Martyropolis on July 25, 1845, he resumed and kept his office as ecclesiastical Superior at the Providence until the following October. Needless for us to dwell longer on the distinguished

services he continued to render our Community. Let us follow him rather in his new career as auxiliary Bishop.

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In a more extended sphere of labor, the zeal of Monseigneur Prince became more apparent and more productive of good results. He was well aware of the necessity of being intimately united with his Bishop. The harmony that had always existed between them, their close relations with each other, and the similarity of their views, contributed not a little to the successful administration of the diocese, as well as to the general edification. In the struggles to be encountered, the works to be undertaken or the reforms to be made, Monseigneur Bourget found in his trusted coadjutor, the man of good counsel, great prudence and untiring energy. In return for these eminent qualities, the Bishop of Montreal bestowed upon his worthy assistant signal marks of confidence, either by inviting him to share the pastoral visitations, or by placing the reins of government in his competent hands, as was the case during his second visit to Rome in 1846.

Returning at one time from an official tour of the different parishes, Monseigneur

Prince arrived in Montreal only to find it cruelly stricken by the terrible scourge of typhus (ship fever), brought to our shores by the exiled children of Ireland in the year 1847. Although suffering great fatigue, he forgot his own need of rest, and immediately set about relieving the unfortunate victims. Emulating the heroic example of his illustrious patron, St. Charles Borromeo, he hastened to the scene of desolation, claiming by his title of Bishop, the major share of weariness and danger. Night and day, like a consoling angel, he could be seen at the bedside of the sick, relieving their bodily wants, or filling their souls with the sublime and comforting hope that religion inspires. The plague seemed, at first, to respect his person, but after snatching away many other priests and nuns, it attacked him with violence and soon brought him to death's door. When all human skill proved unavailing, recourse was had to prayer for the preservation of so precious a life. A vow was made to burn twelve candles every Saturday before the altar dedicated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary in the Cathedral. Three weeks later the patient, who had received the last sacraments on October 14, was convalescent. This remarkable fact seemed to prove that Divine Providence had special designs for the auxiliary

Bishop; nor was it long before they became known. In 1851, Monseigneur Prince was sent as delegate to the Holy See to obtain the approbation of the Acts of the First Council of Quebec. Little did the delegate, in his deep humility, dream of the honor in store for him. During his sojourn in Rome, His Holiness, Pope Pius IX, then gloriously reigning, transferred him to the new diocese of St Hyacinth, created from a part of the Diocese of Montreal.

A wide field of labor awaited the zealous care of its first Shepherd. The diocese had to be organized; new parishes created and different religious institutions established; but for all these an able workman had been chosen. His stay in the Eternal City had been utilized. Even while enjoying the consolations of its many holy sanctuaries, he kept the interests of his flock in view. With tactful diplomacy he secured the services of a teaching order of religious, the Sisters of the Presentation of Mary, who one year later arrived in St. Hyacinth to make a permanent foundation. A work, to be truly successful must be based upon the cross, and its foundations must be laid upon the solid rock of Calvary. Hence, in the designs of God, the works of the pious prelate were to be sanctified even so as by fire.

On the seventeenth day of May, 1854, the destroying flames levelled the College that had served both as cathedral and residence, and in a few short hours, left nothing but a heap of smoking ruins. Monseigneur Prince bore this trial with perfect equanimity, and courageously set about the construction of larger, and more commodious buildings. The year 1855, saw them completed and ready for occupancy.

No accumulation of temporal affairs, however, could restrain his zeal for the welfare of the flock confided to his care. He awakened in his priests a love for study and holiness by his example, by spiritual conferences, by diocesan synods and by frequent pastoral retreats.

In private life, Monseigneur Prince was courteous and affable. His sympathetic nature easily won for him a way into the hearts of others and quickly awakened confidence. From his confreres in the episcopacy down to the humblest member of his flock, all felt the effect of his goodness. He was, in very truth, the Good Shepherd of the Gospel, ever disinterested, careful and watchful. Although lacking the powerful eloquence that sways or thrills an audience, Monseigneur Prince had a none the less effective command of words and exactness

of expression that carried conviction to all his hearers. It was admirably adapted to his apostolic zeal, especially when the duties of his office required him to condemn abuses, repress vice, or point out to souls the only road whereby man may reach the eternal goal.

Much might be said of his attachment to the Church of Rome, and of his respect for the sacred liturgy which he followed in every detail; but, we shall confine ourselves to the consideration of his virtues. His charity towards the poor was remarkable. Either as chaplain, or as superior of our Community in the early years of foundation, Monseigneur Prince had given deep proofs of his tender compassion for all sufferers. During the awful epidemic of typhus, he had valiantly exposed his life in ministering to the plague-stricken. In his own heroic struggle with death from the disease, he had contracted infirmities that clung to him for the remainder of his days. At home in his diocese, he was first and foremost, the father of the poor. Never was he more eloquent than when pleading their cause with the favored ones of fortune; though possessed of no resources he could call his own, yet he always contrived to provide bountifully for the indigent and this without any outward show. On his deathbed, even, his last recommendation

to the clergy surrounding him was the care of the poor, the widow and the orphan,—the chosen portion of his flock.

All athirst for the glory of God, Monseigneur Prince projected the establishment of the Order of St. Dominic in his episcopal city, named after St. Hyacinth, an illustrious son of the same Order. After repeated attempts, he finally succeeded in obtaining a promise from the Superior General of the Dominicans that some religious would be available in 1860. The joyful tidings, received a few months before his death, gladdened the apostolic heart of the holy prelate. He had not the consolation, however, of welcoming the new laborers before his departure for a better world; nor was their promise fulfilled until thirteen years later. We love to believe that the credit of bringing the zealous and learned Sons of St. Dominic to our land belongs by every right to Monseigneur Prince.

The spread of the devotion to the Precious Blood was another enterprise dear to the heart of the good Bishop. The confraternity he erected, numbered five thousand members in two years. But this marvellous growth could not satisfy his apostolic zeal. His desire was that a perpetual homage of adoration and repara-

tion should be paid the Precious Blood; hence, not content with having opened that hitherto little known source of grace to thousands, he planned the foundation of a community of contemplative nuns whose lives of devoted prayer and penance should be a continual holocaust, offered for the glorification of the Most Precious Blood. In a circular letter dated April 13, 1860, he wrote as follows: « Believing for a long time that Providence designs to establish a religious community in my diocese, whose special end shall be the devotion to the Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the Immaculate Purity of Mary; and, wishing to correspond to the Divine Mercy, by opening a source of abundant graces on my diocese and the entire country, I propose to found said institution as soon as circumstances shall permit. »

This time again were his pious projects thwarted. Other hands were to reap the seeds he had sown, nor should he have the satisfaction of giving his personal care, or of watching the development of the choir of virgins rallying to the standard of the Precious Blood. This privilege was reserved for his successor, the Right Reverend Bishop Joseph Larocque. The foundation of the Order of the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood was begun in 1861.

