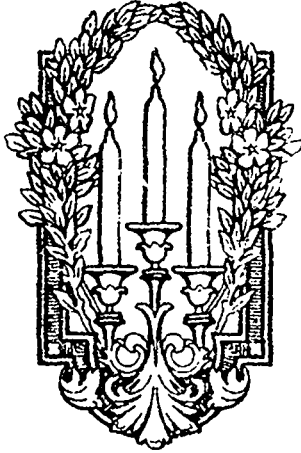


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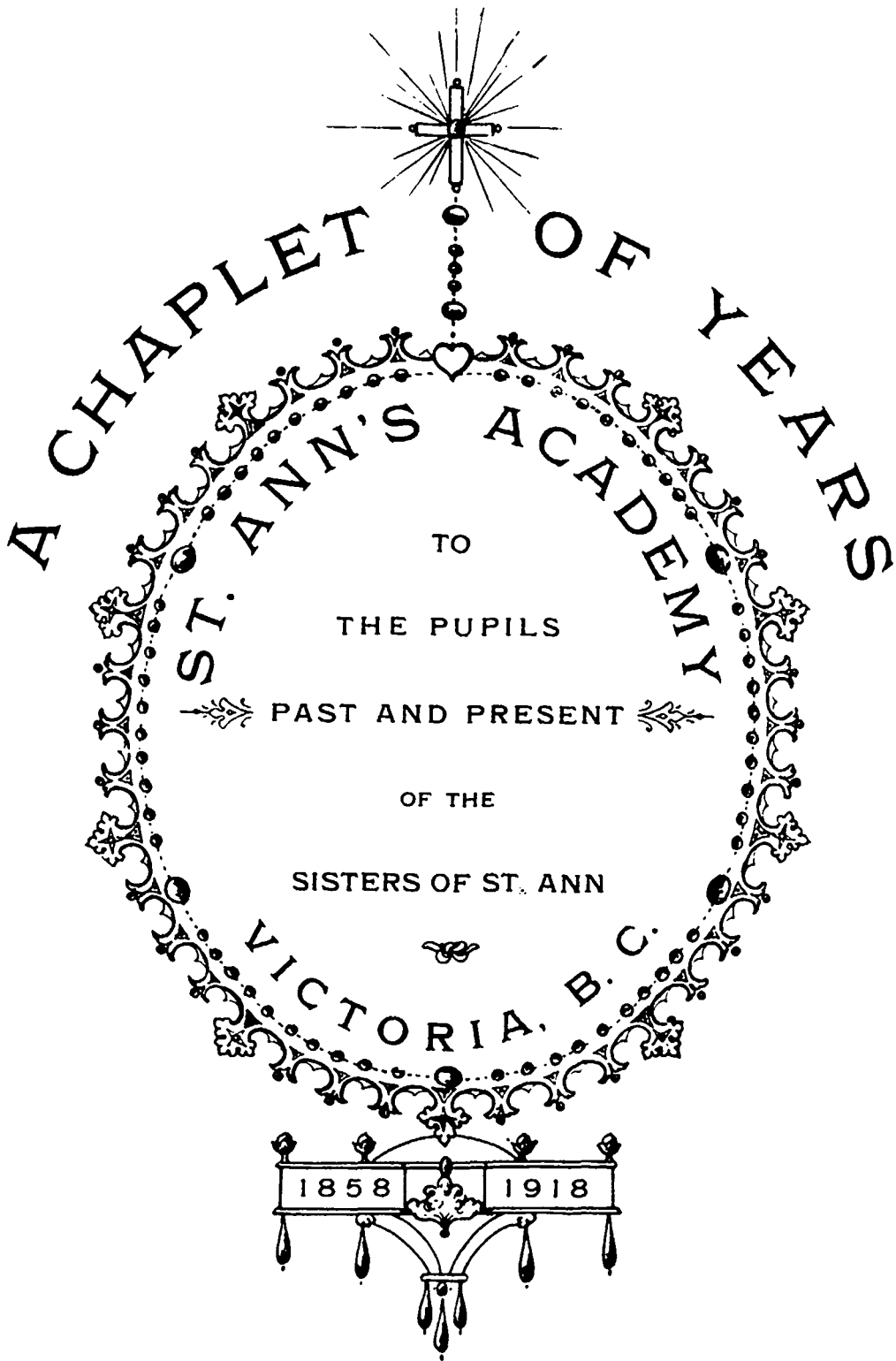
Chaplet of **Y**ears



1858 — 1918



ST. ANN
PATRONESS OF THE ACADEMY



A CHAPLET OF YEARS

ST. ANN'S ACADEMY

TO
THE PUPILS
PAST AND PRESENT

OF THE
SISTERS OF ST. ANN

VICTORIA, B.C.

1858 1918

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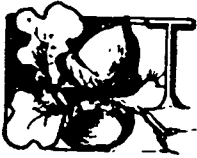
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FOREWORD

SIXTY YEARS ago four Sisters of St. Ann landed in Victoria. They had crossed the Isthmus of Panama on newly laid rails—the first railway that ever spanned America from ocean to ocean. They had gone forth, like Abraham of old, out of their country and of their kindred, to found a new home on the shores of a tranquil sea. And even as God blessed Abraham and prospered him, so the blessing of God rested on the little community of four, and caused it to flourish.



THE ACORN is now grown into a sturdy Oak beneath the shadow of which Sisters of St. Ann from many a corner of this far Western Vineyard find respite from labour and fresh strength to bear the burden and heat of the day.

“They go their way weeping, sowing the seed; they shall come again with joy, bringing their sheaves with them.”
Ps. 125:6. In the footsteps of the four pioneers, hundreds have followed. And they, too, have sown in tears for others to reap in gladness.

But who shall so forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or stretch a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

One there is, and One only. Others note the losses which the years bring, when

our way of life
is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;

He notes the gain. So the idle passer-by sees the corn bleached by the suns of autumn, and is perhaps saddened at the thought of the bloom and verdant beauty that has passed with the springtime. But the husbandman rejoices in his new-found treasure of golden grain. These covers bind together one small bundle of sheaves from the sowings of six decades.

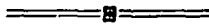
✠ ALEXANDER MACDONALD,

Bishop of Victoria

Pentecost Day, 1918



INTRODUCTORY



VICTORIA, at the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, a city basking in the favour of mountain, sea and climate, is rich in historic monuments. Among these are the sister-buildings, St. Ann's Academy and St. Joseph's Hospital, on Humboldt Street. Both institutions are conducted by the Sisters of St. Ann. The former was opened sixty years ago this June 5, 1918; the latter, eighteen years afterwards in 1876.

Tracing the origin of these Sisters of St. Ann; learning the motives which led them to cross from the peopled east of the Dominion to its unsettled west; taking part in their private and social round of duties; following their progress—such is the purpose to which this **CHAPLET OF YEARS** gladly lends itself in commemoration of the Sixtieth Anniversary of the arrival of St. Ann's Sisterhood in Victoria, B.C.

PART I.

A CHAPLET OF YEARS

ORIGIN OF THE SISTERS OF ST. ANN

IN one of the fairest orchards of a parish fittingly called "Terrebonne," near the city of Montreal, a woman about thirty-five sat in grave conversation with a young man some twelve years her junior. They were brother and sister; their eyes told you that—large, brown, vivacious eyes, wells of kindness and humour.

"My dear brother, I have come on this visit to the old home to tell you that I have formed the project of founding a religious order."

"Esther, that is a very solemn undertaking; do you realize what it means? You know better than I do, that founders of religious orders have had to pass through bitter ordeals."

"Yes, John, I have long counted the cost and weighed the suffering, and I frankly admit that nature shrinks from it all; moreover, my reason holds out before me that it is temerity on my part to entertain the remotest idea of being instrumental in establishing such a work in the Church; but, again, I am urged on by an irresistible force which I believe may be divine. I can no longer resist the inspiration, nor argue with doubt. As you are now the representative of the family, I thought proper to inform you of my design and let you know that I will at once take the initial step towards its fulfilment."

"It is a seriously important one, Esther, and I dread to think of the pain and misunderstanding it will bring upon you. At home you were doubly dear to us all, and now as mistress of your flourishing school in Vandreuil, where you enjoy the favour of 'la Seigneuresse' of Harwood Manor, you are highly considered; in all probability, the Cross will supplant this prestige."

"Remember, John, if it is really God's work, His grace will not be wanting."

"Yes, nothing but our lack of co-operation with Him can defeat His purposes. But, may I know your plans?"

"Certainly, I came here to tell them to you. The light of God may in time make them more definite; just now, I have chiefly in view the Christian education of children in city boarding-schools, and in country parishes where schools are few and far between. The well-to-do can



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



always find the way to education, but the poor must have it brought to them at their very doors. God helping, I will organize a congregation of young women, whose aim will be threefold: first, to work out their own sanctification by taking the three vows of religion, and living under a common rule; second, to teach girls in boarding-schools, and accept control of district schools; third, to care for the sick, the poor, and the orphaned."

And so under the branches of the apple-trees, were laid the great lines from which St. Ann's Institute evolved. So well were they drawn that from Eastern Canada they have extended to farthest sunset west, and to midnight northwest.

In the after years, when the courageous foundress, having tasted the chalice of humiliation, could say to a novice, who was surprised that one who had done such great things should now be filling the retired office of sacristan, "The grain of mustard seed must be buried before it can grow into a large tree." did she remember the peaceful, Arcadian orchard interview with her brother?

This young man's insight into God's dealings towards His foremost workers, may sound far-fetched, but it should be borne in mind that in the surroundings and home of this man of the world, the lives of the Saints were familiar topics of reverent conversation.

But at that time, Miss Esther Blondin and trials were practically unacquainted. They had been kept apart by the kindness, the exquisite tact, the gracious dignity and beaming cordiality with which she conducted her young ladies' boarding-school. None but those versed in God's ways with His chosen friends could have foreseen that they should one day be interlocked.

The Cross, that badge of God's nearest and dearest, alone could have substituted voluntary trial and abnegation for Miss Blondin's hitherto peaceful course of life. She, too, knew God's ways with those who take up His livery; so it was not lightly that she balanced her advantageous position with the Cross, and freely relinquished the one to embrace the other.

Another voice, besides her brother's, prepared her by saintly warning for the difficulties of her pious enterprise. This was Bishop Bourget, to whom she explained in person the call she felt to sever herself more completely from the world and found a congregation of religious women, devoted to the Christian education of young girls.



ORIGIN OF THE SISTERS OF ST. ANN



"Such a determination is most weighty," said the Bishop, "and requires mature deliberation as well as the moral certainty that it is the will of God."

"I know that my project is beyond any means of mine, either natural or supernatural, but I believe that God wants me to be His instrument and I am ready for any sacrifice. I cannot rest satisfied unless I try to do something towards promoting this new organization."

"I advise you to examine, study, and discuss every aspect of your proposed religious undertaking that you may find out if your resolution springs from mere human enthusiasm, or from the Holy Ghost. Your primary duty is to weigh all things well. Meanwhile, you may associate pious young women with your work."

Miss Blondin took her leave of the Bishop in the following words, now so treasured by the hundreds who have since called her their Mother-Foundress: "I am not deceived as to the trials and labours which await me in the new path I feel myself called to tread, but Almighty God, so rich in His benefits, has never forsaken those who place their trust in His Providence."

Encouraged by His Lordship's approval, Miss Blondin returned to Vandreuil and resumed her duties at the head of the Young Ladies' Boarding and Day School. This "Pension" had been opened by Miss Susan Pinault in 1833. Becoming more and more favourably known, its increasing roll made an assistant necessary. But Miss Pinault would accept only one whose chief motive, like hers, was to give religion the foremost place in the system of education. Miss Esther Blondin was this desirable person. She had been recommended by two Sisters of the Congregation who had received hospitality at the Pension.

Miss Blondin's resolve to open a novitiate in which she would be the first probationist for the projected Order, made no perceptible change in the school schedule, but the directress made known her intention of forming into a religious body the young ladies who wished to consecrate their lives to God by placing their natural abilities at the service of the young, the sick, and the poor, through the vows of religion.

The invitation met a much felt need and found fervid response. The long warring struggles in the Atlantic Provinces being now over, the construction period began. Schools and charitable institutions were erected in towns and villages with an activity and zeal which would have surpassed the means of the impoverished inhabitants, had not their esteem for learning prevailed over every difficulty.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



The young women, desirous of making trial of the new association, placed themselves under the direction of Mr. Paul Archambault, the parish priest, and began training for their threefold duties, May 24, 1848.

TRAINING FOR THE SISTERHOOD

Of paramount importance was the religious formation of the candidates. Even to the choicest of Catholics, such as those who now presented themselves for probation, Christ gave much to learn and do, when He taught, "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

This exalted ideal is very inspiring and draws many, but between ideal and practice, lie the difficult triple conditions, "If you would be perfect, deny yourself, take up your cross, and follow Me." These rules are hard, and as we learn from the rich young man in the Gospel, few have the courage to follow them.

Of fifty probationists who began to train, only five persevered through the required two years' novitiate. On September 8, 1850, these heroines of self-denial, obedience, labour, and prayer, knelt at the altar in presence of the Bishop, of happy relatives, and the proud Vandreuil congregation, and with glad hearts pledged themselves to God by life vows.

Since that day, the Institute of the Sisters of St. Ann, by steady growth and adherence to the rules and customs tested by its first exemplars, has held an honoured place among the religious congregations of the Catholic Church.

FIRST FRUIT

Among the visitors in the modest parlour of the new Sisterhood, on that heaven-registered day, was the brother of Miss Blondin, the foundress. He looked with reverent admiration at the sanctified face, the consecrated features. More than any one else, he could share his sister's sweet emotions: he knew that she was the architect of an edifice with a stairway leading to the dome of Heaven; he saw an unbroken procession, ever coming, ever ascending to reach its goal at the feet of God. Manlike, he also grasped the meaning that new glory was attached to the family name, by the sacred event that day recorded in Catholic Church History.

It was a holy hour in a holy place, and his heart expanded wide to receive its abundant benedictions. Filled with a realization of God's signal favours, he looked around the room at the visitors, and there—



ORIGIN OF THE SISTERS OF ST. ANN



in the bloom and blush of sweet sixteen, he saw "her" and, like Jacob, loved. She, too, had come to the religious festival to congratulate her eldest sister, one of the five that day espoused to the Divine Lover.

"Esther," asked the fond brother—he could not yet call her Sister Mary Ann, her name in religion—"who is that young girl talking to the Sister yonder?"

The foundress smiled; intuitively she knew that happiness, new-born, came to two young people at that supreme moment.

"She is Miss Margaret Pinault."

After this, the comely young man and the fair young girl often met in the Convent parlour, then in the home parlour, and finally in the House of God where, by solemn contract, they agreed to meet to part no more. The sequel was as blessed as the time, place, and persons which saw the blossoming of their acquaintance. Their sons and daughters took rank with the priesthood, the cloister, the army, the hearth.

It is significant that this union, in the fullest sense a model one, which developed under the sanctioning patronage of two holy nuns, began almost at the same hour as St. Ann's Institute, whose chief aim is to fit young girls for their place in the world.

In the household of the pious couple, where religion, happiness and affluence blended beautifully together, conversation was more on conventual matters than on societal gossip. There we learned much of the gifts and graces of

MARIE ESTHER, THE FOUNDRESS,

who had been appointed by Heaven's decree to do the greatest work that can fall to woman.

She was the third child in a family of twelve. So frail was she that her parents, when bending over her cot, held their breath lest it should extinguish her feeble spark of life; but God, who had a grand organization for her to lead to happy issue, preserved her existence, even to the age of eighty.

From her tenderest years, Marie Esther bore the credentials of those to whom God entrusts important missions. The neighbours and others who observed her remarkable bearing, her expressive countenance and her precocious mind, knew that she was destined for things of the highest order.

While still very young, she began to practise self-control, and soon she acquired a degree of fortitude which enabled her to bear annoyance and physical pain without betraying them even to her parents, who were extremely watchful of her because of her delicate constitution.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



At school she was known as the first scholar, the most endearing companion, and the best skilled in needlework. To this day pieces of altar linen, which she made when far advanced in years, are exhibited, and excite the wonder of adept needlewomen. Her respect and affectionate attentions for the aged were eulogized far and wide in the neighbourhood.

After the example of her mother, who was well known for her charities, Marie Esther felt great compassion for the poor. By a hundred and one little means suggested by her industry, she tried to lessen their needs. To work for the poor and to talk with them, was veritable joy to the refined and dearly loved girl.

One very hot summer day Marie Esther happened to be at a friend's house, when she saw a poor old man come painfully along. He entered the house and without a word sat down. He was middle sized, pale, and haggard; his long, white, unkempt hair fell on his shoulders; his face was soiled, and wet with perspiration. He was exhausted with fatigue and want. His large, black, luminous eyes seemed to appeal to the little girl for help. An ordinary child would have been frightened, but Marie Esther was deeply touched. At that moment, too, she remembered that her mother had said that Jesus Christ sometimes hides Himself under the guise of a beggar. This thought sent an indefinable current through her soul. Instantly, she approached the poor old man, and, full of compassion, asked him to let her wash his face and comb his hair. When this was done, the poor old man, whose voice sounded rather choked, thanked the little girl—she was then only eight or nine—and asked her for something to eat. Very sadly, she explained that this was not the house of her parents, so she was not free to take anything, but if he waited, she would go and ask permission of the lady of the house to give him food. She at once started out and having soon found the good lady, immediately came back with her, but to their surprise the beggar had disappeared. They made inquiries everywhere to find out where the stranger had come from and where he had gone, but neither then nor at any later time was anything ever heard of the mysterious old man.

Already at this early age Marie Esther showed ardent love for the Blessed Sacrament, for the Passion of Our Lord, and for the Blessed Virgin. She was often seen before an image of Our Lady as if pouring out her heart in loving confidence.

So careful and earnest was the preparation for First Communion made by this child of predilection that it influenced others for good. It also intensified the candour of her features and made the beholders say that she seemed like an angel. Those who assisted at the ceremony

ORIGIN OF THE SISTERS OF ST. ANN

never forgot her rapt devotion. Her piety was of the amiable kind, which never obtrudes itself, but leaves pleasing and fruitful impressions, and makes religion attractive.

Such had been the childhood of Marie Esther Blondin; without doubt good St. Ann saw in it a reflection of that of her own daughter, Mary.

Surrounded by tender home care and lending herself to the harmless pastimes of her environment, Miss Blondin attained her twenty-fourth year. At that time her health required a change of air, and Heaven directed her to Vandreuil. Here she first met Miss Susan Pinault, with whom, as it has been said, she for several years conducted a select boarding-school for young girls. With identical aims in serving God and imparting Christian education, the two young women united in the common enterprise and tacitly vowed themselves to religious teaching. Like the sisters, Martha and Mary, they worked and prayed in accord. The third part of their income was given to works of charity. The sick, the needy, and the indigent widow soon learned to bless these beneficent educators.

Leading, as they did, a life which so much resembled that of nuns, it seems to us that the most natural course of these excellent women would have been to join one of the established Orders. There were several from which to choose. But God wanted the Order of St. Ann on the American Continent, and He reserved them for the undertaking. He slowly prepared conditions so that these, His agents, might be worthy of their model, St. Ann, the Immaculate Maid's teacher.

God's intentions gradually dawned on Miss Blondin. His voice became more distinct, more imperative; but the undertaking appalled her. Humility shrank from its sublimity; limited means feared its financial phase.

Courage and trust in Providence are the unfailing channels through which saints bring about God's purposes. Miss Blondin had these. The financial element was supplied by Miss Susan Pinault. She had withdrawn from teaching and left the Select Boarding School under Miss Blondin's control some years before her friend had penetrated the Divine Will in her regard, but upon hearing of the inception of St. Ann's Institute, she offered her thousands to the good project, and solicited admission among its probationists. Miss Susan Pinault was then forty-four years of age and used to a life of independence and ease. Moreover, she had indulged her taste for rich apparel. It would already have meant considerable renunciation to be a life boarder with the Sisters, in return for the sum of money which she unrestrictedly placed in their hands.



But this was not going far enough to meet her earnest desire of pleasing God in humility and perfect love. She put herself with the youngest in the novitiate, and took up at the foot of the ladder the yoke of conventual rule, with its minute practices of poverty and obedience.

We know that she persevered. Miss Pinault's name, in religion Sister Mary of the Assumption, is inseparably linked with that of her friend, Miss Blondin. The corner-stone of the spiritual edifice of St. Ann's Congregation rests on the latter, its financial basis on the former.

Both these ladies were ladies indeed, with a charming politeness which must have been transmitted to them through generations of French blood. It is told with pleasant paraphrasing that on one occasion Miss Pinault was returning from church where she had been sponsor to a child, when the horse took fright and ran away. In a glance she saw that safety lay on the opposite side of the road. Like a flash she sprang past her partner, and alighted safely on the solid ground, with the wee Christian snug in her arms. But in that moment of danger she had not forgotten politeness, for the gentleman heard her say as she flew past him out of the flying buggy, "I beg your pardon, sir."

TWO PRICELESS GIFTS

Without doubt the new Order was now proved to be of God. Its numbers steadily increased, and the sphere of its action grew quite disproportionately.

The call to religious life is a mystery even to those who are called. Why one girl is drawn to the life at fourteen, and another at twenty-five; why one prefers a particular Order out of many which differ only in name and habit; how some come from long distances, and others from next door; how French, English, American, Irish, Canadians and other nationalities converge at a centre by a law of common attraction—what power brings the convert of a few months to embrace the same vows and rules as the Catholic of many generations—these are the miracles of predestination.

This cosmopolite family lives in closest intimacy, seldom knowing, never caring, whether one's pedigree is high or low. There, the highest aristocracy is to serve God best. It is the fulfilment of the Scripture saying, "The Spirit breatheth where it listeth."

It breathed one day on a fourteen year old girl who had often gazed longingly at the newly professed Sisters of St. Ann and their convent.



ORIGIN OF THE SISTERS OF ST. ANN



"Mother," she said one day, "I do so want to wear a frilled cap like the Sisters. Will you not let me go and be one of them?"

"My child, wearing the frilled cap does not make the nun. That is a childish and unworthy motive for so holy a calling."

Day after day the child coaxed, and always her mother treated the subject as a child's whim. Finally, to put an end to these importunities, she called on Mother Mary Ann. "I am rather confused at troubling you for a fancy of my daughter's, but she gives me no peace with her entreaties to have me ask you to receive her. I am sure she does not know what becoming a religious means, because she is only fourteen and plays more than she works."

Looking into the eager, smiling face with her soul-penetrating eyes, Mother Mary Ann asked, "What is your wish, my child?"

"To wear a frilled cap and dress like you," was the guileless answer.

The good widowed mother felt she could sink through the floor with mortification at this childish admission, but the wise Mother General smiled approvingly; she could read deeper. In the clear, animated eyes of the young applicant, she saw that this attraction for a sombre garb and veiled head rather than for gay beribboned attire—as inexplicable as the preference of the violet for shady places—was the germinating seed of a vocation, irresistibly pushed forward in the garden of Convent life.

Admitted into her wished-for element, the girl of fourteen accepted the rule gaily. Rising before five at all seasons, obeying a bell which twenty times a day notified her to go from prayer to work, and from school to recreation; going through a sort of apprenticeship in the many occupations which fill a Sister's daily programme; accepting agreeably the contradictions which mould character—such were the exercises of this young novice during two years. So congenial were they to her that she took them upon herself forever.

A few years later, she came to Vancouver Island where, as Sister Mary Bonsecours, she gave the fruit of this training for forty-five years. The orphans, especially, reaped the biggest part of this harvest. The native and half-breed children, also, received a plentiful share. In pre-trained-nurse times, this up-and-doing Sister ministered much in the houses of the sick. Later on, the Victoria and Alaska hospitals knew the skill of her hands and the compassion of her heart.

Convent rule is conducive to long life. This professed of sixteen lived to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of her taking the vows, known as a "Sister's Golden Jubilee." The event took place in Victoria. St.



Ann's Sisterhood and Academy united to honour the humble, cheery nun, who in those years had laid up so much gold, frankincense, and myrrh for her Divine Lord. Ten years pass, and the Good Sister celebrates her Diamond Jubilee. Now it is the Community of the Mother House in Lachine, P.Q., that assembles around the aged Spouse of Christ to keep that Sixtieth Anniversary of her life-obligation to God.

