

Redemption

The Life of Saint Mary Euphrasia Pelletier
FOUNDRESS
of the
Congregation of Our Lady of Charity
of the
Good Shepherd of Angers

By

Gabriel Francis Powers

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DEDICATION

To her who holds worthily - the place that none can fill - and who Inherits Its great sorrows and Its greater joys - to Mother Mary of Saint John of the Cross, Superior General, on this day In which a new star ascends to shine with unquenchable splendour - In the everlasting firmament of heaven.

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Preface

The life story of Rose Virginie Pelletier, future saint, opens amidst the harrowing scenes which form the setting of the French Revolution.

As in other parts of France - or rather we should say more so - the religious persecution during the revolution in la Vendée, the birthplace of Rose Virginie, does not make pleasant reading, but we must become conversant with it, in order to appreciate the historic background she was reared in, and account for the annealing process which fortified her soul and raised it into the company of heroines.

She endured persecutions and felt them very bitterly during her whole life: strange to say many of her sorrows did not come from the enemies of religion but from within the Catholic body. Her life may well remind us of the prophetic words of Holy Scripture: "and a man's enemies shall be those of his own household." Still, as usual in the designs of Divine Providence, there are many gleams of sunshine - endeavor, sacrifice, victory, the fruits of Faith - amidst the encircling gloom; and it is not surprising that the child of those days, whose life story engages us, should be profoundly inspired by the heroism under religious persecution for which her native land, La Vendée, became so justly renowned. On the other hand, the story of the Pelletier family is both engaging and inspiring. It is a joy to read of such admirable parents who trained their children to be such model Christians.

Nor is the spirit of mischief in a future saint, such as the innocent prank played on the bald man and the school strike, without its educational value. Rose Virginie was born on July 31, 1796, and passed to her heavenly reward on April 24, 1868. Her span of life embraced a very exciting, and often terrifying epoch of world history and more than once the fate of religion itself seemed to be hanging in the balance.

The dominating object of the life of Mother Euphrasia was the union and federation of all her Religious, so as to procure greater efficiency in the work of the Order. She had always before her mind

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the parable of the bundle of sticks. She saw clearly that any one Community could easily be attacked and overthrown, but all united could withstand greater pressure. This ambition however for union and solidarity was considered "the head and front of her offending". Mother had joined the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity in the ancient city of Tours, and at an early age she was

made the Superioress of a new foundation at Angers. There she had many difficulties and when she appealed for help to the other Houses of the Order she was definitely refused, because according to the regulations of the Order founded by St. John Eudes, all Houses should be completely separate and independent. It was then she was inspired by the idea of federation. When the novelty reached the public ear, Mother Euphrasia became the object of suspicion, and even aversion, to her former colleagues and higher ecclesiastical authorities. The battle was on, and the plans of Mother were opposed by men and women from the vantage point of exalted position, personal prestige, and official prerogatives. Many complaints, apparently ill-founded, reached Rome and the authorities there were so perturbed that, at one time, the question was entrusted for investigation to the Holy Office, the very name of which was sufficient to terrify the humble little Mother at Angers, who did not revile when she was reviled. But truth is powerful and must prevail and so Mother Euphrasia proceeded to victory, under the aegis of the Supreme Pontiffs. Gregory XVI and Pius IX were staunch protectors of the new Congregation, when the truth had been put in evidence. While Leo XIII, at that time the Archbishop of Perugia, enters the scene only to be refused a foundation of the Order in Perugia, by the ecclesiastical Superior in Angers.

Nowadays we are so accustomed to the idea of union and obedience of all the Religious to the dispositions of the General, that it seems difficult to explain how the holy ambition of Mother Euphrasia to unite her Sisters, under one central authority, could have provoked such a storm of opposition.

We have said the span of her life embraced exciting times. She had to labor through the aftermath of the French Revolution, then came the overthrow of Napoleon III in 1848, and the expulsion of Pius IX from Rome. Each anti-clerical outburst caused sorrow and suffering to the Church in general and to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in particular. But the comforting evidence of Divine Providence was constantly in evidence. For instance, two Sisters who were sent to make a foundation in England were awaiting the departure of their ship at Le Havre. They moved down the beach to avoid the crowd and pray

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a little, with the understanding that a sailor would advise them of the ship's sailing. What was their horror to discover, thirty minutes later, that the ship had sailed without them! Yet that same ship was wrecked off the Jersey coast and many passengers were drowned. On the other hand, the ecclesiastical head of the Church in England received the first Sisters with marked coldness and suspicion. He even forbade them to receive Holy Communion!

We read in Scripture: «By their fruits ye shall know them, » and if anyone retains a doubt about the prudence of Mother Euphrasia. in joining all the Religious under one common Superior General, such a doubt ought to be dissipated by the following facts. In one hundred years since the foundations made by St. John Eudes until the Generalate procured by Mother Euphrasia, the extension of the Order was limited to ten Houses, all of which were in France; when Mother Euphrasia died in 1868 her affiliated Houses had reached the magnificent number of one hundred and ten; their locations being even more significant, Rome, Strasbourg, Munich, Louisville (U. S. A.) Algiers, Montreal, London, Chile, and Bangalore, India. Today the number stands at 350. The history of these foundations reads like a novel and in connection with the foundations in the French cities, there occur delightful digressions into ancient history which rivet one's attention. One is tempted to believe every inch of French soil has had its heroic past. Mother Euphrasia met many Catholic leaders in France. Italy, and Germany, whose names since then have become historical, like the two Popes already mentioned (Gregory XVI and Pius IX), Madam Barat now Saint Madeleine Sophie, Cardinal Odescalchi, Count de Neuville, and many others; and this intimate introduction into the lives of great Catholic figures is truly interesting and edifying.

If the object of a preface be to recommend the ensuing volume to the reading public, then the end in view is quickly obtained, for I have no difficulty in saying that our Catholic brethren will find in the following pages sustained spiritual and intellectual entertainment, compelling edification and afresh example of how a brave and noble soul carried the cross from childhood days to the moment of her heavenly birth. The Order of the Good Shepherd is now well-known throughout the world and the love and devotion of its Religious to the most abandoned members of Christ's Mystical Body earns for them the admiration and gratitude of every true Christian. As we write these lines. the news comes from Rome, that the Blessed Euphrasia will be canonized in Rome, on May 2nd by Pius XI, now gloriously reigning.

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This book purports to be an account of the life of the Foundress of the order of the Good Shepherd and the authoress never loses sight of her goal. There is no vain ostentation of irrelevant research, no far-fetched comparison with other saints that only serve to cloud the issue, no strained applications of sacred texts which applications at best would be highly hypothetical, our authoress dedicates herself to her biography with a concentration which is contagious. The narrative flows easily, eloquently, naturally, «ars est artem celare, » like a full flowing stream of pure liquid from an inexhaustible fountain head. We

congratulate the authoress on such an attractive life, on a work of love so well done, and recommend it to all our Catholic brethren with the hope that it may edify each of them, as it edifies us.

† M. J. O'Doherty,
Archbishop of Manila
Manila, on the Solemn Feast of St. Joseph, 1940.

The Pelletier Family

I

TOWARD THE end of the eighteenth century, there lived not far from the western sea-coast of France, and precisely in the village of Soullans, six kilometers to the south of Challans, chief of the commune, and in the vicinity of Sables d'Olonne, a worthy physician, Dr. Julian Pelletier, and his wife who had been Anne Aimée Mourain, with their family of young children. The couple were well-to-do, highly respected throughout the district where they owned considerable property, and they were splendid Catholics, giving to all around them the example of a truly Christian life. Anne Mourain had had a number of distinguished ecclesiastics among her ancestors, and, like her husband, she was connected with many of the old, noble families of the region; hence both were held in very high regard. Careful historians, in searching the records of the family, have discovered many interesting details concerning it. Thus, among the heraldic bearings borne by the gentlemen of Poitou, the arms of one Louis Pelletier, Esquire, lord of Mardelles, are registered in 1669: a lion rampant, or, upon field sable. The shield has acute angles, the old French form, suggesting that the arms may thus go much further back than the time of their registration. Another branch of the Pelletiers, believed to be the elder and certainly of the same stock, is recorded at Poitiers. They hold the high office of Procureurs do Roi," (Attorney General) at Garmache, and bore arms «lozenged azure and or.» The father of Dr. Pelletier, Joseph Pelletier, who died in 1774, went by the title of Sieur de Is Garconnière, from the name of his estate at Touvois. He had had a family of six sons, and Dr. Pelletier sometimes went to visit an aged uncle who still resided at the old family seat.

By race, principles, traditions, and character, Dr. Pelletier and his wife both were of Vendée, a land passionately loved by all who were born there, and to be a Vendéen means not only to belong to a certain province, but to be a Catholic right into the marrow of your bones, to be faithful to the ideal of royalty, though royalty no longer exists, to be a good fighter, and, if you have to speak - though you would just as soon be silent-to speak only the truth. A wonderful race, perhaps unique; of incomparable moral strength, of unalienable loyalty. For centuries they had two paramount loves: God and the King, and every man of them - which means every woman, too - was ready, nay, waited

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the opportunity, to lay down his or her life, in this sacred cause. A magnificent heritage of faith and courage comes down, as a treasure, to every child born in Vendée, whether its cradle be laid in a castle, or in - some cot of the waste-land and salt-marsh near the sea.

But few times in the history of France have been so tragic for Vendée as these of which we speak. In Paris the monarchy was agonizing; and Louis XVI, noble and unfortunate King, was in that sad January of 1793 to ascend the steps of the scaffold. Open war had been declared against religion, and the fates of a great country were in the blood-stained hands of men who knew neither faith, nor truth, nor mercy. In little, quiet Soullans, Dr. Pelletier went about his charitable rounds, attending to the sick with extreme conscience and self-abnegation, and sometimes driving long distances into the country to visit patients far from the village; his wife was continually busy at home with her household duties and the care of their numerous children. But even to that peaceful region, came the rumours and the shock of the horrible things that were being done in Paris; and soon, like wildfire, the agitation and the turmoil spread to the provinces, and priests and nobles were dragged out and killed; and churches and fine old chateaux destroyed in flames. Vendée remained quiet. The inhabitants would have risen, to a man, if anybody had dared to touch one of their priests. They had no sympathy for the revolution. All they wanted was to be permitted to live and work in peace, with the blessing of God upon their fields and labours. But, as the uproar and tumult spread, Dr. Pelletier grew anxious, and when he discussed the situation with the venerable old Curé, the latter agreed with him that the outlook was more than grave. They both knew that Vendée was true to the core, but, at the actual moment, loyalty to religion and to the throne was reputed a crime. In private, the good doctor and his wife also discussed the situation. They were full of fears for the aged pastor. Challans was occupied by "Blues," as the soldiers of the new government were called. Troops with the oath to the King no longer existed. Disastrous and destructive orders were continually coming from the capital to the outlying stations of central direction, and Vendée could not extract itself from France. Dr. Pelletier had ceased smiling, and his wife would gaze at the innocent little ones sporting around them, and sigh. She tried to explain to the older children that they must pray for the Church. It was an echo of the day when Peter and Paul exhorted the first Christians, under persecution, to be instant in supplication.

One knows what followed the red horrors of the Revolution. In 1789, the "Assemblée Nationale" assumed the task of governing France, and

one of its first and most pressing cares was to abolish the very name of religion. There was no longer room for the Church in what had been the Most Christian Kingdom. All clergy and religious must go. In 1790 the suppression of all the religious orders in France was decreed, and the law put into immediate effect, so that the venerable ancient Abbeys, a glory of the land, the monasteries and

convents were forcibly evacuated, and buildings and lands confiscated to the State. At the same time the "Civil Constitution" was established for the secular clergy. All, without exception, must take the oath of fidelity to the government in power, repudiating any dependence from, or attachment to the Holy See. The vast majority of the clergy of France refused to take this oath and went into exile. The small number who consented to take it realized almost immediately that they were lost in the eyes of the faithful laity, for no earnest Catholic would accept the ministrations of the so-called "Constitutional Clergy." In the midst of these arduous difficulties, in regions like Vendée where the people were wholly devoted to their pastors, it happened that a few priests, while refusing to take the oath, were nevertheless able to elude pursuit and continued, sometimes in church and sometimes in private residences, to celebrate Holy Mass and to administer the Sacraments. But they were denounced in the end and either arrested and imprisoned or deported out of the country. If any priest remained it was in disguise and in concealment, and the number was infinitely small. No Mass was celebrated any more in public throughout the length and breadth of France; there was no administration of the Sacraments; people must die without the assistance of the minister of God, and be buried without ceremony. In 1791, all religious property was sold at auction that the former owners might never be able to reclaim or recover it, and, in the following year, 1792, it became lawful that any priest discovered in hiding might be killed on the spot; while those who had harboured or assisted him were subject to the death penalty. Yet a priest was found to absolve Louis the King when he went to his death in 1793. And many acts of heroism are recalled, performed by priests who were eventually martyrs.

Soullans had the sorrow of seeing its church closed and its venerable curé, Father Noeau, who had refused to take the oath, driven out of his presbytery. But the shepherd was so determined not to abandon his flock that he hid somewhere in the neighborhood, and his parishioners knew where he was and came to him secretly. He was quite certain that none of them would betray him. The officials reported that he was nowhere to be found and that he must have left the country. All that had belonged to him was confiscated and sold at auction, and the authorities thought

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to hear no more about him. But at Easter time of that year, 1793, deceived by an appearance of quiet, the brave priest ventured forth from his place of hiding and stole into his parish church that the great festival of the Resurrection of Our Lord might be kept, at least privately, by a chosen few. It would seem certain that the faithful Pelletier family was of the number. But, as all acts of worship were forbidden by law, and as no priest was allowed in the country, a detachment of revolutionary soldiers was sent to occupy the village, with orders to kill the

expastor. Father Noeau had again disappeared, but still sure of his Vendéens he made no attempt to flee. He remained in concealment, celebrating Holy Mass, generally at night, in one farm or another, and moving from hamlet to hamlet lest his presence compromise any one household. From far distant points, the peasants came to call him for the dying. It was to be expected that he would be seized at last. After three or four month of this life of continual peril, and of many hair's breadth escapes, the soldiers got wind of his whereabouts. They set out to take him, and discovered that he was in a certain cottage, a few miles away. They surrounded it, and the priest being actually at an improvised altar, celebrating the divine mysteries, they broke in just as he was finishing Mass, and shot him where he stood, his humble companion, who had been his guide and watchman and who was in the act of serving Mass for him, sharing the same fate. Great was the sorrow of Soullans at this atrocious crime. The people knew that it was for their sake, not for his own, that their devoted father and friend had remained in their midst at such great risk. Now he was gone, and there would be no more Mass, nor Sacraments administered among them. The sadness and hopelessness that came upon them were beyond words. Had they but known it, this dreadful state of things was to last, for seven long years. To them, at the time it seemed that it must last forever and that, in a paganized country, ruled by demagogues, there was no further room for Christ or for His followers.

But what they were able to experience immediately was that hatred, and a diabolical vindictiveness, pursued all those who directly or indirectly were suspected of having assisted the martyred priest. From one home and another, persons were removed and carried away to prison under the accusation of having harboured recalcitrant priests. Dr. Pelletier appears to have heard a vague rumour that his wife, too, was said to have harboured a proscribed priest. It may be that she had. It may be that both had helped Father Nocau in his need. One historian states that the two Pelletiers were apprehended and confined in prison for a short time, but afterwards released. We do not know if this is exact. But

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it is certain that, just at this time, a number of the local families emigrated, no doubt under the threat of prosecution. And Dr. Pelletier seems to have made up his mind to send his wife and children, under the care of one of his tenants, by the difficult and dangerous roads that crossed the marshland, to the island of Noirmoutier just off the western coast, while he himself remained at Soullans where his professional duties detained him. Truly he had every reason to fear. Only a few months earlier, in a township five miles distant, a widowed lady with three young children had been torn from them and from her home, under the accusation of having given shelter to a priest. The magistrate who was related to

her, and who wished to save her, urged her to deny the accusation. "Why should I deny it?" she replied firmly. "If it be a crime to shelter a minister of God who is in need, then I am guilty. I will not lie about it." This noble woman, Madame Petiteau, was taken out and shot with twenty other prisoners, all guilty of the same offence. They went to death serenely, with that high courage of Vendée that has its base in strong principles, and knowing that the true cause of their dying was the Name of Christ.

Several of the residents of Soullans emigrated at this time to the island of Noirmoutier. Did they think they would be more secure in that scrap of land bulwarked by the sea? Or had the continual suspicions and vexations their town was under, worn out their patience? We do not know. There is the merest possibility they had heard a report that the priest of Beauvoir-sur-Mer was concealed somewhere in that vicinity, and Beauvoir, at low tide, could reach the island on foot by a passageway which the high tide submerged. But those who had thought to find safety at Noirmoutier were sadly deceived. It was removed from the mainland; but, without means of exit, it might also prove a trap.

Vendée had endured, with what seemed to be a stoic silence, persecutions that were an insult to its faith and loyalty. It had suffered cruelly, and been silent a long time, repressive measures, punishments undeserved, the continual and petty, and frequently grievous exactions of the revolutionary government. Now this government was in urgent need of troops to defend it, and imperative orders came from the capital for a wide conscription which was to enroll all the young men capable of bearing arms. A tremor passed over Vendée. Not fear, they did not know that, but indignation. And what? These human monsters, who had set themselves up to be masters of France, who had murdered the King, who had robbed them of their priests, and shot innocent women and children who had dared to succour one of their victims, these monsters, unworthy to live, now demanded that the young men of Vendée should

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serve to defend them? They would not do it. They would rather die, here in their marshland, honorably. The resistance was unanimous, but quite spontaneous. A word, a gesture, passed from man to man, from town to town. It was not premeditated, it was not organized. They were not armed, save for their familiar shooting-guns. They had no leader, and they went and asked a gentleman of the vicinity, Charette de Contrie, to be their commander. He was not a soldier, any more than they were, but he could not refuse their request. The flag they unfurled was the only one they knew: the white, with gold lilies, of the Kings of France. In Paris it was called a revolt, the revolt of the peasants of Vendée, and, short as the government was of troops, enough were found to go and attempt to

crush out this stubborn rebellion. The struggle was certainly uneven, for soldiers trained and well-equipped were attacking, in vastly superior numbers, irregular groups of mere sons of the soil, with only their courage and their old guns to arm them. But they knew their ground, and they were determined. Much of the warfare was in guerrilla form, but a number of pitched battles are remembered in which the men of Vendée gave a good account of themselves. The chief weapon of the enemy was fire. They set fire to everything as they advanced, farms, hamlets, villages, even the woods and fields if the grass would burn, leaving a swath of blackness and of desolation. Before the flames, unconsciously, still strenuously fighting, the Vendéens were retreating. They were driven to the marsh, to the sanddunes, and the coast line. Behind them, across an arm of sea, was the island of Noirmoutier. It seemed safe, it offered a chance of strong defence, it might prove inaccessible. The campaign had been long and terrible for the Minute Men of France, and their losses appalling; but unconquerable courage and honour remained. They fortified themselves as best they could, within the castle which was once an Abbey, and magnificently, from March to May, they withstood the assaults of the enemy. In May, the stronghold was surrounded and besieged, stringently. No supplies or help could reach the garrison. Dubois de la Gardière, noble and brave gentleman, in command of the fort, refused to surrender. He was killed, fighting upon the ramparts. Then the general of the attacking force made the besieged an offer. "You cannot escape: there is no further hope for you. Lay down your arms and we will spare your lives." They knew there was no hope, and their leader was dead. They laid down their arms and opened the castle gate. In Vendée men still believed in honour. Then the general caused the entire garrison to pass into the church, the old Abbey church built by the Abbot Heri, which was beside the castle, and he ordered that every man - to the last - should be marched out, in successive squads of sixty each, well guarded, to the seashore, and there shot. The name of this man of

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ill-faith remained in execration upon the island for many a year to come. But Noirmoutier had not seen the end of its horrors.

The revolutionary troops established themselves upon the island in the intent of holding it, and they formed a sort of military tribunal, or better perhaps a court of martial law. The purpose of this was to try and to punish all those who had assisted the insurgents, or who were relatives and sympathizers of the condemned Vendéens. The prisons were full of innocent men and women, and even children. The widow of the late Mayor of Noirmoutier, and the widow of General d'Elbée, were both condemned to death and shot upon a strip of sand near the sea. These executions were continuous, as the military tribunal was

determined to stamp out any residue of sympathy with the so-called rebels. Yet the leaders of the Vendéens, all through the province, had given their solemn word of honour to the government that every man under them would lay down their arms, provided they were given back their priests and the freedom of worship. But these were the last things that the godless rulers of France would give. On the 25th of February, 1794, forty women and children designated as "rebels" - they were only Catholics faithful to their religion and there was no sin in them, - were thrown into the water and drowned in the port of Noirmoutier where it faces west upon the Ocean. But the brutal military judges of the island were not the only ones to perpetrate these horrors. The same things were being done at Nantes, a city of some name, and the wide river Loire, which connects it with the sea, was full of bodies as a result of these unspeakable executions. A number of them were cast upon the shores of the island so that an entry was made in the Town Registry of Noirmoutier to the effect that "the corpses carried by the Loire and by the sea were washed up upon the shores of the island and threatened it with contagion." These corpses, so numerous that they had become a threat to the health of the living, were those of victims whom the Red Terror over Vendée was sacrificing to its own lust of cruelty and hatred of all that was good. In the end, whether by satiety or weariness, the persecution grew less, after the entire province had become a shambles. Vendée was not subdued but it had lost thousands upon thousands of its best men. Meanwhile the form of national government had changed. There was a "Directoire," a new attempt, something in the order of a reaction. Those in power had become less ferocious, public opinion demanded a return of equanimity, the atrocities gradually ceased. Vendée was still unpacified, unyielding, a giant who would not die, and of whom its butchers had learned to know the strength. The governors decided to send General Hoche, a great soldier, a just man, to see if he could appease the western populations.

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He did not come as an aggressor. With extreme wisdom and moderation, he parleyed, treated, offered terms of peace. The thing they most wanted, the free practice of their religion was still withheld; but they grew to trust Hoche: he was fair and straight, and he kept his word. They would do as he said, they would go back to work, and, in time, God Himself would succour them. So peace came back to the tormented, bled-white land. The survivors had a terrible wound at their heart, but the heart of France must be changed before that wound could be healed.

Dr. Pelletier had joined his wife and children on the island and it became their permanent home. One wonders how his family of staunch and devoted Catholics were able to escape pursuit after the beginnings of suspicion which had

pointed toward them in Soullans. But it may be that the prompt action of Dr. Pelletier, in removing his wife to another locality, baffled those who had begun to murmur against her, and it seems eminently likely that it was his profession which saved him and those dear to him. For a physician who is also a surgeon is a valuable asset, and not less, but more valuable in times of war. Humanly speaking this is the only explanation we can find for the fact that neither he nor his family were molested, while the military tribunal sat in the castle of Noirmoutier. But one must also recognize that a singular Providence of God was watching over this household of faithful servants, perhaps in view of a future child which was not yet born.

For all good Catholics the days were very sad. No priest was to be found in the entire length and breadth of France. If any remained they were in disguise and obliged to keep themselves in concealment. No bells rang any more on Sunday morning calling people to worship. The Holy Sacrifice was never offered. It was impossible to receive Absolution or the Sacrament of the Lord's Body. When children were born, the parents baptized them secretly in the simplest form. The dying were altogether without religious assistance. There was no room for God in France. It is true that good mothers, with doors and windows tight shut, still taught their little ones to pray, and carefully explained the Catechism to them. They told them what they must do, and what they must not do, in order to be good Christians. And it was a pathetic and yet edifying thing that children almost too young to understand what the Church was, knelt every day at their mother's knee to pray to God for the Church. But year came and year went, and there was no visible change in a nation that had reverted to paganism and to savagery. Christ was gone, save in the souls of a few; that Christ, who had "loved the Franks." Vendée still waited, praying, in silence. Vendée was sure, upon the testimony of His own Word, that some day He would return.

SEVERAL TIMES already we have mentioned the island of Noirmoutier, delightful spot which Dr. Pelletier and his wife had learned to love, and decided to make their permanent home. But the spot is so full of interesting memories that it deserves a word to itself. The name, translated into English, signifies "The Black Minster" or Monastery, i.e. the home of the Black Monks. And this again seems to be used as it were for a distinction, for to the far north came a later community of White Monks, whose shrine of pilgrimage is remembered in the title which has clung to it, of the White Lady: "Notre Dame Is Blanche." But those who came first were the Benedictines, black, to found a monastery in great solitude, and it was their first Abbot, Her or Heri, who erected a strong structure of stone, and tilled the land around it so that 'in those primitive ages the place was called by his name: the island of Heri or of Her. It lies at a short distance from the western coast of France, and at times, as we have seen, the "Gué" is above water, level and passable. On that side the island is covered with profuse vegetation and there are lovely walks and sandy bathing beaches. On the other, outward, side the island sternly faces the Atlantic, and the majority of the dwellers are given to deep-sea fishing. There are, roughly speaking, about fourteen miles of soil from end to end of Noirmoutier, and some five or six across it; and it is quiet country, almost drowsy, an abode of peace. In the days of which we speak there was no worship, and the desecrated churches were closed; yet the island boasted two parishes: St. Philbert to the North, and St. Nicholas to the south. St. Philbert is the special saint of Noirmoutier, for there he lived and died. Born of a noble Frankish family, and sometime page to the "Good King Dagobert" of legend, Philbert entered religion and was so holy a monk that his name was in veneration far and near. Desirous of helping the poor people around him, he taught them agriculture and how to make salt out of sea-water, an industry that remains to the present day. He ruled the numerous community of the Black Minster, and, when he came to die, in A.D. 684, he was buried in the crypt beneath the abbey church. Two other holy monks are remembered on the island: St. Vitalis, who was born in England and who joined the Benedictines of St. Philbert, and St.

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Adalard who had been Abbot of Cordie, and whom Louis le Débonnaire confined to Noirmoutier. He was a grandson of Charles the Hammer and died in the odor of sanctity about the middle of the ninth century. The Abbey, towering magnificently over the town, was raided by the Saracens in A.D. 732, and again by the Normans in 830; but they could not destroy the massive stone of the

structure, and enough survived to stand even to recent times as the "Castle" of Noirmoutier. It still dominates its surroundings, and it is still the old Abbey church, contiguous to it, unfortunately somewhat modernized, which goes by the title of St. Philbert.

In 1025, the White Monks of St. Bernard, driven from their island monastery of Pilier, sought refuge upon this shore and erected at the extreme northern point, their Abbey dedicated to Our Lady Saint Mary. The natives called it "Notre Dame Is Blanche." It would be difficult to say how beautiful and picturesque is Noirmoutier, with its shores that are in parts smooth and sandy, and here the woods come down almost to the water's edge, and in other parts rocky, curious rocks, rising like twisted pillars, or forming grotts and caverns into which the waves advance, and the sea-water remains in deep, clear pools. Toward the northeastern part of the island, and at some distance from the town, a delightful walk winds at the edge of the woods, and around bays and head-lands, and here nature has shed in profusion a rich variety of trees, aromatic shrubs and flowers. Pine, ilex, the fragrant mimosa, wild laurel and honeysuckle, mingle in a tangle of beauty and sweet scents. A particular spot is known as "Ladies' Chair," *La Chaise aux Dames*. and from that the wood takes its name: "*Bois de la Chaise*." *perhaps* the most famous walk in Noirmoutier; but there are many others, and many admirable views of country and sea combined. The island belonged in ancient times to the Dukes of La Trémouille, but in 1720 it passed to the domains of the Crown.

We have seen how, in 1790, the monks were driven from the island, and the Abbey and all their property confiscated. Next came the turn of the secular priests. And then that terrible orgy of blood when the unfortunate defenders of Vendée, retreated into Noirmoutier and enclosed themselves in the Castle. By 1794 the official representatives of the government had established themselves firmly upon the island, and received orders from the capital; but Hoche may have extended to them, too, his plea for moderation. It is certain that by 1795 a change had come. There were no more executions. Men were returning to as before the uprising. An air almost of tranquillity descended upon the western coast.

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The house is pointed out upon the Rue Grande, (which is the equivalent of Main Street) at the corner of Rue de Is Douane, in which Dr. Pelletier and his wife lived. A house of dignified appearance, with comfortable spacious rooms, the lower floor with windows at the height of a man's shoulder, and another floor above, beneath the deep mansard roof. A house that has all the air of being of

the seventeenth century, and in fact the fine doors and a wide, perfectly preserved chimney-piece in the principal room, are unquestionably of the seventeenth century. At the angle a circular turret is engaged in the main building which it overtops, ending in a snuffer roof. A document of the time mentions that Dr. Pelletier and His wife had seven children, the youngest born in 1790. Their names: Nathalie, Anne Josephine, Julien, André-Constant, Victoire-Emilie, and Armand. Since they came to live at Noirmoutier there had been no more births. The years were those terrible years of the suppression of religion and the insurrection of Vendée. Men and women had death in their souls at the sight of so many horrors, But now, outwardly at least, peace had come again. There had been a tranquil October of 1795 when hope began to breathe softly once more. Save for that deep sorrow that religion was still proscribed, people began to turn to their customary thoughts and occupations. Life was returning to normal. And Madame Pelletier, who for six years had been living in continual fear and anxiety for her husband and children, for so many persons dear to her, one day found herself unconsciously smiling; the peace of the autumn day seemed to have invaded her; she felt, against her heart, the long forgotten stirring of a new life. And she felt it with a great reverence, as of consecration. God seemed to have drawn nearer than of wont, so that she must bow down and pray. She began to prepare the little cradle, lovingly, thoughtfully, with an extraordinary happiness. Surely, surely, earth would have peace now, because this little one must be born to a new heritage of tranquillity and of benediction. This would be in a special sense a child of God, because it was one of the first fruits of peace.

In the old, quiet house of the Rue Grande, the infant so ardently desired, so joyously expected, was born on the thirty-first day of July, 1796, the feast of the great Saint of Loyola, "A good auspice," her father said. But the little one was so delicately lovely, so gracious, they called her by the name of the fairest flower that grows, and to that they added another, virginal in its sound and fragrance: "Rose" and "Virginie." How many hopes, how many dreams around the small, white pillow! Few births had given the parents so deep and such pure joy as this which came later in life, after so many sorrows. Little Rose-Virginie would certainly

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be the darting and sunshine of the house. But it came back to them poignantly at that hour that there was no priest to receive her into the Church, to bless and to baptize her. They took care to make the Sign of the Cross over her themselves immediately, and to pour over her head the saving water of Baptism. Thus she owed to those who gave her birth in this world, her spiritual birth unto life eternal. It was Baptism administered privately in its simplest form, and the good

parents would have wished for much more; but nothing more could be done just then. About a year later, to the great joy of the faithful - and they were innumerable - it was whispered secretly from home to home that a priest was in the neighbourhood and would probably come to Noirmoutier. This was Father Gergand, who had been parish priest of Beauvoir-sur-Mer, the nearest town upon the mainland. How he had managed to escape pursuit and to remain alive was a double miracle, but perhaps it was the sea, and the utter fidelity of his fisherman population which had preserved him. He had determined not to go into exile, and not to abandon his people. He hid, and nobody knew where he was. But a very few of his own did know, and they called him when the priest was needed. He probably moved about at night for nobody ever saw him; and certainly he was in disguise. Possibly the poor cabins of the fishermen, and the humble ships that came in and out of port at dawn and in the gloaming, had acquired another hand: it is merely a suggestion. But Father Gergand remained.

Madame Richer was one of the prominent citizens of Noirmoutier. On a certain day in the spring or early summer of 1797, various persons resorted to her house, and, behind closed doors, the Priest administered Baptism solemnly to a number of infants and even children of four or six years of age, whom it had been impossible to baptize before. The Pelletiers brought their little girl, infinitely happy that the full rites of Holy Mother Church should complete what they had already done, and with deep joy and thankfulness they heard the final valedictory: "*Rosa Virginia, vade in pace et Dominus tecum,* " Rose Virginia, go in peace, and may the Lord be with thee. There are beauties and solemnities in the words of the liturgy with which no others can compare. It almost seemed to them that they loved the child more now that she was wholly consecrated to Jesus Christ. Father Gergand disappeared, mysteriously as he had come, and a fresh recrudescence of hatred and persecution against the clergy in 1797 placed him anew in imminent peril.

The days were very dark for the Church. Following the invasion of Italy by the armies of France and the taking of Rome, the Sovereign

Pontiff Pius VI was made a prisoner and dragged away from his own city, from place to place, until, closely guarded, he was brought to Valence where he died, 29th of August 1799, chiefly of the sufferings he had endured, and of a broken heart. All Christendom was shocked at his death and cried shame upon his captors. It is said that at the frontier, when that sad carriage was arrested a moment, the pitying mountain folk drew near and asked who was the sorrowful old man they had made captive? And the brutal soldiery answered derisively: "The

last Pope." He was not the last, even though he died at their hands. There is a word written which Jesus Christ Himself spoke of His Church and it says that "the gates of Hell shall not prevail against her." It will be eternally true. Who would ever have thought, or could have believed, that the Church would rise again in France? It did rise in a new springtime that brought flower and fruit. But only a divine, unquenchable fount of life could thus bring it forth anew.

Locally there is a boast that from Noirmoutier went forth the word that touched the heart of Napoleon, and inclined him to favour toward his Catholic people. The new Caesar had abolished the "Directoire" which did not satisfy him, and caused himself to be proclaimed head of the government for ten years, under the title of "First Consul." More and more every day, he was becoming absolute master of France: but politicians still flattered themselves that they had made a Republic, and that the young Corsican was merely a soldier to defend it.

It happened that on the first day of July of the memorable year 1800, the English, who had been coveting the island of Noirmoutier as a naval base, (the two countries were already at war), brought part of their fleet under Admiral Warren close to the western shore of France, and sent twelve gun-boats into the arm of sea between the mainland and the island, to set fire to the vessels loaded with wheat which lay there at anchor. The Vendéens crowded down to the shores, on both sides of the water, but they could do nothing, and were compelled to witness the total destruction of their boats with the precious cargo. The English had not reckoned with the turning of the tide. Before they could withdraw, the water grew so low their embarcations touched bottom, and the ford, or strip of land, emerging, men began to pour down from the two shores, armed only with sticks or shot-guns, but with such irresistible fury that, though the Englishmen put up a good fight, they were overpowered, and two hundred strong between officers and men, were marched to the town as prisoners-of-war. The Vendéens were very proud of this feat, for the British sailors had fought like lions. And Napoleon was proud, too, when he heard it. He admired the men of Vendée, "a race of giants," he

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called them. He said he would like to see the captors of the English gunboats. Twelve of the men were selected, six from the Coast and six from Noirmoutier. They went to Paris, they were received in state by the First Consul, he complimented them upon their gallantry, and presented each of them with a sum of money and a fine new gun. Then, wishing still further to express his appreciation, he asked if there were anything he could do for them that would give them pleasure. There was a moment of tense silence; strong men, too

bashful to speak, and too proud to ask for any favour. But one of them had an inspiration - "Sir, if you really mean it, you might give us back our parish priests." It was the faith of Vendée speaking. And Napoleon must have been surprised. He made no formal promise. But before the end of that year 1800, first one priest, then another, and then still another, began to appear in the parishes of Vendée. Some came from concealment, others from exile. And the civic authorities made no motion to stop them or to interfere with them. Obviously, orders had come from high quarters regarding the clergy of Vendée.

Great was the joy of the people and the warmth of their welcome to the pastors of souls returning. But all was done so quietly and unostentatiously that they scarcely knew in what manner this great change had come about. At Noirmoutier it was a nine days' wonder. And here, too, after a certain interval of time had elapsed, the young priest, who had been assistant Pastor re-appeared, and, on his own responsibility, with complete courage, threw open the doors of the ancient Abbey church that the faithful might assist at Holy Mass on Easter Sunday. He was not molested, though the act was one of sheer daring. A little later came Father Bonneau, the pastor who had been in exile nine years in Westphalia, and whose health was ruined. He was warmly greeted by those of his old parishioners who remained. Only too many were missing. The Pelletier family came to pay their respects and they presented to him for his blessing, as well as their older children, a tiny, charming Rose- Virginie of four and a little Paul who was her special pet and who had come to them two years after her. Rose- Virginie was still the darling of the house. She was so bright, so sweet, and of so affectionate a disposition that it was impossible not to love her. She was a good deal petted, but it did not spoil her. And her father and mother, after the long years of sorrow, found genuine consolation in the winning ways, the spontaneous caresses and the artless prattle of this little one whom God seemed to have sent on purpose to bring back joy to their hearth.

These good parents were very careful to instruct their children,

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themselves, in all that concerned religion and the service of God. The mother particularly. taught them their prayers and the Catechism, Bible History, and the stories of the Gospel. Little Rose-Virginie was particularly responsive, and the mother would sometimes say: "I think the blessing of God must be in a special way upon this little one. She likes so much to pray, and she loves Holy Scripture." It was indeed a rather unusual taste in a small girl who was full of life and who enjoyed active play. The mother also impressed upon her children that they must never go to rest without having first examined their conscience and humbly

begged pardon of God for any faults committed during the day. The long years spent without any possibility of going to confession, had made her more anxious that the children should live in a state of grace. They were very faithful to the practise of examen, and Rose Virginie felt that it was necessary also to make atonement for her shortcomings. More than once the nurse observed the child standing still for a long time, with her bare feet upon the cold floor, instead of getting into bed, and she asked the reason for it. Quite candidly, the confidential answer came: "I am doing a penance for my sins. But don't tell Mamma." Sometimes she was so long upon her knees that the good old nurse, Moise, who was devoted to her little charges, would remonstrate, "Come, Mam'selle Rose, you must really get into bed. You have prayed long enough." - "Well, but wait a minute, Moise, I haven't yet said the Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys for the Church." And she plunged into the prayers, little hands folded, little head bowed, in a brave effort to say them quickly and so to satisfy Moise. The conditions in which the Catholics of France had lived explain this zeal; but there is something remarkable about a child of six wise enough, and mature enough, to pray for the Church.

Both the father and mother explained to the children that being Christians, we must obey the precepts of Christ upon all occasions, and that, by His teachings, we must regulate our whole life. And they first gave them the example of what a true Christian should be and do. Dr. Pelletier was exceedingly charitable. He never accepted remuneration from the poor, and, besides giving them his professional services free, with great kindness and gentleness he also gave medicines and food that his patients might make a good recovery. Often, as he drove upon his rounds, he would meet with abandoned children (and many were the orphans left alone and destitute by the red terror) and he never passed them by. He would stop and question them, make them get into the carriage with him, and take them back to his wife at Noirmoutier. There the little waifs would be clothed, fed, and cared for until their benefactors managed to find a home for them. It would be impossible to enumerate

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all the golden deeds performed by this saintly couple, When children came to beg alms at the door, Madame Pelletier sent her own children with bread or coppers to them, and she would admonish them as they went, "Mind you are very kind to those little people! Remember it is a little brother, or a little sister, the good God is sending for you to help." And there was a delicious cordiality, or a charming and deferent courtesy in the manner with which the Pelletier children approached those little brothers and sisters less fortunate than they were themselves. Often they would give, spontaneously, some goody or some cherished toy to make a poor child happy. Rose-Virginie was among the most generous, and so

effusive in her giving, that it was quite certain with every single object or alms she proffered, she gave something of her heart.

There were no schools left in France after the fatal sweeping of the revolution, so that the education of the young was a serious problem. After the return of the priests, the older boys were able to go to them for private tutoring. But for the girls there was no provision. Madame Pelletier engaged an elderly spinster lady to come and teach the younger children the old-fashioned "Three R's" and they managed to learn them, though their primary instruction was somewhat desultory and spasmodic. They were certainly not overburdened with study; but the mother found many little duties for each child to perform, and they were never idle. On the other hand, there were many long, delightful hours for play, and Noirmoutier offered singular advantages in this respect, with its varied shores, its woods, and the beautiful walks which might be taken in every direction. Rose-Virginie was particularly fond of the Bois de la Chaise with its fine trees, its path over the cliffs, its flowers and its wonderful views. But she loved the sea passionately, too, and perhaps was never so happy as when she could play on the shore, hair flying in the wind, hands dabbling in the water; and then the flight, with shrieks of joy, when some bolder wave pursued her, dashing up the slope of sand after her ... and sometimes it caught her, and she got her feet and dress wet, which mother did not like. In the autumn, the first storms and rains carried down twigs and wreckage which the streams brought to the sea, and there were sometimes apples or nuts, seasoned with salt water, and other *débris* to be reached by the daring on the shore. Rose was among the most daring. She would dart out to pick up some treasure, accompanied by the cries of her less venturesome companions, seize it and run, generally in time to save herself from the incoming breaker; but at times she was caught! Then there were screams from the other children, and from her breathless laughter. But, oh, the joy of October days on the beach!

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Sometimes the young adventurers would make excursions among the rocks, into the fantastic caves and grottoes which the sea reached, and there was one which Rose-Virginie visited with peculiar pleasure because there was a tradition on the island that St. Philbert used to retire into it for solitary prayer, and the contemplation of the wondrous power and of the infinity of God, as imaged in the Ocean.

Her brother Paul, two years her junior and tenderly loved by her, was her companion on these various expeditions; and she had two friends of nearly her own age from whom she was inseparable. They were Clementine Grand-Maraîs,

daughter of the magistrate, and Sophie Duchemin, two years younger than Rose and perhaps her favourite, though she loved them both with her whole heart, and they were equally devoted to her. On all the long walks through the woods, in all the rapturous sports upon the sands, Clementine and Sophie were always with her, It was generally Rose-Virginie who led; it was always Rose-Virginie who was not afraid. She was full of good burnout, bright-eyed, merry, and not at all averse to playing an occasional prank. One day as the children were making their way, chatting, through the Bois de la Chaise, they perceived an elderly, most respectable citizen fast asleep upon one of the benches. His wig, in the abandon of slumber, had fallen to the ground, and his head was bare, and shining as a billiard ball. The youngsters stopped short, tittering. Then Rose- Virginie, making signals of silence, stole forward on tip-toe, picked up the wig, and started to run back to Noirmoutier. Great was the chagrin of the worthy gentleman when, on awakening, he found himself indecently bare-headed. He looked long in vain for his precious wig, sorrowfully stroked his bald pate, and then made up his mind indignantly that some rascal of a boy had done this. Hairless and without decorum, for his hat had grown too large, he made his way back to town, full of indignant wrath, and he was not sure whether he was pleased or still more angry to find his wig attached to his house-door. At home, Rose-Virginie confessed what she had done, and was well scolded; but history does not say whether the old gentleman ever discovered who was the rascal of a boy. The trio of conspirators often giggled in private over the remembrance of Monsieur X's white pate.

But alas, that sorrow must come, only too soon, even to the innocent and the light-hearted] Rose-Virginie was only nine years old when death came for the first time to the old house on the Rue Grande. Her sister Victoire-Emilie, who was the nearest to her in age, being only five years older, and who had taken upon herself the special care of the little girl, fell dangerously ill and died. It was the first great conscious sorrow. The dead child was between fourteen and fifteen, at the dawn of maidenhood,

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beyond which womanhood is already standing, a bud in its initial unfolding. The parents were prostrated at her untimely death. And Rose-Virginie, sensitive, deeply affectionate, and devoted to her father and mother, was twice struck: both by her own bereavement, and the desolation she witnessed in them. Their perfect resignation to the Will of God alone softened the blow. And they told their children that they must not grieve too much because the Will of God is always what is best for all of us, and Emilie who was good, and pure as an angel, had surely gone to God.

The thought of her First Holy Communion is what began to fill her mind now. Clementine was also going to make hers. The parish-priest had decided that a long course of instruction must be given to the young people, many of whom had been somewhat neglected - through force of circumstance -and two or three times in the week the numerous classes assembled in the ancient Abbey church. Rose-Virginie was extremely well-instructed already, as father and mother had taken this task to heart. But she was intensely interested in the Catechism class, and in the explanation of the various lessons, generally given by the assistant pastor who was more in contact with the children. The thought of her First Holy Communion, so wonderful, so much desired became the dominant thought of her life. And her good mother sought to second the priest by telling the little girl how good she must be, how hard she must try not to commit even the least sin, and how kind she must be to others, now that Jesus would soon be coming into her heart. The admonitions were not wasted. The child became more grave, more thoughtful, more full of sweetness, without losing the happy, buoyant spirit which had always been hers. It seems to have been about this time that Rose-Virginie embarked upon another adventure. No doubt while she was coming frequently to the Abbey, she managed to penetrate one day into the crypt beneath the sanctuary, and she was shocked to see that it was full of rubbish, obstructed by earth, and generally in a deplorable condition. The Pastor had cleaned out and repaired the upper church, which the revolutionists had desecrated and badly damaged, but the lower, not being in use, was left untouched. Rose-Virginie and her companions "discovered" the ruin. Beneath the twelfth century Abbey Church, with its considerably raised presbytery, a small, ancient church exists, which was no doubt the church of the primitive monks, with its nave and aisles, sturdy short columns sustaining the massive vaults, and, at the centre, something like a square edicule of hewed stones, wrought in herring-bone pattern, with no decoration save a single

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cross carved in relief. This is the tomb of St. Philbert, the great and holy Abbot, who was laid here in A.D. 684, and who rested here until his monks, fleeing before the invading Normans in the ninth century, took up his precious remains and carried them with them to the new home they made for themselves in Tournus, Burgundy. But the devotion to St. Philbert never grew less upon the island, and his tomb remained a place of pilgrimage-as those of the Roman Martyrs still are in the Roman Catacombs - until the barbarians of the eighteenth century in a deChristianized France, devastated and dishonoured it. Rose-Virginie stole into the darkness of the crypt, followed by her companions, and they were all deeply grieved, to see how the modern vandals had treated the shrine of the saint. They vowed they would take no rest until St. Philbert was restored to honour; and

then, armed with the Pastor's permission and their own dauntless courage, they began to clear the crypt. It was genuinely hard work, especially for girls who were not more than eleven or twelve, but they were strong and active, and Rose-Virginie was full of enthusiasm over the magnificent undertaking. They carried out load after load of loose stones, bricks, and earth, besides a quantity of nameless rubbish; they swept, washed, scrubbed. The altar of St. Philbert emerged intact, to their great satisfaction. Then they begged an altar-cloth, candlesticks, vases. They themselves went out to gather flowers for their Saint, and when everything was in good order, and shining as if new, they invited their families and friends to come and visit the holy Abbot. They had succeeded admirably, in a task which would have seemed almost beyond their strength, but Rose-Virginie, the inspirer, appeared to covet undertakings which taxed all her powers to the full, even to the extreme limit. And she was enormously happy over the results. People began to drift into the crypt, first one by one, then in numbers, and presently candles were lighted again near the tomb, and the pilgrimages of yore were re-established in honour of the Patron Saint of the island, it was in reality, *Deo adjuvante*, a great thing for three little girls to have done, and they themselves remained always among the most faithful clients of the holy Abbot. After Rose went away to school, her two friends continued to care for the shrine, and Sophie in particular, (who later became Madame Lefebvre) watched over it all her life, and, in dying, left a legacy for the up-keep of the historic crypt.

While Rose-Virginie was intent upon her preparation for her first Holy Communion a fresh and terrible sorrow visited her family. In the autumn of 1806, Dr. Pelletier, after a short illness, and in the full tide of life and strength, died in his home at Noirmoutier, aged only fiftyfour years. To say that it was a blow to his wife and children is to say

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little. The shock was so sudden, so unexpected, that they could scarcely believe the thing was true. The deceased man had been deeply loved, as he deserved, and he had worked early and late that his family might have every comfort and advantage. Madame Pelletier lost in him an incomparable companion, her comfort and strength, and a most wise adviser; the children, a father who had singularly cherished each one of them, and who had been a guide to all of them along the ways of God. One consolation they had. He was able to receive the Last Sacraments, a priest was constantly beside him, the solemn liturgy for the dead was celebrated for his repose, and his tomb, in the little cemetery of Noirmoutier, was blessed by the minister of God. Six years earlier none of these things could have been. So their weeping was softened by the consolations of religion.

May came, and that day which parents and child had both desired so much. The white dress must be tried, the wreath of white flowers prepared, and Madame Pelletier sought to conceal her tears, that little Rose-Virginie might not know how it grieved her that the noble man, who had loved that special child so much, should not be present at the ceremony of her First Holy Communion. But it may be that the dead who die in the Lord are sometimes nearer than we know. His little daughter did not forget him, she remembered to pray for him, to invoke his blessing-but joyously, as he would have wished. Nothing must mar the perfect happiness of this day. And she was able to say afterwards that it had been "a day of Heaven." In France the children come in procession to the church, the boys in their neat black suits, with their brave white "brassard," a big bow, upon the left arm; the girls in the long white dresses that reach their feet, and the wide veils that wholly envelop them; a wreath of white flowers upon the head, and their faces demure or radiant, but always luminous in purity and of extraordinary sweetness, a sweetness perhaps never equalled again after this day. The ceremony is familiar. Holy Mass during which some fine and touching ancient "cantiques" are sung, the allocution of the aged pastor, the solemn moment of the Elevation when the white-veiled heads bow down like a field of lilies, and then that other moment which so often draws tears from the beholders when, one by one, the little faces are lifted, the pure lips parted, and each child reverently receives the Body of the Lord, and the prayer of Holy Mother Church that it may be unto life eternal. Many little ones are secretly and mysteriously called, in this first meeting, to consecrate their lives to God. We do not know if it was so with Rose-Virginie, but think it eminently likely. At the time she said only with effusion, and with the deepest conviction, that this had been "a day of

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Paradise.", A year later, in the April of 1808, for the first time since the tragedy of the revolution, a Bishop was able to come to the island to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation, which had not been done for eighteen years. Rose-Virginie, together with other children and adults, was presented at the altar that day. It was the Bishop of New Rochelle who came to officiate, because the See of Nantes was vacant, and his arrival was so great an event that every man, woman and child in Noirmoutier was present. The Pastor, Father Bousseau, who had been nine years in exile and was now seventy-four years old and crippled with rheumatism, waited seated in an armchair in the porch, and when the Bishop, who had been his classmate at the Seminary, appeared, he struggled to his feet, a stout man supporting him on either side, and with the tears running down his cheeks he said: "Monseigneur, I am happy indeed to welcome you... Now I can say with Simeon: 'Dismiss Thou thy servant in peace because my eyes have seen thy salvation'." The Pontiff embraced the veteran and he too wept.

Rose-Virginie had great memories associated with the day of her Confirmation, and this first coming of a Bishop to Noirmoutier. The early Christians, in some lull after a ferocious persecution, must have rejoiced as the Catholics of the island now rejoiced. But there was to be still another wonder. Not many months later, there was another arrival. This time it was a group of Sisters. Rose-Virginie had never seen a religious in her life, and her little companions were equally curious and amazed. Many religious institutions were founded at this time to repair the havocs of godlessness and Father Baudoin, a true Servant of God, had recently established in a town of the vicinity his "Society of the Ursulines" for the Christian education of girls. He sent a few of the Sisters to Noirmoutier, and they immediately opened a Catholic School to which the good mothers of the island hastened to send their daughters. Madame Pelletier was among the first. So Rose-Virginie, at the age of twelve, found herself for the first time in her life attending a regular school with long periods of study, considerable assignments of work to be done at home, and, in general, a wholesome setting of discipline. She was an intelligent child and she was industrious, but it cannot be said that the rather exacting duties of each day, and the necessity for assiduous study contributed very much to her happiness. The sudden change from the old, easy, care-free life was trying and she missed the familiar roaming about the island and the many hours of play in the open air. The Sisters found her open-minded, and generally well conducted.

But she was unusually high-spirited, impulsive, and not always easy to control. Once or twice she clashed with her teachers and class-mates.

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And on one occasion, when her mistress found it necessary to speak to her rather severely, she warned her against impetuosity. - "You must be careful, Rose-Virginie," she said, "for you will not stop half-way. You will be either an angel or a devil." The child was surprised.-"I?" she answered with complete candor: "I am going to be a nun." - "You will have a good deal to do before that" -- "I know. I shall have to conquer myself. But I am going to be a nun just the same."

In all that concerned religion they never had any fault to find with her. She loved her faith, she loved the Church, and the more she could learn about it the better pleased she was. Father Baudoin announced that he would come himself to examine the children, and that he would give a prize to the one he found best versed in the New Testament. Orally he asked various questions concerning the Passion of Our Lord. When it came to Rose-Virginie's turn, she recited the entire story of the Passion, with close adhesion to the narrative of the Evangelists, and without making the smallest mistake. Father Baudoin judged that she was unquestionably entitled to the prize and he handed her a fine copy of St.

Alphonsus Liguori's "Visits to the Blessed Sacrament." The little winner valued this book so much that she kept it all through her life, until, in her latter years a lay-Sister cast longing eyes upon it and asked her for it; and then she gave it as simply as if she had not valued it at all.

A very great joy came to the Pelletier family in 1810 through the marriage of the eldest daughter, Anne-Josephine, to an excellent and wealthy young man of the mainland, Monsieur Francois Marsaud. Anne-Josephine had been for several years in the care of a devoted aunt, a sister of Dr. Pelletier who lived at Bonin, and there she had met her fiancé. Apparently this good woman took some of the older children to live with her at the death of their father, and it may be that the greater facility for attending school had persuaded the mother to let them go. She was always preoccupied about giving them an education that would fit them for life. In any case, Anne-Josephine, now a blooming young woman, was married with much ceremony and rejoicing and the younger members of the family enjoyed to the full the excitement of the preparations, and the abundance of cake and other good things that fell to their share. The bride had a grand send-off, and family and guests declared that it had been a wonderful wedding. But almost immediately after, a cloud of darkness wiped out even the remembrance of this joy. Madame Pelletier confided to her children that she had decided to leave the island and to go back to Soullans! She still had property there, and it would be better for her to go back and to attend to it herself.

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A pall fell upon Rose-Virginie and her brother Paul, the only two who had remained with their mother. Leave Noirmoutier! Why, they loved it with their whole heart and soul. Every road and path of it, every tree of its beautiful woods, every inch of its varied shores. Here they were born, here they had their happiest days, here they knew everybody; and not only the dear old house where they had so many memories, but every corner of the beloved island was equally home. Rose-Virginie was in such desolation that it was as if death had come to the Rue Grande again. And there was her father's grave, there was the crypt of St. Philbert; there was Clementine-what would Clementine do without her? -there was her cherished Sophie. No-they must go away and leave it all! They would never be happy anywhere else. It was impossible. But their mother held firm. Deeply grieved as she was herself to leave Noirmoutier, she had considered the matter well and she knew this was best.

In the August which preceded their departure, Rose-Virginie took part in a ceremony of Baptism administered in the parish church. A poor woman of the neighborhood had given birth to twins, and did not know who would consent to

sponsor them. Madame Pelletier, always ready to assist those in need, offered her young daughter as godmother for one, and Sophie Duchemin was asked to accept the other. So the two friends stood side by side at the font, proud to answer for their godchildren, and both extremely anxious that their little charges should behave well and do them credit. It was one of the last memories of Rose-Virginie, connected with her island, which she could scarcely mention without tears, and to which her heart clung passionately to its last beats of life. One day, half a century later, she would come back and try to buy Notre Dame Is Blanche; but the tentative failed. And the weeping farewell of the Pelletier children to Noirmoutier in 1810, when autumn was at its loveliest, proved to be a last farewell indeed.

School Life at Tours

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THE LITTLE Pelletier family had not been long at Soullans when Paul heard that he was to go as a lay-student to the Seminary College. To Rose-Virginie nothing was said as yet. But her mother was in correspondence with one of the friends of her youth, who was a woman of strong character and of unusual culture, and specially interested in the formation of the young.

As we have said, all over France at this time there was a revival of educational institutions, and a number of religious communities were established for this purpose. We need only mention the Ladies of the Sacred Heart and the Ursulines; but there were many others. Madame Pelletier, in her younger years, had been acquainted with three sisters of a noble family of her vicinity, the Demoiselles de Chobelet du BoisBoucher. These three ladies, shocked at the state of godlessness in which French girls were growing up, had opened a school in which they taught the little scholars religion in spite of the fury of the revolutionists who grew delirious before any attempt of the kind. The teachers expostulated that girls of France could not be permitted to grow up ignorant; but they had violated the law by which religion was abolished and they were cast into prison. They were about to be put to death when some powerful, secret intervention saved their lives. Recovering their liberty, one of them, Victoire, married. Another, Lydie, opened a school in the buildings of the old Abbaye des Feuillants, (a marvel of beautiful architecture) , but having met Madeleine Sophie Barat, who was then opening her first schools in France, Mademoiselle Chobelet, struck by the superior holiness of this soul, surrendered the Abbey to her, and became one of the most humble of her religious. A third sister, Pulchérie, remained. She attracted to her some earnest young women, willing to devote themselves to the work of teaching the young, and, bound only by simple vows, in secular garb, these ladies formed what was known as "L'Association Chrétienne," the Christian Association. They established in the city of Tours a boarding-school that was exceedingly flourishing, held in high esteem, and to which only the daughters of refined families were admitted. Madame Pelletier knew of Pulchérie

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Chobelet's venture and she was informed that the school was an excellent one. This might be just the place for Rose-Virginie. True, it was very far away, but she wrote nevertheless, and Pulchérie, delighted to hear from an old friend, urged her to send the child, promising to give her the very best education in her power and to be a second mother to her. So the matter was decided. Madame Pelletier girded her soul with strength and began to prepare her daughter's

outfit. The thought of the separation almost broke her heart, but it would be for the child's own good. She would take her herself to Pulchérie at Tours. Rose-Virginie was as one dazed. It had been bad enough to leave Noirmoutier and to part from her dear Paul. But now, to go so far away, and be separated from her mother, was intolerable anguish.

The ancient city of Tours, one of the most remarkable among so many that are interesting in that richly historical land of France, is charmingly quaint and characteristic in the midst of its accumulated recollections. A city of Gaul originally, then a conquest of the Romans, it was evangelized about the middle of the third century by St. Gatianus, a holy missionary who came from Italy to preach the Gospel in these parts. He was the first Bishop of Tours, and died a martyr's death. St. Liborius succeeded him; but most famous of all that northern hierarchy was St. Martin of Tours, who is regarded as the first genuine saint of the Church, after the glorious phalanx of the martyrs, that Martin who, while still a soldier in the Roman army, gave his cloak to a beggar for the love of Christ, and the beggar was none other than Christ Himself. This great and holy bishop was in such veneration when he died, that a separate town sprang up around the church in which his body lay and where incessant miracles were wrought at his tomb. His cope was used for centuries as the battle-flag of France. Unfortunately the Normans devastated the church and borough of St. Martin. It was at Tours, too, that the great English scholar Alcuin, the friend of Charlemagne, opened the first public school of philosophy and theology in France. And a few centuries later, Henry II of England built himself a castle of plaisance in the fair city which was then a part of his domains. The modern city has a splendid fifteen-arch bridge, spanning the river Loire at the end of the Rue Nationale, which is the principal artery dividing it into two parts, and the towers of St. Gatien, the twelfth century cathedral, still dominate what was his episcopal town in the third century. Magnificent medieval stained glass windows are a glory of the ancient fane, and the tombs of princes and prelates, once illustrious, lie in shade of the quiet aisles.