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Ere bringing this modest biographical sketch to a close, we shall again consider the relations that continued to exist between our community and its former esteemed ecclesiastical superior. No matter how multifarious or important the duties of his high office, Monseigneur Prince never forgot the little vine he had, erstwhile, cultivated with such tender care; nor did he let pass a single opportunity of giving positive proofs of his constant affection for the Sisters of Providence, his children of former days. Although separated by distance, he shared their joys and sorrows, and he solicitously followed the progress of their Institute. Certain extracts, such as the following, from the letters he wrote at that time, cannot be read without emotion: «Oh, how the letters of your dear missionaries touch and please me! Let them know that if I write them but seldom, still I often go in spirit to the different *Providences* to pray with them, to pour forth into the Heart of Mary Immaculate all their sorrows, and to entreat her to change those sorrows into so many joys.» Discreetly continuing his ministry as director of souls, the holy prelate never forgets that he is speaking to the Daughters of the Desolate Mother, and he unceasingly refers to this, the special

devotion of their Institute. In a letter to the Community, written January 6, 1853, he says: «I shall unite with you in celebrating the Carnaval Sanctified, and I shall have my dear people do likewise. At the five-thirty and seven o'clock masses, we shall offer our condolences to the Heart of the Sorrowful Mother to obtain mercy for one another. Finally, let us forever dwell securely in the Hearts of Jesus and Mary that we may become inflamed with their divine ardor.» On another occasion writing to Mother Philomena, the then Mistress of Novices, he says: «I do not forget the happy proteges of dear St. Genevieve. I ask our blessed Mother and the good saint to shelter them, now in her sword-pierced Heart, and again in, her Seven Joys; but always in such a way that they may at last reach the *Beatitudes!*»

Thanking the Community on one occasion for their good wishes for the New Year, Monseigneur Prince, forgetful, apparently, of his earlier lessons, so crushing to self-love, penned the following lines: «I remark with pleasure that you are always faithfully devoted to me; that in your reminiscences you magnify the little services I was enabled to render you, and for which you have more than amply repaid me. I am therefore constrained to look upon you as real *Sisters of Charity*, very good,

very perfect, and far better than I could ever have made you. God be praised, my very dear Sisters, and may you be divinely recompensed! For my part, when I see that you have already reached your twelfth foundation of Providence, and I behold Heaven peopled with Sisters of Charity, I say to myself: «Far more fortunate are spiritual fathers than those of the world, since the latter can see but three or four generations at most, and many of these fall below their expectations,—while the former can look upon countless spiritual children who are a constant joy and an everlasting crown. It is better by far then, to attach oneself to the Divine Spouse, and to have the Mother of Seven Dolors for one's very own.»

No doubt, good Monseigneur Prince spoke, not in his former capacity as spiritual director, but from the fulness of his great, fatherly heart. However that may be, what concerns us more nearly is the indulgent kindness and goodness so evident in all his letters. In them we fathom the depths of the charity that animated the holy Bishop, and the very strong bonds that kept him always united to our Institute. These extracts from his correspondence are precious proofs of his constancy and devotedness.

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In the beginning of the year 1860, when Mgr. Prince felt the first acute attack of the malady which ultimately carried him to his grave, Mother Philomena, the acting Superior General, accompanied by Mother Immaculate Conception, one of the seven Foundress Mothers, went to visit him at the Hotel Dieu, controlled by the Gray Nuns, and to offer him the heartfelt sympathy of the Community. The venerated patient, deeply touched by this mark of filial affection, expressed his joy and requested to see them again privately the following day. The precious ten minutes of that interview seemed all too short to the two visitors. They listened with rapt attention to the august prelate, eager to transmit his last message to the Community he loved so well. «Tell your dying Sisters that great mercies are reserved for the moment of death. Say to my niece, Sister Praxedes of Providence, and to your missionary Sisters that I think of them on my deathbed. Tell the two Bishops Blanchet that I shall not forget them. Although I am a most miserable Bishop, I hope God in His mercy will be good to me, and that once in Heaven, I shall render your Community more service than I was able to do while on earth.» He would have said more, but the Sister In-

firmarian, cautioning him against over fatigue, he immediately desisted. Affected and edified beyond measure, our two Mothers fell on their knees to receive the blessing which the venerable patient's trembling hand bestowed upon them for the last time.

Hastening back to Montreal, they related every detail of their visit, and the many marks of kindness bestowed upon them by the saintly Bishop, to the grieving Community, and how he had ceased conversing with them through obedience. But he was not satisfied; he still thought he had not done enough for his daughters. In addition to the words he spoke, he wished to add another proof of his high esteem for the Institute. Accordingly, he bade his secretary write to the Sisters of Providence in his name, and a few days later Mother Philomena received the following letter:

Reverend Mother :

The sincere affection you and your Community have ever shown the Bishop of St. Hyacinth, imposes upon me the duty of conveying to you the feelings he expressed in your regard just a few moments ago: « Write to my dear Daughters of Providence and thank

them most affectionately for the filial attachment they have always manifested for me; also for the splendid services they have rendered me and my diocese. Tell them that I give them all, the Sisters of the Mother House, as well as the missionary Sisters of Canada, Chile, Oregon and Burlington, my last blessing; that I pray God from the bottom of my heart to make them prosper in all their enterprises; and, that if God in His mercy grants me a place in His Kingdom, I shall continue to interest myself in their welfare.» — I gathered up his every word with the greatest care, and I am happy to transmit his message to you because it is the last will and testament of a father to his beloved children.

(Signed) L. S. Moreau, priest, Secretary.

This letter bears the date of April 19, 1860. Sixteen days later, the first Bishop of St. Hyacinth entered into eternal rest. The three last weeks of his life were marked with the most intense suffering, borne with admirable patience. In his farewell message to his clergy and people, he requested that fervent prayers be offered after his death to obtain that his successor be a man according to the Heart of God, able to guide them more surely in the paths of justice than he had ever done. In

his deep humility, he was persuaded that he had not sufficiently worked for the glory of God and the honor of religion.

After a peaceful, agony of two or three hours' duration, Monseigneur Prince calmly expired on May 5, 1860, aged fifty-six years, two months and twenty-two days. He had spent fourteen years and ten months in the episcopacy.

