

MFCSP



MEMORIES
of
MOTHER TERESA HAGAN

Vivia Fitz-Grey

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Dedicatory

To the whilom members of Mother Teresa's teaching staff and the beloved Alumnae of her house who by generous and sympathetic response to her guidance and a noble, unremitting loyalty to her ideals were one with her in carrying her educational efforts to the summit where they proudly stood this cluster of fragrant memories of her life is offered.

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I



N the matter of biography an old letter may sometimes prove a golden key admitting us to sanctuaries otherwise for us debarred. To be thus valuable, however, it must be characterizable as the rare, good outpouring of the heart between friend and friend; not as the measured and provisional intended for posterity.

As illustrating for us here the point of worth a certain time-stained epistle in the archives of the Montreal Grey Nuns very aptly serves the purpose. It is from the pen of Sister Elizabeth Bruyère, foundress of the Bytown Community of Grey Nuns, is addressed to Mother McMullen, Superior General at Montreal, and expresses in no uncertain way the feeling which prevailed within the convent when Miss Martha Hagan entered the novitiate: "I have an extraordinary bit of news for," the letter reads, "Miss Hagan is going to enter our novitiate this week"—it bears date of June 11, 1845—"she is a graceful young girl of sixteen, of charming disposition and good health; well up in English and reading French with fluency. She has been attending our school here, so we have had occasion to study her somewhat. I have been praying that we might get her and have been requesting prayers of the pupils in the same intention, without much hope, however, if I must admit it, for I did not think she would come to us; when, lo! my wish is to be realized. The Rev. Father Dandurand, her director, called to ask her admission, and I need not describe to you the joy with which it was accorded."

The letter continues to relate something of the surprise and pain which this decision occasioned in Miss Hagan's father and her favorite brother Frank, the latter having at first serious doubts of his dears sister's sanity. "Her mother, however," the writer adds, "blesses the Lord for the part her daughter is choosing."

While on the subject of letters, a line from Bishop Phelan's correspondence with Mother Bruyère is not without interesting

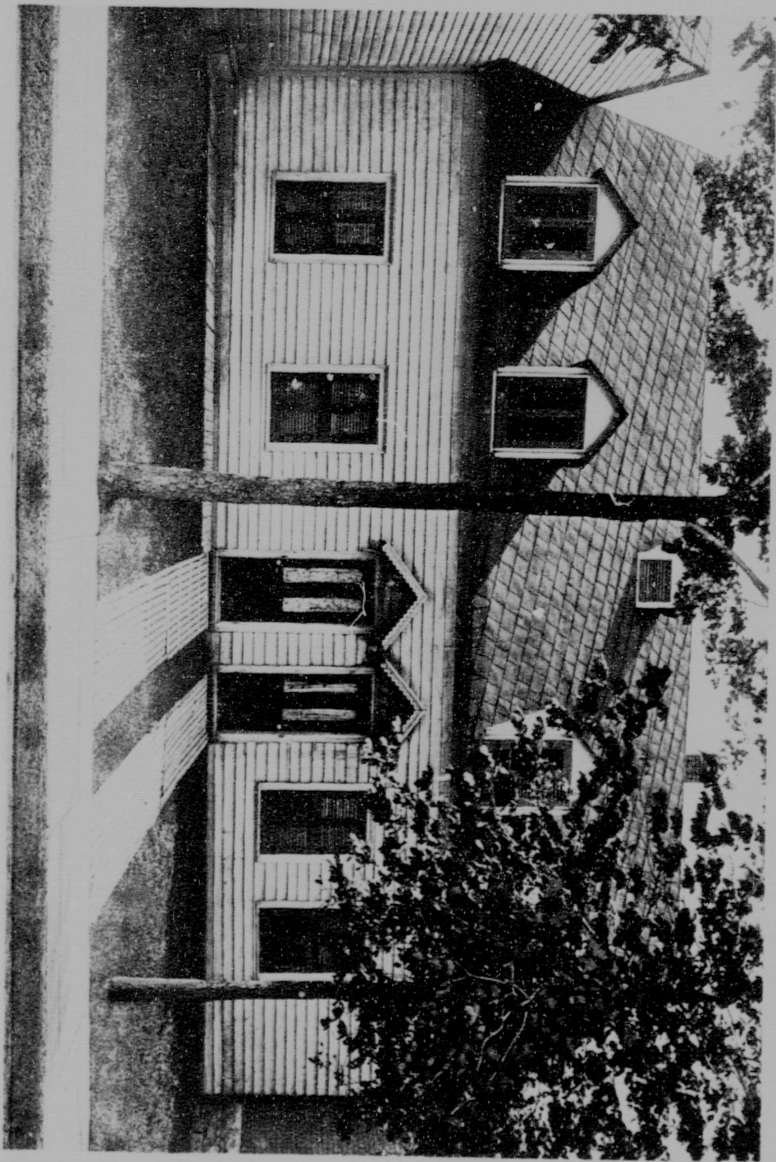
appositeness. His note is dated July 1st, 1845. After acknowledging the receipt of a communication from her he immediately refers to the announcement she must have made to him of her fine acquisition, for he says: "I am sure Miss Hagan will prove of great service to you particularly as a teacher."

Experience tells of many instances where early enthusiasts turned to indifference and even dislike; but in Sister Hagan's case the contrary seems to have obtained; for crescent, full-orbed or waning, her life actually held consistent beauty to its close, and consequently evoked admiration and love to the end.

On entering the novitiate, she lent herself to the exigencies of the regulations and to every requirement of this new form of life, filled though it was with unremitting labor and manifold discomfort. It must not be lost sight of that the sowing of the Community's grain of mustard seed took place in St. Patrick Street, now Nos. 165-167, a field not precisely Elysian in Bytown in the year 1845, or at any other time, for that matter. But the young girl's soul was innocent, and so joy was not lacking in the midst of privations, for the heart of the just rejoiceth all the day long.

True, it may not always be easy to feel merry teaching the conventional number of hours a day and observing the rules of the average religious community with such supererogation betimes as Advent and Lenten fasts.

The uncompromising ideas of asceticism prevailing in some particular parts in those primitive times look hard to us weaklings of to-day, it being deemed incumbent on the Sisters in some cases to keep Lent with almost as much rigor as though they were ladies of leisure; if, indeed, these enviable dames always had a reputation for being buried in ashes during the quadragesimal season. One recalls hearing Mother Teresa tell of a Lent thus observed to the letter of the law till, Easter coming, it was deemed imprudent for them to taste meat in the morning lest the re-action prove injurious to the system. A regimen quite the opposite of that set forth by Madam de Maintenon in her instructions to the Ladies of St. Cyr one hundred years earlier, whom she will have consider the care and instruction of children the equivalent of pallet and cilice. A view to which it must be said in truth, the Foundress's intelligent mind and great heart very soon inclined her.



165-167 ST. PATRICK'S STREET

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The second year's novitiate was made in Montreal by special arrangement with the Mother House there. At the end of the year's probation the authorities there agreed with those in Bytown that the young girl's disposition warranted her being received permanently into the Community. It was evident that to her mind's eye shone the vision of Perfection: that heavenly vision of the union of the soul with its Creator which to the ancient philosopher was the function of a sixth sense and which for some is foretasted in this life by a process of reduction and elevation as regards material cares and wants and spiritual powers and activities.

And throughout her long life the judgment then formulated in her regard never ceased to hold good: she was where she belonged; doing what she was best fitted to do.

Sister Hagan always considered this sojourn in Montreal to have been a very special privilege and was often heard to eulogize the broad, generous spirit prevailing there. On her return to Bytown at the end of June, 1847, the typhus—that calamitous corollary of the Famine in Ireland—which had been raging in Montreal for months was found to have reached alarming proportions here. The diminutive hospital adjoining the convent on St. Patrick Street could not, of course, meet the demands and provision was accordingly made by the government for the erection of tents on the site now occupied by the General Hospital, Water Street.

For the three months' duration of this awful visitation the daily average of patients admitted to the Sister's care was six or seven; the number, however, at times running up to nineteen in one day.

The five or six Sisters of whom the Community was composed sustained the strain and the burden of their share of this emergency single-handed; for outside assistance was wholly unavailable because of the terror the contagion inspired. And to add to the distress the Sisters themselves in turn contracted the fever. Sister Hagan was, therefore, called on to minister to the wants of the sick, the suffering, the dying, in these tents. What she felt of horror, of fear, we know not, although, we may well imagine; but what we do know is that she quailed not, even though the sacrifice was tremendous. Responding to the call of obedience in this urgent need she indubitably touched the heights of heroism. The balance

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should be struck here between a person of maturer age and experience and one of her years and up-bringing. Here was a young girl of eighteen accustomed only to the atmosphere of the fireside and the companionship of her school-books with but two years of conventual training superadded and finding herself suddenly summoned to face the horrors of a deadly infection with the probability of succumbing does, nevertheless, her fears and repugnances such violence as to rise supreme to them and to every other obstacle between her and duty which here synonymizes simply with the pure love of God.

That these victims of, perhaps, the most stupendous administrative error recorded in history were of her own ancient race can hardly be supposed to have influenced her determination: though, doubtless, the knowledge of it stirred the most intimate fibres of a heart essentially noble.

Some recall hearing her relate her first experience in this emergency, the case being that of a young north of Ireland Presbyterian and his bride who came to America on their wedding trip supposing, or, at least, hoping they had a future of happiness in store for them; but both of whom contracted the fever either aboard the ship or in Montreal and reaching Bytown died of the dread disease in a hospital tent in Water Street. They were buried side by side in the old Sandy Hill cemetery where four hundred other victims of this scourge in Bytown alone lie awaiting the trumpet-call.

With the advent of autumn the disease had ceased to be: not, perhaps, so much that it was of the aestival class as that it had spent itself in destruction and could now be put on record as the climax of an event the most cataclysmic in effect that Erin's tragic history has been darkened with for two hundred years.

If to these matters reference is made as of necessity it is not at this distance that belief in the benefits of a brooding revenge is for a moment given credence; but rather because it is good to know of what stock one comes when that knowledge, as in this case, may prove tonic to one's fortitude. If the sins of parents are visited on their children, and, no doubt, their virtues transmitted, why should not the same principle be applicable in a wider sense to include racial vices and virtues? From the point of view of fidelity and loyalty to religion as proven by the active and passive martyrdoms of

centuries, the Irish race has formed a rich treasury of grace which ought to be available to every child whose origin claims Celtic strain. What else is the Communion of Saints?