This is the city to which Madame Pelletier brought her fourteen-year

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old daughter. It had wonderful educational opportunities, and Rose-Virginie was well able to appreciate its advantages. What terrified her was the being left all alone, so very far away from her own people. The building occupied by the Association Chrétienne appears to have been the ex-convent of the Carmelites from which the nuns had been driven in 1790. It is near what is now the Parc Mirabeau, at the corner formed by the Rue des Ursulines and the Rue du Petit Pré. It was certainly spacious for it accommodated about ninety pupils, besides

numerous teachers, and the girls were of the best class. But to the child from Noirmoutier this was only the land of exile. Her mother placed her in charge of Madame Chobelet, as the Directress was called, and left her, (with a bad heart-ache it must be confessed, and tears) but satisfied that she had done the thing that was best, and that all would be well with the "little one." What Rose-Virginie saw was a city that was strange; a house that was strange; a strange, big refectory with a lot of strange girls in it; a class-room that was strange and cold. And what struck a chill at her heart was that in all the vast city, in all the large, busy house she did not know a single person; there was not one face that she knew. Her mother had presented her to Madame Chobelet, and the Directress had been polite, surface-kind, although somewhat frigidly, and the austere air and unbending attitude had not been those of a second mother. Rose-Virginie was crushed. As night came on, she wanted terribly to cry. She wanted her mother. She must have her mother. She could not, she would not stay at Tours. Perhaps it was necessary that she should learn, in agony, what utter loneliness and the living death of home-sickness is. Nobody took any notice of her. A new girl? There was nothing to note about it. They come every day. A few brief orders, a few short words of direction. No personal interest. She was to learn. Meanwhile, from the passion of despair, the despair of abandonment, she thought that she must die. She hoped she would. There was only one glimmer of light left - God was her Father. Yes, she had Him and it is true that in the hour of our darkest need, God sends His angels.

In spite of this apparent disregard somebody had noticed the new pupil, and guessed that the child was in sorrow. It was one of the Ladies of the Association, one of the youngest. She was only nineteen herself, but she was already Assistant Mistress of Studies. Marie-Pauline de Lignite, an only child, had left her mother, whom she loved, to consecrate her life to God. She was naturally gentle, delicate, full of kindness. One glance at Rose-Virginie was enough. She understood everything. She drew near, questioned her with tenderness, manifested her own sincere interest and affection, and the child's exquisite candour, her nature so

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quick to respond and so spontaneous in loving, was conquered immediately. She attached herself strongly to Pauline de Lignac, and the influence of this young religious of a high spirituality, was certainly one of the best and most truly formative that ever came into Rose-Virginie's life. She owed much of her development to her. And she yielded herself in perfect confidence to the efforts of this devoted teacher, who was always striving after perfection, in herself and in others. This deep mutual understanding was the chief consolation of the pupil

during the four long, hard years which she spent at the boarding-school.

In reality the school was an excellent one, the programme of studies serious and comprehensive, and much attention was paid to manners and deportment. The Mistress of Studies, Madame Josephine Loisel, was thoroughly competent, and much liked and respected by the students. Madame de Lignac was specially in charge of the courses in religion, and she conducted them admirably. The whole atmosphere of the house was one of piety. The girls themselves, in general, were quiet and wellbehaved, and many of them were orphans of noble birth whose parents had perished on the guillotine during the dread days of the Terror. Rose-Virginie made two or three good friends among her classmates; but the companion she preferred was a young girl from her own part of the country: they were both Vendéens and they both wanted to be Sisters, a double bond. So Marie Angélique Dernée was her special favourite. It was customary for all the pupils to approach the Sacraments regularly every fortnight, and some of the most pious received Holy Communion on all Sundays and feast days, which at the time was considered very frequent. Unfortunately, the elderly priest who was the pupils' confessor did not seem to understand Rose-Virginie. The child was extraordinarily pure, upright and truthful. Any little difficulties she may have had were probably due to impetuosity, or to her determined character. The confessor always met her with reproaches which she did not think she deserved, but which nevertheless upset her conscience and caused her real suffering in the way of anguish and scruples. She was obliged to open her heart to Madame de Lignite and to tell her of these troubles. And again the good Mistress reassured her, comforted her, and explained away the fears that were tormenting her soul. It would seem as if Heaven, in those years of apprenticeship, were giving the delicate and sensitive soul of the young girl a great variety of experiences and tribulations in order that she might not be ignorant of the problems and torturing uncertainties which can perplex even a soul of good-will.

Throughout the long course of study, the lessons Rose-Virginie most loved were those given by the Assistant Mistress on the New Testament.

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The subject-matter had been dear to her since childhood, and Madame de Lignac, besides being very intelligent and very spiritual, had a special method of teaching. She, too, loved the Book of Books deeply and was so full of reverence for it, that she immediately stopped any girl who attempted to read the holy words rapidly. "Do not read the Gospel fast, " she would say, "it is not becoming. You must read it slowly, and with the greatest reverence." After the portion assigned had been read aloud, she would herself explain and comment it, and these familiar

instructions were so admirable that the minds and hearts of her youthful listeners were enriched for all time. Then she would invite a discussion. Was there anything else they thought we might learn from these special verses? Had they been particularly struck by any given detail? The girls often had thoughtful or unexpected remarks to make, and the conversation became general. At times the Mistress would propose a difficulty for them to solve. And the dialecticians were quick to speak. But if the answers were not satisfactory she would turn to those recognized as the best students in the class. "I must ask my Doctors," she would say, smiling. And almost invariably the Doctors were able to furnish the true and correct answer, to the general satisfaction. Rose-Virginie was one of these, the best Bible scholar of them all.

But while the school progressed favourably, and won commendation for the successes of its graduates, the Association Chrétienne as a community was anything but satisfactory. Madame Chobelet, not content with the really good work which her ladies were doing as first-class educators, or with the simple Rule which held them together, was continually changing, experimenting, trying to improve, and harassing her Sisters with sudden new directions and novel ideas. The Bishop, Monseigneur Barral had warned her more than once that he did not approve of her "eccentricities" as a Superior, and finding that she still continued her erratic method of government, he forbade the ladies under her to take religious vows. These vows were only simple vows, but every one of the "Sisters" desired and intended to be a true religious, even in her secular garb. Madame Josephine Loisel, Mistress of Studies and the mainstay of the establishment, decided that if she could not take vows in the Association, she would pass at once to some other teaching Order. It was the heaviest blow that the school could receive, and it tottered under it. The students liked Madame Loisel, and realized her value. The older girls, especially, decided that they would not study with anyone else. Madame Chobelet was in despair. She entreated Sister Josephine to stay. But the Sister had lost a whole year already in a fruitless novitiate, and did not mean to lose any more time. The Bishop meant

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what he said. She departed, leaving the school in confusion. Madame Chobelet, in a panic, made Sister de Lignac Mistress of Studies, and in her place put an elderly Sister who was somewhat rough in manner, as Rose-Virginie discovered to her cost. The new First Mistress was a saintly soul and unusually cultured, but she was only twenty years old and big girls of seventeen and eighteen felt that they were being insulted in having her set over them. When she entered the upper class, the students all pretended to be very busy with other things, and one damsel put her fingers into her ears not to hear the explanations. Day after day,

with great self-control and invincible patience, Pauline de Lignac took her place, but neither rebukes nor kindness had any effect. The graduating class was on strike. The Mistress was overcome with sorrow and distress. Rose-Virginie, always quick in her perceptions, saw that her good friend was in trouble. She begged to know what it was. And the child was so kind, so serious, and so understanding, that though she was but fifteen years old and a pupil, Madame de Lignac told her of the rebellion in the upper school. Rose-Virginie was full of sympathy, and did her best to comfort and encourage her dear Madame Pauline. But her character was not one to be satisfied with words. She engaged the cooperation of Angélique Darnée, and another pious companion, and urged upon them that they must all three work to try and get the entire school, big girls and little girls, to make the novena in preparation for the coming feast of Pentecost. The child of faith was sure that what her puny efforts could not do, the Spirit of Light, Comfort and Joy could do. During the hours of recreation, when the pupils were all mingled out-of-doors, the three little apostles went about asking them all to join in a crusade of prayer before the solemnity of Whit Sunday. And during this time they were all to promise to observe perfect conduct. The graduates laughed a little at the zeal of the juniors, but they agreed to make the novena, and kept their word. On the day of the feast, the entire student body received Holy Communion together, (this had not occurred for some time past), and Madame de Lignac had no more trouble, for the resistance melted away, and the upper school worked hard, and with a will, until the end of the term. It should be observed that the inspiration regarding the novena came from Rose-Virginie, that she had summoned helpers as she did when she was clearing the crypt of St. Philbert, and that her efforts were not haphazard, for she systematically divided the students into three groups, one of which was assigned to each of the three apostles, with instructions to speak to each separate girl, if possible, privately. The results were wonderful, due chiefly to prayer. In after-years she would say to her Sisters: "Try to make your children pious. They will generally respond. And nothing else on earth will do

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them so much good." This was another of the things she had learned by experience in the boarding-school at Tours. Her joy and gratitude were very great when she saw peace re-established, and her good Mistress serene and happy again; but sorrow was to visit her once more, and she was to feel cruelly her separation from the loved ones at home.

In the summer of 1812, a heart-broken letter came from her mother, saying that they had just lost André-Constant, the eldest son, upon whom all the hopes of the family rested, and who should have taken the place of his father as head of the house. It was a terrible blow to Rose-Virginie, and found her quite

unprepared. She wished to go home immediately to give her mother what comfort she could; but Madame Pelletier deemed the journey unadvisable, so the daughter remained at school, crushed under the sense of loss and of her mother's inconsolable grief. Pauline de Lignac had a hard time to sustain and encourage her beloved pupil. She had not seen any of her own for two years; and poor Constant, she would never see him again. But while Madame de Lignite was still endeavouring to pour balm upon the recent wound, word came to her that she, too, had suffered an even greater bereavement: her beloved mother, whom she had only consented to leave that she might answer the call of Christ inviting her urgently to religion, her beloved mother was dead. On the instant, Rose-Virginie dominated her own sorrow and turned to comfort her cherished Mistress with all the tender and reassuring words, all the wealth of warmth and affection, which Heaven had poured so lavishly into her heart. *Together they wept, together* they prayed, and certainly whatever consolation *the two* of them could find, each in her own affliction, came to them from one another. They were not far apart in age, and they were very close in sympathy; yet the love of the young religious for her pupil had a distinctly motherly character, and that of Rose-Virginie was made up of gratitude and respect without the smallest touch of familiarity. She continued to correspond with Madame de Lignac throughout her life, and their relations remained unchanged: mother and child .

But little did the pupil think that in less than a year's time, this same bereavement, one of the greatest that can come to man or woman, would also fall to her lot. In the June of 1813, news came that her mother was dead. It would seem that this heroic woman, who had endured so many sorrows and trials, had not been able to rally after the death of her eldest son. She lingered a little, trying to live for the sake of the younger children, then she gave up, and followed Constant. She had asked to be buried at Noirmoutier, beside her husband.

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At first, Rose-Virginie could not believe that it was true. It surely was not true. Her dear mother who loved her so much. The thing was impossible. Then, with the appalling violence of a tempest breaking, the irresistible tumult of the avalanche, it burst over her that she would *never* see her mother again. This was almost the worst feature of the tragedy. She so far away, and the person she most loved on earth gone, without farewell, to lie beside her father under the sod of Noirmoutier. In vain Pauline de Lignac spoke of the Will of God; in vain she reminded her that her good, holy mother would be waiting for her in Heaven. Until the fury of the storm abated nothing could calm the sobbing child. Then she herself, heroically, strove to control herself. It was true, her mother who was so good and who had suffered so much, had surely gone to God. She must try to be

worthy of her. She must try to imitate her virtues, in order that she might meet her again in the Heaven which God has promised. Last year Madame de Lignite had also lost her mother - without ever seeing her again -and yet she was perfectly resigned. Rose-Virginie was close on seventeen now. The years stole past insensibly and she had endured them, through the long separation, working hard, doing her best to win good marks and prizes, for the sake of that dear one at Soullans. She would not study any more now, it was not worth while. She would go back to Vendée ... to those who were left. But here again she met a check. There was something new to be reckoned with. Monsieur François Marsaud had been appointed her legal- guardian. She could do nothing without his permission. And the brother-in-law did not see any sense in her coming. It would be far better for her to remain at school and finish her course of study. *She would be* graduating in one year's time. He was probably right; her mother would no doubt have said the same thing; but Rose-Virginie realized that she had been given a master.

At the school *there were other developments*. Madame Chobelet had continued in her "eccentricities" which were beginning to impair the efficiency of the teaching-staff and the high standing of the school, and the Bishop was again obliged to intervene. He invited the Directress to retire, and to withdraw altogether from the management of the institution. But Pulchérie was unwilling to do this. She made a counter- offer. Would Monseigneur permit the school to continue if she brought the Ursulines in as teachers? Monseigneur would have been only too glad to save the school which had given such rich promise in its first years of existence. He accepted the Ursulines. And a splendid and highly cultured woman, who in the world had been Madame Roland de Bussy, was persuaded to come and take over the establishment, bringing with her five other

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Ursulines to act as teachers. She was full of enthusiasm and was confident that the school would grow strong again and flourish. But Madame Chobelet refused to leave the house, and spent her time interfering with all the arrangements the Ursulines wished to make, and insisting that the school should be run according to her plans. For two long months Madame de Bussy endured the continual meddling and remonstrances of the Ex-Directress, endeavouring to support the teachers and to encourage the students, but, finding that it was impossible to continue with the incessant upheavals and confusion, she decided to withdraw, and to open an Ursuline Academy in another quarter of the town.

Marie-Pauline de Lignac had been enduring, too. Madame Chobelet had entreated the young Sister not to abandon her, and, through a sense of loyalty and self-sacrifice, the latter continued her arduous and ungrateful task. But she had only left her home to become a religious, and the Bishop had condemned the

Association, forbidding its members to take vows. At this crucial moment Pauline de Lignac was praying earnestly for light and guidance. It would grieve her deeply to leave her associates, the Society to which she had wished to give her life, and her pupils to whom she was utterly devoted; but in the Association she could not take religious vows. It seemed to her that it was almost a betrayal to leave Madame Chobelet and the tottering institute; but she realized that one could trust Madame de Bussy; with her she would be a true Sister, and dedicate herself equally to the education of the young. The opportunity was a unique one. The Ursulines were going to leave the school in a body: she only had to go with them. And she went. This was perhaps the last sorrow, or one of the last, which fell to the share of Rose-Virginie in that boarding-school where she had suffered so much. Another dreadful period of loneliness fell upon her. Madame de Lignac had indeed been a mother to her, not only in tenderness and understanding, but in sedulous care that this young soul, whose value she was fully able to appreciate, should advance continually in spirituality and in the ways of God. She had been one of the first to divine all the richness that was in this quiet girl from Vendée. A mind of extraordinary grasp and power. Perfect child-like purity and candour. A character that had equanimity, buoyancy, and the bright, gay, outer air that made it alluring; but in its depths an endurance, a constancy, a reserve of will and energy that made it adamant. She was absolutely truthful, loyal to the innermost core, and with such a wealth of love to give away that she yearned to pour it out upon all those who seemed in need of it. And there was a charming trait about her, that all those she loved, and they were many, were always

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perfect in her eyes. Her acumen and penetration of mind were so offset by her heart that she was never able to think ill of anybody. Pauline de Lignac had loved this pupil deeply, and unquestionably, one of her keenest regrets in leaving the Association was her separation from Rose-Virginie. The child, too, felt it intensely. She would miss her good friend at every turn. But, after all, this was the last year of school, and she surely hoped to see her again.

That last year 1814 was the hardest of all. The new Mistress of Studies, elderly, ungracious, although an excellent person, was always ready to find fault. Madame Chobelet, rigid, unbending, held by her principle that severity is what is most needed in education. And as the school was obviously going to pieces under her eyes, she was more nervous and querulous than usual. Many of the students left to seek a more congenial atmosphere elsewhere, and Angélique Dernée, dearest of friends, at the age of seventeen, entered the cloister of the Carmelites to which she had long been aspiring. Rose-Virginie, with those two who had been her most intimate confidantes, did not conceal her own desire to

consecrate her life to God. And it is certain that both tried to draw her in the direction of their own special vocation. But she did not feel that either the one or the other was exactly suited to her. She had confessed to Madame de Lignac that, from the time her mother died, she experienced a great distaste for life in the world, and she did not wish to return to it. But what she craved was some sort of apostolate, a tabour for the salvation of souls, perhaps the redemption of slaves of whom she used to hear so much from the deep-sea fishermen of Noirmoutier. They had seen African children sold on the market place, herded into transports, and whipped by brutal owners. Rose-Virginie never forgot the graphic narratives. And with vast pity for the quivering bodies, was a still greater pity for the ignored souls. "I cannot forget them," she would whisper to Angélique Darnée. "I dream about them sometimes at night. Little black girls coming to me, putting their arms about my neck and saying to me: 'Come to us, come and help us. Come and teach us to know Jesus and to love Him'." Were the dreams prophetic? ... The little girl from the island was still feeling her way. But June was near-in June she would graduate ... And after that she was free!

If one should try to sum up what Rose-Virginie had acquired during those four years of school life, one would be compelled to recognize that they were certainly not endured in vain. In the first place, she had acquired an education, and, in spite of the shortcomings of the Association, a good one. Studies in those days, if less inclusive than

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at present, were at least serious and thorough. Language and literature, history and geography, and a working knowledge of mathematics; but all known well. There was also extreme care with regard to manners: how a lady should walk and hold her head; how she should enter and leave a room; how she should bow and curtesy; how she should stand up and sit down; how she should speak or answer questions; even how she should laugh. Trifling things perhaps; taxed sometimes with artificiality. But when the stiffness of learning had worn off, you had the beauty and grace of a perfect thing, a woman who was faultlessly well-bred; in the best sense of the word, a lady. Rose-Virginie came to the Association in 1810 still something of a country child, well-mannered but somewhat rustic, with the tang of the island upon her, She left it in 1814 completely developed, charmingly refined, and ready to be presented to the most critical society. Her environment, and the atmosphere of the school had done much of this and the training had been so good that it left her entirely natural. She was still wholly and undisguisedly herself.

It was noticed in after years that she never spoke of Madame Chobelet. And the fact was eloquent. For if she could not speak well of a person, she made

it a rule not to speak of that person at all. Madame Chobelet had taught her much negatively. She had taught her all that a superior, a Directress, a teacher should not do. Poor Madame Chobelet, ruined by prison, sufferings, and contradictions! Exacting with her Ladies, arbitrary in authority, at once changeable and despotic. With the pupils cold, distant, severe in punishing, austere even if polite. She had meant so well and done so ill, that the institute crumbled in her hands. In a few short years the school had to be closed, and the Association Chrétienne ceased to exist.

Very different was the sum total of what Rose-Virginie owed to Madame de Lignite. She was always happy to speak of her, she remained effusively grateful to her to the end of her life. In the first Place, this Mistress had given her kindness, sympathy, understanding, consolation in every sorrow; and besides the instruction in branches of profane knowledge, given with much intelligence and attractive methods, her unforgettable classes in New Testament history enriched her pupils for all time. Rose-Virginie always thought that if she should have to teach, she would do it as Madame de Lignac did. She observed the tact, the discernment, the patience and courtesy with which this admirable Mistress treated even recalcitrant scholars, and consciously or unconsciously, she became initiated to the difficult and delicate art of handling girls.

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With regard to her own soul she knew how much she owed Sister Marie-Pauline. In many long private conversations, as well as in the instructions given in class, the ardent, apostolic soul of the religious poured itself out for the formation and the sanctification of the young souls entrusted to her care. She had gathered together the most pious among the students in a small congregation of Children of Mary, and she would assemble them on certain days, to speak to them of the virtues of Our Blessed Lady and to invite them to sing her praises. Rose-Virginie had brought from her Vendée and from the example of her father and mother, a deep and strong devotion to the Holy Mother of God; but it was increased a hundred-fold under the guidance of Sister de Lignac. It became one of the characteristics of her soul, and in life and death she clung, with the passionate love and the utter confidence of a child, to this all-fair and all-pure Mother.

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The Dawn of Vocation

IV

THERE is unquestionably in all lives, even the most humble, an invisible guiding of Divine Providence, directing events and steps taken. In the case of chosen souls, such as that of Rose-Virginie Pelletier, the action becomes almost visible, and clear enough to justify itself. She had not wished to go away to school, and she shrank from the very thought of Tours which was so far removed from her home and her mother. But Madame Pelletier saw distinct advantages in Tours, and as she had determined to give her daughter the best education she could, she fixed her choice upon the superior boarding school of the Association Chrétienne. Rose-Virginie was unhappy enough there at first, but her innate piety warmed and developed under the sedulous care of Sister de Lignac, and what had been merely a germ of vocation, a tiny seedling, was fostered, and then deliberately cultivated by this holy woman who recognized in the pure child entrusted to her teaching, all the characteristics of a soul drawn irresistibly to consecrate itself to God. She found her own ardent aspirations reflected and imaged in those of her pupil; and still more as the latter passed from adolescence to the first bloom and fragrance of incipient womanhood.

It was customary at the school to take the boarders to High Mass and Vespers at the Cathedral, and the long rows of neat girls walking in couples, with their close-fitting bonnets, white collars and full skirts were a familiar sight upon the streets. They walked modestly and decorously as became young ladies, but it was not forbidden to chat a little, in quiet voices, as they went. The Cathedral was one of the first great impressions in the life of Rose-Virginie; its solemn splendour, its magnificence; the superb and daring height of ogive and column; the richness of the stained glass which made the windows seem full of jewels. Then again the order and pomp of ceremonies in which the sacred liturgy had its complete significance, its incomparable stateliness and beauty, and the great volume of the organ chant, floating through the venerable, ancient aisles, was at once prayer and music. One felt the Church, its greatness, its inspiration, the marvellous continuity of its history, in the incense-laden atmosphere of St.

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Gatien.

But the girls were naturally interested in any noteworthy place or building they might pass, and would ask questions of the Sisters who accompanied them. There was one house which they could see from their school as it was upon a slight eminence, and it looked like a convent. This they passed on the way to the

Cathedral, and their curiosity was aroused by the fact that they had often seen girls of their own age going in or coming out. Was that a school, too? they asked their teachers. The answers were somewhat vague, but delicately tactful. It was a sort of school. Not a school like theirs; but the good Sisters received there girls who were a little giddy, or too fond of dancing, and tried to teach them to be better and to behave as they should. Sister de Lignac was a little more frank with Rose-Virginie, because the child was so serious and so understanding, her mind was mature already. Many of those girls were in need of conversion, she told her, and the task of the Sisters was to bring them back to God. The house was commonly known as "The Refuge." Rose-Virginie was extremely impressed. She did not believe that any girl could be really bad, because they were too young. But suppose they were inclined to be bad, what a wonderful thing it would be to help to convert them, to try to make them be good! That would be working directly for souls, that would be working to save souls, the thing for which Christ our Lord laid down His life. The idea filled her with enthusiasm. It was like being a missionary. To convert people, to work over them that they might save their souls. She wished she could see the inside of that house, and talk to the Sisters. How much she would like to talk to them! She had never heard of anybody doing anything that seemed to her so much worth while. Sister de Lignac was almost surprised that her pupil should take up the subject so warmly. She found it labour enough to form girls who were good. But Rose-Virginie was of the opinion that those others, who were not good, needed help more. If she could really help to make people good, if she could really convert anybody and teach them how to save their souls, she would be almost willing never to see Noirmoutier again. (The supreme sacrifice). But Sister de Lignac said they must pray, because the most important work for any soul to do was the Will of God. He would surely guide each one of them along her allotted way.

Perhaps a word should be said here in regard to the house called of "The Refuge," though indeed the work itself and its scope are generally well known. It owes its origin to St. John Eudes, (1601-1680) founder of the "Company of the Priests of Jesus and Mary," familiarly known as "The Eudists," and one of the earliest and most fervent apostles of the

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devotion to the Sacred Heart. In the course of many missionary travels, and of wide experience in the confessional, John Eudes had become convinced that there were two classes of women who were in extremely great need, and who in France, at that time, were in no way provided for: women who had led a sinful life and were sincerely repentant, but had no shelter to which they could retire; and other women, young girls especially, who were so exposed to temptation that, unless they were immediately succoured, they would certainly lose their souls.

St. John Eudes knew it all, and suffered intensely in the knowledge of it, as a priest and as a saint. He made a first attempt, enrolling a small group of pious lay-women upon whom he was sure he could rely. But the effort failed, in part because the task was too difficult, in part because the inmates did not respect secular assistants. Father Eudes understood that he must have Sisters, consecrated beings ready for any sacrifice, inured to hardships and privations, and venerable owing to the habit of religion. Also he must create them, because Sisters for this special kind of work did not exist. With the approval of the Bishop, and under the Rule of St. Augustine, he formed in the city of Caen, a small community of nuns who, to the three usual vows of religion, added a fourth, namely to labour for the salvation of souls. Their house was opened on the 8th of February, 1651, under the simple title: "Our Lady of the Refuge;" then, finding that another similar work existed already, under that same name, Father Eudes changed it to "Our Lady of Charity of the Refuge." The Congregation was approved and confirmed by Pope Alexander VII, in 1666. Each new house opened was to remain independent and sufficient unto itself, as was the custom in some of the older religious Orders. One hundred and twenty-six years later, when the iniquitous law of 1792 abolished all convents and monasteries, there were just ten Refuges in existence. Some struggled back to life in the beginnings of the new century; some never rose again. Caen was revived, chiefly as the cradle of the Congregation. At Tours the community had been dispersed almost beyond hope of recovery; but when calm was restored after the fury of the storm, a few old Sisters came together and opened a small school in very humble quarters, satisfied to live in common once more, and to be able to observe their Rule. But in the course of time, as there was a real and pressing need for their special work, they were able to move into a larger house and to open it in 1813 as a Refuge.

It was no doubt on this occasion that solemn ceremonies were held in the convent chapel and many persons were invited. The Ladies of the Association Chrétienne attended the evening services, together with their pupils, and Rose-Virginie was thus able to penetrate into the

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mysterious premises which she had desired so much to visit. It was on this occasion that the young girl, now seventeen years old, saw, for the first time, those white-robed figures of the Sisters which were to inspire in her so great an attraction toward them and toward their work. And it may be that the dress itself, in its simple beauty, in its luminous whiteness so suggestive of purity, added to the attraction. She was able now to speak more frankly to Sister de Lignac of her admiration for the religious of the Refuge, and her good mistress,

while sympathetic in her replies, thought it her duty to point out how particularly hard and trying their work was, and the peculiarly heroic quality of their vocation. But Rose-Virginie held tenaciously to one point: there could be nothing greater in this world than to labour for the conversion of sinners. Already the salvation of souls seemed to her the most divine undertaking on earth. For this the Son of God became Man, suffered His Passion, and died upon the Cross.

She had another opportunity of seeing the Refuge close at hand. On some noteworthy occasion, the inmates were to have a gala dinner, and it was arranged between the Superior and Madame Chobelet, that the pupils of the Association should serve the "poor children" at table. The pupils were delighted at the prospect, and put aside all their fruit and cookies, to have something to carry over for the children's feast. When the day came, they waited on them with great enthusiasm and joy; and Rose-Virginie was particularly pleased because she was able to speak with some of the White Sisters who seemed to her veritable angels.

More and more the thought of that Institute and of the work done by it seemed to fill her mind and heart. She had always wished, rather vaguely at first and then ever more insistently, to consecrate her life to the divine Christ of the Gospel Whom she loved so much. And here it seemed to her was a field in which she might win His special approval and blessing. Had He not said that He came for sinners? That there was more joy in Heaven over one sinner doing penance than over ninety-nine just who need not penance? Had He not always forgiven? And in the latter manifestations of the burning love of His Heart, had He not said that sinners would find in it an "infinite ocean of mercy?" The young girl, completing the last years of her long term of study, found herself wondering about many things. Would it be best to go home?... Yet she must see her beloved mother again. And she was sure her mother would understand, even as Madame de Lignac did. Then came the appalling news that her mother was dead. The whole universe seemed to collapse in a heap, and for a long time she was too stunned to think at all. But when she began to react, there was a new element in her thinking. She

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had wanted so much to go home to her mother. Now there was no longer a home. Paul was away at school, as she was. And she experienced only an immense disgust at the thought of having to go back, of meeting new people, of being in the worldly atmosphere of which she had had a taste when she went to Anne-Josephine's wedding. She was sure she would be happier consecrated to the love of God, and separated from the world forever.

Knowing the wise, humble, obedient spirit of Rose-Virginie Pelletier, one

cannot doubt that she consulted her spiritual director and that she was guided by him in a matter so important as the choice of a state of life. Her dear. Marie-Angélique Dernée left school that year to enter the Carmelite monastery of Tours; and, a few months later, Sister de Lignite herself, after the last painful upheavals in the Association, passed to the Ursuline community. But, already before she went, Rose-Virginie had made up her mind. In the letters that came back to her from these two devoted friends, there were assurances of the happiness they had found, and warm, loving invitation to come and share it; but, much as she loved them, she did not allow herself to be deflected from her own ideal. At a stone's throw from the school grounds, there were women who were working simply and solely for the salvation of souls. That was what she wanted to do. The young girl from Vendée had an infinite capacity for enthusiasm. It is a great carrying power. And she also had the gift which a distinguished English writer has called: "seeing with the imagination" another very great interpretative power. She understood that this was *the work of redemption*, and it attracted her irresistibly as such. Sister de Lignite instead, saintly woman though she was, would have preferred that this wonderful child of hers, so extraordinarily rich in promise, should have made some other choice. She thought the vocation heroic; but it distressed her to think of Rose-Virginie in those surroundings. She bid her pray a great deal, and she warned her that she would meet with intense opposition. But the young girl does not even seem to have hesitated. She was not buffeted by contending desires. Straight as the seamen of her island steer across the gloaming, when the home lights come in sight, so straight was she guiding her little bark toward the haven that beckoned her: or perhaps another Pilot, silent, had taken the helm.

Sister de Lignite was obliged to recognize that this was no vague or fluctuating wish: it had become so definite it was a formal purpose. And Rose-Virginie was so insistent in her desire to see the Superior of the Refuge, and to ask her if she would be willing to accept her among her daughters, that she finally persuaded one of the Sisters of the Association

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to take her to the monastery. This had to be done secretly as both the persons concerned were quite sure that Madame Chobelet would never give her permission. And Rose-Virginie did not say who accompanied her; but it seems certainly to have been Sister de Lignac, who had all her confidence. So the two stole out one winter's evening, and went hurriedly and mysteriously to the Refuge, where they asked to see the Superior. It was introduction enough that they came from the Association. The Prioress was much interested in this young girl of good family, refined and well educated, and obviously so much in earnest,

who declared that she wished to become a religious of the Refuge to labour for the salvation of souls. She asked her various questions regarding her relatives, her home, her health, and encouraged her to be faithful to what seemed clearly to be her vocation. But it would be necessary, of course, to have the consent of her guardian.

Rose-Virginie went back to school treading upon air. Except for that one problematic point that she must have her guardian's consent, all the rest was most satisfactory. She felt that she had almost reached her goal. And her joy was very great; enormously and radiantly great for that soon she would be able to consecrate her life to God amid the white-robed Sisters of Our Lady of Charity. The two companions almost flew home, for it had grown late and they began to be worried, lest their absence should have been noticed. It had in fact been noticed, and in the most disastrous way. Supper-time came, and Rose-Virginie was not in her place. Where could she be? Was she ill? Had she met with some accident? The whole house was hunted, high and low. Evidently she was not in the house. Then she was out of the house - after dark and without leave. The Directress was terrified, and furious. She became more and more furious with every minute that passed. When the two delinquents came scurrying in, breathless, anxious, the Mistress escaped to her own room, and Rose-Virginie, alone, encountered the full volume of the storm, the torrent of reproaches and abuse heaped upon her. Where had she been? How dared she go out without leave, and be out after dark? "No supper for you this evening, Mademoiselle. You don't deserve any. Dry bread and water, that is all you are going to get!" Rose-Virginie was sensitive, and she felt that the treatment was unjust and unkind. Besides, she was close upon eighteen years of age, and she was being treated like an unruly child. She bowed her head, and the tears, of which she had shed so many since her mother died, began to steal down her cheeks. A murmur of protest rose from her class-mates. The very idea! Rose-Virginie who was preparing to graduate and the best girl in the school, scolded before them all, and punished like a child! They had not much

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respect for the Directress and they showed it clearly now. "If she went out it was probably to go to the Refuge. She has said often enough that she loves those Sisters. Why don't you let her go and be a nun if she wants to? It's an outrage to deprive her of her supper." But as no supper was forthcoming, they drew the culprit to the fire, warmed her hands which were still half-frozen, and every girl ran to get the best of whatever she had in the way of private supplies. Cake, fruit, sweets ... it was not very substantial, but their spontaneous kindness and staunch support comforted her not a little. The remarks made, almost audibly, about "that old Chobelet" who was present, were enlightening with

regard to the discipline of the school. The Directress could, with impunity, although she was in authority and meted out punishments, be treated with contempt.

After that incident, there was no longer any possibility of keeping the matter of her vocation secret. The girls did not know, they only guessed, that the object of Rose-Virginie's escapade was the Refuge. And their surmise was correct. That was one reason why Madame Chobelet was so angry. She was ambitious for her pupils. Most of them would marry and occupy positions of distinction in the society for which she had prepared them. A very few would embrace the religious life, in venerable Orders like Carmel or the Visitation. But that any one of them should want to go to that dreadful Refuge, and take care of persons of the most doubtful morality - really objectionable persons, was something she could not understand. And she felt an even greater responsibility toward Rose-Virginie Pelletier. She had promised her mother to watch over her; and that mother, an old personal friend, was dead. Also the guardian, Monsieur Marsaud, would ask how they could ever have permitted their pupil to become acquainted with the House of the Refuge? Madame Chobelet more than once sent for the young girl and spoke to her seriously. She must not think of going to the Refuge. It was not the place for a pupil of the Association. She was of good family, well-bred, well-educated: if she wished to be a religious she could join them, the Ladies of the Association; or else she could enter Carmel, where so many chosen souls became contemplative. It was a difficult and irksome thing to contend with Madame la Directrice, and her pupils were afraid of her, even if they did not love her. But Rose-Virginie had the stalwart courage of Vendée, the dogged tenacity with which the men of her race stand up for their principles. And there was furthermore, in her spiritual outlook, some of the serene candour, the sunrise brightness of innocence which once made the Master say: "Unless you become as little children.. ." Her answers were very simple: all she wanted was to work for the glory of

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God, and the salvation of souls. It seemed to her that that work of the Refuge was the own work of our Blessed Lord, *the work of Redemption*. Madame Chobelet remained unconvinced, and even her class-mates began to draw away a little from Rose-Virginie, with whom they no longer sympathized. Sister de Lignac, though she had regretted the choice, was the only one who still cherished and comforted the child, and her own conscience compelled her to urge that other conscience, opened to her, to do what it thought right.

Then came the tragedy of the Sister's departure, and Rose-Virginie was left alone indeed. The attitude of teachers and pupils had become continually less friendly toward her, and, as the months passed and nothing was decided with regard to her future, she resolved to write herself to her brother-in-law and guardian asking his consent as it was her wish to join the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity of the Refuge at Tours. Monsieur Marsaud was shocked at the request. At the same time a letter from Madame Chobelet reached him, deploring Rose-Virginie's inclination for the Refuge, and urging him not to give his consent. This was precisely his own feeling. He wrote back, absolutely forbidding his young sister-in-law to approach the Refuge. If she felt called to the religious life, he would not prevent her from joining the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, but she must not think of the Refuge. Her own brothers took the same stand. The Refuge was out of the question. So, opposed on all sides, and quite alone, the poor child withdrew within herself, and her sorrow was very great. She tried once and again to write to her guardian, to her brothers, to her sisters, but her representations and supplications were always in vain. Meanwhile, after the departure of the Ursuline teachers, the school became more and more disorganized, and real abuses crept in among the pupils. Many parents withdrew their daughters; and it became evident that the Association was tottering toward its end. Rose-Virginie was to graduate in July, and in May kind letters came from her relatives saying that Anne-Josephine, her eldest sister, had given birth to a little child and was anxious that Rose-Virginie should come to the solemn Baptism and act as godmother to her little niece. But Rose-Virginie was unwilling. Did she fear that she would not be permitted to come back to Tours? In any case she wrote back saying that she would gladly act as godmother by proxy, but that her studies forbade her taking a holiday just at this time. In fact the final examinations were drawing near, and so also was the end of that long and dolorous period of school-life.

Rose-Virginie appears to have come to a decision herself in regard to what she had better do. School was over, thank God. Warm weather, and

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the long summer vacation scattered the pupils in all directions, and she made up her mind to go to Bonin and try what she could do viva voce, since letters brought only negative replies. But she did not seek hospitality with the Marsaud family. She went instead to the dear old aunt who had mothered several of the Pelletier children, and whom she wished no doubt to win over to her side. We do not know the details of this visit to Bonin: but it is certain that there were many stormy interviews between the different parties interested. Rose-Virginie had to stand alone against all the men of her family, with possibly the sole support of the humble, faithful old aunt. In after years she once asked her niece to have a

Mass said for her at Bonin, "in atonement for all the sins I committed while I was there." She was no doubt sorely tempted to anger and to resentment. But she must have fought her battles well, for, after a sejour which was not very long, she took her way back to Tours, having won from her guardian the permission to enter the Refuge there, provided she did not bind herself by religious vows until such time as she had attained her majority. There was still a spoke in the wheel, but she had gained much. Blithely, rejoicing, and full of hope, she went back to the Association. Such as it was, it was the only home she had. And she began immediately the preparation of the simple trousseau required for entrance. It was going to be a long time to wait, almost three long years, before she could pronounce her vows; but at least she would be there, among those beautiful White Sisters, making ready to be one of them; already sharing their life and their thrice-holy work. She would pray hard that the long time of waiting might somehow be shortened; but for the moment it was joy enough that her guardian had said 'yes.' She must hasten her departure lest he should change his mind and say "no" again. Once she got safely inside those doors, nothing should ever drag her forth again. It was decided by the Mother Superior that she should enter on the 20th of October, because it was the day on which, in the communities of St. John Eudes, the feast of the Sacred Heart was solemnly celebrated. And, in fact, she was long known to the ancient religious of the house of Tours as: "The Postulant of the Sacred Heart."

It was Madame Chobelet who saw her off for her new place of abode, and to the aspirant, who was full of emotion in spite of the enormous happiness which buoyed her up, the ex-Directress spoke bitter-sweet words which perhaps covered some late-risen remorse. She had promised the child's dead mother to be a second mother to her, and she had not kept her word. "My child," she said to her now, "you never understood me. I was severe with you, perhaps, but it was for your own good, for the formation of your character."

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None of those she loved was with her at this hour. Yet she came, as full of hope and of unspeakable joy, as the new Priest who, at the foot of the altar, says for the first time: "Introibo ad altare Dei." And she stood indeed, in all the bloom and radiance of her eighteen years, in all the radiant purity of her stainless life, at the foot of the altar of God to Whom she was giving herself in all the gladness of her youth, a virgin-bride, forever.

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The Novitiate

V

THE VENERABLE Order founded by St. John Eudes in the middle of the seventeenth century, opened its House in Tours on the 28th of October, 1714. Four Sisters came from Guingamp for this purpose and the establishment flourished and did much good, until, in the year 1792, it was suppressed as all other religious institutions were, and the community was broken up and scattered. Six years later, in 1804, as there was an appearance of calm after the storm, one of the dispersed Sisters was able to assemble a few of her former companions, and five of these ancient religious came together and in 1806 were permitted by the ecclesiastical authorities to resume their community life. They attempted to do this in one of the old historic buildings which adjoined the great church of St. Martin, but they met with many difficulties and, in three years time, only five novices joined them, and two of these left. The Sisters, in great affliction, begged the lady who had formerly been their Superior to come back to them, and she consented, provided they would change their place of residence. But even this measure failed. They moved to the cloister of St. Gatien, a small house behind the Archbishop's palace, and Sister Mary of St. Joseph Le Roux was re-elected Superior. But now, in three years, not a single postulant came. The community seemed destined to die out. An attempt was made to open a small boarding-school, but the Sisters could not take up their specific work. At length, in 1812, Sister St. Joseph, who was really an able and enterprising person, succeeded in buying a good house, situated upon an eminence, and in 1813 she opened the class for Penitents. From that moment the establishment seemed to thrive. Sister Marie de Ste. Victorie Houette, Mistress of the Penitents, was well-known in Tours and attracted many friends to the Institution.

It was to this monastery, blossoming in a renewal of life, that Rose-Virginie came in the autumn of 1814, on that Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus which St. John Eudes caused his two religious families to celebrate on the 20th of October, and for which he himself had composed the Mass and Office approved by the Holy See. It is worthy of note that Father Eudes began to solemnize this feast in 1660, some five years before the revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary at Paray-

le-Monial, so that he may be truly regarded as a pioneer of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. And Rose-Virginie was happy indeed that a day so memorable should have been chosen for her entrance into religion. She came with immense

joy, overflowing with enthusiasm, certain that this was the work to which she wished to consecrate her life, and ready to buoyantly overlook any difficulties that might appear in the way. To her, this quiet house where every moment was sanctified by prayer, and where order and silence were so religiously observed, seemed almost a vestibule of Paradise. Those white-robed figures, moving down the long corridors swiftly and yet composedly, were as celestial presences engaged in executing divine behests. And the sight of the aged Sisters touched her profoundly. Spontaneously she tried to give them every possible mark of deference and respect. She knew the sorrowful story of their dispersion, of their hidings and wanderings, and how the majority had been imprisoned by the revolutionists and condemned to death, and only saved at last as by miracle. They all bore the marks of the sufferings they had endured, and were tired and worn-out. They stood in their stalls, day by day, like gnarled ancient trees that the storms have beaten overmuch, and their uncertain voices, with now a tremor and now a break, intoned as in the days of their youth the divine praises, an echo, even if the accents trembled, of the deathless song which was in their heart. To Rose-Virginie they seemed like angels. She realized immediately how much she was going to love their life, their Rule, their customs, everything about them. There appeared to be only one Sister who was young, a novice, who had received the habit some three weeks earlier. Sister Mary of St. Stanislaus Kostka, a serious-minded and edifying young religious to whom Rose-Virginie looked for example. For a while they were the sole occupants of the novitiate, and this fact drew them strongly together. Mutual esteem and appreciation were added to the sisterly affection, and it may be said that the deep friendship and regard born in these initial days of probation, persisted in both those chosen souls throughout their life.

What struck the community Sisters most in the new postulant was her candour, a sort of ingenuousness made up of utter purity, honesty and truthfulness. She gave at once the impression of complete integrity and of inviolateness. It was one of the absolute conditions laid down by St. John Eudes for the admission of aspirants: "You shall never admit, for any cause or under any pretext, a person whose past life has known some stain. You shall never admit penitents to the Sisterhood." It was his deep conviction that the pure only can assist the fallen. And in Rose-Virginie his daughters recognized, radiantly, almost supernaturally luminous,

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the ideal of immaculateness he had dreamed for them all. Both her father and mother had watched jealously over the innocence of the child, and in entrusting her to the care of religious women for her education, Madame Pelletier had insured, as far as she was able, this treasure of her purity and uprightness.

Sister de Lignac had not only protected, she sedulously cultivated the virginal quality of the young girl's soul, and it had grown in beauty like some rare flower, delicate, untouched, breathing freshness and fragrance in its perfect unfolding. Rarely, in the course of our earthly pilgrimage, are we privileged to meet with similar marvels. Yet they do exist, to the glory of God. In the case in point, Rose-Virginie was singularly favoured by nature; and still more was she favoured by grace. God had spoken to her early, calling her, signing her. She had been put quite pure into the holy hands of Sister de Lignac, and whatever little faults of impetuosity or wilfulness she may have brought from childhood had completely disappeared under the wise guidance and influence of that true educator. For a long time now she had been gazing steadfastly at the Child Virgin of Nazareth, whom she sought diligently to imitate.

Just one week after the entrance of the new postulant, the community celebrated the first Centenary of their Foundation, for the original House in Tours was opened on the 28th of October, 1714. Rose-Virginie felt that it was a great privilege to take part in this celebration and she, always so warm in her expansive sympathy and tenderness, thrilled with the gladness of the hearts around her. At school, sometimes, she had been ready to die with loneliness. Here it was different: she was at home. The White Sisters belonged to her, and she to them.

The Mistress of Novices, with some kind and friendly assistance from Sister St. Stanislaus, had immediately initiated the postulant to the routine and observance of each day. Prayers, meditation, choir, simple duties, recreation. It was not so different from boarding-school, except that here one must be carefully silent, and the whole life was so much holier, so infinitely more full of God. It seemed to Rose-Virginie to satisfy her deepest, her innermost desires. The Sisters realized that this was no ordinary soul, and that there was an extraordinarily clear and unusual quality to her vocation. They wished to encourage her, they wished to attach her still more strongly to their work and the Mistress gave her to read those marvelous instructions of St. John Eudes to his daughters, in which the soul of the apostle has left the flame of his zeal to enkindle other souls. Rose-Virginie had always felt that to labour for the salvation of the lost, for the conversion of sinners, was one of the most divine works any human being could do. Her attention was

captured immediately when she first heard the word "Refuge," and when she learned that the special task of these Sisters was to rescue girls who were in danger, or to harbour the wayward and try to make them good. That was a

something that appealed to her: to try to make other girls good. When the book of the Founder was placed in her hands, it seemed to her that he had written it on purpose for her. Otherwise how could their ideas be so exactly similar? Of course he was a priest, and had had wide experience; and she was only a girl, just out of school. But did they not both feet intensely and identically on this one vital subject?

"Remember," he says to his daughters, "that your Monasteries are hospitals to receive sick souls, and you should labour in them that they may recover their spiritual health."

"To apply themselves with more affection and courage to the functions of this holy Institute, it is necessary that those who follow it should often consider the following truths:

1. That it is the most worthy service and the greatest honour they can render God, and the work most agreeable to His Divine Majesty that they could perform, because there is nothing more dear to Him than the salvation of souls."

"2. That it is a work which contains in itself, and in the highest degree, all the other good works, corporal as well as spiritual, that may be practised, because all of these are only means to achieve that one which is their end.

"3. That a soul is worth more than a world, and that consequently to lend her a hand to withdraw her from the abyss of sin, is a greater thing than to create an entire world and to draw it from nothingness into being; and that to govern and lead a soul in the spiritual ways of grace is a more excellent thing than to rule a world with regard to temporal things."

"4. That a single soul is more precious before God than all the bodies which are in the universe, and that consequently to assist in clothing her with the grace of God, and to nourish and fortify her by good examples and by the holy instructions given to her, is a holier action than to clothe and nourish all the bodies which are upon the earth; and that to deliver a soul from the slavery of sin and of the devil is a more worthy work than to free all the captives and prisoners who are in the world; and that to destroy one sin in a soul is a greater good than to suffocate a world-wide pestilence; and that to cause one soul to pass from the death of sin to the life of grace is a thing more pleasing to God than to call back to life all

the bodies which are in the graves."

"5. That, according to St. John Chrysostom, it is a better thing to labor for the salvation of souls through a spirit of charity, than to practise the greatest austerities and corporal mortifications."

"6. That, according to the same saint, to employ one's time and one's life in this holy work is a thing which pleases His Divine Majesty More than to suffer martyrdom: for which reason St. Teresa used to say that she envied those who were in this holy employment more than she did the martyrs."

This fervent legislator promises all the choicest blessing of Heaven to those who devote themselves to this holy labour, for says he, "there are none more dear to God than those who cooperate with His Divine Son in the salvation and redemption of souls."

It is certain that these burning and persuasive words encouraged Rose-Virginie mightily, and inflamed her more and more with the love of her holy vocation. She would have wished to begin at once her apostolate among the penitents, and the Sisters, seeing how powerfully she was attracted to that which many found hard and painful, persuaded Sister Ste. Victoire to make use of the little postulant as a sort of assistant. So at the orders of the class Mistress, Rose-Virginie was frequently allowed to make the spiritual reading for the "children," or to wait upon them at meals in their refectory. And many must have been the glances that followed the gracious and refined server, a girl of their own age, who moved among them so willingly and happily, so anxious to supply all their needs, and clothed in modesty so beautiful that her very appearance was angelic. For ten months she retained her humble postulant's garb, and during that time she was thoroughly initiated to all the various kinds of work she might be called upon to perform subsequently. Nothing seemed to her difficult or irksome. She loved the whole life, in all its details.

It seems almost strange that writing at this time to the dear friend of her school-days, Angélique Dermée, she should have made this request: "Please pray for me that some day I may be able to work for the salvation of little savages." And she adds that during prayer she had received the inspiration to ask her to pray for this intention. Angélique was now a fervent daughter of St. Teresa in the Carmel of Tours, and known in religion as Sister Mary of the Incarnation. Rose-Virginie had great faith in her prayers and in those of the whole Carmelite community. But how strange that in the ancient, highly civilized city of Tours, and in a

monastery bound by cloister and from which the Sisters did not move, this postulant should be dreaming of converting little coloured natives of distant climes! It was the same dream which had haunted her schooldays. . . "Little dark-skinned girls who come and put their arms around my neck saying: 'Come to us! Come and teach us to know Jesus and to love Him'." In the mysteries of God, the deep secrets of the things we do not understand, were there souls who were really calling for help from far away? Distant souls whom God already knew and who would owe their salvation one day to the postulant of eighteen. Both in the Old Testament and in the New, the souls of the just "see in sleep."

The Postulant of the Sacred Heart was so exemplary in every way and so utterly true to her vocation, that her Superiors deemed it quite time to admit her to the reception of the holy habit. In ten months she had never given the smallest cause for displeasure or anxiety. And as she herself ardently desired to don the white liveries of Our Lady of Charity it was decided that the community might safely proceed to her clothing. True, the veto of her guardian must be respected; but wiser persons than Monsieur Marsaud observed that this should not prevent her receiving the holy habit, as two years of novitiate must precede her profession, and by that time she would be close upon the date of her legal majority, which he had set as the term after which she might pronounce her vows. Rose-Virginie's heart overflowed with gratitude and joy when it was announced to her that on the 6th of September, 18 15, she would be presented at the altar as the Bride of Christ. She felt how unworthy she was of these mystic espousals, and all her care now was to prepare as best she could for the great day. She made the preliminary Retreat with great gravity and seriousness of purpose, quite wrapped up in the thought of what she was about to do and abstracted from her surroundings. One moment of chagrin came upon her when the Superior asked her what name she would like to bear in religion. Quite candidly, she answered the name that had been in her mind, that of the great Saint whom she particularly loved: "Teresa." But Sister St. Joseph deemed this unparalleled presumption. "How! You who are but setting your feet upon the path of perfection, you would dare to assume the name of that consummate Saint! Be a little more humble. Go and look in the Martyrology for the name of some very small and obscure saint who would be more suitable for you." Rose-Virginie was properly humiliated. She had meant no disrespect to the great Saint of Avila. She only wanted her as a protectress and model. But she had been told to go and consult the Martyrology, and she went. Her one idea was to find a saint so unknown and so lustreless that the Mother Superior would think her obscure

enough. She turned over the pages in her quest, and there were many names, but all the saints seemed to have some undesirably evident title to glory. At length she found one Virgin of whom she had not heard before. No, she was not a martyr: she was just a holy virgin; perhaps she would do. St. Euphrasia, a Greek virgin of noble birth, related to the Emperor Theodosius the Younger. She had lived a holy life in an austere monastery of the Thebaid and she died there at the age of thirty years. Her feast was kept on the 13th of March and she was renowned for her power against the spirits of evil. Rose-Virginie thought all this very promising. Did the book tell her that that Greek name Euphrasia meant *beautiful speech*? It was to be one of her own particular characteristics. She came with some trepidation to the Superior's side, but Sister St. Joseph had no objection. The name meant little enough: it was certainly not ambitious. So the Postulant of the Sacred Heart became, across a small incident that had mortified her, Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia. This was on the eve of her clothing. On the morrow, Father Danicourt, a holy and distinguished priest, Vicar General of the diocese, was to perform the ceremony. He was a staunch friend of the Refuge and he had met Rose-Virginie many times when she was a pupil of the Association as the Cathedral clergy often visited the school and gave instructions to the classes in religion. The community were full of joy at the reception of their cherished postulant, and every effort was made to give the occasion lustre. All the most noted ecclesiastics in the city were invited to be present at the ceremony, and one of them, who was a noted orator, preached a most eloquent sermon. Rose-Virginie was overwhelmed at so much notice; but she took comfort in the thought that the Bridegroom was a Prince: and she only a very humble and unworthy Bride, chosen by His mercy, and otherwise totally unfit.

The ceremony is beautiful and touching but too well known to require description. The aspirant is led before the altar in complete bridal attire, white gown with a train, long veil and flowery wreath. Kneeling before the officiant, she answers the ritual questions and asks to be admitted as a member of the community. Then, having received the official assent of the Church, she is led out and presently returns clothed in the garb of the Sisterhood. The veil is blessed and placed upon her head, and she kneels upon the floor in sign of obedience as she is given her new name - "Rose-Virginie Pelletier, thou shalt not be known any more by the name that was thine in the world; but now henceforth in religion as Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia." The candidate silently bows her head in acquiescence; then her new mother, the Superior, leads her before each member of the Community in turn, that they may know her henceforth

as their own; and each Sister bends to the new Bride of Christ, greeting her with the kiss of peace.

The young Sister knew well and understood well all that she was doing, and her emotion, her joy, her thankfulness, were almost too deep for words. But, submerging all minor considerations, was the torrent of her bliss. This was the day she had hoped for, waited for, dreamed about for years. All unworthy though she was, she had been presented 'as a chaste bride to Christ,' and He had deigned to receive her. How beautiful was this raiment of soft white which seemed to hold the light in its folds! Her father St. John Eudes gave it to her, and he had taken pains to explain its meaning to her and to all those who should wear it in future times. In its old French seventeenth century language, its archaic spelling left unchanged, the Saint admonishes his daughters. The biographer writes thus:

"After having long consulted God that he might know His holy Will in regard to this matter, he established that the Religious of Our Lady of Charity should be clothed in a dress, cincture, scapular and mantle of white material, wishing thereby to teach them the great purity they should profess, and the zeal with which they should be animated, to inspire the love of this precious virtue in the poor creatures entrusted to their care. He willed that there should be on the inside of the habit at the point opposite the heart, a small Cross of blue: the Cross was intended to remind them constantly of the Passion endured by Our Blessed Saviour for themselves and for those whose direction they held; they were to love it and to beat it after the Divine Master and to support generously, without any holding back, the trials attached to their holy state. That Cross, symbol of suffering, was to say to them: All for God and for the salvation of souls. The color azure was to show them Heaven to which they must continually aspire. The holy Institutor willed also that they should wear at the neck a silver heart upon which in relief should be an image of the Blessed Virgin holding in her arms the Child Jesus, with a branch on each side, one of lilies and one of roses, to signify to them the obligation which they have of always bearing Jesus and Mary in their heart, and also to express the inviolable love which they must have for chastity, represented by the whiteness of the lily, and the great desire they must have to spread everywhere the sweet odour of Jesus Christ, figured by the sweet fragrance of the rose, which is accompanied by thorns, as if to say to them that it is forbidden them to attach themselves to any person except to Him alone whom they have chosen for their Spouse."

This admirable explanation of the significance of the holy habit was familiar to the new Sister, and she was well able to appreciate the mystic beauty of its symbolism. She had loved the garb from the first time she saw it, and now that she was clothed in it with solemn rite and blessing, it seemed to her even more beautiful than before. The first year after the Clothing is to be spent entirely in forming the novice in the religious life and to the practice of virtue. In fact, intense spiritual life and the observance of the Rules and Customs is made her sole occupation. The only exterior duty assigned to Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia, as we must now call her, was the dusting of the Sisters' stalls in the chapel. She did it several times over and most conscientiously, but it does not take very long to dust thirteen stalls and that was all she had to do. She was most exact at all the prayers and devotional exercises of the community, but for a young girl who is full of life, energy, and good-will, it was a terrible thing to have fallen thus into complete inaction. She suffered intensely, and though was so happy at having been received and clothed, she often wept so abundantly at night that, in the morning, the pillow of her bed was still wet with her tears. The novices were permitted to knit and embroider but as the little Vendéenne had no liking for manual arts, and did not know how to do these things she did not have even the comfort of a slender pastime. She at length confessed to the Mistress of Novices that this idleness was making her completely unhappy, and the good Mother was almost shocked, Perhaps she did not realize that this young Sister had a capacity for devouring work. But there was something prophetic in her answer: - "Well, well, not enough to do, you say? ... The day will come when you will have so much to do that you will be crying for time to do it." Nevertheless she was willing to discuss the problem, and, as the little Sister stated that she did not know how to sew, but that she was fond of study, she obtained permission to study and to read, the Mistress recommending in particular that she should devote her attention to the Holy Bible, to the Annals of Carmel, and to the manuscript Lives of the Sisters of their own Order who had excelled in virtue.