The news of the death of the Right Reverend Bishop of St. Hyacinth brought sorrow to all hearts; while the veneration inspired by his virtues manifested itself in a most touching manner during the three days his remains lay in state at the episcopal residence. The eagerness of the people, gathering in groups to pay their last tribute of respect, continued undiminished until the moment appointed for the final obsequies.

Seven Bishops, one hundred and fifty priests, besides an immense concourse of the faithful, united in solemn homage around the bier of the deceased prelate, who had so nobly honored the priesthood, and so worthily served Holy Mother Church.

A large delegation of Sisters represented our Community. Gazing for the last time on all that was mortal of their first Director and Eccle-

siastical Superior, their hearts were filled with the deepest emotion. The wise counsels he had given them; the graces that had flowed upon their souls through the channel of his ministry; the pre-eminent virtues so admirable in his life; the days, long since past, wherein he had shared their joys and sorrows; all returned impregnated with the keen sense of loss which death imparts to the memories it awakens. And, from their sorely-stricken hearts, fervent prayers mounted heavenward to the Throne of God to obtain for so tireless a laborer from the early morning hour, ample reward for his long day of toil. In return, they pleaded that he continue to guard and guide from his home in Heaven, the Institute that he had sustained and directed in its tottering infant steps on the upward path to perfection.

THE VERY REV. A. F. TRUTEAU, VICAR GENERAL.

CONFESSOR AND ECCLESIASTICAL SUPERIOR
OF THE COMMUNITY

At different periods during the space of twenty-two years, the Very Reverend Alexis Frederick Truteau, Vicar General, filled the positions of chaplain, confessor or ecclesiastical Superior of our Community. His zealous and kindly efforts in our behalf, merit for him the right of undying remembrance, and the immortal crown of glory bestowed upon the just.

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Alexis Frederick Truteau, the subject of this sketch, was born at Montreal on June 11, 1808. It is said that God pre-ordains sacerdotal souls, and could our eyes behold those privileged ones at the moment of baptism, we should be unable to restrain our admiration. How often, on seeing such a one, the remark naturally arises to the lips: « So and so will become a priest. » This was the conviction of all who saw young Master Truteau for the first time. He already bore upon his brow, and in the clear, steady gaze of his eye, the reflection of that supernatural beauty, known as the grace of God.

In the home-circle where his intellectual faculties were developed, his natural inclinations likewise thrived. It were wrong on our part to think that the intense life of a great city leaves no room for the workings of divine influence. Thank God! there still remain many firesides where religious questions dominate, and where the moral education of the children is not sacrificed in the feverish rush and worry of mundane concerns. The Truteau family sustained its high reputation for probity through all vicissitudes, and we shall see how potent was the ascendancy of those christian parents in moulding the soul of their favored child.

A letter written by the lad at the age of nine years on July 16, 1817, to his brother, then a medical student in Paris, has happily been preserved. « My dear brother, » he says, « although you are big and I am little, that does not keep me from writing to tell you that I am going to begin my studies for the priesthood; and, I will go right on studying to the very end without stopping, except to play and to eat and sleep. I don't go to the English school any more. I go and read French every day with Aunt Victoria. She is helping me to get ready for college after vacation. And then I am going to work hard to get ahead of you, if not in learning, at least in goodness; be-

cause if you intend to be a good doctor, I intend to be a good priest. You will have to take care of the bodies, and I, of the souls. You will kill your patients and I will bury them, and between us both we will send them to Heaven. So let us both have courage! I have lots more work to do than you; I have all my growing to do yet, and you are already grown up. Goodbye, dear brother. I love you with all my heart. »

This letter is characteristic of its author. In it we find gracefully framed in simple words the nobility of his aspirations, the depth of his thoughts, his kindness of heart, and even the charming joyousness which we shall admire and love later on in the full grown man. A certain writer has said that « A man will be all his life what he was upon his mother's knee. » and this assertion is fully justified in Mr. Truteau. His whole career bore the blessed imprint of maternal piety and tenderness.

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Master Alexis Frederick entered the College of Montreal at the age of ten. He made his First Communion the following year on May 25, 1818. There was little need of urging him to work; his devotion to study and his remarkable talent were equalled only by his

rare virtue. He proved by his conduct as an earnest student, that piety is not an enemy to learning; but that it is its solid foundation and best ornament. He was the accomplished type of a model young man, in whom one admires the reserve of a Levite and the courteous manners of refined society. There was in him a delightful mingling of sweetness and gravity. At the completion of his classical course, Mr. Truteau was prepared to begin his life-work, for he knew naught of those hesitations ordinarily incident upon vocations to the sacerdotal career. We have seen that from his early childhood he had his ideal, and that this ideal was far from human views or earthly ambition. He would be a priest. Therefore did he «go in to the altar of God, to the God who gaveth joy to his youth,» that he might learn how to offer the Divine Sacrifice and to courageously immolate himself. He was not yet eighteen years of age.

In the same college where he had been the brightest pupil, the young ecclesiastic taught for five years. Directors, confreres and students, were not slow to recognize the high distinction of his every act. Entirely free from everything savering of affectation, his whole deportment showed order and perfect restraint of heart and mind. The presence of God seemed familiar to him; it imprinted on his

features the stamp of serenity in so marked a degree that it might be said of him, as formerly of the saintly Bishop of Geneva:

« There is something in his face that reminds one of Jesus Christ. » Moreover, this outward reflection of a peaceful soul remained with him to the end. Neither the overpowering labors of the ministry, nor time, nor the painful sufferings of severe illness; nay, not even death itself could dim its lustre.

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On the eighteenth day of September, 1830, the Reverend Alexis Frederick Truteau, at the age of twenty-two years, was ordained priest by the Right Reverend John James Lartigue, first Bishop of Montreal. He had now reached the goal of his ambition. Fully understanding the wonderful greatness of the honor conferred upon him, the newly-ordained accepted with diffidence « the crown of priesthood, thorn-entwined like unto that of Christ, but which purples the brow of man only for the love of mankind and the glory of God. »¹ Beyond the precincts of the sanctuary, he was ready to make an entire oblation to God of the treasures of science he had there acquired in all the strength and ardor of youth.

¹ The Abbé Perreyve

His first appointment was as assistant priest in the parish of Boucherville under the guidance of a learned and holy pastor, the Reverend Peter Anthony Tabeau. In that home, whose doors were ever open to study and devotion, Father Truteau made an eventful apprenticeship for the sacerdotal life. After a year's sojourn, he was recalled to Montreal on September 17, 1831, and placed in charge of the young ecclesiastical students.