II

With the return then of relief from the awful trial of the typhus, the Community was able to resume its ordinary avocations. The schools were reopened in September, 1847, with an attendance of possibly one hundred-fifty pupils of the ever-present nationalities, English and French. To Sister Hagan was assigned the teaching of the highest English grade. As this was the first and for upwards of a quarter of a century the only Convent select school for girls in the place, all the best families sent their daughters here. Of Sister Hagan's very first pupils there were Wades, Rings and Ryans; Bourgeois, Bennetts and Kennedys; Ahearns, McGradys and McCarthys; Conways, McGillivrays and McGraths; Burkes, Turgeons and Tierneys; Cullens, Forans and Lapierras; with Harleys and Dunns. Their descendants may be found figuring prominently in the society of the Capital to-day as: Smiths, Kehoes and Derhams, McDonalds and Horetzskis; Martineaus (the family of Eugene, who was Mayor of Ottawa, 1872-74), Leamys, Barries; Quains and Hurcombes; Sylvains, St. Denis and Davises; Duffs, Heenans, O'Mearas and Bedards; Murphys (included in this branch being the Hon. Charles, ex-secretary of State in the Dominion Cabinet), Burkes and Esmondes, with Kehoes again represented by Judge J. J., now of the Sudbury district; Armstrongs and McKenzies; Washburnes, O'Reillys and Ryans; Whites and Tetus with Martins, Findlays and Joyces. Miss Dunn became a Grey Nun, devoting herself to pioneer missionary work in the Northwest.

Her pupils loved her. They knew they could trust her. She gave them the best attainable and in the best manner possible in keeping with the enlightenment and requirements of the time; though, in many ways both by reason of pronounced intellectual bent and inherited teaching ability she transcended the limitations of the life about her: indeed, it might not be amiss to consider her as representing naturally and by training a sort of reaction from the purer Mediæval idea in education obtaining to no inconsiderable extent in many centres then and long after.

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No later than the early 50's her pedagogical ideas were by some thought too advanced for the period, or, perhaps, for the place—restrictions being deemed wise.

Strange to say, her free-born aspirations clashed with an over-cautious conservatism in the matter of mathematical studies for girls, although, she was no extremist at all as regards the exact sciences; her ideal being rather that of the cultured woman of the home—the woman of physical, intellectual and social charm. To the Woman Beautiful she, perhaps, attached more importance than some who are prone to over-estimate beauty's thinness might care to grant; although, in this she seems not at variance with so orthodox a representative of higher Christian education as Bishop Dupanloup speaking for the first of polite nations: or, indeed, with him, eminent scholar and member of the Society of Jesus, who in late conferences to resident Catholic students at the two great English universities arguing from certain historic ideals for the blending of Hellenic culture with Christianity tells them: "What we may desire for ourselves is a Greek mind and if you will a Greek body with a Catholic soul and a Christian heart."

With the Confederation in 1867 and the elevation of Ottawa to its present rank of Federal Capital a new era was inaugurated here. An influx of strangers having their reason for being in the government at once transformed the aspect and status of the place.

Sister Teresa's work was now transferred to Rideau Street where she immediately put herself in touch with the demands of this new society finding for herself concurrently that broader scope for which her talents fitted her.

As hinted above her ideals made for culture. And to this end she laid great stress on the humanities and on music. For when all is said and done how are development, refinement, elevation to be secured, if not by contact with these very things themselves? And where on broad lines and apart from occasional living contact, shall we obtain these results, if not by a knowledge of the world's great literature—the treasure-house of its thought?

Some may recall in this connection the remarkable utterances in argument with the leading scientist of the day of him, her contemporary, who held the position of Director General of all the



RIDEAU STREET CONVENT

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schools of Great Britain in the middle period and last half of last century—being poet and man of letters as well.

On music—within the bounds of proper harmony—as a still more important factor and harmonizer of human life with its varied emotions seeking outlet, its violent passions requiring direction and control, she insisted. And while not technically a musician herself,—for her superior mind was rather of the judicial bent—she, nevertheless, bestowed encouragement on this divinest of the arts, even becoming at times its inspiration.

Her individual dealings with the pupils were characterized by insight, sympathy, and a sort of kinship with childhood that made her efforts irresistible. Her faith in human nature was remarkable; and was to a great extent the secret of her success with children. Nothing so raises the faltering, the depressed, the tempted as confidence manifested. She applied this principle to the timid, sensitive or sometimes, under-endowed child.

This is the Christ-spirit in the dealings of man with man. And this kinship with her pupils, her disciples, never ceased—loving them once she loved them forever. Therefore, all who had ever been pupils under her felt sure of a warm welcome and the freedom of the house whenever they chose to return to the school of their youth. As an expression of this undying attachment for all who call the Rideau Street Convent *alma mater* she gave her strongest encouragement to the Alumnae Association founded by the Dean of the teaching staff in keeping with the universal spirit of the times to afford larger opportunities for the higher education of women; no less in the matter of intellectual resources and the enrichment of their private lives than in that of bread-winning possibilities.

This Association in the fourteen years of its existence has met these requirements of our present day society and proven itself a power for intellectual up-lift, as well as for the fostering of loyalty to the institution—the old home.

To Mother Teresa it was a source of great satisfaction that the first meeting of this society should be presided over by His Eminence Cardinal Falconio, then Apostolic Delegate to Canada, and that at all subsequent annual Alumnae-day meetings the Archbishop of Ottawa should preside to approve and bless the work—a tradition now most happily continued by His Grace Archbishop Gauthier.

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To the lecture courses sustained by some of the ablest thinkers of the United States and Canada she gave her unstinted appreciation and seldom failed to enhance the dignity of such occasions with her presence; while the advantages of the carefully chosen and constantly growing library at the disposal of Alumnae members were a joy to her. "What a lovely room," she was heard to exclaim as she stood in the sunshine between the rows of books on that last well day of hers—the last day of the Old Year.

Still, notwithstanding this understanding of youth which was essentially hers; this sympathy, intuition, love which were conspicuous in her, the ire of the Celtic temperament and its virility were not wanting. She could inspire terror in the young transgressor; though, sometimes the indignation which aroused it was to older minds recognizable as a mask kept at hand for the occasion.

Certain young matrons of the Capital will tell you to-day the story of their being summoned to swift justice after some such misdemeanor as refusing to control their jollity during the sadly unappreciated hour devoted to an exchange of classes for the furtherance of a knowledge of foreign tongues every afternoon. The ring-leaders had to appear in the office: and after a brief snappy statement of their offences by the Court during which silence was strictly enjoined on the culprits—none being allowed to testify in her own behalf—the sentence was literally banged out: "You shall learn off Goldsmith's *Elegy* within the next forty-eight hours and report to me."

The verdict can not be said to have been received with the respect and decorum which such a tribunal is usually calculated to inspire, but rather with inappropriate and ill-concealed smiles; the wrong-doers were, however, suffered to depart when corridors and Recreation Hall soon resounded with the merriment of "Goldsmith's *Elegy*." But they did not dare take the slip literally all the same and substitute Noll's much briefer and more congenial lines on the "Glory of Her Sex" or the "Death of a Mad Dog" for what they knew in their hearts was meant to be the melancholy and long-drawn-out iambs of him of the Country Church Yard. So for the next forty-eight hours, in season and out of season, there was audible pretty nearly everywhere the chattering of "The ploughman

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homeward plods his weary way," or of "Some Village Hampden" doing something the poet never intended him to do; or of "The moping owl does to the moon complain," followed immediately by "And shut the gates of mercy on mankind," with other misfits of the sort all gratuitously challenged in the same breath by buzzing companions in misfortune.

However, at the expiration of the awful term of hours which—be it not lost sight of—had transformed the pupils' quarters into a modern Babel, the derelicts reported with a sufficient number of stanzas of Gray's *Elegy* at their tongue's tip to satisfy the demands of justice—mercy tempering somewhat.

In all the long years of her great career she never failed to keep herself in close personal touch with the pupils under her charge. She met them every day; she inquired solicitously after their welfare and that of their parents; proving ever and always her vital interest in all that concerned them.

No day was ever allowed to pass without her assembling them for a short spiritual reading followed by some brief recommendation or advice for their good present or future. On the future, though, was her gaze chiefly bent. Her work had to do with the forming of those confided to her care for the coming of grave duties, serious responsibilities. "The pupils must be prepared for the realities of life," was one of her favorite and oft-repeated maxims. And again, "Some teachers lose sight of the ordinary calling of woman, which is that of mother,—the intelligent, companionable wife, the able, devoted mother, this is her normal rôle."

In the question of piety she was wont to say that imagination and sentiment would, no doubt, produce tender devotion, but not real virtue: that little puerile acts would never lead to solid piety: but that the one great thing in cultivating the moral side of the child is the eradication of faults—of sloth, vanity, egotism. Such a process as this furnishes true alimentation to piety, which is simply duty: and the character by the means grows sturdy.

To within a week of the fatal stroke which touched her in the morning of the New Year, 1912, she never failed to have Bible recitation every Sunday forenoon. Pupils were designated in turn to memorize the gospel of the day and recite it before the school

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assembled, after which she followed with a few brief well-chosen elucidations.

Only the day before she fell ill, have some recalled, she gave edifying evidence of the feeling she had of direct personal relation with the Almighty and of her child-like confidence in His goodness: it was in conversation with one of the younger members of the staff; she asked the Sister if she prayed for the children under her care. To the Sister's reply that she did, particularly if they were ill, Mother Teresa continued: "Whenever I am worried and anxious, I go to God as to a loving Father and never fail to obtain what I ask."

In an age of strident voices one can not refrain from adding one more wise remark of hers: "We prohibit screaming and loud clamorous talk for our young girls because this forcing of the voice destroys its fresh tone—its sweetness—that charm which should characterize the woman of distinction."

With such principles as these was education raised by her to the eminence of a fine art. Its results are abundantly visible to-day to the third generation at Ottawa and surrounding places; while the renown of her personality, her ideals, her methods has been carried abroad by others who came from afar to drink at this clear copious fountain of good.

Such traditions as these constitute precious heritage for those who survive and make broad base for perpetuation to rest on. For while all admit mutability as the distinctive attribute of things mundane and lose not sight of the fundamental relation of the New Zealander to the ruins of St. Paul's; still, none can harbor the thought that for long to come any other change should be felt in her great work than the needful movement to carry it onward and upward in keeping with her ideals and the demands of enviroing conditions.

Any mention, howsoever cursory, of Mother Teresa's qualities would be incomplete without some reference to her dealings with her co-workers.

Her manner with the Sisters of her household was invariably characterized by courtesy, condescension, charm. She could do you a kindness that would not only stir your heart toward her, but

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secure your heart's loyalty for all time to come: and she would bring you forward before a distinguished company in a way that proved narrowness, egotism, jealousy, strangers to her. Indeed, one of her observations to beginners in the profession was that teachers are frequently too jealous of their power and become imperious and repulsive. In her authority there was no galling element; on the contrary, her orders inclined your will by their reasonableness, their sympathy and that certainty you felt of their judiciousness.

In her presence one felt spurred on to be at one's best; for she created an atmosphere, an *aura*, in which were transformed and idealized the otherwise common and ordinary.