Sister St. Euphrasia was full of joy at this permission. She was delighted to have books in her hands again; and to be told Sacred Scripture in particular was quite after her own heart. always loved the Word of God, that marvellous seed of life. She already knew the New Testament very well, she applied herself now in particular to the Old Testament, mastering its contents thoroughly, and learning many parts of it by heart. The Church, infallible mistress of truth, teaches her children that this Book is divinely inspired; it should also be said that it contains precepts of wisdom treasured by all generations,

and a wealth of pure poetry and splendid imagery which the most distinguished

human minds have recognized and appreciated. The largeness and magnificence of those sacred pages have frequently been a light to genius. And their influence and formative quality were certainly not lost upon the young soul brought now in such close contact with them. The novice found a substantial and satisfying nourishment in her meditative study of Holy Writ, and she became so well versed in Scripture that years afterwards she was incessantly quoting it, and a scholarly priest, Father Alleron, was able to say in a letter to her: "I must confess, to my shame, that your knowledge of the Bible is much greater than mine." She seems at the same time to have carefully read the Epistles of St. Paul, and she became so familiar with them, that later, when she was Writing she frequently quoted the great Apostle, in the midst of her own words and without even using quotation marks, so fluently did the reference come to her pen. The Annals of Carmel gave her a deeper and more personal knowledge of the great Saint of Avila to whom she was so devoted and whom she wished to keep incessantly before her as a model, and the manuscript Lives of St. John Eudes, (this Life had not yet been printed), and of the first religious of Our Lady of Charity, inflamed her ever more with love for her holy vocation. As she grew to know the pioneers better, she was filled with gratitude toward them for it was they who had taught her her special way and drawn her after them in that path which they had frayed. She began to realize immediately the duty which the young have toward their predecessors, and the peculiarly intelligent quality of her mind required that she should be informed of the history and origins of this institute which she had embraced. Many years later in the course of an instruction given to her daughters in religion, she alluded to those early years when, to comfort her, the Mistress had given her leave to read and study. "I can say that from the very first of my entering religion, I was so eager to know the beginnings, the origins of the Order, and all that concerned it, that when I was a novice at Tours, I always sought the company of the older Sisters to converse with them. My chief pleasure, after reading the Holy Scriptures, was to peruse the manuscript Lives of some of the first Mothers, the letters of our Father Eudes, the abridgment of the history of his life which at that time had not yet been printed. When a Community Letter arrived from the other Houses of the Refuge I did not steep all night for the joy of it: everything seemed so beautiful to me!" Needless to say, Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia was so scrupulously obedient that she would not have dreamed of touching any other book but those assigned to her. But in those she found enough to equip her with a dowry of valuable

It would have been difficult to say which virtue was most excellent in a novice who strove to practise them all without exception, but it is certain that she had a predominant love for obedience, and that she saw in the Blessed Virgin Mary a perfection of obedience which she would have desired to copy. There is a story told of this time of the novitiate which has a peculiar significance. The reader in the refectory was entertaining the community at dinner with incidents from the Life of St. Dositheus and there was one which referred particularly to his love for obedience. The Mistress of Novices noted that tears began to flow from the eyes of Sister St. Euphrasia. She was surprised as she did not think the incident specially touching, and she asked her afterwards why she had wept in the Refectory. The novice answered that at that moment God had given her so great a light upon the virtue of holy obedience that her heart was deeply touched and moved and she was not able to restrain her tears. It was certainly no common soul which Heaven illuminated in this way, stiffing it to its depths and giving it no ordinary appreciation of spiritual and mystic things.

Sister Mary of St. Stanislaus Bedouet, who was Rose-Virginie's first companion in the novitiate and who remained her closest and most devoted friend even after fresh aggregates joined them, has left us a picture of the novice which describes simply and artlessly the personality of Sister St. Euphrasia as it appeared to the religious who were contact with her. "That which struck one first in her ingenuousness, her delightful candour, and a great simplicity in her manners. She had such a humble way of accusing herself of her faults, and of joining her hands, that the Mistress of Novices called the attention of the others to it. Never did she have an altercation with any one of her companions, nor indeed any difficulty with any other person. On the contrary she was always gentle, obliging, affectionate towards all; she was always ready to console those who were in trouble, and her unalterable gaiety entertained good burnout among the persons who surrounded her."

Thus passed the first year in the novitiate. Sister Mary Euphrasia was extremely anxious to pronounce her vows, and she was so much beloved and so unquestionably made for this life, that the Sisters were equally anxious to see her professed. But the veto of the guardian stood in the way. To satisfy her ardent wish to consecrate herself to the Divine Bridegroom, it was decided to permit her to make the vows of devotion, not formally before the altar but merely before the

assembled community. During the second year of her Novitiate the Mother Superior named her Assistant Mistress in the class. She was thus closely

associated with Sister Marie de Sainte Victoire Houette, the First Mistress, who had had many years of experience in that special department, and who strenuously endeavoured to form the young Sister and to instruct her in all that it was necessary or useful for her to know. Sister St. Euphrasia was eager to learn, she was absolutely docile and deferential to the older Sisters whom she regarded as saints, and she prayed a great deal for her charges, because, as she confessed later on, she felt that "that was the best way to help them." She loved the work, it was a continual inspiration to her, and quickly she made up some maxims which were the outcome of her own first experiences with her difficult pupils: "It is better not to preach too much: it only wearies them. it is better to keep them interested, and to try to be very just and always kind." Some days brought heartaches: but not all days. And some brought genuine consolations. It was like her that she began at once to love the unfortunate "children," all of them without exception. She was enormously interested in them, in each one personally. She saw that they had different needs, and that they must be treated according. There must be a sort of universality about the Mistress, a versatility and elasticity to adapt herself to the requirements of a number of wholly varied natures and temperaments. That they were all human - and how human! - she understood at once. She detected veins of pure gold in the midst of much base material; but the majority were spoiled, vitiated, untaught and undisciplined, elements that would have made many a brave heart quail and draw back.

What the pupils saw when the First Mistress was absent, was a young Sister who took the desk with unaffected modesty and yet complete dignity and who faced them with those quiet eyes that were full of kindness and perfect understanding. She was quite young, young as they were, and the virginal veil of religion shaded a face that was beautiful as a flower and extraordinarily expressive. The habit looked more luminously white on her, and many a glance fixed upon her presence, half envious and half regretful seemed to say: "I might have been like that." Saint John Eudes had said the word: "Let them in looking upon you see and understand the beauty of purity."

To the religious in authority two things became immediately clear. Sister St. Euphrasia had as it were the genius of her vocation. She was at home in the class, and she exercised an enormous influence over the "children." They were attracted by her, they were happy to be with her, and they felt the greatest confidence in her. Yet her authority remained

intact, and there was no shade of familiarity in their intercourse with her.

In the second place they saw that God seemed to have bestowed upon this little Sister an altogether special grace enabling her to reach directly and to touch with quick compunction the hearts of the Penitents entrusted to her care. The majority were in great need of conversion, and she seemed to know just what to do and what to say to win them over to a sincere desire of repentance and amendment. It may be that the "Postulant of the Sacred Heart" had obtained from that Heart in which she placed all her confidence the fulfillment of Its own promise to those who labour for the conversion of sinners. "I will grant them the grace to be able to move the most hardened hearts." Sister St. Euphrasia was moving them easily every day as if they had never been recalcitrant or hardened: the most obdurate became wax in her hands.

Religious Profession

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SISTER ST. EUPHRASIA had completed her two years of novitiate, and the desire of her guardian had been respected, for she had not yet been admitted officially into the Congregation which she loved now above all things and to which she had irrevocably given her life. But on the 31st of July, 1817, she attained her legal majority, and freedom to act according to her own wish. She had no hesitation in asking to be received, she had never doubted. And there was no hesitation on the part of the Community. The little Sister belonged to them already by a hundred titles, and they, better than any others, were able to appreciate her value. The ceremony of her profession was fixed for the 9th of September, two years and three days after the date of her clothing. The ceremony itself is more simple and less striking than that of the clothing, but it has a profound significance and a binding quality which the clothing does not have. It was for this that Sister St. Euphrasia so ardently desired it. It was Father Petit, a venerable ecclesiastic, parish priest of the church of St. Saturnin in Tours, who performed the modest ceremony. He was confessor to the monastery and well he knew the rare qualities and generous spirit of the young Sister who was to be professed. With deep joy, on that morning of early autumn which followed the hallowed feast of the Nativity of Mary, he asked the ritual questions of Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia, and in his presence, kneeling at the foot of the altar, she pronounced the religious vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, adding to these the fourth vow prescribed by St. John Eudes and which is special to the Congregation, namely, to labour for the salvation of souls. The Holy Founder had declared this a very noble vow, obliging the religious to a work that is far above feeding the hungry or clothing the naked, or caring for the sick, a work which is accompanied by particular difficulties, and which must inevitably draw upon those who make it the singular enmity of the powers of evil. But they will be safe under the shield of the Names of Jesus and Mary, against which the darts of the enemy fall in vain.

Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia knew something of this perfidious warfare, but she would not be afraid. - "You can expect to have combats," she said some years later to young Sisters who were her

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companions. "We are marked out for attack." But she realized, too, with rapture, how close the soul who has made this vow must be to the Heart of Our Blessed Redeemer. Twenty-five years after this day, when she was keeping the anniversary of it, she exclaimed, full of emotion at the memories which were crowding upon her: "Oh, how happy we are, we who are cooperators with Christ in His divine work of Redemption!" And already, on that of 9th of September 1817,

the same thought inundated her with bliss. How could she be afraid when, with the fullest confidence and the abandon of perfect love, she gave herself to Christ as a co-worker in His own task of redeeming a lost world? After the ceremony, the religious came with effusion to congratulate her, and to congratulate themselves. It was a day of pure and genuine rejoicing. But one aged Sister came and holding her hand, gazed with prophetic eyes into the young face alight with happiness. "Sister," she said, "the day will come when you will change the formula of those vows. And you will do great things for the Order." The young dark eyes gazed questioningly back. What could these strange words mean? But there was none to enlighten her. Why should she change the formula of the vows, and by what authority? And who was she, last and least in the house, to do great things for the Order? The dear Sister must be wandering in mind. But how kind they all were, and how happy she was to be in their midst! It was true that there was a great atmosphere of charity in the house. How many small services sweetly rendered; how many acts of spontaneous kindness and thoughtfulness! Daughters of Our Lady, seeking to imitate Mary, their Mother. Oh, she was at home indeed here!

Yet those two years and ten months which had elapsed since her coming, had not failed to produce a certain change in Rose-Virginie. She had come straight from boarding-school, and with little experience of life. Her purity and her good will were her chief dowry. There was an altogether greater seriousness about her now. She might still laugh and chatter during the pleasant hour of recreation, and the aged Sisters wished to have the bright young junior Sister sit beside them and entertain them; but responsibility had placed its weight upon her. She had acquired the monastic habit of silence: she was even scrupulous about observing it exactly. There was a gravity and dignity in her demeanour which unconsciously impressed the persons with whom she came in contact, yet absolutely no affectation of any kind. She always remained extremely natural; only she had grown riper and more mature in thought.

The Superiors saw how successful Sister St. Euphrasia had been as assistant in the class, and they had no idea of removing her, so, after her

profession, she remained in the same employment-to her own great joy and that of her charges. For a moment they had had the fear that she might be taken away from them; and many were the prayers that went up to Heaven to obtain the continuance of her presence. Yet it should be understood that the employment was no sinecure, and it taxed her even though she loved it. A Mistress must make a complete sacrifice of herself, of her time, and of any

taste or inclination she may have. She must be with her "children" all day, save for the few short intervals when she was relieved to attend choir or her other religious exercises, and this of itself is extremely trying. Then the character of the children constitutes another difficulty. Ordinary school-work is fatiguing enough, but the number of hours is limited and the youngsters good, bad, or indifferent, are normal. Here the Mistress sits at her desk, (and she may be a young girl who played endless games, free and unharassed upon the sea-shores of Noirmoutier, and then came, booklearned and with faultless manners, from an exclusive boarding-school across the street) ; the Mistress sits at her desk, the veil shading her grave young face, and opposite her are rows of faces upon almost all of which vice and passion have written their disfiguring stories. Some of these young women have been placed here by force, under a sentence; others have been sent by their own parents as incorrigible; a few come of their own will, pressed by sorrow, and occasionally by a desire to amend. It is a sad company. Heavy faces, rebellious faces, foolish faces. Some showing signs of physical infirmities, others the marks of degeneracy. A few are only giddy and have been led astray. But the eyes of the majority waver, and the glance is unsteady and indirect. All are difficult to handle. Whether they are morose and obstinate, taciturn or quarrelsome, or loquacious and vain, the Mistress must have patience and be merciful to all. It is her duty to see that they keep busy all the time, for work has a heating and moralizing effect, and idleness would be fatal. She must also see that, as far as possible, the class shall observe silence, except during the hours of recreation. Sometimes she speaks to them, and tells them a little story to while away the dullness, and sometimes she intones a hymn for them, that they may sing all together. But they are not always responsive. And if some days go smoothly, there are other days when everything goes dead wrong, and the poor Mistress is at her wits' end. Yet all this is but the outward work of the class-room. There is something much more important to which she must be continually attending. Every girl or young woman before her has wandered from the path of rectitude. Some are only foolish and ignorant: others deliberately wicked. And to every one of them she must be mother, inspirer, healer. She must strive to re-kindle whatever spark of light remains in the darkened soul; whatever germ of goodness dwells

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still, hidden beneath the mass of evil. For this is her fourth vow to labour for the salvation of souls. Many among them do not even know God, who is their Father. It is necessary to begin from the beginning, and teach them the elements of religion. Others have not heard of the Ten Commandments. The children of the revolution knew the Catholic Church only as a detestable something worthy of savage hate. To some it was news that they had a soul, and that it was imperative to save it. A few knew that they had broken laws, human and divine,

but it was grievous toil to induce them to repent, and to feel real contrition. This was the great victory of the grace of God for which the Mistress prayed and laboured. And it was not rare that she succeeded in bringing back sinful souls to the new life and radiance of sacramental purity. But how many combats and how many struggles before that hour! For our young Sister in the class, every conversion was a great and harrowing drama, followed with palpitating interest; and prayers, and watchings, and penances, were her contribution to the battle for the tormented soul. How close she kept to her; how much she tried to help her; and what transcendent joy was hers when she saw the repentant sinner approach the sacred tribunal to be purified in the Blood of Christ, and then kneel at the altar-rail to receive His Body! This moment rewarded her for days, weeks, months of tribulation; but the charge of the class meant close confinement for the body, and almost continual anxiety and- strain for the mind. "At the beginning of my religious life," she once said in later years, "I was given the care of a class that was very difficult." No complaints, no regret: a simple statement. The class was difficult. And she spent herself lavishly, as she always did. But her health then began to suffer; and, little by little, the bloom of the fair young face grew less. She had not been called to this task to indulge in loveliness. She had been called to follow Christ, and to share in His Passion, a white-robed cross-bearer. There can be only endless battles on earth for those engaged in saving souls.

Meanwhile her class was almost a model class, orderly and wellbehaved. She had had at the Association a preparation that proved most valuable. Sister Loisel, and especially Sister de Lignac, had taught her by their method and example what a genuine educator should be. But her own experiences with the penitents soon enlightened her upon a number of points of prime importance. She was sensitive, and infinitely tactful, and those two qualities kept her from making mistakes. But one thing she had realized immediately: she must try to win the children for she would never be able to do anything with them unless she had them whole-heartedly on her side. She won them easily. There was a charm

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about her that all felt. It did not diminish her authority, but it made their obedience far more willing. They knew perfectly well that she was devoted to them, but also that she would not suffer any violation of their rules. She had been warned that she must never relax her vigilance, that they would deceive her if they could, and that she must be continually on guard. So she was a little severe during the first months. She insisted on silence, and made a campaign to obtain it. It was so easy to whisper, and even to hold conversations, in the back rows! But by degrees the bad habit died out. She was surprised herself to see how much some of the girls improved. A few took the resolution never to commit

a deliberate fault. And, as she still continued to insist for better conduct, the confessor himself advised her not to press too much. "The class is doing very well now, my child. Do not be too severe: it might do harm. I think that now you have insisted enough." And as she was extremely obedient, she at once became more indulgent with regard to small misdemeanours. Perhaps that, too, was an advantage. But the children had grown so fond of her that they were most anxious not to displease her. She was averse to punishing, and always tried to avoid the severe measures, but she had discovered that if she fixed her eyes steadily upon a culprit in class, the girl became so distressed and confused that that was punishment enough. In confidence, unofficially, her pupils told her that a severe glance from her pained them so much that they would have preferred an outright punishment. She took advantage of their affection for her to draw them more and more sweetly to the appreciation of what is good. And more than once, some conversion of a wayward girl of whom she had not hoped much, came to console her immeasurably, and touched her so deeply that her whole heart went out to assuage and wipe away the tears of a repentance that was like that of Magdalen. Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia could never be a mere spectator. She lived intensely the lives of those around her, whether in joy or sorrow.

The brief hours of recreation which she was called to spend with the Community, (that also was reckoned a duty), proved to her how much she was beloved by that older branch of the family. When she appeared, each Sister wished to have her seated beside her. They showed the vacant chair and: - "Come, my little St. Euphrasia, come!" It was one of the pleasant memories of her early religious life that she had been able to bring a little brightness into the existence of those dear *anciennes*.

Some days her own soul was afflicted enough. The class was difficult, and on occasions, without any ostensible reason,, perhaps because the sky was clouded or perhaps because traitorous spring was in the air, the atmosphere in that grey room grew tense. She remembered one day in

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particular when she was almost driven to despair. The girls were all out of humour, and sulked at their work. In spite of her efforts, low talking and murmuring kept breaking forth continually, and the entire class was agitated and disturbed. She called for order; she admonished and rebuked: it was as if they did not hear her. She no longer knew what to do. Interiorly she was praying desperately; outwardly her whole strength was bent on maintaining self-control. When the Sister who was to relieve her appeared, she went out silently and crept to the Chapel, too grieved to wish to see or to speak with anybody. Prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, she prayed to Him Who had given His life for

sinners, to help her now in this hour of agony. It was a very bitter hour, a Gethsemane for the sensitive heart. But it has been said that the blackest sorrow cannot resist the proof of one hour spent before the Blessed Sacrament. Insensibly, the little Sister's grief ebbed. She began to take comfort, and to hope again. Ardently she prayed to the mysterious, yet eminently real Presence in the Tabernacle, to teach her what she should do and to help her in this dire need. Then, quite calm, her serenity and courage restored, she went back to her post. She did not need to speak. When she opened the door, to her surprise, the girls burst into tears. They ran to meet her, promising that they would never, never give her any cause of displeasure again, if she would only forgive them and stay with them as before. They were perfectly sincere - but unfortunately the flesh is weak.

She herself told the story of a very hot day in summer when a storm was brewing, and some evil spirit seemed to have got into her charges. "I remember that one Sunday a great many of them were terribly out-of-sorts; they would not listen to the Mistress, and on the contrary seemed to be making fun of her. They were sitting together under the shade of a tree as if they were plotting something. When I arrived, I tried to make them walk; but they would not follow me as they usually did. I was very much embarrassed and inwardly prayed to God to inspire me. At last I perceived a little grasshopper under my feet. I picked it up and showed it to some of them saying: 'See, how pretty it is!' One by one they came to see what it was and they began to laugh, exclaiming: 'A lovely object indeed! It's surely worth while to come and look at it.' I pretended not to hear what they said, and asked them instead what name they would like to give the little animal. 'We will bring it up,' I insisted, 'we will build a little house for it here, near us, and so forth.' As I persisted in the game, they began to be amused, and their mood changed so that in a few minutes the trouble had blown over and there were no more signs of ill-temper. They went spontaneously to look for a cage, arranged it so

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as to make it look like a castle, and the poor grasshopper served for some time to make our recreations entertaining." Only one who was resourceful, and who understood these big children well, could have succeeded in amusing them with so slender a source of interest as the common grasshopper. But the young Sister was full of ideas, and she presented them so brightly and attractively that it was difficult to resist her. The Superior, Mother St. Joseph, and the First Mistress, when they came to speak of Sister St. Euphrasia, were obliged to agree that it was long since they had seen in the class, a Mistress who showed such genius in handling the children, and who seemed to win, almost without trying to, such a

tribute of affection and respect.

It was scarcely to be wondered at that when, in the course of events, changes were made in the different employments, and the First Mistress passed to the direction of the Infirmary, Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia should succeed her in the position of First Mistress of the Class, to the great joy of the children. Personally she was sorry to lose the wise and experienced guidance of Sister Ste. Victorie, and she felt a little afraid of being in complete authority over the Penitents. But her Superiors had spoken and it only remained for her to obey. Her confidence she placed in Him Who had never abandoned her in her needs, and in that dear Mother Mary whom she seemed to love and to trust more with every day that passed.

Very seriously, she set herself to consider whether the Class was really doing well, or whether there were points that still demanded improvement. She told her pupils frankly that nothing but a model class would satisfy her, and that they must all respond, and cooperate with her, in making their class exemplary. They did not disappoint her, and order, silence, industry, obedience, were indeed perfectly observed. She was obliged to grant that the class was almost a model one. But what endeared it still more to her, was that a number of these girls had been won from evil by a sincere conversion, and she saw that they were making generous, and even heroic, efforts to acquire virtue. These were her richest rewards. And the girls did not hesitate to say, they even proclaimed the fact aloud that it was to Sister St. Euphrasia they owed their conversion. She would not grant that: she said that God alone had done it. But it was true that she prayed incessantly for them all. And she yearned, with the love of a mother, over the poor repentant souls who had so little care or teaching from the world, so little encouragement to good, but only a ferocious contempt and utter condemnation if they had fallen. If ever any human being had attempted to bring them back, it was some good priest who, in the confessional or out of the confessional,

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reminded them that Christ his Master had come to save that which was lost. The priest alone spoke earnest words, and did not show contempt. The Sisters bent over them to dry their tears. But sometimes it happened that this sorrow was so great, the Sisters themselves could not console it. Sister St. Euphrasia had one such "child" in her class. She had never known kindness or affection, She had never been taught what is right and what is wrong. Bad examples and foul speech were the only schooling she received. Scarcely out of adolescence, ignorant as a savage and frail withal, she had fallen into the ways of sin. Sister St. Euphrasia had only infinite pity for souls like this one. She told her of the love of God, of

the Death of Christ upon the Cross, of the Blood that washes away all stains, and of the Mercy:

"With arms so wide, it taketh those who do but turn to it."

The child was not only converted, she was so overwhelmed with contrition at the thought of having offended God, that she constantly wept, and the kind Mistress now was obliged to comfort her. She found the most excellent reasons to reassure her, and to inspire her with courage and confidence, but she could not assuage her sorrow. "Mother, it is no use," came the heart-broken answer, "nothing in this world can ever console me for having offended our Blessed Saviour." And in fact, though she attended diligently to her work, the fount of her tears could not be dried. Physically she began to droop more and more, and her whole attitude was that of one disenchanted with life. It became necessary to remove her to the infirmary, and though she received the tenderest care, it soon grew evident that she would not live. From her bed of suffering, she gave to her companions the example of genuine holiness; and when she came to die - a most precious death - Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia had a feeling that her own life had been re-consecrated in the regeneration of this soul, washed clean in the Blood of Christ and in the best tears human eyes can shed - the tears of repentance and pure love. She could not pass through such an experience as this one without growing more mature, but it deepened her love for her vocation, and made her realize still more how many souls are in urgent need, and might not be saved, without the Houses and the ministrations of the Daughters of Our Lady of Charity. She began to think and to say aloud that there were not enough girls in the class. There should be many more. The Community should begin to pray earnestly that Heaven would send them penitents in great numbers to convert. She herself was praying with tears, in spite of her labours, and often in the midst of combats and fatigue. But she did not care how much trouble and pain the children cost her, if only she could win their souls to God. An apostolic

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fire of zeal had been kindled in her own soul and it would continue to burn, ardently, devouringly, until she was wholly consumed by its flame. One day at recreation she expressed the wish that her "children" might not be twenty or thirty, but sixty at least. The *anciennes* raised their eyes and their hands to heaven. "Sixty, dear Sister! But you have your hands full with less than half that number! It is obvious that you did not see the Revolution, and the dispersion of our classes." "I am praying nevertheless," she answered, "that I may live to see sixty-and more-girls in this class." She lived to see many more than sixty; but at that date the older Sisters thought her ambitious, even rash. Already she was

beginning to feel that a work offering large possibilities of salvation to many imperilled and sinking souls, should be given a wider field and much greater expansion. She would have wished to push back the material walls of the monastery, that there might be more room inside the shelter of the cloister for so many helpless, hapless beings, struggling outside in the darkness of vice and sin: they might all be brought into the haven, rescued, and carried toward the pure light and the peace of God. But the older Sisters, while they admired her spirit of enterprise and zeal deemed that she wanted to undertake too much. Yet she was extraordinarily prudent and wise. And it was in these early years of her experience in the class that she gained the wide and deep knowledge that made her so great an authority in all that concerned the government and direction of the penitents, and that enabled her to advise with so much competence those who succeeded her in the same employment.

"If you want to gain souls to God, my dear daughters," she was wont to say, "you must make yourselves agreeable to them. So try to be very amiable. Let the light of peace be shining always upon your faces; let words of sweetness and charity flow from your lips and spread balm in the souls of those who are listening to you. Do not be stiff and proud in your manners; but easy, affable, obliging, and grave at the same time. In a word, let everything about you show that you are souls consecrated to God, and happy in your vocation."

There were special directions in regard to the treatment of penitents. "Never strike our poor children, never! however much they may provoke You. If you want to bring them back to God you must, generally speaking, speak little and punish rarely. A life of prayer is more effective than a thousand fine words for their correction, Piety speaks to their hearts more eloquently than the most magnificent speeches, and it is piety above all that you must try to inspire in them. You must make it a rule never to raise your voice when you are displeased. Sometimes their evil dispositions lead them to court punishment: that is the time to look as

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if you had not noticed it. You must be careful also not to punish the entire class for the fault of a few: it would be most unfair. Poor children who have done their best to work all day and to satisfy their Mistress, should not be treated in the same way as those who have done wrong. It requires a great deal of tact, a great deal of judgment, too, to speak of spiritual things opportunely. For instance, it would not be timely to speak to them of penance on a day when they had been given a dinner they did not like. On the contrary, it would be better to say to them: 'Poor children, I am so sorry you had that dinner today. I was really vexed about it.' And you may be sure they will answer you then: 'Oh, Mother, it doesn't

really matter at all. We do not mind.' And instead, on some other occasion, one can, in the course of an instruction, tell them what a great evil sin is, how much we shall have to suffer in Purgatory, and how happy we should be to have the possibility of exempting ourselves from these torments, by practising mortifications in this life."

"From time to time, you must find something good and pleasant to tell them in order to keep sadness away and to cheer them up in spirit. A Mistress who should get into the habit of sitting opposite to them all day, and never speaking to them, would certainly not find them disposed to listen to her when she should want to give them an instruction. It would be even worse if she should allow the time of recreation to pass, sad and serious, as the time of silence. You must keep them uplifted with innocent amusements. I would like you to know a great many pleasant anecdotes to tell them. You cannot think how much they enjoy them, and how much these little things help to save them from sadness and from the combats and temptations from which they suffer. You may believe me when I say that it takes a great deal of tact to find a way of entertaining them agreeably, and of distracting them from their own thoughts. You will need more talent to help them spend their recreations in holy joyousness, than to give them fine instructions. I remember that I myself was sadly distressed on Sundays when there was no High Mass, and that everything was over by eight o'clock in the morning. I used to think out on Saturdays what I could do to help those poor children spend their day pleasantly on Sunday."

One of her chief means of entertaining them was to give them an interesting, well-prepared religious instruction, after the manner of Sister de Lignac, and then engage them in a debate upon the subject discussed. She found that her pupils here enjoyed this method as much as she had done, and they would sometimes ask her when she was

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going to give them another of those nice instructions? She said herself that the promise of an instruction, held out as a reward, would frequently obtain several days of excellent behaviour. But, of course, she had the art of making the instructions exceedingly interesting and delightful, and so much of her own engaging personality went into them, that the pupils hung upon her lips. Later on in life, when it became necessary for her to give instructions to the Sisters, they found the same charm in listening to her, and some began to take down what she said in order that her words might not be lost. Truly the Saint of Beautiful Speech had conferred a share of her own gift upon the young Sister whose patron she had become in religion.

But while Sister St. Euphrasia laid so much stress upon the religious and spiritual training of her charges, she was far from neglecting what concerned them materially. She insisted upon cleanliness and order - (they were a part of training, too, and even morally important), and she saw to it that the children were decently and comfortably clothed. She insisted upon diligence and industry at work, but if a girl were ailing she excused her at once and sent her to the infirmary for a period of rest and care. If she could obtain any little pleasure for the children, the treat gave her even more pleasure than it did to them, she rejoiced with them, and they felt that "Mother" was happy over their enjoyment. Indeed, she was a firm believer in small kindnesses and small pleasures. "You will often find," she said, "that you can do more with a girl by giving her a cup of sugared milk, than by using severity." "How many faults can be avoided," she would say, "by means of a little holy joy!" Her own special, private prescription for success was always prayer. She prayed incessantly for her children: that they might be good, and for herself that she might be guided aright, and taught what to do for them. But her finger was always upon the pulse of the class, and she had an extraordinary intuition of what each individual needed. At times, one would have said that she was divinely inspired.

A pretty story is told of the time when Sister St. Euphrasia was Mistress of the class at Tours. She had a great devotion to the Founder of her Congregation, Father John, (now St. John Eudes), and on the day of his feast, she gathered a lapful of nasturtiums, and trailed them as a garland around his picture, in the room over which she presided. One day passed, and then another, and then still another; and the gay nasturtiums lifted their heads, airily and gracefully, with never a sign of bending. The children began to comment upon the wonder, and the Young Mistress herself was surprised. A week passed, and the flowers were as fresh as ever. The news filtered through to the Community

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room, and some of the Sisters came to see if it were true. For a month, the frail nasturtiums held up, brave and unwitting, then at the end they drooped, as all flowers do. But in the Community-room many a Sister nodded her head wisely. - "You observed the garland our little Sister Euphrasia trained around the picture of our holy Founder? Flowers that fade immediately and that lasted a whole month! Does it not seem to you, that it may mean something?" Curiously enough, there was an impression that the sign concerned the future.

About a year after Sister St. Euphrasia's profession, through a series of post-revolution incidents, a very distinguished religious of Our Lady of Charity, the same who had founded the Versailles Refuge, came to join the community of Tours. This was Sister Mary of St. Hyppolite, a woman of great faith, and of

unusually strong character. She seemed marked for leadership, and inspired so much confidence in the persons around her that when in 1819 the elections for a new Superior took place, she was chosen as head of the House. By this time the number of Sisters had increased, the penitents also were far more numerous, and, from her first coming among them, Sister St. Hyppolite had observed that the Community required more room. True, they had moved once already, only a few years earlier, but now that house, too, had grown insufficient, and the new Superior had a dream of her own: she wanted to buy back the property, in the north-western part of the town, where the Sisters of the Refuge had first dwelt when they established themselves in Tours over a hundred years ago. Many difficulties stood in the way of her doing this; but, after interminable negotiations, and endless prayers to Our Blessed Lady, the business was brought to a satisfactory conclusion in A.D. 1822, during the Octave of the Assumption. It seemed clear that the Queen of Heaven was extending her mantle over these favoured daughters. The old buildings had been partly destroyed and partly altered, but the original chapel, a monument of great devotion, remained. The Carmelites, who had taken over the premises when they re-founded their community at Tours, consented now to evacuate in favour of the primitive owners, and, after a long year of work, the restored buildings-and some new ones added-were ready to receive the White Sisters and their charges.

Those of the old Sisters who remained could scarcely believe their happiness in returning to the cradle of their Order in Tours, the old home which had been theirs before the Revolution. and where so many of their saintly predecessors had lived. The spot was so full of memories they beheld it again with tears. Sister St. Euphrasia had so sympathetic a nature that she shared all these emotions of the return, and she loved

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the past and its associations. She was particularly pleased too, that there was much more room now to accommodate a large number of penitents. Her apostolic soul was looking forward to fresh conquests in the ways of salvation. On the feast of the holy Guardian Angels, 2nd October, 1823, the venerable Archbishop of Tours, Monseigneur de Chilleau, came to bless the buildings and to establish the cloister, congratulating the Sisters on the unhoped-for return to their ancient home.

Sister St. Euphrasia continued for two years more to direct the Penitent-class and she was beloved by the children and held in the deepest esteem by her Superiors. It was at the time of the passing of the Community from the parish of St. Saturnin to the parish of Notre Dame Is Riche, that the assistant pastor of

the latter church, Father Aileron, was appointed as confessor to the Sisters. He was a holy and zealous priest, and became a lifelong friend of Sister St. Euphrasia for whom he at once conceived the deepest esteem and veneration. He continued to correspond with her even after his departure from Tours, and he revered her so much that he did not hesitate to ask her advice, even upon spiritual matters. Father Aileron testified many years later that, when he assumed the direction of this privileged soul he found her already far advanced in virtue, and deep in the shadow of the Cross. It did not surprise him. Outwardly, she was cheerful, and habitually bright: inwardly she was suffering. Besides the many difficulties inherent in her office, and conflicts with wayward spirits who would not respond to the invitations of grace, she had other interior trials which made her own spiritual life an incessant combat. Father Aileron, well-versed in matters of direction, thought it almost natural that a soul so rich in grace and divine favours should be enduring secret tribulation. "Because thou Wert pleasing to God, it was necessary that temptation should try thee." But he felt, at the same time, that in the trials, bases were being sunk, deep and strong, for an edifice of holiness upon which the Divine Builder was already at work.

These trials, which Father Aileron does not specify, were torturing the Sister's soul already in 1819, and he states that twelve years later, in 1831, she was still suffering from the same causes. From her words and actions, one would never have supposed that she had any grave afflictions. She was always gentle, always affable; and her winning smile flashed its light quickly over her face. But the great Saint who was the founder of the Passionist Congregation has, in one of his letters, a word that is searching in its brevity. Of the silent torments of heart and soul, unknown, unguessed, he has but one short thing to say: "The secret and hidden holiness of the Cross."

Superiorate of Tours

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MOTHER ST. HYPPOLITE, who had restored the primitive convent of the Refuge at Tours, had now completed her second term as Superior and in 1825, it became necessary to think of electing another Superior. Many eyes turned with desire upon the young Mistress of Penitents, who, besides being beloved by the entire community for her kind, cheerful helpfulness, had incessantly offered the example of a holy and perfect religious life. She had charmingly refined manners, which of itself is an asset, but in all the things which are of vital importance, they realized that she was one of the most distinguished, too. She had been called upon more than once in emergencies, and always she had shown an intelligence, a grasp of the situation, a directive energy that astounded the persons who witnessed it, and one sensed in her that reserve of strength, that latent, silent, indomitable power which is character and which inspires confidence even in the unwilling. Withal she was very humble. She did not seek to dominate. She would have preferred to live hidden in God, and to pass unobserved. If her true and exceptional value had been discovered, it was surely not because she had sought to display it; it was because Heaven permitted that gleams of it, flashes, from time to time, should pierce through the envelope of enshrouding modesty which guarded the treasures within her soul.

Two persons who were not members of the community had also cast eyes of appreciative admiration upon Sister St. Euphrasia. One was Madame Is Comtesse d'Andigné, a noble and wealthy lady of the *grande noblesse* of France, and also a very intelligent and capable person. As an old friend of Mother St. Hyppolite, she never failed, whenever she passed through Tours on the way to her estates in Anjou, to spend a few days at the Monastery, of which she was a constant benefactress, and she was always glad to hear the convent news and to discuss problems with the Superior. Sister St. Euphrasia had been presented to the aged gentlewoman, and the Countess looked again at the charming young face, and looked so long that she was evidently thinking something she did not say. More than once she spoke warmly, and even enthusiastically of that wonderful little Sister; and when

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some of the religious mentioned their anxiety in regard to the coming elections and the new Superior, without hesitating a moment, Madame d'Andigné enquired: "Why not Sister St. Euphrasia?" She had enough experience of things divine and human, and of men and women as such, to justify the question. Another person who shared her opinion was Canon Monnereau, a distinguished priest of the

Cathedral, Secretary General to the Archbishop, and held in high esteem throughout the diocese. Of all the Sisters of the Refuge he had singled out Sister St. Euphrasia as the most capable of holding office, and it was his earnest wish to see her elected, for the good of the community and the increase of the Sisters' admirable work. There was one difficulty which at first glance seemed insurmountable. The Constitutions of the Order required that a Superior should be forty years of age, and eight years professed: and the decrees of the Council of Trent prescribed thirty years of age and five of profession. Sister St. Euphrasia was thus ineligible for she was only twenty-eight years and ten months old. But Canon Monnereau, sure the Sisters wished to elect her, applied to Rome for a dispensation, even before the elections took place. He presided at these himself and on the 26th of May, 1825, Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia was unanimously elected Superior of the Refuge of Tours. She was enormously surprised. How could she permit those venerable aged religious to subject themselves to her? Yet she could not help seeing that they were all delighted, and that their obedience was utterly cordial and-wholehearted.

She must have been almost dazed when, aware that all power had been put into her hands, her mental vision, her widely imaginative perception, reached out to all the possibilities now within her reach. She was young, full of life, strength and energy. There were innumerable things she would have wished to do: and now perhaps she could do them. Some of them she saw very distinctly.

It was chiefly through humility and mistrust of self that she asked of her confessor the permission to oblige herself by vow to obey him in regard to all matters of importance. Or perhaps she felt how, when she was deeply convinced and certain to succeed, she was apt to go forward at all costs. And she wished to restrain her own ardour. With certain wise and far-seeing limitations, the director permitted her to take this vow, but only for a time. It goes clearly to show, however, that she did not take headlong resolutions, and that, whatever decisions she made, were first submitted to a grave arbitration and control. She felt that there was safety for herself and for those subject to her in this measure; but the responsibility was great even so.

One of her first acts was to buy a certain property adjoining the monastery, and to have a new building put up to house the Sisters. For two years, the community had lived cramped and in discomfort in what had been the penitents' quarters, and the new Superior felt that it was time something was done to give them a little more breathing-room. She changed the dress of the children, giving them a uniform that was less clumsy and more becoming; - needless to say this measure met with their enthusiastic approval, - and she gave orders that their food should be more abundant and better prepared. All these improvements demanded increased expenditure, but she was not troubled, she was confident that Divine Providence would help her to make the Sisters and the children a little happier and a little more comfortable. The effort seemed to her eminently worth while. And curiously enough, the reaction in both cases was a renewal of spiritual fervour. The entire establishment, religious and children, all seemed to respond.

At the same time there was a movement from outside. Numerous penitents applied for admission to the class, and young girls of good families asked to be received as postulants. Heaven itself seemed to be approving whatever Mother St. Euphrasia undertook. The house was admirable in its perfect order, regularity, and well-being; in fact it was so exemplary in every way that it attracted the esteem and favour of the whole city, and the Refuge became widely known, almost as a civic institution.

But Mother St. Euphrasia had another plan that lay deep in her heart awaiting such time as she should be able to put it into execution. For years now, she had been nursing it, but it had always seemed to her too difficult to put into effect. During the eight years that she spent in the class as Mistress, there had been several young girls under her direction who were not only wholly converted but who had begun to strive earnestly after perfection, and who ardently desired to consecrate their lives to God. The Rules and Constitution of the Refuge absolutely forbade the reception of penitents among the White Sisters, and St. John Eudes explained his point of view: It was imperative that those who were to labour among the erring and fallen should be immaculate themselves. Some of these penitents seemed none the less to have genuine religious vocations. But when the attempt was made to place them in other communities, either they were refused, or else after a time, they were dismissed. They themselves, accustomed for years to the formation given by the White Sisters, were lonely and ill at ease in the midst of strangers, and could with difficulty adapt themselves to new rules and

customs.

"Why do you not let us be Sisters here?" they had asked more than once. "We do not ask to be with the Mothers. Just let us be Sisters among ourselves, here, those of us who want to be." it was one of the problems Sister St. Euphrasia had often revolved in her own mind, and she had not seen the solution clearly. If she broached the subject to religious older and more experienced than she was herself, the answer was discouraging: "But, Sister dear, you know our Rules forbid it. Let them go to some other Congregation. Though to tell you the truth, it doesn't seem to work and they come back." Sister St. Euphrasia knew that. She had seen it herself. Yet here were souls yearning to retire into a deeper solitude, to be alone with God, and to practice penance. Were her children asking for bread, and must she give them a stone? Yet it would not be so difficult to do, in reality. The little group must simply be separated from the class, given a Rule and a special demure habit, and one of the White Sisters would be their Mistress or Directress as she had been in the past. Sister St. Euphrasia had even thought of a name for them: they were to be the Sister Penitents of St. Mary Magdalen. But she was only twenty-eight years old, and she had no authority outside the class.

Then came her unexpected, undreamed election. She was twentyeight and ten months, and at the head of the House to direct it, with the help of God, in whatever manner she thought best. But she would not rely upon her own judgment. Her confessor, Father Alleron, consulted, thought the idea altogether marvellous. Canon Monnereau expressed complete approval. Thus fortified, she announced to the assembled Community the determination she had just taken, And she did it in her own bright, resolute way, with just a touch of the old Rose-Virginie of Noirmoutier when she was inclined to be wilful. - "You have made me Superior. I am not worthy of it, and I am confused by it. But since you have made me Superior, we are going to have the Magdalens."

She had in the meanwhile written to the Refuge in Paris, where a somewhat similar group of penitents living in close retirement were known as: "Les Madelonettes." She wished to know just how this group was organized and governed. But a discouraging letter came back from the Sister in charge - "If you have no crosses and wish for a few choice ones, then found your Magdalens." She went on to explain some of the particular difficulties which the little Sisterhood would encounter. But Mother St. Euphrasia saw at a glance what was wrong with the Madelonettes, and put her finger upon the deficiency. - "You give them

none of the privileges of the cloister, and, without these, you expect them to fulfil all the obligations of an active and a contemplative life at once." She had several aspirants herself whom she considered wellprepared. She had carefully watched them, and instructed and directed them. She was convinced that they were called to the religious life. They were to live together, take vows and support themselves by the work of their hands. They themselves desired their Rule should be a Rule of penance and to this end Mother St. Euphrasia thought that a modified form of the Rule of St. Teresa would be particularly appropriate for her little group of aspirants. She was in touch with the fervent Carmel of Tours through her old school friend Angélique Dernée, (now Sister Mary of the Incarnation and later Prioress of that community), and Father Monnereau who was ecclesiastical Superior of the Carmelites supported her request. These venerable religious consented that the little Sisterhood of the Magdalena should observe their Rule, modified so as to suit their particular requirements, and wear their habit, with some slight alterations, chiefly the substitution, suggested by Mother St. Euphrasia, of a black mantle instead of the white one used both by Carmel and the Refuge. The Carmelites were so much interested in the foundation of the Magdalena, that they themselves prepared the habits for the first four Sisters clothed, and gave them as a gift.

This small community of the Magdalen Sisters, enclosed within the larger community of the Refuge, and existing as it were by its good-will, is established in separate quarters and directed by one of the White Sisters delegated to this effect by the Mother Superior. Their life is extremely retired and penitential. They rise at four o'clock, and spend several hours in prayer. The entire day is given to work, chiefly fine sewing and embroidery, and perfect silence must be observed save during the hours of recreation at noon and after supper. One of the chief duties of the Magdalena was to pray for the conversion of sinners, and for the inmates of the House who remained stubborn in their waywardness, and it was observed more than once that their intercession obtained the graces which had been withheld before. Mother St. Euphrasia was deeply convinced that her little penitents were very dear to the Heart of Christ, and she herself cherished them with a peculiar tenderness. She watched over them constantly to sustain and encourage them.

The story of the first Magdalens reads almost like one of the legends of the Golden Book, or like some Saints' chronicle of the Middle Ages. Among the number were four who were particularly fervent and so humble that they lived in continual fear lest temptation should overcome them and cause them to offend God again. They had such a dread of

committing sin that they prayed that if it were the Divine Will they might be taken out of life rather than run the risk of imperilling their soul again. It seemed as if their prayer were heard and answered. One after the other, in the precise order of sequence in which they had made their profession, death came to summon them hence; and these four deaths were so precious and so happy, that none could have any doubt but that the Sisters were going to the fulfillment of their desires and an eternity of bliss. Mother St. Euphrasia used to tell a very remarkable story about one of these young Sisters. She was an innocent girl who had never known sin herself, but she had a mother who was thoroughly corrupt and who lived a scandalous life, and her daughter, in deep grief, asked to be admitted among the Magdalena that by a life of prayer and penance she might obtain the grace of repentance and conversion for that soul which was so dear to her. She died very young, the death of a saint, and immediately her sacrifice seemed to win its reward. The mother was struck to the heart by the account of that angelic transit, she turned away from her habits of sin, conceived the deepest and most abiding sorrow for her past transgressions, and ever after lived an exemplary life in the constant remembrance of the beloved daughter who had offered up her own life for the salvation of her mother's soul.

Mother St. Euphrasia whose clear, strong mind was not subject to illusions, often related to the Sisters that on the night following the little Magdalena death, she saw her enter her room - "But even I who am so afraid of the dead," she added candidly, "felt no fear at seeing her." The child was in the midst of a brilliant light: but instead of wearing the brown Carmelite habit which she had worn in life, she wore the white habit and the white mantle of the Sisters of the Refuge. She told Mother St. Euphrasia, that she was in Heaven, "in the Choir of the Religious of Our Lady of Charity." Then, lowering her eyes and raising her voice, she added: "Our Lord has given me the place of one of our Mothers who has just died out of her vocation." In fact, on the following day, the Community learned of the death of one of the ancient Sisters, one of those dispersed by the Revolution, and who had not cared to return when the Survivors came together again. She had died suddenly, on the previous day, in a house in the country.

While Mother St. Euphrasia had a maternal tenderness for the Magdalens, the young Superior felt that her own community had first right to her time and care, and she endeavoured to give of her best to this. Example, instruction, encouragement; her company whenever it was

possible; and her diligent and even anxious vigilance over the souls and bodies entrusted to her. She was so much a mother that one almost lost the sense of her Superiorship. Very rarely she rebuked, but with so much justice and so much

consideration that the correction brought the offender nearer to her instead of repulsing her. One point upon which she was severe was the exact observance of the Rules and Customs; and another point was the absolute perfection of demeanour in choir. She did not wish to have the smallest sound made, and priests who said Mass in the chapel declared that it was difficult to believe so many persons were present as there was not even the suspicion of a sound. However, in regard to spiritual and moral tribulations she was full of understanding and sympathy. She was always ready with counsel or consolation, and her daughters declared that, on many occasions, she was supernaturally enlightened with knowledge concerning their interior state. One of her religious used to relate in her old age that at one time when she was a novice she was beset by a grievous temptation which caused her intense suffering and which she had not made known. At the evening Office, when the prayers were ended, she remained kneeling in her place. To her surprise somebody came behind her and touched her shoulder. She was still more surprised, when she turned to see the gentle and grave face of the Mother bending over her. The "Great Silence" had begun, which lasts from the evening office until the following morning, and the Mother was very particular about its exact observance. But this time she spoke, and her eyes- that were so beautiful and expressive-asked the same question as her lips. - "My child, you have something to say to me, have you not? What is it?" In a few whispered words the trouble was told and the balm of comfort given, and the novice, wondering exceedingly, was able to go to rest in perfect peace.

The young Mother was extremely anxious for the continual advancement in virtue of her daughters, and she had begun already to give them those admirable instructions which later were taken down in writing by one of the hearers and preserved for future generations. One of her Most frequent and urgent recommendations was in regard to mental prayer. She justly attributed the greatest importance to it, and she was wont to say that, without it, the religious life itself became a series of merely exterior observances. - "You will never become really interior souls, united with God and eager for holiness, without this most precious exercise." And again: "Draw the sweet honey of prayer for the nourishment and sustenance of your soul. You will never become truly spiritual, or able to help others, without it. And do not consider that you

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are losing time when you are giving it to meditation; on the contrary, if you have made that well, you will find that afterwards you will accomplish four times the amount of work which you would have done without the preparation of prayer."

Her own wealth of interior life was so abundant a spring of vital energy that

people often wondered how she could accomplish all that she did. But it was very clear that it was neither youth nor natural activity which made her operations so successful. It was her enormous faith, her wonderful confidence in God, and her incessant prayer. Grace was the chief motive power behind her innumerable undertakings, and there was, in her spirit, a peculiarly characteristic desire of and capacity for expansion which seemed to be continually driving her toward fresh and still wider fields; something of the apostolic quality inspired and commanded by that word of long ago: "Go, teach all nations." A lowly woman, shut up in a cloister-bound monastery, in that noble yet small city of Tours; and the Holy Ghost seemed to have breathed upon her, for she was indefatigable, though it still appeared to her that she did nothing, and that, outside the walls of enclosure, there was an immense world waiting for the Word of God which must bring it Redemption. She was doing all that she could within those walls, but her desires reached out further, to every human soul she could attain. Two words might have composed her motto: "To do," and "To give." They would have described her inexhaustible double activity.

She had not been Superior for one year when the population of the Institute was almost trebled, and a whole list of new works were added to those already in flourishing efficiency. She had put up a new building for the Sisters and improved and enlarged the other houses. She had founded the Magdalens, a most precious addition even in her own eyes. She had increased the number of penitents and there were now not sixty in the class, as she had dreamed and the Sisters protested, but a round seventy. She had decided that it was in the vocation of her Order to try to preserve the innocent from failing, and so she gathered orphans, and little abandoned girls, helpless waifs of the streets, embracing them all in the greatness of her charity until she had eighty of these little ones to feed, clothe, and educate. Her means were extremely limited, but she trusted in the Providence of God. Then she was asked, because Catholic boarding-schools were still few and far apart, if she would take a limited number of children of the better class and give them a good religious education, and she agreed, thinking chiefly of the souls of those children; but realizing too, that the pupils with means would help to take care of the pupils who were poor. So there was a small, select group of

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twelve, forming a separate boarding school.

What began to worry Mother St. Euphrasia was that, hard as the Sisters might work, there were really not enough to take care of all these different departments. But Heaven itself seemed to come to her assistance for the more works she undertook, the more postulants came to ask admittance; and a large

number of young Sisters in the Novitiate promised well for the future. The great and vigorous development of the Community can only be attributed to a special blessing from above.

Mother St. Euphrasia found that her own time was being continually broken up by visitors, but much as she regretted this, she felt that it was important for the success of their works that the Sisters should have friends. As Mistress of the class she had lived in complete retirement with her children; but a Superior has other duties. She had been set upon a candle-stick in order that her light should shine upon many, and many came to her and she proved a revelation to them. Protectors and benefactors offered alms but in return they received the charity of prayers and of edification. All the most distinguished ecclesiastics of Tours, and they were many, found their way to the convent, and without exception they were struck by the personality of this young Superior, for there was about her an indescribable something that it was hard to define and yet which conquered them. Mingled in her were a number of varying elements blended, harmonized to make a perfect whole. Delicate womanliness, good-breeding, charm, refinement; sympathy and understanding; strong character tempered by tact; and the aureola of unconscious holiness. "A wonderful woman, a saintly nun," was the verdict of all who came in contact with her.

Father Nogret, who afterwards became Bishop of Saint-Claude, was one of the priests who met Mother St. Euphrasia at this time, and many years later, speaking to the Sisters at Dole, he recalled the impression of extraordinary intelligence and ability he had brought from his interviews with her. "What a woman!" he exclaimed. "And what a mind! She would have been capable of governing the entire Church!"

Another person who made the acquaintance of the new Superior and who was well able to appreciate her was the well-known Canon Pasquier, a saintly man, busy with innumerable works of charity. When he met Mother St. Euphrasia, he conceived so great a veneration for her, that subsequently he was never able to refuse anything she might ask him and he spontaneously offered the Sisters his services for anything of which they might stand in need.

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Men and women of the world did not escape the radiation of the Mother Superior. They found themselves talking to her intimately and confidentially, pouring into her ear sorrows that they concealed from their own friends. She gave advice and comfort, she promised prayers, her kindness enveloped them as it did every afflicted soul that came within her ken, and without trying to win

them, she won them utterly and they were staunch and deeply attached friends forever after. A gentleman who held a high public office in the city once came to speak with her about a matter that was troubling him and causing him grief, and she was able to give him valid help and to relieve him of a great embarrassment. He was so grateful for her sympathetic help, and for the words of kindness she then addressed to him, that he returned later to thank and when he was appointed Mayor of the City, he promised to watch over the Monastery, and in case of any disturbance he would send gendarmes to defend the Sisters. Mother St. Euphrasia was happy to receive this assurance as latterly there had been fresh outbreaks of hostility against the Church and against the government.

For three years now the young Superior had been in office and she had done untold good, diffusing her radiation to the farthest possible limit and raising the standard of the Institution to a height it had never yet attained. The people of Tours were proud of the great House of the Sisters and pointed to it as a model establishment. But her term of Superiorate expired in 1828, and she - consequently went out of office, as the Constitutions required, at the end of three years. In reality she only went out nominally, for in May she was unanimously re-elected, and the whole House was filled with exuberant bliss and celebrated a festival of rejoicing on teaming that for three years more she would be its guiding star and directress.

But Mother St. Euphrasia was thoughtful. After humbling herself in the presence of God, recognizing her utter unworthiness to be entrusted with this great work of His, she began to ask herself if she were doing enough. The whole house teemed with energy and life. Heaven seemed to be giving not only abundance and superabundance, but a wealth of fruition that presently would make the granaries overflow. The orphanage was full, the penitents' class was full, the novitiate, -especially the novitiate - full, and fresh postulants were making application to be received among the White Sisters. Mother St. Euphrasia observed it all, and she had a sort of prophetic foresight or intuition that the Lord of the Harvest was sending labourers because He had work for them to do. Still she waited, not having yet received the sign which indicated His will. But the image of the bee-hive was

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in her mind. She often likened her daughters to bees, those wondrous, industrious little beings, always murmurous, always flying from flower to flower to extract honey, and living a community life in which each has her special employment. But must they not swarm at last? That was the question in her mind which had become almost a problem. Must they not, ultimately, swarm at last? And would it not be a holy and most desirable issuing-out since it would

mean a multiplication of the good already effected? There were but few Houses of the Sisters of the Refuge, though the work had been established for nearly a century and a half. If there were more Houses, the number of souls drawn into the Refuge and saved would be far greater. And if God blessed her particular House with a redundancy of life, and a large number of vocations flocking to it, was it not precisely in order that the work should be able to extend by means of new foundations? The idea was certainly not new. Every House founded, save that of Caen alone which was their cradle, had been founded from some other House. But Mother St. Euphrasia, who seemed so daring sometimes, would not act in this case until she saw what seemed to her clearly, the sign and approbation of God. One certainly could not accuse her of not being prudent enough.

About this time it happened that one of the Magdalens lay grievously sick, and the physician had small hope of saving her. Mother St. Euphrasia frequently visited her, as she did all the sick in the House, and indeed more than once the sufferers had declared that after the Mother made the Sign of the Cross on their forehead, the fever had left them. But no such cure was to be worked in favour of the dying Magdalen. She had been one of the Mother's special cares when she was Mistress of Penitents. The Mother had worked over her for years, and her sincere conversion and subsequent holy life had been one of her greatest consolations. The child had eventually insisted upon joining the Magdalen Sisters, and she was so true a penitent in spirit that it was difficult to make her accept any little comfort or alleviation of her pain. She wished, she said, not to be relieved in her sufferings. Christ had suffered still more, and she was eager to be able to offer Him her pain undiminished in reparation for her sins. Mother St. Euphrasia came one day as usual to the bedside, and the Sister greeted her with effusion. "O my dear Mother, my best friend," she cried to her, "what great good you have done me! To you I owe my conversion. What a consolation to see you! I think Jesus Christ Himself is sending you to me now to strengthen me." She was suffering intensely but no complaint ever passed her lips. Mother St. Euphrasia knew that she could count upon the gratitude of

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this soul. "My child," she said to her affectionately, "it may be that you will be dying soon. If you have the happiness of going to Heaven, as I certainly hope you will have, promise me that you will ask God to let me know whether the thought I have of founding houses for souls who wish to leave the ways of sin, is a thought inspired by Him." "But, Mother, how can you doubt it?" the child exclaimed. "Yes, leave it to me. I will speak to Our Lord about it." She died shortly after, and while the Mother was still thinking of the message which she had given her, an urgent

appeal came from the city of Angers, begging her, as Superior of Tours, to use every effort to open a House of Refuge in that city where it was so pressingly needed. Mother St. Euphrasia could not help feeling that her message had been delivered, and that this was the answer.

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The Foundation of Angers Vill

By WORD of mouth, Mother St. Euphrasia had sent her request to Him who hears even in the silence; and the answer had come swiftly, pointedly. An urgent petition from the Bishop of Angers to found a Refuge in that city, where the need for it was crying. There was a suddenness and irresistible quality about the appeal that struck the Mother as remarkable; and, a matter still more curious, it was made by a messenger, who had come expressly from Angers, and who made his plea by word of mouth.

To go back somewhat in the history of these preliminaries, it should be said that Angers, the ancient capital of Anjou, had once possessed two institutions for the care and shelter of women and young girls who were in need of protection; but both had been swept away by the tidal wave of the Revolution. A noble woman of the city who had survived the storm and who spent her whole life in piety and good works, the Countess de Neuville, had done all that she could individually to succour the many unfortunates she found upon her path; and sometimes they appealed to her directly to save them; but she realized that one person working alone was insufficient, and she was considering the re-establishment of that particular foundation which was known in the city as «Le Bon Pasteur,» the Good Shepherd, and which had met with the sympathy of the population. But even while she was considering this, death came and took her, and she was only able to beg her son to see that her wish was carried out, leaving thirty thousand francs for the purpose. Dutifully, Augustin de Neuville presented the sum to the Bishop and conveyed his mother's last will; but the prelate shared with many others the fear that a fresh revolution was brewing; and he did not think the time propitious for the beginning of any new work. Also, though perhaps he did not say it aloud, he knew that the sum placed in his hands was totally insufficient for the foundation of a house of refuge. But when his clergy learned of the donation, they clamoured unanimously that the thing must be done as the need for it

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was beyond power of expression, and they opened subscriptions in all the parishes of the city, generously contributing out of their own scanty resources for this great end.

One of the most ardent advocates of the foundation was the pastor of the Cathedral, Father Breton, a zealous and devoted priest, much beloved by his people in spite of what they described in him as a "*pointe d'originalité*" a touch of originality, a capacity for sometimes doing things that were unusual. He had taken this matter of the Refuge so much to heart that it seemed to him he would go to the world's end to carry it through. His brother-priests were heartily with him, so that they completely won over the Bishop, and it was decided that Father Breton should look about for a religious community which would be willing to re-open and conduct an institute such as the Bon Pasteur. He began by writing to one of his parishioners, the Countess d'Andigné, who was a travelled and resourceful person, and who was in Paris at the time. Did she know of any Sisters in Paris who would undertake such a work and whom she could recommend? Quickly the answer came back. She did not know of any such Sisters in Paris, but she did at Tours, and they were admirable, and their Superior was an altogether exceptional person and a close friend of hers. She strongly urged Father Breton to write directly to the latter. But Father Breton had his own ideas about how to conduct his undertakings. He was not going to be satisfied with words. He was going first to see with his own eyes how these Sisters of Tours conducted their establishment: if well, it would be time enough to ask them. He obtained a permission, in writing, from the Archbishop of Tours to enter the enclosure and visit all the different departments of the house, and, armed with this, he presented himself at the monastery. Mother St. Euphrasia may have been surprised, but the Archbishop had given leave, and she had not a word to say. She received her visitor with the greatest courtesy, in fact with reverence, as she did all priests, however much his manner might be bluff, his visage ruddy, and his grey hair tumbled. She did not know his history, and it was not necessary that she should know it. He was a priest, and that was enough. But her ready sympathy would certainly have gone out to him, had she known how, as a deacon he had been driven into exile in 1793, ordained in Spain, and after seven long years of waiting, far from home and kin, at length, in 1800, he had seen the possibility of stealing back; and having reported to his Bishop, he was ordered to go and open the parish church at St. Pierre de Saumur where he said, on the First Sunday of Advent, the first Mass celebrated there since the Revolution. At present Father Breton was parish-priest in the fine old Cathedral of St. Maurice at Angers, and he had taken on

years, and a certain outward bluntness which in no way impaired his worth.