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The Grand Seminary was not in existence at that period; hence, all the aspirants to the holy priesthood made their theological studies at the Bishop's residence. Such a state of affairs, although deficient in itself, procured for the young levites the advantage of drawing from the purest of sources those staunch ultramontane principles so vigorously maintained by the Bishop of Montreal, and which same principles would, in turn, prove their strongest weapons of defense against the enemies of the Church.

Father Truteau, gifted with remarkable keenness of judgment, clung to those principles with all his soul. He professed the infallibility of the Pope in the school of Bishop Lartigue long before it was proclaimed a dogma

of Faith, and he amassed a fund of holy doctrines which he generously instilled into the minds of his seminarians. Owing to the affability and devotedness of the professor, his efforts were blessed with unqualified success.

In 1836, Bishop Lartigue advanced him to the post of secretary, a mark of confidence highly merited and worthily filled by Father Truteau. Discreet, prudent and wise, he shared actively in the labors of the episcopal charge. The diocese of Montreal, of comparatively recent erection, had but a limited number of the institutions and different works that, today, form its glory and its pride. Everything had to be started from the beginning. The Bishop and his secretary, intimately united in mind and heart, worked together for the common good, and firmly upheld the rights of episcopacy so violently assailed at that time and period.

The death of Bishop Lartigue, occurring on April nineteenth, 1840, interrupted the course of those glorious labors, yet they could not check the generous ardor of the secretary in the combats he had so resolutely undertaken. Monseigneur Iguace Bourget, successor to Bishop Lartigue, continued him in his office as secretary, and on the twenty-first of

January, 1841, designated him to take part in the first chapter of his Cathedral.

A choice so wise redounded to the acuteness of perception, and the unfailing discernment of the new Bishop. It proved once again that virtue and knowledge are the only titles to dignity and preferment in the service of Holy Mother Church.

The qualities most worthy of admiration in the recently elected Canon were those of wide experience, enlightened zeal and charming courtesy. Armed with these, he quickly won his way to a place of honor in the mind and heart of the diocesan authority. They also merited for him a second promotion, or rather a heavier burden, for on December twenty-seventh, 1847, he was appointed Vicar General of the diocese of Montreal.

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Father Truteau possessed a happy disposition that had no need of special circumstances to reveal itself in the vast field of labor opening out before him. The admirable resources at his command, together with his wisdom, were now to be drawn upon for the benefit of the entire diocese.

Monsieur Ignace Bourget, on his three different visits to Rome, confided the care of

his diocese and the solitudes of his episcopal charge to the keeping of his worthy Vicar General. In those trying hours, his administrative talent stood him in good stead, and his practical common sense found a way out of every difficulty.

A very intricate problem, involving the vital interests of the clergy, assumed a threatening aspect. Father Truteau, whose actions and words always bore the imprint of mildness and peace, on this occasion showed such firmness, and spoke with such severity, as to prove that he was actuated by no other motive than an ardent love of God and of Holy Mother Church. Frustrated in their sinister designs, the enemies of religion who had hoped to entrap the benign Vicar General, saw their momentary triumph turned into defeat, and their names consigned to the keeping of history in letters of shame and ignominy.

On the occasion of the memorable centenary of St. Peter in 1867, the Very Reverend Vicar General Truteau was delegated to Rome, with two other members of the Chapter, by Bishop Bourget to adjust the difficulties arising on account of the division of the parishes of Notre Dame. The mission was an extremely delicate one, but it was crowned with great

success, thanks to the prudence and tact of the chief delegate.

Father Truteau found his greatest source of strength for the accomplishment of his important duties in his constant union with God whose Name was always on his lips. As an ideal priest, he possessed the spirit of zeal and of piety in an eminent degree: the zeal of a noble heart for the kingdom of God seconded by a piety, simple yet profound, which permeated all his works and rendered them divinely fruitful. He was firmly convinced that without the grace of God, vain are all the endeavors of man.

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After attempting, despite our incapacity, to bring out in brightest splendor the great, holy, and useful works of the Vicar General, it will now be our pleasure to follow him in his ministrations with regard to our religious family. In this inner circle where he is always the wise, good Father, the friend of the poor and the little ones, how much nobler he appears in our sight!

The Very Reverend Vicar General Truteau had assisted at the obscure beginnings of our humble Community; he ardently desired to see it spread out in multiplied and fruitful

works. The lively interest he evinced for it from the very earliest date was increased by his appointment as chaplain during the prolonged absence of Mounseigneur Prince from November 1844, until the following September.

This first phase of his ministry at the Providence was but the prelude of the long years he was foreordained to spend in guiding its destinies. Although absorbed by a host of duties, the new director immediately placed himself at the disposal of souls with all the charity of his heart. Our first Sisters found in him a prudent counselor, an experienced guide, and a model to be followed in the practice of every virtue. The poor could always rightfully call him their father, benefactor and friend.

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Father Truteau had great solicitude for the spiritual advancement of those confided to his care. His favorite maxim of encouragement in all trials, was submission to God's most Holy Will, and his most frequent exhortation was on the practice of charity. Indeed, he had every right to make himself the apostle of that sweet virtue, for never was he seen slighting any one, not even those who might have personally offended him. Unmidful of self, he seemed to have no other preoccupation than

that of making others happy. Verily, he could have repeated without vain pretension the counsel of the Apostle, and it would willingly have been received from his lips: «Be ye imitators of me, as I also am of Christ Jesus.»

Of the illustrious Pius, IX, it has been said: «*Nemo tam pater.*» «No one was more of a father.» How often must our Sisters have applied these words to their good ecclesiastical Superior, for he was always pleased to exercise in their regard an authority imposed by sacrifice and devotedness. The sick Sisters received from him all the consolations of holy religion; and, moreover, a thousand other little comforts which he knew how to make acceptable by the touching marks of kindness that accompanied them. By the bedside of the dying he practiced the abnegation of a saint. He would spend hours at a time trying to soothe their last moments; and the power of his words, the sweetness of his charity and the fervor of his prayers always prevailed.

The Very Reverend Father Truteau gave the Community several annual retreats. His doctrine, always burning with apostolic zeal, attracted souls to God. Indeed he had that power in an almost irresistible degree. When the tree of Providence began to extend its branches in different parts of the diocese, good

Father Truteau, as he was affectionately styled, frequently visited the missionary Sisters to encourage them by his wise counsels.

Goodness was the keynote of his character, the auxiliary of his apostolate, the perfume of his good works. Beside his tomb that virtue of goodness merited such words of praise as are seldom heard, even of the saints. In speaking of his esteemed co-laborer and bosom friend, Monseigneur Bourget said: « I have known him intimately for the past forty-one years, and I can affirm that I have never seen him show displeasure or the least movement of impatience; even under circumstances the most trying, he maintained a calm exterior while his speech was always conciliatory. »

And so by one sentence was his amiability revealed! This mildness, joined to unflinching good humor, made him very easy of approach; gave attractiveness to all his dealings, and imparted a simple dignity to his every act. His conversation, seasoned betimes with sparkling wit, always proved enjoyable because of the lack of bitterness in his words.