To some it seems on occasion to have been possible that, despite her virility, she found herself in contact with characters whose strength she felt unable to cope with and owing to this has it been conjectured that there was at times space in the organization over which she held power for associated elements of force and brilliance making for a greater harmonious whole. Madame Barat in her great work assimilated individualities so widely differentiated as Russian princesses with Tartar upbringing and Irish maidens direct from the Emerald Isle: but Sophie Barat dealt with mature characters by training and calling and consequently perfected herself in the line of directing souls.

While Mother Teresa had a certain masculinity which carried her over obstacles to the progress of her work and enabled her to convince opposition of the truth and justice of her views; she was, nevertheless, not precisely indomitable in will; though, her charm as a woman and a nun were, perhaps, for this all the greater. Our foibles prove our humanness.

In speech to those over whom she held authority while lacking the fluency and facility of some—the Parisian or Bostonian for instance—she still brought such earnestness, vehemence, dignity to her assistance that her words carried great power of conviction. That she said it sufficed: not at all because of fear inspired but that her hearers felt her judgment unerring in whatever might be in question.

For there was basic to her brilliant qualities a remarkable contrasting homely sense and knowledge of the elemental things of human

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life. To this characteristic Miss Sadlier aptly refers in her excellent tribute elsewhere. But it were not amiss to cite here in evidence of this practical sense of hers and its corollary of administrative ability, the greatly enlarged land domain of the establishment and the excellent condition in which everything pertaining to it was maintained—the whole valuable property being at the time of her death free from encumbrance.

That in the course of a long public life, so to speak, as member of the Community's General Council for practically fifty years and head of an educational institution of great importance for a like period, she should fail to develop a certain skilled diplomacy can not of necessity be expected. Tact, discretion, knowledge of the proprieties, of people and affairs were all at her disposal as the fruitage of a ripe experience. But to impute to her as woman of culture understanding the ways of the world anything contrary to the fullest integrity would be wholly to misinterpret. For of disagreeable and confidence-destroying sinuosities her character was absolutely free.

To revert to the subject of the General Council, one can not but recall in this connection her attitude in that body. Through tradition—the Ottawa archives not being open—it is known that she invariably stood for a policy of enlightenment, of justice, of charity and sequentially of properly meeting the demands of a society to whose interests, educational and charitable, the Community covenanted to minister: opposing partisanship *per se* and endeavoring at all times to lift motives out on to that plane where the recognition of talents, aspirations, ability counts regardless of such accidents as birth-place or tongue.

Those who lived close to her for years were wont to say you could seldom get her eye. Perhaps, it was on the principle of him who in the hey-day of his glory exclaimed, "The eye is not filled with seeing, neither is the ear filled with hearing." Or, may it have been after the manner of schools of diplomacy where it is thought the eye of all the features most readily betrays the mind.

Her eye, however, when you did get it was a blue-gray, smiling, loving one holding for you much depth of meaning.

She was all of classic mould: the vaulting nose not unlike that remarkable feature in the elder Pitt and of which one of her wittiest

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Old Girls recently said, "Why, 'twas her nose did this,"—indicating by a glance the achievement of the whole fact of the Rideau Street Convent; the thin, compressed lips which bespoke a certain incisiveness, not, indeed, in word; for sarcasm was no weapon of hers—she disapproved of it in a teacher—but an incisiveness of determining and executing; the tall, erect form which even in age retained something of the litheness of youth and crowning it the well-poised head which in no circumstance was ever known to droop. Her manner we all know—the graceful sweep of the hand with which she would invite you to a seat in her office for a pleasant talk or to a place at her table for "pot luck" as she was wont to put it.

To some her life seemed a charmed one: free from the great sorrows, crushing trials, chilling adversities, without which human life is supposed to remain unseasoned. This, however, is rather a fancy than otherwise. Hers was no panoplied life. She was wounded with misunderstanding, censure, disloyalty, not to enumerate further.

What life gives us may often depend on what we bring to life. Temperament is a determining factor. Hers had its peculiarly light-some side. She had a capacity for throwing off sorrow. In possibly an hour after some distressing information had reached her, the merry peal of her laughter might resound. But this does not at all mean that levity, carelessness, lack of proper perspective, or sincere interest characterized her. Such falterings in connection with a woman of her mentality are simply not to be thought of. It was rather a certain perennial youthfulness which is often, if not always, found with the chosen of the earth.

Who does not remember her enjoyment of the ludicrous in Sister Margaret's famous announcements of callers. Sister Margaret, by one of those freaks of nature unaccountable to us, seemed to have been originally fitted for some earlier period of the race, when complicated nomenclatures had not yet added their difficulties to civilization; for unlike the Bishop of the funny books who immortalized himself with, "I remember your name but I cannot recall your face," she never knew any visitor's name, howsoever frequently the person may have appeared at the door over which she presided.

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She had, however, a certain power of observation as to marked characteristics of personal appearance and this like a feeble antenna sometimes extended itself out some little distance to association. Instance: "Superior, a lady would like to see you."

To which, "Who is it?" followed by Sister Margaret's crucial moment.

"Oh, you know her, she is in black, her husband died a Protestant." (The mourning being inferentially for his loss rather than his heresy.)

"But how does the lady look?"

"Well, her hair is red." And then as a clincher: "She used to take music lessons here."

As in a school counting half a century of existence and in one of this size the sad occurrence of the loss of a husband by some dear former pupil—even to the fact of his passing away outside the pale—was not unheard of; and as—though the Venus de Melos type never wholly predominated—the auburn tinge was still of sufficient frequency to preclude its usefulness as proof positive of identity; while the musical evidence was, of course, of the needle in the hay-rick variety, nothing remained but to investigate; which "Superior" would proceed to do, wearing her most indulgent smile.

Meek, gentle, faithful Sister Margaret, your memory for the things of this earth may have been defective, but there was One you never forgot; and higher praise there may not be. Nor did any better appreciate this than she whom you served with untiring fidelity the long years through.

But high seriousness of character Mother Teresa certainly had and of trial she as certainly tasted. Those who knew her best recall having seen her on occasion blanch and wither to the extent of ten years in half that number of months, at thought of the peril power must bring when grasped by the hand of the Philistine.

Nor may those whose memory extends back twenty-five years or so forget the manner in which she met a menace of diphtheria in the Junior Department of her house brought about by the inadequacy of the city's hospital to properly segregate one species of

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children's disease from another. Through the stress of it all—and the stress was calamitous—she was calm and collected with that poise and self-possession which bespoke an energy and virility of character that actually held in check uncontrollable panic and saved the situation.

Doubtless, by such process with the aid of God's grace obtained in humble prayer and the reverent use of the sacraments together with her long labors of so fine and perfect a quality was her sanctification consummated. Punctual as the sun was she in appearing at the altar of God—"the God who rejoiceth my youth," as the liturgy explains the unfailing strength found there.

Of such things as these was the tenor of her life composed: and in such manner as this were the high duties of her calling accomplished. Year after year the first week of September brought "the opening" with that bright welcoming of pupils and that inspiring of them with confidence and affection. Then as the Canadian autumn reached the acme of its glory—air sunlit and sun-warmed, scarlet maples flaming triumph and rich fruitage scattering abundance everywhere, there was the keeping of St. Teresa's Day—her name-day—celebrated with flower and song and joy and congratulation. And to which had been added now for many years a deeper note by the presence of the members of the Alumnae in their annual Academic function. It seemed so much her due to receive this homage; as appropriate for her as is the landscape to the blossom; the forest to the tree; the throne to the Queen. She brought no jarring note, howsoever beautiful the reception might be. Toward her by happy convergence every honor and all affection unerringly tended.

After this event came such delightful haltings as the Christmas and Easter tides with each respective spirit exemplified and emphasized by her, till the year's movement hastening on culminated in Commencement Day with its ever-old, ever-new functions of timorous launchings and sad farewells.

For her the round of duties comprised in the directing of the great school she had built up filled her hands, her mind and her heart and with it was interwoven the fibre of her life.

III

Thus almost imperceptibly did the years glide by till the Golden Number is told off.

"Fifty times the rose has flowered and faded,
Fifty times the golden harvest fallen."

since that far-away day of her early girlhood when she vowed her heart to God alone.

The half-century of special consecration was, indeed, an accomplished fact. She had made her religious profession in Bytown in 1847—the year the town was incorporated with 5,000 inhabitants; this was 1897 and Ottawa boasted a population of an approximate 54,000. It was, therefore, resolved by the members of her own teaching staff and committees of former pupils that the event should be given that recognition which her talents and her labors in devotion to the cause of education in Ottawa deserved.

The tenth of June then saw the opening of Mother Teresa's Golden Jubilee; the period coinciding with that of the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria; there was consequently a festive spirit in the very air.

The celebration began in St. Joseph's church, Ottawa, and was reported in the city press as follows: "The celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Rev. Sister Teresa, Superior of Rideau Street Convent, who entered the Grey Nuns over fifty years ago, was commenced this morning at ten o'clock in St. Joseph's Church, with the solemnization of pontifical High Mass by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel. He was assisted by Vicar General Routhier, as assistant priest, Rev. Fathers Duvic and Lacoste O. M. I. deacons of honor, and by Rev. Messrs. Newman and Kavanagh as deacon and sub-deacon of office. Rev. Mr. Belanger of Ottawa University acted as master of ceremonies. The Reverend Sister in whose honor the service was held occupied a seat in the middle aisle.

The past and present pupils who wore golden ribbons, occupied seats in the centre of the church and the sacred edifice was crowded with worshippers.

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After the gospel, Rev. Canon Deguire of the Archbishop's palace ascended the pulpit and delivered an interesting sermon in French, taking as his text the words, "Laudant eam in portis opera ejus" (her works will praise her before the people). He spoke of the Christian life of Sister Teresa and of the many good works she had accomplished as superioress of the Rideau Street Convent.

At the conclusion of his address Rev. Father Conroy, rector of St. Mary's cathedral, Ogdensburg, N. Y. (now auxiliary bishop of the same diocese), delivered an eloquent sermon, taking his text from Proverbs, 26th to 31st verses.

He referred to the great women of former times. He spoke of the faith and spirit with which the maids and matrons confronted Cæsar and the beasts, and asserted their faith and their hope in the love of God. To the martyrs of the arena had succeeded virgin recluses, which was the same type under new conditions. They had the motives and the same willingness to lay down their lives as a tribute of love to their Almighty Master. This scorn of life was the first essential of heroism. It discarded elements of weakness. Since death could not intimidate or terrify, what could dampen the ardor or separate them from the love of Jesus Christ? This great strength and valor became the distinguishing feature of monastic life. The nun stood forth as the valiant woman. Tell me not, then, that the monastery is the refuge of the fatigued, and the disappointed, the timid weaklings who fly the world because afraid to brave its trials and temptations. The woman who welcomes death can never be a coward. The weakling may enter the convent but she can not remain, for the sacrifice is too great. The merciless vows crush out all wishing for possessions in the world, all gratifications of the appetites of the body, every satisfaction of the will except that which comes from the pursuit of God. This generous annihilation of self is prompted by the love of God. There is no love of God without the love of our neighbor. There is no philanthropy that is not based on religion. The church's double ministry is charity and teaching. She, like her Divine Master, must do and teach. How ably does the nun co-operate. In charity what form of misery or frailty has her tenderness overlooked? The founding

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and the waif, the parentless child in helplessness of infancy, the childless parent in helplessness of age, the sick, the halt, the blind, the idiot and the maniac, the leper and the moral outcast. Yes, saint or sinner, old or young, the Magdalens, the Simons of all history, all find in her at once a sister, a mother, a nurse, a slave, a saviour.