He was very much impressed with the young Superior. Madame d'Andigné was right. This was no ordinary person. And how old could she be? Perhaps thirty-three or four. A very remarkable woman. Absolutely self-possessed, clear-eyed, clear-minded, with a manner that implied a reserve of quiet force, and yet absolutely gentle, gracious even, and manifesting a profound respect that betokened her deep spirit of faith, simply because her unknown visitor was a priest.

Father Breton had come by surprise, and his presence was unexpected, but he was struck at once with the silence and the serenity of the house. Nobody was speaking, save some mistress in a class-room; but there was no atmosphere of severity or of repression. Every person, young or old, was working, each one in her own department, and the cleanliness and order, the air of cheerful industry, shone throughout the entire establishment. In the broad, airy corridors, in the pleasant courts the sun was shining. The plan was explained as the visitor passed into the different sections. The Community in a building of their own; the classes for junior and senior penitents separate; the little children and orphans in still another department; and the Magdalen Sisters, small, privileged group, living in particular retirement. Father Breton was filled with admiration. It seemed to him that he had never yet beheld anywhere such perfect organization, such perfect harmony. There was a wonderful spirit in the house: he sensed that immediately: a deeply religious spirit that stamped the entire establishment as monastic; but he had heard the penitents sing, at a certain moment, in the class-room where they were working; and at another moment one of the courts was full of laughter, and of the cries of little children at play, soft cries, tuned to joy, like those of homing birds. The more the good priest saw, the more his admiration grew. When his tour of inspection was completed, he asked to speak with the Mother Superior alone. And he unfolded then the object of his coming. He said how wonderful this Institution seemed to him, and he poured forth into the Mother's ear all the efforts of Angers --the legacy of Madame de Neuville, the voluntary contributions of the clergy, begging Mother St. Euphrasia not to refuse them, but to come to Angers to save souls, as she was obviously doing already here.

Mother St. Euphrasia was deeply touched. Her visitor did not know her own passionate aspirations, the long days and nights of anxious thought, the incessant prayers which had gone up to Heaven that she might learn whether the inner voice that seemed to her to be crying

without cease: "Expand, expand!" was only a deception. She had sent a message quite recently, by word of mouth. And this grey-haired priest, begging so earnestly for the salvation of souls, had brought the answer. Only the other day, Monseigneur his Bishop had received a letter, even while this business of reviving the extinct Bon Pasteur was under consideration, from a young girl whose parents had placed her for correction and reform in the Refuge of Caen, and who had been so touched by grace, through the kindness of the nuns, that she wrote begging her Bishop, for she was of Angers, to open a similar house in his episcopal city that many other wayward girls might be brought back to God as she had been. "Mother, you must come to Angers," the good priest insisted - « I will not take a refusal. Monseigneur will not take a refusal. I bring you the prayers and the welcome of all the clergy of our city. »

Mother St. Euphrasia was able to assure him of her own complete willingness and joy, but at the same time she informed him that, in a matter so important as a new foundation, it would not be possible for her to act alone. She must call together the Community Council and be guided by their decision. Not without apprehension, and yet with a tremendous hope beating in her heart, she assembled the Council, and unfolded to them the proposal she had just received. To her unspeakable sorrow and chagrin, every Sister present was opposed to the plan. The house was doing very well, they were all busy and content. What did they want with travel, displacement, the cares and anxieties of a fresh foundation? For them this one house was sufficient. She recognized the voices of the *anciennes*. They were tired; they had lived and suffered enough. All they asked was to be allowed to remain quiet in their little corner, and to die in peace. But were the younger members of the Council also to share this inertia? Mother St. Euphrasia was genuinely disappointed. And she began to plead valiantly, eloquently, for the souls in peril of eternal loss. Had they made their fourth vow to sit at home and refuse to help any but those who were at their door? And this worthy priest who had come begging them, in the name of the Bishop and of all the clergy of his city, to come and help them to save souls: were they going to refuse his request? Was it possible they could answer only with a refusal, and would they be justified? Her own deep, inner conviction that this was the will of God, her own ardent desire to extend and enlarge the work of salvation that a far greater number of souls might be reached, gave the Mother's words a fire and a persuasive quality that should have stiffed every one of her listeners. But in reality they all shrank back at the prospect of the unknown. Prudence, they said.

Was the word of one unknown priest a sufficient guarantee to make safe the future? Mother St. Euphrasia was not imprudent; but she had the unbounded confidence in Divine Providence which always kept her from hesitating, once she thought she had seen the sign of God. She felt sure that she saw it now. It was a hard battle, and the victory scarcely a victory. They only consented, and not too willingly, that she should go and see what Angers proposed.

Father Breton must have realized that the consent given had been precarious. He offered to wait until the Mother was ready to start: he would accompany her himself, she would have no expenses of travel. He would think of everything. Possibly she herself thought that it would be better not to delay. It was decided that on the morrow the travellers should set forth. Father Breton providing the carriage, and Mother St. Euphrasia taking with her as companion that Sister Ste. Victoire who was formerly Mistress of Penitents. The journey was a long one in those days of coaches, long stops, and general absence of haste. "People arrived nevertheless," a sympathizer has said, and of course the word is true. In the case in point, Father Breton prolonged the journey considerably by stopping twice, at Chinon and Bourgueil respectively, to visit relatives. At the close of the third day, they were still going, and night came on. Father Breton was intending to stop over at Rogières, where the parish priest was an old friend. They reached the presbytery at eleven o'clock to find it buried in darkness and silence. But by dint of pounding on the door, the inmates were at last awakened. Truth to tell, the unexpected guests were received with the greatest kindness and courtesy, and the two nuns were thankful to be able to lie down for the last lap of the road toward the city of their destination. It was already for them the city of desire.

Angers, in itself, is no mean centre. It has its wealth of history and association, as the vast majority of the cities of France do. Of *galloroman* origin, it still bears in the nomenclature of the Church its early Christian denomination of "Andegavi," the title of its Bishop. Situated toward the northwest, it is chief city of the department of Maine-et-Loire, which takes its name from the two great rivers which wash it; it has a population of some 74,000 souls, and does a considerable business of various kinds. Geographically, the city is divided into two parts, separated by the broad course of the river Maine which flows through it almost directly from North to South; the most important section lies to the east, upon an eminence, and here the principal monuments are to be found. The lower portion, to the west, goes by the name of "Doutre," meaning no doubt "D'Outre Maine," beyond the river, as distinguished

from the centre. The city has many interesting monuments, landmarks of its past history, and many ancient notable buildings. Up to recent years the amphitheatre built by the Romans was still to be seen, although in ruins. The twelfth century Cathedral of St. Maurice, where Father Breton was in charge, has splendid sculptural details in the façade, and gorgeous stained glass windows in the apse and side-walls. The venerable pastor had long since gone to his reward when in 1895, in a vault beneath the sanctuary, the forgotten tombs of René, who had been King of Anjou, and of his wife, a Princess of Lorraine, were rediscovered. The street which still goes by its suggestive name of Rue Plantagenet serves to recall that there was a day when Anjou was a part of the domains of Henry II of England. The medieval associations of Angers are rich, and full of colour, as so many of the flags were that floated in the historic streets. The people have retained a pride out of their past, considering themselves, perhaps justly, of a superior refinement, of a more delicate intellectual culture. In fact Anjou is jealous of its reputation.

It was to this Angers, which so far she only knew by name, that Mother St. Euphrasia, very tired and still sick from the motion of the coach, drew near that noon-time in May. She took note of the walls and of the old grey streets. But Father Breton did not mean the Sisters to arrive unnoticed. At a certain point he stopped, opened the carriagedoor, and addressed the travellers resolutely: "*Mesdames*, the holy Apostles went on foot. You would surely not think of arriving in a coach. Do please alight." They could not very well refuse, and so, under the scorching sun, by the ancient streets and *steep montées* he led them, preceding them by a few steps, and leaning on his generous umbrella, while the town-folk turned out to stare on the two strange persons who were accompanying him. Father Breton directed his way first to the Bishop's palace, and no doubt there was a sense of triumph in his arrival, for not only he had brought a favourable reply, he had brought the Sisters themselves, like a conqueror, in his train!

There was no doubt about the Bishop's welcome, and about his joy on seeing the Sisters. He was delighted at their coming, he extended to them, with the greatest courtesy, the greetings of his city, and proceeded to question them with real interest in regard to their Congregation, their manner of life, their Rule, and so forth. Monseigneur Montault des Isles, an aristocrat by birth, and a true and holy priest, never withdrew from the Sisters the deep and sincere regard which he conceived for them that day. While he chatted with them, he observed that it would be well for them to meet Count de Neuville, and a messenger was dispatched to

summon that gentleman, who lived in the Rue de Is Toussaint, not far away. Thus it was the Bishop himself who presented their future benefactor to the Sisters. And when the prelate suggested that it would be well for the ladies to take a look at the property which Father Breton had been thinking of purchasing for them, Count de Neuville asked permission to accompany them and to show them the way. Thus escorted, they took leave of Monseigneur, and by way of the lower bridge over the Maine, and past the antique, solitary church of St. Jacques, they came to the low land which lies along the further bank of the great river, at some small distance from the town.

Father Breton had first thought of trying to recover in the Rue S. Nicolas the building which had originally housed the "Bon Pasteur;" but that institution was completely wiped out, and the building itself had served as a prison during the Revolution. It was now in alien hands, and there seemed no reason to reclaim it. Next his attention passed to another spot which seemed to him appropriate. This was at the extreme south-western limits of the city, in a solitary locality, and the rudimentary buildings had been used for the manufacture of those brilliant coloured thin fabrics, printed with showy Persian and Indian designs, described in France as *indiennes*. The owners of this factory had recently failed, and the property was for rent or sale. Father Breton thought the place desirable, but he wished the Sisters to see it before taking any steps. In reality, there was not very much to see. Low ground, lying near the river, where there would frequently be a mist. A few ramshackle buildings, deplorably out of repair. Land that neglect had left wild and fallow. Enough to cause one a sinking of the heart, if one looked at it only as it was. But the woman who was Mother St. Euphrasia never saw things only as they were. She saw with the imagination, which is a rare gift, inspiring hope. She saw wide space, solitude, a great, noble river that would serve as a boundary, fields over which a slight silvery mist floated, almost as an illusion; land that could be tilled and cultivated. There were groves of trees, and ponds of water which had served the dyers. They would serve other purposes now. True, the buildings were out of repair; but one could restore and renovate them. Mother St. Euphrasia had the eye and the genius of a pioneer. She saw the future. She saw the place distinctly, not as it was but as she planned to make it, and its abandonment could not discourage her. She accepted it forthwith, for better for worse, in the name of the daughters of Our Lady of Charity. And the day was assuredly a very memorable day, for the foundress of a great Order took possession then of the spot which was to be the cradle and the Mother House of her Institute. Augustin de Neuville stood by,

silent, courteous, like a protecting spirit, the while her eyes roamed over the land which was to be hers, and her spirit, in some splendid vision, divined all that Angers would come to mean for her some day. This was the evening of Saturday, the day sacred to Mary.

On the morrow, the two Sisters attended Mass at the Cathedral. It was the pastor's Mass, and he preached to his parishioners. But, incidentally, he took occasion from his sermon to mention that two saintly women had come to their city to cure it of all its evils and disorders. This direct reference to them from the altar was embarrassing enough, but the Sisters were still more distressed, when, entering the sacristy to speak with Father Breton, they were followed by a crowd of people who entreated them to cure them of this and that disease, and who went to fetch their sick that the nuns might heal them. Mother St. Euphrasia used all her eloquence to tell them that they had misunderstood the Pastor's words: he had meant spiritual ills, she said, not infirmities of the body. But they grew angry, thinking that she would not use her power to heal them, and they even abused and threatened her. Father Breton's words of praise almost brought violence upon his visitors.

After this first short glimpse of Angers, the travellers returned quickly to Tours, and preparations were at once made for the new foundation. It was necessary for the Bishop of the first diocese to officially authorize the transfer of the religious to the second diocese, and Mother St. Euphrasia begged her Council to name the six Sisters who were to be detached for the sister-house. Sister Mary of St. Paul was elected Superior, but it was decided that as the presence of Mother St. Euphrasia would be absolutely indispensable at Angers during the first days, she should go with the five Sisters of the foundation, and, when the house was in order, she should return to Tours, Sister St. Paul proceeding to Angers as Superior. The preparations for the departure were at once made, and on the third of June, 1829, the numerous party set forth. Mother St. Euphrasia was taking with her five Sisters, and a young girl from the class who was an excellent worker and upon whom she knew she could depend. An eighth person had joined the band. This was the excellent Countess d'Andigné, who, in spite of her sixty-eight years, was full of life and activity and who felt that, as she had recommended the Sisters to her native diocese, she must sponsor their arrival and at the same time see that they were properly received.

The journey was a terrible one for all concerned. The heavy coach

lurched and jolted alarmingly, and Mother St. Euphrasia soon became violently sick. Then, as the June sun poured hotly upon odorous leather and wood, the

entire vehicle became overheated, and the interior was as a furnace. The warm weather and the dust obliged the driver to indulge in frequent libations, and the swerving of the vehicle reached a dangerous point. As they were proceeding along the embankment of the river Loire, the intoxicated Jehu lurched over the edge, the horses lost their foothold, and the carriage, with the eight persons in it, remained suspended in space, some supernatural intervention alone preventing the entire party from precipitating into the river. It would almost seem as if spirits of evil, unchained, were plotting to destroy these consecrated women who were going to a new field to fight for souls; but the angels of God upheld them in their hands. It was midnight of the third day of travel when the wayfarers reached the outskirts of Angers, Madame d'Andigné did not wish the Sisters to enter the city by night so she ordered the carriage to stop at the Hospice for Deaf-Mutes on the Saumur road, where she knew the Directress, and this good woman, Mademoiselle Blouin, received the Sisters with the greatest kindness, and devoted herself particularly to the relief of the Superior who was in a state of complete exhaustion.

On the morrow, the first care of the little community was to report to the Bishop, and he chose to receive them in the Hall of the Synod to give them his official welcome, thanking them warmly for their devotion in coming, and assuring them of his gratitude and support in all their undertakings. In the end, he gave them his particular blessing to take with them to their new abode. Father Breton was in waiting to accompany the little band of pioneers, and they were keen to reach their new home. But they were much mistaken if they thought they were going to reach it directly. Father Breton had far different ideas. Instead of conducting them at once westward across the river, he began to wind about the centre of the city, in certain special areas that he knew, narrow, ugly streets, unsavoury lanes, the most objectionable quarters assuredly, and, stamping along ahead of the little procession of the Sisters, he kept calling aloud toward the silent houses: - "Let all the bad girls come out and go with these ladies to be converted!" For the religious it was another of the trying hours which they owed to this zealous priest, who was so thoroughly in earnest, but a trifle eccentric in his methods. The ordeal at last came to an end, and the good Father led them finally across the bridge and to the solitary stretch of land where they were to establish their abode. The whole place was desolate, abandoned, in a state of utter and unspeakable squalor. They entered the factory building, of which the Father gave them the key, he spoke a few roughly cordial words of

welcome, and then departed to his own duties, and left them to themselves. As a taking possession it could only be called disheartening and comfortless. The

house, rudely put together and already in a pitiable condition, wanted the barest necessities in the way of furniture. There were not enough mattresses for each Sister to have one; and, when evening came, Mother St. Euphrasia discovered that there was but one source of illumination in the house: a wick and tallow in a broken glass. By agreement, the community should have received the house furnished. and fifteen hundred francs monthly for living expenses. But the poor priests had done their best, and there was still a debt to pay upon the property: so that the house remained with the scant furnishings it had, and the income remained to be paid - when they were able. Mother St. Euphrasia's heart tightened when she realized to what plight she had brought her daughters.

The next day rose in joy. Pentecost, Whit-Sunday, a wide dawning of spiritual gladness, the renewal on earth of those Gifts which the Church holds still, divinely rich, splendidly lavish of them, until the end of time. Very early in the morning the Sisters rose and hurried to the nearest church which was St. Jacques, now their parish, ancient, secluded. They approached the Sacraments like the rest of the faithful, receiving grace, and deep peace of the spirit, and holy joy. What was poverty, what deprivations, when God was their Guest? Only one, because she had a mother's heart, grieved that there was no fire upon the kitchen hearth. Bravely and gaily, the Sisters shared the few broken remains left over from what had been the provisions for the journey. It gave them a slim breakfast. Then they set about, actively and happily, putting the house in order, investigating its possibilities, and planning all the admirable improvements they were going to make in it. The dinner hour drew near, and there was no food in the larder, and no money in the Mother's purse. Perhaps she had hoped that somebody would remember them, and think of their necessities; but nobody came, no attempt was made to provision them. For the Sisters' sake she permitted a messenger to go to Father Vincent, pastor of St. Jacques, and to expose their situation. The good priest was overcome at the idea that the Sisters had no food. He picked up his own dinner as it stood, and sent it over; an act of charity that deeply touched the recipients. But on Whit Monday, and on Whit Tuesday, things were as they were, and nobody thought of succouring the Sisters. Probably nobody realized the state of absolute poverty in which they stood. They went out into the grounds and gathered nettles which they boiled and ate without even the seasoning of salt. The Sisters who knew how

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to embroider spent their days over their needles in order to earn a few pennies for bread. Mother St. Euphrasia was not good at needlework, but she had discovered carrots already planted in the fields, and she made bunches of them, which the young girl she had brought from Tours went up into the town to sell. Strangely enough, nobody even suspected the hardships they were undergoing.

Not the Bishop, not Father Breton, not the Count de Neuville, and not even Madame d'Andigné who was intimate with them and came to see them familiarly. The little community starved and never complained. Mother St. Euphrasia had done what she could. The mattresses had been thinned out so as to give each sleeper at least a slender pallet. The house had been thoroughly cleaned and was in perfect order. A few tallow dips, the cheapest that could be bought, served to light it at night. She had many a heart-ache, for she reflected that it was she who had brought her daughters to this life of great suffering. Yet she was consoled on observing their absolute regularity and perfect religious observance. But there was more. Mother St. Euphrasia had never yet known the full extent of the heroism of her daughters. She knew it now; and, as far as so humble a soul was able to glory in any thing on earth, she was proud. She had tested and proved the mettle of their steel. They were deprived of everything and they rejoiced. They were hungry, and they laughed. When some sharper tribulation came, she would hear them singing. No wonder she was proud. This was the stuff that could conquer the world.

Meanwhile, from Tours, came letter after letter reminding her that she was Superior of that house and that her presence was needed. Some bolder spirit ventured to remind her even that it was her duty to be at Tours; but how could she leave these "poor children" in loneliness and desolation at Angers? Actually, it seemed to her that they needed her more than the well-organized, flourishing community she had left behind her. However, as she had been absent close on two months, she thought it was time to return. But first she determined that, at all costs, these Sisters must have a chapel. They were still attending Holy Mass at St. Jacques, and in reality there was no fit place in the house to reserve the Blessed Sacrament. She worked with them to prepare one room, a little less squalid than the others, they adorned it as best they could, and the kindest among their friends, Madame d'Andigné and Augustin de Neuville, having learned that they were "fitting a dwelling for the Most High," made haste to send them as a gift, vestments and all that was necessary for the altar in order that the lowly chapel might be decently equipped. The Divine Guest came to dwell in the midst of these faithful

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souls, to be their comfort and support and Mother St. Euphrasia felt that she could say to them now in His own words: "I go, but I do not leave you orphans."

There was still a number of business matters to settle before she was free to turn her face once more toward Tours. Before doing so she gave the old factory-building, its new and beautiful name. Partly because the deceased

benefactress had wished to revive the ancient title of the Bon Pasteur, dear to the people of Angers, and partly because the tender mercy of the "Pastor Bonus" of the Gospel pages had always meant so much to her as a revelation of His love, she called the poor, lonely house, lost in the lowlands near the river, by a name that has echoed now upon every most distant continent: "Monastery of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd of Angers."

In spite of the harrowing poverty of the establishment, erring sheep had begun to find their way to the fold. The good priests of the city kept imploring the Sisters to receive this special case and that one, and Mother St. Euphrasia never refused. The majority of the penitents came from a large match-factory which employed many workers and where the crowding and promiscuity tended to generate immorality. The girls were issue of the proletariat which had made the great revolution and their rudeness and savagery were such that the Sisters scarcely knew in what manner to approach them. It was well that Mother St. Euphrasia was on hand during the difficult beginnings. She was never afraid, and her dignity and authority impressed the most rebellious; but it was her charm and winning tact that conquered them. "Very well, I'll do it if the Mother says so. I don't care for your rules and regulations: they don't mean anything to me. But if the Mother wants me to, that's different. I'd do a lot for her." And by degrees the most recalcitrant softened and grew civil. The Sisters were teaching them, as one teaches little children, the first words of prayer that they had ever heard.

**Return to Tours and
Ultimate Departure for
Angers
1X**

ON THE 31st of July 1829, feast of St. Ignatius Loyola (and it happened to be her birthday as well) Mother St. Euphrasia established Sister Mary of St. Paul (Bodin) Superior of the Angers house, and a priest delegated by the Bishop, Father Prieur, established and blessed the cloister. The foundress was thus free to return to Tours. Mother St. Paul was an excellent religious, only somewhat timid and fearful. She was admirably seconded by that Sister Mary of St. Stanislaus Bedouet who had been Mother St. Euphrasia's first companion in the novitiate, and who was appointed assistant at Angers. And another remarkable person in that first group was a young lay-sister who was still a novice but who already showed such unusual intelligence and energy of will, that Mother St. Euphrasia had singled her out as of extraordinary value. Sister St. Gertrude David rendered such important services to the Congregation that she was subsequently admitted among the Choir Sisters under the name of Sister St. John of the Cross, and she was eventually at the head of several important foundations. On the morrow of the installation of Sister St. Paul, that is on the 1st August, Mother St. Euphrasia left for Tours, where she was received with manifestations of exuberant joy. But pain was not lacking.

Although the vast majority were absolutely loyal and devoted to her, she observed - in a few - something like a diminution of confidence. She was quick to understand what the trouble was. She had accepted Angers from the purest motives: the wish to extend their holy work, the apostolic zeal to save souls. But she knew that some of the Sisters had not approved the new foundation; they had frankly opposed it in the Council. And though her eloquence had prevailed over their objections, she was to understand now that the objection still remained. It was the rift in the lute. The Community was divided.

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She could spend herself wholly as heretofore for the good of her subjects, she could give them all her time and all her heart; they would not respond as formerly; and she felt the difference. They had begun to criticize. The iron had entered her SOUL She had been away two months, through the extreme necessity of her presence at Angers; some members of the community had judged the time too long. And while she was away, the enemy had come and sowed cockle in her field. The situation grew even worse when the clergy of Angers made a petition to the Bishop of Tours begging him to grant them Mother St.

Euphrasia as Superior of the newly- founded house. The entire community of Tours rebelled, and wrote to Caen asking that first and Original Refuge whether they were not justified in refusing to surrender their property elected Superior. Caen sustained them, and an emphatic refusal, respectful but determined, was given to the petition of Angers,

Mother St. Euphrasia was not a little distressed at these difficulties and contentions. She was not consulted, and her position was too delicate to permit her to express any wish. She engulfed herself in prayers as her only refuge; but unfortunately some of her daughters of Tours blamed heir for the steps taken by others, and she was inevitably grieved at the injustice. It was a rather difficult and painful position which she must perforce occupy for two years more, and she looked forward to them with apprehension. At the end of two years her second term of office would expire and she could not be re-elected as Superior of Tours. Her confessor strongly urged her to complete this term, and to wait in peace to see what would ultimately emerge from the situation. But the Mother was between two cross-fires; for while her daughters of Tours, (only a certain number of them but it was enough to destroy the harmony and good understanding which had existed up to this time,) jealously resented her interest in the new foundation and judged that Tours alone should have her whole care, the Sisters at Angers kept clamouring that they needed her, and various members of the clergy of that city took pains to inform her that she ought to return as the affairs of the house were in a bad way, owing to feeble direction and mismanagement. Mother St. Euphrasia wrote repeatedly, exhorting Sister St. Paul to use all means in her power to obtain work and not to allow the Sisters and the children to suffer. All was in vain. Sister St. Paul confided to Sister St. Stanislaus that it was useless for her to try to do anything. That she knew the monastery would never prosper until Mother St. Euphrasia came back, and that, in any case, there would probably be a revolution before long and they would all be scattered as in 1793.

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This attitude of coldness and inertia on the part of the Superior was not calculated to attract friends and benefactors to the house. In fact even those who had been interested at first became indifferent now, and before long she was writing to Tours to complain "that not a single alms was coming in for the penitents." When winter came, it was the terrible historic winter of 1829-1830, so bitterly cold that it remains on record, the Sisters had no blankets or fuel and their sufferings were almost beyond expression. At the same time the entire community was short of food, and the Sisters, with heroic self-sacrifice placed themselves voluntarily on short rations in order that the penitents might have a little more. The letters that went to Tours were so heart-rending that Mother St.

Euphrasia could not sleep at night. Another of the trials of Angers was that the clergy were all too busy to attend to the needs of the monastery, especially as it was so far from the centre, and the community was obliged to rely for Mass on a very old, infirm priest who had the charity to come out almost every morning to the monastery, but his illhealth did not permit him to rise early, and the Sisters were obliged to wait until nine or ten o'clock fasting, in the hope of being able to receive Holy Communion; at times, thinking that he would not come they took their breakfast, and afterwards were intensely disappointed because he arrived very late and they could no longer receive Holy Communion. Yet they endeavoured to be patient; knowing that the long series of their tribulations would not be wasted with Him Who conquers by the Cross. It was unfortunate that Sister St. Paul sometimes repulsed even the best of the community friends by showing a want of appreciation. Thus the Count de Neuville, who was distressed because the Sisters did not have no a proper chapel, offered to build them one at his own expense. But the Sister only answered that the times were critical, and that it would be better to wait, so the benefactor drew back. It happened that on one particularly bitter winter's morning, the Count met the *tourière* Sister going to the town to buy tallow dips, and he stopped to ask her how things were at the convent. "I hear that you are doing well and that you want for nothing?" - "Alas, *Monsieur le Comte*, " the poor Sister was constrained to answer, "the exact opposite of that is true. We are doing very badly indeed, and we are in want of everything." The kind and generous soul of Augustin de Neuville was deeply distressed at the word which he felt to be genuinely true. He hastened to put together six thousand francs and sent them at once to the monastery "for the most pressing needs of the community." But Sister St. Paul was so constituted that the evil of tomorrow always seemed to her greater than the evil of today. She actually went out into the garden and buried the money in a remote corner, and the Sisters went on enduring cold and hunger as they

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had done before. Meanwhile, the Superior of Angers wrote to the Superior of Tours: "This house is on the way to ruin. I do not know what we shall do. Every day things grow worse and worse, and I do not see any hope for the future." She had succeeded in alienating the majority of those who might have assisted her, but it was the holy, silent woman in Tours who was bearing the brunt of all the sufferings she could not relieve, and who kept writing in vain suggesting what she thought would be of use under the circumstances. Another and great calamity, this time a public one, fell upon the monastery of Angers. The great river Loire overflowed its banks, and the grounds all along its course were flooded, thus the gardens and fields, and even the lower floor of the old factory, were covered with water, and the Sisters isolated and unable to procure provisions of any kind

until the waters withdrew. It was Sister St. Stanislaus: who wrote to her old friend and Superior to tell her of this new affliction, and Mother St. Euphrasia, though she was grieved to the soul, -and she realized then that the river might at any time be a danger to the monastery, - wrote back kind and encouraging words, telling the Sisters how much she was with them in sympathy and suffering, and urging them to have great confidence in God, who would certainly not abandon them, and who in the end would turn their tribulation into joy. Yet in her inmost heart she was growing more and more convinced that Angers really did need her presence and that Tours could dispense with it. In fact a sort of imperiousness of concomitant circumstances seemed to be pointing in one direction as if, in answer to her many prayers, the Divine Will was making itself manifest for her guidance.

In the spring of 1831, a zealous missionary priest who had formerly been director of the Refuge of Tours, Father Dufêtre, was invited to preach the Lenten sermons in the Cathedral of Angers, and, as his interest in the Sisters and their penitents had remained very great, he suggested that he would like to give the latter a three-day Retreat in preparation for Easter. We have seen that the members of the class at Angers had been particularly wild and difficult to govern, but they were pleased that the Father should come to them, and he promised, from the beginning, that if they would be quiet and attentive, at the end as a reward, he would grant them whatever favour they chose to ask him. Their behaviour was so remarkably good that at the close of the exercises he was obliged to congratulate them, and he observed that they had fully deserved the reward he had promised them. "Now, what is it to be?" he asked good-naturedly, thinking no doubt that they would ask for some treat or for a holiday. To his amazement, they answered in concert: "Father, send us back Mother St. Euphrasia from Tours to be Superior

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here so that she can establish the Magdalena amongst us." The Father was decidedly surprised and "But, my dear children," he answered rather feebly, "you ask me something very difficult. I cannot send Mother St. Euphrasia as Superior. It does not depend upon me." But they continued to repeat their demand with great insistence until he promised that he would see what he could do. A letter from him remains, dated 8th March, 1831, in which, reminding her that she would be released from office on the feast of the Ascension that same year, he adds that the house of Angers is in great need of her zeal and of her habit of government, and that the works in it are capable of taking on a great development. "What would you think of making an exchange with Mother St. Paul, letting her go to Tours as Superior, and you coming as Superior to Angers?" It was the first time the question was put to her so plainly. And she began to feel

how much the breaking away from Tours, her first home in religion, would cost her. But, More and more clearly, too, all the indicators were in the direction of Angers. Father Aileron who had been her confessor, Father Suchet who actually was her confessor, both thought that there was a crying need of her presence in the new house; and even the members of the Council who had opposed her, now hinted that they would not object to her transfer, provided she sent them back Mother St. Paul.

On the 18th of May, 1831, in the presence of the Chapter and according to the ceremonial of the Congregation, Mother St. Euphrasia laid down her charge, and, five days later, the election for the new Superior took place. Perhaps the community had feared that Mother St. Paul would not be returned to them. They chose, almost unanimously, to vote for her as Superior of Tours. Father Fusiter, Vicar-General, who was present in representation of the Archbishop confirmed the election. Then he passed on to announce that, by arrangement between His Grace of Tours and the diocese of Angers, the community of Our Lady of Charity of Angers had elected Mother St. Euphrasia Superior of that house. Monseigneur de Montblanc realized that the Reverend Mother St. Euphrasia would be an immense loss for his own diocese, but Monseigneur of Angers and his clergy had earnestly begged for her and, in view of the great good she would be able to do there, His Grace was permitting her to go.

The house of Tours had not fully realized that the danger of losing the most valuable subject they had ever had, was so imminent. The announcement made by Father Fustier caused a veritable explosion of grief all around her, and she was troubled and shaken herself by the sorrow of the Sisters and by the decision taken in her own regard. If a

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few members of the community had become alienated and criticized her, the vast majority were devoted to her heart and soul, and knew very well what a Mother they were losing, and what their house had become under her administration. For herself it seemed to her that she had never loved them all so much. The Sisters who had been so truly sisters and daughters to her. The Magdalena, who owed their very existence to her. The little children whom she had gathered together and who called her so tenderly: "Our Mother." She suddenly felt that she could not even bear to say goodbye to them. It was as if a sudden and terrible blow had stunned her, and she did not have the courage to face scene after scene of heart-broken grief and of taking leave. She asked permission of her confessor to withdraw at once, and he understood and granted it. Taking with her one Lay Sister, a simple, upright soul, and devoted to her, she

turned away from her beloved house and hurried to the convent of the Ursulines, a few streets off, to take refuge with her dear Sister de Lignac, the friend of her schooldays, into whose heart she had already poured so many sorrows. Madame de Lignac was now Superior of the Ursulines, her predecessor, the wonderful Madame Roland de Bussy, having designated her as her successor when she came to die. With wide open arms she received her cherished Rose-Virginie of the past, and it was a comfort to the sensitive and aching heart to find this open refuge. On the morrow she was to take the diligence to Angers. But no sooner did she find herself alone in that strange room, in the convent that was not hers, than a swift, fierce anguish seized her. She realized that she had left behind her her whole life, her true home; her own prospect ahead of her: exile, a new place, struggles and difficulties without end. She had not even said goodbye to so many who loved her, and they would think her unkind, cruel, to abandon them so. Like a terrific storm breaking over her, came the sweeping, irresistible regret of the step she had taken. She would not go. She would go back to her own. She would refuse the superiorship of Angers. Who was she, weak and sad woman, to cope with trials that others had found beyond their strength? She would go back to her monastery. She had left it secretly and she would return secretly. They would not even know that she had been away.

A knock at the door and one of the Ursulines announced that a priest was in the parlour asking to see her. Whoever could it be? And how did he know her whereabouts? With her soul tossed like a seething sea, mechanically, she went down in the answer to the summons. It was Father Pasquier, revered as a saint and who had promised to come to the Refuge whenever the Sisters should be in need of him. He did not give her time to speak. "Mother," he said, "you are under the stroke of a

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strong temptation. God showed it to me just now in prayer. Do not give way. Go to Angers; it is there God wants you. Your reluctance is not humility: it is a weakness of nature. Have confidence. God will do everything for you.

This was the word of authority, unsought, unsolicited, a divine word with power to comfort and to reassure. How could she doubt? He knew her secret thoughts. "God showed it to me just now in prayer." She was quite calm again and strong. God has His angels whom He sends when our need is greatest. The envoy may be a priest, or even a child. At times it is some very humble man or woman, but they are expressly sent, and the wise will recognize them. Mother St. Euphrasia knew and adored. "Angeli sancti tui."

On that day, May 20th, 1831, the Archbishop of Tours had signed the

official exeat, which released Mother St. Euphrasia from her obedience to him and placed her under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Angers. The dimissory letter read as follows:

"We, Augustin-Louis de Montblanc, by the divine mercy and the grace of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Tours, to second the laudable and pious design of His Lordship the Bishop of Angers in establishing in his episcopal city a house of the Refuge, for which purpose we already granted him in May, 1929, five religious of the Monastery of Our Lady of Charity of Tours, we hereby consent and command that Madame Marie de Ste. Euphrasie Pelletier, our dear daughter in Jesus Christ, who had begun to organize the said establishment and returned after some months to complete her three years' term at the Monastery of Tours of which she was Superior, should go to Angers in the quality of Superior of the new House, called of the Good Shepherd, to govern it and establish it more and more according to the statutes and wise rules approved by the Holy See for the Monasteries of the Institute.

In consequence of which, we dismiss from our jurisdiction the said Madame Marie de Ste. Euphrasie Pelletier and the five other religious of the Monastery of Our Lady of Charity of Tours, who are already in the House of the Good Shepherd, in favour of His Lordship the Bishop of Angers, enjoining upon them to recognize him as their true and legitimate Superior."

Two things are notable about this document: the clear surrender of the religious by the See of Tours to the See of Angers, and the official mention of the new Monastery by its title of the Good Shepherd. Mother St. Euphrasia carried this precious deed with her.

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The short, fierce hours of agony in the Convent of the Ursulines, followed by a great peace of mind, left her exhausted. She took leave of her kind and comforting friend Sister de Lignac, and made her way, accompanied by the lay-sister, to the spot whence the public service conveyance started for Angers. Mother St. Euphrasia was still young but she had already suffered much in health, and was delicate and ailing. Besides, travelling always made her ill. And this journey to Angers, with so many things to remember and so many things to grieve her, not to speak of her grave anxiety for the house to which she was going, this journey reduced her to last extremity. The rolling and jolting of the coach brought on a form of sea-sickness, and the violent lurches over stones and deep ruts gave the unfortunate travellers the impression that all their bones were broken. At length, on the third day of this torture, came the welcome

announcement: "Angers!" One of the passengers alighting, felt as if she were issuing from a long illness. Yet the joy of arriving, of being greeted with effusive welcome by persons who were very dear to her, always enabled her to minimize her sufferings and to respond with warmth and gladness to the chorus of rejoicing which greeted her presence. Mother St. Paul was so pleased at her release that she was radiant. Sister St. Stanislaus loved her old friend with a deep abiding love and she had utter confidence in her ability; the penitents, touched and delighted at the return of "their Mother," which they attributed to their own efforts, trembled with happiness at seeing her again. And those in particular who wished to consecrate themselves to God as Magdalens, knew that now their holy desires would be fulfilled.

But when the first outbursts of joy and congratulation were over, and the two Superiors, the out-going and the incoming found themselves together for the discussion of business matters, Mother St. Paul had a long face. The House was in a state of absolute, stark poverty, with no work to do and no alms coming in. It was also in a state of stagnation: no postulants had come for many months, and the friends and benefactors of the first days had grown cold and drawn back. The community especially had suffered almost more than was tolerable. "Mother, you will see that it will be impossible to go on. The place is doomed. I don't see anything for it but to close the house. Unless, indeed, you should be able to find some way." The accounting was bad enough, and a sword Pierced the Mother's heart when she discovered all that the Sisters had been enduring without a word of complaint. This at least filled her with a deep, secret joy. Also, there were no abuses or irregularities: prayer, order, silence, a perfection of religious observance that Tours might have envied. But, with regard to material things, the situation was

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certainly distressing. "We must see," Mother St. Euphrasia answered, "we must first pray to God to help us." But as she was an eminently practical person, and the dynamic power in her was pulsating, after she had prayed, her first act was to go and disinter those six thousand francs, the charitable gift of Monsieur de Neuville (which Mother St. Paul confessed to having buried in the earth for safe-keeping), and to spend a part of it, swiftly and liberally, in providing nourishing food and a supply of blankets for the Sisters. It was her first act, but as soon as Mother St. Paul departed, she set herself to consider the whole house, every department of it, every detail and to devise improvement in every branch. To her it seemed that one of the most urgent problems was the chapel. It had never been a real chapel, it was only a small, mean room, and now with six Sisters and a numerous class of penitents, it was so crowded that one could not pray in it without extreme discomfort. What a pity that when Count de Neuville had offered

spontaneously to build a chapel at his own expense, his offer should have been refused shown less interest after that day.

But while it was true that the friends of the first hour had somewhat withdrawn from the Monastery, this coolness did not continue. No sooner was it learned in the city that Mother St. Euphrasia had returned as Superior, than a real pilgrimage toward the Monastery began. Among the first persons to come and renew to the Superior of the Good Shepherd, his assurance of profound respect and attachment was that excellent Count de Neuville. The Count felt that the foundation was in a certain measure his mother's; she had at least given the initial sum for its opening, and it had been her earnest wish, expressed to him upon her deathbed, that such a work of mercy should be established. He had a more than common interest in the institution, and he had appreciated the delicate and thoughtful attention of Mother St. Euphrasia who, knowing the desire of the benefactress to revive the ancient title of the Good Shepherd, had without hesitation adopted it for the Monastery. Augustin de Neuville felt that he was in a way bound to this work, and he was looking for the opportunity to be of use to it. The chapel would have been built already, had not Mother St. Paul repulsed him. But he had a very different feeling toward Mother St. Euphrasia. From the moment he had been presented to her in the Bishop's study, he had recognized the paramount quality of this woman with the wonderful eyes. To him there seemed to be the aura of holiness almost like a light about her. When he accompanied the Sisters on their first visit to the property across the river, he had been struck by the readiness, the sureness, the wide and comprehensive outlook of this Superior who had

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the mind of a statesman; and in the few visits he paid to the Monastery while she was establishing it, he recognized also the heart of a saint. She had inspired him with utter confidence, almost the confidence of a child. He knew that he could trust her. In fact there was a motherliness about her that drew him to speak of himself. he who scarcely ever spoke of himself. In the course of time, he was to ask her advice even in regard to spiritual matters. And perhaps of all the persons who knew and esteemed Augustin de Neuville nobody better than Mother St. Euphrasia understood and valued at its full worth the true quality of this unusual soul.

Born of ancient, noble lineage, an only son, the owner of vast lands and of a considerable fortune, this Count de Is Potherie de Neuville had in his youth thought of becoming a priest, but he hesitated, deeming himself unworthy, and the desire did not become effective. He was a student in the Jesuit College at

Liège when the revolution broke out, and several of his professors escaped to England, taking with them a few of the boys who had remained with them. Young de Neuville was thus placed at Stonyhurst where he learned to know the happy, wholesome life of English school-boys, and their tongue became to him almost as familiar as his own. When circumstances permitted; he rejoined his mother in France, and there he completed his education. He was a man of extraordinary refinement and distinction, and his name permitted him to move in the highest circles of society; but he always refused to marry, and it was said of him that he had bound himself by some religious vow. He closely followed the liturgical life of the Church, always present at Holy Mass and Vespers, and he spent much time reading the writings of the Fathers and other ascetical works. He had a singularly great devotion toward the Most Blessed Virgin and took pleasure in calling himself her knight. Thus when he arrived at the convent, before greeting any other person, he would direct his steps toward the statue of the Immaculate, saying to the Sister at the door: "Suffer the Knight of Our Lady to greet his Lady first."

Mother St. Euphrasia considered the Count de Neuville a genuine saint, and she had the greatest regard for his opinion and judgment. She had asked his advice upon many matters at the time of the foundation, and so he ventured sometimes - with the greatest respect and deference - to make suggestions. No sooner did the Mother return as Superior than he represented to her that the community ought to have a proper chapel, and for the second time, he offered to build one at his own expense. Needless to say his offer was accepted, for Mother

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St. Euphrasia's soul hungered and thirsted to be able to give the divine Dweller in the Tabernacle an abode a little less unworthy of Himself. She could say in truth with the Psalmist: "I have loved the beauty of Thy House and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." Nothing could endear a donor more to her than his anxiety to thus prepare a beautiful habitation for our Eucharistic Lord. Her deep gratitude, springing from her ardent love for the Blessed Sacrament, was assured to Augustin de Neuville from that day on. She expressed it warmly and effusively, and he was touched at her profound appreciation and vowed within himself that, as far as it lay in his power, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd would never want for anything. He kept his word, and more than kept it. The chapel rose, simple, beautiful, admirably planned. Then a new building for the penitents; then a cloister for the community. The man was of a generosity that would never say enough. He gave and gave, until his revenues were exhausted. He reduced his own wants to the barest necessities, embracing with joy a life of austere poverty and penance that brought him incessantly nearer to God, and, in the end, selling his hereditary property, the estate of Neuville from which he took his title, (one of

the most staggering renunciations a man can make), to give the proceeds to furthering the redeeming work of the Good Shepherd. But, apart from the grace of God which inspired and prompted him, pressing him to ever greater perfection and self-denial, it is certain that it was the burning love of Mother St. Euphrasia for her work, her passionate desire to save souls, that communicated to him the same apostolic ardour to second her in her enterprises. From the day of her return to Angers, until that of his own death, Augustin de Neuville was completely at the service of the House of the Good Shepherd, as its protector and benefactor. The house became unrecognizable, so vastly was it improved, Day by day, and more and more, it inclined to that ideal of the House of Joy. This Superior whose moral and spiritual standards were so high, could not endure the slovenliness of material surroundings, and still less the sufferings of her dependents. She had an enormous confidence in God, and she manifested it at every hour of the day. - "Give," she would say, 'and it shall be given to you again; good measure and pressed down, and running over," - out of the granaries of Him who pours the lavishness of His own immeasurable wealth upon an unrecognized and unthanking world. Angers would never cease to grow and to develop, expanding to an undreamed of extension, because of one humble woman who knew that there are no limits to the generosity and splendid magnificence of God.

Superiorate of Angers

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MOTHER ST. Euphrasia had not attained the thirty-fifth year of her age when she arrived at Angers to assume the Superiorate of that house. She possessed still all the beauty, all the charm of young womanhood, perfect in grace and purity. Mentally she had more than reached maturity, and her character was at the zenith of resolution and force. One could not come in contact with her without feeling that one was in the presence of an altogether unusual and marked personality. And there was something else, something undefinable, that subdued, even in her silence; perhaps the sufferings she had undergone, perhaps the spiritualization of her whole human entity, certain secret and hidden holiness which attracted souls to her. Souls were attracted, and there was a conviction in all of them that this saintly Mother was very close to God.

Her own religious and the penitents and children in her charge found her irresistible. But not they alone. For the priests who came to see her, the men of business, the ladies of rank, were all equally won by the extraordinary charm of her manner and were impressed by her intelligence, and breadth of outlook. But what all remembered best, after they had left her presence, was that some word of hers, some thought expressed, had been to them as a revelation of God: a world of spiritual considerations opened up. She must herself have received from above what she was subsequently able to impart to others.

The Bishop of Angers, Monseigneur Montault, had conceived the highest esteem for Mother Pelletier, and he felt that she was one upon whom one could wholly rely. He was delighted to have her in his episcopal city, and at once he began to ask her cooperation in his own works of charity. He had under his care a group of twenty little orphan girls, supported by the contributions of a few wealthy women of the diocese; but he felt that much was wanting in the organization and direction of this impromptu orphanage. The Catholic Sisterhoods, dispersed by the Revolution, were only just beginning to re-assemble, and they were totally insufficient in their diminished numbers. He asked Mother Pelletier, before she had been two weeks in Angers, to take charge of the children. It was not the proper work of the Good

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Shepherd, but it was a work of great mercy, and Mother Pelletier had so great a reverence for the hierarchy of the Church that she would not have dreamed of refusing the Bishop's request. For the assurance of her own soul, she remembered the Gospel word: "Whatsoever you do for the least of these little ones, you do it unto Me." She admitted the children directly, without hesitation,

and lodged them in a small house near the gate, one of the buildings of the former factory, turning into dormitories and school-rooms the rather rambling, non-descript interior of the same. She succeeded admirably in this work of transformation, for there was always something creative and inspired as it were of genius, in her joyous and vivid assumption of each new task; and there was a real felicity in the realization of her ideas in concrete form. It was perhaps this quality which inspired so much confidence in the persons around her. She never hesitated; and, whatever might be the difficulties confronting her, she wrested success from the most unpromising elements at her disposal.

One of the persons who watched with particular sympathy the efforts of the good Mother to prepare a pleasant home for the little orphans was the Count de Neuville. He knew that this was not her proper work. His own mother had summoned the Sisters to Angers to shelter and convert penitents. But he saw the great heart of the Superior going out to the little helpless children as the heart of his own mother would have done, and his own heart opened to her with the trust and confidence of a child. He never lost interest in the work of the Good Shepherd and shared all its joys and anxieties. Having realized the inconvenience of the late and continually varying hour for Mass, due to the infirmities of the aged priest who celebrated for them, he set about finding a good and reliable chaplain and maintained him at his own expense. This was only one of his incessant benefactions.

Mother St. Euphrasia was extremely desirous of establishing the small inner community of the Magdalena at Angers, as she had at Tours, and she had promised the most fervent among the penitents that she would admit them to it. But there was no building appropriate for this purpose, as the Magdalens required separate quarters of their own. Madame d'Andigné, good and faithful friend, had promised to contribute five thousand francs toward the foundation of the Magdalen community, but the sum was not sufficient even for a beginning. No sooner did the Count hear of the plan on foot, than he hastened to buy a modest house and a piece of ground adjoining the Monastery, stipulating only that the Magdalena should have the house and half of the ground, and that the other half should be used as a playground for the orphans. There was the

further objection that the Sisters were insufficient in number to attend to the new establishment, and Mother St. Euphrasia feared that her petition to the house of Tours would not meet with success. Monsieur de Neuville undertook to write himself to Mother St. Paul, begging her to tend a few religious temporarily for the great work, and unable to refuse one who had been her benefactor in the

painful beginnings of Angers, the Superior of Tours sent two Professed Magdalens and a novice to assist in the foundation. It was thus possible, to the deep satisfaction of all concerned. to establish the new centre.

Mother Pelletier had been engaged for some time already in forming the spirit of those who were to be received as Magdalens; it was of paramount importance to her that they should be true Magdalena in love and reparation, and she inculcated upon them the necessity of prayer and penance, of great mutual charity, and of zeal for the conversion of sinners. One of their special cares was to pray for the conversion of inmates of the house who were not responding to the call of grace, that they too might be won to the saving love of their Redeemer. Following the guiding-line of the Rule of St. Teresa, the "Good Mother" as she was called by her children of Angers, set about composing the "Rules and Observances of the Sisters Magdalena of the Good Shepherd of Angers," and these, her own directions, are still in vigour wherever the Magdalen groups have been formed within the bosom of the Good Shepherd communities. The Abbé Monteil, who was full of admiration for this institution, speaks of it with sympathetic appreciation: "The penitent Magdalen, transfigured, is at once the treasure and the flower of these solitudes, the joy and the crown of the daughter of the Good Shepherd. The ingenious charity which has opened here a retreat for repentance, orphanages for abandoned children and a shelter for innocence exposed to peril, that same charity has created, in each one of these monasteries, a 'Sainte-Baume,' a veritable desert where, in the exercise of a penitent and religious life, regenerated souls are transformed for heaven under the merciful eyes of the Good Shepherd."

Mother St. Euphrasia loved her Magdalens with more than a mother's love. She composed for them the prayers they were to say during the day and at their different occupations, and she followed very closely every phase of their initiation to the monastic life. On the 28th of August, 1831, the feast of one who from a sinner became a great saint - and Mother Pelletier wished also to pay this delicate compliment to the noble man who was giving the Magdalens their monastery - she herself led the four earnest young postulants into their new home, placing over them as Mistress, that holy Sister St. Stanislaus Bedouet who had been her first

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companion in the novitiate at Tours, and who had been so faithful to her in all emergencies. Two months later, on the 25th of October, the aspirants received the brown habit of Carmel and the white veil of noviceship.

Another remarkable fact after the return of Mother St. Euphrasia to Angers, was that vocations began to flow toward the Good Shepherd, whereas, up to that time, no applicants had come. During the first two years of its existence, only three postulants had asked to be admitted to it. In the five months that followed the arrival of Mother Pelletier as Superior, fifteen young ladies, many of them from the best families in the city, and others from points far removed from Angers, asked to be received as Sisters, and were accepted. The work was increasing, more help was needed, but there was something almost miraculous in this blossoming of choice vocations. Mother St. Euphrasia always kept with a special sense of happiness and gratitude, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the 20th of October, because on that day, not so many years ago, Rose Virginie, a brown-eyed child of eighteen, had entered the cloisters at Tours. On this 20th of October, 1831, she saw, in the small chapel of Angers, in close ranks and beautiful in their white habits and veils, seventeen novices recently clothed, and all full of the greatest promise. She had never seen so many novices together before, and she gazed, almost with awe, wondering what was the work God was calling them to do.

Father Perché, the admirable priest whom Count de Neuville had presented to the Sisters as their Chaplain (and who eventually went to the United States as a missionary, becoming Archbishop of New Orleans) Father Perché, too, felt that God was calling this institution to great things, and he desired to contribute, by every means in his power, toward making the young religious worthy of their noble vocation. Throughout that summer of 1831 he gave instruction in doctrine every day to the novices and postulants, that they might be more enlightened in their faith and better prepared to teach classes in catechism; and he also went to great pains to train the Sisters in plain-chant that the ceremonies in the chapel might be celebrated with increased solemnity and decorum. In a short time it became possible to have a solemn High Mass every Sunday, with the liturgical chants excellently executed by the Sisters and Novices, and it is certain that the beautiful services attracted many to the convent chapel and served to make the work of the Institute better known and more appreciated.

One of the most remarkable of these numerous vocations, was that of

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a woman of position and wealth, brilliantly educated and well-known in society, Madame Cesbron de Is Roche, the widow of a distinguished officer. She was close upon fifty years of age, prominent socially. Her genuine piety sometimes suggested to her that she would be glad to consecrate her life to some religious undertaking, but the care of her aged mother and the supervision of her two

little grand-daughters who had lost their mother, her only child, kept her in her opulent mansion and in the midst of the distractions of the world. Early in the winter of 1831 her invalid mother died, and Madame de Is Roche, in deep mourning, called at the Convent of the Good Shepherd for the first time. Mother St. Euphrasia received her and spoke to her, as she did to all sorrowing hearts, words of religious comfort and of hope. But the conversation having passed to her own work, a light came into her eyes, and words of fire poured from her lips. The salvation of souls, the most divine undertaking upon earth, the cooperation with our Blessed Redeemer, in His winning back of sinners who would otherwise be lost. There could be no nobler or more apostolic work done anywhere. Madame de Is Roche was deeply impressed. It was true. The salvation of souls was the most divine work on earth, the most important, the only one that really mattered. She had thought of giving bread, garments. This other woman was wrestling souls from hell. She was free now. Her mother was dead; the little grand-daughters had a good father to care for them. She would give herself to the work of the Good Shepherd. On the 19th of December she returned to the convent, asking Mother St. Euphrasia, with great humility, if she would overlook her mature years and receive her among her daughters. Mother St. Euphrasia opened her arms. It is said that when Madame de Is Roche received the habit, all the society of Angers was pressed to suffocation in the convent chapel. And several young girls of the nobility were so touched that they followed her example. She herself showed from the beginning that she fully understood the religious life and the practice of virtue. She was as simply and perfectly obedient as the youngest of her companion postulants, and a poor woman whom she had been wont to assist having come to see her, the aspirant sought the Mother Superior to obtain permission to give her visitor two sous. It is interesting here to recall that she had sold her house to bring the price of it to Mother Pelletier, that she transferred her income, which was a handsome one, to the Institute of the Good Shepherd, and that she brought with her a genuine dowry in furniture, linen, silver, besides precious vestments and vessels for the altar. Mother St. Euphrasia loved this saintly woman with a singular love, and grew to lean upon her more and more as she realized more fully her extraordinary rectitude, the seriousness and steadfastness of her

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character, and her deep attachment to the Institute. At her clothing, Madame de Is Roche received the name of Sister Marie-Chantal de Jésus, a name that was to remain memorable in the Order, and as soon as she had pronounced her vows, she was appointed économe, an employment which her intelligence and administrative ability, and her competence with regard to business matters, indicated as most appropriate. But she was an interior soul, much given to prayer, and of unshakable humility. Her distinction and exquisiteness of manners

alone remained of her former life, for in the grave and rather silent religious it would have been impossible to recognize the brilliant social leader of yore. There were three religious whom Mother St. Euphrasia used to call playfully, but also with profound conviction: "The Pillars of the Institute." They were the faithful Sister St. Stanislaus, Sister Marie-Chantal of Jesus and one who was yet to come, Sister Teresa, (de Couespel) of Jesus. Perhaps of all her innumerable daughters, and they were all cherished with limitless devotion, these were the three whom Mother St. Euphrasia most loved.

There is a charming story told of the initial days of Sister Marie-Chantal as *économé*. When the Mother Superior was looking over the books and supplies, she noticed that white flour was being used for the community, and a coarser quality for the penitents. She had not noticed the matter before. She was shocked and grieved. "Sister, this will not do," she said, "No, it will not do. There shall not be two kinds of bread in the house, one for the community and one for the children. The children are to have the same kind of bread as we do and we shall be no poorer for it. Please bear this in mind." It was like her to say it, and in fact it was one of her principles. The inmates were not to be treated worse than the Sisters. If any difference were made it was to be in their favour. When gifts of food-stuffs came, and they frequently did, the Mother was never heard to say: "Serve it in the Refectory;" but always: "Give it to the orphans," or: "Give it to the children." She rarely used the word "penitent" which seemed to her harsh. They lived in the house, and they were the children of the house, so she called them simply: "The children."

In reality, in spite of the relief which the income of Madame de Is Roche had brought, the community continued to increase, the orphans had been added to the establishment, and the many mouths to feed, with very slim means of support, kept the Good Shepherd in a state of penury. The meals in the Refectory were such as the very poor alone partake of. Yet a Providence watched over the devoted Sisters, and they were rarely suffered to go hungry. At times, the Sisters in the kitchen would come

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up to the Superior's room in distress, asking what they were to do, for there was nothing in the house to eat. It is remembered that on one occasion Mother St. Euphrasia, thus urgently appealed to, walked out into the grounds to look for the Magdalen Sister who had charge of the garden. "Sister," she said, "we must have beans to make a dish at dinner for the Community." The Magdalen stood aghast. "But, Mother, I gatbeted the last beans yesterday, and there is not even one left. The plot is absolutely bare." "Never mind that, Sister. Go in the name of

obedience and perhaps you will find enough to mix with potatoes and make a dish for the Community. We have nothing else to give them." The Sister called her companions to help her and they went out together praying that they might find the desired beans "so that Mother will not be disappointed." At first glance, there was nothing but half-dried leaves and a few tendrils hanging to the bean-stalks; yet looking closer, here and there, in one direction and another, first one pod and then another appeared, and the wonder of the young gardener increased as she went, for she was quite sure that she had stripped the plants bare the day before, in a conscientious effort to leave nothing behind. When the gatherers put the results of their harvesting together, there were enough beans to feed the community generously. To the end of their lives, the Magdalens who had picked the beans used to relate the incident as miraculous. And the Sister gardener would add that it was not the only time she had seen the produce of the kitchen garden multiplied. More than once, she said, the Mother Superior had come to her saying that there was nothing in the larder, and that the garden must supply for them in some way; and, though she herself knew well that there was nothing in the garden either, when the Mother bid her go out with her assistants and see what they could find, a few vegetables of one kind here, and a few of another kind there, and some forgotten bulb, were always forthcoming, and amounted together to a quantity sufficient to give the community a meal. The Magdalen was strongly tempted to say that it was the Mother who worked these "miracles," but the Mother instead, rebuked her children. "O, you of little faith, why did you doubt?" And she added: "It is the Providence of God."

In the midst of many cares for the improvement of the buildings, the better organization of the classes and orphanage, and the development of the Magdalen community, Mother St. Euphrasia did not neglect her own community, which, as the closest to her, was dearest to her heart. Her example, of itself, was sufficient to form the religious around her. But she omitted no means that would further their sanctification: instructions, general conferences, private interviews in which she

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exhorted and strongly encouraged her daughters, deepening in them the love of their vocation and pouring into their hearts the fire that burned so ardently in her own. She was the soul of punctuality, preceding the earliest to the chapel, and vigilant lest any carelessness or irreverence should creep in among the religious. She remembered continually that her Superiorate was a charge placed upon her by God, and that she was responsible to Him for its fulfillment. Infinitely kind though she was, there was not a trace of weakness in her government. Yet at recreation she was always most gracious and affable, interesting the Sisters with the recital of edifying or humorous incidents, and evidently taking pains to

entertain them that they might enjoy that hour of relaxation and artless chatting in the midst of so many duties that were taxing and inevitably austere.