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Souls, thus highly gifted, seem specially made to come in contact with sorrow and grief.

They act like sunbeams upon natures warped by the gloom of misery and suffering, and such was the rôle Father Truteau filled in his relations with the inmates of the Providence Asylum. He was one of those whom the Holy Scriptures have beatified «because they understand the miseries of the poor.» No one comprehended sorrow better than he, for none had a more tender or a more compassionate heart. This quality of goodness, however, did not encourage a sensitiveness that craves passing sympathy and weakens energy. To the unfortunate alone, did he manifest all his exquisite tenderness of soul, and they alone were privileged to draw copiously from its depths.

Who shall ever know all the self-imposed privations for their relief, or the means he took to cheer them along their way, to make them more contented and resigned to their hard lot? His chief relaxation, and indeed, all his leisure moments were spent in their company. When busied for their sake, he seemed to have no other occupation on hand. He indulgently listened to their questions, solved their doubts and paid the most touching attention to the least among them. He had the God-given faculty of making the afflicted smile through their tears. Whenever good Father Truteau made his appearance in the wards of the desti-

tute aged, or the orphaned little ones, joy would light up every countenance. And how supremely happy he was to be surrounded by the helpless children, and the no less helpless aged! Upon them he could pour out all the peace and gladness that overflowed his soul and reflected upon his noble features.

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The Very Reverend Father Truteau left a monument of his predilection for the orphans in the St. James School. This establishment was destroyed by fire in 1852. He had it rebuilt at his own expense, and the orphans, domiciled in the Providence Asylum for the time being, were transferred to the new refuge. In memory of this noble deed, the house was placed under the patronage of St. Alexis, his patron. The buildings of the mission at Joliette had grown too small to accommodate the various works. Good Father Truteau provided for their enlargement by pledging his personal responsibility for a loan of \$4,000. Behold a few of the many things he did for us, and 'tis well to place them on record. The underlying motive of all his generous deeds, made him say: « I admire the courage of the Sisters of Charity of Providence. They are poor and we must assist them. They are my Community. » Words

like these reveal the greatness of his heart; and, they prove that every act of his, radiated from that centre as the flower from its root. From his great heart proceeded his faith, his piety, his devotedness and his tender charity.

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For more than forty years the Very Reverend Vicar General Truteau worked, in fair weather as in storm, for the interests of God and his venerable Bishop. Could aught of earthly matters disturb the peace of a soul so conscientious in good works, it might have been the combat so long sustained by Bishop Bourget in defense of the inalienable rights of his episcopal see. The good Father was never perturbed, yet he suffered; he never gave way to righteous indignation, yet he prayed for the persecutors of a just cause. That struggle was, strictly speaking, the heaviest cross laid upon this worthy son of the Church whose priestly life was a round of uniformity in labor, constancy in devotedness, peace and joy in doing good. His passing away was, likewise, stamped with the seal of sweet serenity.

The twenty-fifth day of September, 1872, saw the Very Reverend Vicar General ascending the altar steps for the last time. An illness that had already caused him much suf-

fering, forced him, at last, to lay down his arms. On the same day he left the Bishop's residence to go into retirement at the Providence Asylum, his chosen place of refuge. Clearly foreseeing his approaching end, good Father Truteau wished to prepare himself for the Great Voyage in peace beneath that blessed roof, surrounded by his Daughters and the Poor.

This mark of affection was deeply appreciated by our Sisters; yet, it could not comfort them in their sorrow at the grave illness of their esteemed Superior. The latter, on entering the room prepared for him by loving hands, looked all about with a glance that seemed to say: « I am coming here to die. » Alas, his presentiment was to be realized all too soon! Each one present felt the same, although none had the courage to express the feeling in so many words.

A few days later, a circular letter was adressed to all the houses of the Institute, begging special prayers for the recovery of a life so useful and precious. Already at the Mother House triduums of prayer to our Lady of Seven Dolors had begun. The aged people, the little orphans, the postulants, novices and professed, the whole personnel united in fervent supplication to delay the end which seemed so near.

And yet, they had to bow in humble submission to God's inscrutable designs! On December fourteenth, the patient received the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. Monseigneur Bourget reserved for himself the mournful privilege of assisting his faithful friend to the very portals of Heaven. The Sisters, with lighted tapers, escorted the Most Blessed Sacrament to the dying Father's room. Accompanying this visible cortège, there was undoubtedly another, none the less pious or recollected; namely, that of our departed Sisters to whom the venerable patient, himself, had ministered at the supreme moment when the soul enters into the dark and lonely way that leads to Life Eternal.

Before communicating the patient, Monseigneur addressed him comforting words of consolation and peace. The saintly Bishop's voice trembled with emotion, while all present at that deathbed scene melted into tears. Father Truteau asked pardon, thanked his Daughters for their devotedness and docility, and then with edifying fervor added: « My dear Lord, You have always taken care of me throughout my life even down to the present moment. How happy I am for having spoken of You to souls. It is now my greatest consolation, and it inspires me with the deepest confidence.—» He

would have said more, but his poor, afflicted throat refused to articulate the words.

For a few days past it had been noticed that he spoke very little. When questioned, he admitted that he suffered very severe pains in his throat, although he had never revealed the fact. Indeed, no complaint escaped his lips during his illness. Did any one speak to him of his sufferings, he invariably replied: «Blessed be God! His holy Will be done!» This childlike submission, so characteristic of his beautiful soul, shone brightly forth in his dying hours. His bed of pain was truly a pulpit from whence, more eloquently than of yore, he taught his Daughters imperishable lessons of virtue.

During the morning of December twenty-eighth, the venerable patient had a sinking spell that was thought for a moment to be his last. Monseigneur Bourget hastened to his bedside, and spent the remaining day there in prayer, frequently suggesting pious aspirations or presenting him the crucifix to kiss. What unutterable consolation for the dying patient to have his father and friend near him at that hour of dread for all! Too exhausted to express his gratitude in words, he proved it by his looks. None better than he could appreciate such marks of affection on the part

of the fatherly Bishop, who forgot his own bodily sufferings to minister to his beloved co-laborer, and to give him the untold satisfaction of expiring in his arms.

In those last moments, Father Truteau realized the fulfilment of the promise made to those who love and understand the poor: « In the evil day the Lord will deliver them. » At the decisive moment which seals the eternal destiny of the soul, the Lord will deliver it from the anguish and the agony of death. In full possession of his senses, calm and confident to the end, Father Truteau followed the prayers for the agonizing so lavishly poured forth, by Holy Mother Church upon her departing children.