Another plant, with marvellous properties to spread and bloom, was presented to the new Order in the person of Miss Teresa McTucker. She was not quite fifteen, recently arrived from Sligo, Ireland. Few had as much right as she to be called "A Rose of Erin." British Columbia was to know, love, and venerate her as Mother Mary Providence—a gift of unusual worth to this Pacific Coast Province as well as to St. Ann's Congregation.

Names have sometimes been heaven-sent to individuals to signify their particular mission; that of Mother Mary Providence belongs to this prophetic class.

After the first year of probation, Miss McTucker was clothed with the holy habit of St. Ann's and, according to the Rule, received her name in religion. Lady Harwood, a friend of the new Order, captivated by the blooming appearance of the Irish novice requested that she be called Sister Mary Rose. At the same ceremony, another novice, pitifully pocked and contrasting in every outward respect with the prepossessing Irish girl, was to take the habit. The name, Sister Mary Providence, was intended for her. The family name of each novice, with the name by which she was henceforth to be known, was written on a list from which they were to be read by the officiating priest. At the appointed place in the Ceremonial, the priest gave out the names but inadvertently connected Miss McTucker's with Sister M. Providence, and the other novice's with Sister M. Rose. The mistake might easily have been rectified when the Sisters came out of the Chapel, but the slip was so unaccountable that it was accepted as willed by God. Her subsequent career justified this interpretation, for she was a Providence to great and small, to rich and poor, giving counsel to the one and resources to the other.

No less God-willed was the substitution of Sister Mary Providence for another religious who had been named for the Vancouver Island missions, and had already set out on the two months' trip, when she became too ill to proceed and had to return to the Mother House. The details are interesting and have their analogy in the Life of St. Francis Xavier.

OUR ALMA MATER'S JUBILEE

The sun sinks low: against the darkening sky
The truant sunbeams play among the trees,
Or throw their golden shafts on mountain high;
While softly o'er the meadows and the leas,
The summer sounds of insect and of bird
Sink into murmurs, indistinctly heard.

But hark! upon the balmy air doth break
A sound that leads us back o'er Memory's lane—
A sound that bids our hearts from dreams awake,
And cast aside the present woe and pain.
Ah, souls! ye know full well that solemn strain
That guides us back to girlhood days again.

The Convent bell has called, and fain we come
To kneel within the silent Hall of Prayer,
And leave our tributes, even for "the Some,"
Whose faces ne'er again shall meet us there.
Yes, tributes of our love with prayer will twine,
And leave as offerings at the incensed shrine.

We go; the bell has ceased to toll. 'Mid tears
We gently lay within their flowered bed
The withered memories of fifty years,
The buds of promise—open wide—now dead.
And in our hearts, as thus we say farewell,
We feel what human lips can never tell.

The morning breaks. The golden rays of light
Gild radiant the Convent's weathered walls;
Nature in all her grandeur and her might,
Her various satellites of beauty calls.
And fain we join with them in mirth and glee,
To celebrate this Golden Jubilee.

With loving hands, we weave our blossoms fair
Into a coronet, than jewels more bright,
To crown our Alma Mater's silvered hair—
A trophy of a half a century's flight.
Once more the halls re-echo sounds of old;
Once more the tales of girlhood are retold.

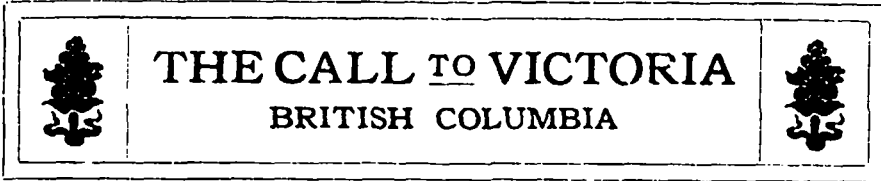
Ah, sweet it is to live the days of yore,
To clasp the hands again that are so dear;
To turn the golden page of Memory o'er
And find it traced with love and joy and cheer—
A symbol of that "Union" which will be
One glorious, endless Golden Jubilee.

BESSIE NUTTALL-HOPKINS.



RT. REV. MODESTE DEMERS
FIRST BISHOP OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AND ALASKA
1847—1871

PART II.



THE VOYAGE



HE young Order, being the work of God, soon became favourably known, and was invited to open branch houses in several parts of the Province of Quebec. It was to extend beyond. As early as 1858, Rt. Rev. Modeste Demers, Bishop of the country lying north of the State of Washington and west of the Rocky Mountains, with his See in Victoria, Vancouver Island, made application to the Order to assume missionary work. It was to be a literal setting out without scrip or purse. Salary, or a fund, however slight to begin with, or to look forward to, was not to be thought of. The most the Bishop could do was to defray the travelling expenses of the first four Sisters, selected from forty-five who, with one accord, had volunteered for that poorest portion of the Church's vineyard.

The names and birthplaces of these Sisters, to whom British Columbia owes the highest examples of devotion to God and mankind, should be forever chronicled. They are:

- Sr. M. Sacred Heart - - Salome Valois, Vaudreuil, P.Q.
- Sr. M. Angele - - - Angele Gauthier, Vaudreuil, P.Q.
- Sr. M. Lumina - - - Virginie Brasseur, Vaudreuil, P.Q.
- Sr. M. Conception - - - - Mary Lane, Rawdon, P.Q.

Leaving Montreal, April 14, the Sisters arrived at Victoria, June 5. Their route had taken them by rail to New York, then down the Atlantic to Aspinwall, across the Isthmus of Panama by train, up the Pacific to San Francisco, then on to Vancouver Island; in all a two months' trip for what would now take only one hundred hours on the C.P.R. Imperial Limited.

From the pleasant and uneventful voyage there remains the memory of an incongruous but amusing incident, which is still recalled with laughter.

After crossing the newly-laid Panama railroad, the Sisters had to bide their chance to embark on one of the steamship's tenders. One thousand seven hundred passengers, all men, with an immense amount of baggage, and many cattle, were here waiting to board the steamer John Ellis, then bound for San Francisco. These men had joined the mad rush to the recently discovered gold fields in Cariboo.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



It was no easy matter to force one's way through the excited crowd to the steamer. After waiting two hours in vain for his chance, the Bishop, who was the head of the party, fearing the Sisters might catch yellow fever if exposed longer to the pestilential atmosphere, hired mulattoes to conduct the party to the anchored steamer three miles off. They agreed to do so for eight dollars. As there was no landing place, the mulattoes waded knee-deep to the boats, carrying their passengers on their shoulders. The Bishop was carried over first, then the priests and brothers, the Sisters looking on with dismay to think they, too, must be borne on the shoulders of those mulattoes. Nothing had daunted them so far, but to be hoisted on those naked shoulders, to grasp those mulatto necks, and to be grasped by those brawny arms, ah, this was too much!

Sister M. Conception, with true Celtic independence, positively refused to submit to this mode of travel, but finally had to yield to the inevitable. When the mulatto took her up she held on so gingerly that he nearly dropped her in the Pacific. The irate mulatto scolded her roundly for thus ruining his reputation as a carrier. Before consenting to carry over Sister Mary Angele, who was of generous weight and build, the porter demanded a double fee. This fact afterwards was often jestingly held up to the good natured Sister, with the reminder that as her passage had cost twice that of the other Sisters she was expected to do twice as much work.

THE CABIN CONVENT

The day after their landing the Sisters were to be seen at the great duty for which they had left Motherland, a severance which then implied voluntary exile. Their first work was to make their dwelling, which was a dilapidated cabin, fit for habitation. For some weeks the sleeping apartment of the Sisters consisted of mattresses spread on the floor of the living room, and piled in a corner during the day time. This "living room" came by its name most honestly: it was a school room, community room, parlour and office all combined.

The paramount duty in which the Sisters at once engaged was that of teaching the young that we are on earth "to know, love and serve God, and be happy with Him forever in heaven."

As a means to an end, the Sisters, then as now, imparted this vital lesson through the medium of secular learning. The first Catechism lesson given on Sunday, twenty-four hours after their arrival, was



followed on Monday by lessons in the three "R's." No time was lost in preliminaries, such as building and fitting a school; the cabin, 20x10, with a partition across dividing it in two apartments, was as satisfactory to the four nuns who honoured it with the name of "Convent," as it was to the children who were happy to call it "their school."

Success and content were the rewards of labour and poverty. The demands in teaching and caring for the sick increased. Moreover, the elementary programme which the Bishop had mapped out as sufficing the needs of natives and half-breeds, had suddenly been brought to higher requirements by the unexpected influx of population caused by the discovery of gold in Cariboo, while His Lordship was on his Eastern tour.

The situation was at once made known to the Administration at the Mother House—which was now at St. Jacques, P.Q.—and urgent request was made for recruits. Negotiations were slow, for we must remember that it took four months for an answer to come from Montreal to this far Western city. Seventeen months elapsed between the coming of the first Sisters and that of two more, who swelled the Victoria Convent to a community of six.

The new comers were Sisters Mary Bonsecours and Mary Providence, already introduced to us in their sixteenth year at the time of their consecration to God. Sister Mary Providence was not to have come to the Western missions; she was far too promising and valuable to St. Ann's Eastern convents to be spared there, and her talents too exceptional to be sacrificed in a pioneer country. So decided those who sat in Council to appoint workers for the far, far distant country, but the higher Council of the Ruler of our destinies over-ruled this reasoning.

St. Ann's counsellors fixed their choice on Sister Mary Elizabeth, a first cousin of Mrs. J. Sadlier, the well-known authoress. Sister inherited the same literary gift and liked to give it expression by writing holy themes and spiritual books. Loving her Sisterhood above all things, as all its members should, she wished to see it win a great name, and being young and holding authorship in high esteem, she thought this might be done through publishing books. Being enthusiastic on the point, one day at the mid-day recreation when the Sisters were talking in happy vein, as is their way, the conversation fell on the Saints and the great things done in the old Orders. Sister Mary Elizabeth broke out with the innocent exclamation, "How I wish our community would do something in the line of learning to bring it before the world!"



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



"My dear Sister," said the Superior, "go and shell the peas in that basket and think while doing so, that the greatest glory of an Order depends on the humility and obedience of its members."

The Superior knew that the good Sister had these virtues, and being herself a woman of whom it was said she bordered on genius, she could appreciate the younger Sister's gift. The lesson was not meant to stifle it, but rather to give pre-eminence to the example of Christ, who having it in His power to do great things was, as the Evangelist tells us, "subject to them."

Because Sister Mary Elizabeth walked in these footprints of her Divine Model, she heard the voice of God in that of her Superiors when they told her that, after much prayer and deliberation, they had named her for the Vancouver Island missions. She gladly acquiesced and diligently prepared for the voyage and her future employments. Shortly before the departure from the Mother House it was noticed that Sister's energy had slackened, but this was attributed to fatigue and suppressed emotion. When the final hour of farewell came there was no disguising the fact that Sister was combating illness. There were some who thought the long sea voyage would do her good; others, that she would soon come back. Among the latter was Sister Mary Providence, who went so far as to say to Mother General, "Do not hesitate if you want a substitute for Sister Mary Elizabeth; I am quite ready to go in her stead."

The Sisters tried to hush her, so apprehensive were they that one so dear and necessary to them, would be taken at her word.

Mother General accompanied the two Sisters (Mary Bonsecours and M. Elizabeth) to Montreal, where they were to join the party of other religious bound for the West, and finish preparations for the voyage. While Mother General was attending to business, both Sisters were gaining whatever hurried knowledge they could in hospital training from their kind hostesses, the Sisters of Providence. There wanted but forty-eight hours for the embarkation when, late in the evening, after a strenuous day's tramp in the city, buying and packing and shipping. Mother General was gently informed by the Providence Superior that Sister Mary Elizabeth was down with typhoid fever. Poor tired Mother General, it was no time to rest; she must think quickly and act quickly, and be back at the Mother House by next forenoon. She hired a vehicle where she had to drive, and a rowboat where the St. Lawrence was to be crossed, and a cart for the country roads. At the river crossing so wild a storm raged that it was by sheer force of will she got the boatmen to row her over.



THE CALL TO VICTORIA, B. C.



"It would be daring the greatest danger to cross the St. Lawrence in such a storm; never has it been so furious, the very demons seem to be in it."

"So they may be," answered Mother General, "for I have no doubt they want to frustrate my efforts to send a Sister to a missionary land, where she will deprive them of much prey. Let us defy them! Take me over, I am not afraid, no harm will come to you in such a cause."

The boatmen were won over; they had not rowed far before the storm suddenly abated and the remainder of the crossing was easily accomplished. After this, there were several miles of muddy road to cover, and the early morning air was cold. To make matters worse, the driver had left some of the wraps behind, and Mother contracted pneumonia. It was about eight in the morning when the Sisters of the Mother House saw her arrive alone and half chilled.

"What has happened?" they asked with alarm, as they hastily gathered around her.

But Sister Mary Providence approached and said with quiet assurance, "Mother, you have come for me; I knew you would."

"How could you know, for it is only within the last twelve hours I have known it myself?"

"This morning when I was making my adoration on rising, a voice said, 'Make your oblation. Mother General is on her way to fetch you to join the party going to the Pacific Coast.' I have been expecting you."

"Yes, Sister Mary Providence, I have come for you. Sister Mary Elizabeth has developed typhoid and as this absolutely cancels her call to the West, Bishop Bourget indorses your going. You have only a short time in which to get ready, because we must leave in a couple of hours."

"I am ready now," said the generous nun, who like a sincere lover of religious poverty, had no personal belongings.

When the Chaplain heard the occurrence which had led to substituting Sister Mary Providence for Sister Mary Elizabeth he said, "The finger of God is there."

The news that Sister Mary Providence was about to leave for Vancouver Island soon came to the ears of the pupils, and then followed indescribable scenes of sorrow and grief. Lose the beloved Sister, who for five years had been all in all to them; devoted mother in their needs, magnetic teacher in their studies, congenial companion in their play, ingenious conductor in their dramatic performances—part with Sister Mary Providence, the glory alike of Convent and town, this was desolation too deep for words! Nor was this a passing moment of over-



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wrought emotion; to their very old age, the children who had felt the anguish of that parting hour, whether they had become wives or religious, remembered it with a renewed sense of pain.

Such is the stamp of personality, that to the population of St. Jacques, in all these sixty years, no other name has been so much as that of Mother Mary Providence, the exponent of the richest qualities of heart, mind and soul in a superior woman.

The Mother House is the fountain head of an Order, and St. Ann's in depriving itself at the outset of the co-operation of one of its ablest subjects, shows how costly was the responsibility of its missionary enterprise. After giving two years' training to the young ladies who seek admission in its membership, and then and afterwards affording them the best available means of furthering individual capacity, the Mother House, naturally, would like these advantages to be placed to best account in some populous centre; instead, when set in mission lands, they are dispensed to comparatively few.

The Mother House draws from the more robust, those who will adjust themselves to foreign climatic conditions, and best bear the hardships of pioneer settlements. Financially, it supports rather than receives, and has no proximate hope of return.

Why, then, does an Order take these obligations? For the same reason that Christ took our burdens upon Himself—to help bring the race to Heaven.

United to the Divine Will, Sister Mary Providence courageously bade farewell to her disconsolate Sisters and pupils, and began the long trip from Montreal via Panama, to longitude West 123 19' and latitude North 48 30'. The Sisters in Victoria wrote their names in this pithy sentence, "All good things have come to us, with her."

Countless others of various race and creed have said the same of this nun, who was so resourceful for the needy, and so strong to support those in trouble.

Sister Mary Providence was only twenty-two, and the youngest of the Victoria Convent Sisterhood, when she was placed at its head. This was young for so important a charge. The sceptre of an Empire can be placed in the hands of a girl of eighteen, as was the case with Queen Victoria and Queen Wilhelmina, but to be Superior of the least of convents at that age is unheard of, twenty-five being considered young; as for being Mother General of an Order, forty is the minimum age.

SIXTY YEARS AGO

I.

Full ten and fifty years ago,
There came to bless our Western land,
A zealous group of noble souls,
The humble Sisters of St. Ann.

II.

They left their far-off Eastern homes,
This brave, heroic little band;
They came to spread His gospels far,
To teach His word on every hand.

III.

Not easy were the tasks assumed,—
To heal the sick, to teach the youth,
To comfort all whom sorrow touched,
To guide the erring back to truth.

IV.

Now sixty years have rolled away,
Since first these minist'ring angels came;
With loving pride we view today,
The work accomplished in His name.

V.

Success has crowned their efforts brave,
Each cherished hope has been fulfilled;
A stately convent rears its walls—
Mute testimonial to their skill.

VI.

Ring, diamond bells of jubilee,
Let joy and gladness have full sway;
With grateful, loving hearts we're come
To celebrate this festive day.

VII.

Amidst this joy, can we forget
The dear ones who have gone before?
Ah, no! We miss each gentle face,
Those loved ones whom we see no more.

VIII.

We know that they're rejoicing now,
With tender love they're looking down.
Too soon their mortal course was run,
Too soon they earned the golden crown.

IX.

We pray that in the future years,
God's choicest gifts He will bestow,
And that His blessing still may rest,
Upon these workers here below.

X.

And we, who're gathered here today,
Trust that we all may live to see,
And help once more to celebrate
St. Ann's Centennial Jubilee.

MARY GODFREY-McBRIDE.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



THE CABIN CONVENT

Appearances were assuredly against Victoria's first Convent School. It bordered on Beacon Hill Park near the entrance of what is now known as Heywood Avenue, but was then a little back street.

In the fall of 1858 the original building had been doubled, and now presented a frontage of 40 feet, 15 feet high; two doors, four windows and a belfry. The school furnishings, all home manufacture, were of the simplest sort. Humble as was this primitive school, the pupils were satisfied with its arrangements, and happy in their trustful affection for the Sisters.

Lizzie Eddy (Mrs. E. E. Williams), San Francisco, the first resident pupil registered, writes from that place fifty years later: "I offer my congratulations on the wonderful progress the Sisters have made. There were four Sisters when I was at the Convent. I can see them now; one was Aunt Angele—we called them 'Aunt' in those days. She was one of the dearest souls that ever lived; she saved me from many a punishment, for I was always in disgrace. I look back and see how hard those four Sisters worked: they sawed the logs with a cross-cut saw, and we children sat on the logs to keep them steady. It was fun for us, but hard work for them."

We could wish that the reward of labour under such circumstances would have been to immune the toiling Sisters from suffering, but such was not the case; for the writer continues: "Aunt Conception was confined to her bed with a swollen leg and one Sunday I was at home to take care of her. It was winter, and as I sat by the stove in the dining-room, I lit a splinter and put it in a crack of the papered partition which separated the dining-room from the chapel. As no miracle took place, the Convent was set on fire. Aunt Conception smelt the smoke. How she got down stairs I do not know. She took a rug and smothered the flames, but a portion of the chapel was ruined. What dire punishment do you suppose I got for so dire a deed? I was made to sit and look at the burned wall and charred chapel.

"This is only one of the many naughty things I did. I would dearly love to meet some of the dear ones, but instead, I send all the best wishes one can send for continued prosperity."

Doctor Tolmie, in his interesting diary of those early times, has an entry of his medical visit to "one of the Sisters who had a very bad leg." Indeed, it was so bad that there was grave talk of its being amputated.



If many now credit Christian Science with healing power, why not, with greater reason, believe in the much older and more efficacious

HEALING BY FAITH?

Sister Mary Conception, who by nature was very composed, said little when she heard the medical verdict, but she resolved to try the efficacy of the sign of the Cross and holy water before the surgeons came with their anodyne and instruments. Her faith and devout use of these two sacramentals were rewarded—she was perfectly cured in one night. Next day she resumed her duties, and never from that time did she experience the least weakness or discomfort in that member, though she reached her ninetieth year.

Other impressions of childhood at St. Ann's, besides those of "mischief" and its follower, "clemency," left influences which time and distance made more and more sacred. Since the persons who do individual good bring praise to their city and spread its fame, it will be gratifying to Victorians to read the following communication dated 1908, from Mrs. Esther Samuels, 1763 Geary Street, San Francisco.

"Truly the days spent at beloved St. Ann's were all interesting. I date very far back, having attended the Convent from 1860 to 1864, but no period of time can efface the memories of days spent under the loving guidance of the dear Sisters, and my own special teacher, "Aunt Providence," as her loving pupils called her. To have been her pupil is a noble privilege. I shall never forget her sublime teachings, for every year that passes seems to bring me that strength which she strove to inculcate and which is more uplifting as time goes on. Never did I realize as fully the influence of those youthful days as at the time of the awful earthquake of April 16, 1906. While the earth was quaking and shouts of terror rent the air (for apparently we were doomed), memory brought back to me the vision of a severe thunderstorm that occurred in Victoria in 1862. It had been storming terribly all morning, culminating in a severe thunderstorm. The children were terror-stricken as the peals of thunder crashed and the lightning flashed. The schoolroom grew dark, and we all crouched and huddled close to our beloved Aunt Providence. Her eyes were closed, her lips moved, and with her hands folded, she was praying for her little flock. The dark hour passed. We were in His care and knew no fear. As on that day, so many decades past, the same feeling overcame me. Her influence was with me yet: God heard my prayer and gave me the courage and strength I humbly sought. I treasure as a priceless gift the memory of the days spent in the Convent of St. Ann's, Victoria."



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SOWING AND REAPING

Just as the beauty of the King's daughter, according to Scripture, is from within, so was Mother Mary Providence's strength. Calm in the ordinary course of things, she was equally so in great events. As directress in education, counsellor in the parlour, or hostess to peerage, the same ease and dignity marked her manner; the same calm in the quiet of the Convent, in sorrow, in difficulties, in losses. This strength of the high-born came to her from a long line of Irish ancestry which had firmly withstood persecution for the faith. The great lesson which stamped Mother Mary Providence's whole life was this, received at her grandmother's knee, "We have all riches, if we keep the faith." Faith was the great power which produced the amount of good done by this admirable nun. In her this gift was so strong and natural that for it she would have gone to martyrdom, quite as a matter of course, with the quiet dignity with which she went to greet a welcome guest, or to the chapel for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It follows that the teaching and example drawn from such a source, was impregnated with Catholic belief and precept. Much of it, like the Sower's seed, fell on good ground and yielded fruit a hundredfold.

Lillie E. Baron, in her "Memoirs of my School Days," voices many hearts, when she says: "There stands out clearly in my mind the happy days we spent in preparation for First Holy Communion. How well I remember dear Mother M. Providence as we went each day to listen to her words of wisdom and advice. They were so impressed on our minds that to this day we remember them. We also remember with affection, the gentle and loving teacher, who endeavoured to prepare each one for a noble Christian life."

The effects of Mother M. Providence's religious instruction reached beyond her immediate hearers; the pupils she had taught with such convincing faith, passed her lessons to their children.

Coming from a land where our Holy Faith was still suffering the consequences of persecution, into another where apathy exposed religion to dangers no less serious, this wise teacher knew the losses sustained by the Church through mixed marriages, and the importance to salvation of contracting a Catholic union. So much did she have this cause at heart that she would repeat to her class: "Dear girls, you should pray on your knees night and morning that God may send you a Catholic husband."



There are grey-haired ladies today who tell you, thankfully that they did so, and how much it has meant to their domestic harmony. So afraid are their daughters of being attracted by men out of the fold that, going beyond the above prayer, they ask to be spared introductions or acquaintance with non-Catholics.

"I do not want to know young men who do not belong to our faith," said one, "for I might be charmed by their manner, and through weakness, fall into a mixed marriage. This is too great a misfortune for me to run its risk by associating with any but Catholic men. Every day I pray to God to keep the others out of my way."

Among those who garnered Mother M. Providence's doctrinal teaching was a little Jewish girl of eight. Though so very young she guarded closely the secret of her love for the Catholic religion. Nobody ever suspected the innocent ruses she practised so as not to miss "Aunt Providence's" Catechism lessons.

So rare a grace as that of the conversion of a Jewess, deserves to be told in detail. Though the convert was very reticent on the matter of her spiritual life, she slightly relaxed her tension, when quite advanced in years, and on two occasions told the story of her conversion to a few intimate friends. It was taken down verbatim to be kept by the Convent from which issued the stream of grace which made the wealthy Jewess an heiress to the kingdom of God, the deeds of the transfer entailing banishment from kith and kin.