One thought that haunted her was the necessity of a new and larger chapel and Count de Neuville sharing her desire insisted that the chapel should be built, saying that he desired to erect it as a memorial to his father. Mother St. Euphrasia could no longer hesitate, and she prepared a modest plan which she submitted to him. She did not want a handsome edifice, only that it should be fit and becoming for Him who was to dwell in it; and that her numerous family should be able to find room in it conveniently. She limited the proportions, nevertheless, fearful of putting too great a burden upon the man who had already so nobly succoured her. The choir she had drawn upon paper would accommodate forty stalls. It looked like a large choir, but in reality there were already forty novices in the novitiate, and before long they would be added to the professed. Monsieur de Neuville was almost indignant. - "Forty stalls, Madame? Do you think that this Order is going to stand still? You must provide for two hundred, and it will not be enough." Energetic as he was, he prepared a second plan himself, on a much larger scale, and sent it to the Mother for approval. With it went a considerable sum of money to pay for the foundations. It was all he had on hand at the moment. Before the year was out, he had sold his estate of Neuville, the home of his fathers from which they took their title, one of the most costly sacrifices a man can make, to build the convent-church of the Good Shepherd of Angers. "But if a man shall give all the substance of his house for love, he shall despise it as nothing." Strangely enough, Augustin de Neuville, had an ardent, clear-sighted vision of what this House of the Good Shepherd was going to be. Had God revealed it to him as a reward for his self-sacrifice? A man of the world who was not of the world, who secretly lived a life of prayer and penance, whose one and only love was Mary the Virgin, he gave his entire fortune and all his

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desires and hopes to the furtherance of this great work which was to extend immeasurably for the salvation of unnumbered souls. He saw it clearly, he had utter faith in it.

The Bishop of Angers, Monseigneur Montault, was invited to bless the corner-stone on the 17th of July, 1832. The ceremony was a solemn one and largely attended by all the notables of the city. And, immediately after, numerous workmen appeared to lay the foundations of the edifice. But every soul in the community, from the Mother Superior to the youngest postulant, was so eager to see the structure progress, that they all volunteered to rise at four of the morning and to work as clearers and builders until the hour at which the

squads of labourers appeared. There was a good deal to be done: hillocks removed to level the ground, brushwood cut and extirpated, and remnants of walls demolished. Valiant young women who had never touched spade, or axe, or wheelbarrow, learned how to handle them now, and toiled manfully in the warm summer mornings. Mother St. Euphrasia was reminded of the days, when, as a child at Noirmoutier, together with Sophie and Clémentine, she had disencumbered the crypt of St. Philbert. What a work it had been! She smiled now as she remembered it. But this was an even greater work. And as she had been the inspirer and chief toiler then, so she was still. Delicate and white-robed, the sweat of labour poured from her brow. It was a mystery to the workmen that, every morning when they appeared, their task was far more advanced than they had left it the day before. It was suggested to them that angels might have a hand in this, but they had their own ideas about it. In any case they were not going to quarrel about it with that good Mother who was so anxious to see the work progress. With so much goodwill and enthusiasm contributing, the church was finished in a little less than ten months. It was dedicated on the 14th of May, 1833, under the title of the Immaculate Conception, a name so dear to the donor and to the Community, and immediately the Sisters, with immense joy, and almost a sense of awe, entered into possession of their treasure. The building is simple in design but well-proportioned and in good taste. The architect who developed and completed the Count's plan, after directing the works and sedulously watching over them, refused all payment, stating that he was happy to have been able to render this service to the Sisters. In reality, the first plan was Mother St. Euphrasia's, and both the Count and the architect in consultation with her, respected her wishes at all points. It was her idea that the church should be in the form of a cross, with the altar rising at the centre of it and somewhat elevated, in order that it should be seen from all points. The Nuns' Choir at the

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head of the cross is seventy feet long by twenty-eight feet wide. The Magdalens occupy the right arm of the cross, and the Penitents the left. The lower portion is left free for the faithful who enter it by a door giving upon the public street, and it is wholly separate from the Sisters' part. The cross-form, especially chosen by Mother St. Euphrasia to keep the various classes of inmates from intermingling, has served as a model for all the churches or chapels built by the religious of the Good Shepherd throughout the world. The new place of worship, so fresh, so spacious, so full of light, was a source of genuine happiness to all who prayed there, and the gratitude of Mother Pelletier and her daughters went up joyously to God, and also to the benefactor for this choice gift.

The inexhaustible charity of Augustin de Neuville was not yet satisfied. After the building of the church, a considerable sum of money was still left over from the sale of his estate, and he bethought him that, though he had provided adequate dwellings for the Magdalena and the orphans, he had done nothing yet for the Sisters who were still occupying the ramshackle buildings that had housed the factory. There was a reproach to him in the thought, despite the fact that the beautiful and vast chapel gave the Sisters more comfort than any lodging he might provide for them. He was determined to make them a proper monastery, and a fine two storey building, wholly surrounded by cloisters, and containing sixty cells divided by wide corridors, was put up at his expense. No sooner did the Community move into the new quarters than Mother St. Euphrasia was inspired to use the old house, which now stood empty, for another work which was also to become dear to her heart. She had been asked repeatedly to give shelter to young girls who were still innocent and pure, but who, owing to unfortunate circumstances or bad examples in their own homes, were in imminent danger of falling into sin. She saw clearly that this, too, was a work of rescue and salvation; but she would not place the maidens of untainted mind and heart with those who might contaminate them. It would have been against her principles. She began now, in the building vacated by the Sisters, a new branch of her *work of redemption*, the class to which she gave the name of "Preservation" and which was to fulfil a most important office, showing of itself how great the need for its foundation had been. This fresh creation, a veritable stroke of genius, inaugurated on the feast of the Visitation of Our Lady, proved to be eminently fruitful for good, and preserved many a young girl from danger, confirming her in virtue and uprightness.

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it would seem as if the very kindness of Mother Pelletier and her warm, radiant and genial personality, attracted souls magnetically to her. While she was busy with her Preservation Class, organizing it efficiently and fitting it into the general plan of an establishment that worked with extreme harmony and smoothness, she received a request of a different kind, from a person who did not need to be either preserved or reformed but who asked her whimsically if she could not find place for one more wandering sheep under the crook of the Good Shepherd. This was her old friend, the Countess D'Andigné de Villequiers, a constant benefactress of the Institute, who had made up her mind that she wished to spend her last years in the peace of a convent, and close to the wonderful woman whose talents and virtues she had been one of the first to divine. Mother Pelletier felt that it would be impossible to say "no" to one who had constantly assisted the Community, so she turned the former chapel, now in disuse, into a comfortable suite of single rooms opening out on the exterior

entrance, and in the month of November the welcome guest arrived. It was a continual source of edification to the Sisters to see the aged gentlewoman rise at dawn, as they did, and attend all the Offices in choir. For Mother St. Euphrasia it was a consolation to be able to discuss with this faithful and holy friend, who was also a person of great experience, the various problems which arose every day; and the gratitude of Madame D'Andigné for the hospitality extended to her was so great that she was continually manifesting it in deeds. By her orders, and at her expense, the orchard was planted with all kinds of fruit-trees and the kitchen garden was so arranged that the crops were successive and in all seasons the house was supplied with abundant fresh vegetables. This alone was a godsend to the Institute. Furthermore, the good Countess promised to clothe twentyone of the orphans every year, and, in a quiet way, almost without seeming to do it, she enabled many a poor girl to enter the penitent class by paying a small sum for her maintenance as long as she chose to remain.

The House of the Good Shepherd of Angers was thus flourishing and increasing beyond all the hopes of its foundress, and the vigorous and abundant life which radiated from it, showed that it had solid bases and that it was bound to expand. But, together with the manifest blessing of Heaven upon it, came the marking seat of the Cross. From time to time there were outbreaks of fever: from time to time the river, rising, flooded the premises and the water surged up through the foundations of the monastery invading the grounds. The low-land, which was so fertile, was less healthful as a place of abode. In 1832, there was an epidemic

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of malignant fever, especially among the penitents. Mother St. Euphrasia was grieved to the heart and ordered that all possible care should be given to the sick. Frequently she visited the infirmary herself, watching over the patients, and sending many little gifts and dainties to encourage and cheer them. The "children" were devoted to her and felt that her affection for them was really that of a mother. One day, while the -epidemic was at its height, she came as usual to visit the sick and paused beside each bed to say a few kind and helpful words to each one of the sufferers. The Sister Infirmarian was worn out with nursing, and in dire distress because it seemed to her that every one of her charge must die. The Superior reassured her. As she left each bedside, she turned to whisper to her aside: "This one is going to get well" "And this one, too". "And this one". But at one bed she paused and, still more softly, murmured: "This one is going to die." The Infirmarian started from the shock, then, incredulous, she replied: "But, Mother, she is the least sick of them all". Mother Pelletier only repeated: "This one is going to die." And in fact, a few days later, the prediction was verified.

During that same year, 1832, which was so prolific in sickness, Mother St. Euphrasia must have felt that the Hand of God was weighing heavily upon her. Besides the fever cases, there were others which showed all the symptoms of cholera. One of the penitents was taken violently ill and, in a very short time, in the midst of agonizing suffering, it appeared that she was going to die. Cholera in one of its most rapid and fatal forms. Within a few hours her eyes became glazed, her body ice-cold and rigid, and her lips turned black. Her terrified companions kept crying out to the Sister Infirmarian to call the Mother, for the girl was going to die. Mother St. Euphrasia showed no haste. In fact, strangely indeed, she did not seem over-willing. - "I will go," she said, "if she has faith." Did she know that in the troubled soul, hovering now on the brink of eternity, the powers of darkness had not been wholly overcome? She came slowly, thoughtfully, to the bedside, and with authority she asked: "Have you great confidence in God?" Then she knelt down and with extraordinary fervour began the prayer: "Memorare, O piissima Virgo Maria" in which all the persons present joined. With failing breath the dying girl asked the Mother to make the Sign of the Cross upon her forehead. - "I will do it, my child," was the reply, "but with Holy Water;" and, dipping her finger in the font, she made the sacred Sign reverently upon the death-like brow. Then, softly, she went out.

A few moments later, to the amazement of all present, the sick girl opened wide, bright eyes and sat up in bed. Every symptom of sickness had vanished. She was able to rise, to dress. She was perfectly cured.

First Foundations Made From Angers

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MOTHER ST. Euphrasia had been struck from the first by the great number of vocations flowing toward Angers. She remembered Tours, which she had loved so much. One vocation, two, sometimes not even that, in a twelve month. And Angers, too, at first appeared sterile. - "They did not know us," she said humbly. To many it seemed that the numerous vocations had coincided with her own coming, that her extraordinarily attractive personality and her reputation for holiness drew chosen souls to her as the magnet draws. But the explanation is not sufficient., It was a power higher than that of her charm and sanctity, which was directing virginal lives to consecrate their beauty to the Divine Bridegroom in the pastures of the Good Shepherd of Angers. There was an unusual average of high quality in these aspirants: piety, character, intelligence, education: they seemed to have been specialty prepared. As to their number, the monastery records show that between the 2nd of July, 1831, and the 25th of December, 1833, a period of two and a half years, fifty-eight postulants had been admitted to the novitiate, and very few ever left.

The Mother Superior was so convinced of the importance of forming the future religious well, that she herself took entire charge of the Novitiate, employing other Sisters merely as assistants or teachers. And this generation of the religious formed by Mother St. Euphrasia has gone down to history, in the annals of the Order, as a generation of giants. Or, better perhaps, one should say, as a generation of Saints. Her charity, her motherly tenderness were boundless. But at the same time her direction was characterized by vigour and energy. She wanted no weaklings around her; there was work to be done, and it must be done manfully. One should always be ready to sacrifice oneself-, and do it with a smile. One of the secrets of her success was that she taught them to love their vocation; they must love it with a deep and passionate love for there is nothing in this world so divine and so desirable as the saving of souls. There was fire upon her own

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lips and in her heart, and a great poet has said that these consuming fires will always kindle others, provided the inner flame is suffered to burst forth.

Augustin de Neuville, whom the Sisters had learned to call affectionately "*Notre bon Père*, " *our* good father, more than once ventured to advise the Mother Superior that her vocation and that of her daughters was a peculiarly

hard one, and that she had better enlighten aspirants from the start regarding the special difficulties and hardships which they were likely to encounter in the discharge of their duties. "If they want to be quiet and to attend exclusively to prayer, tell them to go to Carmel or to the Visitation. Here there are combats awaiting them, and they must learn to fight as well as to pray," The amount of selfabnegation and of self-control required are indeed enormous. But Mother St. Euphrasia knew each one of her daughters to the depths of the soul, their qualities and their faults, and she helped every one of them upon the way of perfection. For the most part they responded generously, and they were so eager themselves to progress in virtue that they were as wax in her hands. She took particular pains with those who had defects of character to overcome: the hasty, the irascible, the morose. - "Sisters, learn to be amiable," she would implore them, almost in the words of St. Francis of Sales, "it is so necessary for us in our vocation to be amiable. We must not be anything else." Her own affability was so great that it was noted by all who approached her. Another virtue which she never tired of recommending to them was obedience, and she was forced to confess that her young Sisters were admirable. They would spring forward to obey, at the least word. She impressed upon them the importance and value of humility, and there was an emulation between them, each striving to be the most humble of all. She lauded poverty, and it became beautiful in their eyes. But a point that has been particularly noted in her system of formation is that she taught her children to love mortification, an extremely difficult matter as it goes directly contrary to nature: she made self-denial seem to them absolutely one of the most desirable and lovely of practices. And, indirectly, she built strong characters. There was to be no "line of least resistance," for temptations and passions to invest, among the novices of Angers. A story is told of one of the number who was extremely fastidious and dainty in her habits. She noted that her companion was given an old Breviary, shabby and worn, for the recitation of the Office. Involuntarily the thought crossed her mind: "I *am* glad they didn't give me that old book," but at once conscience rebuked her, and she went and asked permission to give her clean new manual to the sister novice, and

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to take the soiled book which had inspired her with repugnance. The incident is perhaps a small one, but it shows the brave and prompt spirit of self-conquest with which Mother St. Euphrasia was inspiring her children. She endeavoured to be constantly among them, and one of the older religious was able to write to an absent Sister: "Our Mother is always busy around the young ones. She *consumes* herself for the Novitiate." Besides admitting each one of the "young ones" to confer with her privately that they might fully open their hearts to her, she frequently gave instructions to the entire group, and these informal talks, so full

of doctrine, of wisdom and experience, of grace and sweetness were so much appreciated that her hearers hung upon her lips and wished she would never stop. At recreation the novices received a special share of her attention, and she often told them little Stories, and bantered with them, but what was edifying and instructive she related with the same inimitable charm, so that they were heard to say " that they would rather go without their dinner than miss the recreation with Mother." At the same time it appears evident, from many instances, that she received supernatural lights and graces to assist her in her task. - "It is no use trying to hide things from me," she sometimes said. "I do not need to be told. For, when all is well with a Sister, I seem to know it. And so also I am agitated about her, and feel it instinctively, when anything goes wrong."

With all the abundance of promising material which the holy Superior had in the Novitiate, it sometimes happened that she was in the greatest need of a professed Sister for some important office and she had none to dispose of At a certain moment it became urgent to find a good Mistress for the penitent class, and Mother St. Euphrasia could not provide her. Between the Novitiate, the Magdalena, the Preservation Class, and the Orphans all her professed religious had been used up. She turned to Tours again, begging for the loan of a Sister, only for a short time, but Tours refused unconditionally. Next she tried Nantes, and the Count de Neuville, always generous and anxious to assist the Community, seconded the petition with the promise of indemnifying the house of Nantes for the help given to Angers. But Nantes, too, refused to let any Sister go. The benefactor thought it passing strange. He was inclined to be amazed and indignant. - "In reality, Mother," he said to the Superior, 'your Order should have a central House for emergencies like this one; a House that could offer a choice of subjects, and be willing, when necessary, to send them out." It seemed to Mother St. Euphrasia that he was speaking her own thought. Why have a common Founder, a common Rule, the one and same purpose, and then live so hemmed in by one's

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own interests, that one cannot even stretch out a helping hand to a sisterhouse in need? The primitive Churches assisted one another, and the principles of Christianity are illustrated in them. It was again Monsieur de Neuville, practical and experienced, who suggested a solution for the difficulty: "Mother, why don't you use your novices?" And the Mother followed his advice, taking the professed Sisters from posts of minor importance and replacing them by novices, while the older and more advanced were left free for charges of importance. But two problems remained in the Superior's mind, unsolved, to harass her. Her Father, St. John Eudes, her ideal and inspirer, had thus founded his houses separate, each one to itself-, but had he foreseen the case in which one house in extreme

need should appeal for assistance to sister-houses and be refused by them? And, again, the second problem. Heaven was sending her an abundance of excellent Sisters, and they still kept on coming. How should she use them all later, when they were all professed? Augustine de Neuville had said with complete confidence: "This work is going to expand." And he was not the only one to say it. The Abbé Perché urged the Mother to prepare, largely, for the future. And many other worthy and far-seeing priests expressed their conviction that the Good Shepherd of Angers had not been called into existence to remain stationary.

The two problems remained, however, a cause of anguish, until Heaven itself deigned to enlighten the good Mother and lead her into the way in which she should go. What was evident to her and to many others was that there was an immense and continuous movement toward this Institute; young girls of radiant promise who wished to become Sisters; poor penitents, storm-tossed and seeking a refuge; innocent adolescents, exposed to danger in the world. And throughout the vast establishment, highly organized and working harmoniously in all its parts, there was a richness and exuberance of life, a fullness and robustness, a vigour of output, an enthusiasm, that showed it to be in active development, a pulsating process of unfolding. Mother St. Euphrasia herself often considered the phenomenon with wonder. She was a profoundly humble soul and she knew it was not she who was working these wonders. She still waited, attentive, watchful, for the Word of God. Then it may be that in silence, secretly, the Word was whispered to her heart. But still she did not move. She wanted to be sure. When a request finally came, it seemed the most natural thing in the world. Indeed it had been made to her already, even while she was Superior of Tours, but at that time it had been impossible to think of opening another house. In the month of February, 1833, the Bishop of Le Mans, Monseigneur Carron, wrote to

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the Mother again, at Angers, begging her to send him a group of Sisters, as he was extremely anxious to found a refuge for poor penitents in his episcopal city. She resolved to go to Le Mans and see what the possibilities there would be. Her own Bishop, Monseigneur of Angers, gave his consent, and the Mother set out with one companion although winter was not yet over. But her ardent zeal, the thought that she was facing hardships and perils for God and for souls, carried her over all obstacles.

The prospects at Le Mans seemed satisfactory. A house was in readiness to receive the Sisters, and a distinguished priest, the Abbé Moreau, Vice Rector of the Seminary, (years later he became the founder of the Congregation of the

Holy Cross now established at Notre Dame, Indiana) showed the greatest interest in their work. A number of penitents were waiting, so the Mother hastened the preparations, the house was blessed, and Sister Marie des Séraphins installed as Superior. At the end of April, Mother St. Euphrasia returned to Angers, taking with her a postulant from Le Mans; and immediately seven more postulants followed, all eager to place themselves under the direction of the good Mother. There was every reason to hope that this, the first foundation made from Angers, would be entirely successful. It appeared to be well begun and promising. Mother St. Euphrasia watched over it, albeit from a distance, with the anxious love and care with which a mother watches over her first-born. Unfortunately, before very long, Le Mans became a cause of sharp anxiety. The Abbé Moreau had been named ecclesiastical Superior of the House and, no doubt with the best intentions, suggested to the Sisters that certain changes in their observances would be advisable. Mother St. Euphrasia was alarmed and wrote back urgently that nothing was to be changed. The Rules and Constitutions given by their Father John Eudes were a sacred deposit, entrusted to his children for all time, and they must not be touched. Father Moreau was offended at this resistance to his authority, and accused the Superior of Angers of pride and rebellion. It was a sad story, and Mother St. Euphrasia tried in vain to appease this ecclesiastic for whom she had the deepest regard. It seemed as though the first of her foundations was only to bring her sorrow and bitterness of heart. - "My Calvary of Le Mans," she called it sadly and in the end Le Mans separated from Angers, declaring itself independent. But the wound of its loss remained open in the heart of the Mother as long as she had life.

Some six months after the foundation of Le Mans, Mother Pelletier received a second request, this time from Poitiers, another of the historic cities of France, though indeed, in that land of early Roman civilization and medieval splendour, there are few cities that are not historic. If Le

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Mans has, in its glorious Cathedral of St. Julian, the oldest leaded, stained-glass windows in France, Poitiers has in the sixth century church and monastery of St. Radegonde, widow of Clovis, King of the Franks, a monument second to none. This holy princess built the Abbey, to which she retired to live a monastic life after the death of her husband, and where her virtues and miracles are remembered still. Her relics, preserved there, are said to be working miracles even to the present day. Another who sleeps at Poitiers is Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach. But readers of English tongue will recall better that here Henry 11 - who was King of England - was born, and that here that famous encounter known as the battle of Poitiers took place, in which the gallant Black Prince defeated John 11 of France, the royal man who never broke his word. A

gallo-roman city, not very large, its inhabitants less than forty thousand in number, but intensely interesting and picturesque, with its ancient streets that go up and down hill, and the close line of the houses, many of which are finished with wood-work and peaked turrets.

Mother St. Euphrasia knew the rich history of Poitiers and the city attracted her; but, had it been the meanest in the world, it would have drawn her no less when she thought of the souls that must be rescued and saved. She assembled the Sisters of the Council to consult them, and they were in favour of accepting the proposal of the Bishop who offered them a house and sundry other advantages; but they had observed already that Le Mans was endeavouring to cast off its allegiance, and they stipulated that in future every foundation made from Angers, and for which Angers gave the religious and the first support should remain in communion with Angers and obedient to its Superior. It is doubtful whether the Chapter in forming this resolution, perceived that they were proposing that there should be a general government for all the Houses founded by Angers, with headquarters at Angers itself. What they wished was that the house founded by them with so much labour and Sacrifice should remain attached to them. But it was growing more and more clear that, if there was to be an organization, there must necessarily be a central house and a head over the entire group. For the moment the matter was still in abeyance, but a number of authoritative voices had already suggested to Mother St. Euphrasia that, if her work was to grow, there must be one direction over all the houses, one central motive force.

Poitiers was calling, so in November, Mother St. Euphrasia prepared her little band of pioneers, sending her dear Mother St. Stanislaus Bedouet as Superior. There was more anxiety at her heart now, since she had seen how, with the best intentions, a work may warp in our hands

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and break. But she endeavoured to keep her courage high that her daughters too, might set out full of confidence, A first check came on their arrival at Poitiers. The Bishop, Monseigneur de Bouillé. was absent and he had left orders that the house intended for the Sisters was not to be opened until his return. Probably he had not expected them to arrive so soon; but in any case they would not disobey his order. After a first moment of dismay, they went and sought hospitality with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart who had recently taken over the school for girls established in the ancient Abbaye des Feuillants. The beautiful building, once the home of the White Cistercians of the Rule of St. Benedict, had been sanctified anew by the presence and virtues of St. Madeleine Sophie Barat. The tired

travellers from Angers were most kindly received and entertained, and on the 3rd of December, 1833, they were able to take possession, under the patronage of the great missionary St. Francis Xavier, of the house destined for them. A few weeks of loneliness and of initial hardships followed, but the kindness of the Bishop and of several prominent Catholic families encouraged the pioneers. Mother St. Euphrasia kept up their spirit by a number of admirable letters written to her "most dear daughter, the companion of her sorrows and of her joys," and the House of Poitiers thrived and brought her many consolations. In May, 1834, she decided that it would be advisable for her to visit the monastery herself, and Madame D'Andigné, still valiant and alert, begged to accompany her. The Mother found everything in perfect order, as she had expected, and Sisters and penitents welcomed her warmly. While at Poitiers she went in person to thank the Superior of the Sacred Heart for her kindness in receiving the Sisters on their arrival, and she was much interested to learn that Madame Barat had resided in the house, and that the school she took over had been established in the Abbaye des Feuillants by Madame Lydie Chobelet, a sister of that Madame Chobelet who directed the boarding-school of the Association Chrétienne at Tours, an establishment of which Rose-Virginie Pelletier had preserved somewhat painful recollections. Lydie Chobelet had been a very different person. She was gentleness itself. Her school of the Feuillants was in full efficiency when Madame Barat came to historic Poitiers. But the gentle Mistress recognized the genius and the holiness of one greater than she was. She handed over the school, as it stood, to Madame Barat and begged her to receive her among her daughters. She had died only the previous year, in the odour of sanctity, humble, self-sacrificing, and leaving, like a fragrance, the memory of her virtues clinging about the school she had founded. Mother St. Euphrasia was delighted and edified by her visit to the Feuillants, and she was further pleased to meet there

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a very remarkable Jesuit, Father Barthès, who had never heard of the Good Shepherd and was intensely interested to learn of its existence, asking many questions about it. What impressed him most, however, was the ardour and deep enthusiasm with which Mother Pelletier spoke of her work: the saving of souls, the cooperation with Christ in His work of Redemption. Short sentences, modestly and deferentially spoken, but the apostle recognized the apostle. He could only approve, urge the Mother emphatically to continue, and offer her his services if she saw the possibility of his being useful to the Community. Mother St. Euphrasia remembered this kind and spontaneous offer and the day came when she was able to avail herself of it.

Meanwhile another request for a foundation reached her from the large and important city of Grenoble in the southeast of France. The Bishop, Monseigneur

de Bruillard, in making the demand, stated that he already had a convent of the Refuge in his episcopal city but that it was not doing well, that it was relaxed in observance, and that owing to mismanagement the House itself was reduced to misery. He begged for a few good religious to restore the establishment to efficiency. The proposition was one which, from the outset, offered many difficulties; but the Superior of Angers had a gallant spirit. A Bishop called, and she must come; and she was furthermore glad to be able to assist a sisterhouse that had fallen into distress. It was entirely according to her ideas to carry out fraternally the injunction of the Gospel: "Help ye one another." But her own Bishop of Angers hesitated. He did not like to see daughters of his going so far from home, and he feared that the particular circumstances of the case would bring the Good Samaritans many annoyances, and tribulations. Reluctantly he gave his consent, in view of Mother St. Euphrasia's hopeful insistence. The Annals of the Good Shepherd of Angers refer to this foundation as to one of the most contrasted and opposed that was ever made, though it may safely be said that not one was made without suffering and strife. - "The beginnings of our dear monastery of Grenoble," they state, "were a tissue of sorrows, humiliations and crosses of all kinds. Our worthy Mother generally suffered extremely when she was about to undertake any great work for the glory of God. The torments she endured at this time are indescribable; she compared them to those of the damned. She endured these on one night especially; then, kneeling down in spirit at the feet of Our Blessed Lady and the Child Jesus, she recovered her peace of heart." Obviously the powers of evil were attacking the heroic woman to punish her for the souls she was wresting from their domain, and she must suffer these secret torments as well as the outward battles moved against her by men.

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With regard to the monastery at Grenoble, it was decided that the Sisters from Angers should not take up their residence at the actual Refuge, which was at Saint Evreux, a short distance from the city, but that they should establish themselves in a house offered them at Saint Robert, another suburb, and that the Sisters from St. Evreux should presently come to them, as the Bishop had desired. The deed of foundation was made out in the same terms as that of Poitiers, the house of Grenoble was to be subject to the Monastery of Angers. Angers sent the Superior, Sister Mary of St. Louis Rogué, and a small group of pioneer Sisters.

in those days of slow transit, the Sisters only reached Grenoble on the 23rd of December, 1833. They were worn-out, and the weather was bitter. The Convent of the Ursulines being conveniently located in the city, they made a first halt there, and the kindly Superior would not bear of their going forward on

Christmas Eve. They must rest a little, and spend Christmas where they had alighted. Thus, surrounded by courteous attentions and genuine charity, they celebrated the feast of the Nativity of Our Lord; but their thoughts kept travelling back to Angers which they had left, and many a silent tear slipped into the white wimples, quickly wiped away lest their gentle hostesses should think that they were grieving. On the 26th, as in duty bound, they proceeded for St. Evreux, for their obedience was to abide at St. Evreux until the house of St. Robert should be in order to receive them; but the Sisters of the Refuge had reconsidered the situation, and now they declined to surrender their autonomy. They closed their doors against the Sisters of Angers. The poor travellers were extremely embarrassed, because their house at St. Robert was still unfinished, and they had come to Grenoble on purpose to absorb the St. Evreux community which the Bishop wished to amalgamate with theirs. But, under the circumstances, they thought it better to repair at once to St. Robert and from there to invite the St. Evreux group to join them. This the latter refused to do. Then, fearing no doubt to displease His Excellency, they abandoned their own house, seeking refuge in various sister establishments in other cities.

Meanwhile the poor colonists of St. Robert lodged in an empty house, without beds or bedding, and without furniture or household utensils of any kind. They had no money even to buy food. They spent the cruel winter days doing needle-work, to have a few coppers to buy bread, and, on one memorable occasion, the entire group fasted for twenty-four hours in the impossibility of procuring even a single loaf. Mother St. Euphrasia insisted upon knowing all the details, and they were harrowing enough. After six months of trials and privations, which constituted a

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long agony for the Mother as well as for the daughters, she decided to recall them and to abandon the foundation. But at that point it was her own Bishop, Monseigneur Montault, who revived her courage - "Do not recall them," he said. "The storms will pass and afterwards they will have fair weather." The poor Mother, in the midst of her own financial difficulties saved every penny she could to send relief to the community of Grenoble; but some condemned her for making a foundation that was so precarious. - "Many persons have said to me," she wrote to Sister St. Louis, 'you would make the foundation of Grenoble, so much the worse for you now.' Alas, it is certain that both you and we have endured many martyrdoms." Unfortunately, friends of the former community of St. Evreux had stirred public opinion against the Sisters of St. Robert. Even the Bishop, who had summoned them, was displeased at the turn things had taken and became prejudiced against them. Meanwhile Sister St. Louis, judging that it was impossible to go on amid such dreadful difficulties, borrowed money at a high

rate of interest to make repairs in the house and to purchase furniture, and Mother Pelletier was called upon by the creditors for payment. About the same time, one of the Vicars of the Cathedral of Grenoble, wrote to the Superior of St. Robert that the Bishop was considering the dismissal of her Community and that she would probably soon receive the document that returned them to Angers. The poor Superior was deeply grieved at not having been able to satisfy His Lordship, and still more grieved to think of the sorrow and humiliation of Mother St. Euphrasia. The letter reached her just before Matins on Christmas Eve, almost the anniversary of their arrival at Grenoble. In her distress and confusion she turned to the Holy Child, born for sinners that night. At the foot of the Crib during Midnight Mass, she kept praying almost inarticulately: "O You, Who came to save, have pity and save us." . . . It was singular, to say the least, that Bishop de Bruillard, saying Midnight Mass in his private chapel, should be troubled at the altar by the thought that he ought not to dismiss the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. He caused fresh enquiries to be made, and learned that the community was admirably regular and had already received a considerable number of penitents, but that the Sisters were hampered by their extreme poverty. From his private purse he sent them an alms of fifteen thousand francs, and many other persons realizing the good the Sisters were doing, in spite of the disaffection with which they had been treated, began to conceive the greatest regard for them and to support the work generously. The establishment assumed such vast proportions that the Sisters were twice obliged to move into larger quarters, first to Seyssinet, and then

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to the fine estate outside the city known as the Château de la Plaine.

One of the first consolations that came to them at St. Robert was the sincere conversion, in the penitent class, of a young Protestant girl, who not only turned whole-heartedly from the ways of sin, but she furthermore begged to become a Catholic that she might have the grace of the Sacraments to assist her. This event gave Mother St. Euphrasia a deep and vivid joy that compensated her for the tribulations of the beginnings of Grenoble. One soul alone seemed to her worth a sea of troubles.

Not long after meeting Father Barthès at Poitiers, Mother St. Euphrasia petitioned his Superior at Laval to permit him to give the annual retreat to her religious of the Good Shepherd at Angers. The request was granted, and she had the happiness of receiving the noted Jesuit preacher under her own roof. Father Barthès had shown an extraordinary interest in the work of the Good Shepherd from the moment he first learned of it; and he was amazed now in beholding,

close at hand, the wonderful order and perfection of organization by which, in one single establishment, five different groups of persons moved under one direction, in complete harmony, inter-related among themselves, and all inspired by one and the same ideal. He became convinced that the Order had a great future before it, that it would infallibly expand, and that, wherever it went, it would do untold good for the Church and for society. He was deeply impressed, too, by the character of the Superior. Humanly speaking, what a wonderful personality! And, as he grew to know the soul better, what an incomparably wonderful soul!

It happened that, soon after his stay at Angers, Father Barthès was called to Metz to exercise his ministry there; and, in the course of conversation, he poured out in the sympathetic ear of the Bishop his immense enthusiasm for the Institute of the Good Shepherd. Monseigneur Beason determined that he must have such a house in his episcopal city, and he wrote at once to Angers begging that Sisters be sent to him. Mother St. Euphrasia was always for accepting any new opening, and on the feast of the Assumption, under the protection of Our Lady, a little band of four set forth, Sister Marie Sophie Levoyé acting as Superior.

Metz, the interesting city of which one heard so much during the World War, is close to the frontier line, and the two tongues are both commonly spoken there. Now a chief city of Alsace-Lorraine, it was Originally one of the eight independent states of France: the kingdom of Austrasie. In the middle ages, under the Hohenstaufens, it was an imperial city and strongly fortified. Its Bishops governed it as vassallords of the Empire. But it returned again to France, to pass once more

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Germany in 1870, and then again to France. There is a splendid fourteenth century Cathedral of St. Stephen, and other historic churches even older. A queen-like statue of "Notre Dame de Metz," robed as a medieval châtelaine, lifts up the little Prince her Son on high, as if she would wish the whole world to took upon Him, Who is the Lord of all countries and all times.

A first check met the Sisters on their arrival when they found that no house had been prepared for them. But the good Bishops seemed to think that the most important point was to get the Sisters, and afterwards a lodging would be provided for them. They sought the Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who had always been so kind to travellers from Angers, and remained with them until a modest house was secured for them and they were able to move into it. The Bishop placed them in touch with a group of pious women who were

directing a sewing school for young girls, and expressed his wish that the Sisters should take entire charge of this work, admitting the fifteen little seamstresses into their convent as a Class of Preservation. He also desired them to open a boarding-school, which they did, but he was entirely contrary to their receiving penitents. The Sisters were distressed at the prohibition, for they had understood that they were coming to Metz for this specific purpose, and it was the end of their Institute. Mother St. Euphrasia bid them be patient, and reminded them that they must always show themselves "humble and sweet." The boarding-school thrived and was much frequented, and the community made many friends in the city; the Bishop ultimately gave his permission for the reception of penitents, provided they were kept in an entirely separate department. The Superior assured His Lordship that this was always done in their houses, and very soon women and girls, who had the greatest need of the Sisters' ministrations, began to flock to the class. Through the grace of God many striking conversions were wrought among these first penitents, and the Bishop recognized the extraordinary value of this work.

Mother Pelletier rejoiced cordially at the successes of her daughters and kept in close touch with them, writing continually to direct and encourage them. She never failed to inform them of any matter of interest, the new foundations, the movements of the Sisters, and she desired intensely that close union and a mutual affection should bind together all the different houses in a genuinely fraternal and supernatural spirit. She certainly succeeded, for after a century of life and an infinite number of multiplications, the spirit of charity and union remains in her houses still. But it should not be forgotten that it was she who inspired her daughters, and who inculcated upon them the stringent necessity for

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intimate union and mutual help. Looking toward Angers, from near and from far, the remembrance and the desire of her children turned incessantly toward her. Incomparable mother, toward whom the loyal and the true clung with unalterable affection! She was not spared deceptions and betrayals; but Christ, too, the greatest and most divine of Masters, was denied by one disciple, sold for money by another, and abandoned when He hung upon the Cross.

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**The Gradual Unfolding
of the Central
Government
X11**

IN THE year 1834 Mother Pelletier's term of office as Superior expired, and the consequent elections were held at Angers during the week preceding the feast of Pentecost. The Bishop presided in person and besides the Sisters who had votes in the Chapter, the Superior of Le Mans, (not yet separated), of Poitiers, Grenoble, and Metz were present to represent their communities. All felt that the occasion was a very solemn one; but the Superior of Angers was so much beloved and so worthy in every way that not one of her daughters would have hesitated in casting her ballot. The re-election was unanimous, one vote alone, her own, going against her. The Bishop, and the religious assembled around him, could scarcely contain their joy, and it was only held in check by a distinct effort until the austere ceremony should have been completed. Mother St. Euphrasia pronounced her profession of faith with intense earnestness and fervour, and then made over her charge, as was customary, to the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, beseeching her to be their Lady and Superior, directing and guiding herself, and all those subject to her, in the holy ways of God.

Two problems which had been in Mother St. Euphrasia's mind for a long time seemed to be inevitably suggesting their own solution. She had wondered, with a questioning anguish, why there were so few houses of the Refuge after some century and a half of time elapsed. The need for their existence was so great as to be appalling; and they continued to lead a small life, with few members in each community; and extremely limited number of convents, and an almost total deficiency of expansion. This woman thinker who had the mind of a man, had come to the conclusion long ago that the weak point was the segregation and aloofness of the different houses. Each one lived unto itself, separate, apart from all the others. Their Father John Eudes had

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legislated as for Carmelites or the Visitation. He had said well that they must be women of prayer, contemplatives, for without prayer they would not be fit for the work they had to do. But they must be active, too, and even that would not suffice. They must be missionaries. She had seen the limitations of their usefulness when, needing a Mistress of Penitents so much, no sister Refuge would consent to give or even lend one. Count de Neuville saw even further. - "Mother, what you need is a central house, a head you could all appeal to."

The good Mother wanted to know what a learned priest would think of this idea, which had haunted her a long time, and which their benefactor had blurted out with so much conviction. Father Perché, who had been their valued chaplain for many years at Angers, was now in charge of a parish outside the city; but his deep interest in the Institute remained. He was eminently wise, and a true minister of God. - "There is no doubt," he wrote back, "that it would be of great advantage to the Institute to have a Mother House and a Generalate," and he undertook to lay the matter before the Bishop, explaining to his lordship fully that St. Mary Euphrasia Pelletier did not wish to make innovations, nor to touch the existing Refuges; but only to unite among themselves, for their common good, the houses which should be founded from Angers. Monseigneur Montault, as a true Pastor of the fold of Peter, declared that before giving a definite answer, he would first lay the matter before Rome. And he instructed Father Perché to prepare an article to be incorporated in the actual Constitutions of the Sisters, whereby a central government might be erected; and stating that the foundations made from Angers would be subordinate to Angers. At the same time, as Bishop of Angers, (the noble ancient See of Andegavi), he addressed a petition to the reigning Pontiff, His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI, begging him to permit that all the houses founded from the Monastery of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd of Angers might depend from it, and be subject to a Superior General who was to be Superior of the same Monastery of Angers, and reside there. This supplementary article, inserted in the Book of the Constitutions, was to be known as "Constitution Number Fifty-Two." But while Rome was examining the Bishop's petition, Monseigneur Montault, thought it his duty, merely by way of information, to respectfully acquaint his Metropolitan, the Archbishop of Tours, with the resolutions passed by the Angers House of the Good Shepherd. Unfortunately the higher prelate still nourished the illusion that, because Mother Mary Euphrasia Pelletier and her companions had formerly belonged to the Tours community, they were still subject to him. He had completely forgotten that he had ceded them

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to the Bishop of Angers, and signed their letter of dismissal from his diocese; and he was extremely displeased that they should declare themselves subjects of His Lordship of Angers, his suffragan.

Still worse was the impression made upon the various convents of the Refuge when malicious tongues began to publish abroad that Mother Mary Euphrasia Pelletier was setting herself up as Superior of them all, and that she was intriguing to have all the Refuges subjected to her authority. Nothing could be more false, and even stupid; but every calumny against her, by some strange phenomenon of perversity, or by the direct action of the father of lies, was

accepted as Gospel truth. The various Refuges grew hotly indignant at the impudence of Angers' demand. Perhaps they remembered that, in 1807, the Refuge of Paris had wished to erect itself as chief over the others and had obtained an imperial decree to this effect. The attempt failed through the determination of the existing Refuges to preserve each its own autonomy. But Mother Mary Euphrasia Pelletier had no wish to set herself up over anybody or anything. She simply saw the immense advantage of forming a Commonwealth; but she asked none to join her save those houses which she herself had brought into existence. That she was misunderstood by an immense number of persons is quite certain.

Her old friend, Mother St. Paul Bodin, one time Superior of Angers and now Superior of Tours, was extremely worried. At Angers she had always been fearing some calamity, and now she began to fear another. It was that Mother Mary Euphrasia Pelletier was about to wreck the work of their Father John Eudes. She wrote to consult the Refuge of Caen, looked upon with veneration by all the others because it was the first established by the holy Founder himself, and because it was believed to have preserved his ideals with peculiar fidelity. The Refuge of Caen declared itself emphatically against the "innovations" at Angers, and advised Mother St. Paul to protest against them; which the virtuous Mother did, with great feeling, writing to both the Bishop of Angers and to Mother St. Euphrasia. What they were proposing to do, she said, was absolutely contrary to the intentions of the holy Founder of the Refuge.

But there were many other persons who did not share Mother St. Paul's views. Pious and learned ecclesiastics, who asserted that the measures contemplated were absolutely not contrary to the intentions of the holy Founder. They only affected the form of organization, while they preserved intact the legislation, customs, and ideals of the first institutor. As a matter of fact, Mother St. Euphrasia would have been the last person in the world to violate the will of St. John Eudes. She had the

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most profound veneration for him and for his Institute. She was filled with the spirit of her saintly father to the point of being a replica of his burning zeal. And it should be remembered that when St. John Eudes left, with infinite sorrow, his own Congregation of the Oratory to found the religious family of the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, abuse was heaped upon him and he, too, was called an innovator, almost an apostate. "The Servant of God," writes his biographer, "was dealing with implacable enemies, who would not forgive him anything: they turned into evil all that came from him, regarding him as an ambitious man, a restless spirit,

troublesome, wanting to dominate, to make people speak of him, and to pass himself off as a saint when he was only a hypocrite." (Martine, Life of the Saint). The very same accusations and calumnies were being spoken now against one of the truest and most devoted of his daughters. She, too, was restless, scheming, ambitious, eager to dominate. And alas, she too, had enemies who were implacable.

Father Dufêtre, who had been one of her good friends and supporters at Tours, in the old days, was one of those who turned against her. He wrote to the Vicar General of Angers, Abbé Regnier, denouncing the Superior of that House of the Good Shepherd and complaining of her unjust ambitions. The recipient of this letter endeavoured to set the matter in its true light. - "The wish of the Superior, (of the Good Shepherd) , is not to extend her authority over the Houses of the Congregation which exist already, but to maintain in the dependence of Angers the foundations which her numerous novitiate enables her to make. This house would maintain with the rest of the Congregation the same relations as before; and the subordination in which its daughters would find themselves in regard to it, becomes simply a family matter among themselves.

"I will not deny that I should consider it a great advantage for all this Institute if there were unity and centralization among the powers that govern it. The Religious Orders in which this form of government exists are without question the most living and the most flourishing in every respect. We have striking examples of this in the Sisters of Wisdom, (Soeurs de la Sagesse) of St. Vincent, and in some other institutions of recent creation.

"When the question of this innovation first came up, I feared that it might be harmful to peace, and that 'better might become the enemy of good.' Our Bishop foresaw the difficulty and wrote to His Lordship the Archbishop and obtained his consent. The business has since gone

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forward."

But the storms in France increased and multiplied on all sides. Father Dufêtre had been ecclesiastical Superior of the Refuge of Tours even when Mother St. Euphrasia was at the head of it, and he had the deepest esteem for her. Now he feared that she was conniving against that very house, and his indignation knew no bounds. He endeavoured to turn her own foundations against her and declared openly that he would wreck her entire enterprise if he could. In fact he wrote to Rome, accusing her, and demanding that her petition for a general government should be refused. Mother St. Euphrasia knew what this one-

time friend and now furious enemy was doing. Under date of the 14th of October, 1834, she wrote to her faithful Sister St. Stanislaus an intimately confidential letter in which she opened her heart . «Father Dufêtre sent me word yesterday that he no longer has any fears, and that he promises himself that, in two months time, he himself alone will have won Metz and Grenoble, where he has written, and separated them from us forever; and that the ancient houses shall not see themselves thwarted and surpassed by daughters who have not even the years of profession required for governing and for founding. 'They are going to feel that God does not need them to extend this Order. We have written to Rome: their failure is sure.' Then, raising his hand, he said: 'Over Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia I pronounce curse upon curse.' As for me, my dear daughter, after the arrival of this letter, I went to prepare for Holy Communion, and I had the happiness of being able to receive It, beseeching Our Lord to bless him and all those who curse me. What makes him so confident is that the Sisters of Le Mans have delivered up our letters to them. Fiat! We must drain the chalice to the dregs."

Yet, just at this time, Sister St. Stanislaus received another communication from Father Mainguy, Chaplain of the Angers Monastery, telling her that the petition of the Bishop to the Holy See had been favourably received, and that, though the answer might be delayed, they were hoping and praying it might be such as they wished. - "As to the rest," (Monseigneur Montault had been deeply distressed by the campaign of slander and calumnies launched against Mother St. Euphrasia, " the Bishop takes the entire blame regarding this business upon himself, and he intends to answer, when the time comes for it, all the recriminations which may be made against us; and he will answer them 'as a Bishop' - this is his own word. He is irrevocably determined to overcome all the obstacles which might arise against the success of this important affair, and he has no doubt that he will be able to do it."

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And still from another quarter rose the smoke and the roar of battle, but by flashes of fire. The Archbishop of Tours, Monseigneur de Montblanc, wearied and irritated by the continual complaints brought against the Monastery of Angers by members of his clergy, and possibly instigated by the most angry among them, decided that he would put an end to the trouble and disorder by recalling all the Sisters who had gone to Angers from Tours. His authority as Metropolitan gave him rights over the Bishop himself. And chief among the others, he would recall the scheming Mother St. Euphrasia and reduce her to silence. Mother St. Euphrasia was appalled when she heard of this decision of His Lordship. She never dreamed of resisting, but her anguish was beyond words.

Then she remembered that when she left Tours, a letter of dismissal had been handed to her, ceding her and her five companions, and transferring them from the diocese of Tours to that of Angers. She sent this document to the Bishop from whom she now depended, and he placed it in the episcopal archives and reassured her with comforting words. "It is a perfectly regular *'Exeat*, which takes from His Lordship of Tours any power or right over you." But His Lordship of Tours was not going to see his authority questioned. He was angry, and he resolved to travel to Angers in person to see that his orders were obeyed. He arrived at the Bishop's palace on the 20th of July, and barely took the trouble to contain his displeasure. Monseigneur Montault, all courtesy and deference invited his guest to administer Confirmation to the children of the Good Shepherd Convent. Perhaps he thought to propitiate him, but the effort was vain. The two Prelates arrived together at the Monastery which had once been a cotton factory and which now stood, fair and stately, in the midst of well cultivated grounds, and they -----the entire Community drawn up to welcome them, and some thirty ecclesiastics of the city assembled to greet the Archbishop of Tours. With the humblest respect and devotion, Mother St. Euphrasia knelt to do homage, but the visitor announced somewhat brusquely the purpose of his coming, adding that he wished to speak to her alone. Gently, and with entire deference, the Superior replied that she would wish Monseigneur the Bishop and her Council to bear what His Lordship might be pleased to say. But at these words the Prelate's accumulated wrath broke forth. He burst into a volley of reproaches and invectives, repeating all the calumnies which had been maliciously retailed to him against this holy and innocent woman. She listened in silence to the fierce onslaught that lacerated her good name and reputation, an attack all the more terrible that it was made by a high dignitary of the Church, in the presence of the most esteemed members of the clergy of the city, and of the entire religious family over which she ruled. When the torrent

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of accusations came to an end, she answered. She did it only, she declared, for the sake of truth. And her calmness and dignity proved that she had absolute control of her passions and emotions. She did not forget a single head of the impeachment; she replied to one after the other, and narrated the facts briefly, as they really were, stripped of distortions. But the Archbishop would not be pacified, and, in the midst of more angry words, repeated the order that he wished to speak to her in private. Then the venerable Mother knelt down at his feet. "My Lord," she said, "I will listen with submission to anything Your Grace may be pleased to say to me. But it must be in the presence of my Bishop, because I wish him to be my witness, and, if I have done ought to deserve blame, I want him to know it." The Bishop of Angers, pained and shamed by the humiliation of this incomparable woman, essayed to murmur a few words in her defence, and then

reminded His Grace that he had himself officially dismissed these religious from his diocese, transferring them to that of Angers. The Archbishop could only reply that he did not remember doing it, and that it was entirely contrary to his wishes. He also denied that he had given his consent to the creation of a generalate: he had simply authorized his co-adjutor Bishop to place the subjects, loaned to him by Tours, in other foundations. And as he continued to inveigh both against Mother St. Euphrasia and the Bishop, the latter fell upon his knees before him. "Monseigneur," he said, "I beg your pardon a thousand times over if I have offended you, but I can assure you that I never in the least intended it." The sudden and unexpected act took the Archbishop by surprise and he quickly raised his co-adjutor and assured him that his words were sufficient to dispel any little cloud that might have arisen between them. The terrible scene thus came to an end; but Mother St. Euphrasia was severely shaken by it, and it took her a long time to recover; though no sign appeared on the outside, inwardly her heart, her very soul had bled.

Bishop Montault hastened to forward to the Archbishop a copy of the *Exeat*, which bore the signature and seal of His Grace, and he took the occasion to answer, one by one, all the accusations which he had heard him make against Mother St. Euphrasia, and which were all due to misunderstandings or to misrepresentations. The Mother herself was crushed by the anger and reproaches of this high dignitary whom she had always venerated. But what was she to do? She was deeply convinced that it was the Will of God she should establish the Generalate, and make of the work of her blessed Father John Eudes a something new, a something not to be limited by names of cities or by parish-steeple. It was to expand, it was to go everywhere; there was a passionate inspiration

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forcing her forward, onward; nothing was to arrest these white-robed Sisters; wherever humanity was, wherever sin was, they were to go, *Copiosa apud eum Redemptio*. He Who had trodden the wine-press alone, had the edge of His garments red with blood. Copious, abundant unto all souls, was the Redemption He had wrought for them. Her daughters were to be carriers of that Blood, and no man must stop them. But, in the anguish the opposition caused her, she besought all who loved her, religious, Magdalena, penitents, innocent children, to join in one great crusade of prayer that Heaven would guide her, that she might not be permitted to go astray, that the Father of us all would deign to show her just what she was to do.

What she could not ignore was that postulant after postulant kept arriving at Angers, asking to be admitted; that the Novitiate was full to overflowing; and that presently it would become necessary to make new foundations if she were to use, as certainly she was intended to use, for the glory of God, all the wealth of human life, pure, sincere, generous, teeming with zeal and ardour, which the extraordinary flow of vocations kept pouring into her hands. That meant something, too, and perhaps it was the sign for which she petitioned Heaven. Bishop Montault kept pressing the Sacred Congregations in Rome to let him have their decision; but, from Rome itself came the suggestion, ripe with the wisdom of experience, to put his plan into execution, to open those new houses dependent upon Angers and in communion with it, and then to obtain commendatory letters urging the establishment of the Generalate, from the Bishops of the various dioceses in which the new houses had been founded.

In his so-called Fifty-Second Article to be inserted in the Book of the Constitutions, Father Perché had clearly indicated what the form of organization was to be.

The Archbishop of Tours persisting in his own views, in spite of the representations of his co-adjutor of Angers, also wrote a formal letter of complaint to Rome, accusing the Superior of Angers upon several points. There were thus a number of memorials sent forward, highly unfavourable to the religious whom the Bishop of Angers upheld with strong support. Various devoted friends urged the good Mother, to defend herself, but this she would not do. Prayer and silence were the only arms she would consent to use. And she repeated to those who exhorted her to speak for her own justification: - "I would rather be the accused than the accuser." But a number of devoted friends pressed forward to do for her what she would not do for herself, and warm and

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eloquent letters of defense and praise went to Rome to counterbalance the evil effect which the condemnatory letters must necessarily make. The Count de Neuville, furious at the attacks made upon the "good Mother"; Madame D'Andigné, speechless at the thought that any sane person could consider her capable of plotting and intrigue; Madame Cesbron de Is Roche, (now Sister Chantal de Minis) who wrote not one but a series of eloquent letters, addressing them to various high dignitaries in the Eternal City, and whose testimony was considered of great weight. Sister St. Stanislaus, now Assistant at Angers, sent a lengthy account to Cardinal De Gregorio who, as Prefect of the Roman Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, would be of extreme importance to the cause of the Good Shepherd.

A letter addressed by Cardinal De Gregorio to Sister Marie Chantal (Cesbron de Is Roche), acknowledging her letter to him, raised the courage of the community; for he wrote that he had good hopes of success but that some time must be allowed to elapse before the Holy Father gave his final decision. It must be confessed however, that later the adverse letters accusing Mother St. Euphrasia of ambition and rebellion, almost lost her in the esteem of this same Cardinal.

Heaven, nevertheless, had raised up in her defence, two strong champions in Rome itself. One was Father Vaurès of the Conventuals, confessor for the French language in the basilica of St. Peter, a religious held in very high esteem in Roman circles; the other, Father Kohlmann of the Society of Jesus, a saintly priest, Consultor of several of the sacred Congregations, who had become deeply convinced of the justice and reasonableness of Mother St. Euphrasia's desire for a general government. Both these two eminent men had been approached by friends of the community of Angers, and they had examined the question as theologians, and doctors well-versed in canon law. They were both emphatic in declaring that the general government would be of immense advantage to the Order, and that it was essential to its development. Also it seemed to them that Angers, which was founding the new houses, would logically be at the head of the group. Thus they were prepared to support whole-heartedly the request of Mother St. Euphrasia.

The poor Mother herself, in the midst of so many battles, was utterly resigned to the Will of God. She could not but ardently desire what she foresaw as an immense advantage, yet, even so, she was perfectly conformed beforehand to whatsoever God should dispose. That she suffered intensely from the opposition moved against her is certain; and she suffered all the more that those who attacked her were her Superiors,

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and worthy priests whom she had always held in the highest esteem. There was something peculiarly painful about this. But it was not from visible enemies only that her tribulations came. Unseen by material eyes, envoys of darkness approached her to molest her: fears, anguish, troubles of conscience, torments of the soul, hopeless sadness, which she fought with prayer and which she never suffered to appear exteriorly. When she was alone, sudden strange and terrifying noises would break forth around her. On one occasion the disturbance was so terrible, the Mother sent for a Magdalen in whom she had great confidence, and asked her to spend one hour in prayer in her company. The weird sounds and frightful crashes continued. The Sister, troubled for a moment, listened to the

hideous clatter, then quite calmly she spoke her mind: "Mother, this is the evil one, who is furious at the works you are doing to save souls and prevent their going to hell."

And Heaven, too, sometimes drew near to the chosen soul who was being so sorely tried. Frequently she received extraordinary lights and graces to console and uphold her, and she seemed to know, even in the midst of extreme agony, that in the end her cause would triumph, and that her undertaking, which was God's, would issue to splendid development.

"I know," she wrote to Sister St. Stanislaus, "all the memoranda which have been made out against me, and yet I am at peace. Oh, I would much rather be the accused than the accuser. On the outside all bell is let loose: but within me flows a river of peace." And again, a few months later, full of the sweet emotion caused by the sight of one of those beautiful (vestition) ceremonies in which the virgin spouses are "brought to the King," she alludes to the joys and to the sorrows together. - "In trying to destroy us, our adversaries have founded us: the Cross has rendered us invincible. In truth the blessings of God are poured upon us in torrents; subjects, houses, fresh benefits, gifts of all kinds, admirable regularity, interior gladness, silence, peace. Ali, my dear daughter, how great are the designs of God. This morning there were eighty of us under the religious habit. Many were shedding tears; I was touched myself-, we had ten clothings. What I admire is the union and the religious silence which reigns. "

In addressing his petition to the Holy Father, the good Bishop, perhaps with a pardonable pride, had set forth the status of the Good Shepherd of Angers. In our own day, the great Pontiff Pius XI, spoke of "the eloquence, the poetry of figures," in regard to the thousands which Angers now numbers. But Gregory XV1, in 1834, was impressed

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with the statement made to him then, and esteemed that the Order was in full efficiency of development. After founding four new houses, the Monastery of Angers still counted eighty religious, three out-door Sisters, twelve Magdalens, eighty penitents in the large class, fifteen girls in the preservation class, and sixty orphans in the boarding-school. There was indeed an eloquence in the figures, and the Sovereign Pontiff was inclined to approve and favour so promising an Institute. But, at the same time, memorial after memorial had been received in Rome, full of complaints against Mother St. Euphrasia personally and casting discredit upon her enterprise. It was impossible for the Roman Congregations to overlook this darker side of the story. As a result of the opposition the Consultors withheld their decision. The delay might be only

temporary, but it brought renewed anxiety and sorrow to the troubled community of Angers.

Mother St. Euphrasia had never officially asked for recognition, nor had she cared to propose the plan of a general government. She was far too humble to write to Rome herself. The Bishop had done it: that was sufficient. Sister Marie Chantal had insisted on pleading for the Mother's work, but the Mother kept herself so completely in the background that Cardinal De Gregorio thought it was Sister Marie-Chantal who was the foundress, and Congratulated her on the good her monasteries Were bound to do. As the sad months passed, and no decision came from Rome, the patience of so many souls waiting in expectancy was sorely tried, and the adversaries' too hasty rejoicing intensified the strain. The Mother Superior was bearing up with all the courage she could, stiffening herself not to break down against the invading terror that all was lost.