In teaching, woman is silent in the pulpits and in the councils of the church. Not so among the people. Not alone by example but by word does the religious woman teach. Behold her in the classroom of the parochial school, of the academy, of the convent home. Of the excellent work I can only make mention. What untiring energy, what ceaseless activity, what generous ceaseless activity to the all-important work of storing the minds of our children with knowledge while imbuing their hearts with virtue. Hidden from the eyes of the world the nun is toiling night and day, leaving the classroom only to bury herself in text-books, and in the library, burning oftentimes the midnight oil as well as the lights of her life. Here is the valiant woman opening her mouth to speak wisdom. Such is the Catholic nun—God bless her. We have come together to honor the nun in general and the nun in particular. She is a member of the community of Grey Nuns, which is second to none in its religious spirit and its teaching ability. Of their proficiency in educational work testimony far and near in Canada and the neighboring republic speaks volumes. But of all the institutions under the Grey Nuns the convent school now on Rideau Street stands in the highest rank. During its career of forty-eight years over three thousand young women have enjoyed the exceptional advantages it offers. Behold the number of cultured young ladies in Canada and the United States who owe so much of their accomplishments to the scholarly training received at Rideau Street Convent. An institution of which, indeed, the faculty and pupils may justly boast. At its cradle and through the trying years of its bitter struggle with the world stood the distinguished lady whose Golden Jubilee as a Grey Nun is the occasion of this glad gathering. Fifty years ago this morning a young maiden with all the enthusiasm of youth and piety knelt at the altar and gave her heart to the Bridegroom.

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The preacher went on to review the life and works of the distinguished superioress in which he paid many a well-deserved tribute to that lady's piety and to the excellent manner in which she conducted the institution of which she is the head.

Continuing, the newspaper account then says: "The music rendered by the choir was exceptionally fine. The regular choir had been augmented for the occasion by a large number of former pupils of the convent and leading members of other organizations from the different city churches. Mozart's Twelfth Mass was rendered. And the singing equalled, if it did not surpass, that heard on previous occasions when this masterpiece was presented.

At the return from the church a banquet was held for the clergy and other invited guests, and in the early evening an exquisitely chosen programme was gone through with by the pupils of the school at the time.

The next afternoon was given over to a reception by the Old Girls, whose programme was of much artistic and literary merit.

Apart from the beauty of such instrumental music as David's "Le Desert," those who heard Mendelssohn's triumphant hymn of praise, "I waited for the Lord," where the soul conscious of well-doing in faithfulness to the Lord strikes the grand tones of a confidence to be daunted never; and the indescribably beautiful Wagnerian music of the Hymn to the Virgin in *Tannhäuser*, with its wailing prayer rising from the depths of a suffering which touches despair but in which, nevertheless, the golden note of hope at last prevails, can not but have haunting memories of them yet.

Following is the beautiful address by Mrs. J. J. McDonald read by herself on the occasion:

"Now all good things come to me together with her, and innumerable riches through her hands.

"And there is great delight in her friendship, and inexhaustible riches in the works of her hands, and in the exercise of conference with her wisdom and glory in the communication of her words."

Wisdom vii.-viii.

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To Rev. Sister Teresa, Superior of Rideau Street Convent, Ottawa:

"Reverend Beloved Mother, Sister and Friend:

"No words of Holy Writ seem to us more suitable to this glad day than the cheering words that convey the secret of every valiant woman's worth. Believe us, an uncommon degree of pride and happiness is excited in our hearts on this significant day, which proclaims for you a triumph of such a high and noble nature that to few women, indeed, is it given to enjoy its completeness.

"The Golden Jubilee of a Nun, in these days of change and fleeting fidelity, is indeed a matter of deep thanksgiving for the whole church; for who has ever listened to the solemn words pronounced by Episcopal lips over the bowed head of an ardent-souled young spouse of heaven as she kneels before the altar of God in the full flush of early womanhood, and vows away her life, her labors and her love out of her own hands, for evermore, and not trembled for the untried heart within her, when she should have gone forth from the altar to count the cost of her great sacrifice through years of unceasing privations and sometimes bitter warfare? But when the soul that has proved so courageous for sacrifice has also proved steadfast in perseverance, when the glowing aspirations of youth have been cast into the firm, true metal of noble deeds, when the formal renunciation of ease and all self-seeking made by the generous fervor of early piety has become a daily living struggle and daily living victory, oh, then may we not gladly come forward with praise upon our lips and deep thanksgiving in our hearts, to testify with loud voices to the worth of her who has done all this and in so doing has invoked innumerable blessings from heaven, not on herself alone but on all weaker souls, for whom she has so fully spent herself!

"Thus, then, Reverend Mother, let the occasion justify us in repeating the eulogy from the Book which we well know your humility fain would silence. Let us tell you that you have been a light before our eyes and a path unto our feet showing us the Christ not only by your teaching but by the example of a blameless and useful life. You have shared with a mother's love our successes and our failures; you have cheered us in our undertakings

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and smoothed away our difficulties; you have been to us at all times, and in all things a constant Friend and Guide.

"Accept, then, our heartfelt thanks in that you have loved us so patiently and ministered to us so faithfully. Thanks from all gathered around you to-day; thanks in the name of absent friends who have carried away with them to distant lands an undying remembrance of your kindness and your virtue; thanks from the little ones whom you have taught to love you and who are under your kind care; thanks, too, from those we loved and could not keep among us, but who are kept in perpetual remembrance in our prayers. From all of us thanks deep and earnest are joined to our warm congratulations for this solemnly joyful day.

"For your future we dare to hope, Reverend Mother, that still greater blessings may surround you than any that have yet fallen upon your fruitful life. May He whom you have loved and served so truly during this half century past, be pleased to prolong your days and their usefulness beyond the common term of life; and may we in gratitude for your generous devotion to our interests strive gladly to co-operate with the noble spirit of our Reverend and Beloved Mother, Teacher and Friend, that thus our united efforts may live in works meet for the most exacting standards of this world and for merciful recognition in the next and may our united souls stand at last in the presence of the Most High to celebrate an everlasting Jubilee of praise and love.

"The eleventh of June, 1847-1867."

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The lines appended are by Miss Harriet Blodgett of Odessa, N. Y., Rideau Street Convent Old Girl, author of "Songs of the Days and the Year," and of many fugitive poems:

Jubilee Poem

The years are fifty long and late,
The years are fifty short and soon,
Swing out, swing in, O golden gate!
Ride high, droop low, O silver moon!
The world below rocks to and fro,
The years are fifty late and soon.

What is a birthday? One that shows
The time we come to take our part
Unwitting as a bud that glows
With summer sunshine in its heart
Of when, or how, or where, or why,—
We come to live, we come to die.

What is a feast-day? Like a star
Its light upon our path is cast,
Through miles of ether from afar
It scatters glories of the past
Across the present gleam on gleam
To wrap us in a silver dream.

As magic of the northern light,
The flashes of the hero's sword,
The incense burning clear and bright
Before the altar of the Lord
From Saints who wore the garb of fire,
Flash out across the world's desire.

Flash out and die for time is now;
The present is our heritage;
The martyr's crown, the heroes won
We come unto our mother-age—

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For Christ, the Christ, is living now.
What write me on our little page?

What set we there a day like this,
A golden day, a Jubilee!
A day when past and present miss
Their way to meet in simple fee
Of love, of seen, or done
From rising sun to rising sun.

The first part of a century,
Five decades given up to God,
And these—Without ye be as one
Ye have not in His pathway trod
Across the footsteps of His son.
His little ones whose heads are warm

Yet from the circle of His arm
What time He blessed them. Decades five
Not lightly won, not lightly shown,
But flesh and sinew all alive
And tense to feel what they had known
And held and loved to put away.

Before His altar on that day
A half a century ago.
O Poverty, art thou so sweet?
O Chastity, art thou so fair?
Obedience, what have we there?
They turn to blossoms at our feet.

To blossoms pure and white as snow
Those thorns of decades five ago!
A woman's gracious womanhood,
A teacher's wisdom, scholar's fame,
A mother's tender motherhood
For those who call upon her name.

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God bless them all and all in one
From rising sun to rising sun
This is her Golden Jubilee.
Ring out, O bells, ye may not know
How far, how far, your chimings go
Across the land across the sea.

Ring far and wide until ye break
At last upon that mighty shore
Where time and tide shall be no more;
And there celestial echoes wake
To fall again harmonious,
God's answer spreading over us.—

Who pray "God bless her" till unfurled
It sweeps across the waiting world
A hymn of praises glorious,
For fifty years victorious;
Ring out, ye bells, ring loud and free,
This is a Golden Jubilee.

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These tributes, together with the album lines inscribed to Mother Teresa by the first Apostolic Delegate at Ottawa, Mgr. Merry del Val, now his Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State, and the ode of Nicholas Flodd Davin, M.P., constitute something of more than ephemeral interest and worth:

Ad Multos Annos !

Hail! gentle Mother, thy children salute thee!
Glad are their hearts on this jubilee day.
See, they would keep thee forever amongst them
Stay with them then till the end of life's way.

Thou knowest their thoughts, they confide in thy care,
Their joys bring thee joy, their griefs meet thy tears;
Why hasten to go and leave them as orphans?
Tarry to guide them and count not the years.

Ere long in Heaven, in God's holy presence
Angels will crown thee with glory and say:
"These legions of Saints on earth were thy children,
Stay with them now evermore, 'tis God's day."

RAPHAEL MERRY DEL VAL.

Ap. Del.

Ottawa, 25th May, 1897.

**Lines Respectfully Inscribed to
Reverend Mother Teresa
Superior of Rideau Street Convent**

Dead to the world for fifty years and yet
Alive and innocently merry—strange
Paradox,—with a humorous gladness like
A brook which laughs at its own melody,
And far withdrawn, runs the whole summer tide
Through sunless glens and vales o'er-bowered and shut
From all the din and dust, the tempest and
The turmoil where too oft we meet with death
In life—that worse paradox.—How sweet
The cool seclusion of that fifty years
To those foot-sore, on fiery-dusty roads,
Sweat-soiled and fainting under fervid skies!
Sweeter, happier, if from hence has flowed—
As who can doubt?—guidance and influences
Shaping young lives to noble usefulnesses
And guarding youthful steps from wrong.