THE MARBLE HEART

"I was nine years old when my mother placed my younger sister and me with the Sisters of St. Ann in Victoria, and entrusted us to Mother M. Providence's care. My parents being strict Jews had given us many earnest exhortations not to kneel or comply in the least degree with any Christian form. We promised obedience to their injunctions. It was not without reason that they insisted so much on this precautionary lesson. They had already had a little experience with my tendency towards Christian symbols. Previous to this, when a mere tot, I had often accompanied one of my sisters to the Convent School of the Sisters of Mercy, in San Francisco. My pleasure was cut short by not being allowed to go to the school any more. This was because I had formed the unconscious habit of repeatedly blessing myself.

"I loved the Sisters dearly, but my greater love for my mother, whom I idolized, made the separation intolerable. I cried incessantly and became ill, so the Sisters were obliged to summon my mother.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



"Regretful at parting from the Sisters but happy in her company, I left for home.

"Though I was so young, and had been so short a time at the Convent, I had conceived a strong attraction for Catholic worship, and already in my youthful mind, had determined to be a Christian—some time.

"Now that I was sick, that 'Sometime' seemed to become 'Now,' for I was afraid to die unbaptized. I was quite at a loss what to do, for



THE CONVERT JEWESS
1869

I dared not tell my mother. I knew of only one Catholic in the town, and I resolved to send for her. My request to have her come and see me, displeased my mother, and she replied with some rather aspersive remark about the woman. Quite shocked, I sat up in bed, and said, 'Mother, it cannot be true, because she is a Catholic. Catholics can't do wicked things!' Mother was annoyed at my defence and left the room saying something I never heard, for as my eyes followed her retreating figure, another form interposed itself.

"A beautiful woman appeared, clothed as I had often seen the Immaculate Conception at the Convent. Her feet did not touch

the floor, but she seemed to be floating. She came near me, smiled and put out both arms. I tried to go to her, but was too weak, and while I gazed enraptured, she withdrew, still smiling, still invitingly extending her arms.

"I was filled with a sweet peace which I can never forget. I said to myself, 'It is because I defended Catholics that I saw the Blessed Virgin.' I felt sure it was Our Lady. I did not dare to mention this at home, though for days and days I could think of nothing else. Two weeks afterwards, being recovered from the effects of my excessive loneliness, I went back to the Convent, and I told my music teacher what I had seen. I was somewhat better behaved this time, though I missed my mother sorely.



"On the feast of Corpus Christi there was to be a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in which all the Catholic girls were to take part. My sister and I were debarred. I longed to join in the procession, and coaxed the Sister in charge of the boarder pupils to allow me to be in the procession, 'Just this once.'

"'But you will have to kneel,' she objected.

"'Oh, I'll kneel,' I declared, warmly.

"'If you are ready to kneel that you may join in the procession, you should be willing to kneel in the chapel.'

"'I do not object, only do let me be in the procession for this time.'

"I won my point. My sister threatened to tell my mother, and reminded me of my promise, but to no avail. Oh, how happy I was that day!

"The years went by, and my desire to become a Catholic increased. Still I did not confide it to anybody. I had a crucifix and a collection of the pious souvenir cards so dear to Convent girls who belong to any Christian denomination. My mother found them and threw them in the fire. She never knew how much of my heart went with them, those little treasures of mine. I also wore a medal. This the Sisters found out when in my sixteenth year I fell sick unto death. Taking this emblem for a sign of my intentions, Father Seghers stayed within call, ready to baptize me, if the crisis expected at midnight proved fatal. It was favourable.

"When I attained my nineteenth year, I resolved not to delay longer in putting myself in touch with a priest and becoming a Catholic. At this time the family was in San Francisco, because on account of my father's business we lived in Vancouver Island and California alternately.

"My youngest sister was a boarder in San Jose Convent, and I was to go and spend the Easter vacation with her. This was my opportunity—once there, I would take the decisive step.

"My becoming a Catholic, I knew, would arouse great excitement, for those times were charged with religious intolerance. I realized, too, the grief this act would bring in my home. 'My home!' it might never again be mine. I loved the luxuries which abounded in it, the tender, vigilant watchfulness over my frail health; but more than all, I loved my mother. No wonder that I hesitated about going on the eventful visit, sometimes saying I would go, then again that I would not. One day my mother said, 'Do make up your mind. For a girl of your age

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A CHAPLET OF YEARS



you are very changeable. Decide once for all whether or not you will go to see your sister, then say so.' Little did she know why I hesitated.

"I did go. During the train ride and afterwards when I arrived at the Convent, I revolved in my mind how I could manage to see a priest, and that without exciting the suspicions of my sister, who hardly let me out of her sight. The girls had a play that evening and I sat at the back of the hall with my favourite nun, Sister Teresa. She always called me her 'Little Pagan.' I was playful and merry, but all the time asking myself, 'How shall I manage it?' I tilted my chair back and forth while I talked nonsense. As if by accident I tilted too far over, and losing my balance, fell quite close to Sister. She quickly stooped to help me. I whispered, 'I would like to talk to a priest.' I got up and laughed heartily over my fall. Next day at five Mother Cornelia came to me, saying, 'You wish to speak to a priest?'

"'Yes, Mother.'

"'We have asked one to come. He is in the parlour.'

"She led me to the door, and opening it, left me with him. I felt quite at ease. My impressions of Father Seghers, around whom all the Convent girls in Victoria used to flock so lovingly, would have set me at ease with this priest. I could not have fallen under the direction of one wiser or kinder than Father Masnata, S.J., whom I was now meeting for the first time. At once I told him that since I was a little child I had wanted to be a Catholic, and that now being of age, I was decided to become one as soon as he would think me prepared.

"He inquired if I had been instructed. I told him I had not, but that I remembered the Catechism lessons, furtively listened to at St. Ann's Convent, Victoria, while pretending to study. I answered readily the questions he asked me on Christian Doctrine, and repeated the prayer he named. He told the nuns that I had been taught by the Holy Ghost.

"After this the good priest asked what I could do if I were in the necessity of earning my livelihood. I answered that I was prepared to teach music. He left me, saying that he would see me the next day.

"When he came again it was not to interview, but to act. 'I have consulted a lawyer in your interests, and he says that, being of age, you can do as you please.'

"'Then, Father,' said I, 'since I must go back to San Francisco in two days, would you baptize me at once?'

"'Yes, since you wish it. Come to the Church at five.' It was Wednesday, April 14th, and the Church appointed was that of St.



Joseph's. St. Joseph has been my guardian, and has never failed to conduct me under his roof: first to be baptized, then for my first Communion, which I made in San Jose Chapel, and now in a St. Joseph's Hospital, to spend the remaining years of my life.

"As the hour of my baptism approached, Mother Cornelia and Sister Teresa, the only two in my confidence, accompanied me to the garden gate. In a very short time I came back a Catholic. The good Mother held me in an indefinable embrace and cried as if her heart would break. She gave me a book-mark picture: it represented the Child Jesus walking on thorns.

" 'This is what you will have to do now,' she said.

"Every year, on the anniversary of this day, I take it out and hold it in my hand while I renew my baptismal promises.

"When I re-entered my home a few days later, I felt like a thief in the house. I tried to be the same as before. Quite unawares, I was not, for my mother would say, 'Do put off that Holy Mary look.'

"Archbishop Alemany had given me dispensation from Catholic observances for the time being: but I had yearned so long to be a Catholic, that now I was one I wanted to attend Church, hear Mass, and receive the Sacraments.

To do so I had recourse to innocent ruses. Among them was the pretext for going to the home of a Catholic lady in the neighbourhood, to eat some of her baked beans.

"Perhaps on a Thursday evening, I would say, 'Mother, Mrs. Amos makes the loveliest baked beans, may I go over? She is going to have some tonight.'

"Thus, I had the happiness of spending the night there, and going to Church in the morning. But I was soon deprived of this excuse by my mother's going to the house of my friend and asking her recipe for baking beans, 'which my daughter praises so much,' she said.

"In June when I went to the Convent for the Closing Exercises, I secretly made my first Communion.

"All those weeks I was waiting word from my advisers to acknowledge myself a Catholic, and practise my religion openly. The revelation worked itself unaided. I did not have to put in words before my parents that I was a Christian—they surmised it. Was it intuition, or suspicion, or betrayal in my conduct? I have never learned.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



"One morning, I had dismissed my maid, and was sitting on the rug putting on my shoes, when my bedroom door, which was off the boudoir, opened, and my father appeared: my mother stood at a little distance behind him.

"Trembling and ashy pale, he said in a fierce, husky voice, 'Answer me, are you a Christian? If you are, I will shoot you, and myself next.'

"I looked him full in the face, stunned, immovable, speechless. Was it my look, or my silence which disconcerted him? He turned away abruptly without another word.

"I was nearly dressed when my dear mother came in, overcome by emotion.

"'I have not slept all night,' she said, 'something tells me you are going to become a Christian. If you do, I will do like your father.'

"She went away. She had not asked me to speak.

"After these harrowing scenes, I composed myself as well as I could, and by breakfast time I was able to go in the dining-room, and ask quite gaily, 'Mother, will you come with me to buy my party dress? Mrs. Patrick, you know, said she would help us select it.'

"I really wanted to tell my friend that the family knew and I must leave home at once.

"Mother watched me closely, but in the store I dropped a parcel, and as Mrs. Patrick and I both stooped to pick it up, I conveyed my message.

"My friends, clerical and lay, knowing the influence of my family, and that they would have sympathizers in their angry grief over my defection, had taken every precaution to protect me, if this became necessary.

"That afternoon, a letter from my lawyer advised me to have everything ready to leave on the train for Santa Clara, where he would meet me with a carriage to conduct me to the family with whom I was to stay temporarily. Mr. McLoughlin, a Catholic banker, a perfect stranger to me, had offered me a home in his family, but my friends advised concealment till the first violence of the storm, which they foresaw, had spent itself.

"I had begun to get my things in readiness, little by little, taking them over to Mrs. Amos'. There was still one bundle I needed. I wrapped it up well and threw it into the backyard from the attic window, then I went through the kitchen, picked it up and hurled it through the

woodshed opening, where my friend found it and took it to her house. In this little feat I dropped the sewing apron I had on, and this circumstance led the maid afterwards to assert that I had gone out to meet a man—the apron was the circumstantial evidence.

"I slipped a green silk velvet dress over my black, and taking my jewelry, I went from home with the explanation that I was going to spend the day with a friend. The last words my mother said as I passed out of the door were, 'Have you enough money?' Such a mother! Always so thoughtful, so lavish of superfluities for me. And I was doing the deed that would inflict an unhealable, gaping wound in her maternal breast. It was the feast of St. Michael, September 29, 1869, forty-nine years ago.

"Arriving at the home of my friend, a former Victoria schoolmate, I wrote a letter to my parents, stating that I had become a Catholic, that no one had influenced me to this, and that desiring to be at liberty to practise my religion, I would not return home, but would support myself by teaching music. This letter was sent by special messenger. When he arrived at the house, my mother was already growing alarmed at my prolonged absence. Though the letter was plainly addressed to her, either from nervousness or dread, she refused to take it.

"Unfortunately the messenger, seeing the letter rejected, went and dropped it in the post office. Its perusal would have spared my mother a night of agonizing doubt. Next morning the papers bore the headlines, 'Strange Elopement of a Jewess.'

"When the truth was made public through my letter, the expected storm broke out in all its force—in my own family and in the whole Jewish quarter. A price was set upon my person, and the men swore to find me, dead or alive. Everyone put on mourning as in a racial calamity.

"A warrant was issued for my arrest, on the ground that I had taken away jewels which were not mine—the only plea on which they could pursue me—but I had been very careful to bring only such things as were strictly my personal belongings.

"Naturally, the Convents were the first places suspected of harbouring me. For this very reason I had not gone near them, nor did I communicate with the nuns, nor even attend services in their chapels.

"For over a year, they were under police and detective surveillance. The Sisters often saw lights flashing about their gardens, the searchers

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naturally thinking that after hiding indoors all day, I would come out for air at night. Santa Clara Valley was scoured, but I was not found. My friends were not to be frightened, nor bought with bribes. While I was sought for in darkness and in covert places, I was walking freely in the open fields of a large farmhouse. I had been told to offer no protest if I were discovered, but to follow quietly wherever I might be led.

"To exonerate Convents from all blame as well as to satisfy public opinion that I had not become a Catholic through coercion, but of my own free choice, I was obliged to write several open letters in the San Francisco papers.

"Whether or not, my parents wanted to palliate my offence in bringing what they considered the greatest conceivable disgrace upon the Jewish race, they maintained that I was the victim of Catholic proselytism. Both my father and my mother said they would be satisfied if they heard from my own lips that I had not been forced into this change of creed.

"To answer this challenge, a meeting was decided upon, at which, in presence of my father and mother and eldest brother, their lawyer and witnesses, I was to remove all doubt in their minds, as to my perfect freedom in the matter of joining the Catholic Church.

"Word was sent me to come to San Francisco at the appointed time and place. I had been instructed to follow Colonel Young and his wife to their carriage silently, because the trains were watched.

"I was conducted to the residence of Mr. Donague, where on the next day at two o'clock, I went to the parlour, attended by Miss —, to make my profession of faith before my parents.

"My mother was not there—nor my brother.

"'Where is mother?' I asked my father.

"'She was too sick to come. Will you come with me to her?'

"'Yes, father,' I said, 'if these people may come with me.'

"So we drove to the house. My brother's absence is accounted for by the fact that he had been denied admittance into Mr. Donague's home for refusing to give up his revolver to the two police guards stationed at the door.

"When I went into the room where my mother was lying on a couch, she opened her arms and with all the wounded love and pain of her motherhood, she pressed me so passionately to her heart that the glass

of my watch-case was broken. I fainted. My mother's nurse, a renegade Catholic, quickly got a glass of water.

"Take it, there's nothing in it,' she cried.

"No more than this assertion was needed to confirm the suspicions of my advisers, who had warned me not to accept any food or drink from the household. Long, long years afterwards, my sister told me that the water had been poisoned.

"While my friends were endeavouring to restore me to consciousness, the lawyer, who was famous as a speaker, heaped most cutting language upon me.

"'Cruel daughter, you are piercing your mother's heart. You will cause her death, etc., etc.'

"My lawyer, the son of ex-Governor Burnett, interposed, saying Miss M— is not in a condition now to fulfill the purpose for which we are here. Tomorrow she will be better. We shall meet at Mr. Donague's, and the proceedings will be in English, not like today's, in German.

"As I was carried back to the carriage—I could not walk—the dense crowd, which, all curious to see me, had blackened the street, called out, 'Marble heart! Marble heart!'

'Next day the meeting was brief and to the point. My lawyer premised, 'I understand that we are here to find out two things:

"First. If this lady became a Catholic of her own free will,

"Second. If she intends to remain one.'

"After I had said: 'I became a Catholic of my own free will, and I intend to remain one,' my father said, 'I have paid dear for this.'

"My lawyer asked, 'Is there anything else?' The prosecuting lawyer said, 'Yes, she must return the jewels and clothes she took from home.'

"She will do so as quickly as it can possibly be done.'

"There lingered a hope in the hearts of my parents that if I felt deprived of my very clothing, I would through necessity go back to them. In time, my mother returned my jewels. I had some fine diamonds. After her death I never wore them—I gave them for the ostensorium in St. Ignatius Church.

"The quasi trial scene over, I returned to my hiding-place. A Protestant, a mere acquaintance of mine, informed my attorney that a great many people had resolved to seize me at the depot, if they had to



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shoot me in the attempt. This gentleman died a Catholic. I often ask myself if it was in reward of this charity. My friends drove me three stations further down, where I quietly got on the train and reached my abiding-place.

"I believe my brother got to be very thankful for my escape, for he once said to me, 'That is the best thing you ever did. You were certainly going to be caught that time.' It was October 24th, the feast of the Angel Raphael, protector of travellers.

"All these means, well-meant and otherwise, having failed to draw me back home—which really implied Judaism—my father tried a more plausible means. He went to the Archbishop. He presented his request, saying, 'My daughter has heart disease and having always been delicate, requires her mother's care. Will you not use your influence to have her go back to her mother?'

"'We Catholics will be able to look after her health,' answered the Archbishop.

"Three days after the legal meeting, I returned every article of clothing which I had taken from home, from shoes to hairpins. Since that day I have been God's child alone. He had provided for me. Ill health soon made it impossible for me to support myself by giving music lessons, but I never wanted for anything. Generous Catholics homed me, clothed me in costly garments, and made me one with them at their table—so that I may apply to myself the words, 'having nothing, I possessed all things.'

"Up to the time of my conversion I had no Catholic acquaintances, but in my time of trial several influential families championed my cause. As there was no more need to hide, Mr. McLoughlin came to fetch me from the farmhouse to his mansion, saying, 'So long as I have a roof over my head my home will be yours.'

"'I shall accept your offer only on condition that I be allowed to teach music.'

"The rich banker demurred, 'That is not at all necessary, but you may if you will.'

"I went with him to San Jose. Every morning when he drove to the bank, he left me at the Convent and stopped for me in the evening.

"On different occasions I received calls from family friends, who would invite me cordially to take a drive with them. I never fell into the snare, and well I did not, for I learned that they had been paid to lure

me off. My brother proposed a trip to New Orleans, at another time a voyage with him to Europe. Alas, these, too, were decoys. My poor brother, quite angry that I should have so disturbed the family union and brought sorrow to my mother, had sworn to take me somewhere in Europe where I should be made to fast on bread and water, till I relented. He was foiled by my simple expedient of never going anywhere alone.

"Apparent peace reigned till June, then one day my brother came to me with letters from four doctors, each stating that my mother was in a dying condition. These were endorsed by a message from my mother, promising me liberty in the practice of my religion if I consoled her by my presence.

"What could I do, but go? Filled with misgivings, I re-entered my father's house. My mother's condition had been greatly exaggerated. I was tenderly received, kindly dealt with by all, and dressed in the costliest. Everything was done to make life pleasant for a girl barely twenty. My invitation to come home had been a strategy to try to obtain by kindness what persecution had failed to accomplish. With maternal tact and gentleness my mother entreated me to free myself from the coils of the Christians.

"Nine months of this home life, and it was the last week in Lent. Come what may, I resolved to practise my faith. Holy Thursday, I announced my intention of attending the services. My mother said, 'If you do so, you need not come back here.' I went. I had not yet breakfasted. Evening came, and I thought the wisest plan for me was to go home and stand the consequences. I went to my room and dressed elaborately for dinner. I went to table; only meat courses were served. I would not touch them. My mother said, 'If the food is not to your liking, you may retire to your room.' I did so. Not a morsel had crossed my lips that day. No proper person entered restaurants in those days, at least, I thought so. The servant brought me food. The last test had been given—neither my parents nor myself, Jew and Christian, could ever be reconciled. The relations between parents and daughter were dropped, never to be resumed again.

"The time had come for my mother to give up the San Francisco house and stay more permanently in Vancouver Island. I remained in California, and began again to teach music.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



"Strange as it may seem, all the members of the family always loved the Sisters; the survivors do to this day. My mother had no dearer friend than Mother M. Providence. During my mother's illness, for nine months, every day without fail, a pitcher of Irish moss was sent from the Convent to her sickroom. The day before her death she drove to the Convent and, not being able to go to the parlour, Mother M. Providence came out and sat with her in the carriage. The two friends, one a staunch Jewess, the other a staunch nun, had their last heart to heart talk.

"In the next ten years I met my mother twice; on both occasions she spoke to me in a cold, strained way.

"In 1882, I was seeing a band of six Sisters of St. Ann off on the steamer bound for Victoria. At that time the route between Montreal and Vancouver Island was via Chicago, Ogden, Omaha and San Francisco. When I came up the deck I saw a man reclining comfortably in a chair. It was my father. I had not seen him since my quiet departure from home twelve years before. I was seized with a great longing to throw my arms around him and kiss him fondly. I said so to the Sisters, adding, 'I believe that even now he will repulse me.' I went softly up and satisfied the heart hunger of a daughter's love. My father turned away his head. When I came back to the Sisters tears were in their eyes. They could not speak.

"In spirit I lived in Victoria with my ever dearly loved teachers, the Sisters of St. Ann. My one earthly desire was to be with them and, as in my childhood and girlhood, bask in the happiness of Mother M. Providence's presence. Thirty years passed before I reached that haven; now I am contentedly preparing for the voyage to the haven of eternal rest."

THE RESCUED CHILD

The connecting links between certain families and certain Convents are often-times extraordinary. Such were those which brought this Jewish family so close to the Sisters of St. Ann. Quite unawares the Sisters had helped one of the members of that household on the road to the Catholic Church; it was to be given them to save one of its children from a watery grave.

On June 19, 1865, Sister M. Conception and Sister M. Romuald were coming from Cowichan to Victoria on board the "Fideliter." After enjoyably steaming under a serene sky, through the betwitchingly weird Satellito and Sidney channels, they were rounding Clover Point when



the powerful "Alexandra" shot full force into the "Fideliter," penetrating its side. So interlocked were the two steamers that the passengers of the one could easily pass to the deck of the other.

As the tell-tale shock conveyed its foreboding message of disaster the two nuns fell on their knees, and, true to the instinct of their vocation, prayed. The captain gave his orders quick, sonorous, cool; the crew lowered life-boats. In the twinkling of an eye the panic-stricken passengers pushed forward. The two nuns remained hand in hand on their knees out of the way, and prayed. The boats with their human burdens were soon plying to and fro to the beach, four hundred yards away. The water was up to the second deck; the nuns still quietly prayed on. The captain continued to superintend the debarkation of the lives entrusted to his care. The deck was nearly clear of people, when the kneeling Sisters saw that a baby in long clothes had been left behind by its distracted mother. Sister M. Conception picked up the unharmed little one, and gathering it in her kind arms, knelt again, and prayed, till the captain's order, "Sisters, go into the boat," made the two Sisters rise. They were the last to leave. The captain went with them.

By this time the water was on a level with the top deck. The "Fideliter," as if it had timed its sinking to the departure of the nuns, immediately disappeared. The poor mother who had dropped her baby now realized what had happened, and was frantic; but when the Sister appeared carrying the baby, and the mother received it from her arms snug and gurgling, her paroxysm of grief was changed to one of joy.

That "little one" is the niece of the Convert Jewess. She is an old lady now, and lives in New York.





THE WORK OF FAITH

Roll back, O Father Time, the silvery mists
Of memory that obscure the hidden past!
Oh! show to us those fifty golden years
Of virtuous toil and labour, spent for God.
Ye saints of half a century gone before,
Gaze on the work, the godliness and faith
Of souls whom, striving upward, Angels blessed
With comfort in dark hours, when penury
And want, the chast'ning hand of God imposed.
Oh! thou, Just Angel of the mighty pen,
Record the progress of the ceaseless years,
And, too, the great reward of fervent zeal.

O dear St. Ann's! tho' wintry winds may chill
Thy gardens nude, unseen by mortal eye,
There, bloom far sweeter than all earthly flowers,
Blossoms of spirit—Lilies, white as snow
Of Chastity; the bluest Violets
Of purest Modesty and humbled wills;
And Roses red, of holy Poverty.
Angels hover low, so there to bathe
In fragrance 'midst the perfume of thy bowers.

Toil on, O Alma Mater, in His way!
And may success the laurel crown bestow
On all thy works of charity and love.
And blessings on thee may Our Lady show'r,
Which, guarding thee from danger and from woe,
Shall keep thee safe on life's tempestuous sea:
Until at last, thy darksome life's cruise o'er,
The golden gates of heaven open wide,
Then mayest thou hear, each soul, the tender words,
O VENI SPONSA MEA!—Come, sweet Spouse,
Receive the kingdom e'er for thee prepared;
The rugged path of life well hast thou trod,
Eternal bliss awaits thee,—and thy God!

ALTA QUIRK.



PART III.

HAPPY TIMES

THEN AND NOW

THE Sisters had come to a pioneer country thousands of miles away from Motherland to do good on a large scale, and they did do it in multitudinous ways, to one and all. They did it in a spirit of joy, which is the portion of God's servants. The Sisters diffused this joyful atmosphere over their charges, one of the principles of their rules of pedagogy being: "If the bright days of early youth are spent in a sombre element, far from watchful mother love, without a channel for heart expansion, it is to be feared that such a child's future will be fraught with misery; therefore, the Sisters by ingenious devotedness, should bring home-life into the Convent days of their pupils."