On the feast of Our Lady's Assumption the Community were assembled in choir for the Solemn Vespers, and when the "Magnificat" was intoned, Mother St. Euphrasia, who had been presiding, felt such a storm of tears sweeping over her that, bending toward the Assistant, she bid her continue the Office and rushed to her own cell. An agony of weeping, convulsive, irresistible, held her an hour under its sway; until the over-tense nerves, the aching heart were relieved and subdued. But the paroxysm was not purely physical and psychological: an overwhelming grace filled her soul at the same time. Something like an imperious inspiration, a pressing command, was upon her from above, almost a voice that ordered, clearly and insistently: "Write Write . . ." It was the letter to Rome of which she had so often thought and which she had never indited. She said to herself now that she would write it. . She would address it to a Cardinal, she did not know which, but to a Cardinal, that be might put it before out Holy Father the Pope, and

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entreat him to save this little work which was being done only for the salvation of souls. It was surely the Holy Ghost pressing her, it was Mary herself, triumphant and glorious, assumed into Heaven, forcing this lowly and devoted servant and daughter to echo in an impassioned missive, the song of praise; "My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit bath rejoiced in God my Saviour". .. God, my Saviour... Mother St. Euphrasia knelt down, trembling, still in tears, only pressed irresistibly to write. Paper and ink were within reach of her hand. But what was she to write? And how was she to address this unknown, exalted personage who was to receive a message from her? She began timidly: "Your Eminence," and then she no longer knew what to say. But she knew that she wanted him to

understand the spirit of most complete humility and submission in which she made her request, and the letter began with the words of Mary the Virgin when she received the visit of the Angel: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Years later, the eminent Prince who received that letter, was to say how the initial words of it struck like an arrow into his heart. Mother St. Euphrasia, still kneeling, penned after them, clearly and succinctly the things she deemed it necessary to say: her own position, the opposition made to her plans, her earnest and single-hearted desire to labour for the salvation of souls, her ardent, filial wish that His Holiness might be pleased to bless and to approve her undertaking. "Your eminence," she concluded, "I cast myself down in the dust at your feet, I desire nothing but the greater glory of God. If the Sovereign Pontiff and Your Eminence find obstacles to the creation of the Generalate, I most humbly submit."

She knew so little about Rome and the Curia that she had no idea to whom her letter should be addressed. She merely asked the old priest who came to the Monastery to give lessons to the novices, which of the Cardinals was in closest contact with the Holy Father. Her informant answered that this was Cardinal Odescalchi, who had been Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and was now Vicar General of His Holiness for the city of Rome. To him, therefore, the Mother addressed her missive. Not long after she sent it forward, she had a strange experience, She thought this so remarkable that she related it to her daughters. - "One night after I had fallen into a much calmer sleep than usual, I thought I saw a Prelate whom I did not know; he was dressed as a Cardinal; his countenance breathed mildness and holiness; his whole person inspired respect. He said to me: 'Have no fear, my daughter: your work will be approved; I am chosen by God to be its protector.' Having said these words he disappeared, leaving me full of confidence and consolation." Mother St. Euphrasia does not say that

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this was a dream, and quite certainly it was not an Ordinary dream, but - rather - that seeing of the saints in Scripture, the "seeing in steep." Subsequent events proved this.

Two months later, the long-desired reply of Cardinal Odescalchi arrived, benevolent and encouraging. He desired the Mother to obtain from her own Bishop of Angers a letter written in her defence, and stated that he would await this document before presenting her petition to the Congregation and to the Holy Father. "I promise you that afterwards everything will be arranged, and that in a short time."

Meanwhile the business was going its regular course before the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and the Consultors were unanimously of opinion that it was the Superior of Angers who was in the right and that without question she should be granted the petition she made for a general government. The matter might go forward, they said, for the approval of the Cardinals. At the last sitting of the Council, Cardinal Odescalchi produced the letter of Mother St. Euphrasia to him and read it to the assembled Fathers. It was altogether striking in its clearness, its simplicity, its humble submission and they noted the charity which abstained from the least word of blame toward the adversaries who had denounced and accused her so fiercely. Father Kohlmann, S.J., placed his hand upon the paper which had been wet with the Mother's tears: - "The truth is here," he quietly said; and every man present felt that he was right.

The petition was next laid before the Cardinals, and, without exception, they were in favour of granting it. Mother St. Euphrasia had asked that all the Houses of the Good Shepherd founded in France should be under the authority of a General Government. The proposition was read aloud that all might hear it. Father Kohlmann rose to his feet when he heard the words and turned respectfully toward Cardinal Odescalchi. - "I humbly beg Your Eminence to change the Word France into that of Universe." - "Do you want to make of this another Society of Jesus?" the Cardinal enquired with vivacity. - "Your Eminence has said it." - "Well, it will be," Odescalchi asserted with conviction. "A work such as this could not be anything but universal." The word France was effaced, and no other put in its place; hence the document knows no limitation of space or nationality, and automatically the authority of the House of the Good Shepherd of Angers was extended to every land and clime where a House of the Order is founded. One pen-stroke made the Institute universal.

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It is incumbent upon the Cardinals to place before the Sovereign Pontiff for approval the decisions taken in their special assembly. They knelt at his feet, and the speaker announced their resolution. - "Most Holy Father," he said with affectionate familiarity, "there is only one heart and voice amongst us in favour of the Congregation of the Good Shepherd," Gregory smiled: - "Then I also give it my heart and my voice.

There is a tradition, religiously handed down at Angers, that Mother St. Euphrasia, who had suffered so much and endured so heroically during the long years of combat, was divinely enlightened and consoled when the affairs of the Congregation came to their last happy phase in Rome. In fond veneration at the Monastery was a graciously radiant image of the Child Jesus, a little boy with

sweet eyes and golden hair, and a delicate garment tinted like a rose. Mother St. Euphrasia loved this winning representation of the Child of Nazareth, and often knelt before it to pray. At the time that the fate of the Institute seemed to be hanging in balance, and that the gravest anxieties were felt at Angers regarding the decision of the Roman Congregations, prostrate before the holy image, the Mother was one day entreating the Divine Infant to be in the midst of that learned assembly and to guide their counsels, when, distinctly, she heard a child's voice say: "I have given the law." It was indeed a singular word. Yet, it brought an immense comfort. And she felt a profound assurance that, whatever result the deliberations might have they would be the Will of God for her, and she was satisfied. At the same time she experienced so deep a joy that it was impossible she would not give herself up effusively to hope.

Mother St. Euphrasia was probably not a student of the antique, but it is very remarkable that she should have heard those particular words. In one of the Roman Catacombs an early Christian fresco represents the Lord Jesus, seated upon a throne, extending toward St. Peter a long strip of parchment upon which is written: "Dominus legem dat," "The Lord gives the Law." And archeologists interpret the scene as an allusion to the supremacy of Peter, the mandate of Christ to the Apostle who was to be His Vicar. In a word Christ delegating His authority to Peter, and, whatsoever Peter commands, that is to be law. Mother St. Euphrasia, praying to the Divine Child of Nazareth, miles away from the city of Peter, heard the voice of a child say: "I have given the law." Some two or three days later, the decision of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, in favour of the Generalate, was ratified by the Holy See.

But a still more remarkable thing occurred publicly at the Monastery

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of Angers. On a bright day in January 1835, during the noon recreation, that is between twelve and one o'clock, the Sisters were assembled for their brief hour of relaxation during which they chatted and laughed over some light work, when in a moment of silence, suddenly, one solemn stroke from the great bell in the tower crashed down among them. The Sisters started in alarm. Was it a death? The Angelus had pealed long since, and there was no Office to ring for. In trepidation, breath suspended, they waited. A second stroke, pounding, and yet vibrant and musical. The bell, too, seemed to be waiting. Then a third stroke, heavy and sharp as thunder, yet triumphant. The bell seemed to be trembling. Then no more. A great silence, in which the waves of sound died away, fading as the rings do in deep water. But a sort of intangible music remained in the air as if the vibration of the tongue of bronze had called forth secret harmonies abroad upon the ether, spirit songs, too ethereal for human ears. No person in the house

had rung the bell. The most diligent enquiries failed to reveal the ringer.

But on that day and at that hour, in far away Rome, the successor of Peter, the Vicar of Christ, had signed the Brief establishing the Generalate of the Congregation of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd of Angers, that Generalate which would enable Marie Euphrasia Pelletier to send her daughters to the extreme confines of the globe, to win back redeemed souls for Christ.

**The Generalate is
Established
X111**

THE DECREE which established the Generalate was passed by the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars on the 9th of January, 1835. On the 16th of the same month it was submitted to His Holiness Gregory XVI and approved by him; and the friends in Rome hastened to communicate to the Sisters the glad tidings for which they had waited so long. It was Father Kohlmann, S.J., who had taken part in the meetings as Consultor who was the first to announce the good news. The very day on which the Holy Father signed the decree, he wrote to Father Vaurès of the Conventuals, to impart the information to him, and the latter made haste to notify the worthy Bishop of Angers who had the matter so much at heart. Under date of the 17th of January, he wrote: "I am sending on Father Kohlmann's letter: it will console Your Lordship and those poor Sisters who have had to suffer so much at the hands of their enemies. You will see that not only they are being granted the solemn Brief for which they ask, but there is talk of their being called here, to Rome. The letters, (of His Grace of Tours, Father Dufêtre and other ecclesiastics) had, on their reception here, produced a most unfavourable impression concerning those excellent Religious, and I must tell you, too, that Cardinal De Gregorio, whose good intentions nobody could question, had allowed himself to be somewhat influenced, so much so that he advised me not to speak of this matter to the Pope, judging it useless. He has quite come back now from the false ideas which had been suggested to him."

At the Monastery of the Good Shepherd the wonderful news produced a veritable explosion of joy, and a thankfulness too deep for words. The whole community was electrified, and Mother St. Euphrasia, almost overwhelmed with gladness, scarcely knew how to express her gratitude to God. The Generalate granted, the Holy Father approving and blessing her work, her daughters perhaps called to open a house in Rome! ... It seemed almost too marvellous to be true. But she was so far from pride that, even in the exaltation of great happiness, she

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cast herself down in the dust in spirit, knowing that if the Almighty had lifted her up from her humiliation, it was not for her own sake but for the sake of the work He had given her to do. Yet there was so immense a bliss, thrilling throughout the house, that it demanded some form of solemn and articulate expression. The 8th of February was drawing near, date of the community feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, and it was decided to keep this day with unusual solemnity and splendour as a tribute of thanksgiving for the inexpressibly great favour the

House had received. The Community, and even the children, prepared with intense fervour for the beloved feast. A solemn High Mass, accompanied by beautiful music, was celebrated in the Chapel, and a general Communion, during which every inmate and child reverently approached the altar, filled Mother St. Euphrasia with a heavenly joy. As on the day of her First Holy Communion. so many years ago at Noirmoutier, she was "in an ecstasy all day." Two days spent in the midst of general rejoicings elapsed before she could even write to her dear Sister St. Stanislaus, who was then at Poitiers. But on the 10th, she found time to pour out her heart to her. - "We have never seen a feast comparable to that of the Heart of Mary. The sermon was worthy of being printed, all about the Generalate, by a priest of the Bishop's House. Father Regnier officiated; there were twenty ecclesiastics present; singing that was more of heaven than of earth; two hundred Communions. The priests were moved to tears and so were we also! ... I am ready to sink into nothingness with the excess of my abasement!". . .

While the Decree was being prepared in Rome, Father Vaurès again wrote to announce the good news; and this time he addressed his letter to Sister Chantal, (Cesbron de Is Roche) who had been a strenuous defender of Mother St. Euphrasia, and who had used all the influence of her many precious friendships in Rome to further the cause of the central government. This pleader was so intelligent that she did not see how anybody could hesitate in regard to the generalship, and her convincing arguments and knowledge that she had contributed generously to the support of the Monastery of Angers, led several ecclesiastics in Rome to regard her as the foundress of that house. Mother St. Euphrasia was so averse to appearing that she was glad to hide herself behind this distinguished daughter. With regard to Father Vaurès, who had done so much to further the cause of the Good Shepherd, it should be said that he was a personal friend of the good Countess D'Andigné who had written to him begging him to interest himself in the affairs of the Sisters, assuring him that they were worthy of all the help he could give them, and that they would be eternally grateful to him. Indeed the kind

Father had taken the matter so much to heart that he was filled with joy when he saw the affairs of the Sisters going forward successfully. His letter to Sister Chantal opens with a cry of exultation: "God be praised! My dear Sister, sing to the Lord a new canticle; bless His Holy Name for He has granted your desires. The General Congregation of the Cardinals was held this morning as I had announced it in a letter of the 24th of January to the Countess D'Andigné. The Decree which concerns you was passed with the unanimous vote of all the

Cardinals. So the question is settled: you will have a General, and nobody will be able to trouble you any more. One of the most influential of the Cardinals told me that he considered it a real miracle that we should have obtained so advantageous a decision in so short a time and so promptly, in spite of the great opposition. Since my last letter to the good Countess, two more letters have come from your adversaries or enemies; they had been sent to a French ecclesiastic who resides in Rome. Wrongly informed by these letters, he asked for a delay until fresh evidence could be obtained. The Congregation caused these new letters to be examined, but, finding in them only objections which had already been refuted, they did not take them into account and proceeded with the business."

A second letter followed this one, stating that the writer had just seen the Holy Father and that he had asked him for indulgences for the community of Angers and its actual foundations and for their benefactors, indulgences which His Holiness had graciously granted, provided the beneficiaries received Holy Communion during the octave of the reception of the decree.

On the 18th of February, the Decree was forwarded from Rome, and Cardinal Sala, Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, addressing it officially to the Bishop of Angers, sent with it a courteous letter in which he complimented both His Lordship and the Sisters. - "I am not surprised," he says, "that Your Lordship should endeavour with so much zeal to obtain for the Congregation of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, a constitution according to which the house of Angers and all the houses which it has founded or will found in the future should form only one family and be under the authority of the Superior of Angers who will be their Mother. You realize in fact that the government of one Superior and unity of direction will facilitate and tender more abundant the excellent works of charity which are proper to this Institute."

The precious document was received at the Bishop's House of Angers on the 28th of February, and His Lordship, having taken cognizance of its contents, hastened to send one of the priests of his household, Father

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Regnier, a true friend of the Sisters to carry the happy news to the Monastery. The Sisters were assembled in the Chapter room for their regular meeting when the Superior entered and announced that the Community would pass to the Choir, going two by two and in silence to hear the reading of a letter from Rome. Something like an electric wave passed over the white ranks, swaying them as the summer breeze does the wheat where it stands, but not a word was spoken, not a sound made. Two and two, the long procession wended its way to the choir,

and in silence they knelt. Father Regnier read aloud the message that was going to be of such paramount importance to these daughters of obedience, and then they heard the voice of their Mother, suffocated by the emotion which threatened to overcome her, but also vibrant with an extraordinary potency of energy and high joy, intone the "Te Deum Laudamus." The response was as if they had been told that the winter of anguish was ended and the spring of hope and gladness at hand. Then, always mindful of Her to whom the House and Community were specialty consecrated, the Mother led in the "Sub Tuum Praesidium Confugimus, Sancta Dei Genitrix." And in her happiness of gratitude she made promise after promise to this holy Mother of God. There should be a solemn procession of thanksgiving for nine consecutive days throughout the Monastery, and for three years every day she would recite the Office of the Immaculate Conception. Once given leave to express themselves audibly, the Sisters crowded round the good Mother with manifestations of boundless gladness and rejoicing. They understood what this meant to her, and especially to the Order, and they were full of an overflowing joy and enthusiasm. But in the midst of the jubilation, the Mother discovered two or three timid souls who were in distress; they did not know what this was going to mean; they did not wish to be sent far away from the home Monastery. They had come from Tours and they thought they would prefer its policy of concentration and closed doors. Mother St. Euphrasia did not oppose them. They simply did not understand. Without bitterness or grudging, she let them go. Tours was the place for them.

What caused her real pain was the attitude of certain excellent and high-standing priests, who, in spite of the Decree which had assuredly not been rendered lightly or inconsiderately, in the face of the solemn approval of the Holy See, continued to fight Mother Mary Euphrasia openly, and to calumniate her undertaking. The Holy Father was troubled at this concerted action. He ordered Cardinal De Gregorio to suspend the sending of the Brief which was in preparation for the Good Shepherd of Angers, and suggested that perhaps they had not received

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all the information on the subject. But the Cardinal reassured His Holiness, pointing out how all these objections had already been taken into consideration by the examiners. His Eminence also reminded the Pontiff of the great care and wisdom with which the Decree had been Prepared and he declared that it was necessary the business should go forward to a conclusion now that it was so far advanced. The Cardinal had been deeply struck by the fact that while the Superior of Angers had been violently attacked by her enemies, who used many terms of abuse in speaking of her, she herself neither accused nor condemned

any of them. She had even excused them by saying that no doubt they had thought they were doing their duty. Gregory agreed that this was very remarkable. - "How many letters are there against the Mother Superior of Angers?" he asked - "Thirteen, Holy Father." - "And what does she say in reply to her accusers?" - "Nothing, Your Holiness." - "Then," the Pontiff said conclusively, "the truth is on her side." And he gave orders that the Apostolic Brief should be forwarded without delay. This was done on the 3rd April, 1835, Cardinal De Gregorio and Cardinal Sala both addressed letters of congratulation to Sister Marie Chantal de Jesus, whom they continued to regard as the foundress, praising the admirable Institute of the Good Shepherd and invoking blessings upon it. Father Kohlmann, instead, addressed his congratulations to the Sister whose letter directed to Cardinal Odescalchi had touched him so much when it was read aloud to the Consultors. - "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," she had said. - "This work," he wrote back in answer, "seems to me to be exclusively the work of the Most High. I see nothing but miracles in it; a miracle in the apostolic spirit which the good God has communicated to so many chosen souls and which leads them to consecrate themselves to this great undertaking; a miracle in the spirit of generosity which has inspired the great soul of your pious foundress, Sister Maria Chantal," (he too) "as well as so many other distinguished benefactors, to devote their immense fortunes to so noble an end; a miracle in the rapid Spread of this Institute; a miracle especially in the rapidity with which this business has been despatched in Rome: matters which, according to usual procedure of affairs would have required two or three years for their settling have been, by divine Providence, concluded in two or three months' time, and that in spite of the powerful opposition which you were obliged to overcome. So many motives in all this to go forward with a great heart and with perfect confidence in Him to Whom the work exclusively belongs."

The Brief, or Apostolic Letter, sent in the name and under the sacred authority of the Sovereign Pontiff, is the very voice of the Church and

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quotes textually the Decree emanated. It is therefore of paramount importance for the Institute that it approves and sanctions. The various points become law. At the same time it proves that the Institute has been found acceptable and that the Church recognizes it as her own. Mother St. Euphrasia was indeed happy as she read the precious lines.

1. The House of Angers and all the Houses founded by it will observe the Rules established by Father Eudes and approved by the Holy Apostolic See.

2. The Superior of the House of Angers, besides the government of her

own Monastery, will have that of all the Houses founded by it or to be founded in the future.

3. The attributes of this Superior General shall be: to found new Houses with the consent of the diocesan Bishop; to visit those which have been founded; to watch with care that the Rules should be observed and order maintained in all things. She can also admit novices into the Congregation by herself or by the Superiors of the other houses, distribute her daughters among the various houses and transfer them from one to the other. But let her not do anything of importance without the counsel of her assistants, and let every house remain under the jurisdiction of the diocesan Bishop according to the decrees of the holy Council of Trent and the Apostolic Constitutions relative to Congregations of this kind.

4. Every six years a new Superior General shall be elected; however, the out-going Superior may, after having fulfilled her duties for six years, be elected a second time, or even indefinitely, as long as it shall please the electors to name her.

5. The election shall be made according to the ancient usage. Each house shall appoint two voting Sisters, who will go to the house where the election is to be made, or else they will send their votes in writing under a seal. The election is to be presided over by the Bishop of the place in which it is held.

6. The Superior of each house shall be chosen by the Superior General assisted by her Council.

7. The Congregation of Angers will preserve as heretofore the habit which is proper to it as it is to the ancient Monasteries called of the Refuge; but it shall wear, instead of the white cincture, a blue cord, and an image of the Good Shepherd engraved upon the silver heart

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which it is in the habit of wearing.

8. The Congregation of Angers will continue to enjoy all the privileges and all the graces granted by the Holy Apostolic See to the ancient Monasteries called of the Refuge.

It is most probable that the two small variations, so beautiful in the dress of the Religious of the Good Shepherd, were the idea of Mother St. Euphrasia

herself who would have proposed them to the ecclesiastical Superiors. They were the only changes made in the ancient, venerable habit of the Refuge, and were to serve as the distinguishing marks of the family of the Good Shepherd of Angers. With regard to the ecclesiastical Superior General, Mother St. Euphrasia, and the entire community with her, wished most earnestly that the good Bishop of Angers, who had been so kind and so largely instrumental in obtaining the erection of the Generalate, should receive this nomination. and it seemed to them particularly fitting that he should hold this high position. Gratitude almost demanded it. But Father Kohlmann, S. J., whom the Mother consulted, did not share her point of view. He was a man of unusual experience, consummate wisdom, and wide views. He saw at a glance the contingencies which might arise. - "You wish," he wrote to Sister Marie Chantal, who was conducting the correspondence, "that the Bishop of Angers should be declared your Superior General. Your venerable Bishop is perfectly in harmony with you: but can you be sure that his successors will be? What distress for the Superior General of an Order to have to struggle against a Bishop who is Superior General! The Superior General, assisted by her Counsellors, must be absolutely free in the government of the Order and in the distribution of her subjects, etc. You can take my word for it that in making this demand you are tying a rod to your back and that for religious Orders with a wish to extend, there is no better Superior General than the Sovereign Pontiff, and that it is under the immediate jurisdiction and protection of the Holy See that they prosper most. It is under this immediate jurisdiction of the Holy See that the Ladies of the Sacred Heart have placed themselves and they have every reason to congratulate themselves upon their choice."

Time was to show how wise this enlightened counsellor had been; but in reality Father Kohlmann was only advocating what the immemorial experience of Rome had found most advantageous to religious Orders in general, and he was an eye-witness of the administrative policy which tended more and more to safeguard the unity of numerous Congregations by giving them the Sovereign Pontiff himself as their Superior General, and a Cardinal delegated by him to exercise this authority over them.

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The fact of having a Cardinal Protector in Rome with powers over the entire Institute, did not in the least diminish the authority of the Bishop in his own diocese, and Father Kohlmann added that he did not think His Lordship of Angers would have any objection. However, out of delicacy, Mother St. Euphrasia asked Monseigneur Montault if he would have any such objection to the general jurisdiction of a Cardinal Protector over the entire Institute, and the Bishop assured her that he had none. The petition of the Monastery of Angers thus went

forward, begging the Sovereign Pontiff to deign to grant the Institute the honour and privilege of having a Cardinal Protector in Rome, and, if it were possible, that this high dignitary should be the Cardinal Odescalchi who had shown so much interest in the Congregation and striven so zealously to uphold and defend it. The request was granted, and His Eminence became the first Cardinal Protector of the Good Shepherd of Angers.

A word should be said here of this noble and holy prelate who was chosen by Heaven to direct and sustain the newly established Generalate. His name is remembered still in a city which has known so many glories, and where the truly great alone survive. A prince by birth, Carlo Odescalchi, son of Prince Balthasar Odescalchi, was born in Rome on the 5th of March, 1785, in that old historic palace of his sires, opposite the church of Santi Apostoli, a sumptuous residence, wherein more recent years - a novelist of our own, Francis Marion Crawford, spent his happy and memorable childhood. There are stately halls in that palace of the Odescalchi, beautiful frescoed rooms with mirrors set in the walls and eighteenth century silk hangings, and a private chapel where Mass is celebrated for the family of the prince. One hundred years ago the little boy Carlo attended Mass there beside his mother, the saintly Caterina. Giustiniani; trained so sedulously in piety by her, that he seemed to belong more to heaven than to earth. He grew up in angelic innocence and purity, following close upon the footsteps of that other youthful prince, Aloysius Gonzaga, his model; and, adolescent still, his most ardent wish was to enter the Society of Jesus. But, perhaps owing to his rather delicate constitution, he was prevailed upon to remain in the world and to consecrate his life to God in Holy Orders. His learning, culture, and piety, far more than his exalted rank, signalled him out for preferment; he passed quickly from honour to honour and in 1823, Pius VII created him a Cardinal. Yet in his priestly vocation he had felt particularly called to labour for the poor and destitute. No sooner was he authorized to preach, than he began to give missions in the city churches and in the country round about Rome where ignorance in

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regard to religion has always been notable, strangely enough, perhaps in consequence of the desertion and abandonment of regions which used to be malarial and were shunned as such. Clad in the humblest of cassocks, and without any mark of distinction, knowing only that he was a priest and ordained to offer sacrifice and to save souls, Carlo Odescalchi sought to go everywhere to the most neglected and the most forsaken. It mattered nothing to him that he was born a prince and that he had been reared in luxury, with servants to wait upon him at every turn. God had made him a Priest, which is an immeasurably greater

thing; and only to toil in the immense, hidden, mysterious world of souls, so ignored in the midst of the swarming, overpowering world of bodies. In his zeal he would have wished to convert every sinner with whom he came in contact; and, like the great missionary saint who thirty or forty years earlier had been preaching in those same churches of Rome and the countryside, the younger apostle was carrying on the message of St. Paul of the Cross: the Passion of Christ, Christ Crucified. But the Pontiff had his eyes upon the prelate who sought to hide himself under the purple, too, hearts such as this one are needed. He named him Archbishop of Ferrara; and Monsignor Odescalchi almost ran away from Ferrara because it treated him with too great honour. Leo XII, in Rome, raised him to the highest offices, and finally appointed him Vicar General to represent him, and Vice Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church. This was the man to whom, knowing nothing about him, Mother St. Euphrasia had addressed that letter over which she had wept so much. He had been casting about in his own mind what it would be best to do with a number of girls and young women who were receiving prison sentences in court, and who, he felt were not beyond hope of conversion and reform. Prison was evidently not the place for them. But to whom could they be entrusted? And who would be so devoted as to care for persons whom good women instinctively would wish to shun? Here was a religious who was begging him to have pity, and to save, numberless erring souls for whom Christ died. Here was a wonderful solution to his problem. He set himself heart and soul to further the interests of the Congregation in Rome, and when, out of gratitude, the Mother General asked that Cardinal Odescalchi should be named their Protector, he accepted with genuine satisfaction the offer made him by the Holy See in her behalf. Thus the two important questions, of the establishment of the Generalate and of the ecclesiastical Superior General, were happily settled.

During the summer of that year, an addition was made to the already numerous family of the Good Shepherd. The Prefect of the City of Angers had asked permission to visit the Monastery, perhaps intending

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to make unofficially what was really an official inspection; and he was so impressed with the perfect order, the peace and silence of the house, and the obviously admirable direction of it by a woman who was recognized as being a woman of extraordinary administrative ability, that he ventured to ask her if she would consent to receive the girls who were under fifteen and who, having received sentences in court were confined in the State Prison. He felt that this was a mistake. Some of them were so young they might surely be reclaimed. And the association with older, criminal women was completing their ruin. Mother St. Euphrasia received the proposal warmly. They were young souls to save; her own

particular task. It did not repel her that they came from prison: they were all the more unfortunate and in need of help. Her arms were open to them. And so still another department was opened in that vast home of Angers which seemed to expand to receive every new form of misery that came to it. These children, many of them too young and too ignorant to be wholly responsible, and in the main sincere, responded to the efforts of the Sisters. Many were so truly converted and directed toward good, that, when their term of imprisonment expired, instead of racing toward the opened gate, they implored the Sisters to let them remain where they felt that they were really cared for, and where they had been happy with their good Mistresses and friendly companions. Many realized with pathetic distinctness that here they were safe.

And still another group was organized at Angers during that fruitful year 1835; but this was an inside group, which would occupy a place somewhere between the Community and the penitent classes. There were in the house several humble women who had been penitents in the class but who had showed themselves so trustworthy, so industrious, and so attached to the Institute, that they were permitted to go freely through the buildings and grounds, and they were of very great use to the Sisters in all departments. They felt themselves that they were somewhat unclassified in a commonwealth that was highly organized, for they did not aspire to the high perfection of the Magdalena, yet their age and merits raised them above the ordinary rank of the children in the classes. They asked the Mistress of Penitents, under whose authority they had remained, if she would not propose to the "good Mother" that they, the ancients, who now occupied in the house the position of old, faithful servants, should form a small congregation of their own, not bound by vows, but promising to remain in the Monastery and to serve it in every possible way. It was almost a return to the simple, loyal binding of Voluntary

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labourers which the medieval Abbeys contracted with their serfs; but the lowly helpers of Angers asked no wages: they were maintained by the Community: but they did their work thoroughly for the love of God. The idea of this guild pleased Mother St. Euphrasia, and she helped the zealous Mistress, Sister St. Vincent, to organize it. The persons who wished to be enrolled must have had excellent marks in class for two whole years. Then they must spend two years as aspirants on trial, and finally, if their conduct was entirely satisfactory, they would be permitted to consecrate themselves to the holy Mother of Sorrows who was to be their Patroness. They assumed a special dress of black cotton, a white cap for the head, and a silver cross hung upon the breast. These "Consecrates" as they were called, were affiliated with the Order of Servites, and held special

meetings to recite their prayers under the direction of the Mistress. They were found to be enormously useful as they could approach the penitents familiarly, giving them good advice and helping them with their work; and these pious women were as anxious as the religious to see the "children" truly converted and brought back to God. The Consecrates thus became another helpful group in the family of the Good Shepherd.

Madame D'Andigné in the meantime, hoping to give her dear Mother St. Euphrasia pleasure, had asked her permission to erect upon a space of waste land near the Magdalen House, a chapel in honour of the Immaculate Conception; and the pretty building, with the graceful statue of the stainless Queen which it enshrined, at once became a favourite spot for pilgrimages and devout visits to Mary. The benefactress added to the charm of the chapel by uniting it with the Monastery across a long avenue of delightful linden trees, which in the spring and summer made a dense shade for the refreshment of the pilgrims.

Another notable event of the year 1835, was the foundation made from Angers of a House of the Good Shepherd in the interesting city of Saumur. This lies to the east of Angers, about half-way to Tours. Saumur was an intensely Protestant centre during the so-called wars of religion, and the Huguenots held it as their own. They even succeeded in having all university there with professors of anti-Catholic mind. Many protestants remain in the city still. A large Cavalry School brings a numerous military colony to increase the population, and the parish priest of the ancient church of Saint Pierre, grieved by the low level of faith and morality he found among the people who surrounded him, begged the Sisters of the Good Shepherd to open a house for which he felt there was great need. He was all the more anxious to bring a religious community to Saumur, that he was witnessing a tragedy which wrung his heart and

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soul. At two miles from the city one of the most beautiful of the ancient Abbeys of France, the Benedictine foundation of St. Florent, known for its exquisite architectures as "La Belle de l'Anjou," lay abandoned and more than half ruined. For centuries, the monks of St. Florent had been renowned for their learning and hospitality. They had tilled the land, making a garden of all the district which surrounded them, and no doubt the fine bridges which still exist in the neighbourhood were the work of the pious and laborious brethren. In 1790, the entire property was confiscated and the monks driven out. The buildings were sold at auction, but the peerless church, beautiful beyond compare, was valued at a figure which no ordinary purchaser could command. And, besides, who wanted a church in France in those days? It was decided to demolish it, that some profit might be made at least on the sale of the material out of which it was

built. By some miracle, the narthex had been left standing. And a part of the old conventual buildings, though in a deplorable state of abandonment had survived, nevertheless, owing to the admirable quality of their original construction. Father Bernier, the pastor of Saint Pierre, had a seeing eye, and understanding. He wanted the religious of the Good Shepherd to take care of the wayward girls of Saumur; and there were the wrecked cloisters of St. Florent which might still be restored to house a community; there was the narthex of the Abbey church still standing, and spacious enough to make a church of fair dimensions for the Sisters and their charges. This was the offer, and the petition, he made to the Superior of Angers. And if Mother St. Euphrasia was always eager to embrace every opportunity of doing good, she kindled, with a veritable enthusiasm, at the idea of being able to restore a place of worship to the glory of God, and to re-consecrate an altar there where, for centuries, the Blessed Eucharist had been treasured and adored, and distributed as Living Bread to generations of the faithful. She made haste to buy all that was left of St. Florent, and on the 31st of July, 1835, five Sisters left Angers to make the foundation at Saumur. Father Bernier gave them a hearty welcome. He had prepared, to the best of his ability, the building he thought suited to them and he had furnished it - to some extent. It was more than the Sisters found in the majority of their foundations. Yet the house was completely out of repair, and bore all the marks of abandonment. But what pained them most was the state of what had been a lovely and venerable Abbey church. The wreckers had not completed their work, and much of the material had found no purchasers. The ground everywhere was strewn with remains. Fragments of walls, broken columns, portions of sculptured ornaments which had been smashed. The Sisters toiled themselves to

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clear, to set in order, to cleanse the precincts. Mother St. Euphrasia was intensely interested and encouraged her daughters to make haste, and give back the ancient place of worship to God. The necessary work was done with all possible speed, a new altar erected and at length Mass could be offered again on the site of the old Abbey of St. Florent. This was, without doubt, one of the keenest joys Mother St. Euphrasia ever experienced in her life. And it was always with a sense of rapture, that she entered this chapel to kneel and adore the Divine Guest Who had returned to dwell in His ancient home. There was a joy of triumph and an unutterable sweetness in His presence there. - "One of my greatest consolations," she said once in an instruction to the Sisters at Angers, "has been to see the sanctuary lamp rekindled again before Our Lord in the Abbey of St. Florent. Every time I go to visit our Sisters in that dear, House, I feel my soul flooded with the most exquisite gladness when I come into the radiance of that holy light."

During the month of August following the foundation at Saumur, Mother St. Euphrasia set out for the first time upon that visitation of the Houses which the pontifical decree required. The fatigue of the journey overcame her so that she was seriously ill and the journey was interrupted. But no sooner did a slight improvement appear, than she went forward again full of courage. The Chaplain of the Monastery accompanied her, and the faithful Madame D'Andigné who had represented to the Mother Superior that she could not travel without an escort. It was fortunate that she constituted herself the escort; for, between her love of poverty and her intense spirit of mortification, Mother St. Euphrasia would have denied herself even the smallest comforts by the way. It required the authoritative intervention of the aged Countess to secure for the ailing traveller the trifling alleviations to be had upon the road.

The first visit was to be paid to Metz, far away in the north-east upon the borders of Germany. And the journey was long and tiring enough. When they arrived, Mother St. Euphrasia found her little family housed in the ex-convent of the Poor Clares, a building that had been partly wrecked during the revolution; but their work was at a standstill for, owing to the wretched condition of the monastery, they were not permitted to receive Penitents - the express purpose for which they had come from Angers. Mother St. Euphrasia, as usual, was confronted with a problem. But she was accustomed to face them courageously, and it seemed to her now that if the ecclesiastical authorities could be persuaded to repair the house, since she was without means to do it, presently the Sisters would be permitted to receive the erring. Obviously, whatever

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was to be done, she must do it herself, for the little colony of pioneers had met only with refusals. It was strange, however, that - wherever she went - the persons to whom she appealed listened to her attentively. Father Chalendon, who had turned a deaf ear to the remonstrances of the Sisters, when he heard the Mother General, consented immediately to all she desired, and she was able to leave Metz with a tranquil soul having received from him the double assurance that the building would be immediately repaired, and the Sisters allowed to receive Penitents.

The next visit was to Grenoble, and that poor house of St. Robert where the community had suffered so atrociously, causing the Mother at Angers unspeakable anxiety and distress. How often she had wept hot tears over the sufferings of those faraway daughters! Now, at length, the work appeared to be securely established, and she need only exhort the Sisters to fresh zeal and confidence in God. It was a satisfaction to find that the work was progressing and that friends had rallied to its support. Four promising young girls of the city

offered themselves to her as postulants, and she agreed to take them back with her to Angers.

Mother St. Euphrasia's deep and child-like love for the holy Mother of God would not permit her to pass near any one of her shrines without paying it the homage of a visit. She was in the vicinity of Our Lady of Fourvières now, a famous place of pilgrimage, and she would not proceed without first paying a devout visit to the venerated image and begging the great and miraculous Queen of Heaven to bless and protect her numerous family. Her soul was always filled with an immense, overflowing grace upon these occasions, and her confidence in Mary immeasurably increased.

The Mother's next destination was that dear Poitiers, remembered so affectionately after her first visit there. But this portion of her journey proved most trying: for the coach did not start until ten o'clock at night, and the terrors of darkness and of a dangerous road, were heightened by the fact that the driver was intoxicated. The travellers were terrified, yet there was no alternative but to go on. It was still worse when they reached the mountain region, the steep road often winding through narrow passes, between rocky gullies, and occasionally - at vertiginous heights. The travellers were often in real danger, and at one point the coach lurched so perilously that it was almost overturned at the very brink of a precipice. Mother St. Euphrasia made a vow to Our Blessed Lady, beseeching her to bring her and her companions safe across all these dangers; but when they came to the famous peak of the Puy de Dome, her alarm grew so intense that she alighted declaring she felt

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safer on foot. And so on foot, she made the long and difficult ascent. Finally, by the grace of Heaven, having traversed the best part of France, the weary pilgrims made their last halt at Poitiers. It appears that they were not expected, and that their arrival took the Community by surprise. But there was an outburst of joy when they saw the beloved Mother. Sister St. Stanislaus was Superior of Poitiers, and the Mother was consequently quite sure that the house was in perfect order, but it was an immense consolation to her to taste the peace and silence of it, to note the fervour and zeal with which the Sisters performed their duties, and to realize that she had here the counterpart of Angers.

At St. Florent, which was the concluding visit, the Mother also realized that the Sisters had done all in their power. They were still struggling under great difficulties; and sometimes were in real want. The fact that they were at two miles distance from the city, prevented many from coming to them and the

population of Saumur remained somewhat cold toward the alien community. But there was the consolation of having brought back worship, an altar, and a sanctuary lamp to the desecrated Abbey church of long ago. The Mother endeavoured to comfort and to encourage her daughters; and indeed her presence seemed to renew their life, and to render their flagging hope strong and cheerful again. They would improve the buildings, they would cultivate, and divine Providence would do the rest. So the journey of the Superior General, her first official visitation, came to an end. On the whole, it had been immensely consoling. The continuous, silent, fruitful multiplication of life was going on everywhere; everywhere she had seen that the Institute was alive, thriving, increasing, and that the spirit was one only: unity, harmony, peace, all that she had desired. She was insistent upon silence, the domain of prayer in which God and the soul meet and dwell, and she had found this religious silence in each one of her houses, the atmosphere of the cloister, pure and undisturbed.

On the 10th of September, Mother St. Euphrasia returned to Angers. There was an outburst of joy on her arrival. The halls and corridors had been decorated, compliments were recited, verses of welcome sung in her honour, and a whole holiday was kept because the good Mother had returned. At home, too, she found everything in perfect order, and her daughters were hoping that a long period of quiet rest would be granted her, now that her journeyings were momentarily over. But, unfortunately, Angers was to receive a visitation of a different kind. Just as the fair and Pleasant days of October were beginning, a sudden, violent epidemic of dysentery broke out in the house. Sisters and children were alike affected, and twenty-five serious cases filled the two infirmaries to

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overflowing. Every care, every kindness was lavished upon the sick, and Mother St. Euphrasia gave herself no rest, going from bed to bed, helping with the nursing, and watching, assisting and consoling the dying. There were six deaths in the house, following quickly one after the other, so that it seemed as if community and classes would be decimated, and the sorrow and mourning was very great. It was the first wholesale tragedy the Monastery experienced. Ardent prayers were offered up for the cessation of the scourge, but nothing seemed to avail until Sister St. Stanislaus, with great faith, procured and sent a relic of St. Radegonde, Queen and Abbess, the wonder-worker of Poitiers. The epidemic suddenly ceased.

While Mother St. Euphrasia was making the visitations, she had received a request to found a house in Nancy, and she was considering the proposal when the dread sickness and the deaths it caused, interrupted and scattered her plans. Only late in November was she able to arrange the matter, and three

Sisters were sent, with the worthy Sister St. John of the Cross as Superior, to open the new house. They received a cordial welcome and the first difficulties were smoothed by the kindness of benefactors who had thought of providing a fund for the Sisters' installment. They were thus able to rent a convenient house, and to defray all the initial expenses. A considerable number of penitents entered almost immediately, and the preservation class was found most useful and was also quickly peopled. At Nancy the Sisters received much help and valuable service from the Dominican Fathers who have an important centre there, and they remember with gratitude the ministrations of the illustrious Father Jandel, who afterwards became Superior General of his Order, and of that holy Father Hyacinth Besson, great artist and great penitent, who died in the odour of sanctity. He was a mural decorator of no common order, and of a religious purity of inspiration which made him kin to that lowly brother of his surnamed Angelico.

Many important events had been registered at Angers during the course of 1835; but, before the year closed, another event, which did not seem important but which had far-reaching results, was to be inscribed in the annals. On the 13th of December, the Bishop of Angers, Monseigneur Montault, came to visit the Monastery, bringing with him one of his friends to whom he wished to make the work known. This was Monseigneur Flaget, for many years a missionary in the United States, and now Bishop of Bardstown, Kentucky. This prelate had so great a reputation of holiness, that several persons declared he had cured them in grave sickness simply by giving them his blessing. The holy man was

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ill himself now, worn out by the hardships of his difficult ministry, and the Bishop of Angers had insisted that he should come to him for a long rest and care. In America many thought that Bishop Flaget would never live to see his diocese again. But he abode five months with the Bishop of Angers, and his health improved so much that he was able to go back. This venerable visitor was so edified by all he saw at the Good Shepherd, that he returned again and again, and he never wearied of conversing with Mother St. Euphrasia, and of hearing from her all the details of her work. Over and over again he was heard to exclaim: "Oh, if I only had a House of the Good Shepherd in America!". . . The Bishop's diocese extended over a territory three times the size of France. Much of it was scantily populated, and the Catholics were few and very widely scattered. He virtually lived in the saddle, having to cover immense distances on horseback. Frequently he had been exposed to long and severe cold. His health was ruined. Nevertheless he loved the land which had been so hard to him, and where he had made a host of devotedly faithful friends. While at Angers he himself became much attached to

the Monastery and he was often invited to preside at the solemn ceremonies there. More and more, as he grew to know Mother St. Euphrasia and her daughters better, he cherished the hope that he could have them in America some day; and he did not conceal from them the vast promises and possibilities of that splendid country. He planned tentatively, as a man does who is not quite sure that he is going to live. But in the end he recovered sufficiently to return to his wilderness diocese, and from there was transferred to another See that was to grow very important, the See of Louisville, Kentucky, ancient French settlement in a State that had the finest traditions, and where the Catholic Church was to have magnificent developments. Eventually Bishop Flaget realized his dream of bringing the Sisters of the Good Shepherd to his diocese, but only after years of waiting.

The New Foundations
(1835-1837)
XIV

FROM THE moment the Order was declared to be under a general government, Mother St. Euphrasia was able to behold with her own eyes how, from all points of France, demands for foundations began to pour in upon her; and, at the same time, vocations too were multiplied and began to come from distant regions, whereas at first they had been somewhat local to the points occupied by the monasteries. It was as if Heaven were giving at once the many demands and the means of supplying them.

One of the most noteworthy of the aspirants came from Angers itself. Mother St. Euphrasia regarded as one of her closest friends a lady who, as far as her means permitted it, had been a constant benefactress of the Institute and who esteemed the work as one of the most admirable she knew. Madame de Couespel, born Mélanie Paulmier, daughter of a wealthy, well-known and highly respected family, was married to a fine Breton nobleman who was a superior officer in the army. With her husband, Madame de Couespel had moved from garrison to garrison, from post to post in the colonies, and everywhere she had made friends, her intelligence, her vivacity and grace, and her sterling qualities of mind and heart, endearing her to the many who came in contact with her. Her close association with army life and ideals had given her, without destroying her delicate womanliness, a certain soldierly and chivalrous stamp which was characteristic. Truth, courage, honour, resolution, usually considered virtues becoming men, were a part of her nature. When her husband retired to Angers in ill-health, Madame de Couespel nursed him devotedly; but she found great comfort, during those long two years of suffering, in visiting the Monastery and conversing with her valued friend, the Mother Superior. The latter was well able to appreciate the unusually gifted woman; and certain traits of character, which were dominant in both of them, made them peculiarly congenial. As to the work, Madame de Couespel declared unhesitatingly that it was one of

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the noblest she knew, and she would add: - "If I should ever lose my husband, this is the place to which I would wish to come." She lost him, and after the tragic hours of the Solemn exequies and burial, she new for refuge to her dear friend at the Monastery. It was grief drove her, and she only abode a while as a guest in the house. But she found great peace in the hallowed silence of prayer and recollection within those sacred walls. Mother St. Euphrasia was meanwhile imploring Heaven to give her this soul. She wanted her among her daughters, that

the Institute might have another of those unshakable sustaining columns which consist in the constancy of valiant women. But Madame de Couespel began to think that it was time for her to return to normal life; and, after three weeks of retirement, she went back to her home and opened it to a few friends. As soon as she did, the world, her old associates, society women and army men, came to her in spite of her widow's weeds. But something besides the marriage bond seemed to have broken within her soul. She no longer cared for the old brilliant life. It did not satisfy her. She went to consult Bishop Flaget whom she knew and venerated as a saint, and he told her clearly that God was calling her, and that He had marked her for the religious life. Like a seer, he had no doubt: and she believed his word. There was one difficulty. Monsieur de Couespel, an ardent royalist, had contracted large debts in his attempt to further the restoration of 1830 and his widow felt that she was obliged to pay them. But Mother Pelletier took these upon herself, only too happy to gain this precious daughter; and, conscientious as ever, the aspirant turned over to the monastery all she possessed in the way of furniture, linen, silver, and household goods. Mother St. Euphrasia confessed that one of the greatest joys of her life had been the entrance of Mélanie de Couespel. The postulant disappeared immediately into the lower ranks of the novitiate. She was a recruit, she knew the place of recruits: in the convent it meant silence and humility. She never presumed upon her late friendship with the Mother Superior, she never approached her except when called; if she had ever been a benefactress, the Congregation was her benefactress now. Sister Mélanie was burying herself with a will. All Angers came to the ceremony of her clothing: the church was packed. And there was much regret at losing her, and perhaps also a little envy at the brave, confident spirit with which she embraced her new life. Bishop Flaget performed the ceremony and he, too, was deeply touched. Mother St. Euphrasia gave her the name she had desired so much herself as a young religious: Sister Teresa of Jesus; and, as we think back upon it now, we recognize that this Sister Teresa of Jesus, so gifted, so worthy of trust, so holy, was - in all the life of Mother St. Euphrasia - one of the persons she most deeply and tenderly loved. And Sister Teresa was

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worthy of this singular affection. To her last day, she remained a true child, invincibly attached, strong to support her Mother, loyal beyond power of words to express. In their common love for the Institute, they were twin souls.

Following close upon the happiness of Sister Teresa's clothing, Mother St. Euphrasia experienced another great joy. The first months at St. Florent had been too precarious to permit the establishment of the enclosure there; but, by the spring of 1836, the house and grounds had been sufficiently put in order for the cloistering to be placed. Monseigneur Flaget was invited to perform the

ceremony and, together with the diocesan Bishop, he blessed the monastery and grilles on the 25th of April. Crowds of people came from the city to see the unusual sight, and fresh interest was stimulated in the work of the Sisters.

On the same day a similar ceremony was being performed at a point considerably further north, in the great cathedral city of Amiens. This new foundation was due to the zeal of Father Barthès, S. J., the noted preacher, whose devotion to the Good Shepherd never varied, and who was always on the watch to further the Sisters' enterprises. The Society of Jesus had once owned, near Amiens, the property of Blamont where they had a first-class flourishing College for young lads of good family. When religious Orders were suppressed, Blamont fell into the hands of the fisc, and the principal building was turned into a factory. The fine grounds and extensive woodland remained unaltered. Father Barthès, learning that the owners were abandoning the factory, proposed to Mother St. Euphrasia that she would rent or purchase the estate which was very valuable, and use the house as a monastery. The industrial occupants, however, had so ruined the premises that only the late parlours could be used, and there was no furniture of any kind. Father Fouillot, S. J., who had been Superior of Blamont at the time of the dispersal, was so anxious to see the property return into religious hands, that he urged the Mother General to send Sisters, and opened a public subscription to furnish them with initial means. The Fathers interested a number of noble and wealthy families of Amiens in the new foundation, and when the opening was made, it was attended by the most distinguished persons in the city. It is worthy of remembrance that on this occasion the sermon was delivered by Father de Ravignan, S. J., a saintly priest and most distinguished preacher, one of the glories of the Society in France. The foundation prospered, and, in two years time, Mother St. Euphrasia was able to obtain entire possession of the beautiful estate.

It was again Father Barthès who suggested to the Mother General that

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a house of the Good Shepherd was much needed at Lille. This city, far to the north and near the boundary line of Belgium, is an enormous industrial centre, with an immense population, and over twenty-five thousand workers employed in the linen and hemp factories, besides the thirty thousand of the giant breweries. We speak in English of lisle gloves and lisle hosiery, because, all the world over, the productions of Lille and the skill of her artificers is known. But there is another side to the story. And it is the unhealthy and immoral atmosphere of the factory everywhere. A young Catholic artisan who spent the whole of his short and perfect life, unpolluted, in the midst of teeming vice, qualified his daily

surroundings in one brief word: "The factory is bell." Father Barbès represented to Mother St. Euphrasia that in the ancient capital of Flanders, where there was so much corruption, only one refuge existed for fallen women, and that was wholly inadequate, being in the hands of two aged spinster ladies who, for all their virtue, had grown too old to manage the house; and furthermore they had fallen into debt and the Home was in danger of being closed. Mademoiselle Legrand, who had founded this "Asile," as it was called, realized that she was no longer able to direct it, and welcomed the suggestion of Father Barthès that she should hand it over to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Mother St. Euphrasia sent two of her religious to Lille to see what could be done, and they reported that the house was suitable, but that it would be necessary to have the permission of the Bishop of Cambrai for their installation, and that nobody would dare to ask him for it, as it was wellknown that he had a rooted prejudice against cloistered Orders. When the daughters found that they could obtain nothing themselves, they always appealed - like children - to their Mother. Armed with a letter of introduction from Mademoiselle Legrand, the good Mother waited upon the Bishop. She was brought into his study, and praying fervently the while, she watched his face as he perused the missive. She saw with dread that his brow clouded and grew dark, and her heart sank in apprehension. He was going to say no. But instead, when he had finished reading, he raised his eyes and looked at her attentively. "But I should be very happy to have you in my diocese," he said with perfect urbanity as he returned the paper. Mother St. Euphrasia broke forth into expressions of gratitude; she had not even spoken, and the Bishop merely looked at her and granted her request, as though he had had no preventions against women in the cloister. His Vicar, Father Wicart, when he heard that Monseigneur Balmes had given his consent, could not believe his ears. But the Bishop did not even raise an objection. The Mother's appearance and manner, apparently, had dispelled every doubt. He became a strong protector of the Sisters, and they could always count

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upon his support. Father Wicart had befriended them from the beginning.

The Mother General had set her heart upon appointing as Superior of Lille a young Sister whose rare qualities would win over to her all who met her. This was Sister St. Basil Joubert. She was only twenty-six years old, but so attractive, so intelligent, and so exemplary in every way, that the Mother thought she would remove the last prejudice of Monseigneur Balmes, supposing he should still have any. Unfortunately, the Sister who was deeply rooted in humility, began to conceive the fear that the Mother General - who was so kind to her - might be tempted to send her as Superior to some new foundation, imagining her to have qualifications which she did not have. The idea distressed her so much that she began to pray that she might die rather than be placed in an office she was

incapable of filling worthily. Her prayer was heard. She was taken ill with high fever, and before the Mother General returned from Lille, Sister St. Basil had closed her eyes to the light of this world. The Mother General then selected for the post Sr. Marie des Anges Levoyer who had a charming disposition, and very real virtues beneath her affability. In appointing her she used the words of St. Teresa in a similar emergency: "I had named Sister St. Basil, but Heaven names you." The newlyappointed Superior started with five companions, on the 15th of September, and, as the Mother General had thought, her graciousness and amiable disposition disarmed antagonism and made many friends for the community. The people of Lille were somewhat cold and unresponsive, and it was necessary to win their cooperation. This the young Superior succeeded in doing. She found the house quite insufficient, and inconvenient: but the fifty penitents crowded into it were full of good-will and they received their new directresses with enthusiasm. A few months later, the valiant Mademoiselle Legrand had the heroism, in spite of her seventy-one years of age, to offer herself to the Sisters as a postulant. Mother St. Euphrasia displayed the greatest kindness and consideration toward the aged postulant whom she esteemed very highly. By way of exception, she was permitted to make her novitiate at Lille itself, and the time of probation was shortened for her. Then, as soon as she was professed, she was named Assistant Superior in the house where she had laboured all her life. In the struggle to keep this open to the unfortunate, she had been forced to contract considerable debts, which the creditors now transferred to the Congregation of the Good Shepherd, but Mother St. Euphrasia would not refuse to pay them. Sister Marie des Anges toiled manfully to meet all demands, and several members of the higher clergy, and wealthy citizens helped her with generous donations. The fact that Sister St. Gabriel Legrand, who was

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well-known in the city and a native of Lille, should be treated with regard and placed second in authority in the renovated Home, won the approval of the public; they felt that the new Sisters deserved well of the population, and many rallied to their support. The work itself prospered in every way. Almost immediately, it became necessary to enlarge the buildings, and the number of inmates distributed in the different departments soon ran into hundreds. Lille is still one of the most populous houses of the Good Shepherd in France.

In the autumn of that same year, 1836, Angers was visited again by the cross of sickness. Whether due to the river waters which flooded the low-land and in retiring left unwholesome traces, or to some pollution of the wells, these epidemic diseases broke out generally at the end of summer, and were sweeping and terrible. This time the scourge was typhoid fever, always so dangerous and

here peculiarly malignant. Twenty-eight of the religious were taken violently ill, and three of the lay-sisters died at short intervals one from the other. These wholesale epidemics, with the consternation they brought and the blow after blow of successive deaths, always harrowed the soul of the Mother. She adored the Will of God, but she needed her daughters so much, every one of them, even the most humble; and, at times, it almost seemed as if it were the powers of evil which were let loose to afflict and harm this little family of the Good Shepherd. She did her best to succour the sick and to keep up the Courage of the community; but she herself was in sore need of consolation. Father Alleron who had been her confessor for years and who, even at a distance, remained a most faithful and sympathetic friend, received from her a letter of utter woe on this occasion. He wrote back words of strong comfort. - "The good God is taking away from you that which He had given you. Believe in His word: have confidence; He will give you back the hundredfold. He Who out of stones could raise up children to Abraham, can surely replace the dear children whom He has already rewarded, perhaps because in a short time they had finished a long career. They take with them their robe of shining whiteness; they will be eternally clothed with it in the train of the spotless Lamb. Should I pity you, desolate Mother? No, because faith enlightens you. Should I pity them? Oh, no; for if they were happy with you, they will be a thousand times happier in Heaven. Rejoice then in the Lord that your children are preceding you and guide those who remain with your vigilance and your indefatigable zeal in the difficult way of salvation. The evil one must not have much love for you: he would wish to riddle you, like St. Peter. But Our Lord prays for you that your faith may not fail, so that you like Peter, may confirm your Sisters."

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It would seem as if the prediction of Father Aileron had been speedily verified for during the course of the following year 1837, there was such a wealth of excellent material at Angers that the Mother General was able to make five new foundations without depleting the Monastery. She was so sure it was the Will of God that the Good Shepherd should expand and multiply its works of mercy, that she feared the epidemics of sickness might be due to her having delayed to initiate a foundation, and Heaven was punishing her for her want of zeal. It thus happened when the foundation of Puy was put off, although the Bishop had asked for it and the Jesuit Fathers urged the Mother General to make it at all costs, owing to its great need. Just at this juncture, while she hesitated and demurred, the epidemic of typhoid fever broke out. It was an appalling scourge, and death followed death. The Mother resorted to all the means of prayer and intercession, vows, fasts, processions, and the whole community joined with her, but the sickness gave no sign of abating. One morning while she was assisting at Mass, a thought that was like a small pale light, crept in upon

her consciousness. She fixed her inward gaze upon it and it grew suddenly large and bright and clear. It was her tardiness and delay in regard to Puy which was being visited upon her community. The Mother was overwhelmed at the idea. She had not refused: she only put off. But the thought persisted, compelling and peremptory. It became so imperative that at the end of Mass she called the Sisters who had already been named some time before for the foundation, and bid them prepare to leave at once. - "I am sorry, " she said to them, "but I have understood that the sickness will not cease until we set about the foundation of Puy." Her daughters were so ready, and so obedient, that in an incredibly short time their little baggage was made up, and they came to take leave of her. It gave her another heartache: but from the moment of their departure there were no more deaths and no fresh cases occurred. This experience remained as a tremendous admonition for the future, a forceful sign given to the Superior, that she must neither doubt nor hesitate when demands for foundations came.

The Sister in charge of the band was Sister Dosithée, one of the Mother's trusted, and with her went three young Sisters. The travellers actually set out on New Year's day, so great was the Mother's desire to repair her fault. When they arrived at their destination, they had spent nine days in painful travel, and they had not had a single night of normal rest. Even the young Sisters were worn out; but the kindness of the Bishop, Monseigneur de Bonald, on their arrival, compensated them in some measure. He would not permit them to dine anywhere but at his table, and presented his Vicars to them, placing himself and his clergy

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entirely at their disposal.

The city to which the Sisters had come: Le Puy-en-Velay, (Haute Loire) , is not very large, but it is most interesting, and has several characteristics which differentiate it strikingly from other cities. Situated upon a mountain nearly two thousand feet high, with magnificent views all around it, it is dominated by a peak of rock which shoots up above it, the "Rocher Corneille" upon which is a fifty foot statue of the Blessed Virgin known as: "Notre Dame de France." The name Puy, if we may accept the derivation, is said to come from the celtic *puech* or *puich*, meaning a height, an elevation. The town, divided into higher and lower: Ville Haute, Ville Basse, is partly situated upon the mountain and partly in the plain. The latter may be the most convenient, but the upper is far more interesting with its narrow, steep streets, ancient dwellings and outlook upon the mountains. It was the devotion to Our Blessed Lady which made Puy famous in the olden days. There she had one of her oldest and most venerable shrines, and in the ages of faith the fortunes of France seemed somehow bound up with Notre Dame

du Puy. The Cathedral shows traces of having been an early Christian basilica of the fourth century, and this suggests immediately that it was erected over tombs of martyrs: that at least is the genealogy of most of the primitive churches. Additions were made to the first structure in the eighth and ninth centuries, and again in the twelfth when the cloisters were added. But it was Notre Dame du Puy, a small black effigy carved in wood, going back to days immemorial, which held the place of honour in the veneration of the faithful. This sacred representation of the Virgin was torn down by wicked hands in 1793 and publicly burned by the revolutionary mob. But, a few years later, an exact facsimile of the ancient image was blessed and replaced over the high altar where it used to stand. The shrine is so famous a place of pilgrimage that it has been under the direct protection of the Holy See since the early Middle Ages. The episcopal palace, to which the Sisters from Angers were so graciously invited and where they partook of their first dinner at Puy, is an historic building having been built in 1095 by the noble lord Adhémar de Monteil, who was Bishop of Puy in the eleventh century. The Baptistery, which is still in use, is a Roman construction of the fourth century, showing that Puy was then a Latin city; it is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, as the Constantinian baptistery is in Rome, the first baptistery that was not underground in the Catacombs. A very remarkable romanic church of the tenth century is dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel and is known as "St. Michel d'Aiguithé," the old French form for St. Michael of the Needle, or peak. The needle is of sheet rock and very

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light. For students of Roman antiquities there is an interesting suggestion in the name of the mountain of Puy. The French call it Mont Anis, but when the legions of the Empire held the territory it was called Anicium or Podium Anicii, the stand or the property of the Anicii, and this noble name of a great Roman family would seem to indicate that some military tribune or governor had established himself at the spot which was called after him. The Anicii gave many Consuls and leaders to imperial Rome, and the great Pontiff St. Gregory I to the Church.