Towards four forty-five in the afternoon of December twenty-eight, 1872, the Very Reverend Vicar General Truteau yielded up his soul to God in perfect tranquillity. So serene, in fact, was his demise that it seemed, as if soothed by the softly spoken prayers of the holy Bishop kneeling sorrowfully by, he had fallen into a peaceful slumber.

The remains lay in state in the large Community room draped in sombre mourning for the occasion. On December thirty-first, a requiem Mass was chanted in our chapel.

The funeral services were held in the Cathedral on January second, in the presence of three Bishops, one hundred and twenty priests, and a large concourse of the laity.

In the profound sorrow caused by the loss of our beloved Father and true Friend, God, in His extreme goodness bestowed a sweet consolation upon the Community by permitting his body to be entombed in the crypt of the Providence Asylum Chapel pending the completion of the new Cathedral. There it has remained untouched until the present time, nor has any one yet dreamed of removing our most precious treasure.

On that tomb, almost directly beneath the altar in the sanctuary where the Church, each day entones her sacred hymns and recites her liturgical prayers, and where the Precious Blood of the Divine Lamb, immolated for the salvation of souls is daily offered, our good Father Truteau sleeps his last sleep in the midst of his Daughters of predilection. The atmosphere surrounding that hallowed spot is redolent of filial piety, gratitude and prayer. The humble monument recalls his goodness as man, and his worth as a priest of the Most High. At its base two words appear. In a simple, dignified way, they resume, as in a

poem of exquisite love and devotion, his life as Pastor of souls and as Father of the Poor. « *Delexit nos.* » « He hath loved us. » Remembrance and gratitude prompted the choice of those expressive words. They are more deeply engraven upon our hearts than upon the cold, marble stone; yet, we love to see them where they are, and where they will remain as a perpetual tribute of affection and esteem to the everlasting memory of our honored ecclesiastical Superior.

MISS THERESA BERTHELET

NOTABLE BENEFACTRESS OF THE COMMUNITY
OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF PROVIDENCE.

On the eighteenth day of April, 1866, Miss Mary Theresa Amable Berthelet, a most noteworthy benefactress of our Institute, peacefully breathed her last. Her long career of usefulness in the unobtrusive practice of the highest virtue, and the constant exercise of christian charity and benevolence, was quietly and calmly ended.

Four years before her death, this devout servant of God had been invested with the holy habit of the Third Order of the Servites of Mary, canonically erected in the Institute of Providence. In contracting this closer bond of union with us, Miss Berthelet also acquired a right to the spiritual remembrance we keep for all the departed members of our religious family; still, it is under altogether another title in the annals of the days that are gone, and of the days yet to come, that her memory is held sacred among us. As a benefactress, liberal beyond all others, she deservedly holds the first place on the roll of honor of our Ladies of Charity where such names as the

Lacroix, the Vigers, the Taverniers, the Nowlans, the Cherriers, the Leclairs and others are imperishably recorded as worthy co-laborers of our venerated Foundress, Mother Gamelin.

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The subject of this sketch was born at Montreal on September 27, 1783. She was the descendant of a wealthy christian family of citizens long established residents of the Canadian metropolis.

In endowing Miss Berthelet with a tender, compassionate heart, bountiful Providence also gave her an ample fortune wherewith to satisfy her predilection for the poor and the unfortunate. She looked upon her inheritance simply as a means for reaching up to God ; and this ideal made her find salvation and sanctity there, where others often find but their own condemnation and eternal loss.

We know little or nothing of the years spent by her home fireside, albeit they proved by far the longest period in her earthly pilgrimage. Were this knowledge ours, it would certainly prove an easy matter to trace back to their source those early lessons of virtue that later shone so vividly forth. But our friend never permitted the veil that

shrouded her youth and maidenhood years in her ancestral home to be drawn aside. Doubtless many a characteristic trait, or touching scene, or remarkable incident could be gleaned from the past she so carefully guarded, and which might cause a brighter light to shine upon the unbounded charities of her maturer years. All the precious details of her growth in holiness are known only to the angels. One thing, however, is certain. Miss Berthelet took genuine pleasure in receiving the poor into her home to give them help in their material need, whilst she administered spiritual nourishment to their famished souls. Indeed, it is recorded of her, that thanks to a zeal both wise and discreet, she had marvelous success in comforting the sorrowful, and in gently bringing them to loving submission to the Divine Will which governs and ordains all things.

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Miss Theresa Berthelet dwelt peacefully in her own home to the advanced age of seventy-one years, knowing no other joy than that of doing good. Taking little or no pleasure in the gayeties of the great world, her days sped calmly onward, accumulating merit for the life to come; but, the Lord required some-

thing more perfect of His faithful handmaiden. Heretofore, she had done good without any cost to self. Already, she had distributed her wealth in part to the poor; now, she was called upon to give something more personal, even her very heart. The complete immolation of soul, the renunciation of a thousand little comforts, the sacrifice of liberty in exchanging all the customs of home life for the regular practices to which lay persons must, in a certain degree, subject themselves when living in a religious institution, all this composed the offering God demanded of her.

About the year 1854, Miss Theresa, acting in concert with her brother, Mr. Oliver Berthelet, began to take a more lively interest than ever in the various Institutions of Charity then in process of foundation. To render their benefactions more productive of good results, the brother and sister, by mutual consent, consolidated their vast fortunes. It was at this juncture that Miss Berthelet left her happy home to dwell henceforth in the House of God. This seemingly simple action on her part, entailed upon her an infinite number of sacrifices, unknown even to her immediate friends. In later years, however, her brother disclosed how much it had cost her ardent soul to make such an act of total abandonment.

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On September first, 1854, Miss Theresa Berthelet was admitted to the Providence Asylum as a Lady Boarder. Hiding her grief from all save God, the new-comer graciously responded to the greetings of her humble hostesses who were overjoyed to receive her in their midst, and, without further ado, she adapted herself to the lowly life she was henceforth to lead. Such a step was, undeniably, one of the many, our heroine was destined to make in the higher ways of perfection she was called upon to traverse so rapidly.

Miss Berthelet, now relieved from every care incident to the management of a household, employed herself exclusively in the performance of good works, and in extending the scope of her liberalities. She had scarcely entered into possession of the apartments renovated at her expense, ere she began to take measures for enlarging the Asylum wards for the poor, rebuilding the outhouses, etc., assuming, as usual, the whole burden of the cost. All this was much; yet, over and above the material aid Miss Berthelet rendered us in every way, we are far more indebted to her for the constant edification she afforded us.