Ah me

What wonder wearied power and wounded beauty
Have fled to this repose, away from fame's
Proud temple, from the splendors and the pomp,
Temptation's wiles, dark treachery, the pangs
Of baffled aims, affections run to waste,
The fret and worry of a world well lost.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

Ottawa, May 29, 1897.

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As belonging by right to this noble group of testimonials is the congratulatory letter of Sir James Grant, M.D.

150 ELGIN ST., OTTAWA.

MAY 29TH, 1907.

*The Lady Superior,
Rideau Street Convent.*

Dear Lady Superior:—

It gives me great pleasure to offer you my warmest congratulations on your 50th anniversary, as The Head and Chief Spirit of Rideau Street Convent. During these years you have by zeal, energy and marked ability accomplished a great work in education, and long may you be spared to enjoy the noble outcome of your untiring exertions to advance the intellectual power of our progressive Dominion.

Lady Grant joins me in wishing you continued health, happiness and prosperity.

Very sincerely yours,

J. A. GRANT.

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The celebration was brought to a close on the afternoon of Saturday with a reception for the parents of pupils then attending the Convent.

Dr. McCabe, Principal of the Normal School at Ottawa, gave the address in which was reviewed the history of the institution, the whole being terminated with a solemn and beautiful benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the elaborately decorated chapel.

What was to some the most remarkable throughout all this jubilation, this homage and this splendor of celebration was the unimpeachably sane and humble attitude of the recipient: while joy naturally filled her soul, she was notwithstanding, as perfectly self-contained and free from undue elation as though some one else were the object of it all. None understood better than she the truth of the orator's words in the pulpit of St. Joseph's, "We have come together to honor the nun in general and a nun in particular." Therefore, far from resting on her laurels, she girds herself anew for the combat.

IV

The good wishes and prayers of so many friends for the prolongation of her life were realized and for still another decade she continued her work apparently unabated in energy and enthusiasm.

In 1907 her Diamond Jubilee was held with an intensified appreciation of the marvellously long service she had given to the cause of education in Ottawa.

There was again a solemn church celebration at St. Joseph's, His Grace of Kingston, now at the head of the Ottawa archdiocese, having come for the occasion, with fine specimens of sacred eloquence by the Rev. Dr. McNally and the Rev. Father Gavary, and beautiful singing and the reading of a cablegram from His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val announcing that His Holiness Pius X had sent a special blessing to Mother Teresa.

In the afternoon came a bouquet of American beauty roses—three score at least—from His Excellency, Earl Grey, followed later by a call to offer in person his congratulations.



M. Teresa

Taken at the time of Mother Teresa's Diamond Jubilee

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There were gatherings of the pupils of the day with floral presentations and beautiful music; and representatives of the old, old time with renewing of sweet memories and the expressing of grateful wishes.

Of such as these was Mrs. M. A. Leamy's touching address read by herself in that memorable company of Old Girls:

Reverend and very dear Mother:

This is indeed a day of joy and thanksgiving for us your children; our prayers have been heard; God has spared you, dear mother, to celebrate your Diamond Jubilee and we are all gathered in our Alma Mater to testify and express our feelings of love and appreciation and gratitude to so dear a mother—dear to all—yet I may say dearer to your own girls who shared in a particular manner your tenderness and care; whose happiness it was to be your special class when life was young in your veins; when all the talents, ability zeal of your ambitious soul were at the zenith; when your form now burdened with years was noble in bearing and sprightly in step. How glad we are to see no change in that characteristic bearing when those eyes shone with the fires that burned in your soul—zeal in the service of your God and love of us your children.

Memory holds no dearer, brighter picture than that of those old schooldays. A group of merry girls,* Cecilia, Lizzie, Delia, Katie, the three Mariannes and others all courting a smile of approbation from our dear teacher. We have grown old, mothers and grandmothers now, but all through life's batties the memory of those has lived with us.

It was up-hill fight for you, dear mother, in those pioneer days of education in Ottawa: with the Motherhouse, Water Street, struggling to finish the first wing, the Sisters could ill afford the necessary requisites in our classroom to make your labors easy. A few maps, proud when we received our first globe, and later on our small chemical laboratory: but nevertheless, these were happy days for all:

* Mrs. J. J. McDonald (née Cecilia Ryan), Mrs. E. A. Mara (née Lizzie O'Meara), Mrs. N. Tctu (née Delia Lapierre), Miss Kate Hagan, Mrs. Leamy (née Marianne Bennett), Mrs. W. Washburne (née Marianne Turgeon), Mrs. M. A. Henderson (née Marianne Hagan).

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you, dear mother, happy in training our young minds to the higher and nobler aims of life: weeding out our faults, sowing instead the seeds of honor and truth so dear to you.

How patiently you bore with our stupidity and our frail endeavors; helping, explaining, praising our efforts, leading us on with patience of a loving mother guiding the faltering footsteps of her young child; but you were strengthened in your labors by visions of what the future would bring forth from the struggles of those early days. As the acorn gives birth to the tender shoot which, kissed by the sun and caressed by the zephyrs, in years develops into the giant oak whose far-spreading branches defy the fury of the elements of centuries, so your labors have borne fruit. This noble institution over which you preside was the conception of your great mind, a proof of your progressiveness. Spacious and elegant in all its appointments, the chapel a glory and thanksgiving to God, this music hall capable of seating hundreds of your children on this and like occasions and also at times giving them opportunity of attending the lectures afforded by the institution to brighten and keep them in touch with the better things of life; large airy classrooms, perfect in equipment, luxurious parlors, in fact, an establishment unsurpassed in Canada. This is the fruit of your noble endeavor towards education in Ottawa—a monument to your memory that, like the oak, will stand for centuries.

In tendering you, dear mother, our congratulations on the occasion of your Diamond Jubilee, we pray you may be spared many happy years yet to preside over this institution; to brighten it with your presence and serve as a magnet to attract your old pupils to their Alma Mater; and when called away to join the Bridegroom whose faithful spouse you have been for so many years your spirit will hover over it still as Moore so expresses it:

“Let fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she can not destroy;
And which come in the nighttime of sorrow and care
To bring back the features that joy used to wear.

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Long, long be my heart with such memories filled
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The programme for the citizens' reception that evening carries names of worth and distinction, including, as it does, representatives of the chief institutions of learning in Eastern Ontario.

The "Citizen" of June 11th of that year contains the comprehensive account which follows:

Sixty years a teacher! This was the exclamation repeated upon every side at the diamond jubilee ceremonies of Sister Teresa of the Rideau Street Convent, in the large hall of that institution Monday evening. Hundreds of Ottawa's best known citizens of all classes and creeds, assembled to do honor to one who, during her sixty years of participation in Ottawa's educational circles, has endeared herself not only to the many pupils she has taught in that time, but to all with whom she has come in contact in her daily duties.

It is given to very few indeed to be tendered such a unique reception as Sister Teresa received. Elderly gray-haired citizens of Ottawa when the city was in making, and young men, at present actively engaged in the affairs of the Capital, vied with each other in heaping congratulations, good wishes, and appreciations upon the venerable head of one whose noble work has made her name a household one in hundreds of homes throughout the country. Every one of the speakers endeavored to add to his remarks something new concerning the life and work of the noble sister, and more than one eye grew dim with tears as long-forgotten acts of kindness and charity were revived and added to the already lengthy list of jewels in the diamond crown of the Mother Superior.

One thing most conspicuous in every address was the acknowledged sincerity of the speaker. There was no shame or false pride at the exhibition of feeling which even strong men are sometimes compelled to make and every address was heard with awe and respect by the large concourse.

Many of the ex-pupils were present to add their welcome share to the general congratulations. The gathering was entirely a repre-

sentative one, and although some few blocks away a noble edifice of the Catholic church lay smouldering crushed by the awful inroads of a terrible fire, no note of sadness found its way into the hall where Ottawa's citizens gathered to honor one they were proud to number amongst them.

Mr. Charles Murphy made a very eloquent and sympathetic chairman, and with him on the platform were: Rev. W. J. Murphy, O.M.I., Rector of Ottawa University; Chevalier John Heney; Mr. Robert Stewart, M.P.; Mr. George S. May, M.L.A.; Rev. Dr. W. T. Herridge, Pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church; Mr. A. H. McDougall, Principal of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute; Mr. John McMillian; Dr. J. White, Principal of the Ottawa Normal School; Mr. M. P. Davis; Mr. A. A. Tallion; Mr. C. R. Cunningham.

The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers, electrical effects and appropriate mottoes, at the back of the platform being one in Gaelic, "A cus Aro Onoir ar Mhaehair," being in English, "Love, honor and many returns of this great joy." Sister Teresa occupied an armchair immediately in front of the platform.

The programme opened with an overture by the G. G. F. G. orchestra. Mr. J. Maccormac Clark then sang "The Diamond Crown," especially arranged for the occasion, and was enthusiastically recalled. The chairman then opened the programme of speeches with this short address:

It has been said that the Chairman who most completely satisfies an audience is the one who succeeds in completely effacing himself; with that statement I am in hearty accord, and I shall try to make it my rule of conduct this evening. If for the next few minutes I appear to depart from this rule, I want to assure you that it will not be a departure in fact, but merely the occupying of the shortest possible time in which to discharge another function that has been assigned to me on the programme.

On behalf of the committee responsible for the assembling of this splendid audience let me thank you for your presence here this evening. In particular let me thank you for having justified in such a magnificent manner the committee's faith in human nature.

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especially their belief in the broad-minded liberality of the people of Ottawa.

When I look around at the gentlemen on this platform and then at the individual members of this audience, representing all classes and creeds, the thought uppermost in my mind is the one expressed with such beauty and terseness by John Boyle O'Reilly when he sang:

. "No matter the time or ken.
There never was separate heart-beat in all the races of men."

The mere fact that you are here makes it unnecessary for me to speak of your reasons for coming. Your presence is the speaking proof that Mother Teresa and her work are known to you, and that you have come to this hall to pay honor to both.

In view, then, of the purpose for which we have all assembled, it is natural that the occasion should make us reminiscent—that we should, as it were, peer into the past and recall scenes and incidents more or less connected with the central figure of this evening's celebration. In one such reminiscence I would ask your permission to indulge.

Some years ago before Ottawa became the Washington of the North it happened on a certain winter's evening in an old-fashioned house on Clarence Street. A mother and her son were seated beside the fire the boy preparing his homework for next day's school and his mother helping him from time to time. In the course of the evening the boy repeated an explanation that his teacher had given him that day about one of his class subjects and he told his mother that he thought the teacher was wrong. After showing that the teacher's view was correct the mother impressed upon him the necessity of having implicit confidence in his teacher and with the view of enforcing her precept she said, "Why, when I was at school if Sister Teresa said the moon was made of green cheese I wouldn't think of disputing her word."