GIRLS ON THE PLAYGROUND

So happily did the Sisters carry out the letter and the spirit of this kindly admonition, that their pupils brought away pleasantest school-day memories, which were passed to their children's children. Many a mother, Convent-trained, has held protecting sway over the domestic circle by telling her fledglings and grown-ups, about the days spent with the Sisters. It is one of the rewards of religious educators to hear of the ever-waxing eagerness with which athletic sons and accomplished daughters surround mother, and beg her to tell them about "the nice times she had at the Convent, when she was a little girl." Here is a recent instance:

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HALLOWED BECAUSE OF HIS MOTHER

November 21, 1864, Mary James, aged 18, from Penzenza, registered in St. Ann's Convent School. Fifty-four years later, on March 24, 1918, her son, Mr. C. Ellis Shephard, Seattle, Wash., inscribed his name in the Visitor's Book of his mother's Alma Mater.

What induced him, a non-Catholic, to drop his business for a while and devote a few of the precious hours of his short stay in this city, to a call at St. Ann's? The reverence he has for the Convent which was the happiest of influences in his mother's life; also the happy remembrance of this mother's talks on the minutest details of those Convent times, on which his boyhood had been fed.

What were some of the things he had heard? Those great names, Mother Mary Providence, Archbishop Seghers; then Marie Munroe, the girl from Chili, same age as Mary James, and registered on the same day. This Chilean came from a part of the country where rain is unknown. She had opportunities for learning something about the watery element while in Victoria. The first time she saw rain, she went out and stood in the downpour in an ecstasy of delight.

Then and there, as now, girls were vain. One day the most unusual of all happenings, happened. The Sisters were all called to a meeting, and the resident pupils—boarders they were called—were left alone. Something should be done to mark the phenomenal occurrence. What? Finally, one bright mind hit upon the bright idea.

"Oh say, I've got it!"—"What, what?"

"Let us see who has the smallest foot."

Carried unanimously. Quickly and silently, the usual conditions for girl mischief, each took off shoe and stocking; comparisons and measurements were in full progress when the door opened and—each bare foot suddenly disappeared, as the chaplain, Father Seghers, appeared. Of course he did not see. Oh, no; how could he when his eyes were intent on looking at something above the heads of the Miss Vanities. His coming had always been welcome, but this time his exit was doubly so.

These Convent girls, not less than other girls, had spirit—and though it must be said under one's breath, this high-spiritedness was condoned by the composed, calm Sisters. The following incident is an illustration. It was April 15, 1865. The world over, the tragic message of Abraham Lincoln's assassination was flashed; it reached the quiet St. Ann's Convent on View Street. The colony of American girls there at school

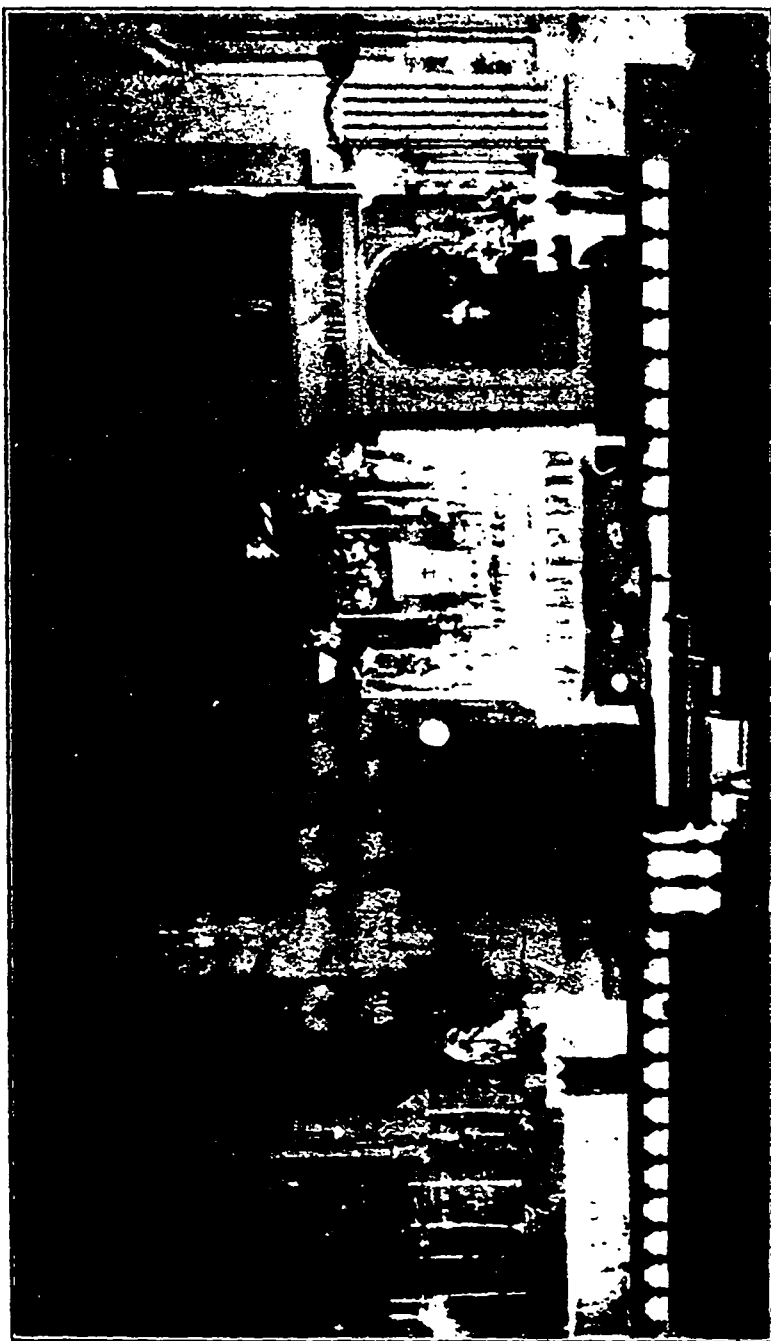
HAPPY TIMES

was grieved, indignant, horror-struck. They loved the North—they idolized the President who had saved the Union. A British girl, who set a low value on American patriotism, said with utter unconcern. "Served the President right." "How dare you!" and Mary James made a dash at the speaker. There is no telling what might have happened had not Mother Mary Providence called out, "Mary, you forget yourself; come here." If it was hard for America's young blood to let such an offence pass, the subdued girl got her reward next day, when Mother, making an opportunity, confided to her, "I quite understand your temper under yesterday's provocation, for I would have felt the same myself." Perhaps, Mary James did not feel triumphant about this to her dim old age. Perhaps.

St. Andrew's little cathedral on Kanaka Street, now Humboldt, was a treasured remembrance with this young lady as with hundreds of others. On rare occasions the Convent personnel assisted at the services there. These were solemnized with a grandeur far surpassing the size of the edifice. The choir was all talent of superior order; the vestments rich and brilliant, being the gift of wealthy Europeans and of the noble missionaries who gave their patrimony to the diocese. The perfection of the divine offices was made complete by Father Segher's oratory. How proud everybody was of him—the congregation, the city, the Convent girls. They, more than anybody else, claimed him. Did he not know exactly how they ranked in their lessons, their music, the quality of their singing, the tone of their recreations? So they passed their admiration of him to the next generation.

As the visitor, Mary James' son, stood in the middle aisle of the present Convent chapel, and heard that it had been the first cathedral, on the opposite side of the street, and had been rolled into present position, he said reverently, "This, then, is the place where my mother worshipped. In memory of the happiness which this cathedral and the Convent were to her through life, please accept this offering. You always have the needy." So saying, he made a thank-offering to God, through the Convent cicerone.





ACADEMY CHAPEL

TYPICAL LIFE AT ST. ANN'S

Another silvery-headed alumna, whose home, though humble, is rich with heirlooms of grace and learning procured at St. Ann's, thus describes life there. "The whole day, and each succeeding day, as a student at St. Ann's brought me its fragrance of delight, but dear Alma Mater offered now to one, then to another, a sweet forget-me-not. I hear once more the oft-recurring bells, and feel once more, if but for a moment, the sweet content of those peaceful days.

"Happy days—filled to overflowing with duties which, if well done, brought their reward; and simple pleasures, with whose sweetness mingled no bitterness, no dread of an aftermath of pain or weariness, which so often alloys the pleasures of later life.



SISTER MARY LORETTO

"Once again I am in the old dormitory, can hear the rising bell, and from beds to the right, beds to the left, heads uplift to the duties of the day, beginning at 5.45. Was there one who did not find it too early? One fair head, on my left,—I wonder how it has fared since. Beyond that a smooth dark one,—now slumbering forever. On my right, a mass of nut-brown locks, since shorn and replaced with the sacred veil; and many more, whose pillows are now scattered far and wide. I wonder how many of them remember the morning we rose an hour earlier, though blissfully unaware of it. After waiting in the Chapel three-quarters of an hour, we had gone to breakfast, and were taking it sleepily when the arrival of the Chaplain to say Mass at the customary hour of 6.30 thoroughly awakened us to the fact that we had risen at 4.45 a.m. What a break in our routine! Something to be amused over all day, until retiring bell at 7 o'clock instead of 8 changed our smiles into sighs.

"On we go through the day's duties. The Holy Sacrifice, breakfast, study, walk, class. Oh, those dear classmates! A good company of friends, at one time helping one another, perhaps with ideas for the new essay, and then striving in good natured rivalry for the coveted prize. What kind of teacher has Experience proved? It is too much to expect that it has been as our own beloved teacher, Sister Mary Loretto. How her bright inspiring countenance comes to me, as she disentangles some



knotty problem, or in her own beautiful words, seeks to interest us in the beauties of some chosen masterpiece of literature. To all at St. Ann's, she was 'Perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort and command, and yet a spirit still and bright with something of an angel light.' Alas, no more shall her dear face light up for us in this world, but I pray her pupils may see its glory in a better sphere, with that of Mother Superior, Sr. Mary Anne of Jesus, the friend and counsellor of all. Her festal day brought the greatest rejoicing. Then did teachers and pupils vie with each other in giving honour where honour was due. Yes, truly, due to one who filled her high and holy office so admirably. With Long-fellow, I feel:

"Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

"After the feast programme, which consisted of music, singing, an address and a dramatic performance, Mother Superior proclaimed a holiday, and then we knew some great surprise was in store for us. In the many years I spent at St. Ann's there never was a picnic or holiday without some pleasant surprise. One year it was an excursion to Nanaimo; the next year, to Kuper Island; and another time, to our astonishment, she announced we could go to the theatre at 2 p.m.! How she enjoyed our open-eyed amazement; so that afternoon we had a trip around the world by limelight.

"Amateur performances were often given for our own diversion. The Academy always has its 'stars'—girlish 'stars,'—whose fame is more enduring for remaining within Convent precincts.

PANCAKE PICNICS

"And our pancake picnics, under the trees beyond Beacon Hill,—what jolly times! Were ever pancakes so delicious?"

"On the morning of these excitable days, 'Dan,' the Convent factorum, was a busy factor indeed. At an early hour he began loading his cart at the kitchen door, with pots, pans, kettles and cooking accessories. The white 'Charlie,' the old horse, blinked from behind his blinkers, fearful of too heavy a load. Having deposited the first delivery on the chosen spot near the beach, Dan, Charlie and the cart returned for provisions—huge gallon tins of batter, sugar, syrup, bread, butter—not the present day tantalizing tiny, thin sandwiches, but baker's loaves from which you could cut length, breadth and thickness to suit picnic appetite.



"Fires were kindled on Reacon Hill beach, frying pans adjusted; drippings began to sizz, the ladle measured the pan all round with batter a la Canadienne, and then the gypsies—we were all gypsies that day—began to keep tally of the pancakes they consumed, each aiming at the highest counts. Who stood over the fires making the pancakes? The Sisters, of course, with faces red as lobsters while cooking them; but they did not care, the more we wanted, the more we were laughingly encouraged. They understand that the joy of young life is eating.

"Easter Monday was always a day of great frolic. After hunting Easter eggs, we all repaired to the kitchen to cook as we pleased, what we pleased—cakes, puddings, omelettes, candy.

"Of the daily life at St. Ann's, it is safe to say that it would have been hard to find a school of equal size having a more family-like spirit. We were never conscious of rigid regulations; the surveillance was constant but conducted openly with motherly provision. The girls form a lively, social set, deeply devoted withal to their studies, yet ever ready for a good time, always brimming over with innocent hilarity.

"Oh that those voices were ever singing!
Oh, that the organ would go on ringing!
Oh, that the censer were always swinging,
And 'twere ever an Easter Day!"

MAY ANDERTON-DOWNIE.

EXAMINATION DAY

Let us listen to another of those Voices echoing down the Corridors of Time. It is Margaret Wilson Switzer telling us of the last day of school:

The lovely feasts and celebrations of the year were all eclipsed by the grand public examinations on Closing Day. They were held in mid-July, and as far down as 1887, they meant an ora^l cross-fire examination before the public, on all the subjects taught during the ten and a half months' school term.

Every class, from the primary to the highest, came forward on the impromptu stage, and did its best at correct answers, clear articulation, and easy carriage. Every subject compassed between the addition table and problems on the celestial globe (that globe is in the garret now) was put to the test of the pupils, more or less mercilessly by examiners in the audience. But we were ready. Had we not prepared long and well.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



Those were the days when lessons were strictly learned by heart, word for word, as they came in text-books. If you were exceptionally clever, or thought to be so, then to overlook a punctuation mark, by lack of time pause, was accounted a miss. Recapitulation of the books, from cover to cover, began about the Feast of Ascension. Then—did we grumble and shirk study—Oh, my no! Every student aimed at giving the greatest number of pages at once. The ambition was to see who would finish “repetitions” first. One by one we went to our teacher to recite our reviews. We were free to give from one page to a chapter or more, at a time. Miss three words and back you were sent to begin all over. We surely did study, and though people frown nowadays as much on lessons “by heart” as they do on the “Dark” Middle Ages, I think we students of pioneer times can hold a logical conversation with any of the present day, who slight memory to train reason.

On the Grand Examination Day, the monotony of grammar, geography, history, etc., was relieved by music, singing and acting in their widest range. Music with four hands, eight, nay, sixteen hands; singing in solo, duets, quartettes, choruses; acting—dramas, historical, comic, tragic; French plays, dialogues, songs—in fine, all that goes to make a colossal entertainment was interwoven with text-book recitations.

Martha Campbell, one of the girls of that period prettily links her actual home in Paris with the childhood scenes of Closings at St. Ann’s, Victoria. “I recall when I played ‘Little Red Riding Hood’ on the day of the prizes; I was so afraid of the moment when the wolf would jump at me. Happily, the entrance of the fairies saved me from his clutches. I have yet the little cape I wore that day, and once in a while I take it out of its box to look at it.”

The heavier part of the programme was in the afternoon, and began at one o’clock, when His Excellency, the Lieutenant-Governor, made his entry to the strains and variations of “God Save the King.” Then came the momentous revelation, the well-guarded secret which had long excited our curiosity, “Who would read the opening address?” We did not know the word “Salutatory” in those times, thank goodness.

The secret now divulged, the reader paid for her conscientious discretion, by having to pass through a gauntlet of schoolmates, who with bland smiling faces fixed on the audience, inflicted petty punishment with fiery eyes and stinging fingers as she regained her seat after delivering the address.



HAPPY TIMES



At four or five, the brilliant scene of happy faces, white dresses, blue sashes, and music—here, there and everywhere—closed with the awarding of prizes, and the congratulations of His Excellency the Governor, and His Lordship the Bishop.

This graphic account by one of the scholars requires a companion article showing how the public received the Closing Day Exercises. There are many from which to choose, but the first, in 1861, is representative of the series.

“The examination of the pupils of St. Ann’s Convent School was a very interesting and agreeable affair. A large number of spectators were in attendance. The scholars were tastefully dressed in white, and the place was ornamented with a variety of flowers and shrubbery. The young ladies made a very creditable appearance, and went through what might be termed almost an arduous ordeal. From natural philosophy to English grammar—from modern history to Grecian antiquities—from French exercises to English dialogues—from geography to arithmetic—from music to mythology. The scholars showed a proficiency in these various branches that evinced careful study on their part, and unceasing watchfulness on the part of their preceptors. The correctness of the answers and general demeanour of the pupils reflect the highest credit on the Sisters.

“A little after twelve a recess took place till one, when His Excellency and family attended. The utmost interest was manifested by the audience, and the educational exercises seemed to afford general delight.”

The list of prizes shows that the plan of education, which at first had been only such as would suit the simple requirements of half-breeds emerging from aboriginal surroundings, was suddenly raised to the plane of city schools on the Atlantic board.

For a period of forty-five years St. Ann’s Academy had its own independent curriculum, but in 1905 it adopted that followed in the Province of British Columbia. The change was a loss and a gain. A loss in so much as perfection of detail was sacrificed to the exigencies of a heavy course. A gain, because it strengthened the confidence of the public to see Convent studies run parallel with those of the public school.



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AN ODD REMEDY

Quiet, retiring, made to be a saint—such we remember Teresa McCabe of the 70's, who in after life enjoyed telling her experience with a mustard plaster. She became Mrs. O'Donnell, and writing in 1908 tells the incident:

I was pleased to note among your still active sisters, Sister Mary Bridget. Her dear name recalls to my mind a little incident in school life. I was suffering from a cold on my lungs and was ordered to report to Sister M. Bridget, who had charge of the Infirmary, a short time before the regular hour for retiring. I went to her and she handed me a mustard plaster, arranged upon a neat little board about 5x10. It was my first experience with a mustard plaster, and being slightly "verdant," I asked, "Do's the board go on, too?" Sister simply smiled, but Cecile Burleigh and Eliza Bond, who were present, said, "Yes! Yes!" So, without any suspicion of mischief, I wended my way to the Dormitory, and prepared to retire. When in bed, I reached for my plaster, and laboured earnestly to get it on without separating it from the board. Truly she must have thought I had begun to ossify, when later she came to remove it, and encountered the hard substance. I shall never forget the surprised and mirthful expression on her countenance, and whenever I see a mustard plaster, I always think of her. Another dear old friend of our school days, who, I am delighted to hear, is still living, is Dr. Helmcken, Sr. Many times though he upset our plans, when we were suffering from sore throat, and there was every indication that we might have a couple of days' rest in the Infirmary, by thrusting a spoon down our throats and declaring, "Not much the matter with her, Sister."

I love to revert to those happy days, although I must say I have not yet known an unhappy one.

A MIDNIGHT SUPPER

On the whole there was a goodly sprinkling of mischief—innocent mischief—among Victoria St. Ann's girls. Judge for yourselves by the following admissions:

"Silence, silence everywhere, on the earth and in the air." Silence, especially in the air that circulated the earth where stood St. Mary's dormitory. A silence unbroken except by the somewhat tuneful breathing of some of the St. Ann seniors.

It was the glorious night—the last night to be spent in those simple alcoves, which if to us were somewhat condemnable in architecture.



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offered us night after night the solace of sweet slumber. The following day would be the "Commencement Day," the preface to a long summer vacation. What girl among us could but be jubilant? For to especially commemorate the great event we—well, not all of us, but some—were to indulge in that forbidden pleasure so well known to all school-girls (in or out of fiction) "A Midnight Supper." Hence the silence.

I will not speak of the many stolen minutes in which we planned the event; of the seriousness with which we pointed out the delights and vice versas of the situation, also the secrecy, not only from the mighty ones in authority, but from certain of the girls who—well, in such delicate matters, everyone cannot be admitted, can they?

The chosen ones from both dormitories, about twenty-three, all most holy and upright Academicians, were ready for the fray. Fray, indeed? Why we scorned the term—everything was so well established, everything so well counselled, that fear of discovery was beyond our wildest imagination.

Being lovers of nature, we decided to have our "spread" on the flat roof of the music rooms, which were on the second story of the old building and commanded an extensive and diversified view of various objects, such as the Mayor's residence, the bridge, a bachelor's domicile, and our own school lawn and summer-house.

I mentioned before that many of the girls were to come from the Holy Angels' dormitory which, alas, was separated from ours by a small hall and two doors. Across the hall was a rickety folding door, only six feet high, erected just a short time previous, supposedly for the purpose of cutting off the dark stairway leading down to the business part of the building—school-rooms, music rooms, etc.—for the dormitories were on the fourth flat. Just on the outside of this inconvenient door was another door leading into the alcove of our Directress. Easy indeed would it have been for all of us to go peacefully out of our dormitories into the hall, down stairs into a lavatory, and step out on the "roof"—but our Directress, with kind solicitude for our "nocturnal slumbers," each night locked that little door from the outside.

I may also mention that frequently the doors leading into the hall were also locked. All this did not facilitate matters. Another plan was adopted. I happened to be the happy possessor of a corner alcove with French windows which led on a tiny balcony, merely ornamental, but which proved very useful to us on this occasion. This balcony ran along



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the front of the building to an alcove in the other dormitory. Any 20th century girl could climb from that alcove window over the railing to the balcony and along to my alcove and—well, so it was decided. The girl who had occupied this friendly little cubicle had greatly accommodated us by leaving school the day previous. So all was serene, for the window was carefully left open that night.

Being quite up-to-date, we scorned the primeval idea of signals, such as coughs, and that noisy clearing of the throat which is at times so disastrous—and not only to the throat. The hour was fixed for 11.30 p.m., and at that time I was to welcome our journeying friends, and we would cross our dormitory to the opposite corner alcove, in which was sleeping the sleep of the just the dearest girl in the Academy, beloved by all who knew her and a helpmate to us all. She has now joined the fold of God's chosen ones. Of course, we wanted her to join our supper party but she refused; and not one of us could blame her, for were we not sure that of the many honours tomorrow would bring, on her would be conferred the highest, "The Governor-General's Medal!" Yes, she surely would be the lucky girl, and we all knew how well she deserved it. However, when she began to have scruples about letting us use her sleeping compartment as a convenience, we were a little disturbed, for her alcove was just over the "roof," and the fire escape ladder would just reach. We gently chid her about her ignorance of the Scriptures, suggesting that she learn "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," and at last mentioning that if she wrapped herself in the sweet mantle of sleep, how could she know if we were passing through. True, she might feel the zephyrs kissing her cheek when her French window was opened—but that was an insignificant detail.

We all went to bed as usual, but not to sleep. The hylo light was dimly burning (I shall always dislike hylo lights). My windows were opened, and I robed for the festive scene in wrapper and slippers, and lay on my little cot awaiting "The Time, the Place and the Girls." I heard Sister moving about her alcove for some time—then, silence. She was either praying or asleep. I have a faint idea of wondering why nuns do so much praying, and wishing she might take a night off. I could also hear the melodious—well, I will call it breathing, of Edith Dunn, and as she was bidden to the feast, I pondered upon the misery of those souls who would rather wander in dreamland than keep awake and get a substantial meal. To tell the truth, I fell asleep myself, and was awakened by the sonorous whispers of a French-Canadian girl, answering to the



name of "Romea." "Connie, Connie, wake up! It's time, the other girls are on the roof!" Had not the case been so imperative, I should have cast a withering glance upon her, and explained that I was only meditating upon the temptations flesh is heir to, but I didn't. I got up, grabbed my pillows and quilt, and was down the ladder in a short time. All our girls were there, also some of the "Private Room" girls from the second flat. They all looked quite pleased to see me, and I felt as if I had been on a voyage. I told them I'd like to stay, but I must really go back and awaken the other girls, but before I went, I would go for the vital necessity to our evening's enjoyment—"the food." It sounds rather prosaic, but could you know all the goodies we bought; well, they really were fit to call "gastronomical delights."