From the instant of her arrival, her sweet and engaging manners won all hearts, while

the affection every one bore her, soon ripened into respect akin to veneration, at the sight of her high moral worth and the multiplied acts of virtue she daily practised.

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Miss Berthelet was the possessor of great wealth, yet she understood the lessons of detachment taught in the Gospel. Considering herself but the humble steward of God's Providence, she kept her heart free from all ambition and endeavored to be guided solely by the spirit of faith in the administration of her temporal concerns. No shadow of ostentation or vanity,—faults common among the rich,—marred her deeds of mercy. Never could any such sentiment find foothold in a soul who looked upon herself as a miserable sinner, unworthy to live, and who carried this conviction into everything she did.

A very deep sense of humility pervaded all her actions. How many times was she not seen asking pardon of those whom she thought she had offended. The maid designated to attend her became the object of her maternal solicitude. If it occasionally happened that a slight movement of impatience, or a sharp word fell from her lips, she immediately repaired the fault by redoubled acts of kindness.

The spirit of mortification was all the more admirable in Miss Berthelet as it was more hidden and more ingenious. She cultivated it most in the daily tasks to which she subjected herself, notwithstanding her wealth. The law of labor to which the poor must, of necessity submit, she embraced joyously for the sake of the same poor, and through motives of penance and charity. So great was her aversion to idleness that, even in the last year of her life when her crippled fingers could no longer hold a needle, she insisted on carding the wool for the homespun garments of her beloved poor. Lavish in her gifts to others, she practised the strictest economy in her personal expenditures, and was most saving of whatever she had for her daily use.

Miss Berthelet knew how to offer to God the sacrifice of her bodily comfort and natural taste in little things as in great. Many a time she was observed, choosing by preference the least comfortable seat, and when gently urged to take a rocker, she adroitly managed to slip aside the cushion or to do away with the footstool. At her own request, the food served her was very plain and frugal. She would partake of only one dish, and that the most common. She scarcely ever touched dessert; whatever

dainties appeared on her table, she sent to the poor and the sick. She desired to abstain altogether from the use of wine towards the last, but the doctor bade her continue its use on account of her extremely delicate health. She obeyed by taking a small quantity once a day, reproaching herself bitterly for this slight satisfaction, saying: « Alas! the poor have none. »

The poor! They were always in her thoughts. Her tender compassion for the poor was the mainspring of her life. It was a most inspiring sight to see how kindly she met them, and how deftly she ministered to their wants. Her spirit of faith was so great that it could be truly said that she beheld her Lord and Savior in each mendicant, and that the alms she bestowed with such liberality, were indeed given to Him. She loved nothing better than to mingle with her beloved poor. At the splendid banquets she provided every year for the indigent of the Providence Asylum, it was her greatest pleasure to preside at the head of the table, and, by her gracious presence to spread happiness and good cheer. At these special times her charity knew no bounds. She took part in the simple amusements of both old and young, and did all in her power to make each recurring holiday, one long to be remembered.

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The last few years of Miss Berthelet's life, when sickness had enfeebled her to an alarming degree, she consented to let her dear brother assume full control of her financial affairs. This was the crowning sacrifice! And yet, she made it heroically for the betterment of her beloved protégées, the suffering members of Christ. Many a time, perhaps, she was tempted to regret her resolute act of detachment when she beheld her dear poor flocking to her as of yore, for help in their distress. Her joy knew no bounds when, after eagerly seeking for a trifle of some kind to give, she discovered a few cents left for disposal. When it happened that all her allowance was gone and that she had nothing more to give, tears filled her eyes because she was powerless to comply with their requests. One day, at a loss for something to give, she took a highly prized pair of scissors and offered it to the beggar. He was touched by the noble act of his benefactress and went away consoled and edified.

Although Miss Berthelet had foregone the sweet privilege of distributing her goods to the poor in person, the latter, nevertheless, continued to enjoy her liberality, while the works of God suffered no diminution in their revenues. Her indefatigable brother, likewise de-

voted heart and soul to charity in all its forms, administered their joint fortunes most judiciously. No Religious Order, no House of Mercy or Refuge of Charity, no worthy society of the City of Montreal ever appealed to him in vain. All unite in paying a well deserved tribute of gratitude to these two remarkable personages, who seemed providentially prepared to carry into execution the vast projects of charity and benevolence, evolved in the magnanimous heart of their beloved prelate, the saintly Bishop Bourget.

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But if the wondrous benefactions due to Miss Berthelet shone with great brilliance in the world, how many lesser gifts found their way into deserving hands? Private families and individuals in distress still found relief in the 'mother of the poor' who would not let her left hand know what her right hand did. Her all was cast into God's treasury for the benefit of His dearest children—the Poor. In addition, she possessed in a superlative degree, that kindness of heart which always finds an excuse for every shortcoming; nor would she allow any one in her presence to speak disparagingly of the absent. When told of anything reprehensible in the conduct of any one, she inva-

riably replied : « Oh, poor people ! they will be converted later on. » This practice of hers became so well known that her friends often playfully put her to the test, just to see how quickly she would arise to the defense of the absent.

Our heroine was eminently favored by the Holy Ghost with the gift of piety and its fruit, charity, towards God and her fellow-creatures. Her devotion to the Holy Eucharist was especially ardent. The night preceding her approach to the Heavenly Banquet was almost entirely given up to preparation for the morrow's Guest. In her eagerness, it frequently occurred that her toilet was made long before the hour, with the result that she grew faint from exhaustion. To prevent this, she was placed under obedience not to rise before the appointed time, or else forfeit her holy communion for the day. Prayer and union with God were the delights of her beautiful old age. She despised the news of the world, especially when it savored of anything uncharitable.

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Miss Berthelet made her life one long preparation for the time of death, and when informed that the hour was near at hand for her to go into the house of her eternity, she

willingly made the supreme sacrifice. The almost intolerable pains of her last illness were borne with truly superhuman fortitude.

In addition to bodily suffering, mental anguish had its share in the final purification of her sensitive soul. The thought of the Last Judgment filled her with apprehension. Neither the remembrance of her almsgiving, nor the thought of the meritorious life she had led, could calm her agitation or lessen her terror. Occasionally, the suggestion of God's infinite mercy and goodness towards the most miserable of His creatures would soothe her momentarily. The eve of her death, however, speaking of her uncertainty, she exclaimed: « Oh, perhaps I shall never see God! » Her nurse replied: « Do you think God will let Himself be outdone in generosity? You have built so many temples in His honor and you have done so much for His poor. » Her face brightened visibly as she answered: « Can it be true? Do you believe it? Oh, how happy I shall be to see God! » From that moment peace and tranquillity were restored. Ah! wonderful indeed, must be those works of mercy which tend, especially, to the spread of the Eucharistic Kingdom of His Divine Son, since they have the power to soothe away the fright and na-

tural dread of death common to nearly all the poor children of Adam.