With the freedom and possibly also with the irreverence of youth, the boy replied: "Yes, but you'd know it wasn't so just the same." With a gentle admonition from his mother to attend to his

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lessons the incident ended. The mother is no longer here, her spirit has winged its flight to that better land reserved for patient mothers and teachers. But the memory of her affection and respect for Mother Teresa still remains and because he has inherited at least some of that affection and respect the son is with you to-night and happens to have the privilege of addressing you now.

If you consult your programmes, you will notice that the city coat of arms is stamped on the cover.

Now, Ottawa is the only city in the Dominion on whose coat of arms is emblazoned the motto "Advance," and it is no exaggeration or flattery, but a simple statement of truth, to say that of all her thousands of citizens not one has more strikingly exemplified the splendid spirit which inspired that motto than the venerable citizen whom it is our pleasure to honor to-night. In person or through her pupils she has been identified with the city's progress—she may be said to have watched by its cradle and to have seen it grow from infancy into the full vigor of municipal life—and it is, therefore, most appropriate that her fellow-citizens should be the first to greet her upon rounding out a teaching as well as a religious career that exceeds in length the years of the city itself.

To say more at this stage would be to anticipate what will be better said by other gentlemen later in the evening.

In order to hasten the pleasure you will experience in listening to them I will without further preliminary read the address from the citizens who have in one way or another contributed to this evening's testimonial.

To Rev. Sister Teresa, Superior of Ridcau Street Convent, Ottawa:

Dear Sister Teresa: While it is in an especial manner the privilege of your present and former pupils to congratulate you upon attaining the sixtieth anniversary of your profession as a member of the Order of the Grey Nuns, your fellow-citizens, regardless of creed, race and class, desire to add their most respectful and affectionate homage to that which will reach you from so many quarters during the celebration of your diamond jubilee.

Although no words of ours can increase the universal esteem in which you are held by the people of Ottawa, it is fitting that on

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an occasion such as this we should pay the tribute of our praise to your services in the cause of education. We do so all the more gladly because of the unique event that affords us the opportunity.

In the tender years of girlhood you left your home and those who were most dear to you, forsaking the pleasures and avocations so attractive to the young, you selected as your destiny a place in the ranks of the most exacting and least appreciated of professions. Of the teacher's struggles and disappointments in these long-gone days of Bytown you alone can tell. The records of those distant years speak eloquently of your patience and untiring toil. By degrees the single classroom grew into the day school; the day school in turn became the boarding school; the boarding school in time gave way to the more spacious convent; and to-day the institution over which you so worthily preside has, as the result of three score years of labor and devotion, the surest guarantee for its continued advance in that enlarged field which is now open to its activity and its usefulness.

It needed the united gift of nature and grace, matured in a life of piety, to achieve the success which has crowned your efforts in behalf of education. To the courage of the pioneer you added the wisdom of the trained administrator; and if, as is natural on this occasion, you have in retrospect the years of your residence among us, we are sure the picture reveals a career that from its beginning was instinct with the desire to serve humanity and was illumined throughout by the twin lamps of knowledge and kindness.

Although withdrawn from public gaze in the interior management of a religious house you have, through three generations of pupils, exerted an influence for good in every locality from which these pupils came. To the city of Ottawa in particular your influence has been a moral asset than which none more precious is to the credit of the city. In token of their appreciation of your services, no less than as a mark of respect, your fellow-citizens ask your acceptance of the accompanying gift which testifies but feebly to their sentiments in your regards.

We pray that for many years you may be preserved to dedicate to the advancement of higher education the experience of a long and noble life rich in labors and sacrifice, a life which seems to

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culminate in its beauty and radiance as it advances to its rest and its reward.

Signed on behalf of Citizens' Committee.

(Signed) CHARLES MURPHY.

Ottawa, June 10th, 1907.

(Signed) J. J. HENEY.

The testimonial was then handed to Sister Teresa by Chevalier John Heney. It consisted of a money offering amounting to \$3,200. The address, bound in green morocco leather, and beautifully engrossed, was presented by Mr. Charles Murphy.

Mr. M. P. Davis, on behalf of the Sister Superior, made a feeling and eloquent reply.

He could only say that the heart of Sister Teresa was always with her old pupils, and he also expressed her heartfelt thanks for the many kind expressions of good will and the handsome testimonial.

The Chairman read letters of regret at their unavoidable absence from His Excellency the Governor-General, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Sir Sandford Fleming and Vicar-General Routhier.

Rev. Father Murphy, the first speaker, paid on behalf of Ottawa University, a feeling tribute to Sister Teresa. He called attention to the fact that Providence had given to the Rideau Street Convent a Superior who for sixty years had a record almost unequalled for eminent services in the cause of education. He thought the honor done to Sister Teresa would be a source of inspiration to educators all over the Dominion, who would be thus encouraged to redouble their efforts in the great cause of learning. Father Murphy closed an eloquent address with a beautiful couplet from Japanese literature eulogistic of Sister Teresa.

Dr. J. F. White, Principal of the Normal School, expressed on behalf of a sister institution appreciation for the great work accomplished by Sister Teresa and the Grey Nuns in Ottawa. The office of the teacher is one of the noblest in the land, as the teacher gives opinions upon all important subjects to her pupils. Character, after all, is what is sought for in our schools, yet it cannot be taught

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and must be caught from contact with the teacher. Sister Teresa, in educating three generations of young people, had left an invaluable impress upon the hearts of all. The speaker thought Canada had been most fortunate in the possession of great educationalists, among whose names would now always be placed that of Sister Teresa.

Mr. A. H. Macdougall, on behalf of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, tendered the congratulations of his school to Sister Teresa for her great work in the past, and to the Rideau Street Convent for its present splendid efficiency. He could not indulge in reminiscences, not being a native of Ottawa, but expressed his hearty approval of Sister Teresa's life work. He wished her many more years of active service.

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A classic poem for the occasion, of which Maurice F. Casey, Esq., is the author, was effectively read by the Hon. Charles Murphy.

To Sister Teresa

The fleeting years are opals filled with change
Mutation tints each hour;
God wills it, since to check or re-arrange
No human strength hath power.

Few earthly things survive, yet like a rock
Breasting an angry sea,
Virtue defies Life's rending whirl and shock,
To shield us constantly.

Knowledge lives on, and lends benignant ray
That nurtures Reason's flower;
Her cheerful beams drive ignorance away,
Dark Error dreads her power.

Sweet Charity, whatever guise she wears,
Bides meek on changeless ground,
To solace wailing Want a boon she bears,
And weary is her round.

Our lives are what we make them, base or bright
Proportionate as choice
Seeks goodness, and shuts evil from its sight,—
Good left undone is vice.

Thou hast requested Love "With me abide
That I may serve my kind";
To Wisdom said: "I would in thee confide";
To Pity: "Sway my mind."

And thou hast missioned Love to lessen woe,
With virtue girded youth,
The maiden taught whatever is to know
Akin to worth and truth.

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Thou'st said to Learning: Shine within these halls
Which I have reared for thee,
Where regnant Faith her friends to aid her calls,
Good sense and honesty.

Wherefore in happy homes throughout our land
Thy teaching liveth still,
Tuning the mother's heart to hope, her hand
Guiding in household skill.

Thy Diamond Jubilee we press to crown,—
Commingled class and creed,—
Since thou hast thrown dividing barriers down
With charm of noble deed.

Revered, beloved, thine to glean, to teach
Lore of supernal birth;
And spend thy days in clasping, each to each,
The cloister and the heart.

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The sonnet here quoted appeared in an Ottawa paper during the days of the Diamond Jubilee celebration. It is to be regretted that the bard's modesty in signing only initials precludes the possibility of a pleasurable identity.

To Reverend Sister Teresa

(On the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee.)

Full sixty years a nun and teacher thou.
Full sixty years! If life hath any prize
Designed to crown a life of sacrifice
And cheerful toil,—then fate should sure allow
Such recompense to wreath thy saintly brow.
Yet, not in clamor of vain mortal praise;
Not in the remnant of thine earthly days;
Not in the world's acclaim; not here, nor now
Seek'st thou thy true reward. But when
The veil, that hovers o'er the failing sight
And dims the sense, shall rise and Heaven's light
Ineffably breaks o'er the vision then
May'st thou behold the splendor of thy gain;—
Then reap the wage of labor, love and pain.

H. L.

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In the "Evening Journal" of the day of Mother Teresa's Diamond Jubilee appeared this beautiful appreciation from the graceful and scholarly pen of Dr. John Francis Waters:

"It is a large word to say, but it is none the less true, that among local jubilees here in the Capital of Canada that of the venerable Sister Teresa, Lady Superior of the Rideau Street Convent, is in most respects the most remarkable. In the first place it is a Diamond Jubilee, the commemorating of sixty years noble work and striving crowned by rare success. In 1837 when the great and good Queen Victoria,—God bless her memory—celebrated her Diamond Jubilee of far-extended sovereignty, Sister Teresa, one of her most faithful and loyal subjects, was celebrating the Golden Jubilee of her religious profession. Now the mighty monarch has gone to her reward, but her loyal subject is still with us and celebrating that Diamond Jubilee which in 1837 her devoted friends hardly dared to hope she might be spared to celebrate, for she was unsparing in her labors, unsparing, that is, of herself; for one of the most beautiful traits of Sister Teresa's beautiful and symmetrical character is her consideration for others. Others she spared as much as she could, herself she never spared. Yet Divine Providence has been pleased to prolong her career of honor and unselfishness far beyond Royal David's three score years and ten; and the Diamond Jubilee of her religious profession and of her long career as an educator finds the venerable and distinguished Sister still a striking personality with which it is difficult, indeed, to associate any idea of age or infirmity. For Sister Teresa is a perpetual marvel to her friends by reason of her untiring energy and splendid vitality. The tall, stately figure unbent by years or by labors; the rich resonant voice; the clear eye; the wonderful grasp of affairs, large and small, all proclaim rather the woman in her queenly prime than the heroine of a Diamond Jubilee.

"If any mortal ever discovered the secret of perpetual youth that is the venerable Sister Teresa, to whom during these days of leafy June, all the people of Ottawa, without distinction of race or creed, offer their felicitations saying still with one accord, *ad multos annos*.

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"Of the hidden and spiritual life of this venerable religious it would not be becoming to write here at any length; but one may be pardoned for a passing tribute to the works resulting from her life-long communion with the spiritual and the ideal. 'Let her own works praise her in the gates,' says the writer of the Book of Proverbs (xxx 1, 31), and surely there is a special fitness in applying these words to Sister Teresa. The splendid educational establishment over which she presides and which practically owes its existence and success to her positive genius both as an educator and a financier; the unnumbered lives of daughters, sisters, wives and mothers to which literally for generations her beautiful, unselfish and strenuous life has been an inspiration; the deeds of charity done for God and her neighbor with never a thought of herself, all praise the venerable Superior of Rideau Street Convent with eulogy the most lasting because springing from truth.