I stepped into the lavatory, out of the door, down the hall into Sr. Mary Mildred's school-room, under whose desk the aforesaid delights were hidden. I wished at the time that paper bags were not invented; they do make such a noise—so also do wooden floors—but I got back to the roof in safety, shut the door and window, and proceeded to ascend the ladder. I sat at my door impatiently awaiting those girls, and the most horrible suppositions occurred to me. "Why didn't they come?" "Well," I thought, "I'll walk down the balcony and see if they are bestirring themselves." I got within six feet of the window and leaned over the rail to peer when, horror of horrors! there at the window in glorified distinctness and actually fastening it, was—a Sister. Oh!—Have you ever been spell-bound? I was, positively incapable of anything. "Could she see me, or was it too dark? Yes, she must see me. Oh! but no!! She stood there looking a moment longer, then disappeared—so did I. I made for the ladder and told the girls what I had seen. We all discussed the subject at once, and came to the conclusion that a Sister had noticed a draught, had got up to investigate, locked the window, and now, even if the girls could unlock it without making a noise, they wouldn't dare to rise from their beds with a Sister up and walking about. Oh, it was pitiful! We decided, though, that the Sister could not have seen me, so we were safe, and as the others were doomed to disappointment, we would do the best we could by having the feast without them. Of course, they would be with us in spirit, so we spread out our rugs, etc., over the tin roof and were just opening the bags, when to our delighted wonder and surprise, crawling down the ladder came the girls. We embraced the first one, and smothered them with questions. "How did they get here? Who was the Sister? Where did



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they come from? Did they know a Sister was walking about? Well, we'll all be caught. Why weren't they careful?" And, if you please, all through our breathless queries those terrible girls serenely smiled at us and said everything was all right. The idea! We demanded an explanation. We got it. Not all at once but beautifully chopped up and seasoned with pauses and contradictions.

When the time came for the Sister in their dormitory to turn on the hylo light she did so, but after a time returned and, standing under it, began her Spiritual Reading. Hazel Hoyt, a particular friend of mine, had her alcove just opposite this light, and could see the Sister's back and hear her beads moving. "How long would she stay there?" Hazel peeped out through her curtain and saw that the Sister was particularly attentive tonight, for she was going to the different alcoves, pulling the curtains closer and making herself generally unuseful. The time was drawing near but—cruel fate!—the Sister didn't seem to be any nearer the end of that reading. Well, Hazel could only watch and wait, and know she was not the only one doing so.

Half sleepily she looked as the Nun was making the Sign of the Cross. At last!—No, not at last, at first; for the Sister kept on praying and crossing herself to such an extent that Hazel became alarmed and was about to prepare for a fit of nervous prostration, when, with a vigorous sweep of the arm for another cross, the Nun turned a little more to the light, and there, to Hazel's intense chagrin, stood no other than Minnie Williams, one of the uninvited. She and Mary Lamb had somehow suspected our affair and had dressed up as Nuns to help fool the girls. So the Sister who was so gravely contemplating the night, and so carefully shutting the windows and scaring me beyond measure, was none other than that "uninvited."

Hazel got up and told the other girls of the trick, that all was safe, and here they were. Only Hazel, who was the Sherlock Holmes of the occasion, had not yet put in an appearance, but they said she was coming, so we were all merry.

We arranged ourselves in a circle, and opened the bags again. The salted wafers and pickles were passed around, and we were about to bring the cold ham and pork on view, when—Oh! I shudder even now—the lavatory door was tried! (Why don't they teach in schools or somewhere what to do in a great emergency?) All the younger girls jumped up, scared to death. Think of it, jumped up on a tin roof!



Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! One of the girls just about ran off, but was caught in time. Then we all stood motionless, and said "Ssh—ssh!" as if "sshing" would do any good now. We could see through the transom of the door the hall light, which some one had switched on. "Who?—Who was the someone?" The door was rattling furiously, yet we didn't dare stir. After what seemed an unmeasurable length of time, someone said, "What'll we do?" The answer came back 'twixt a sob and a sigh, "We'd better open the door." So Polly Carrol, one of the girls who was supposed to be beyond frivolity because she taught book-keeping, stepped into the lavatory and turned the key. Fain would I draw a veil across the terrible passage.


Of all the people in the world—of all the Sisters in the building—who should stand there looking out upon us in our agony but "The Prefect of Studies," and Sr. Mary Augustine. Can you conceive such a situation? One with a lamp held aloft, the other with a water-jug held aloof. Even so! Truly, some "good shepherds" mind not the dark and the cold, mind not the discomforts of midnight when looking after sheep that were not even stolen, but had only strayed.

While we were trying to collect our scattered wits, we were aware of a volley of stern and commanding questions coming from the lips of our avenging deities. I don't think we were quite capable of hearing all of them, but some sounded like this, "What are you doing out there?" Oh! what were we doing? "Does your Directress know you are here?"


Now I, who have a most unhappy knack of seeing something funny on most solemn occasions, became aware of a most acute desire to laugh, but something more acute warned me not to. Just about this time I saw a bunch of humanity about to approach us from the top of the ladder. My goodness! it was Hazel. "Would she see in time?" Yes, she did, and gently withdrew.

During these moments—(hours—years, to us)—while Sister stood eyeing us in a very unfriendly manner, we must have looked an incongruous spectacle, each with a salted wafer and a pickle in her hand. Then Sister said, "Come in."

I laugh every time I think of what we did. We made a dash up the ladder, but—none of us got up. No! we were to pass through the lavatory and up the stairs. As each girl went by Sister said, "One, two," etc., alternating the numerals by a remark savouring of sarcasm. "Hum, this is a young lady who couldn't get up for Mass, because she had a cold.



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No stockings on. Three, four. No wonder we feel tired in the morning," etc. I came. "Six." And I actually got past without a remark, but as I passed Sr. M. Augustine, I looked at her, and, oh! I'll never, never forget the look in her eye. I think of all the Sisters I have ever known. Sr. M. Augustine has the greatest sense of humour, and her look that night proved it. But 'twas in the eye alone.

We scampered up the stairs faster than ever before, intent only on hiding ourselves, but alas! that folding door barred our way. It was with a feeling akin to tenderness that we huddled together against it. Then came Romea. Oh, that girl! Not being the lightest of humans, nor the most graceful, she presented an appearance that would really make a Saint laugh. She wore, in lieu of bedroom slippers, heavy boots.

With the pickle still clasped in fond embrace, and looking like a heroine, she came stamping up the stairs, reached the top, looked at us, and then, in a fit of sheer terror, climbed up the door, shaking and rattling it terribly, and when on the top fell over on the other side—Bump!—Such a crash! But Romea didn't wait to hear our solicitous inquiries. She fled.

Just then dear old Mary opened the folding door for us. Have you ever seen a herd of sheep driven through a narrow gate? Well, we all went into the virtuous atmosphere of our alcoves with a decidedly basking inclination. We all heard a murmur of the conversation between the Sisters, and we all knew what it meant.

A hush lay on the multitude. Well, it was over. I lay awake for some time listening to my thoughts and those of a few girls who had participated in the feast "that did not occur." There was silence again, but somehow it was different. I fell asleep.

In the morning we were awakened as usual, and went down to Mass, then into the Refectory, and on the way the Directress gave us the full benefit of "the eye that hath seen and the ear that hath heard." Breakfast that morning was a restful meal, for very few of us cared to disturb our thoughts. The last morning we were to be together, and to think this cloud o'ershadowed us. If someone would only scold us and take the weight of this uncertainty off our mind, but no. Not a word was spoken about the escapade. Before going to the Academy Hall to help decorate for the afternoon reception and exercises, a few of us stole down to look upon the scene of our midnight revels, wondering if anything had been removed. The "gastronomical delights" had disappeared, and



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the only thing left was my pillow lying pure and white, like a Martyr's monument, to tell the tale.

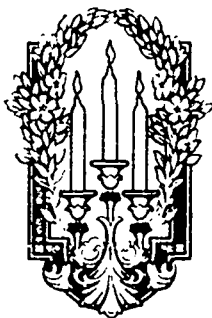
Somehow a rumour went around that dear Mary, whose alcove we had used, would on that account forfeit her honours. Oh! the pity of it. For ourselves—well, we deserved whatever punishment we would receive. But Mary!

Of course we would all go to Reverend Mother. We assembled in the "Blue Room" and awaited her, with a mixture of fear, shame, and love. She came. And oh, the sweet greeting she gave us. How kindly, how motherly she spoke to us; her very tenderness made us feel like deep-dyed criminals. How disgraced would the Academy have been had the Mayor passed by and seen us! (Now, I feel sure that if that undisturbed, well-reputed citizen who used to bow so graciously to us when we were on parade, had seen us, he would have wished he had a daughter there that she might enjoy such fun.) As to the honours, Reverend Mother said we had all forfeited Testimonials of Merit, etc., and even Mary could not receive one, for what young lady deserving a certificate of exemplary conduct would have condoned such a deed. As to the other honours, well, Mother would see. After the interview we breathed a sigh of relief and went about our various duties.

We assembled about 2 o'clock and greeted the Archbishop, several of the priests, and a number of Sisters from St. Joseph's Hospital. They would all see our shame when the awards were distributed. We were resigned. It was a revelation to us all, the way those prizes went. Girls who we were sure would receive certain honours were passed over, and others received them. As to the Governor General's Medal, it was drawn for by Mary and another girl who chose to sleep the previous night, and she won it. We all felt very sorry for Mary, and decidedly disgusted with ourselves.

Most of us left for home that night, and among the many incidents which occurred in our happy school life, I'm sure the memory of that fatal scheme will ever remain fresh. Shakespeare wrote the comedy of "Much Ado About Nothing," and it seems to me, as I look back upon this event, that the dear Sisters intentionally raised our serio-comic prank to the melodramatic. However, it was a lesson which will ever bring a smile and a sigh to us all.

CONSTANCE LUCAS.



MIDNIGHT MASS AT ST. ANN'S

Her starry curtain Night has drawn o'er silent Convent wall,
From Heaven's turret windows high, the angel sentries peep,
As tender loving watch o'er slumbering mortals there they keep—
With angry moan, the winds recoil from poplars grim and tall.

When lo! as on that Christmas long ago, there steals a sound
Of music soft and sweet. The sleepers wake and join the strain,
The "Gloria in Excelsis" echoes loud in glad refrain,
And proudly ring rejoicing bells for earth a Saviour's found.

A thousand tapers bright, and flowers fair the altar grace,
The Chapel windows glow with light, the organ loudly peals:
A hush, as Midnight Mass begins, falls o'er the throng that kneels—
Our Saviour's birth and death are blent in one grand act of praise.

And bending low when silvery chimes the Elevation tell,
'Neath mystic veil, the eyes of Faith Mount Thabor's splendours see,
From out each heart goes up the cry: "My Jesus, come to me,
Within the temple of my heart, my Lord, my God, to dwell!"

When Jesus comes—O mystic union! glimpse of Heaven's bliss!
In converse sweet with Him, how swift the golden moments speed!
Thro' Mary's spotless hands, flows precious grace for every need.
Oh, what can life or riches give to equal joy of this!

Ere dawn of day the Mass is o'er. But like a golden strand,
The memory of that hour will run thro' warp and woof of life.
'Twill cheer the weary soul—when almost crushed 'neath care and
strife,
When even Faith seems growing dim—this memory sweet and grand.

FRANCES HEALY.



ARCHBISHOP SEGHERS

PART IV.

RED LETTER DAYS

FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW

FIRST among the Red Letter Days of St. Ann's are those on which the March of Progress sent its personnel from out-grown buildings to new and larger ones. The first exodus of this nature was August 26, 1860, from the Cabin Convent on Beacon Hill Park to the newly erected Convent on View Street. The building was 50 by 36 feet, on grounds 100 by 60. It had the distinction of being one of the first brick buildings in Victoria.

The next move, in 1871, was towards Humboldt Street, the site of the present Academy.



NUCLEUS OF ST ANN'S ACADEMY. 1871

The nucleus of the frontage now seen was 50 feet; in 1886, 100 feet were added on the east end. At this time, too, St. Andrew's pro-cathedral on the opposite side of Humboldt Street, was rolled over to the Convent grounds and became the chapel of St. Ann's Sisterhood. There are many reasons to justify its claim to being a precious historical monument, but it suffices to say that the Martyr-Apostle, Bishop Seghers, was one of three bishops consecrated within its walls. The other two were Bishop d'Herbomez, first Bishop of New Westminster, and Bishop Brondel, who, in 1880, succeeded Bishop Seghers in the See of Victoria.

Twenty-four more years of quiet increase, and again it became imperative to enlarge the Academy building. A four-story wing, 126 feet long, was attached to the west end. An auditorium, with three hundred seating capacity, extends south of this 1910 erection.



Each variety of these Convent dwellings, from the 20 foot cabin to the 50 foot brick Convent, and the 300 foot length of the modern Academy, has its loyal, proud adherents. They are those who profited by their preparation for life's duties. If you meet them in Europe, or South America, or see them whitened by age, you hear their happy reminiscences.

Clara K. Campbell will tell you: "In 1867, I made my first appearance on the stage of the 'Red Brick Convent' on View Street. It was then I first learned that old Convent song, 'Come, come, over the hills, free from care.'

"I made my Retreat before my First Communion and Confirmation under the instructions of our beloved martyred Archbishop Seghers. I have with me here, in this gay capital of Paris, the holy pictures given to me on that day, and also on different birthdays, from my teachers, Sister Mary Providence, Sister Mary Patrick, Sister Mary of the Cross, Sister Mary Bridget, Sister Mary Beatrice and Sister Mary Sophie.

"I have such pleasant recollections of the hours spent in the Community with other pupils, doing different kinds of fancy work for the Bazaars, to be held in aid of St. Joseph's Hospital and the Orphans. I think I may truthfully say that hardly a week passes, that Martha and I do not speak of some of the Sisters, and of our schooldays. We are so far away from you all, yet we are very often with you in our thoughts."

FROM VIEW STREET TO BEACON HILL, 1867

Mrs. Flood, nee Susan Suckley, Hope, B.C., draws from her "Niche in Memory's Wall": "Mother Mary Providence and her able assistants, who were Sr. M. Angela, Sr. M. Virginia, Sr. M. Lumina, Sr. M. Lucy, Sr. M. Sacred Heart, and Sr. M. Clement, conducted the 'Red Brick Convent' on the royal road to learning through most pleasant fields.

"We used to hail with delight an outing to Beacon Hill, adorned then only by Nature's garb and two rustic benches on the brow of the hill. From baskets prepared by good Sr. M. Angela, of the 'cuisine' department, we partook of a bounteous lunch, and then prevailed on Miss Mary Mainville to spin Fairy Tales, as only Miss Mary could.

"The sun receding in the west would find us homeward bound, wending our way to View Street across Church Hill, then bare of buildings.

"Others who carried the palm of Story Telling were Sister M. Patrick and Sister M. Romuald. They could hold us spellbound at a whole week's recreation period, with one story alone—the longer, the better; the greater the suspense, the greater the fascination."



A ROYAL VISITOR

The loftiest event which ever took place in St. Ann's Convent—or Academy—one which still remains unparalleled in its history, is the honour conferred on it by the visit of Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise.

Never before, nor since, did St. Ann's make such elaborate preparations in music and singing, poetry and prose, mural decorations and school girl attire.

The Daily Colonist records the event in its issue of Saturday, October 28, 1882:

"Precisely at 4 o'clock His Excellency and H.R.H. the Princess Louise and suite drove into the well-kept grounds of St. Ann's Convent, Humboldt Street. The Union Jack and British Ensign were suspended across the carriage way near the main building, over the door of which was a welcoming motto. School and classrooms were tastefully decorated, and the music-room, in which the distinguished visitors were received, was a picture of beautiful festooning. In this were suspended appropriate mottoes in Latin and English. The raised dais and the canopy above it for His Excellency and the Princess were much admired. After the Royal visitors were seated, an address of welcome was read, to which His Excellency made a most appropriate and happy reply.

"About 130 young girls, varying from 4 or 5 to 16 or 17, all beautifully and similarly dressed in white with blue sashes, were ranged in order in front of the Vice-Regal party, and several of them presented Her Royal Highness with choice bouquets. Bishop Brondel, Fr. Lemmens, and a large number of Sisters were also present. After a few vocal and instrumental pieces of music had been excellently rendered by the pupils, they marched out and ranged themselves on both sides of the gravel sweep in front of the building, and sang 'God Save the Queen' in fine style as the carriage conveyed away the Vice-Regal party and suite. Everything in connection with this visit was most happily conceived and admirably carried out by the painstaking and devoted Sisters who have charge of this useful institution."

Another account, from Nellie Wilson's school girl point of view, is equally interesting: "It was in the fall of 1882, when after almost a month's hard preparation and drilling to walk backwards, that we at last had our curiosity gratified by having a glimpse of Royalty. I remember well my partner on that auspicious occasion was Dora Elliott, a young



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lady from Seattle, who, like myself, was always looking for fun or trouble, and we had quite a time of it trying to keep ourselves from falling on the eventful day, as often we had done on previous days when we were rehearsing. Clara Garesche had the honour of reading the official address to His Excellency, which was composed by our very dearly beloved Sister Mary Anne—a part of which I can still remember.

“The Princess singled me out of the whole school and asked my name and admired my singing, which was a French piece entitled ‘Les Oiseaux du Paradis.’ I also sang a duet with Lucy Bate of Nanaimo, and I can assure you I felt pretty proud of myself to be so honoured by such a distinguished lady.

“Grace Cameron, who is now Mrs. E. J. McFeely, read the address to Her Royal Highness. Their Excellencies congratulated us on the success of our reception and on leaving granted us a holiday in honour of their visit.”

Mrs. G. Stelly, formerly Mary Ann Draut, also tells us things we like to hear about the Royal Visit: “The one event I remember so well, was the visit of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. For days before, after school was out, we children would stand watching the workmen make the big entrance-gate larger, so as to allow the carriage containing the Royal party to pass through.

“The Sisters and older pupils had decorated the big hall with evergreens, the windows being covered with rich pink curtains, over which hung beautiful white, casting a rose shade over the entire place.

“After a delightful programme had been rendered, Her Royal Highness and the Marquis were escorted around the hall by Mother M. Providence, and Princess Louise gave her hand to each of the singers. How proud and happy I felt at being pointed out to them as a little German girl, whereupon they bowed and addressed a few words to me. They then passed on to speak to two little Russian girls, Nija and Xenia Metropolsky.

“During the programme Clemence Coakes, a most playful little child, finding it rather dull to keep still so long, shortly began to nod and nod, and soon fell sound asleep. Being in the front row, she was hopelessly in evidence. Smilingly, the kind Princess, with all the sweetness of fairy book princesses, said to the Marquis, ‘Do look and see how that dear little child is enjoying her nap.’



"All we talked of for days and days afterwards, as we had for days and days before, was this great event."

The hall in which this auspicious reception was held no longer stands. It had been an extension of the "nucleus" building; time and wear began to tell on its safety, so it was reluctantly levelled to the ground and its place taken by the west wing of the Academy.

VICE-REGAL VISIT

When the walls of the good old hall fell, they carried many an honour with them. One, the remembrance of which will last through indefinite time, is the right royal welcome extended to Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

In the autumn of 1894, Lord Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, visited the Prairie and Coast Provinces in the full power of a representative of our Gracious Sovereign. The quiet and beauty of Canada's western capital favoured His Excellency's purpose of making a deliberate study of British Columbia conditions in regard to agriculture, mining and education, hence he made a prolonged sojourn in the West.

St. Ann's Convent-Academy, advantageously situated near the harbour, conspicuous for its proportions, and crowned with years, could not fail to attract the interest of so keen an observer as Lord Aberdeen. One afternoon, soon after the arrival of the Vice-Regal visitors in Victoria, while Sister Superior sat in the parlour comforting a poor old woman, a major-domo rang the door bell and presented the portress with a letter for the Lady Superior.

Its contents were to the effect that, if agreeable to the Lady Superior, His Excellency and suite would visit the Academy at 2 o'clock next day. It was just before school dismissal, but in their enthusiasm over the message, the pupils were only too delighted to stay over hours, and make ready for the morrow's visitors. Their loyal, enthusiastic preparations were put on record in most gratifying terms by The Colonist, the trusty historian of St. Ann's for nearly three score years. Re-reading the description is renewing the pleasure and the glory of that hour.

"The Vice-Regal party visited St. Ann's Academy yesterday afternoon, the reception being one of the most pleasant and perhaps the prettiest of those tendered during the stay in Victoria. The long hall of the Academy was gracefully decorated, and grouped upon the platform were nearly one hundred young ladies, all dressed becomingly in white.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



At a short distance were armchairs for the illustrious visitors, while in the audience behind were a host of little boys and girls from the kindergarten. The effect was enhanced by the use of gas lights, the closely curtained windows excluding the daylight.

“As the visitors entered the children rose, and an orchestra of pianos, harps, guitars and violins sent forth a joyous welcome. Besides the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, with Lady Marjorie and Hon. Archie Gordon, there were the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Dewdney and Miss Wilson; Hon. Theodore Davie, Premier; Hon. Col. Baker, Minister of Education; Capt. Urquhart, A.D.C., and Mr. Campbell, private secretary to His Excellency. When the visitors were seated, the pupils sang ‘Our Loyal Hearts Your Presence Greet’ with delightful effect. Then four young ladies advanced to the front of the platform, and one of them (Miss Evelyn Johnson) read clearly and with good elocutionary style the following address:

“ ‘May It Please Your Excellency and Lady Aberdeen:

“ ‘Victoria, exulting in the honour conferred upon it by your visit, greeted your arrival with the enthusiasm that loyal devotion inspired. The echoes of these joyous acclamations penetrated into our quiet home. Sharing in our city’s jubilee, we cherished the hope that these precincts, within which we hailed the advent of many distinguished visitors, would likewise be honoured by the presence of Your Excellency.

“ ‘In your great condescension you have gratified our desire, and with youthful jubilation we tender you our welcome.

“ ‘Here assembled are pupils of various nationalities and different governments, yet as members of the same family all unite on this occasion to offer to our Gracious Sovereign, in the person of her noble and worthy representative, our respectful homage and wishes of happiness. May this feeble tribute prove agreeable to our beloved Queen and our illustrious Governor-General.

“ ‘The fame of your noble deeds has preceded you in our Western home, and in our minds with the names of Lord and Lady Aberdeen are allied those sterling qualities, and elevated feelings, that add a special lustre to noble birth and exalted station.

“ ‘We have learned that in Your Excellency Canada has a gifted ruler who wields the baton of authority with a powerful hand, and who by word and deed will further its interests.



RED LETTER DAYS



"Every shrine of learning throughout the broad Dominion cherishes the name of Lady Aberdeen. The youthful mind, struggling through the labyrinth of science, rejoices that in Your Ladyship it has a protector, a model and a guide. Moreover, we have been taught that Your Excellency, and worthy consort, possess the priceless charm of shedding happiness on those around you. Kind and conciliating, the poor and the afflicted may with confidence appeal to you for sympathy and relief.

"In a word, your lives may be justly compared to the fertilizing stream that flows through the desert, clothing it with verdure and gemming it with fragrant flowers. With pride and love your honoured names will be handed down to future generations.

"For noble names when nobly borne
Live within a nation's heart."

"With united voice we re-echo the earnest wish ascending from each Canadian hearth and home, that abundant benedictions attend your labours. May your rule be associated with all that is most prosperous, great and glorious in the history of the Dominion over whose destiny you have come to preside.

"May the Supreme Ruler reserve for you an exalted station, in the heavenly kingdom, where all nations and peoples will form but one family, united by the golden link of divine charity.

"THE PUPILS OF ST. ANN'S ACADEMY."

"The four young ladies then advanced and presented bouquets and baskets of flowers to the Countess and Lady Marjorie. His Excellency and little Hon. Archie were not forgotten, for each had a buttonhole bouquet pinned to his coat. After a harp solo by a young lady pupil (Miss Lizzie Styles), and a Latin anthem, 'Laudate Pueri,' sung by a group of the pupils, His Excellency made gratifying acknowledgments.

"He said: 'We often have an opportunity of visiting an academy or Convent of this description in Canada, and on every occasion we have found one common element and characteristic, namely, that of loyalty, expressed in most kindly and most cordial terms. But while this characteristic, and no doubt many others apply to all, there has on each occasion been some distinctive feature, so that the interest has never flagged.

"Lady Aberdeen and I naturally expected that on coming here today we should have some very agreeable experience. Our expectations



have been more than fulfilled, for the first thing I noticed on coming in was the attractive appearance presented by these young people, adorned as they are in such a very becoming and graceful manner.

“Another thing was not only the extremely loyal and cordial terms in which this charming address is expressed, but also the excellent manner in which it was read. I think good reading is an art which, perhaps, has not been so carefully studied as it might be, or at any rate not so successfully acquired as could be wished.

“It is a privilege for me to have the opportunity of seeing what is here done in the all-important matter of education, and of realizing that you are being ably and effectively taught. I am told that Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, wife of an able Governor-General, visited this institution and offered a medal for competition among the pupils.