The last Sunday Miss Berthelet spent on earth, seeing her nurses ready to go to Mass, she said to them: «May I not go too?» «You are too ill this morning,» they replied. «Send your good angel in your stead.» Turning aside, she whispered: «Go my good angel, go and hear Mass in my place since I am unable to do so.» Many a like message, doubtless, had her guardian spirit performed at her bidding through life. Many a time, perhaps, had he been sent to hover prayerfully about the tabernacles she had erected to the glory of Jesus Hostia, only to return laden with rare treasures of grace for her. These, Miss Berthelet was soon to find transformed into «an eternal weight of glory». Our saintly benefactress and most devout servant of God, completed her patriarchal life of goodness and charity to her fellow-creatures on April 18, 1866, at the ripe old age of eighty-two years, six months and twenty-one days.

Her body, robed in the religious habit of our Institute, lay in state in the Community room of the Providence Asylum for five days. The funeral obsequies were solemnly chanted in our chapel by the Right Reverend Bishop

Ignace Bourget. A great number of clergymen, secular and religious, distinguished members of the laity, besides a large gathering of her beloved poor, assembled to do honor to her memory.

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Our venerated Founder, very deeply indebted to the munificent generosity of our late benefactress, delivered a eulogy worthy of her. It was a fitting tribute paid by the first dignitary of the Church to an humble and valiant christian woman, and it should be regarded as a most eloquent testimonial of esteem and gratitude. A simple résumé of his discourse is herewith appended, in the hope that it may bring into clearer light the heroic virtues we have feebly endeavored to outline in this modest sketch.

« You will pardon me, Beloved Brethren, for departing somewhat from the general custom when I raise my voice to extol the virtues of our departed friend. I owe her this tribute of gratitude. To her unflinching liberality I am indebted for the means she provided for the extension of good works in my diocese. With her help, I was enabled to build churches and to establish the many institutions of charity that are today the glory and the pride of our

city. I am paying her a debt of justice in exalting the virtues she so modestly kept hidden from sight. Yea! truly was her life humble and perfect.

When the Apostle, St. Peter, was raised to the Pontifical Throne, a pious widow, named Tabitha, placed her worldly goods at his disposal in behalf of the christians; for she possessed great wealth and loved the poor. When she died, St. Peter being informed, went to the place where she was. In the great room he found large numbers of the poor whom she had assisted, gathered about mourning and weeping. They showed him the coats and garments their lamented benefactress had made and given them. Touched at the sight of their intense grief, St. Peter took one of the garments, spread it out upon the body of the deceased and said in a loud voice: «Tabitha, arise!» She that was dead immediately arose full of life, and was restored to the people who blessed the Lord with great joy.

Doth it not seem to you, beloved Brethren that there is a similarity in this Gospel fact and in the scene before our eyes today? She, whom we mourn, like the devout Tabitha, was held in universal esteem. How many the poor whom she hath assisted! How many the

good counsels she hath given ! How many the tears she hath wiped away ! and all this she did in the humility, the silence and the retreat of a simple couvent cell ! Methinks, were she able to speak, from her tomb she would chide me for bringing to the world's notice what she so artfully tried to hide from the sight of men ; but, I should be untrue to my trust were I to keep silence now. The time has come when all things must be revealed for our common edification.

Let us consider her charity. It suffices to cast a rapid glance upon the establishments she has founded to convince us of the efficacy and compassionateness of virtue in her. This diocese, at one period of its history, stood in imperative need of religious institutions. Our modest resources were inadequate to the demands. But the Holy Spirit had long ago prepared this devoted soul for good works, and she came to our assistance. She opened wide her treasury, and thanks to her generosity, humble virgins were enabled to vow themselves to the service of suffering humanity. Religious Orders rapidly developed, and institutions arose in different parts of our city. And her charity was as supernatural as it was discreet. In the poor whom she loved to gath-

er about her, she saw no one but the Lord Jesus Himself. This valiant woman gave them material food for their bodies; so likewise did she give them nourishment for the soul in the wise counsels that fell from her lips. To those able to work she taught the love of labor and economy; to others she taught submission and patience in the hour of adversity.

Her charity was hidden. Seeing her so plainly clad, one could hardly suspect her to be the foundress of so many churches, convents and hospices; to hear her speak, one would have judged her incapable of performing anything. Were any one to mention her charities in her presence, he at once became importunate to her. To attribute anything meritorious to her was to cast her into the uttermost confusion. Let it be remarked for our own instruction, that among the rich and wealthy of the world, or amid the throngs where indigence is treated with scorn and contempt, she was entirely unknown. She had learned the lesson of self-abasement and the law of sacrifice; therefore shall her name live eternally. She built her house, not upon the shifting sands of public opinion, but upon the strong rock of christian charity. Hence, she reigneth today in the mansions of bliss, surrounded by those

whom she comforted and soothed by her blessed almsgiving throughout all the days of her earthly pilgrimage.

May I not with good reason apply to her these words of Holy Writ : « She shall reign in life eternal for she hath lived a life of mercy. » Yes! for well hath she complied with the command the Holy Spirit placed upon the lips of His prophet : « Break thy bread with the needy and despise not thine own flesh. » And now, let her hearken to that other word spoken in reward for deeds of mercy : « Come thou blessed of My Father, because thou hast been faithful to all His commands. »

After the devout Tabitha finally passed away to a better world, the Christians laid out her blessed remains in a large room, and there paid her the last honors. She, whom we mourn at this hour, likewise, rested in a large room made possible by her generosity. Therein she received, like another Tabitha, well-merited honors. This morning again, we are assembled in a temple erected at her expense.

The example she has left us in her sweet and humble virtue, the works of mercy she has accomplished, the concourse of the poor whom she has assisted, all inspire us to exclaim as did Saint Peter to the illustrious Roman lady :

« Tabitha, arise! Receive the crown of immortality which God hath prepared for thee. . . . Arise and live! no longer a life, imperfect and corruptible, but a life immortal in the Brightness of Eternal Light! »

At the conclusion of this touching tribute, the casket, containing all that was mortal of our regretted benefactress, escorted by the members of our Community and the different Congregations present at the obsequies, was transferred to the crypt below the chapel, and deposited in a brick vault underneath the altar dedicated to St. Joseph. There may she repose in peace and continue from high Heaven to be the Friend and Protectress of our Community.

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