"Ottawa has reason to rejoice with Sister Teresa and that she does so is proven by the number of her representative citizens—men distinguished in various walks of life—who are taking a leading part in the Jubilee festivities. Coming here as a child in old Bytown times, the day of small beginnings, Sister Teresa's work has in its own sphere kept pace with the growth of this fair Capital city. And such lives as hers are a more glorious possession for Ottawa than any wealth can bring. 'The splendor of riches,' says the Roman historian, 'is fleeting and frail; virtue alone is bright and everlasting.' This valiant woman by her life of self-denial, of charity, of devotion to the ideal, is a protest for all those who have been within the circle of her benign activities against the worship of mammon and all ungodliness, against all vulgarity and time-serving, against that gross atheistic materialism which would make this world the end and sum of human endeavor. The cause of the higher life which is the only cause worth living for and striving for has been indeed well served in her day and generation by this noble Sister Teresa who came as a simple little Irish child to an almost unknown village so many years ago, but who now finds herself illustrious and the village transformed into the beautiful Capital of the mighty Dominion."

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After this great event in which the citizens of Ottawa took so prominent a part and whose generous, substantial testimonials were so highly appreciated by Mother Teresa and all other members of the staff of Rideau Street Convent her activities continued to a great extent unrelaxed; not yet were her courage and her fortitude spent: for one more lustrum saw her still persistently pursuing her ideals of excellence despite the inevitably decreasing vigor of advanced age—saw her

“Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade.”

Even to the manner in which she saw the year 1911 to its very close was there something characteristic of that lofty, strong soul of hers. Nobly she carried her work on, laying it down only when the one “clear call” was unmistakably for her.

Then characteristically again and with her unflinching simplicity, single-mindedness and candor did she respond.

And so the great event had place. The incident of incidents in human life occurred. And she entered into the Jubilee of her immortality.

It was observed by many that even when her form remained tenantless there was no gruesome present. Fears had been felt of the possibly over-saddening effect on the resident pupils; but, strange to say, instead of repugnance, there was still attraction for them, and the younger children, in their sweet faith, would frequently ask during those leave-taking days if they might “go again to see Superior.” The great influence seemed still hovering there. And to some there was an impression as of a process whereby the corporeal had been submerged and absorbed in the spiritual.

If the mere progress in true belief may be considered a species of resurrection—an upward step in the scale of moral ascension, is it extravagant to suppose that from the reception of the regenerating waters of the first sacrament on through the successive stages of a long life continuously subjected to spiritualizing influences there should be some such effect as this? Surely the up-building of a great character must take place here and not at all in some magic manner hereafter.

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The last rites were paid in the beautiful chapel she had built and revered. It seemed more sacred, more secluded, that it should be thus. Old friends were there, and above all children among whom she had always so loved to be.

The Mass with its superb harmonies of Gregorian chant was proceeded with—fit vehicle to the Throne for grief and hope and solemn thoughts of man's destiny. And as that cry of the human—that last farewell of friendship—in the Church's liturgy, the *Pie Jesu Domine*, rose in those precincts she had loved so well sorrow's poignancy could be no longer hid and silent tears were seen to flow. In the cortège that followed her to affection's limits there were many friends and great numbers of young girls, the pupils of her own convent and those of a sister institution who in sympathy were this day one.

Expressions of condolence came in from many; in most cases the letters sent were to some member of the staff and for this reason were quite personal in nature.

From the number, however, a few have been selected as being representative of the respect expressed in all.

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DELEGATIO APOSTOLICA

N—

*Mentionem facias hujus muneris
in tua Responsione*

OTTAWA, FEB. 8, 1912.

REV. M. DUHAMEL,
Supr., Grey Nuns,
Ottawa.

Dear Rev. Mother:—

I am deeply grieved to learn of the sad loss which your whole community has suffered in the death of Rev. Mother Teresa, the esteemed Superior of the Rideau Street Convent. May I offer you, and especially those who labored with the dear departed, the expression of my deep sympathy.

I shall not fail to remember her in my humble prayers, that God may quickly grant her the reward promised to those who serve him faithfully as she did with such devotion and self-sacrifice during so many years.

I beg to remain, with a cordial blessing on you, Dear Rev. Mother, and your community,

Yours very sincerely in Xto,

✠ P. F. STAGNI O.S.M.

Abp. of Aquila,
Del. Ap

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ST. FRANCIS' CHURCH,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

FEB. 10, 1912.

To the Faculty of the

Dear old Rideau Street Convent:

My sincere condolence on the death of the Venerable Matriarch, Sister Teresa—the Foundress, the Guide, the Mother, the able Administratrix.

Sympathetically,

A. M. LEYDEN.

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CHURCH OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE,
PAULIST FATHERS,
415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH ST., NEW YORK.

Dear Sister Camper:

The first intimation of your loss was given me by the paper:—
may she enjoy the reward exceeding great and rest from her labors.
I shall say Mass for her at the first opportunity.

I extend to you and the whole community, especially the Rideau
House, my sincere sympathy, for you all in a sense have lived and
moved and had your being in her presence the greater part of your
lives.

As the notice so well indicates she had reached an age beyond
the ordinary term granted to most and so our regret must be tem-
pered by the thought of how long she was spared to see the results
of her labor.

And then, too, we must be thankful that she had her facul-
ties to the end,—a ruin, even when beautiful, is a pathetic thing
and most human ruins are neither beautiful nor pathetic.

With every best and holiest wish,

Yours in Xto,

M. P. SMITH,

C. S. P.

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ACADEMY MOUNT ST. VINCENT,
HALIFAX, N. S., FEB. 15, 1912.

My very dear Sister:

I saw announced in the newspaper the death of your much beloved Mother Teresa and I write to say how sincerely I sympathize with you all in this great loss.

She was indeed a noble woman and had a large kind heart which must have made her record of charitable deeds a very lengthy and memorable one.

We owe her a great debt of gratitude for she was always most kind to our Sisters, and she made us feel so perfectly at home, that it was a great happiness to meet her.

We know, too, the esteem in which she was held by the citizens of Ottawa, where she labored so many years.

A life such as hers does much for the cause of religion, especially among those not of the Church—the influence of such a character reflecting on the body to which it belongs.

Be assured, dear Sister, of the special prayers of our Community in dear Mother Teresa's behalf, and God grant that even now she is enjoying the magnificent reward of her truly devoted and charitable life.

Believe me, dear Sister,

Ever faithfully yours in Christ,

MOTHER M. BERCHMANS.

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15 COLUMBUS ST., TORONTO, FEB. 14, '12.

Dear Sister Camper:

Please accept my most sincere sympathy both for yourself personally and all the Sisters and pupils of the Rideau Street Convent in the loss of your dear Sister Superior.

Although my opportunities for meeting Sister Teresa were not as frequent as I should have wished, I shall, nevertheless, always revere her memory as that of one of the most gracious, stately and altogether delightful gentle women I have known. Two or three others, but not more, stand with her in this niche of Memory's Hall, ladies of the "Old School," gentle, sympathetic, womanly—"gentlewomen" in the truest sense, and I can easily understand the loss which those more intimate with her have sustained.

The same chill fingers which have touched your hearts, dear Sister, have but lately wound themselves about my own and I can not trust myself to many words. Indeed, they are not necessary, for what can one better say than, "I know and share your sorrow"?

Believe me,

Yours in sympathy,

(Mrs.) GERTRUDE MACDOUGALL ACHESON.

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14 ALDER ST., LOWELL, MASS.

Dear Reverend Sisters:

"A heart bowed down with woe" is incapable of expressing its grief and our beloved Mother Teresa's death is indeed a great shock. Somehow, unconsciously I had assumed that she would stay with us always—I know she will even though we may not see her.

Her useful and beautiful life has shed a light over so many souls that it is impossible for one of her pupils to entertain for an instant a doubt of her real presence.

The fruits of her splendid efforts towards fitting her girls for life's battle can hardly be estimated even by you, her co-workers.

In the midst of life's glitter one must live down the illusion of her schooldays in order to realize and appreciate the unalloyed metal our dear Superior's word and example offered. Her memory will be always a bright star on the horizon of those whose great grace it was to come under her influence.

Only one grand song of praise we sing for her who has gone but still lingers near us.

Our Heavenly Father, I feel, has already awarded her the crown of glory which each one of her three-score years of sisterhood deserved.

Begging you to accept my sympathy in this great sorrow that has fallen upon us, I am,

Most faithfully yours,

(Miss) MARGARET WALSH.

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The sweet singing of the author of "Songs of the Days and the Year," etc., is heard again; this time in elegiac strain personating the grief of those who so long lived close to Mother Teresa and for them bidding fond farewell.

Now if we say "God bless you, dear,"

Can you then hear us far away,
Above the chorus sounding clear
That welcomes you at Home to-day—
Give heed and bend across the height
To hear your children call "Good Night."

Can you then hear? O good and wise
Epitome of motherhood;
So well we know not earth nor skies
Nor boundaries of sea or flood
Could hold you when we called your name.
But is Eternity the same?

When as a little child you went
Across the valley men call Death,
So measureless was your content
We dared not stir with sobbing breath
The hallowed sweetness of your sleep;
But smiled across,—lest we should weep.

And now bewildered here we stand,
Heartbroken, left alone a space;
We weary for the helpful hand,
We weary for the tender grace,
The love whose patient guidance lent
To toil and prayer a sacrament.

The world gives honor as your meed,—
The laurel wreath of womanhood.
Too broad for narrowness of creed
You conquered evil with your good:
Your faith illumined all the way
Till rough was smooth and darkness Day.

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The world gives honor,—we have naught
Of earthly value for our own;
No wreath that cunning skill hath wrought
For monument of sculptured stone
To place above the mighty dead:
We only give our hearts instead.

For penury makes empty hands;—
But hearts, perchance, it makes to grow
More full of love—as strong lands
Give space for sweetest flowers to blow;
And from the dust down-trampled thence
Spring Chastity, Obedience

And Poverty; Oh! three in one.
Oh! gracious lily, pure and blest,
It shineth as the noonday sun
To mark the corner where you rest;—
Its perfume spreading far and broad
Upriseth to the throne of God.

So from our tears our prayers arise;
So from our prayers our faith shines through
To pierce these gloom-enshrouded skies;
To lead us softly up to you
Somewhere beyond the darkness here:
And so we say "God bless you, dear."



MOTHER TERESA AT AGE OF 40

[The tribute here reproduced by kind permission of the *Ave Maria*, is from the pen of the illustrious daughter of an illustrious mother.]

The Passing of a Notable Figure

By Anna T. Sadlier

On a recent day, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Ottawa, witnessed the passing of a notable figure, and one of the most remarkable women of her generation—Mother Teresa, of the community of Grey Nuns (so called familiarly from their costume). Her stately form had long been a landmark in the city, with whose birth, or at least its earliest development, she had been closely associated. Her big, generous heart, that beat so high for God and humanity, and that was never closed against any appeal for charity, leaves her community and the city poorer that it has ceased to beat. Her commanding intellect—masculine in its breadth and solidity, feminine in its acuteness of perception and spirituality,—will be sorely missed by the Order to which she was at all times a source of strength; and by generations of pupils, who were accustomed to turn back to her for guidance and advice.