“I am, therefore, following a good precedent, in offering a medal to be competed for in such a way as shall elicit the all-round excellences of this Academy. In conclusion, I beg to offer my own and Lady Aberdeen's congratulations to the ladies who conduct this institution.”

“A musical medley of harps, pianos, guitars, mandolins and harmonium combined, and the singing of ‘God Save the Queen,’ brought the proceedings to a close.”

The names of the young ladies inserted in this reproduction do not appear in the original copy. The explanation honours character-building. Mother M. Providence, so long at the head of the Academy, never forgot that she was moulding women for the future. In this matter there was no exception to her principles of procedure, not even on so extraordinary an occasion as that of a Vice-Regal visit to the school.

During the reception, somewhat in the background of the hall, a reporter politely asked for the names of the young ladies who took leading parts. Mother M. Providence replied, “Dear Sir, setting our little girls before the public eye is not our way of bringing them up. You have a programme, say all you can about our honoured guests.” Full-grown young ladies about to graduate were “our little girls” in the mind of the motherly nun.

The pupils' address to His Excellency was here reproduced in compliment to the class of '94, which was so proud to repeat that it had been universally acknowledged the best among the many read to the Vice-Regal visitors.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AT ST. ANN'S

A third time St. Ann's Academy was made illustrious by the presence of a representative of His Majesty. This was Thursday, November 22, 1917, on the occasion of the visit to British Columbia of the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General.

In contrast to previous Vice-Regal visits made in the peaceful reigns of Queen Victoria and Edward VII., this visit occurred during the World War in the time of George V. With militarism and democracy engaged in deadly strife, there was all the more reason for demonstrations of loyalty to the Empire and its rulers. And, is patriotism ever so true as when every home counts a soldier, and every heart pays a war toll?

Another feature of this reception which differed from the preceding is that the students appeared in navy blue dresses, and white ribbon, instead of in traditional white. Yet another, that because of the many demands on His Excellency's time, the reception programme was limited to a quarter of an hour.

In that brief time St. Ann's compassed a hearty, glorious tribute to him who came in the name of the King. He was received in the main entry of the new wing by His Lordship, Bishop MacDonald, Monsignor Leterme, V.G., Mr. F. J. Sehl, Mother Mary Philip, Provincial Superior, and her assistants.

The visiting party was conducted immediately to the Auditorium, where the teaching faculty and students to the number of three hundred were gathered.

Bishop MacDonald presented the School to the distinguished visitor. The pupils then sang their greetings in a spirited cantata by W. H. Palmer, in which the following solo was introduced:

"Loyal, grateful, sincere is our welcome;
Your honoured presence we joyfully sing,
Pledging our fealty deep and undying
To the higher name of our King.
Gaily peals our song of gladness,
While the mirthful echoes singing,
Chime the message, free from sadness,
This day we hail with delight."

Miss Edith Lineham voiced the greetings from the School in these terms:

"To Your Excellency, the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Dominion of Canada, welcome as representative of the Throne; a thousand welcomes from the faculty and students of St. Ann's Academy.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



"During a period such as this of world upheaval, all hopes are placed in the leaders. We, as a School, wish to express to you our trust and confidence, and with thrilling hearts to pledge our love and loyalty to the Motherland.

"To Your Grace, the Duke of Devonshire, welcome as the worthy head of a noble family, whose traditions for three hundred years have paralleled the growth of constitutional monarchy in England. A hundred thousand welcomes from hearts which would fain tell their appreciation and gratitude for the honour which today's presence confers on their Alma Mater and on us, her favoured children, yet

'What we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression,'

and adopting the Cavendish motto, 'Cavendo Tutus,' we simply beg you to believe in the fealty of

"THE TEACHERS AND PUPILS OF ST. ANN'S ACADEMY."

When the welcome had been acknowledged, the girls sang as a chorus, the song "O Canada," the original words of which were written by one of the Sisters.

Manuella Colbert then presented a booklet to His Excellency. On the parchment cover, in a cluster of soft roses set in Louis XIV. decoration, were the dedication lines. On the inner pages a vignette of maple leaves and music scrolls framed the words of the song, "O Canada."

As His Grace with attending gentlemen passed out of the Auditorium, little Justa McKenna came forward holding the Visitor's Book. The signatures of these great men are registered as follows:

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|---|---|---|---|-----------------------------|
| Devonshire | - | - | - | - | Governor-General. |
| F. S. Barnard | - | - | - | - | Lieutenant-Governor. |
| H. C. Brewster | - | - | - | - | Prime Minister of B. C. |
| Ed. Gawler Prior, Col. | - | - | - | - | Privy Councillor of Canada. |
| Vivian Buckley-Johnson, Capt. | - | - | - | - | A.D.C. |
| Alexander MacDonald | - | - | - | - | Bishop of Victoria. |
| J. Leterme, P.D., V.G. | - | - | - | - | |
| Frank J. Sehl | - | - | - | - | Sec. Canadian Club. |

The august personages stepped into the Art Studio where they leisurely examined the drawings and paintings of teacher and students. Taking his farewell in the Academy Parlour, the Duke walked down the avenue of poplars to St. Joseph's Hospital. As he did so, Bishop MacDonald pointed out a pear tree in full bloom, against the Convent wall. It was a rare sight for a November day. The phenomenon was regarded as a delicate contribution from Nature to the tribute paid by St. Ann's Academy to the Duke of Devonshire.



HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE

The dominant note in the Red Letter Days described was in major chords—resonant, joyful, exuberant. It was St. Ann's coming forward to give whole-hearted homage to the most exalted representatives of God and King. September 21, 1903, witnessed a Red Letter Day in which this order was reversed.

On this occasion it was now the honoured of the land, who came to St. Ann's, almost sacredly, to pay honour to one of the religious of the Sisterhood. One, who in her early years, had chosen a vocation in which she would live unknown to the world in the exercise of free service to the young.

But this was not to be quite as the humble nun had outlined. Soon her executive ability and resourceful sympathy, joined to her influence as a teacher, penetrated through the narrow sphere within which she would have bound them, and Mother Mary Providence, stood revealed to two Provinces—Quebec on the Atlantic, and British Columbia on the Pacific.

She belongs to Victoria; to it she gave forty-five years of her life. She rarely left the city, and when she did so it was for duty, never for pleasure, never for a vacation. It might almost be said that Victoria was her own, so much she loved and admired it, so much she rejoiced in its development.

Had she not counted its few houses in 1859, seen them multiply, and noted their numberless increase? Was her perspective magnified when on a certain day, while driving around the city, she said, 'Victoria affords scope for another London.'

The joys, the sorrows, the gains, the losses of Victorians passed through her heart, affecting her as much as if they had been those of a brother or a sister.

In recognition of this sympathy, which took tangible form, as well as for the wide-spread good which, from the retirement of the Convent, she had accomplished in the country, the "elite" of the city resolved to mark the Fiftieth Anniversary of her taking the vows of religion, in a manner worthy of one so highly esteemed.

In a representative meeting of the Alumnae, it was decided that the tribute would take the form of a public reception. The Reverend Jubilarian disapproved the suggestion, saying that a private affair was more in keeping with her holy calling. However, her host of friends were too glad of this opportunity offered by her Golden Jubilee to yield the point of giving her public appreciation. Every heart and hand lent itself to love's labour.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



The reception hall was transformed into a veritable fairyland. Sailors canopied the ceiling, and draped doors and windows with flags furnished by Admiral Bickford. The ladies enhanced the walls with soft white material, over which trailed ivy mingled with golden glow. On one side they erected a platform bearing a throne, above which gleamed a golden Cross. To this, Mother M. Providence was lovingly led on entering the room at three o'clock.

Gathered in the hall were young, middle-aged, and elderly women, all former pupils come with hallowed affection to express their congratulations to one whom it was an honour to honour.

Among the guests were Lord and Lady Lyveden; Lord and Lady Brae, and several members of the parliamentary party; Admiral Bickford, C.M.G., Mrs. and Miss Bickford; His Excellency, Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere; His Worship the Mayor; the Hon. H. D. Helmcken; the doctors of the city, and many other persons of distinction.

As the names of the guests were announced, the beloved Jubilarian acknowledged each introduction with the innate dignity of her lineage, and the spirit of her sublime calling. When that of the octogenarian Bishop Cridge, Christ Church, was given, Mother M. Providence rose, and advanced a few steps before this venerable figure of grand age. The picture made an impression on the spectators. In it, they saw nobility of soul paying respect to nobility of purpose.

A short programme was performed. After a Jubilee Chorus, Mrs. Judge Harrison (pupil of 1873) was introduced as reader of the address. Two little girls next presented an illuminated scroll, containing the names of those who had contributed to the gift of a gold purse, to be applied to a children's ward in the hospital. Among the choral pieces was Gounod's "Hymn of Praise" and a beautifully rendered Magnificat.

Many, many of Mother M. Providence's "little girls" of bygone years laid their ripened talents before her on this memorable day—some as singers and pianists, others as organizers, and one with the exceptional accomplishment of bird imitation. This was Marie Beckingham (1887), who, in the course of the afternoon, rendered several warbling selections, her birdlike notes and soft trills calling forth praise and wonder from all.

Of all the social functions at St. Ann's, that of Mother M. Providence's Fiftieth Anniversary of religious profession stands out as the expression of profound reverence to immeasurable influence. It was a loving testimony of the good done by the gifted religious whose sole ambition through a long life was to lead hearts to the feet of God.



AT CANA IN GALILEE.

Two days had bloomed as sweetly as the rose
And dropped their petals in the urn of Time;
And now a third was fading fast away.

The slumbrous streamers of the setting sun
Came softly stealing through the festive room,
To weave of mist and light a halo meet
About the face of one so spotless fair,
That e'en the radiant starlight's glittering beam,
Caressing virgin-snows on Alpine heights,
Would seem a tainted thing, unclean, impure.

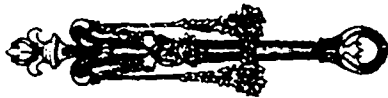
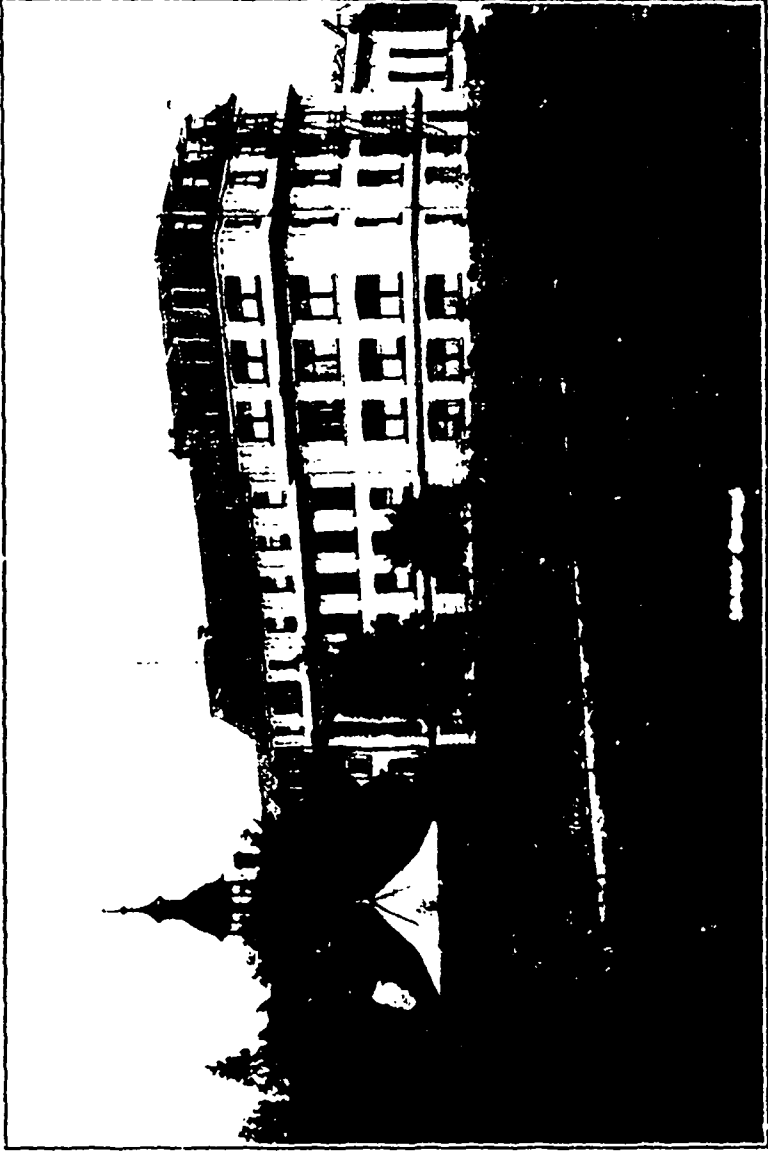
The Queen of Angels, Queen of men was she,
And Queen o'er Christ's own heart—His Mother blest.
Ah, this the richest feast that e'er hath been,
For He was there, the Maker of the world,
And she was there, who gave that Maker birth!

With trustful smile, she turned and softly said,
"They have no wine"; then called a steward nigh.
She knew His hour had not yet come for this,
But well she knew His mercy and His love.
"Do thou what He shall tell thee," thus she spoke,
Nor doubted once the want would be supplied.
And so the tender heart of God was touched,
And for His Mother was the marvel wrought.

'Tis thus, dear Mother, now my life flows on,
As sweetly as the marriage feast of old;
But when the wine of gladness has run out,
Ah, summon then thy Angel-stewards nigh;
And bid them fill my heart with tears of love,
So gather Thou my grief, the while I mourn,
And have it changed to wine, that I again
May know the joy of life in loving Him.

KATHERINE LYTER.





ST. ANN'S ACADEMY

PART V.

HITHER AND YON

ST. ANN'S ACADEMY AND THE ORPHANS



HERE was a variety of work for the Sisters to do in Victoria—a boarding and day school to conduct, a protectorate for little boys, a school for coloured children, night watches with the sick, and caring for the orphans.

Looking at St. Ann's Academy such as it is today, long and high, set in the foliage of a hundred trees, and admiring its old pines and maples, the aged holly hedges, the long poplar avenue, the spacious grounds—may we not say, this is the benediction of the orphans? This is the return made to the Sisters, as well as to the better conditioned pupils, for bringing the homeless into their own lives, and regardless of caste, sharing roof and educational advantages with them. The Academy opened with ten pupils, it has now a roll of three hundred. In the beginning there were three orphans and seven boarders, the orphans being the first to come. After a few years these figures balanced, there being twenty-six of the one and twenty-six of the other. A little further on we find the orphans outnumbering the boarders, the former being 32 in number, the latter 23.

In 1876, conditions made it necessary to provide more adequate accommodations for these wards of St. Ann's. When land was one dollar an acre in Vancouver Island, the Sisters had bought four hundred acres in Cowichan district. Much of it was mountainous, some barren, some fertile, but the whole a beautiful, healthy locality. The orphans were put in possession of the place, and there led ideal child life. They studied, they worked, they roamed fields and meadows, and climbed mountains. They lived with Nature. When they were old enough, they went to take their place in the big outside world.

Sometimes there was a wedding from St. Ann's Orphanage for Girls. Then the Sisters lent ready hands in fitting out the young couple. For the bride's trousseau, selection was made of the finest articles which were occasionally sent by charitable Victorians to Cowichan—now called Tzouhalem. These were adjusted according to requirements. But it would never do for a girl to wed in a second-hand dress, so the Sisters would buy everything new, from shoes to hat. Those pioneer Sisters belonged to the practical, old-fashioned school, hence they thought of the little home. To it the bride conveyed a feather-bed, blankets, quilts, sheets, etc., as her dowry from the Sisters—and—a fine cow.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



There may be some who will say, "The Sisters can afford such generosity." Of course they can, because they believe in the theory, "God helps those who help themselves." God helped them because they prayed and put their entire trust in Him. They helped themselves by doing farm work to raise the means of housing and feeding their charges.

Who were these charges of St. Ann's Sisters, and whence did they come? They were everybody and they came from everywhere. Any girl from the age of two and upwards was received at St. Ann's Orphanage. Sometimes they were deposited there with the honest understanding that nothing could be paid towards their board and clothing. Oftener the children were thrown on the care of the Sisters through dishonest representations. In this case the person introducing a ward would make a deposit, promise another, and then disappear altogether. Unfortunate half-breeds were the most frequent victims of this fraud. In British Columbia, a half-breed means the offspring of whites and Indians.

From the 50's to the 90's, seventy-five per cent. of the girls at the Orphanage belonged to that class. The others were whites, Mexicans, Creoles from Alaska, Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands, and at one time there was a Chinese girl from Hong Kong, and a coloured girl from not very far away. The story of both these children is sad—sad above the story of the majority of the children in that institution. The extenuating feature which dispels the pitiful facts is that these victims of evil intentions found the happiness suited to their years under that charitable roof.

KIDNAPPED IN HONG KONG

The Chinese girl was called Ah Fah. Now, this is really not Chinese at all, but an attempt at English. When the worst of her misfortunes was over and she had recovered enough spirit to notice things, she saw some flowers. The sight pleased her so that she exclaimed, "Ah Fah," the first English word she had tried to say. Nobody could understand her real Chinese name, so she went by that of Ah Fah.

One day when she was in Hong Kong she went into the yard around her home to pick flowers. She does not know how old she was, but the Sisters made out later on that she may have been eight or nine. Tempted by the gay flowers which she saw further off, Ah Fah forgot her mother's injunction not to leave the yard. She opened the gate and followed wherever the beautiful flowers lured her. When she had enough of



HITHER AND YON



them, she looked up and around, but she could not see her home. Everything was strange. She went this way and that, but could not find the way back. She was lost.

Crying bitterly, she continued to walk up and down in the vain search. Presently a well-dressed Chinese woman came along, and seeing the unhappy little girl, stopped and asked her what was the matter.

"I want my mama, and I cannot find the way home."

The woman talked to her a little, and then said, "I know where your house is, come with me and I will take you there."

At once comforted, Ah Fah trustingly took the woman's hand. They both walked on through streets that were more and more crowded, and along houses that were closer and closer together. It was all new to the child, and not at all as she had seen things on her way to the fields to pick flowers. She could not understand why she had to walk so far to get back to her home. As they kept hurrying on, Ah Fah became frightened, for the woman led her down a wharf and into a big steamship. To the little girl's horror, the steamer began to move, and from the shelved bed upon which the woman had told her to lie down and sleep, she saw more and more of the water. Then she knew she had been kidnapped. She would never, never see her father and mother, nor her brothers and sisters. For three days she did nothing but cry, but after that she consented to make the acquaintance of other children, and whiled away the long month at sea in playing cats'-cradle. She was landed in Victoria, B.C., and taken to people she did not know. Besides, they would not let her go out of doors, nor out of their sight even in the house. Pining all the more for her home because of the crossness of those who kept her so imprisoned, Ah Fah made up her mind to run away and drown herself. It was not easy to escape the constant vigilance of the old man, who took turns with an old woman, to prevent her escape. But she managed it one evening, just when it was growing dark and she had been left alone for a minute, for if the old people kept strict watch on her movements, she did on theirs, always studying her opportunity.

Fearful of being pursued, she kept away from houses, and made for the open, hiding behind trees or rocks when she saw anyone in the distance. Night came on and it was very dark, because Victoria was not yet lighted with electricity. Tired, sleepy, Ah Fah lay down in the shelter of a rock and slept till cold wakened her about daylight. She



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



wanted to find the water, an easy search in this city which is almost sea-girt, but this poor imprisoned child had never been out in the streets since her arrival in Victoria from China. Getting up, she resumed her cautious walk and came to the water. Without hesitation she went in and continued on to a considerable depth.

Some boys who were having an early swim perceived a "something" in the water, and recognized it to be a drowned or drowning person. They raised shout after shout, till policemen appeared upon the scene. With men around, the little girl was soon drawn out of the bay.

As nobody could understand the girl's language, she was carried to the house of Mr. Gabriel. This gentleman had spent several years in China and Japan, and it was conjectured that he might make out Ah Fah's dialect. His house, which was near St. Ann's Academy, was a gem of good taste, and as he had no children, everything was always kept in perfect order. And now, he answers a door-bell ring to find two policemen supporting a Chinese-featured little girl in a drenched and dirty dress. She had a scared expression and was shivering from head to foot.

His wife, hearing unusual sounds, hastened to the door. As soon as she saw the miserable child she said, "Bring that poor creature in the house at once, she must not stay in those wet clothes; she will catch her death of cold. She must be attended to before she does any talking."

Mrs. Gabriel was the sweetest, kindest lady to be met. Helping Ah Fah into her nicely carpeted rooms, she took her at once to the bathroom, and filled the tub with hot water. Then she got some of her own garments to put on the child. Having put her to bed in nice soft blankets, she fetched her something to eat, then let her sleep.

No wonder the would-be suicide was reconciled to life when she woke up and saw the dear lady, with golden hair and soft eyes, sitting quietly near.

Later on in the day, when Ah Fah was interviewed she unconsciously made disclosures which revealed much wickedness that was going on in the place from which she had escaped. Investigations followed, and for several weeks Ah Fah had to appear in court. Though she did not understand the weight of her testimony, it had the effect of stopping considerable evil in the Chinese quarter.

But where was she to stay? There were no houses of detention for children in those times, and no Christian Aid Societies. The fact that



she had been brought to Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel to be interpreted in her language, was no reason why they should even have let her come into their house, still less keep there indefinitely. But Mrs. Gabriel, in her great goodness, offered to keep her till the Court had decided what was to be done.

Legally, Ah Fah belonged to nobody. It was a case in which the judge assumes supreme jurisdiction. When the question arose as to how the vagrant should be disposed of, he said that anybody who was willing to assume the right of guardian over the Chinese girl might do so by paying fifteen dollars, otherwise she would belong to those who had sheltered her since her arrival in Victoria.

This was a sad fate, but after all, who wanted to be burdened with a little Chinese girl? The Sisters were willing to receive her in their Orphanage, but the law could not sanction this, unless she was entered there by a person acting as her recognized guardian. Fifteen dollars did not mean much to many people, but care of a kidnapped Chinese girl meant a great deal. However, Mr. Gabriel, urged by his gentle wife, and seeing no other way of saving the child from a horrible fate, consented to pay the sum. Henceforth, the little Chinese waif was his. In time, she took the liberty to call them father and mother.

Contrary to the saying that charity brings its own reward, the good couple found their house under ill-concealed Chinese custody, as was St. Ann's Academy. It was only too apparent that the Chinese were trying to wreak vengeance on poor Ah Fah. During the trial, which lasted three months, hardly an hour in the day passed but what they were seen hovering about both places. The time came when she could be sent to the Orphanage at Tzouhalem, though she had to come back to Victoria for the next assizes.

Ah Fah was a pagan, and notwithstanding that she was at a pliable age, she did not readily become a Christian. She was left free on the subject, until one day she requested of her own accord to be baptized.

She adored Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel, and her one desire in life was to go and live with them. In their great pity, the good couple gratified her desire, when she left the Orphanage. Her exact age was never known, but at that time she may have been eighteen. Later on, she married one of her race, and now has grown up sons and daughters.

There is no doubt that Ah Fah taught her children the lesson of obedience, for she always remembered that the tragedy of her life was a consequence of having gone out of the home yard against her mother's recommendation. "But I did so without thinking," she would say sorrowfully.



MAROONED AT FIVE

At the Orphanage, sitting next to the Chinese girl, was a woolly-headed coloured girl. Her hair preferred to grow in horizontal rather than in vertical lines. Do what one would, it bulged out in impenetrable thickness. Her features were typical of the African—high receding forehead, over-full lips, and black iris in a big white orbit. But Elizabeth, the coloured girl, did not know this—she had never seen herself, and for this very simple reason, that she had never seen a looking-glass. Advertently or inadvertently, as you choose to explain, the Sisters had never included a mirror in their purchases.

The day came when they thought they could indulge in this extravagance to please the girls. So to celebrate Dominion Day, or the Fourth of July, they bought a looking-glass, 16 inches by 20. It was hung in the orphan's dormitory, with never a thought that it might be an unknown article to some one or other of their charges.

Elizabeth, who was about thirteen, strayed into the apartment where the mirror had been installed, and her quick eye soon caught sight of an unfamiliar frame on the wall. She went up to see what it was. Poor girl, she screamed with fright. What she saw was so black, so different from anything she could remember having seen. Then she began to cry. She knew she was unlike the other girls in the Orphanage. But, as is the case in so many unpleasant things in life, the effect of the startling discovery wore off, and Elizabeth became a regular patron of that mirror.