To return to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd who were arriving at Puy for conquests of another order, they had been invited to take charge of a house for penitents which was already in existence and under the care of a group of pious women known popularly as "Les Béates." There were only twelve inmates at the time, but the Bishop wished to enlarge and improve the establishment, and he felt that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd would obtain greater spiritual fruits of conversion and amendment, because the religious habit itself would inspire respect and veneration. The successor of Adhémar de Monteil watched paternally over the little community and he was struck at once by the efficiency of the

Sisters from Angers and by the spirit of self-sacrifice which they brought to their work. From the first moment he had succoured them generously, sending over from the palace his own blankets, linen, furniture, and whatever he thought they might need, in a poor house and in the depths of winter. The Sisters were filled with gratitude at so much thoughtfulness and kindness, and Mother St. Euphrasia was consoled, hearing of the extreme charity with which His Lordship had provided for her daughters. He also formed an association among the chief ladies of the city that they might help the religious by their support. Hence the Puy foundation, which the Mother had hesitated to begin, was one of those in which she was best compensated for her pains.

In March the Monastery of Angers held high festival for the ceremony of the profession of Sister Teresa de Couespel. The entire city flocked to see it, for she had been a brilliant member of its society, and a universal favourite, but the affection with which Mother St. Euphrasia pressed her new daughter to her heart was a more precious thing than any worldly friendship. They understood one another so well, and mutual honour and trust became one thing with religious charity. Sister St. Teresa excelled in silence, in humility, in recollection, yet the Mother rarely had so strenuous a defender, so fearless a champion. It was perhaps with some presentiment of what the future might bring, that the Mother General desired to keep Sister Teresa close to her person. She was named Secretary, and the Mother took pains to initiate her into

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the direction and general administration of an Order that was growing and expanding every day. On her side, nothing could equal the faithful, exact, devoted rendering of her service, and she added to it the constant, personal, loving attention to every need of her Superior, which only sincere attachment and reverence could inspire. A portrait of Sister Teresa remains: a face which on the verge of maturity still retains the bloom of youth; in shape of an extraordinarily perfect oval, narrowing toward the chin. The eyes large and full of expression; a pleasant mouth that suggests sensitiveness and wit; altogether a bright and charming countenance.

May, the month of Mary, brought the date for the renewal of elections. The Bishop presided, as the Apostolic Brief required. The voting was unanimous in favour of Mother St. Euphrasia. Monseigneur Montault, in congratulating the Mother General and the community, did not hesitate to say that he esteemed the foundation of the Good Shepherd of Angers as one of the crowns of his diocese.

House," he said, "which was founded and which has grown so miraculously, is the

glory of my episcopate: the works of charity which are performed here will be eternal. The men who persecuted it at first recognize today that this is no ordinary undertaking but the work of God, and for this reason they have become its admirers."

Mother St. Euphrasia still Superior General, and the requests still coming for new foundations. In business there is a clear relation between supply and demand. At Angers Divine Providence seemed to be balancing the two acts. Strasbourg in Alsace, an important city, was clamouring for a much-needed House of the Good Shepherd. Mother St. Euphrasia replied deferentially to Monseigneur de Trevern, the local Bishop, and sent the Superior of Nancy, Sister St. John of the Cross, (David) to see what arrangements could be made. A word should be said here regarding this envoy. She had entered the Congregation as a lay-sister; but she showed so much intelligence and ability, that the Mother General desired her to pass into the rank of choir-sisters that she might use her for more important employments. Sister St. John was of a fidelity and devotion that passed expression. She counted no fatigue or trouble of her own, if she could be of use to the Mother General or to the Institute. Repeatedly she had been sent out upon difficult and tiresome investigations, and always she had executed the Superior's orders admirably. From Strasbourg she wrote that the Bishop had received her, "as a messenger from Heaven"; the people seemed well-disposed toward the Sisters, and a small house was placed at their disposal. Mother St. Euphrasia thought this

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sufficient for a beginning, and she sent a little colony of three Sisters to take possession. They found the house completely empty, but immediately after their arrival, all the neighbours began to appear, each one carrying some needful object: chairs, tables, beds, household goods of all kinds, and the Sisters rejoiced exceedingly, pouring forth warm thanks and blessings for the generosity of these people! But, after a couple of days, one by one, the "donors" came to the door, asking to be paid for whatever they had delivered. They thought the Sisters would be glad to have a few furnishings the first day, but of course they could not afford to give them free of charge! It was a rather sad disillusion for the Sisters who had no money to spare and who must pay in cash for all the worn-out furniture forced upon them.

The city of Strasbourg, densely populated, a vast military and industrial centre, has a mixed population, part French, part German, the two languages being spoken indifferently; and furthermore a very large percentage of Protestants and Jews mingled in with the Catholics. At first the Catholics alone approached the Sisters with alms; but by degrees, as the nature of their work

was understood, both Protestants and Jews became generous contributors, recognizing the eminent social value of the institution. Not only the wealthy, but even humble working men made an offering for the Sisters, and modest tradespeople sent gifts of commodities. The penitents grew in numbers day by day and the classes were made up, like the population, of Catholics, Protestants and Jews. One of the great consolations of the religious at Strasbourg was the conversion of numerous young girls to the Catholic Faith. They had not known Catholicism before, and they learned to know it through the kindness and self-sacrifice of their mistresses in the classes. Many asked to be instructed and received into the Church, and they conceived a horror for sin and for their own past waywardness. The poor Sisters had to sustain battle after battle with Protestant ministers and Jewish Rabbis, who had been only too glad to see the Monastery absorb their erring charges, but who revolted and accused the Sisters of wicked proselytizing when they heard that the girls, who were thoroughly converted, wanted to embrace the Catholic faith. They threatened to denounce the nuns and to withdraw all support from the institution; but the Superior heard them calmly. They were obliged to confess that young persons who had been limbs of Satan and a cause of shame and disgrace to their families, had changed, under the Sisters' care, into modest and decorous maidens; but when it came to a change of religion, they became furious and abused those same Sisters as perilous and heinous offenders. Mother St. Euphrasia blessed God for the conversions, and reminded her

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daughters that those are called "Blessed" by the Master, who endure persecutions for justice sake. The work grew so, in spite of Jew and Gentile, that the Sisters were obliged to move into a spacious house, and presently that, too, was insufficient, so that they moved again into one that they had built themselves, the splendid monumental monastery of Robertsau, where they still abide.

Another foundation which the Mother General regarded with particular tenderness was that of Sens. Geographically, the town is only some ninety miles to the south of Paris; but, perhaps for that very reason, the revolution of 1793 swept it so fiercely that the inhabitants lost the last trace of religion, and the very name of Christianity seemed to have been wiped out from among them. Yet Sens had been a name of glory in the Church. The Archbishop of Sens was Primate of the Gauls, and he had long been the Metropolitan of Paris. In the long roll of honour of its famous churchmen, Sens numbers no less than nineteen Bishops who were saints, ten Cardinals, and a Pope: Clement VI. The beautiful twelfth century Cathedral of St. Stephen, one of the first built in the ogival

Gothic style, has superb stained-glass windows, the work of no less an artist than the famous Jean Cousin. Mother St. Euphrasia knew the glories of Sens, and the mere name of it appealed to her Catholic and patriotic soul. But she knew, too, that faith had abandoned the spot, leaving it a wilderness, . . . and she was very short of money. As in the case of Puy, she was hesitating. But, almost always, some ray of divine light was vouchsafed to guide her in the path of her foundations, those same foundations which her enemies said she was multiplying rashly and inconsiderately that she might satiate her own ambition! On this occasion she was walking quietly under the trees at the evening recreation, thinking of the proposed foundation at Sens and wondering if it would be prudent to undertake it, when she felt strongly pressed to enter the chapel of the Immaculate Conception in the grounds, the gift of Madame D'Andigné, and to pour forth in fervent prayer all the anxieties, all the fears of her soul. There she found comfort and peace, as one ever does at the feet of Mary. But a spoken message seemed to come, as if in the very voice of the heavenly Queen: "I shall be happy at Sens in the hearts of your daughters." It was graciously said, and leave given by her who was the true head of the Institute. All Mother Pelletier's hesitation and uncertainties disappeared. She wrote to the Archbishop, accepting his invitation, and the little colony of pioneers named by her went forward immediately. The house offered at Sens proved to be an ordinary dwelling-house, not very spacious and out of repair. As usual, not a single article of furniture had been provided: and the Sisters must look

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out to provide for themselves. They spent the first hours trying to clean the premises and make them habitable. The day after their arrival, the gruff old caretaker came in to help them. In the search for a piece of wallpaper to cover an unseemly rent, he went to rummage in the attic. Presently he came back with a large picture covered with dust. - "I've brought you something," he said, "this portrait of a lady stowed away in the garret." The Sisters stood dumbfounded. Blue mantle, and heavenly countenance inclined, it was a painting of the Immaculate Conception. - "But that is Our Blessed Lady!" they exclaimed. The old man shook his head. - "Never heard tell of her before," he answered. This in Most Christian France, Sens, Primate city of the Gauls, forty years after the Terror! ... The Sisters tried to explain but, for the moment, it was no use. The man only looked confused. They set the picture, with love and delight, in the room which they had already selected as the chapel, and their hearts rose up in thankfulness to the dear heavenly Mother who had deigned to be before them, as if to greet them, in the dismal empty house. No doubt good Catholics had occupied it before them, and hidden the holy semblance to try and save it from desecration. Mother St. Euphrasia was extremely struck by this fact of her daughters finding the Immaculate Conception in the house already when they entered it. An empty

house, too. But the first tidings were not encouraging, The Sisters had called on the Archbishop, as in duty bound, but they had found that he was under a misconception. He thought they were school-sisters. He wanted a school opened. It was needed in the worst way. When they said the word penitents to him, he would not hear of such a thing. He wanted his Catholic girls educated. They must open a boarding-school, he did not want to hear anything about penitents. The poor Sisters, very much chagrined, wrote to the Mother. What were they to do? She came immediately, as she always did when the need seemed urgent, although travelling made her violently ill every time she took the road. With her she brought Sister St. Philip Mercier whom she intended as Superior, a woman of great courage and energy. They waited on the Archbishop, who repeated his refusal, and then Mother St. Euphrasia began to plead the cause of the penitents. Were they not the most abandoned of all, and the souls in greatest need? Innocent children had innumerable friends to care for them; but wayward and erring girls were surrounded only by those who sought to complete their ruin and lose their souls for all eternity. Our Blessed Lord in the Gospel rejoices most over the conversion of sinners: more than over the perseverance of the just. She grew terribly eloquent when she spoke of this subject, which was so dear to her; and the Archbishop listened in wonderment. Pastor though he was, he had not given much thought to this particular group of his flock, and he

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began to agree with her that it was a marvellous thing to wrest souls from the ways of sin and to direct them into good. He would willingly give permission, if she would use the house the Sisters were in for a boardingschool, and build a separate one to receive the penitents. Mother St. Euphrasia returned to Angers, this new battle won, but the Archbishop had been so stirred by her appeal that when Mother St. Philip set about the erection of the new building, His Grace was continually on the spot urging the workmen to hasten, that the Sisters might have a place in which to convert sinners and to keep young girls away from peril. He was eighty years old, and Mother St. Euphrasia had been a revelation to him. Something *should* be done for one of the most unfortunate classes of society. He hoped before he died to hear of souls brought back to God, in his own city, through the labours of these heroic women in white.

Meanwhile, the feast of Corpus Christi was drawing near, and good Catholics began to speak of keeping it solemnly, with the great procession which in Sens had been a splendid and immemorial pageant in honour of the Eucharistic King. It had been impossible to hold the procession after 1793; but times were quieter now, and many persons wished to see the ancient custom revived. The Archbishop was approached, but he had been a witness of the Terror and he was

horrified at the idea. - "There will be an outbreak if we try," he said. "It would be a consummate imprudence." Mother St. Philip did not share his opinion. She was in close contact with the labouring population, parents of the children whom the Sisters instructed in doctrine. She often spoke with the workmen employed upon the building. She knew that in their hearts these lowly folks would be happy to see "*La Fête-Dieu*." the feast of God, celebrated anew in their midst. She reassured His Grace, telling him that times were changed and that the people really wished to have the procession, and would certainly behave with respect. So leave was granted, and a magnificent procession organized, the entire city taking part in it, anxious - after the horrible days of the revolution - to revive this ancient glory of the past. One of the most beautiful of the altars of repose had been erected in the grounds of the Good Shepherd monastery, so that the immense winding pageant assembled there for the Benediction, and Sisters and children were overwhelmed with joy at receiving this visit of the King. The Archbishop was so delighted at the restoration of the festival, and at the reverence and fervour displayed by his people, that he declared aloud this was the greatest joy he had ever experienced since he came to the See of Sens.

The house for penitents, which His Grace had thought a superfluity, proved so true a necessity that it was quickly filled; and, as the inmates

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still continued to come, and there was no more room, Sister St. Philip began to look about her for some more spacious place of abode. There was, at a short distance, the abandoned Benedictine Abbey of St. Pierre-le-Vif, and it seemed to her that it would be possible to do here what the Sisters had already done at St. Florent. Mother St. Euphrasia authorized the purchase, which would give Community and children ample space and sufficient grounds around the house. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd thus became the custodians of one of the most renowned shrines of the district, the curious ancient church of St. Savinien, enclosed within the abbey precincts, desecrated during the revolution, and replaced in honour by them. It contained the crypt tomb. of the holy martyred Bishop whom the Roman Pontiff had sent in the third century to evangelize that portion of the Gauls. It is highly interesting that almost all the early Christian churches in France were built over the tombs of envoys sent from Rome; they carried the Gospel over the roads constructed by the military engineers of pagan Rome to spread the power of the great city. The Latin names of these evangelizers and martyrs speak for themselves. The name Sabinianus, suggestive of ancestral origin in the Sabine Hills, appears in several inscriptions referring to a well-known Roman family-, and the name of the saint's companion and fellow-countryman, Potentianus, buried with him, besides appearing in some ancient inscriptions, survived in the Roman family of the Potenziani whose

medieval palace remains, the home of S. Francesca Romana. Those two witnesses of long ago are remembered in the Roman Martyrology on the last day of December. "Sabinianus Episcopus Martyr et Potentianus." The title of the Abbey itself, St. Pierre, reattaches it directly to the Holy See. But it was to the martyr Bishop who founded the first episcopal See here that Sens owes its coveted title of Primate over all the Bishoprics of Gaul. During the middle ages there was an incessant stream of pilgrims to the shrine, and the Abbey must hospitably have received and succoured many in their needs.

It was a great joy, even a glory, to Mother St. Euphrasia to have been able to rescue this second shipwreck of the great Abbeys of France, and to have brought back the Blessed Sacrament and the sanctuary lamp to one more abandoned altar. But she also set about restoring the devotion to St. Savinien, and it was her hope to see the pilgrimages of yore wending anew to the tomb of this great glory of the Church, in Rome and in Gaul.

Among the numerous foundations of the year 1837, there was also an important one in the city of Rheims, with its great cathedral in which the Kings of France were crowned. The Archbishop, Cardinal de Latil, had

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asked for a House of the Good Shepherd, and Mother Pelletier hastened to send two Sisters to make the preliminary arrangements. A residence had been prepared for them so that no material difficulties would delay them. But, strangely enough, the government interfered and would not permit the opening of the house - possibly because it was to be directed by religious. The clergy of the city strenuously supported the Sisters; and after much opposition the house was at length inaugurated on the 11th of June, 1837. Penitents came in such large numbers that it was soon filled and the community was no sooner settled than it was obliged to look about for larger quarters. The Superior was able to purchase a vast building, with inner courts and grounds attached to it, so that every department could unfold its activities without danger of being cramped for want of space.

At Bordeaux, far away in the south, there was the offer for a foundation, but Canon Dupuch of the Cathedral Clergy who made it, had perhaps not taken into account the cavilling of secular authorities. He was intensely anxious to have a House of the Good Shepherd in the vast maritime city, of which he knew the perils and the vice; and having visited the monastery of Angers he was confident that the Sisters would direct such an institution admirably. He was ready to assist them himself in every way. Mother St. Euphrasia was so anxious to second

the worthy Canon's plans that she sent one of her most beloved daughters, Sister St. Joseph Regaudiat, whose mere presence, she felt sure, would ensure the future of the establishment. But innumerable obstacles confronted the little group of pioneers. Their House was to be directed by the secular authorities; the Sisters were to accept a regulation which interfered with the observance of their Rule; they were to open a school and teach in it; but they were absolutely forbidden to receive penitents. For a while the humility of Sister St. Joseph bowed to all the vexations and annoyances put upon the community; and she strove to be heroic in patience. But, at length, seeing that she and her companions were not free to observe the Rule which bound them, and that she could not persuade officialdom to permit her to receive penitents, she opened her heart in a letter to the Mother General and the Sisters were recalled to Angers. Canon Dupuch was deeply grieved, but he realized that the situation was untenable.

Aries also, the old, wonderful city, full of the Roman memorials and illustrated in 1300 by the passage of Dante, the poet-envoy of Florence, Arles also had asked for a foundation and the Jesuit Fathers promised their assistance. But a check occurred at the very beginning. The Marquis de Maudon, a nobleman of the city who was to defray the initial expenses of the settlement, died just as the Sisters were about to set out.

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The news brought a moment of consternation, then Mother St. Euphrasia decided that, as the Sisters were ready, she would allow them to go nevertheless, and trust in Divine Providence. The two travellers arrived in Arles to find that nobody expected them; it had been thought that the news of the benefactor's death would naturally arrest their coming; however, they called on the widowed Marchioness of Maudon, who was particularly kind, and who spoke to other women of rank in their favour; and very soon a residence was found for the Sisters. The house was opened on the 5th of November, 1837, and within an incredibly short time, forty penitents had asked for admission: a clear proof that there was a real need for the ministrations of the Sisters.

Thus the year closed, with a considerable increase in the number of the foundations, with undiminished generosity and fervour in the *full* ranks at Angers, with a steady increase in the number of vocations which were already abundant, and with such striking fruit of conversions everywhere in the classes, that it was impossible not to conclude that the saintly woman at the head of the Institute was really inspired by God, and that her enterprise was most dear to Him, in whose Heart she had placed her *full* and all-enfolding confidence.

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From Angers to Rome

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THE FIRST House of the Good Shepherd outside of its native France was opened in Rome, the capital of the Christian World. There seems a peculiar fitness in this, and almost a divine sanction upon the work. From the example and teaching of its Foundress, the Order was to learn, and to sedulously preserve, a paramount devotion to the Holy See, a pure, fervent, single-hearted attachment and fidelity to Blessed Peter. It was raised to its position of dignity, its solidity ensured by the word of the Sovereign Pontiff. And as it was to be a great missionary Order, it was right that its direction should come from Rome.

Its very name of the Good Shepherd is one that has always been particularly loved in the Eternal City and it was particularly loved by Him Who so many times in the Gospel pages uses the similitude of the Shepherd and the sheep. Of His own sheep He gave the charge to Peter. And so many times in the Roman Catacombs, almost from apostolic days, the fair figure of the Good Shepherd is represented, in the paintings of the crypts and so also many times in the sculptures of tombs, the art of the chisel culminating in that exquisite boyish figure of the Pastor Bonus of the Lateran. But the Roman Christians never forgot that Christ Who had so willingly called himself a shepherd, had appointed Peter shepherd of His flock. That is why there are frescoes in which it is evidently Peter who, crook in hand, watches the sheep; why, in the fourth century mosaic, Peter is upon a throne with the lambs gathered around it; and why in so many basilica-mosaics, the faithful are represented by lambs. But the Good Shepherd is He Who lays down His life for the sheep, and Who carries the erring lamb upon His shoulders.

Mother St. Euphrasia had been in correspondence with Rome for over two years before the urgent and so controverted question of the Generalate could be settled. A modern historian has justly said that Heaven seems to have bestowed upon Rome, above all other peoples and from time immemorial, the genius of government. Centuries of government, intricate and far-reaching, have not diminished this genius. And Rome had no hesitation in recognizing the rights of Angers over its own creations, and the immense advantages to be

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derived from united efforts and a single impulse. Personally, Cardinal Odescalchi had desired to bring the Sisters of the Good Shepherd to Rome from the moment he received that first searching letter from the Superior of Angers, which began: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." But, considering the combats which waged around the Institute and the hostility of members of the hierarchy in France, he

thought it better to delay. Finally, in 1837, he wrote himself to the Mother General inviting her, at her convenience, to visit the Eternal City. Other correspondents repeated his request, adding that the time seemed ripe for opening a House of the Good Shepherd on that sacred soil.

In reality, Cardinal Odescalchi, as Vicar General, was often confronted by problems which he found it difficult to solve. And his authority was invoked in situations which he felt to be delicate. There were at the time two centres of detention for women. The prison of S. Michele, (now a State Industrial School for orphan boys), to which disorderly persons were sent, after trial, under a sentence of the Court; and the Convent of Santa Croce, formerly the home of the Sisters of Penance. This Congregation had almost died out, and the two or three aged members who survived were transferred elsewhere in order that the large building might be used for young women and girls who were placed there, not by the court, but by their own families, for waywardness or private misconduct. This second house was under the direction of the Parish Priests of the city, but the management of it was in the hands of a small group of pious women, not specially fitted for the task, and often incapable. Odescalchi had seen with his own eyes that the establishment was ill-governed and completely wanting in order. The Parish-Priests took a certain interest in the institution, and the matrons did the housekeeping, but no attempt was made to reform the girls enclosed, and they lived in complete idleness; ditty, slovenly, abandoned to themselves, and without interest in anything. Cardinal Odescalchi grieved over a state of things which he found himself unable to improve. He would have wished never to see any girl committed to this house; and yet, at times, it was the only way to save them from ruin. But he never ceased praying that he might discover some Order of religious, women who would consent to undertake this work which was assuredly a work of great mercy; to save souls which were in imminent danger of being lost. When Mother St. Euphrasia's letter reached his hands, he felt that it was a direct answer to his prayers. And now that the matter of the Generalate was settled, and the status of the Congregation clearly defined, he felt that the hour had arrived to invite the Sisters of the Good Shepherd to come to Rome.

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Mother Pelletier was too true a daughter of Holy Church not to rejoice infinitely at the prospect of visiting the Eternal City, and of being able to kiss the feet of the Vicar of Christ. And she felt, too, that it was a great honour to be permitted to open a House within those sacred walls. With infinite care and thought she selected the religious who were to represent the Congregation in Rome, and one of the first named was Sister Teresa de Couespel. Five other

Sisters, noted for their piety and adaptability, completed the group of six. The venerable old Countess D'Andigné, in spite of her seventy-seven years, declared that she was going with the travellers, and she took all the expenses of the journey upon herself, which was not a little help to the poor Mother General. The aged gentlewoman had a gracious and kindly illusion that the good Mother needed her protection. It is remembered that on one occasion the two met in the grounds, coming from different directions, and that the old Countess, ironical but full of tenderness, exclaimed: "Ali, there she is! The Mother of Hope!" And the latter answered gently, with no less affection: "Yes, and here *she is*: the Mother of Charity." The travellers were in the midst of their preparations for leaving when they learned of the outbreak of that terrible epidemic of cholera which ravaged Italy in the autumn of 1837. It was deemed imprudent to start, and they waited until the scourge should have abated. It was during this terrible sickness that Cardinal Odescalchi, who was Bishop of Sabina, went to minister to his flock, assisting them personally, waiting on the sick, providing food and medicine for the stricken population, giving the Last Sacraments to the dying, and, in the fervour of his zeal, exposing his own life recklessly, as if it had no value in his eyes. Indeed the heroism of the Bishops and clergy of Italy on this occasion is another splendid page written in the history of the Church.

The winter weather brought the end of the epidemic, and it was decided in the early spring that the travellers should set out after Easter, so that on Easter Tuesday, 17th of April 1838, very early in the morning, they left the monastery. This was done purposely to avoid the agony of farewells. But Mother St. Euphrasia was not proposing to go directly to Italy. She thought it better to visit some of the houses which seemed to be in difficulties, so she directed her course first toward St. Florent, which was struggling against heavy odds. But she had not gone very far when the roughness of the road and the rolling of the coach brought on a violent attack of sea-sickness, and she fainted several times, to the dismay and alarm of her daughters. Madame D'Andigné declared that it was out of the question to go further that day, and as they were approaching the village of St. Clément-des-Levéés, she ordered the

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carriage to stop at the door of the presbytery and went in herself to beg the priest to allow them to rest a few hours beneath his roof. While the Mother was lying down, the Sisters prayed incessantly that she might be able to continue the journey, and in fact a few hours of rest - and her own indomitable courage - gave her the strength to continue that very day, and the party reached St. Florent before night. The little community at the Abbey were doing their best, in the midst of many trials, and the Mother saw it and encouraged them, her visit indeed inspiring all with new hope and a fresh determination to succeed.

She was halfway on the road to Tours now, and she felt inspired to go the other half to see that dear Madame de Lignac who had been her one friend, and her first real guide in the spiritual life, at the Chobelet school long ago. Her old Mistress was now Superior of the Ursulines, and directress of a splendid new school. But the two were not strange to one another, for they had never ceased to correspond, and while Mother St. Euphrasia was-still deeply grateful to the woman who, in the main, had educated her, Mother de Lignac rejoiced, and was proud, of all she saw her dear Rose-Virginie doing. It was one of her greatest consolations to see how the magnificent promise of the little brown girl from Noirmoutier had been realized, and how the woman evolved had not only given her life to God, but was at the head of a stupendous work, approved by the Holy See, and ready to send forth missionaries to distant lands. She knew that Rose-Virginie was on her way to Rome, and she could not but rejoice, warmly and whole-heartedly, at what she was doing for the glory of God. At the end of two happy days the friends parted, and Mother Pelletier took one of those ancient, primitive trains to Paris which make one smile today. Still, it was an improvement on the stage-coach. She was obviously not going in the direction of Rome now, but she had important business to transact in the capital, and this seemed the best time to attend to it. In Paris the Sisters were the guests of the pious daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, who received them with simple kindness and charity, but they could only remain in the capital the time strictly necessary for the transaction of their business, and they proceeded immediately toward the south-east. The Bishop of Bourges, Monseigneur Villèle, had previously asked the Mother General to make a foundation in his episcopal city, and her journey gave her the opportunity of waiting upon him and of discussing the matter. She had no hesitation in promising to send her daughters, and in fact the House of Bourges prospered and gave her great consolation.

The next stop was at one of the famous shrines of Our Blessed Lady, those shrines which Mother St. Euphrasia could never pass by: Notre

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Dame de Fourvières on the hill near Lyons. She loved all of the shrines of Mary, even the most humble. And there was a special reason why she wished to make a genuine pilgrimage of her visit to Fourvières. A few years earlier, in 1834, during a popular outbreak, the threat was made to destroy the famous shrine; and, though it had only suffered small damage, as the rabble was turned aside, the peril had been so imminent that the church was closed and divine worship in it suspended. Mother St. Euphrasia had been deeply grieved at the outrage, and the affront offered to the heavenly Queen. She erected a small chapel in the grounds at Angers, dedicating it to Notre Dame de Fourvières, and placing her image

there. Sisters and children were invited to visit this spot in a spirit of reparation for the insult of Lyons, and the Mother Superior begged the holy Virgin to grant to all these lowly petitioners the graces which she would have granted to the pilgrims at the great shrine. In May, 1838, the votive temple had been re-opened, so that the Sisters could perform their devotions at the feet of Notre Dame herself. Mother St. Euphrasia was fortunate in being able to lodge at the Montée de Fourvières, in the house of that wonderful Pauline Marie Jaricot who organized the devotion of the Living Rosary, and, still more, that marvellous work of the Propagation of the Faith, with its penny contribution of the poor and of labour, whereby the missions afar are financed. This work was found so admirable that Rome adopted it and made it specifically her own. The two souls that met there were both so perfectly apostolic that each one must have added flame to the fire of the other. But it may be that Mother St. Euphrasia may have desired there, even more ardently, to mission her daughters "everywhere, to the ends of the globe." The pilgrimage to Fourvières intensified, if it were possible, her devotion to Our Blessed Lady and she came down, her soul burning with love and desire.

It should be said that while she remained with Mademoiselle Jaricot at the Montée de Fourvières, the Mother General desired Sister de Couespel to take a companion Sister and make a side expedition to the small city of Bourg which had asked for a foundation. The Sisters reached Magon but they missed the coach for Bourg so they were obliged to seek hospitality for the night at the Convent of the Sisters of Providence. The delay was apparently providential for at Maçon they made the acquaintance of Father Larcher, a good priest who had heard of their work, and who asked them immediately to prevail upon their Mother General to open a house in his city. A group of charitable ladies he knew would be ready and willing to sponsor the undertaking. Bourg, too, proved satisfactory and responsive, thus the envoys returning to the waiting Mother were able to tell her that Bourg was waiting to receive

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her daughters, and that Maçon also had asked for a foundation. She could only bless God who was multiplying the harvest, and placing at so many points these centres of refuge and salvation.

Once together again, the band of travellers proceeded immediately for Puy. And this hallowed spot, too, Mother St. Euphrasia saluted as a city of Our Lady. She knew the story of it, and of its beautiful Cathedral of Notre Dame, to the consecration of which, the legend says, Mary herself sent a deputation of angels from Heaven. The House of the Good Shepherd had only been open eighteen months and already there were seventy-five penitents within its walls, and many

genuine conversions had occurred to gladden the hearts of the Sisters. The Bishop received the Mother General with the greatest deference, thanking her warmly for all that her daughters were doing in his episcopal city, and assuring her of his deep appreciation; the population itself realized the complete devotion and self-sacrifice of the Sisters. When the Mother was about to leave, the good mountain people swarmed around the carriage and would scarcely allow her to depart. "Where is she?" they kept asking. "We want to see her, this saint who does so much good wherever she goes." And the crowd pressed so close, the horses could not advance. When at length they were able to proceed, the road was taken to Clermont-Ferrand. A monastery had been established there some four months earlier, and the community was still at the initial stage of struggles and hardships. But the "Mother of Hope" had seen so many of these difficult and trying foundations emerge presently into prosperous and flourishing houses, that she encouraged the Sisters to intensify their efforts and to be sure, with a large and trustful confidence, that the Sacred Heart of their Lord and Master would do all things for them.

After Clermont-Ferrand, the Mother once more deliberately left the road which led to Rome, to turn aside into an insignificant provincial township, Billom, the birth-place of Monseigneur Flaget, where the good Bishop was endeavouring in his native air to recover strength and health to be able to go back to the American diocese which he passionately loved. Holiness breathed from his person, and inspired all his words. It was said that he had performed cures which were miraculous. Sister Teresa owed her happiness in religion to him, for with one brief sentence he had banished all her doubts. It was a real joy to prelate and Sisters to meet again.

Grenoble, which had been the cause of so much trouble and anxiety was now solidly founded and flourishing, and Mother St. Euphrasia was extremely pleased with the atmosphere of the house. There was so

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perfect a silence observed, so much regularity in the Offices, and so marked a spirit of recollection that she was reminded of Carmel. And in her intimate joy she could only exclaim: "Avila! ... I have found Avila here." While she was briefly resting in this oasis, she received the visit of a pious lady of Chambery in Savoy, Mademoiselle Guittaud, who was very anxious to have a House of the Good Shepherd in her own country, and who offered to accompany the Mother General, if she would come and see what the city could do. It was a consolation to Mother St. Euphrasia to see the various places sanctified by the presence of St. Francis of Sales and of St. Chantal, and to examine a number of personal relics, letters

and objects, which had belonged to the two saints; especially as she felt that her own Institute had many points in common with the Order of the Visitation. Her beloved Father St. John Eudes had drawn largely from the Rules and Customs of the older Order, and he had entrusted his first daughters to the Sisters "of the Visitation of St. Mary" that they might instruct them in holiness and in the practices of the religious life. She thus felt at home, and she approached with great reverence the ancient monastery of the Visitation at Chambéry. The Bishop received his distinguished visitor with much kindness and regard and they were quickly able to come to an understanding. Chambéry should have its House of the Good Shepherd and this was one of the foundations which the Mother undertook with great joy.

Even while travelling, this good Mother could not forget her children and she managed to keep in touch, a matter that was not easy, with each and every one of her monasteries. The Superior of Metz, Sister St. Sophie, had had many difficulties and contradictions, and the foundation was one that was distinctly hard and unpromising. Just before leaving Angers, the Mother wrote to encourage the struggling group. - "My beloved Daughter, and the whole tribe of you, I cannot start without coming to you once more in all the effusion of my heart. It seems to me that I have never loved you so much. To leave France for a whole month would be a real martyrdom were it not that the holy will of God is made known to me in that of His Eminence, our holy Cardinal."

She was travelling southward now, and in a very few days she would reach the sea-coast, from whence she was to go by ship to Italy. It was the first time she ever left her native soil, and it was certainly not without emotion that she did. One of the last letters, written before her departure, is dated the 20th of May 1838, and it carries back her thoughts, her ardent yearning, toward that dear Angers she loved so much. "We are to sail from Marseilles on the 29th or the 30th. I have not yet begun my journey and already I am wishing that I were back, so much

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do I love you all. There is not one of you of whom I do not think, Professed and Novices. My heart is at Angers. I assure you anew of my tenderness -our dear Tourière Sisters, our postulants, our good Magdalena and penitents whom I love so much; and also our children at St. Michael's, boarders and little orphans." It was indeed the heart of a mother, reaching out anguishful to those she is leaving, repeating her farewells and the cry of her affection toward them all, as she sees her home disappearing from view and the new shores rising before her,

On the 28th of May the travellers reached Marseilles, the great city upon

the sea. And one of their first thoughts, as it was also their last, was to make the pilgrimage to that famous shrine of Notre Dame de Is Garde, on the high hill overlooking the blue Mediterranean, with the great statue lifted into the clear sky, visible for miles around, and the inner walls of the temple covered with the ex-votos of sailors: vows made in the stress of storms that threatened to engulf them, vows made in thanksgiving for port and home happily reached, vows without number faithfully kept by the men of the sea. As the ships come in and as they go out, how many uncovered heads, how many prayers breathed inaudibly, and how many eyes lifted, in coming and in going, to her who watches, Notre Dame de Is Garde, whose patronage means safety, that they may have fair passage, that they may return some day, that she will keep them herself, Our Lady of the Sea. There the Sisters made their last devotions, happy to sail from a port that the Mother of God watched over, confiding in her strong prayers and intercession, sure as the mariners are, that the aegis over their ship is the Name of Mary. On the first day of June they went on board: a new world, strange and unfamiliar. The steamer was one that plied between Marseilles and the Levant, and the passengers were thus a curious and motley crowd of Europeans and Orientals mingled, Greeks, Armenians, Turks and Egyptians, French officers going to their posts in the colonies, and missionaries carrying the faith to distant lands. But every man of them whatever his belief, showed the greatest respect to the French Sisters travelling in their midst. The weather was superb, and indeed there can scarcely be anything more beautiful than June upon the southern seas. On the first day out, the vibration from the engines caused some discomfort, but on the second day the Sisters already felt at home, and they were able to enjoy to the full the stupendous beauty of the Italian coast-line, rock and foliage, cliffs against which the playful water breaks with scarcely an edging of foam, in colour like sparkling sapphires and emeralds. They passed small islands, with historic names, known to the classic world, and with legends of saints and martyrs clinging to them. And on the evening of

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the second day, drawing nearer to land, they were able to perceive the harbour of Leghorn, their destination, one of the ports which the steamer touched. The Sisters were conveyed ashore, scarcely able to believe they were in Italy, and they sought lodgings, as they had been advised, with a recently founded Order of religious women, who charitably received strangers, although they had not yet assumed the habit appointed for their society. Here they were welcomed with much kindness and courtesy, and on the following day, which was the great feast of Pentecost, the travellers were able to attend Mass and to receive Holy Communion, a source of joy and consolation to them. On the following morning they set out early for Civitavecchia, another seaport, the most important of the

Papal States upon the Mediterranean, and here they took the stage which connected the maritime fortified city with Rome, still some thirty miles distant. They were driving, the best part of this day, which was Whit Monday, through beautiful and peaceful country which lay around them in its green loveliness of early summer, with sections in which the tall wheat bowed its golden mass before the breezes; and again the Via Aurelia came back to skirt the sea. At one point, Mother St. Euphrasia was delighted by perceiving a small shepherd boy watching his sheep. The sight is infinitely familiar throughout the Roman countryside, and in the opera "Tosca" the song of one of these shepherd-lads, unseen, haunts the fancy of those who know the passing of the little guardians with their flocks, at dawn and in the gloaming. Mother St. Euphrasia would see upon the sheep-dotted green, a boy who would remind her of her Shepherd; and the sight would touch her. But what appealed to her at the moment was that his flock was part white, part black, and it kindled in her a fresh desire for missions far away, for those "little black girls" of whom she used to dream as a child. She spoke of this incident, recalling the boy and his mingled flock, when on her return she entertained the Sisters with the account of her travels. - "On the way to Rome, as we were going up a steep hill, we were obliged to get out and walk to lighten the carriage. We met a little shepherd boy who was watching his flock, and his flock was composed of white sheep and of black ones. And I said to myself- 'O little shepherd, how happy you are, you who have black sheep as well as white ones! I have white sheep, but none that are black.' " And she recalled the same memory again when the first group of her daughters was to leave for Africa. She rejoiced that she would have black sheep in her flock at last.

Toward the end of that day, in the clear, terse light of after sunset when the western sky is still warm with rose and glistening gold, the

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travellers perceived in the distance, far in the distance still, a church dome that seemed to be floating, aerielly, mistily, blue. It was the custom in those days, for drivers bringing foreigners to Rome, to pause when they caught first sight of the immortal cupola, and to point with the whip that the travellers might not miss this first soul-searching view of the memorial of Peter. - "Ecce Roma!" Behold Rome! And there were few insensible to the magic of that ritual word. The speaker himself might be a scoundrel, but he, too, thrilled as he said it. - "Rome". . . Mother Pelletier said it, scarcely above her breath, and lifted her joined hands in prayer. Then she alighted and knelt down, stooping to kiss the hallowed sod "impregnated with the blood of martyrs." Many travellers have written of the thrill and awe of that first impression, when they caught sight of the blue dome of St. Peter's. and heard the sacred name of Rome. But few have come to it with so much faith, with so much simple, ardent devotion, and utter loyalty of soul, as

this staunch woman of Vendée, who was a great Catholic and a saint. Rome! It had been her dream since the days when a little child at Noirmoutier; she would keep her nurse waiting until she had said those five Our Fathers, kneeling in her little white nightrobe beside her bed, that God might protect and defend His Church.

The blue June night had deepened, and the stars appeared, before the travellers reached the city; and in fact they had been rolling over the Roman road in the dark for an hour when they finally drew up at the massive gateway. The Guard was preparing to lock the doors and set the sentinels for the night, ten o'clock duty, when a large carriage containing six French nuns and an elderly lady attempted to pass under the dimly-lighted archway. The soldiers stopped it noisily, coming forward with lanterns, and challenging them rudely. Madame D'Andigné was the only one who knew a few words of Italian, and she was not able to explain why she came with six Sisters, and trying to force her way into the city after dark. Mother St. Euphrasia took out the Papal Brief and showed it to the gendarms, but they did not understand what it was, and expressed their opinion that these were French spies, disguised as nuns, attempting to effect an entrance into Rome. They were for locking the gates and leaving the suspicious persons outside; but the Sisters understood, and began to plead so earnestly to be allowed to pass, simply to go to the Gesu where they had friends, that the officer finally gave leave, taking the precaution, however, to place several soldiers in the carriage with the suspects. The Sisters had explained as best they could that they were going to stay with the Sisters of St. Martha, charitable hospice near St. Peter's

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where so many pilgrims of all nationalities have found a shelter, and their driver brought them to the door; but it was eleven of the night, and no amount of knocking or ringing brought any response. Finding that all their efforts were vain, the weary travellers consulted together what it would be best to do. They decided to go to the Gesu, though the hour was unseemly, and bid the driver take them there. But the man, who had been grumbling and murmuring, had enough of his inconvenient fares. He reached the piazza of the Gesu, there ordering them all to get out, swung their bags and valises after them, and drove away, leaving the little forlorn group standing upon the pavement, with their baggage piled around them and not knowing where to go. By now it was midnight. They asked a belated passer-by where the Jesuit Fathers lived, and he pointed to the great portal of the building adjoining the church. Here they again began to knock and ring, as they had done at St. Martha's, and for a long time it seemed equally fruitless; but at length a lay-brother answered from within, enquiring what they

wanted. They explained their plight, begging him to go and tell Father Rozaven, (with whom they had recently been in correspondence) , that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd of Angers had arrived and did not know where to spend the night. Father Rozaven directed them to an hotel "kept in the French manner" near at hand, in all probability the old Hotel de France, now extinct, in the neighbouring Piazza della Minerva, where they found the rest they so sorely needed. Father Vaurès, the good Conventual who had worked so hard in the Sisters' interest, was notified early in the morning of their arrival, and he in turn notified Cardinal Odescalchi. It was arranged that the Sisters should attend the solemn service in the basilica of St. Peter, under the guidance of Father Vaurès, and at the appointed hour the Cardinal sent two coaches from his own stables to convey the Sisters to the spot. The day was Whit Tuesday, June 5th, 1838, and the solemn High Mass was that in honour of the Holy Ghost, the splendid vestments of the celebrants gleaming at the altar in the wonderful colour that is between ruby and flame. The organ and the voices of the singers filled the whole of the vast temple with that peculiarly mellow and aerial quality which great music takes in the harmonious upper spaces of the basilica. Mother St. Euphrasia thought she was in Heaven. The sight alone of the colossal interior awed her. - "I shall never forget," she often said in after years, "my first view of St. Peter's. It seemed to me like Paradise." Advancing under the great dome, the Sisters came forward and knelt at the balustrade of the Confession, that sacred spot where the ashes of the Fisherman of Galilee lie, the heart of the Catholic World. And Mother Pelletier made a vow there, her promise to Peter, to give her life, if needs be, for any and every one of her foundations. Strangely

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enough, at the same moment, Sister Teresa, kneeling beside her Mother and not knowing her prayer, was inspired to make the same vow. After the solemn Offices were completed, the Sovereign Pontiff prepared to leave the church walking down the centre of the nave through the dense crowd which knelt reverently at his passage. The Sisters were in the front row, and as he paused to speak to one person after another, Father Vaurès presented the Sisters, telling him who they were and indicating the Superior. The Holy Father halted in surprise, and his joy at seeing them was very evident. He blessed Mother Pelletier in particular, placing his hand upon her head; and she owned that the gentle and yet firm pressure seemed to have penetrated to her very soul. She had a feeling that Christ Himself had blessed her. But the day was to bring her still other emotions, and scarcely less deep.

When they left St. Peter's, so happy and so thrilled they seemed to be walking upon air, Father Vaurès suggested that it would be becoming to call upon the Cardinal Protector. Mother St. Euphrasia agreed that it was a duty; so,

escorted by the good Father, the Sisters waited upon His Eminence. The stately Roman reception-rooms with their silence and air of dignity, seem to prepare one for the presence of these exalted Princes of the Church; but nothing could have prepared Mother St. Euphrasia to see, standing to receive her, the "prelate in the garb of a Cardinal" whom she had beheld in a prophetic dream over two years ago. She was so overcome she could scarcely speak. She knelt and kissed the ring upon his hand. With the kindness and affability which marked him, he invited her to be seated and sought to set her at ease. He could never have guessed the cause of her emotion; and that day she did not tell him. But she gazed in wonder at the face seen in her dream. It was transparent even in mature years with the purity of first youth. There was a mildness and gentleness about it that attracted. A man of God first, foremost and always. But as he spoke - the fluid, faultless French of the diplomat - he revealed himself. a man of a universal culture, as becomes one who is doubly a prince; a man of enormous experience who ignores no aspect of life; and, above all, one who is thoroughly versed in all that concerns God and the soul. Of all his characteristics, a beautiful - almost angelic - spirituality was the most marked. And he had divined long since in the white-robed woman before him all the choice graces and heavenly favours, all the hidden holiness which she sought so carefully to veil. It was a long audience, and she said afterwards that she had received more light upon her vocation from the lips of that holy Cardinal than she had received herself in years of meditation. When at length she left his presence, a presence that had held her spellbound, and found herself

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alone with her daughters, her first word revealed all the emotions of her soul: "Oh, my dear children, I am so overcome I cannot find words to tell YOU... That holy Cardinal is the same that I saw in a dream when the business of the Generalate was going so badly!"

In a subsequent audience, being more in possession of herself, and his kindness encouraging her, she ventured to tell His Eminence the story of her dream. The Cardinal listened with profound attention, impressed with what she said. - "That is very remarkable," he answered at length. "And now I will tell you what happened to me in regard to your affairs. For a long time I had been possessed with the wish to discover some Order of women who were labouring for the conversion of poor sinners. Among the Congregations of men several are devoted to this work; but I did not know of any Sisters who would take care of erring girls. I was praying to God without ceasing that He would be pleased to grant me my desire. One day that I was celebrating Holy Mass in St. Peter's I begged insistently, through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady, the grace to

know the Order I had in mind, and that very day your letter reached me, the letter beginning: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." He added that those words, under the circumstances, had struck him so vividly that - from that moment - he decided he would not rest until he brought the Sisters of the Good Shepherd of Angers to Rome.

Roman Days

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EARLY IN the afternoon of that same eventful day which was the Tuesday of Whit Week, Mother St. Euphrasia was to see another phase of Rome. Two dignified ecclesiastics of the College of Parish Priests called at the hotel to conduct the Sisters, in a large closed "landau" which was then the vehicle used on state occasions, to visit the Convent of Santa Croce.

On the western bank of the Tiber and facing upon the street which skirts the river, while the green hill of the Janiculum rises behind it, the convent is attached to the ancient church of Santa Croce and takes its name from it. A graceful double flight of steps leads up to the church door, but this is almost always closed, being a monastic reservation. For two hundred years the Sisters of Penance lived and prayed in this monastery; then, reduced to three or four members, the community was transferred to the smaller house of SS. Rufina and Secunda, and the Cardinal Vicar had given permission that the spacious convent of the Cross should be used to shelter women and young girls whose virtue was in peril. The secular directresses in charge of the administration and government of the house endeavoured, as far as they could, to make it an abode of piety; but they made no attempt to improve or re-educate the inmates. This was the chief fault of the establishment. But it had others, and Cardinal Odescalchi was intensely alive to them.

The French Sisters were courteously conducted all through the house, and Mother St. Euphrasia observed and noted. A vast monastery, largely and solidly built as they were in the sixteenth century; deep walls, broad corridors with small monastic rooms opening on each side of them, a large airy refectory, a large-though not well-lighted kitchen--pantries and laundries, cellars beneath the house, gardens at the back of it, an abundance of water. Santa Croce Church served as the chapel and would accommodate a numerous community, having tribunes also above. So far, all well. But the woman who was at the head of a dozen admirably directed houses, was distressed and grieved by the human element she found at Santa Croce. Two good women who had no understanding at all of what they should be doing; two sloven,

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elderly servants. Twelve pitiable figures of young women and girls, dirty, untidy, sullen, and bored to death. That was almost the paramount sin. They were interested in nothing: life had passed them by. Mother St. Euphrasia was full of pity for them. She was so anxious that in her houses penitents should repent and

be brought back to God, but they were clean, and she wanted them to be happy. She asked questions. Yes, there was a regulation. They must rise at a certain hour, attend prayers, and take their meals together in the refectory. That was all. They were not obliged to work, so they did not work. They did not care to read. And all of them, without exception, spent the day doing nothing, *dolce-farniente*. When the days were bright they would lounge out-doors. Mother Pelletier had her ideas about idleness; she knew its disastrous effects, and here she could see them. No wonder these poor girls were bored and hopeless. Something should be done for them, and she desired most eagerly to do it. For their bodies first; and then, still more, for their souls.

Her guides afterwards desired Mother St. Euphrasia to see S. Michele, which had a great name as the home of many charities. A long conventual building, also along the river front, near the great port of Ripa Grande and just opposite the Aventine hill. The giant institution housed, in separate branches, an orphanage, an industrial school, and a home for the aged. But the end wing was the women's prison, and it was this that the priests wished the Mother to see. The sight gave her great sorrow, in fact it harrowed her. There were two hundred of these prisoners, in dismal quarters, behind heavy bars, and as they saw her pass they stretched out their arms to her, crying to her to give them something, to have pity on them, not to abandon them. But what could she do for them? She had brought with her only one Superior and four Sisters to take care of the foundation of Santa Croce! It would require at least fifteen Sisters to serve the prison of S. Michele; and she could not dispose of so many at that time. But she was pierced to the soul with the pain of not being able to succour them, however guilty they might be. The day would come when her daughters would in fact take charge of the women's prison in Rome, moved to another locality. But in 1838 Mother St. Euphrasia sensed the task as an impossibility.

On the following day, the 6th of June, she was again received by Cardinal Odescalchi, who was anxious to know what she thought of Santa Croce, and if she would consent to take it. She replied that she would take it once, placing Sister Teresa as Assistant. The arrangements were discussed at some length and in this audience the Cardinal was better able to appreciate the clear, wide vision of the Mother General,

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her quick grasp of problems, her wise and efficient solutions, her veritable genius for organization. What he appreciated still more was the charity which inspired her, her ardent zeal for the salvation of souls, and the utter purity of intention which absolutely excluded self from her undertaking and an apostolic fervour that amazed him. He comforted her to persevere and to extend her work. More

than any other churchman yet, though many had praised it, did he have a clear and assured vision of its future. Mother St. Euphrasia listened spell-bound. She confessed that she herself had never seen, as he saw it, what God Almighty had deigned to put into her hands. The Good Shepherd of Angers would be a great missionary Order, carrying the light of the Gospel wherever it was called, to the extreme ends of the world, even while it only thought to bear, with angelic reverence, the Redeeming Blood of Christ. Writing intimately about the same time to one of her religious at home, she mentions the enlightened comprehension she has found among the highest authorities in Rome. "We are in the Holy City, my dear Daughter, and we have found at the sacred feet of the Head of the Church and in the fatherly heart of our saintly Protector, the true light for the work of the Good Shepherd: here only do they understand the extent of this divine mission; here only was I able to fully disclose my thoughts. What divine consolations my poor soul has received!"

With regard to S. Croce, a few days would be required for the transfer; but the Cardinal knew its deficiencies, and he agreed entirely with what the Mother proposed to do. He also thought it better that there should not be two authorities contending as to the measures to be taken. "I shall try," he said, "to remove it entirely from the jurisdiction of the College of Parish Priests. I will give you the keys in order that you may have a free hand there. They may place girls in the convent if they wish, but it is the Sisters of the Good Shepherd who are to have the care and direction of them. I place them in your hands. I know that you will do the very best you can for them, and that it will be far, far better for them to be under your direction."

While the necessary arrangements were being made, Mother Pelletier and her companions took advantage of the few days' freedom to visit the great basilicas and the innumerable shrines of the holy city, in which memories of the saints and martyrs abound. Her letters to Angers and to the various houses in France are full of the details of these pious peregrinations. She has seen St. Peter's again, (infallibly her heart drew her there) ; St. Paul outside the walls in all its splendour of magnificent marbles with under the high altar the tomb of the great Apostle whose Epistles she knows so well she quotes them on all occasions; St. Mary

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Major with its relics of the Crib, and that antique glorious Madonna of the Snow, the queen image of them all, before which so many saints have prayed, from the fifth century until now, St. John Lateran, first Christian church above ground, Mother and Head of all the churches, consecrated as the Basilica of Our Saviour,

imperial church in the palace of Constantine. And near-by the Scala Santa, the stairs of Pilate's house in Jerusalem, ascended and descended by our Divine Saviour, "twentynine steps," she says, "which the faithful only mount upon their knees." Then the Mamertine Prison where the holy Apostles were confined: the piercing cold and dark horror of it penetrate her, but she stoops to drink of the clear spring which welled in answer to St. Peter's prayer that he might have water wherewith to baptize his converted jailors. "Mon Dieu!" she exclaims, "what are our poor sufferings in comparison with all that the holy Apostles and Martyrs underwent!"

The Catacombs touched her profoundly, though at the time Gian Battista de Rossi, their Columbus, was but a child and only S. Sebastiano - where St. Philip Neri had loved to pray - was accessible to pilgrims. But even this single example seemed to her marvellous beyond words. The going down into abysmal darkness, the narrow steep stairs that the feet of the first Christians had trod, the tombs where the faithful of the primitive -centuries steep, and where the Church of God still offers sacrifice among them as when they lived; all were unforgettable. And stamped upon her memory, too, were the narrow galleries lined with shelf-graves, and the briefly eloquent inscriptions which the torch-light brought out by flashes from the enveloping darkness. Her letters are full of the crowding impressions of the days; and we see, across them, the Roman monuments as they were a hundred years ago. The Coliseum with its broken arches, its silence that is so eloquent, its memories of the holy martyrs. The room of St. Ignatius in the old conventual building of the Gesu. S. Andrea del Quirinale where the holy novice Stanislaus Kostka died, smiling up at Mary. She went to see it all, absorbed, reverent, sometimes unable even to speak. But nothing was lost upon her.

Twice every week, as long as she remained in Rome, she was invited to visit the Cardinal Protector, and they were able to thoroughly discuss all the business of the various houses, and he gave her instructions in regard to many matters that might come up as the Order extended. He was extremely anxious that Santa Croce should become a model establishment; and wishing that the Sisters should have the assistance of the most pious women in Rome, he arranged that they should first meet his sister who was married to Prince Piombino, and then, by her

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kind efforts, they made the acquaintance Of Princess Borghese, (the angelic Lady Gwendoline Talbot who was to live but two years longer and die in the flower of youth), Princess Gabrielli, a Bonaparte, niece of the Emperor Napoleon 1; the Duchess of Bracciano, owner of the historic castle on the lake of that name; and a number of gentlewomen of the highest rank who were also fervent Catholics.

These were the future great benefactresses of the House of the Good Shepherd in Rome, and the interest they took in the foundation went a long way toward ensuring its success.

The event for which Mother St. Euphrasia waited most eagerly, her audience with the Holy Father, had been fixed for Friday the 15th of June, the day that immediately followed the feast of Corpus Christi. Her desire and happiness were so great that she could scarcely wait for the hour to come. Then, beautiful in their white habits and mantles, and wearing the blue girdle which the Holy See had appointed as the distinctive sign of their Congregation, the Sisters went to keep their appointment. It is impossible to enter the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff without emotion, and the Sisters who were so full of faith must have been moved indeed. While they waited in the anticamera, the signal bell summoning them to the private audience rang, and prelates and attendants hurried them toward the door of the papal study. They entered alone, and seeing in whose presence they were, dropped upon their knees. The Old Man who rose to receive them, white-robed as they were, advanced graciously to meet them, and his opening words indicated that he knew well who they were, the troubles they had had, and the reason of their coming to Rome: "Now indeed I can support your Institute." It was evident that he had desired their coming, and that it satisfied him. Mother St. Euphrasia bowed to the ground in the attempt to kiss his feet, but he would not suffer it, and quickly raised her up. Then, returning to his chair of red and gold, he motioned with his hand that he wished his visitors also to be seated. The Sisters had not dreamed of sitting in the presence of His Holiness, and their attitude remained one of the humblest respect; Mother Pelletier especially, in her transcendent faith, sat motionless with her eyes fixed upon the Pontiff. The portraits of Dom Mauro Cappellari, who was now Gregory XVI, show an elderly man, with thin grey hair, aquiline features, a rather roseate complexion, and a countenance expressing great mildness and benevolence. A monk of the Order of Camaldoli, profoundly learned, he had been taken from his studious solitude to occupy the chair of Peter, but he clung to his austere Rule, and observed it under the tiara as he did in the mountain hermitage. Now he congratulated the Sisters on the

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work they were doing, rejoiced with them that they should take over Santa Croce, and expressed genuine pleasure at their coming to Rome. He asked various pertinent questions about their Institute, and its extension, and enquired particularly concerning the different Bishops who had admitted them into their diocese, or who had supported their work at Angers. Mother St. Euphrasia spoke no word against any prelate who had opposed her; but her grateful heart found

warm words of praise and thankfulness for all those who had sustained God's work. The Pontiff expressed the wish to come and visit them when they should be settled at Santa Croce, and he urged them, in the meanwhile, to take advantage of these few days of leisure to visit the many shrines and monuments of the Eternal City. When he rose, signifying that the audience was ended, the Sisters knelt for his blessing, and he gladly gave it, comforting them with many gracious, fatherly words at parting. He had been extremely pleased with the visit, and with the religious attitude of the Sisters, and was struck in particular with the profound reverence and lowliness of the Mother General. He divined in it her extraordinary spirit of faith. "The good Mother," he said afterwards, smilingly, to Cardinal Odescalchi, "I really believe she thought I was Our Lord in person." It may be that he was right. That she knew Peter as His Vicar; and that her eyes, spiritual, pure in sanctity, across Peter, beheld Christ.

It was unutterable happiness to her to have been able to approach the Fountainhead. She basked in the thought that the Holy Father knew all about her work and that he had approved it, sending his august blessing to all her daughters, to all her houses, even to the benefactors who assisted them materially. And he had promised to visit their Roman House in person. What a joy, and what an honour! All the letters she wrote during these days are full of the details of that wonderful, soulsatisfying interview. "We have seen our Holy Father the Pope. And with what kindness he received us! That sacred Chief, the Father of the Faithful, was touched at our timidity. Would you believe it? He came forward several steps and said to us: 'Now at last I shall be able to support your Institute.' He spoke to us a long time with great zeal, force and affection. His Holiness deigned to make us sit down, and he asked us questions with the greatest interest."