Though something of the infirmities of age had been gradually creeping upon her—for she had attained the patriarchal age of eighty-four,—there was but little premonition of decline until, on New Year's morning, she was stricken with paralysis. She lingered for some weeks, falling at last into an unconscious condition.

Even the merest glance at Mother Teresa's life takes one back to the time when Ottawa was little more than a straggling village, Bytown, so called after its foremost citizen, Colonel By; and when the matriarch of to-day was the young novice, aflame with the ardor of her holy vocation. She was the first English-speaking candidate to join the nascent community.

Martha Hagan was born in 1828, in St. John's Quebec, that little frontier town, skirting the borders of the great Republic to the southward, and where the indefinable difference between, as it were, the genius of two peoples first becomes marked to one travelling northward. Her father had come thither from Ireland, and was one of the last of that old race of Irish schoolmasters whose attain-

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ments were as solid as they were varied. He left there to establish himself at Bytown, where he opened a school. And in that institution Martha Hagan attained those acquirements which fitted her to be a foremost educator.

At a very early age, she listened to the divine call and entered the newly inaugurated novitiate of the Grey Nuns. This is a community of Sisters of Charity, purely Canadian in its origin, though it follows the Rule of St. Vincent de Paul and Mlle. Legras. It took its rise in Montreal during the eighteenth century, when the brilliant and beautiful, no less than saintly and heroic, widow of François d'Youville consecrated herself and a handful of associates to works of mercy. Its history has been written large over the face of that metropolis, in the noble monuments raised to the service of the poor. The Ottawa foundation, however, though following the same Rule and acknowledging the same foundress, is a quite separate institute. It sprang into existence when four Sisters from Montreal came thither to lay the foundation. That was in February, 1845, and Sister Teresa Hagan was one of the first novices. The work was begun on a site in St. Patrick Street contiguous to the present "Palace" of the Archbishop of Ottawa.

But the religious life of prayer, study and devotion to the interests of the poor, was rudely interrupted by the appearance in Ottawa of that dread spectre of pestilence which had already terrorized Quebec and Montreal and which had given scope, as has been previously related in these pages, to bright examples of heroism on the part of the Catholic clergy and religious; and of faith, resignation and charity on the part of the laity. It is related in the life of Mother d'Youville that the charity and devotedness of the religious during that disastrous epoch led many non-Catholics into the bosom of the Church. As in other cities, so, too, in Ottawa. The dread disease had been conveyed there by some of the emigrants and the Sisters, closing their school gave themselves up entirely to nursing.

The ship-fever (so named from the fact of its having been brought to Canada in the fetid and unwholesome emigrant ships in which Irish exiles were fleeing from famine and persecution in their native land) was in reality a malignant typhus. The terrified towns-

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people, Protestant as well as Catholic, turned instinctively to the heroic band of religious workers, few in number but stout of heart.

Temporary sheds were erected hard by the banks of the Ottawa, on a spot at the present day within a few yards of the Royal Mint. Numberless were the instances of heroism that might be cited, for there labored night and day the devoted daughters of Charity, every one of whom was stricken, in turn, with the malady, and amongst them Sister Teresa, who had been from the first indefatigable in that dread and arduous service. There were no deaths, however, and the community was presently free to resume its interrupted labors in a variety of directions. For years to come there were none but Grey Nuns to undertake the work of Catholic education for young girls, to visit or nurse the sick, and to exercise those varied functions which make the calling of a Sister of Charity a benediction and a sweet odor of Christ-like kindness in whatsoever locality it may be exercised.

The stone building on the corner of Water and Sussex Streets now the headquarters of the community, was meantime in process of construction; and there classes were established, in 1850, and Sister Teresa, whom the discerning eye of the saintly Mother Bruyère had early noted, became head teacher. In this field she found scope for her rare gifts as an instructress of youth; and when in the Sixties, the educational portion of the institute was removed to its present location on Rideau Street, under the tutelage of Mother Teresa, now named superior (a position which she was to hold for well-nigh half a century), it became one of the most celebrated houses in the Dominion. It is not too much to say that most of its success and of the broadly progressive spirit for which it is noted are due to its venerated head. Mother Teresa's ideas were all upon a grand scale. She had courage, initiative, a large-hearted devotion to duty, and a surprisingly keen and comprehensive knowledge of the world, of public affairs, and of the various movements of the day, despite the fact that she had spent the greater portion of her life on the shadow of the cloister. Every one knew Mother Teresa; every one admired her sound judgment, and loved her all-embracing charity and kindness of heart; whilst all revered her intellectual gifts, which were apparent in her strong countenance. She was

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fairly idolized by her community, to whom her death comes as a veritable calamity.

As her community had been alone for some years in the field of education, Mother Teresa had educated the greater part of old Ottawa, Protestant as well as Catholic; and there is little doubt that she did much to break down those barriers of fanaticism for which Bytown, no less than other parts of Ontario, had at one time an enviable notoriety. That calm judgment which weighed all things in the scales of the sanctuary, that equable temperament, that practical common-sense which served as the balance to her more brilliant gifts, and which were invaluable in community life, had also their influence abroad, and made the superior of Rideau Street Convent a power of good.

The years went by,—fruitful years, when the mustard seed of the newly established community was spreading to a vigorous tree. Bytown became Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion; Catholic churches and institutions of education or of charity were multiplied; and on the slopes of Parliament Hill—looking out over the river to where the Chaudière Falls, like a miniature Niagara, seethed and boiled; and where in the distance the Chelsea Hills, typically Canadian, in their pine-crowned heights, extended upward into the Gatineau region—were erected the splendid group of Parliament buildings. Under the ægis of the late Archbishop Duhamel, the college, which had been the work of Father Tabaret and the Oblate Fathers, became a university; the city was growing in every direction, and with it grew the community of the Grey Nuns. The four Sisters of 1845 became the eight hundred Sisters of the present day, and branched out into many schools, orphan asylums, and a flourishing hospital.

Mother Teresa, who had been a sharer in the early struggles, and had put her shoulder to the rough work of pioneer existence, remained to be a witness of her Order's prosperity. As some sturdy oak of the forest, she outlived most of her contemporaries, who fell about her thick as "the leaves in Vallombrosa." Those whom she had known as children she saw pass from the novitiate to become mature Sisters, or to take their place in the world as busy matrons; but all of them felt her influence. She lived to celebrate her Golden

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and Diamond Jubilees, both of which were occasions of great rejoicing to the community, and the city at large. For during those sixty-seven years of her religious life she was forever "putting out her hand to strong things," and "as a lamp shining upon the holy candlestick," sending forth the lustre of her example.

And so it is not surprising that the secular no less than the religious papers should be loud in her praise, and that reference should be made in one of the most prominent dailies to her illuminating intelligence, which had lighted the path of knowledge for many lives. As a teacher, as a religious, as the head of one of the largest educational institutions of its kind in Canada, she had exercised an incalculable influence for good, and realized to the full every one of her opportunities. Practical and able, yet possessing a pronounced spiritual influence over her thousands of pupils, she commanded the respect and reverence of all who knew her. A lady in the fullest meaning of the term, characterized by the refinement that culture brings, she at the same time possessed an almost masculine grasp of current issues. This capacity to stand abreast of the times enabled her to keep her school in touch with modern wants; while that indefinable finish that distinguishes a convent education was never sacrificed.

Of her religious virtues, it is certain that she was "laying the everlasting foundations upon the solid rock." Her fervor, her humility, her abounding charity, her generosity in personal service in her relations with her Sisters, her zeal for the glory of God, can not be touched upon here in anything like detail. Indeed, it is probable that the gifted pen of one of her own daughters, which has already made itself felt in periodical literature, will give to the public a memoir commensurate with the virtues and talents of the deceased, and the place which she occupied in the ecclesiastical world. With full sheaves she has gone home, and for her has been realized that saying of the spiritual father and patron of all Sisters of Charity, St. Vincent de Paul, on hearing of the death of some of his fellow-laborers in the cause of charity: "Happy are those who are gone to their Heavenly Father with their hands full, after having reaped on the field of battle the magnificent reward of those who fight bravely to the end." So faithfully, indeed, did that good superior

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

In the eternal springtime blossom fair.

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

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

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

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There remains but to add that for those who survive her example is of great value, whether considered in the humble beginnings, or at acme or decline. Her career was admirable from the first step to the last.

What unwavering constancy in the pursuit of her ideals to the end and how large the reward of her quest. Appropriately might she have said:

"O morning star, that smilest in the blue,
O star, my morning dream hath proven true."

Her great ideal was a type—the character of woman. She knew what she was aiming at—the cultured, well-bred, intelligent, accomplished, home-loving woman. The woman of faith, hope and charity enough to face the realities of life and face them sweetly, strongly, unflinchingly, lovingly: her culture and her breeding qualifying her to lead; her courage enabling her to measure up to her lofty standards.

For proof of the realization of her "morning dream" one has but to look about one. As Lady Aberdeen so appreciatively wrote on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee—*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.*

One needs but to glance through the ranks of society in the city of Ottawa alone for ample confirmation of this.

From this point of view of clear conception resulting in distinct impress in educational work extending over so considerable a sphere and for so long a period she attained a primacy which ought to give her rank among the "Makers of Canada."

As a woman and member of a religious community she stood for all that is noblest, highest, best; knowing her—her aspirations, tastes, reserves—the blamelessness of her life—one can not but feel that from the sward that lies above her the stately white lily should spring—an emblem more befitting the vividness and perfection of her life than anything in cold carven stone. Nor must it be forgotten that she herself was very much superior to all these manifestations; these were but a few effects of which her richly endowed personality was the determining cause. Reflecting thus on all this varied excellence—on the sanity, optimism and amiability of her

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interpretation of life; on the beauty and loftiness of her educational ideals and the steadfastness, nay, the indomitableness of the spirit in which she strove for them one can not fail to be convinced that these are, indeed, things of great price to whose conservation intelligent effort may not well be better applied.

One thinks here of the ardent love, the fiery zeal with which St. Clare received the legacy left her by the gentle St. Francis of Assisi: the Franciscan spirit which in dying he had willed her. The heritage she thus fell into actually gave her new lease of life; and from invalidism she rose to a purposefulness which carried her through a quarter of a century of active persistence till that spirit of St. Francis was legally incorporated into her own rule and way of life.

Nor may one, perhaps, more appropriately close this rude limning of a great character than with the hope that Mother Teresa's educational concepts suffer not interruption: that those who with her saw the gleam will follow the shining howsoever far and faint it may at times appear, or howsoever long and rugged the path prove to be.