Like Ah Fah's story, Elizabeth's is sad, and it is too true.

Her father was a negro, her mother a native, and at four or five a squaw step-mother entered her life. But that is not the saddest part. One day her father and this woman took her with them in the row-boat—they lived on an island. Elizabeth enjoyed the boat ride very much. By and by the boat was beached and her father said, "Elizabeth, you may pick berries while we sit here." Off she went, looking for them in among the brush and trees. Being only five years old, she certainly did not go far, nor stay away a long time, but when she came back her father, and the woman, and the boat were not to be seen. She looked up and down, and away off where the water stretched into a big bay, she saw the boat. It was going out, farther and farther. She ran about and screamed with all her might, then she waited to see if the boat would come back, but it did not. She screamed louder as the boat



became a speck, and finally disappeared in the distance. The child threw herself on the pebbly beach and cried with all her might. Only the wood echoes of the uninhabited island responded to her distress. All around there was nothing to see but islands, darkened with tall pine trees. One must live in British Columbia to know how much of this earth remains untouched by civilization. The child of five was alone, all alone with owls and squirrels. She had been marooned! Left to die, starved and exhausted! And we know by whom.

Must Elizabeth die? No.

A canoeist was paddling through the labyrinth of islands. Perhaps he was the only person who entered that kingdom of silence. Oh, the solemnness of that quiet! The canoeist let his boat drift with the tide. He often did that to say his breviary, for he was the missionary priest of those parts.

Accustomed to the least of Nature's disturbances, his sharpened hearing caught a faint, far-away sound. He listened, and studied the direction from which it came. The sound grew more distinct. There was no mistaking that it was the voice of a child struck with horror and despair. It guided with the accuracy of a magnet. The missionary, who knew every nook and cranny along that waterway, soon reached the spot where the marooned child still lay venting her desperation on the beach. He picked her up, and placing her in the canoe, plied the paddles quickly homeward. On arriving he brought her to the Orphanage, where she was compassionately received.

The district was not so peopled as to make it difficult to find out to whom the castaway child had belonged. Henceforth, she belonged to the Sisters. Though her father owned a fine farm not forty miles from the Orphanage, he never concerned himself in the least about the little girl. In fact, it was as if he, and she, had ceased to exist. But he knew very well that she was safe with the Sisters.

Elizabeth grew to womanhood, married a coloured man, and is the mother of a large family.

Like most Convent girls, she had her "special" Sister. When duty takes this Sister through the city where Elizabeth lives, the grateful woman comes to pay her a visit at the Convent, with her children. Each time the well-known introduction is repeated with utmost reverence—"Children, this is the Sister who was so good to mother when she was small. She is like your grandmother."

The dear, little darkies look respectfully up, and the fair, blue-eyed Sister looks smilingly down, and the bystander says, "A penny for your thoughts."



BOYS' PROTECTORATE

After the opening of the View Street building, the Cabin Convent was not left unoccupied. Indeed, there was still much good work for it to do. The first was to serve as a protectorate for little boys. They were the lucky boys, for they had Sister M. Angela to look after them. This Sister had big pockets, and a large apron, and the boys knew that these articles always bulged out with something ready for them to eat there and then. Deprived of the liberty to give, Sister M. Angela would have been like a plant in a cellar. She might take from Peter to give to Paul, but give she must.

Nobody knew the high position this good Sister had held before coming to Victoria. To have let out the secret, or intimated it remotely, would have so wounded her that nobody dared breathe a word about it. They can now. It was this—she had been Mother General of the Sisterhood.

Gentle and lovable ruler, unerring reader of character, clear adviser in difficulty, she had shed happiness on all those who were under her sway. And if external appearances are to be put in the balance, Sister M. Angela had a queenly portion.

But this Mother General, so beloved by all, who made others so happy, was unhappy herself. The votes of the Sisters had elected her to the loftiest of positions, but she preferred the lowliest. Her first term of office was just finished when the call came for volunteers for the semi-Indian missionary work in Vancouver Island. Hers was the first name thrown in the box. The protest from young and old was strong, but by long and earnest entreaty she prevailed, and her self-sacrificing offer accepted. This gained, she took measures to guard against future possible honours. She elicited a promise from the Administration, in the form of a favour, that they would never appoint her Superior in any establishment, be it ever so unimportant.

"There will be a great deal of heavy work in those pioneer Convents of the West," she said, "allow me to do the domestic part." The request was hard to grant, and, because of the dignity of the person who tendered it, hard to refuse.

Having chosen to be "an object in the house of the Lord," Sister M. Angela was seen at all sorts of occupations. But true merit and magnetic personality cannot be hidden under a bushel, so in spite of the humble



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duties she had assumed. Sister M. Angela was held on an equality with those who governed. She was always first councillor, and she occupied the seat next the Superior in highest authority.

Besides drawing incessantly from her apron and ample pockets in behalf of those around her, this Sister had another characteristic dear to young hearts. She believed in picnics, in holidays, in excursions—and her actions accorded with her belief. The little boys of St. Ann's Protectorate liked those ten. s. After several years' existence, the boys' school was discontinued for a long interval.

In 1898, the same object was resumed, and carried on in connection with the day school at St. Louis College. The Sisters rented a house on Mason Street for the paying boarders and poor boys. The place was called St. Aloysius Protectorate. From this hemmed-in city place, the boys were removed to the big Tzouhalem farm in Cowichan district, the orphan girls once again giving them right of way by vacating the house in 1904, and going to St. Ann's Convent in Nanaimo. Since then, St. Ann's Girls' Orphanage has been happily pursuing its course in that charitable little city.

St. Ann's boys remain attached to the Sisters who took care of them. Only a few weeks ago, one of these grateful lads, in soldier's uniform, lingered around the Convent as long as he could. He was about to leave for that abstract, though tragic, "Somewhere in France." The Sisters had been like mothers to him, and his heart ached on leaving them. Like his father who, from the age of two, had been cared for by the Sisters of the Cabin Convent in Victoria, this boy had known no home but that of St. Ann's Boys' School in Tzouhalem.

ST. ANN'S SCHOOL FOR THE COLOURED

The school for coloured children was of short duration from lack of co-operation rather on the part of parents than on that of the Sisters.

During the Civil War in the United States, a number of coloured families had made their way as far north as Vancouver Island. They were high-strung and sensitive on the point of equal rights, and they wanted their children to be educated with the whites. They sent a spokesman to the Convent to inquire if coloured children would be admitted into the school. The vocation of the Sisters ignores race distinctions, but not necessarily such as are social. Mother M. Providence happened to be out that day inspecting a farm, which Bishop Demers had put up for sale to raise funds for View Street Convent, about to be



erected. The Sister who answered the parlour call, more zealous for Christ's work than for the world's line of demarkation, answered positively that the coloured children would be received. Not so the white pupils. They, of course, did not want to associate with the negresses, who had lost no time in presenting themselves into the school. The Sisters made a compromise. They announced that a special school would be opened for coloured pupils alone. Rebellion among the dark element followed, and for some time the atmosphere over St. Ann's Convent was ominous. The Sisters opened the school, and exerted themselves in every way to make things agreeable and advantageous to the ostracised children, but the offended negroes never recovered from the affront of not being classified with the whites, and gradually withdrew from St. Ann's School.

SISTER M. CONCEPTION NARROWLY ESCAPES JAIL

The Sisters of St. Ann were introduced to the people of Victoria by Bishop Demers, in 1858, as "Teachers and Sisters of Charity." To carry out the double work with only a small staff, required that the same Sister be frequently called upon to do double work—teach within class hours, visit the sick at the recess period, and keep night watches at their bedsides.

The annual appointments of the Sisters show the name of Sister M. Conception followed, for six consecutive years by the daily avocations, "Teaching and Visitation of the Sick." Being strong, composed and resourceful, her presence in a household was a blessing.

In the summer of 1867, she came from St. Mary's Indian Mission on the Fraser, for a well-earned vacation in Victoria. Greetings over, Mother Mary Providence said to her, "Mrs. Martin's baby is dying, and the poor woman is distracted with grief. Will you go and see her? Your visit would be a comfort, and you might be able to do something for the child. Then you may go to Mr. and Mrs. Chauvaux. They are both very sick."

When Sister M. Conception, accompanied by one of the larger orphans, entered the house she found the anguished mother gazing in dry-eyed misery on a wheezing skeleton baby on her lap.

"Poor little one," said the kind nun, pityingly, "it is very sick."

"Sister dear," interposed the haggard mother, "he is dying of dysentery. The doctor said if this could be checked, my child had a chance, but I have had three doctors, and none of them have done baby any good, and it's dying. Oh, my child!"



"I remember something my mother used to give the children when they were teething," said the good nun, "suppose we try it. Send a bone of fresh pork up to the Convent and I shall prepare a mixture, of which you will give half a teaspoonful in a little milk to the baby."

Hope gave energy to the faint woman, and in a short time the Sister received the bone. Immediately Sister calcined it, and next ground it to finest powder. After this she made a syrup of the powder mixed with milk and sugar. A messenger was sent with the cordial to the anxious mother. The baby swallowed a few drops, and at intervals a little more. Its whistling breath softened perceptibly, and in less than an hour it fell asleep. The saving doses were repeated, with the result that in the morning when the Doctors Davie and Helmcken called, they were astonished to see the little one was resting, and that it had a hint of reviving colour in its emaciated features.

"Your baby is better," they said.

Insane with the sudden revulsion of feeling, the woman forgot prudence, civility, patient service, and exclaimed, "Yes, it is better, but no thanks to either of you. If Sister had not given me her own prescription, my child would be dead now."

"What!" shouted Doctor Davie, "Sister gave you medicine. What business had she doctoring? By jove, if she cannot produce her doctor's certificate, she will sleep in jail tonight."

"Come, Doctor, cool off," coaxed Dr. Helmcken, always a friend to the Sisters, through thick and thin.

"Yes, she will," declared the wrathful doctor. "I'll see her in jail this very night, unless she show her license."

Meanwhile, Sister M. Conception, passing from one good work to another, was spending the night at the bedside of Mr. and Mrs. Chauvaux, who, inseparable through life, were now dying in separate rooms, each ignorant of the other's condition.

"Why does not my wife come to see me? She never stayed away like this before," wailed the dying husband. After soothing him for a brief time, the Sister would pass into the adjoining chamber, where she was met by the piteous inquiry, "Sister, what does it mean? I am dying and my husband, who was never absent from me for any length of time, has not been here for days."

It was a very busy night. Besides caring for the bodily relief of these dying persons, there was a soul for Sister to reason away from



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the meshes of a secret society. This being satisfactorily accomplished, the priest was sent for and the sacraments were administered to the reconciled soul. About midnight, it went to meet his merciful God.

His wife, with eyes fixed on the door, kept asking for the husband whose devotion to her, had made his negligence to Church so hard to bear. Towards morning, she went to perpetuate with him in a better land, the beautiful union begun twenty years before when she had become his bride.

In those days the Sisters did much of the enshrouding, so Sister stayed to attend to this work of mercy. The forenoon was over by the time the two corpses were laid out. Sister was putting the finishing touch in the apartment when Doctor Helmcken dropped in, as if casually. After his brotherly remarks, he asked, "You saw Mrs. Martin's baby yesterday?" Upon Sister's affirmative answer, he said, "It is much better today. It appears you gave it some medicine. What was it?"

"Not medicine, Doctor, but a cordial made from a calcined bone, sugar and milk, which my mother used to give the children at home."

"That is it," said the doctor reflectively, as if speaking to himself, "the lime in the bone of course acted all right. Nothing to find fault with there."

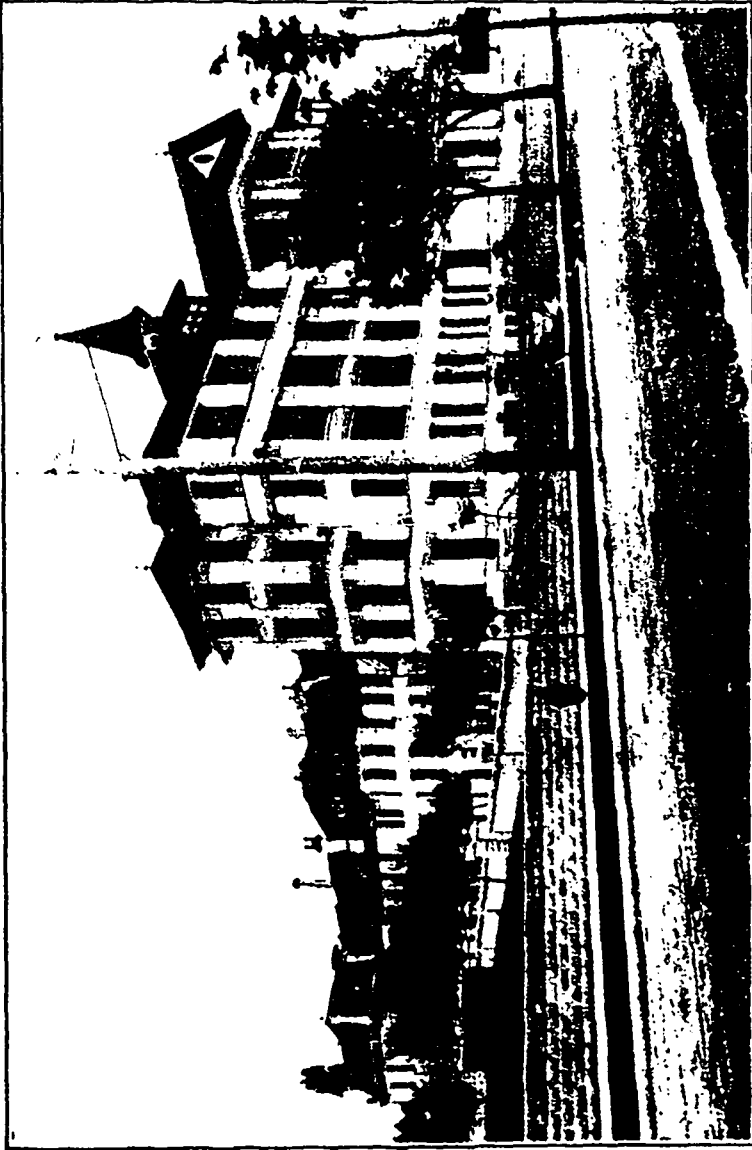
Doctor bowed himself away without alluding to prison bars. Even if he had, Sister would not have been alarmed, for did not every Sister of St. Ann feel protection with Dr. Helmcken in the Province?

Towards sunset, Sister being relieved from duty in the house of mourning, returned to the Convent. Mother Mary Providence accosted her smilingly with the words, "Well, Sister, what is this we hear? You are going to sleep in jail tonight."

"Am I indeed." pleasantly rejoined the hard-worked nun, "what have I done now?"

"You restored a baby to life, though you had no doctor's certificate entitling you to professional practice. The doctors are going to have you arrested."

"If I am, and I have to go to jail, you come too, because I was under your orders in visiting the sick." Then they both laughed, as two good-souled Irish nuns can. All the same, there had been excitement in M.D. circles that day. Dr. Helmcken did the work of pacification with the Doctors Davie, father and son. No more was said about the Sister going to jail. The baby lived, and its mother never ceased to exalt the skill of the Sisters.



ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL





ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL

As time went on the need of a hospital under the management of Sisters was more and more felt. Bishop Seghers had the project greatly at heart, and began substantial operations by contributing six thousand dollars from his patrimony. The Sisters were most enthusiastic on the subject and noted every incident bearing upon it. March 27, 1875, their diary contains this entry: "The first patient for the proposed hospital, a poor paralytic." Further on, "The foundation is laid for Bishop has formed a committee. Mr. Garesche, banker, belongs to it, and is one of the strong advocates of the new enterprise."

Again, "Bishop is joyful to see everybody so much in favour of the undertaking."

It is the ever-recurring topic, for we go on reading, "Doctor Davie, senior, lent us a book dealing with the hospitals of France and England. We have had an hour's reading from it daily for a week."

"Contract is given—it calls for \$13,900 (thirteen thousand, nine hundred dollars). It is exorbitant! Mr. Syme is the architect."

So far, these entries are very business-like, but we come to others which quite overwhelm our fastidiousness. The diary continues:

"In preparation for the home manufacture of the hospital mattresses, all hands are at work picking the wool from off sheepskins. Thirty-six were plucked today. Seventy-five still remain to be done. The work is repugnant to touch and smell, but the motive is proof against this objection."

This sort of hospital preparation goes on many days, because the diary continues: "Sixty-five among us, including Sisters, orphans, and even boarders, sat courageously before the task of picking two hundred and fifty pounds of wool, while two Sisters made up the mattresses. Our fun was spoiled by the excessive heat."

In present-day language, we would say, "THAT was surely 'some' Red Cross work."

So eager was St. Ann's for the opening of the hospital that they began these premature preparations before the excavations were started.

The corner-stone was laid on August 21, 1875, by Dr. J. S. Helmcken, Member of Parliament. Bishop Seghers presented him with the trowel in these eulogistic terms: "In selecting you, honourable Sir, to lay the corner-stone of this charitable institution, our object is to honour in you



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the friend of the poor, and the humane deliverer of human suffering and misery in its multiplied forms. More than a mere allusion to your well-known charity would doubtless offend your modesty, but a due appreciation of it is stored up in the minds and hearts of many. On me devolves the welcome honour of giving to that silent appreciation a public expression, and to your unremitting benevolence, a grateful and well deserved acknowledgment."

Then the Bishop makes known the two aims of the hospital under erection—one divine, the other humanitarian.

"Therefore, for the greater glory of God and of His Saints, for the relief of suffering humanity, and in the name of the heaven-born virtue of charity, I have the pleasure of requesting you, assisted by the members of the medical profession, to lay the foundation stone of St. Joseph's Hospital."

In the doctor's reply we find these words, which from that time up to his ninety-third year, were the keynote of his regard for the Sisters: "As I look upon the Church, the Convent, the Hospital, I cannot but feel that they are institutions for the cure and education of humanity, from the cradle to the grave. In erecting buildings for such purposes as this, we are placing money out at interest for the good of posterity. It is a great point in favour of this particular institution that it will be under the care of the Sisters of St Ann, as that will guarantee good nursing, which is of more importance than medicine. This hospital would be valuable, if only as a school for nurses."

Finally, on November 9, 1875, the hospital is ready for a "house-warming" and a bazaar is held. The city had entered into the spirit of the charitable event. Donations came from known and unknown friends. One person among these latter gave a chair worth two hundred and fifty dollars. But when the days of the great bazaar came, grave fears were entertained that it would be a failure. Not that the sentiment of the citizens had changed, but a great catastrophe had happened and a pall overhung the city. The steamer "Pacific," on her way south to San Francisco, had sunk some miles out from Victoria, and two hundred and seventy-five persons, mostly of the city, were lost.

Among the victims was the guardian of a little eight year old orphan. The man had entered the child among St. Ann's highest paying boarders in June, five months before the disaster. With his drowning disappeared all trace of ten thousand dollars in gold, which had been left the little girl by her deceased parents.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



Was the guardian on his way to California to invest the money to greater advantage there, than could have been done in British Columbia, or—who can tell?

The sweet, gentle girl, deprived of father, mother and fortune, found a home with the Sisters. She left only to be married, and good to say, "lived happy ever afterwards"; not in the matter of riches but in the priceless wealth of domestic happiness.

Notwithstanding the general mourning over the great loss of the "Pacific," the proceeds of the Hospital bazaar amounted to two thousand three hundred dollars.

St. Joseph's Hospital pursued its course with satisfaction to the doctors and to the public all through twenty-two years, without that accessory, an operating room. Indeed, it was looked upon as a great stride towards progress, when provision was made for one so late down as 1898.

Prior to that time, surgical work was performed in any room. If the case was to be serious, the surgeon required the room to be previously white-washed. The word calcimine was not yet in vogue.

At the present time, when surgery, in great measure, rules the day, it is amusing to recall the interest which then centred about a major operation. The first case of this kind at St. Joseph's Hospital was that of a sailor called Martin. Sympathy, anxiety, suspense, were keyed high, before, during, and after the operation. Martin recovered. After a long convalescence he took his place with ordinary mortals, but when he passed by, people would say, "Oh, look, there goes the sailor who had that extraordinary operation."

Such an operation is certainly not unusual nowadays.

St. Joseph's Hospital opened with a staff of four Sisters and a handy-man. The present corps consists of a chaplain, two resident doctors, twenty-four Sisters, fifty nurses in training, stewards, etc. The first building, which was only thirty feet wide, now stretches, in the form of the letter "H," from Collinson Street to Humboldt. Always the demand is, "More apartments needed."

St. Joseph's has its Honour Roll of trained nurses at the front. Here, at home, it is privileged to place its wards, rooms and services for the relief of the returned soldiers.



BEYOND VICTORIA

Full of the purpose which had brought them to Vancouver Island, the Sisters did not confine their labours to the population of Victoria.

As soon as their numbers made it possible, they were happy to cooperate in the project of Bishop Demers to open a school for the Indian girls of Cowichan district.

The refusal of the House of Assembly to grant pecuniary aid for the erection of the school, merely served to set more in evidence that the missionary Bishop would go the even tenor of his ways.

As one of the honourable members said, "The Right Rev. Bishop Demers will carry out his object regardless of all opposition, because it has originated from no other or foreign cause, but from a pure motive of doing an actual and real good. In a few months we shall see the Sisters permanently established at Cowichan."

And so it happened.

The school was also for the children of the settlers in the valley. The prospect of a good school in their midst appeared so great a boon that they all expressed their willingness to help by so many days' work towards the building of the house.

Attracted by novelty, the Indian girls flocked to the school to the number of forty. They came to stay. Each carried her bedding and a pack of fish on her back. The better off had feather beds, the others mats. After evening prayers, each girl made herself comfortable for the night on the school-room floor. The clothes worn during the day did duty for a pillow. These Indian girls boarded themselves. When their provisions ran short—and by this is meant fish—they went home to the lodges for more.

All went well for six months. Then the dusky maids thought they had had enough of education and civilization. By degrees they went back to lounge by their smoky fires in the camps, or sun themselves on the beach. Seven years the Sisters kept their doors invitingly open for the Indian girls, and by friendly advances, tried to induce them to attend the school. It was all in vain.

Subsequent work of the Sisters of St. Ann among the Indians has been done through the Government Schools. St. Mary's Mission on the Fraser was the first boarding school for Indian boys and girls, in which the Sisters were employed. Mission City, on the C.P.R. line, takes its name from that establishment.



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In 1876, three Sisters went to William's Lake, near Cariboo, to direct a boarding school for the Indian and the half-breed girls in that far and cold part of British Columbia.

The Sisters were next requested to share work in the Indian Industrial School near the Reserve in Kamloops.

The third of the Indian Industrial Schools in which the Sisters are engaged, is on Kuper Island, in the Straits of Georgia. The school is famed far and wide for its beautiful site, its modern buildings, and model management.

Indian Day Schools have been conducted by the Sisters at the Songhees Reserve in Victoria, and the Quamichan Camp in Cowichan district.

Branches of St. Ann's Academy, Victoria, are: A kindergarten on Blanshard Street, Convent Schools for boarders and day scholars at New Westminster, Kamloops, Nanaimo and Vancouver—the chief cities in the Province of British Columbia.

It also sends its contingent of Sisters to Alaska to conduct schools and hospitals in Juneau and Douglas.

The four pioneer Sisters of the back street Cabin Convent had not idled time nor wasted opportunities.





LOST OR FOUND?

Lines in reply to the question: "Is there any poetry in Alaska?"

Rhyme and rhythm, rhythm and rhyme,
Are they lost in this Arctic clime?

Ask the stars, as they twinkle bright,
Changing darkness of Arctic night,
Measure keeping with instinct true,—
God's own summons to light the blue.

Rhyme and rhythm, rhythm and rhyme,
Are they lost in this Arctic clime?

Ask the snows as their diamonds shine
Bright as crystal of Afric's mine,
Snows and hoar-frost, bless the Lord,
Sing His praises with sweet accord!

Rhyme and rhythm, rhythm and rhyme,
Are they lost in this Arctic clime?

Ask the winds, as the Arctic breeze
Sounds the chords upon minor keys,
Sighing, sobbing,—a plaintive wail,
Over the stretch of the Yukon vale,—
Changing swiftly from note of dirge
Unto the deep of the ocean surge.

Rhyme and rhythm, rhythm and rhyme,
Are they found in this Arctic clime?

Found in the fall of the snowflake light,
Blessing God with its soul so white,—
Found in the chant of the Arctic breeze
Making music in minor keys,—
Found in the dream of the Vesper-star,
Heaven is near—and its gates ajar!

Nulato, Alaska.

"MIRIAM."



THE PROGRESS OF YEARS



GOLDEN JUBILEE SOUVENIR, 1908

PART VI.



THE GOLDEN CROWNING



INNER LIFE



WO hundred and ninety-six Sisters have followed in the lead of the four pioneer Sisters of St. Ann, who came to British Columbia sixty years ago. Their aim has never changed. In poor or in commodious establishments, the one purpose which each has had in mind is the glory of God and the welfare of humanity. The reward to which they aspire is contained in the scriptural motto of their escutcheon, "They that shall do and teach shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."

Many names which stand for the talent of administration, the art of teaching, and the faculty of joy-giving, are found among the builders of St. Ann's in the West.

As is apparent throughout these pages, foremost in the construction was Mother M. Providence. Every phase presented by the work of St. Ann's today is her eulogy. As has been fittingly said of her:

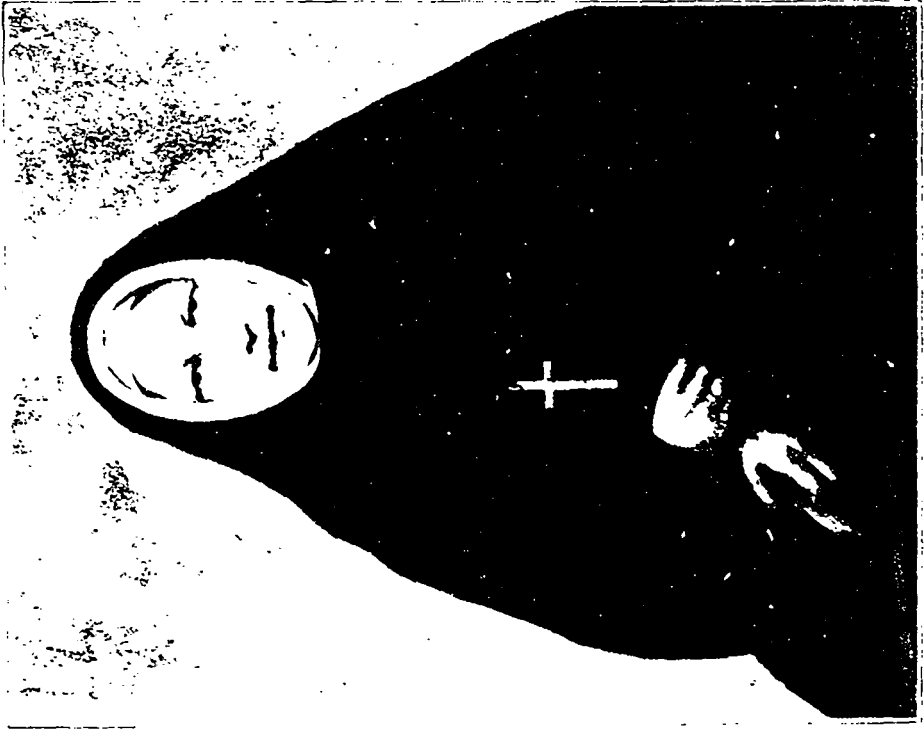
"Hallowed was the day of her landing on our shores; blessed the hour when her name, as a benediction, first fell upon this city. For who has since approached her but to be thereby benefited? Who afflicted, that she did not console? Dejected, that she did not comfort? Homeless, that she did not harbour? She has been a rich heritage to our land."

What was the inner life of this truly great woman, who was as a shining light to the public?

Mother M. Providence within her conventual walls, was as much a beacon for her religious community, as she was a guide for the outside world. She led her Sisters by her own example of exceeding punctuality to the minutest observances of her holy vocation. The impulsiveness of her strong spirit was directed by unvarying good judgment. Her discretion was unsurpassed. Though she met many people, and had long sittings in the parlour, worldly talk never penetrated into the community circle. If she had heard something exceptionally distressing, the only hint she gave of it was a sigh, and the remark, "Let us thank God that He has called us into His holy house." If a visitor began to gossip, she would immediately check the trend by saying, "You and I are not here for that; let us talk of something pleasant."



MOTHER MARY ANNE OF JESUS
ELIZABETH ROWAN RAWDON P O



MOTHER MARY PROVIDENCE
TERESA M. TUCKER SLIGO IRELAND



Mother M. Providence was one of God's holy women, who worked for His honour and glory through her every thought, deed, and intention. She depended on Divine support with childlike trust and living faith. One of the Sisters in Nanaimo had been quite overcome by the immense loss of life in a coal mine explosion. Mother M. Providence reasoned with her in these beautiful words: "Do you not know that this is God's world? He takes care of it after His way, not after ours." Her life abounds with incidents of prudence, charity, and motherly care of the Sisters.

From 1859 to her death in 1904, Mother M. Providence was provincial superior over St. Ann's in the West, or superior of St. Joseph's Hospital. When she had finished the term set by the Constitutions at one post, she passed over to the other. In either position she absented herself no more from the building than if she had been a cloistered nun.

In July, 1900, despite her failing strength, she was again appointed Superior of St. Joseph's, and was still admirably filling the duties of this office when she was stricken with paralysis. After four days' illness, she went on May 29, 1904, to give an account to God of the faith in her that had been so productive of good.

MOTHER M. ANNE OF JESUS

The Sisters of St. Ann, like other Institutes, have their constitutions and laws, called rules: an executive body, and defined periods of office tenure. These points may not all be adaptable in the earlier stages of a foundation, but they come into force as soon as conditions permit.

Mother M. Providence had been provincial superior five consecutive terms beyond the number fixed by the constitutions, before the time was deemed ripe for adhering to the regulation period. But this time came in 1881, and the second provincial was appointed.

The choice fell on Sister M. Anne of Jesus, who so far had been on the teaching staff. Against the ripened age of her predecessor, she could offer only the inexperience of her twenty-six years. The contrast in external advantages was equally great. But here the difference ended. Never were two souls, two minds, more identical. Never was friendship more lovely to look upon. Admiration on the part of the senior provincial, reverence on the part of the younger: and on both sides, a mutual leaning on the superior ability of the other. It was the harmony of heaven.



For twenty years they alternated in the office of provincial superior of the British Columbia and Alaska branch houses, and that of superior of St. Joseph's Hospital. The younger was the first to go to her eternal reward.

Mother M. Anne of Jesus' motto was, "All the pleasure for others, the pain for myself." There are many who can testify that these words with her were not mere formula. She specialized in giving pleasant surprises. To give but one instance. When she was Superior at the Hospital she used to shine the boots for the old men, and then be brightly puzzled with them as to who could have done it so secretly.

It would be too long to tell her qualifications as educator, as religious, and as provincial, for—

The "valiant woman" sung in proverb's tome
Was found in her, whose every deed and care
Was sanctified by purest intent formed,
The warp of duty, silver-woofed with prayer.

But Mother M. Anne of Jesus' devotion to St. Joseph, as illustrated in the following occurrence, is too interesting to be passed over. Her confidence in him was absolute. To him she entrusted all her business affairs, and when she had to go anywhere, she timed the trip so as to leave on a Wednesday. On one occasion St. Joseph gave her proof that he can make conductors serve his purpose.

ST. JOSEPH CONTROLS THE E. & N. RAILWAY

In the spring of 1887, Mother M. Anne of Jesus was due in Nanaimo on important business. As usual she arranged to leave on Wednesday. To afford a much needed outing to Sister M. Sacred Heart, a hospital Sister closely wedded to her work, Mother Provincial invited her as a travelling companion.

The E. & N. Railway had recently been open to traffic, but it was not yet connected with Victoria. The draw-bridge off the present Victoria station, which spans the arm of the Gorge and is the southern terminus of the line, was not yet finished. Consequently, up to 1888, city passengers were obliged to go further, and cross to Point Ellice bridge to make connections with the train at Russell station.

The distance from the Academy was about two miles. Sister M. Sacred Heart was too advanced in years to walk it, so a hack was engaged for the early morning. But when the time came, the conveyance did not



THE GOLDEN CROWNING



appear. Five minutes, ten minutes, and still no sign of the hack. There were no telephones nor automobiles in those days. The two travellers became restless; the Sisters, who had gathered on the porch to see them off, began to say, "You may as well give up the thought of going today, for you will surely miss the train."

Mother M. Anne of Jesus only said, "St. Joseph will see that the train waits for us."

After delaying a little longer, as the hack was not yet in sight, Mother Provincial said, "Let us start, for I am sure we shall soon meet the driver, and then, I beg you to believe, he will make his horses fly."

The Sisters who surrounded her were not so hopeful. Again they urged, saying, "Do come in; you can go tomorrow. It is out of the question that you catch the train today."

The Mother Provincial's reply was, "Come, Sister M. Sacred Heart, we will be in Nanaimo today, if St. Joseph has to hold the train for us."

Sister M. Sacred Heart was seventy years old, and not any too sprightly as one may believe, but she was too respectful to demur, so she hurried after Mother. The Sisters looked at them till they were out of sight, hoping, but in vain, that a conveyance of some sort would pass by, so as to be hailed by the Sisters who were quickly speeding along.

On and on went Mother, saying alternately to St. Joseph, "Hold that train for us," and to her poor panting companion, "Come, Sister, we'll get there. St. Joseph will see us through." Every once in a while Sister M. Sacred Heart would say, "You see, Mother, it is no use going on, see how far we are from the station, and there is not a cab or cart of any kind to be seen."

But Mother would say all the more brightly, "Come on; St. Joseph will get us there."

As Mother said later on, she never for a moment thought when they left the Convent that they would walk all that distance. She expected every instant, and at every corner, that a hack would turn up; but there was not one on the road that morning, for as was afterwards learned, they had all been hired for a ball some great distance away.

Panting and hurrying, and with ejaculations to St. Joseph, the Sisters kept on, and at last were in sight of the station. Yes, the train was there, three blocks away—they covered one block—and then, oh, for



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



disappointment! The whistle blew, the bell rang, and the train obediently steamed out, gaining speed with every puff. Like a mighty giant, it seemed to defy the companion nuns two blocks away.

Dismayed, Sister M. Sacred Heart stood stock still on the sidewalk, and said reproachfully, "You see, Mother, how useless it was to come on; the train has gone."

"Never mind," said Mother cheerfully, without slackening pace, "hurry along, it will come back for us. St. Joseph will take us to Nanaimo today."

She continued to walk rapidly on for a minute or so, when, would you believe it—the train came back. It began to move backwards, and backwards towards the station, and slowing up, stopped at the platform.

"Quick, quick," said Mother, "the train has come back for us."

The two Sisters fairly ran. They reached the train and had barely boarded it, when it was off again. When they were in their seats, the Mother Provincial said to her companion, "Did I not say all along that St. Joseph would see us through, though we did run through town like John Gilpin?" Mother always had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and she ever after enjoyed comparing her race to Russell station with that of Cowper's hero, John Gilpin, through London town.

Although the confident Mother knew that St. Joseph had brought the train back for her accommodation, she was too practical not to know likewise that there was some natural cause for the immediate return to the station of a moving train. She soon got the explanation. The conductor had forgotten his clearance papers and his ticket-book—an unheard of thing—and the train came back that he might get them.

It is more than probable that Conductor Black reproached himself for his forgetfulness that day, with never a suspicion that St. Joseph, looking serenely down from heaven, alone was responsible. Neither did the good conductor lay the disturbance to the pertinacity of the two nuns, who demurely paid him their fare. Meanwhile they went on rejoicing within themselves that they had compelled St. Joseph to send the E. & N. train back for them.



AN IDEAL TEACHER

The central figure in St. Ann's corps of teachers was Sister M. Loretto. She was born at Lacolle, P.Q., and came to Victoria in 1882, being then in her twentieth year. A brow of superior intellect displayed her rich endowments.

Sister M. Loretto was one of Nature's noblest women; affable and generous, a deep student, and refined scholar. To her learning was added a charm of manner, a subtle attraction in conversation, by which those who came under her influence always experienced pleasure and profit.

Combined with her rare gifts and talents was a deep-rooted humility, which caused her at all times to regard herself as "the feeble handmaid of the Lord."

Though her attainments and participation in the government of the Sisterhood raised her to an elevated plane, love of poverty and docility to the slightest wish of her superior, were her distinctive traits.

According to human views, so valuable a career should have been prolonged into the years, but Sister M. Loretto was still in her prime, having taught twenty-two years and been Superior three, when the Divine Master called her to the reward promised those who leave father and mother, home and country for His sake.

MOTHER M. GUARDIAN ANGEL

Six provincial superiors have guided the destinies of St. Ann's Institute in the West. Of these, four are living.

Mother M. Guardian Angel, known as the "gracious French lady," was the third provincial. She came to British Columbia in 1901, on the completion of a second term in the onerous charge of Superior General, with headquarters in the Mother House, at Lachine, P.Q.

So esteemed is her worth as a gentle and efficient ruler that forty-nine years, out of her fifty-one in religious life, have been spent as Superior in the most important Convents of St. Ann's Institute.

MOTHER M. DES CINQ PLAIES

The fourth provincial superior was Mother M. des Cinq Plaies, an energetic woman, full of initiative, and prompt in execution. The period of her successful administration—1908-1914—was marked by the erection of new Convents in Kamloops and Nanaimo, and by considerable extensions to St. Ann's Academy in Victoria, and the Convent in New Westminster.



MOTHER M. CHARLES

Miss Cecilia McQuade, in religion Sister M. Charles, came to her Alma Mater to be its fifth provincial superior. She was the first Victoria young lady to join the Sisters of St. Ann. In 1866, with her sister, Miss Anna (Sister M. Agnes), she made the long voyage, via Panama, to Lachine that she might there make her novitiate. Twenty years later, they both paid a visit to their Western home, and while there, they had the sad consolation of seeing their mother laid in her last resting place.

Owing to ill-health, Mother M. Charles could continue in office only one term. Her cautious management suited war-time conditions. She was succeeded, in 1917, by Mother M. Philip, who, after having skilfully directed various houses in the East, is now in office.

BEARING THE HEAT AND THE BURDEN OF THE DAY

There are in active service several Sisters who have borne the heat and the burden of the day, during forty years and more.

Sister M. Bridget came to Victoria in 1866, and has never ceased to pour out the treasures of her golden heart on the young, the sick, the wayfarer.

Sister M. Lucy was of the same party. The domestic training which she inculcated in the girls when Directress of boarders, has made her name a household word. She taught music all adown the years.

Sister M. Zenon, the progressive organizer of St. Ann's schools and hospitals in Alaska; Sister M. Catherine of Sienna, whose career, divided between the piano and an accountant's desk, demonstrates that art and mathematics are quite compatible; Sister M. Infant Jesus, who admirably blends teaching with the government of local establishments; Sister M. Albert, to whom clings the office of infirmarian, whether she is at the Academy or at an Indian Industrial school.

Sister M. Octavia, who almost as soon as she had pronounced her vows, buried her Teacher's Diploma in a dark recess, and forgetting all about it, took up the occupation of convent cook. Ye girls of St. Ann's, form in line for the procession, which opens at "1876" and, swelling along its course, pauses at "1918." Come into the Academy kitchen. You will there see Sister M. Octavia. Make known your wants, real or imaginary, as you did of yore, and you will find her ever and always dispensing delectables to each and all, with the solicitous attention of a mother for an only child.



Sister M. Octavia is the best French writer among the Sisters of St. Ann in the West. Often she is called upon for an article. She will not let this delay the meals of her family of ninety or a hundred. There lies a piece of wrapping paper left by the butcher; a stubby lead pencil is found. Sister goes from the pantry to the pots on the stove, then she jots lines on the brown paper. The fire needs poking, and the stew needs stirring; she sees to that, and adds to her lines on the brown paper. So with cooking the dinner, and answering calls at the wickets, she writes a production which baffles competition.

Sister M. Octavia is another of those Sisters whose theory leans toward holidays, but not holidays for herself. Logic falls flat when she lays down the argument for letting the "Chinese help" off for the day.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE

With the co-operation of Sisters of such calibre, the good and able Superiors of St. Ann's were able to conduct the Academy steadily onward to its fiftieth milestone. This was reached in June, 1908, and the event was made the occasion of a three days' jubilee celebration.

In accord with the words in Leviticus, "Ye shall sanctify the fiftieth year. Ye shall cause the trumpets of jubilee to sound, for it is the year of jubilee," the Sisters, the pupils, and the city at large entered into the spirit of festivity.

Everything proclaimed joy. On the grounds, flags floated everywhere. The men from the British man-of-war, "Shearwater" (Admiral Bickford) of the Imperial Navy, spent a week hanging the avenue with row upon row of the flags of all nations, which harmonious union of flags is the highest compliment, we are told, that can be paid to an institution. The avenue from the gate to the entrance was imposing, and the effect of light and color, gorgeous. The superb illuminations on the grounds and facade were the tribute of the Corporation.

The doors were thrown wide open and streams of people promenaded the grounds, the Convent corridors, and the whole building. All the apartments were hung with garlands, streamers, symbolic chains, mottoes, and "50's."

The public came and went with cordiality and an "at home" feeling, which proved the friendly relations existing between the Sisters of St. Ann and the people of Victoria.



A CHAPLET OF YEARS



The exercises of the first day consisted of a commemorative programme. The numbers comprised music—*Slavische Tanze* (Brahms), *Invitation a la Valse* (Weber), chorus—"Golden Bells of Jubilee" (Kuecken), "Crowning of Alma Mater" (Chaminade), a poem—"The Record of Fifty Years," a drama-tableau—"A Scene in the Life of St. Ann," addresses by Very Rev. A. J. Brabant, D.D., and A. E. McPhillips, K.C., M.P.P.

A reception of friends pleasantly occupied the second day. Three hundred persons were present, and one hundred former pupils registered. The third day was given to solemn thanksgiving exercises.

Among numerous marks of favour bestowed on St. Ann's Academy was the loan, for decorative purposes, of immense shields of the Provinces, made for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's visit. They were lent, as no small honour, by the Provincial Government.

A service, to be all the more appreciated that it was done without ostentation, and its intrinsic value unknown, was that of Mr. H. D. Helmcken, who went bond for the flags of the "Shearwater," and took out an insurance on the same.

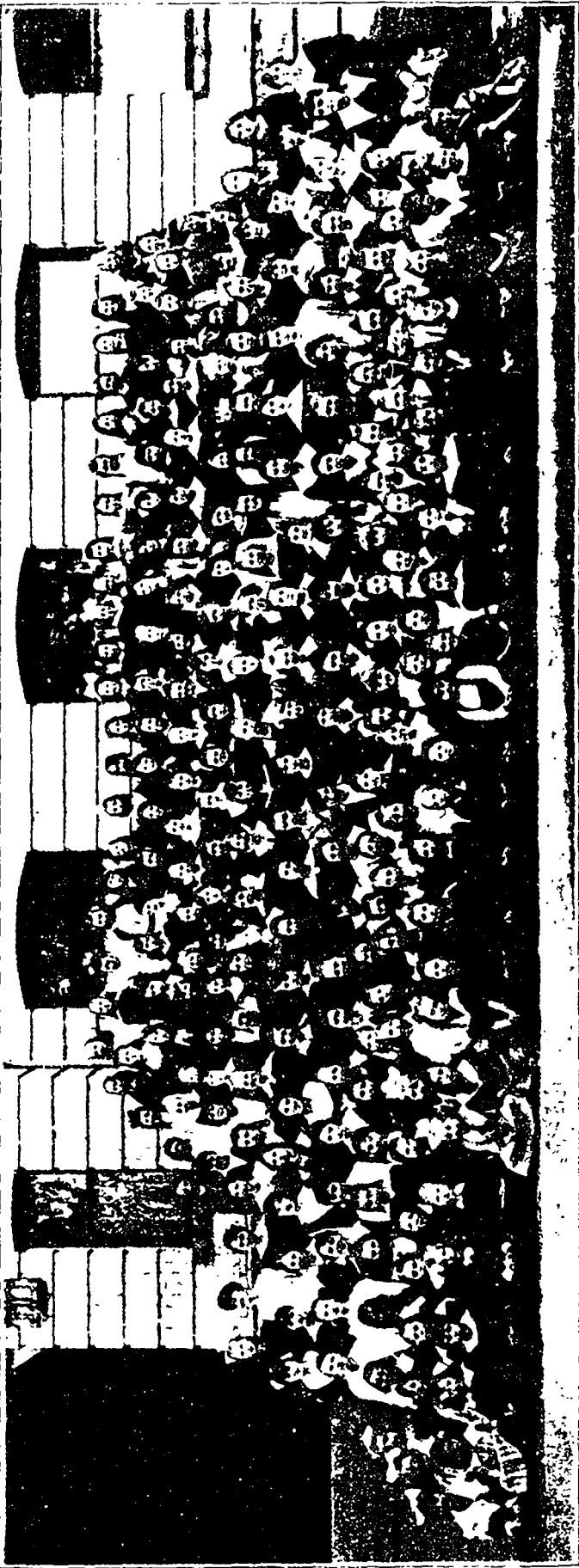
Mr. Kent, Victoria's fine singer, sang "The Flight of Ages," in compliment to his mother, who had sung it at the opening of the Humboldt Street Convent, in 1871, and who was present at this Jubilee, 1908.

St. Ann's Academy received new impetus from the survey of what had been accomplished in its first half-century. Rejuvenated, it entered upon a new era, confident that in the future, as in the past, the Lord would be mindful of those who place their trust in Him.

Ten years have passed since the Golden Jubilee—years of blessings. On this, its sixtieth anniversary, St. Ann's Academy uplifts its horn of plenty, offering thanks for the fair harvest which it hath pleased God to yield on the tiny seed cast in Victoria by the

SISTERS OF ST. ANN





PUPILS OF ST ANN'S ACADEMY, JUNE, 1918

ALMA MATER'S RETROSPECT

Embowered in her groves of purest green,
Her rev'rent brow aglow with joy and pride,
Stands ALMA MATER,—noble mother she,—
And views her children far dispersed and wide.

In retrospect she scans the decades past,—
Six glorious chapters in her book of years—
Each one a poem,—each an epic grand—
Each consecrated with both joy and tears.

From distant East she sees how call divine
Hath drawn a noble band of women true,
To work for God and souls 'neath Western sun,
Devoting life and strength each day anew.

She views the prompt response of ready minds
Who eager were to fit themselves for life,
And learning at her shrine the lessons deep,
Went forth, strong in her strength, to meet the strife.

Where are they now—those girls of yesteryears?
Full-grown they entered Life's Arena vast,
Prepared to brave the sting of Sorrow's dart,
Upheld throughout by mem'ries of the past.

Some few there were who laid life's burdens down
Ere yet their brows were furrowed with a care;
And some there were who trod the lofty mount
And pledged themselves to God in endless prayer.

The many left her sheltering arms, and found
Another haven, loving and secure:
The "queens of home"—ennobling motherhood—
Who spread abroad an influence sweet and pure.

Some, too, have learned the precious art to heal
And comfort helpless, suffering, wounded man,—
And overseas where waves of battle surge,
Are found full oft these children of "St. Ann."

Yea, reverently we raise her "service flag"
And drape it proudly, gently, o'er the dead,
For some have paid the sacrifice supreme,
And for their country their young life-blood shed.

And others spend their days in leading youth
Thro' paths of knowledge, teaching useful lore;
While some wield skilfully the artist's brush,
Or far aloft on Music's pinions soar.

Another noble army still she scans,
The dauntless daughters she so well hath trained,
To take their rank uplifting toil thereby,
These students which commercial life hath gained.

All honour to them,—Girls of former days!
Who love to live through reminiscent hours,
And pledging loyalty and trust anew,
Still linger oft in spirit 'neath these bowers.

Our Mother hath a message too for us,
The girls of nineteen eight-en, as we stand
Upon Life's threshold, waiting for the word
To speed us forth from her protecting hand.
"No toil is base when duty points the way;
"No fame is true if not inspired by worth;
"No happiness can ever long endure
"Unless it seeks a Heaven beyond this earth!"

Victoria, B.C.

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