It was after the pontifical audience that Mother St. Euphrasia called on the Cardinal Secretary of State, the learned and eminent Lambruschini, who always showed her the most perfect deference and regard. Being what he was himself, he had probably recognized the marvellous qualities of this remarkable woman, who was veritably a

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genius, her mental elevation heightened still more by the grace which was making her a saint. The Mother General paid a number of visits during these full days in Rome, and she also received many from prelates and churchmen and Superiors of religious houses. One that gave her particular pleasure was the visit of two Religious of the Sacred Heart, Madame de Caussans, Superior of the Convent of Trinita dei Monti, where daughters of the Roman aristocracy are educated, and Madame de Limminghe, Superior of the Novitiate at Villa Lante. Mother St.

Euphrasia felt that courtesy required her to return these visits, especially as on several occasions the convents of the Sacred Heart in France had been hospitably opened to receive her daughters when they were travelling, and her brief view of Trinita dei Monti in particular, was one she loved to recall. The fine old convent with its cloister, quadrangle and gardens, the chapel of "Mater Admirabilis," the gracious nuns and charming children in white veils, were pictures she loved to recall. "I shall always preserve the most delightful memories," she said, "of the Sacred Heart Convent of Trinita dei Monti and of the worthy Superior of that house. What a religious spirit! What perfection in all those Ladies!" One of the pupils who later became a religious in the same community, (Madame Constance Bonaparte, a niece of the Emperor), clearly remembered meeting Mother Pelletier. "As Madame Is Supérieure," she wrote, "was pressing the Mother General of the Good Shepherd, who was visiting the boarding-school, to speak to the pupils, Mother St. Euphrasia excused herself as unable, saying that she was only accustomed to speak to orphan children or to persons who had grievously offended God; yet she told of such touching instances of conversion that she charmed all those young ladies." It was certainly a happy occasion for the good Mother when she could pour into sympathetic ears the labours of her devoted daughters; and the response given by her poor penitents and the Magdalen Sisters so dear to God.

During this precious month of June spent in Rome three dates, in fact four, stood out conspicuously: the 14th, Corpus Christi, on which day Mother Pelletier saw the gorgeous procession move around the vast piazza of St. Peter's, the Holy Father, upon a chariot, sustaining the monstrance before which he knelt, the great bells ringing their volleys, and the grave chant of the clergy alternating with the splendid symphonies of the military bands. It was a triumph of the divine Eucharist that Mother St. Euphrasia, so saturated with the love of this adorable mystery, would never be able to forget. As a pageant it was more gorgeous than anything she had ever seen before. The feast of St. Aloysius drew the Sisters to his tomb at St. Ignatius, and to the little

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room at the top of the house, above the small break-neck stairs, where the heir to the Marquisate of Castiglione served God in poverty and in penance. They saw the boys of the schools of Rome coming processionally, each bearing flowers to lay before the altar of their Patron. St. John the Baptist had his solemn High Mass at the Lateran, the singing rendered by the finest choir in Rome. The popular aspect of the feast, the Fair outside the church, the profuse sale of red carnations and sweet lavender, St. John's flowers, would appeal less to the cloistered Sisters from France; but there was a charm, as well as a potent

suggestiveness, about every ancient custom of the storied city.

On the 29th of June, Mother St. Euphrasia ascended the steps of the basilica of the Apostle with a deep joy, a strong faith, a certainty in the word of Christ promising ultimate victory, that made it seem as if this material temple, thronged with the faithful, and odorous of box and laurel, evergreens crushed underfoot, were not stone only, but the living Church, the assembly of all the believing, gathered in triumph around the rock of Peter. With her bodily eyes she beheld the great fane decked in crimson and gold, the statue of the Prince of the Apostles robed in a cope and tiara heavy with precious stones, and on the finger the jewel of the Fisherman's ring. She knelt at the Confession, with its hundred lamps of gold garlanded with fresh flowers, and heard floating through the upper spaces of the nave at eventide, that song of Rome that brings tears to the eyes of those who hear it: "O Roma felix" . . .

In the fragrant, starlit darkness of the Roman night, she saw the streams of light, (every lamp kindled by hand), flow along the lines of cornice, frieze, pier and capital, until every part of the building was outlined luminously; and then pass to the ribs of the cupola, and the interspaces, until the entire dome was glittering with white flame. Did she know, for it was an actuality of her own day, how the crowd watched in suspense while the illumination crept up the Cross that dominates the highest pinnacle, for it was a man condemned to death who was offered freedom as a reward for the perilous feat of kindling the topmost light. Truly it was a prisoner climbing up the Cross, slowly, swinging in midsair, on his way to be free.

She had been in Rome nearly a month now, and thrilling as life was in the Eternal City, the demands of Angers for her return began to be imperative. Santa Croce was turned over to her and her daughters, and they installed themselves in the old monastery, happy to obey the Cardinal Protector but finding it at first a bed of thorns. There did not seem to be a clean spot in the whole house. They could not speak the

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language, and though they made the inmates understand very well what they wished them to do, the inmates did not wish to do it. It was a battle to obtain personal cleanliness, another battle to obtain silence, a fierce battle to obtain that persons dissolved in idleness should begin to learn to work. Mother St. Euphrasia needed all her tact, all her resourcefulness, to interest them, to entertain them, to get them to believe that what she proposed was best. It was weary work for the Sisters, and the natural amiability of the Italian character was quite submerged by the stubborn resistance to these French nuns who had

come to lord it over them and to upset the whole house with their foreign ideas. The Sisters were not having a happy time, and there were rebellions and insolence to endure. But by degrees an improvement came. It was slow, but the Sisters kept bravely on. That S. Croce was a real cross, and a heavy one, remained true for many a long day.

Mother St. Euphrasia placed her beloved Teresa of Jesus in charge of the penitents and exhorted her daughters to pray and to have confidence. On the 4th of July, alone with Madame D'Andigné, she got into the carriage which was to bear her away, and she felt that she was leaving a large part of her heart with these, her first exiles in an alien land; even though that land was Rome.

Sorrow went with her on the road. But also unforgettable memories. A new world had been opened up and disclosed to her; new, wide horizons undreamed before. It was said that she came back not changed but infinitely richer. She came back with a passionate attachment to Rome, and her own mentality and character seemed to have taken on something of that universality which Rome means. Her daughters of Angers found a new grace in her personality, a fresh charm that breathed about her, like the fragrance of a flower. There was a breadth in her outlook that surprised many. And, in her manner, a tenderness greater than her former tenderness, which had already been great. Suffering unquestionably matures the human entity; but happiness matures it, too. In great joy there is an expansion and exaltation of the heart that must necessarily pour itself out upon other beings.

She arrived quite unexpectedly, early on the morning of the 17th of July, days before her daughters thought she could be back, and such an outburst of joy greeted her that the house resounded with it; running of feet, cries of delight, embraces, laughter, tears of happiness even. She was able to measure in some degree how much she was beloved. Rapidly, almost miraculously, a giant festival was organized to celebrate her return: flowers, garlands, music, songs, speeches of welcome, in which

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all the departments took part. Then the visits. The good Bishop, the city clergy, Monsieur de Neuville, the devoted "father;" the lady benefactresses, curious to hear how she had fared in Rome. And then the letters from Rome itself. Kindest words from the Cardinal Protector; words of appreciation and encouragement from the Fathers who had assisted her; dutiful and loving letters from the Sisters at S. Croce. But one of these made her cry. - "O my dear Mother," it read. "O my only Mother! How shall I go on living? I try to think that you have only

gone out, into the city, and that you will be coming back soon. Every time I have to answer the door-bell I think: 'That is our Mother. She has come back!' And I fly to open the door. But it is never you, and I know that my hope is vain. O my Mother, God's will be done, but how I miss you; how lonely I am without you. How shall I be able to go on living far away from you? O my God, Thy will be done." It was Sister Teresa, in the old brown convent beside the Tiber; with the four young Sisters, lonely as she was; and, opposite them, twelve sullen inmates, with faces that were brooding storms.

The Order Extends

XV11

WHILE MOTHER St. Euphrasia was in Rome she conceived a much wider and more comprehensive thought of what her Congregation was, and might become in the future. Rome is the universal city, the head of the universal Church, and from all points of the globe, life is continually tending toward Rome. The pilgrim of Angers had been one in that tide of life, and in contact with it. With Pauline Jaricot she had spoken of the Propagation of the Faith. Father Kohlmann, S.J., putting his finger on the word "France" in the Brief, had begged that the word "Universe" might be substituted for it. And the Mother General was frank to confess that Cardinal Odescalchi had opened the eyes of her mind to see her own Order as she herself had never seen it before. It is at this time that she begins to speak in her letters of the "Mission" of her Order, and there is in her conception not only the scope of the Institute, but the realization that her daughters are intended to travel afar, and to carry to many distant peoples, with the specific object of their charity, the knowledge of the Kingdom of God. One stroke of the pen, for her, had removed all boundaries. From her Mother House in Angers she could send pioneers to every most distant point of the globe. And in Rome she found that all the roads that radiated from it, carrying its message to the extreme limits of earth and sea, were open to the feet of her daughters. It was a thought that exalted her, even though she found that it humbled her in the increased sense of her own unworthiness.

It was strange, or perhaps not strange in a Church that is Catholic, that as soon as she returned from Rome, many Bishops who had not approached her before, now began to beg insistently for a House of the Good Shepherd in their episcopal city. She was overwhelmed with these demands, and it was evident that she would not be able to extend abroad until the whole of France had been covered with her monasteries. In 1838, and 1839, she was scarcely able to satisfy all the requests: and she depleted Angers, in spite of the ever-full novitiate. The hundred and thirty young Sisters who were in training were all fore-destined already in the plans of their Mother before they were even professed. Bourg, Perpignan, Mâcon, had petitioned the Superior General while

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she was on her way to Rome, and she had already made the necessary investigations. She must supply these first. Chambéry had led her by the hand to the memories of St. Francis de Sales, and she was anxious to favour the city dear to him. But in reality Chambéry while it spoke French, was not a French city; for it was in Savoy, and therefore under the domain of the States of Sardinia.

Curiously enough, the foundation having been made soon after the establishment of the Sisters in Rome, Chambéry ranks as the second House of the Good Shepherd opened upon foreign soil. Bishop Martinet had not been favourable at first to receiving another community into his diocese. But the visit that Mother St. Euphrasia paid him on her way to Rome had quite dissipated all his objections, and Mademoiselle Guittaud - the benefactress - was anxious that the work should begin. The Sisters arrived on the 12th of January, 1839, and they so quickly won the general esteem that both the clergy and the ancient Savoyard nobility vied with one another in offering them all courtesy and assistance. Mother Pelletier had selected for Superior here, with extreme appropriateness, a grave, dignified religious of superior education, Sister St. Olympia Daumas, who had been a teacher and was the author of a learned treatise upon mathematical calculation. This was just the person to suit the serious-minded, conservative Savoyards, and Sister Olympia, who was also an excellent religious, and kindly in manner, made many friends and directed the House admirably.

Father Barthès, S.J., had remained a warm friend of the Congregation, and he never failed to inform the Mother General when he deemed that a foundation would be desirable. He was giving a retreat at Perpignan at the time, and he ascertained that there were many souls to be helped, and for whom a convent of the Good Shepherd would be salvation. Situated in the extreme south of France, between the Oriental Pyrenees and the sea, the city did not appear to offer many resources; but the Mother nevertheless sent two Sisters to investigate. Sister Mary of Calvary Troussel, Econome of the Angers Monastery, found that the clergy generally were favourable and, that several distinguished citizens would offer their support. The house was opened on the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, 25th January, 1839, and a number of penitents entered it immediately, showing that Father Barthès had known whereof he spoke. But the Sisters were not known in the city, the assistance given them was slight, and for a long time only their patience enabled them to sustain the poverty and continual privations that were their lot. Finally a generous friend, Madame D'Anglade, came to their rescue, Providing for their necessities and eventually building them a fine Monastery outside the city. The work assumed large proportions, and

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even today the Perpignan house is one of the most important in France

Mother St. Euphrasia had been considering for some months the possibility of opening a house in Nice, that lovely city with its enchanting climate and the fascination of the bluest of seas, but there were objections which made her hesitate. At the same time, the Bishop was most anxious that the foundation should be made. Sister Teresa de Couespel had not been happy in Rome, and at

the end of six months she fell ill, the climate evidently not suiting her. The Mother therefore recalled her to Angers, but instructed her that, as she came through southern France, she should stop at Nice and call upon the Bishop. Monseigneur Galvano, was charmed at seeing the traveller, and told her that she must not think of going on. - "Now that I finally have a religious of the Good Shepherd I shall hold her fast," he said. "She shall not go until she has first started a house of her Order in my diocese." It happened that Monseigneur Flaget was at Nice at the time, and he added big entreaties to those of the Bishop; so that Sister Teresa felt obliged to write to the Mother to ask what she should do. The order came back to remain at the Bishop's pleasure. The house was opened on the 12th of March, 1839, with Sister Teresa as Superior, but in spite of the Bishop's protection it had a long struggle against the poverty which always assailed the new foundations. Sister Teresa remained three years at Nice, where the remembrance of her virtues was held in veneration.*

Avignon, another southern city, famous for the seventy years' sojourn of the Popes within its walls, (the exile in Babylon of the Bishop of Rome), was petitioning Angers for a foundation. The Bishop, Monseigneur Dupont, promised his support and Sisters were consequently sent in the month of May of that same year. The first Mass was offered in the monastery chapel on the feast of the Ascension; and this time, without too much difficulty, all the different departments were opened in succession and the house had its penitents, Magdalens, preservatives and orphans as at Angers. The establishment was a large and thriving one, and the Sisters were able to add one more group to the customary ones, the care of the deaf-and-dumb, which requires so much charity and even special qualifications. But Mother Pelletier refused no task, if it could possibly be accomplished for the love of God and the salvation of souls.

* In 1922 the Monastery of Nice was transferred to Cannes and now occupies the beautiful buildings known before the World War of 1914 as the "Hotel Prince de Galles."

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The projected foundation at Mâcon was entirely acceptable to the Bishop of Autun in whose diocese it stood, and several good women interested in rescue work had pressed the Mother to make it. The inauguration took place on the feast of St. Aloysius, patron of youth, on the 21st of June, 1839, and it is locally remembered with interest that one of the chief benefactresses on this occasion was Madame de Lamartine, a fervent Catholic, and wife of that Alphonse de Lamartine who is rated as one of the great romantic poets of France.

The following month of July brought an immense sorrow to the entire community of Angers, and in particular to the Mother General. Bishop Montault who had been so invariably kind and helpful, so true a father and so staunch a defender when the question of the Generalate was pending, was called to his eternal reward. He was eighty-five years old and his health had been failing for some time past: but nevertheless, when the blow came, it proved to be staggering. He had not been able to perform the last Ordination, in the spring, and was obliged to summon to his assistance the pious Bishop of Nantes, Monseigneur de Herc , who visited the monastery on this occasion and from that day became a devoted friend of the Good Shepherd. Early in July, the venerable invalid Bishop had desired to pay his respects to the community, but the effort was too much for him and, as he entered the court, a faintness came over him and the Sisters were obliged to support him to prevent his falling to the ground. The Community were called, to save him from further exertion, and they knelt around him in the open while he feebly spoke to them. He felt that his end was approaching so he had desired to give them a last blessing. The Sisters were deeply affected and could not but feel how true a father they were losing. - "When you hear the passing-bell tolling for your Bishop," he said "go and pray fervently for him, that the judgment of God may be merciful to him and that he may soon enter the heavenly home. It will be in your own interest, Mesdames, for when I reach Heaven I shall be better able to intercede for you all." He expressly enjoined upon the Chaplain that, when he heard he was dying, he should expose the Blessed Sacrament in the Chapel and gather the community there that they might all pray earnestly for the soul of the Bishop. Three weeks later, the beloved prelate was at death's door. The last time he signed his name, was to give his episcopal approbation to the Rule for the Consecrated Penitents, the association of Our Lady of Sorrows which Sister St. Vincent had elaborated among the older, trusted inmates who did not wish to leave the monastery. The good Bishop died on the 29th of July, 1839, an irreparable loss to the House of Angers, and leaving his entire diocese in desolation.

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Mother St. Euphrasia was still deep in her grief when a letter from the Archbishop of Bourges came to remind her that she had promised to make a foundation in his city. It was true that she had promised this, when on her way to Rome, and she had not forgotten the engagement; but so many more urgent demands had come in that she had allowed Bourges to wait; and now she found herself extremely short of professed Sisters. She began to pray fervently to Our Lady of Charity that, if she wished all these works to be done by her daughters, she should increase the number of vocations still more. Her prayer was heard: but as she wished to satisfy His Grace without further delay, she took three religious from the community of Santa Croce which had grown

numerous, and desired them to go to Bourges, the capital of Berry, there to open a new House. Her obedient daughters moved immediately in response, and on the feast of the Archangel Raphael, (24th of October 1839) the patron of travellers, they were able to open the monastery to which he had led them. Many precious friendships and generous bequests of benefactors enabled this foundation to exist in peace and to prosper, and as in so many other cases, the large number of inmates soon obliged the Sisters to seek for more ample quarters. They were fortunate in obtaining possession of the ex-convent of the Carmelites, which they found perfectly suited to their needs, and the establishment remains to this day an important and populous one.

It happened that the next request came from Mons, in Belgium, and by this time Mother St. Euphrasia had grown accustomed to the thought that her daughters would be called out beyond the frontiers of France, and the prospect no longer alarmed her as it did when they must cross the mountains of Auvergne. Indeed, having the possibility of this foundation already in mind when she visited the northern monasteries in 1838, she had called on the Bishop of Tournay, Monseigneur Labis, to ask if he would permit it. The prelate was full of benevolence, and agreed to her stipulation that though the Sisters were no longer in their own country they should abide faithfully by the Rules, Constitutions and customs of the Mother House of Angers. The Bishop was perfectly satisfied that they should, so, toward the end of November, 1839, the first group of Sisters arrived under the guidance of that charming Sister Marie des Anges Levoyer, who had already been Superior of the house of Metz. This beginning, too, was in great poverty; but the Sisters had valid support from the clergy, and an association of charitable ladies helped them by seeking work and alms for the house. With great solemnity, in processional form, the Blessed Sacrament was carried from the Cathedral to the Sisters' Chapel that they might have the

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presence of their Lord always among them; and on the feast of the Immaculate Conception all things were ready for the celebration of the first Mass. For Mother St. Euphrasia one of the joys of each successive foundation, was that another altar was erected where the clean Oblation could be offered up in sacrifice to God. Infinitely true in her case was the word of the Psalmist: "I have loved the beauty of Thy House, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

The same year that was sorrowfully marked by the death of Bishop Montault was to bring another great sorrow before its close: In the month of November the devoted and holy Cardinal Protector laid down all his honours and

the insignia of his high rank at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, and, travelling to Verona in extreme humility, far from his Roman home and friends, he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. It was what he had wished to do since he was a boy, and a step that his intense fervour made almost natural. But all Rome was shaken by the tidings; and in high ecclesiastical circles it was felt that he would be an almost irreparable loss. He was certainly an irreparable loss for the Good Shepherd of Angers, and for Mother St. Euphrasia personally. She alone knew in full with what consummate wisdom he had advised and guided her. He was devoted to the Order which he had defended strenuously and had the greatest esteem for the work. One of his last acts as Vicar General, just before he retired, was to obtain from the Holy See the transfer of the administration of Santa Croce from the College of Parish Priests to the Order of the Good Shepherd - a measure that he had always advocated for the good of the institution - the former Directors retaining only the privilege of placing girls in the house when they thought it advisable, and of celebrating, according to custom, in the church of the monastery, the titular feast of the Holy Cross.

Rome was to have a second house of the Good Shepherd in 1840, two years after the opening of the first. The usefulness of Santa Croce was self-evident, for in spite of the stubbornness and initial rebellion of the first group of inmates, their number had quickly ascended from twelve to seventy. And, though the monastery was spacious, it was becoming crowded; especially as a numerous staff of Sisters was required to take care of the various classes. Somewhat removed from the centre of the city, in the direction of St. John Lateran, there was a home for convalescent women, known from the image venerated in the church of the institution, as S. Maria di Loreto, or more simply, La Lauretana. Every conceivable charity, spiritual as well as temporal, was exercised in Rome under the patronage of the Holy See, and this one was supported by an association Of Pious ladies of the Roman aristocracy. It was a common thing for

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unmarried mothers to require care after they left the hospital, and the Lauretana gave this: at the same time a distinct effort was made to reform the morals of these young women, and to teach them Christian doctrine. One of the Patronesses of the institution, Princess Doris Pamphily, (of the family of Pope Innocent X), had met Mother St. Euphrasia when the latter was in Rome, and she had watched with interest the evolution of S. Croce. She now petitioned Pope Gregory XVI that the Lauretana too should be placed under the direction of the Good Shepherd, and the Pontiff willingly granted the request, his esteem for Mother St. Euphrasia having increased rather than diminished. A novitiate had been added to S. Croce in which Italian religious as well as French were being formed, and the native Sisters, familiar with the tongue and habits of their

charges, proved very useful. The Mother General named Sister St. Celestine Husson first Superior of the Lauretana, an appointment that gave great satisfaction, for this Sister, although French, had made her novitiate and profession at S. Croce; she spoke the language fluently, and she had understood that, as far as possible, in Rome one must conform to the ways of the Romans. Classes of penitents were added to the other charities of the Lauretana, and Mother St. Euphrasia praised Sister St. Celestine because her children were happy and contented, inasmuch as she gave them Italian food, and let them keep their Italian feste as they desired. At S. Croce, the Mistress who had succeeded Sister Teresa, thought it a virtue to conform exactly to the manner of life of Angers, even as to the meals, and the Italians hated the French food and were discontented, and grumbled against the nuns. The Mother General once quoted this double example in an instruction to her religious, and her advice was that, whatever country her daughters were in, they should adapt themselves to the customs of the country, even with regard to food. She had in fact urged the Superior of S. Croce to conform to the wishes of the majority, but she did not deem it expedient, so made much unnecessary trouble. Sister St. Celestine opened the house of S. Maria di Loreto on the 1st of June, 1840, amid solemn religious celebrations and festivities during which the ladies of the committee congratulated her and wished her success. Princess Doris, with the Duke and Duchess of Bracciano, were particularly sympathetic and remained staunch friends of the Institute. There is actually living in Rome still, a religious of ninety years who, when she was young in the Order, knew Sister St. Celestine as an aged Superior. She says that she was a most holy religious and extremely beloved. But what appealed chiefly to the younger religious was that Sister St. Celestine was full of searching memories of the Mother Foundress, then recently dead; she could scarcely mention her without shedding tears, and she was so deeply

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convinced of the extraordinary sanctity of this wonderful woman that she could not find expressions strong enough to manifest her belief. This was the impression of one who had lived close to her and knew her intimately.

The retirement of Cardinal Odescalchi had left the Order without a protector, and the Mother General felt that it was imperative to petition the Holy See to appoint another in his stead. This was done in the summer of 1840, His Holiness naming as Protector of the Order, Cardinal Delia Porta Rodiani, the successor of Odescalchi as Vicar General. The new Protector was a pious and learned prelate, who assumed with conscientious earnestness his duties toward the French Institute. The Sisters, on their side, were most obedient and

obsequious, and the Mother General was careful to take no step without invoking his authority. Thus two years of uneventful protectorship passed. At the end of that time, the Cardinal died, and it became necessary again to address the Holy See for a Protector. This time the Holy Father appointed a Cardinal who was very well known and a favourite in Roman circles, the descendant of a noble family which can boast three saints in its ancestry, and which is still active in Catholic life. Mother St. Euphrasia had met Cardinal Costantino Patrizi when she was in Rome, and the genial, fatherly prelate had taken great interest in her work. For her personally he had conceived the deepest esteem. She felt that the Order already had a warm friend in him, and consequently she was happy at his nomination; but perhaps what gave her the deepest assurance was that Cardinal Patrizi had been the close companion of Cardinal Odescalchi. She was, in any case, delighted to be placed under the protection of one held in such conspicuous esteem, and the Cardinal never failed to do all that he could for the Sisters with willing kindness and a lively desire to further their interests. He remained in his high office for many long years to the great satisfaction of all concerned.

Meanwhile, nearer home, at Angers itself, the See vacated by the death of Monseigneur Montault was to be filled by a worthy prelate of the city of Caen, Monseigneur Paysant. Mother Pelletier felt some anxiety when she learned of the nomination, for Monseigneur Paysant in his native city had been ecclesiastical Superior of that Refuge of Caen, the first founded by Father John Eudes, and Caen had thought it a sacred duty to violently oppose the creation of a Generalate at Angers. But the new Bishop made his official entrance into the city on the 12th of March, 1840, was received with general rejoicing, and four days later he called spontaneously at the Monastery as if to show that he had no prevention. Mother St. Euphrasia was genuinely pleased at this attention, but he

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increased her confidence by addressing her and the assembled community in an informal speech. He rejoiced, he said, at seeing them here in such great numbers, and far from wishing to arrest the marvellous progress of the Generalate, he hoped that he would be able to further it, since, in his eyes, it was a providential measure which the requirements of the age demanded. These sincere and thoughtful words gave the Mother General great comfort. All that the Institute of the Good Shepherd received from him was the greatest kindness and consideration, and he never failed to show himself ready and willing to help the Sisters in all their needs. Unfortunately, his occupancy of the See was to be too brief.

Before the end of that month of March which brought the new Bishop to Angers, Mother St. Euphrasia suffered a loss which filled her with sorrow, but

was full of consolation. It grieved her to the heart to see her young religious die: she needed them all so much and she loved each one dearly. Among the most promising was one Sister St. Anselm, (Madeleine Desbrais), professed about one year. She came from a distinguished family of Angers, and had had a careful education. She spoke English fluently, was a good Latin scholar, and could draw admirably. In fact she was unusually talented and very useful in the community; but her humility was so great that she always tried to keep in the background. There was an atmosphere of extraordinary purity around the young Sister which made her companions compare her to St. Aloysius. Mother St. Euphrasia, gazing at the delicate face, hoped she would be permitted to keep her; but the Sister had been ailing since she entered, and, after her profession, it became clear that she would not live. The Mother Superior bid her pray that she might get well if it were the Will of God; and the Sister obeyed; but in reality, while she waited with perfect serenity, she had no other wish but to go and see the Divine Bridegroom, and His holy Mother in Heaven. The winter confined her to her bed. One day in the early spring it became apparent that she was dying, Mother St. Euphrasia thought it well that she should know: "My child," she said to her, ever so tenderly, "we are going into the house of the Lord. 11 It was the word of the Psalm: "In domum Domini ibimus.» The whole soul lifted itself up in desire to answer: "Oh, yes, my Mother". . . Then no more words, but only the empty shell beautiful in celestial joy. Mother St. Euphrasia wept, but only because she was her mother. The Sisters came in to pray beside her, and unanimously they begged the Superior not to permit the lovely body to be carried to the public cemetery, but to bury it at the monastery. The permission for this private burial was refused; but the community begged that they might at least keep the heart. To satisfy her children, the Mother brought in the surgeon who

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attended the house: but the rigidity of death had already set in, and the fair figure lying so peacefully surrounded with flowers, the arms crossed naturally upon the breast, proved to be immovable. The man of science drew back. The Superior instead bent over the deceased. - "My dear daughter," she said to her, "you were always obedient in life; suffer us now, in obedience, to do what we wish." The arms relaxed immediately, and the attendants were able to move them easily aside. The virginal heart was placed in an urn, and a niche made for it in the cloister. Lilies and violets surrounded it, and a word of the Gospel was traced around the memorial: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Mother St. Euphrasia often spoke of this young religious, offering her as an example to those who remained behind.

Cardinal Odescalchi had predicted with conviction that the Order of the

Good Shepherd would soon make conquests abroad; and the Superior General, though she did not see how the extension would come outside of France, believed in the word of one more illuminated than she was. She did not have long to wait. Certain zealous Catholics who had heard of the admirable Institute of the Good Shepherd of Angers, wondered if they could not have a house of the Order in Germany. They wrote from Ratisbon to make enquiries, and received from the Mother General in reply an affirmative answer and various details in regard to the nature of the work. The correspondence was submitted to King Ludwig I of Bavaria to obtain his sanction, and he was so edified that he expressed the wish to have the foundation made, not at Ratisbon, but in the capital of his Kingdom, the ancient, historic Catholic city of Munich. He desired the Court Chaplain, Father Eberhard, to go to Angers to make all the arrangements for the coming of these admirable Sisters, and Mother St. Euphrasia was full of hope for this new foundation which was to be made under the direct patronage of the King. She thought it better, however, to send two Sisters in advance to see what was being offered them, and she named Sister St. John of the Cross, who was at Nancy not so far away, and who was extremely capable, to go to Munich as an envoy. The Sisters were received by the King in person, and he showed himself very cordial and very anxious to have them in his domain. Sister St. John returned to Angers to make her report, and with her went a young lady of conspicuous birth, Fraulein Augustin von Müller, daughter of the President of the Royal Courts, who had begged the Sisters to receive her into their Order. She was the first of the splendid group of Sisters who came from Germany, and she was to be followed by many others, valiant women whose contribution was of the highest order. Three

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more postulants soon followed this one to the Mother House and their names are worthy of being recalled. Issued from the noblest families of the realm, they had been highly educated, and all without exception became exemplary and most valuable religious. They were the two Sisters, Baronesses von Stranski, and the daughter of the King's Chamberlain, Count von Pechmann. The first aspirant, Augustin von Müller, had been lady-in-waiting to the Dowager Queen and was a Canoness by some ancient birth-right granted in her country. Mother St. Euphrasia was happy to receive these new daughters, in whom she divined the rectitude and the strong character to render great services to the Order. In June, Sister St. John was sent back to Munich, this time as Superior, and after lodging for a while with a lady of the city who hospitably received the Sisters into her own home, they were placed in possession of a small house in the outskirts and abandoned to their own devices. In reality they could do nothing. Nobody knew them, they had no means, and their house was in a solitary spot where they could easily be overlooked. Father Eberhard was taken ill with typhoid fever just at the time of their arrival, and two or three months elapsed before he recovered

sufficiently to be able to visit the Sisters. They had supposed that the King would interest himself in their establishment, but the good Ludwig evidently thought they were supported by the Mother House, and it never occurred to him to enquire. The little community suffered great distress and inconvenience, and at times the poor Sisters went hungry. Father Eberhard, when he was at length able to call, was shocked at the abandonment in which he found them, and appealed to the King in their behalf. Then he busied himself actively about opening the house for penitents, and the work began in good earnest. The King became so much interested, and he admired the Order so much, that of his own accord he undertook to build a large monastery for the Sisters with a magnificent church attached to it, and they had a large number of classes fully peopled. The establishment became so important, and was so admirably organized, that it was considered a model institution. The King frequently visited it in person, and when foreign princes were in the capital, he never failed to bring them to the Good Shepherd that they might see the different departments, and admire the extraordinary order and the harmonious inter-relation of so many various activities, all tending to one and the same end.

It was Father Eberhard, zealous and kind friend of the Institute who, perhaps involuntarily, procured the establishment of the Order in protestant England. It happened that when Ludwig of Bavaria sent his Chaplain on the mission to Angers to ask for Sisters for Munich, Father

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Eberhard made a détour into Great Britain, to visit an old school-fellow, a priest, who at that time had charge of a small parish near London. Still full of the impressions of Angers, he poured forth into the ears of his host his warm enthusiasm for all he had seen there, and Father Jauch expressed the eager wish that such a house might be had in England. He was all the more interested that he had among his parishioners several young girls who wished to become Sisters and he had no idea where to direct them. It should be recalled here that Merrie England, once so staunchly Catholic as to be called the Dowry of Mary, was at this time still so intensely Protestant that Catholics could only live there as it were on sufferance. The Emancipation Bill had been finally passed, owing chiefly to the eloquence of an Irish member of Parliament, and the ancient indignity was thus removed; but the Catholic Hierarchy had not yet been re-established, and the Church in England, a stranger in its own home, was governed by a Vicar Apostolic as if it had been a missionary country in the antipodes. Parish priests reserved the Blessed Sacrament obscurely in their sacristies, without evens, lamp burning, for a Tabernacle and a lamp in the church had been known to cause a riot. No religious habit could be worn in public, and the "No Popery" element was

still so strong that the Catholics deemed it prudent to avoid attracting notice. It was to this England that Father Eberhard thought it would be grand to bring the Order of the Good Shepherd. Coming to it as a stranger for a short visit, he probably did not realize exactly how matters stood. And he wrote to the Mother General that a parish- priest near London wished very much there could be a House of the Good Shepherd near him, and it might be a good chance to place the Order in England. He gave the name and address of Father Jauch. Mother St. Euphrasia was delighted. The prospect of extending to Great Britain would open up an immense new field. She knew that the limited Catholic element, the residue of savage persecutions, was of rare quality, and she earnestly hoped that the foundation of a monastery in the midst of the Protestant population would attract many upright souls to the true faith. She therefore prepared two Sisters for the journey across the Channel, but she was advised that they must go in secular garb. as a religious habit would be pelted with mud and stones at its first appearance. This is what Henry VIII and his ilk had done with the Dowry of Mary!

The two Sisters arrived in London, and they found themselves in a world so cold, so strange, and so alien to all their experience, that they were tempted to fly. They managed with great difficulty to find Father Jauch, and the good Father was aghast at their arrival. He had said: "Would to God we had them in England!" But he had no possibility

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himself of initiating a foundation. He did not know what to do with them, or even how to advise them. He thought the best thing he could do would be to direct them to a countryman of their own, Father Voyaux a devoted French priest in the city, who might make some suggestion: The Father was kindness itself, and full of sympathy; but it seemed to him that the Sisters were in an awkward predicament. He did not see the remotest possibility of making a foundation in London; or indeed anywhere in England. Whether he advised them, or whether they felt it to be a duty, the Sisters called on Monsignor Griffiths, the Vicar Apostolic, officially the head of the Church in England, and he received them with the greatest reserve, asking them to show him their documents. They had none of any kind. Not a letter from their Bishop, not an authentication from their monastery. The prelate evidently thought these two strange women impostors, and it is said that he was extremely severe, and warned them from approaching the Holy Table. He turned to Father Voyaux who was accompanying them and asked severely: "Am I to believe you on your sole word, Sir, that these ladies are religious?" He evidently wrote to France for information, since a few days later, he showed himself more indulgent. He was to make up by years of devoted kindness and generous help for the hardness of the first interview, but the Sisters were appalled by his treatment of them. They wrote home to Angers, to

the cruel distress of the Mother, that Dr. Griffiths had forbidden their receiving Holy Communion. In the meanwhile, matters were really taking shape: Father Voyaux offered them a house with its furniture complete at St. Leonard's-on-Sea; Monsignor Griffiths informed them that he consented to their making a foundation; and the Marchioness of Wellesley, to whom they had been introduced, promised her protection and assistance. But the despairing letters of the first days had troubled the Mother so much, that she answered by recalling them and urging them to come home immediately. Perhaps it was a mistake. Perhaps it was the Will of God. The country that the Sisters were to learn to love so much in time had been harsh to them at the outset. But Already England was giving generously. With the troubled pioneers, six splendid English girls in all the freshness and bloom of their radiant youth went to enlarge the novitiate of Angers. The Sisters had harvested and returned home with their first sheaf.

Disappointed as Mother St. Euphrasia was at the first repulse, she did not feel that all was lost. She continued to think that England offered wonderful possibilities, and she was charmed with the frank and unspoiled English postulants. Now she would have native Sisters to send with her French representative, as she was sure that once the Order

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became known it would be generously and magnanimously received. She had some trouble in obtaining the consent of the Bishop of Angers to a second expedition, for he had been seriously displeased at the reception of the first; but she finally obtained it, and the travellers set forth on the 11th of November 1840. The two Sisters were accompanied by Father Mainguy, the Chaplain at Angers. While they were waiting at Saint Maio, famous Breton port, for the boat to be ready, they went and sat upon the quay, notified by the sailors that a bell would ring to summon the passengers when all was ready on board. They heard no bell, and, to their dismay, they presently saw the ship sailing away before their eyes, while they were left behind. One of the accidents of travel! They were much annoyed as there would not be another boat leaving for two days. But they thanked God for an obviously singular protection when they heard that the boat upon which they should have sailed was wrecked off the island of Jersey, and that many of the passengers had lost their lives.

On arriving in London, the travellers went immediately to the house of Father Voyaux, but here another and mournful check awaited them. The venerable priest had just died, and they were only able to see him stretched in his coffin, the sacred vestments adorning him. They wept bitterly beside him, praying for his soul; then they sought to find out what they would be able to do

about St. Leonard's. He had promised to give them the house, which was his own property, and they learned that he had in fact left it to them by will: but the English law did not permit foreigners to inherit property on British soil, hence the house, too, was lost. Fortunately the Marchioness of Wellesley protected the sorrowful strangers, but they tramped the city and neighbourhood in the effort to find a suitable house; several months elapsed, and they were still hunting in vain. They began the novena in preparation for the feast of St. Joseph and they made it in his honour and in honour of Our Lady of Sorrows to obtain the grace of finding this long- desired house at last. Exactly on the 19th, the feast of St. Joseph, they found the house, and strangely enough that year, 1841, the commemoration of the Dolours of Mary fell on the same day, on the Friday of Passion Week. It was Sister Mary of St. Joseph Regaudiat, the Mother's trusted envoy, who was to make this foundation. She had some trouble in making a conventual abode out of an ordinary London dwelling; but she succeeded even in having a chapel, and the sister-houses contributed generously to the English foundation in which they were keenly interested. As soon as possible, the young English professed were sent on from Angers and the first penitents were received. Still the feeling against the "papists" was

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so strong, that the neighbours molested the Sisters in their own grounds by throwing stones at them, or by loosing their dogs when they came in view. It took a long time, and much patience, and charitable works accomplished to disarm the ill-will around them; but eventually the Verdict was that they were harmless; and the poor confessed that they were good. At the end of five years, on the feast of Corpus Christi in 1846, the community then numbering seventeen members and the penitent class sixty, the Sisters felt strong enough in their position, and sufficiently respected by the population, to be able to hold the solemn Eucharistic procession within the precincts of their own grounds. One would almost dare to assert that this was the first Eucharistic procession held *sub die* in London since penal days.

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The Foundations in France and Abroad

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If any person could have had a doubt about the apostolic and missionary character of the Order of the Good Shepherd, a visit, even in those early days, to the Novitiate of Angers, would have removed the doubt. The four principal languages of Europe were spoken there volubly, and all those young girls naturally so different in race, manner of life and customs, dwelt together in perfect peace and harmony, engrossed only by the thought of their vocation, sister-spirits full of charity one for the other, and true daughters of their Institute. Mother St. Euphrasia had for all these promising souls entrusted to her guidance, a care, a tenderness, an anxiety even, that did not permit any detail that concerned them to escape her. Their spiritual and material needs, their health, their happiness, their constancy, their advancement in virtue. She was continually among them, as far as her many and serious occupations would permit, and her personal interest, her advice and exhortations followed each one of them. Some of the foreign novices having complained that they did not fully understand her general instructions, given in French, she answered them playfully, and yet in earnest: "Pray to St. Joseph!" They obeyed, and from that time they declared that, to their own surprise, they were able to grasp the entire meaning of her discourses. She feared, however, that they might not be receiving all the spiritual assistance of which they stood in need, in matters of conscience, so she asked Monseigneur de Hercé, Bishop of Nantes, who was an accomplished linguist, if he would kindly from time to time hear the confessions of the foreign novices, and give them - by groups - instructions in their own tongues. This saintly prelate seemed to have been specialty and providentially prepared for the task. An exile from his native land during the great Revolution, he had spent his time abroad mastering idiom after idiom in the hope that his priesthood might be profitable to a greater number of souls. He spoke the four principal languages of Europe with facility and had reached out to the Oriental languages as well, devoting himself chiefly to Arab dialects.

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This remarkable scholar was a providential acquisition for the Good Shepherd, and his zeal and humility were so great that he thought nothing of taking the journey from Nantes to Angers to hear the confessions of the novices. English, German and Italian Sisters found the greatest comfort in his ministrations, and, as the Mother had suggested, he gave doctrinal instruction to the different nationalities divided into groups. He also instituted courses of study for any of the novices who might wish to learn foreign tongues, and these proved most useful in preparing them for distant missions. He would hold regular examinations so that there was a real incitement to study, and the Sisters were encouraged to

do their best. The debt which the growing Order owed to the good Bishop was certainly great.

We have had occasion to speak already of Madame de Lamartine, wife of the poet, who had assisted the foundations of the south of France so generously. About this time she confided to the Superior of Aries that she was much worried about a charitable work in which she was interested in Paris, and which did not seem to be thriving. She was President of a so-called "Patronage," which took care of juvenile delinquents when they were dismissed from the big prison of St. Lazare. She did not feel that the organization was efficient, and she was extremely anxious that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd should take charge of it. Her friend advised her to write to the Mother General stating the case and asking her if she thought it would be possible for the Good Shepherd to undertake the work. This letter from a benefactress interested Mother St. Euphrasia very much because the work was of a kind to appeal to her particularly. They were souls to save, and young souls especially needful of her help; her very vow obliged her to succour them. Apart from that, she would be glad to have a house in the capital, at the centre of French life, for the city which offers magnificent examples of virtue and heroic charity, also offers the spectacle of widespread corruption and vice. The Foundress was sure there would be much for her daughters to do in Paris, and she was not mistaken. She went in person to see about the young girls who were being released from prison, and decided that the work must be initiated at once. Two of the Patronesses, Madame de Lamartine and the Baroness de Vaux gave her the most efficient assistance, and presented her to the Archbishop of Paris, the heroic Monseigneur Affre, later killed by the communists. It was rare that any member of the hierarchy or clergy failed to recognize the tremendous importance of the work of the Good Shepherd and almost always they held the generosity and self-sacrifice of the Sisters in the esteem they deserved. Mother St. Euphrasia made all the

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preliminary arrangements with her usual skill and ability, her conciliatory spirit and winning personality carrying her over a number of obstructive obstacles, until churchmen, officials and benefactresses were more or less agreed, and she promised to open the House on New Year's Day 1841. It was one of the Mother General's characteristics that she always kept her word; and so, precisely on the day that she had named, the house was opened, in the Boulevard des Gobelins, with a staff of six devoted Sisters. The beginnings were somewhat difficult, because there were considerable expenses for the installation and no returns yet for work done. The usual cross of poverty harassed the Superior and limited her at every turn; but by the month of June the installation was complete and the

entire establishment in good running order, with twenty-nine children released from prison, and two older penitents in a separate class. The Paris House seemed marked for a series of special troubles due to unforeseen causes, dealings with cavilling officials, and occasional undue interference on the part of the Patronesses; and more than once Mother St. Euphrasia was obliged to take the journey, quite long in those days, from Angers to the capital to settle questions, or to pacify irate authorities. But the work went on nevertheless, and grew, until it became necessary to move to a much larger and more convenient house in the Rue Vaugirard. Not only a great number of girls were taught within those walls the religion they had never known, and educated to become upright, God-fearing, and self-respecting women, but some, desiring to remain, attached themselves to the Consecrates, and a few, still more earnest, passed to the Magdalen Sisters. It would be difficult to estimate the enormous amount of good done by the Paris foundation. In the course of time, however, it was thought better, and judged an advantage even for health and out-door activities to carry the establishment out of the city itself to a rural property at Conflans-Charenton, in the direction of St. Denis, and here the work has assumed such vast proportions that today it numbers its inmates by the hundreds, and is protected even by the State.

Early in that same year, 1841, the Mother General entered into correspondence with the zealous Archpriest, of the maritime city of Toulon, Monseigneur Courdonan, who was anxious to open a shelter and house of refuge in his city, where morality was sadly lacking, and the great port with its arsenal and the continual passing of ships of all nationalities brought a scourge of vice and sin. Associated with the Archpriest, was Father Marin, a Navy Chaplain, who was equally desirous of opening a house of refuge, feeling how much it was needed at that spot; but both the zealous priests were convinced that they must

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have Sisters to direct the house and to labour for the conversion of the persons received into it. At the same time they knew of no religious who would consent to govern a similar establishment, and they were momentarily paralyzed in their efforts. Strangely enough, it was an officer of the navy who relieved them of their embarrassment. He was a nephew of Madame D'Andigné, named De Joannis, and having often heard his aunt speak in glowing terms of the monastery of Angers, he advised the two priests to communicate with the Mother Superior. Both Mother St. Euphrasia and the old Countess were delighted at a petition prompted by an officer in the navy, the close relative of one of them, and it was decided that Sister Teresa de Couespel, who on account of her husband had always lived in army circles, would be the best person to send to the great fortified town. Her relations there, however, were limited almost exclusively to

members of the clergy interested in the foundation. It was to these zealous men that the Sisters owed the purchase of a house for them in the Quartier des Marroniers, where they received them with great cordiality and rejoicing at their coming. The feast of the Holy Heart of Mary is solemnized in that diocese on the 10th of July, and this date was chosen for the opening. Monseigneur Courdoran celebrated Mass in a room arranged as a temporary chapel, but the furnishings of the house were still so incomplete that the Sisters discovered they had no chairs. Between twenty and thirty penitents were waiting to be received, and the Sisters, eager to begin their work, opened the doors to them, oblivious of all that was lacking to their own comfort. They thus initiated a terrible and uneven struggle, the population not understanding and not coming to their support, and only a few devoted priests giving to them out of their own limited means. Father Marin realized that in spite of their courage and self-abnegation, it would be impossible for the Sisters to carry on unless help were found for them; so he set out himself upon a five month campaign, covering the whole of southern France, travelling from city to city, preaching, lecturing, begging, and incidentally meeting with many humiliations and repulses, provided only that the redeeming work of the Good Shepherd might be carried on. The Order recalls this heroic priest, justly, as the most devoted of the early friends of Toulon. It was chiefly through his efforts, though the Archpriest did not spare himself either, that the work became firmly established.

That summer of 1841 brought a keen sorrow to the Mother Foundress in the death of another exemplary young religious, Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, one of the first group who came from Germany. She was a younger Sister of the Baroness von Stransky who later went as Superior

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to El Biar, and she spent the whole of her short and perfect life in religion at Angers. There was something so angelic in the appearance and in the spirit of this young Sister that she seemed to have come to the monastery simply to pass through it on her way to Heaven. Mother St. Euphrasia wept over these losses of the young, but it may be that a choir of virginal souls, formed under her own direction, were suffered to precede her that they might welcome her as their true Mother when she came to join them in the glory which they already enjoyed.

Sorrows and joys alternated almost without interruption in that great monastery of Angers which was becoming so well known that for many there was a magic in the very name of it. In the month of August Mother St. Euphrasia received the visit of a noted personage, Monseigneur Bourget, an epic figure, the

famous pioneer Bishop of Montreal in Canada, who had been in Rome and was on his way to his diocese. It appears that he wished to open a house of refuge in his episcopal city, so in Rome he had enquired if there were any Sisters there who would undertake a similar work. The great missionary organization of Propaganda Fide advised the Bishop to address his request to the Monastery of the Good Shepherd in Angers, and, as he was to pass through France, he resolved to go in person to plead his cause. His arrival was a great event at the monastery; he was received with enthusiasm, and the choicest hospitality the house could extend. That he was a missionary Bishop, and directed to them from Rome, were two irresistible appeals. He was not content to sit in the reception room: he asked permission to visit the whole establishment, and he made his inspection thoroughly, observing every single department of the house. More and more as he went, he was filled with admiration at the absolutely perfect art arrangement, and at the order and silence which he found everywhere. He confessed that one of the things that impressed him most was the appearance and manner of the penitents. One hundred and twenty girls and young women, gathered together Heaven knows from where, in neat uniform dresses and white caps, and all modest, all well-behaved and respectful, in fact eager to greet the missionary Bishop and offer him welcome, just as the pupils of any Catholic convent-school would be. He was genuinely touched at the sincerity of their homage, and realized best in the class-rooms what the work of the Sisters was. It seemed almost impossible that these "good children," as he called them, should have been taken from the streets, or brought from police stations. The Bishop had an impressive ocular demonstration of what the grace of God and the labour of the Sisters can do. He spoke to the girls with great kindness, encouraging them to persevere in good

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under the guidance of their devoted Mistresses, and he did not hesitate to ask their prayers for his many works in far away Canada. Mother St. Euphrasia begged his Excellency to speak to the assembled community, and he did it with the simplicity of a father relating to his children the experiences of travel he has had in some foreign land. They learned of the vast, solitary, northern regions, of the immense rivers and forests, of the arctic cold of winter, and the extent of the snowy plains; of the journeys on horseback, by canoe or sleigh - and many times on foot; of his historic episcopal city, contended by two nations; of the faithful, scattered French *habitants*, whose fathers came from France when France had kings, and who still clung to that ancient tradition. They were still singing, in the woods and rude farm-houses, the songs of the *pays*, learned from the elders and never forgotten. Then there were the Indians, many of them Catholics because the Jesuit missionaries had passed that way two hundred years ago. It was a wonderful story, and the Sisters listened spell-bound. Then,

like children, they began to ply him with questions. There were so many more things they wanted to know, so many trains of thought they wanted to be able to follow up. He endeavoured to answer all: he wished to satisfy them all. And he declared that he wanted Sisters, as many as he could get. There was plenty of work for them to do. Mother St. Euphrasia felt her great heart burning within her. Had she been free, how much she would have wished to go. But her daughters were on fire as she was. Several volunteered on the spot. They would go back with the Bishop to the virgin forests, to the limitless snows, to the cold and privations of pioneer life. Sister St. Vincent first mistress of the penitents, implored the Mother to let her go at once. It was the flame of the foreign missions, kindled and blazing forth. Mother St. Euphrasia was holding herself in control, but she thrilled at every request they made her and to each petition, with burning heart and tears in her eyes, she answered "Yes." Unfortunately, the Bishop of Angers, whose permission it was necessary to obtain, did not approve the departure for missions so far away. He did not think the Congregation of the Good Shepherd firm enough yet upon its bases to send members so far from home. This refusal was a keen sorrow to the Mother General and to all the Sisters who had volunteered, but they were too perfectly obedient to insist before the Bishop's obvious unwillingness. The day would come when permission would be granted and, with the greatest joy, they would fly to those northern shores; but it was not to be then.

Almost simultaneously with the visit of Monseigneur Bourget letter arrived from Monseigneur Flaget, telling the Mother General that

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he had been transferred from the See of Bardstown to that of Louisville, and that he earnestly desired to have a house of the Good Shepherd opened in his episcopal city. The Mother began immediately to prepare a group of Sisters for this far mission, hoping to obtain the Bishop's permission in time; and, having written to the Cardinal Protector to ask if her plans were favourable, she also mentioned the mission to Canada which the Bishop had temporarily vetoed. Cardinal Delta Porta saw no reason why the Sisters should not start upon foreign missions, and he answered accordingly: "It is always with fresh pleasure that I team of the successes obtained by your holy Congregation and of the good that it is doing in the various countries in which it is established ... Do not be discouraged by the persecution which may be raised against you: if God is with us who shall be against us? The work of the Lord always meets with opposition: with the help of God you will overcome all obstacles. I permit the foundation of Montreal, Canada, and will gladly lend my assistance when the time shall come for it." Mother St. Euphrasia hoped the Bishop would reconsider his decision, but while

the two American foundations were thus in suspense, the prelate was suddenly and unexpectedly summoned by death. Verily the Lord comes, according to His own word, "like a thief in the night." During the course of a pastoral visitation, Monseigneur Paysant was struck down with an apoplectic seizure, and died on the 6th of September, 1841. The news of his death brought sorrow to Mother St. Euphrasia, for save in the instance of that one refusal, he had always seconded her wishes and a deep genuine regard. And the future always held elements of uncertainty. Not three months had elapsed, when another blow fell upon the community; the Cardinal Protector della Porta also passed to his reward. This, too, was a cause of grief, for if the Mother had never been able to forget her incomparable Cardinal Odescalchi, his successor had taken a true interest in the community, and been most attentive and conscientious in the discharge of his duty toward it. She was consoled, however, as we have seen already, by the appointment of the devoted Cardinal Patrizi, who had been Odescalchi's intimate friend, and who shared his affection for the Good Shepherd. The new Protector, blessed with a long life and zealously active to the end, was for thirty-six years the official defender and support of the ever-growing Congregation.

Just at this time an event, inconsiderable in itself, created a great scandal and outcry against the House of the Good Shepherd and served many of its enemies as a pretext for calumniating and insulting the Sisters. A penitent who had recently been brought to the house, and who

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did not wish to remain in it, jumped out of one of the dormitory windows after having made a bundle of all the objects within reach of her hands. In jumping she fell and sprained her ankle, so that she could not rise but remained upon the ground, screaming with fright and pain. Some of the Sisters heard her cries and ran out to help her, carrying her to the infirmary where her ankle was bandaged. The sprain was not serious, but persons passing along the street had heard the screams, and had seen the Sisters come out and carry a girl in bodily. It was enough to give rise to the most extraordinary accounts, and wicked and malicious statements against the monastery. Girls were kept there in prison; they were maltreated and tortured; the nuns were cruel monsters, eager only to inflict suffering upon their helpless victims. Once calumny and slander and wild imagination are let loose they do not stop at trifles. The secular press, those papers especially which are on the look-out for sensational items, took hold of the story, adding unsavoury details to it; and there was such a campaign of defamation against the Sisters that the whole city was excited and Catholics in general, and the Church itself, were attacked by the agitators. One daily paper in particular had so openly slandered and insulted the nuns that, by the advice of the ecclesiastical Superior who did not think it advisable to allow the matter to

pass without protest, the Mother General instituted proceedings in court against the editor, bringing suit for libel. Her firm and dignified attitude, and her sober declaration of the truth, turned the tide of public opinion so decidedly in her favour, that the calumniator was obliged to withdraw his accusations and apologize for his offensive words. Strange to relate, this man who had been so ignorantly bitter against the Sisters, began to take an interest in the Institute, and on several occasions constituted himself spontaneously the defender of the Sisters' work.

Two of the most notable events recorded in the Angers annals occurred at Puy in 1842, on the community feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, a feast which St. John Eudes had instituted with the approval of Rome, commending it to his children as the counterpart of his beloved feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We have seen that Puy had, from time immemorial, cherished the cult of Mary-and this had been one of her chief glories: there was therefore a fitness in miracles occurring at Puy. On that 8th of February, one of the Magdalens who was dying, and the physicians had declared that nothing could save her, begged to be taken to the chapel. She was carried bodily from her bed to the house of prayer. And in one moment, entirely, miraculously, as she invoked the merciful Heart of Mary, she was cured. The marvel was evident to every one in the house.

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But another wonderful miracle was to occur in the same house on that same day. The Sister who had charge of the baking forgot, by some queer lapse of memory, to prepare the dough and leaven for the convent bread. only when it was too late, that is on the morning of the feast, did the recollection come to her, and she realized with horror and boundless remorse, that the community and children, through her fault would have no bread on Mary's special day. She flew to the Superior's room, and the Mother was justly annoyed, for it was too late to provide in any other way, and the forgetfulness seemed to her unpardonable. The rebuke she gave was sharp but the Sister felt she deserved it, and she went down in great sorrow of heart, to see if perchance she had overlooked some state loaf or crust that might be made to serve a meal. Despondently she opened the cupboard, only too sure that it was empty, and to, it was full. Beautiful loaves, crisp and fragrant, somewhat larger than the usual convent mould, and of extreme whiteness and fineness. There was the aroma of pure wheat and fresh baking around them. The Sister fell to her knees, then she ran for the Superior and together they thanked God for His Divine Providence. Nobody knew from whence the bread came, nor who put it in the chest, but the Sisters had no doubt that the Queen of Angels had herself provided it, in order that her daughters should not suffer deprivation on the very day on which they kept the

remembrance of her holy, merciful Heart.

During the course of that year, 1842, Italy was to acquire another house of the Good Shepherd, in one of the proudest of her cities, that Genoa, queen of the Sea, which her own children call "La Superba." A Genoese nobleman had wished to open a shelter for penitents at his own expense, and, having heard of the Congregation of Angers, he wrote to the Mother Superior asking her if she would be willing to send Sisters to organize this charitable institution. The Mother was glad to see the good work extend, and she had a love for the beautiful land of Italy. She accepted the liberal offer made, and sent Sisters unhesitatingly. But when they arrived in the strange city, they were told that their benefactor had just died. More than once, in the annals of the Order this same tragic accident has occurred. The Sisters were in doubt what to do, but the heirs of the deceased had no idea of carrying out his wishes, so they applied to the ecclesiastical authorities to know if they wished them to remain. The Vicar General, Monsignor Gualco, realized what an advantage it would be to possess such an institution in the city, and he strongly encouraged the Sisters to make the foundation. The Cardinal Archbishop Tadini was also willing, and gave his permission, so the Sisters settled in a small rented house and began to receive a few penitents. It was a very

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modest beginning, and the first girls placed in the care of the Sisters were so rude and unmanageable that it was impossible to do anything with them. Mother St. Raphael Robineau, the Superior, resorted to all her arts and tact to civilize them; but the Genoese character is naturally rough and stubborn, and the people have no love for foreigners. Eventually, however, the Sisters won the confidence of the children, and after that it was easier. The most fortunate event for the little community was that the Marquis Pallavicini and his wife, two of the great nobles of the city, princely in wealth, became interested in the institution and assisted the Sisters liberally. They represented to them, however that while their ministrations to the erring were a great charity, there was in the city the crying need for a convent school at which the girls of the upper classes could be educated. And they finally prevailed upon the Mother General to do something for the souls of the more fortunate, as she did for those of the unfortunate. The Sisters opened a fine boarding-school in which they had many pupils, and continued their work for penitents in a separate department. The noble Pallavicini built them a beautiful monastery on the sea, a veritable palace of white marble, and the establishment increased in all its different departments, many religious being engaged in its various activities. This house of Genoa had one special branch that engaged all Mother St. Euphrasia's sympathies. Ships from all the seas came to the wide, important port, and a saintly priest of the city, Father

Olivieri, who was half- sailor himself, went frequently on an errand of mercy to Alexandria of Egypt which, sad to say, still had a slavemarket. Little children, Ethiopians, Egyptians, Arabs, were bought and sold upon the market square, frequently falling into the hands of cruel and brutal masters, and the heart of this true man and true priest bled with the sorrow and indignity of it. He spent his life collecting funds for the ransom of children-slaves, and, when he had a sufficient sum, would sail for Alexandria, buy as many as he could on the market, and bring them back to Genoa where his first care was to instruct them and baptize them in the Christian religion; and his second to place them in institutions or with good Catholic families where they would be kindly treated. As soon as Father Olivieri discovered the Good Shepherd, he brought his little black girls to the Sisters, and Mother St. Euphrasia was transported with joy both because the little ones were black, and because they were victims of the barbarous slave traffic which she had abhorred with her whole soul from the time she first heard of it from the old seamen of Noirmoutier. She implored her daughters at Genoa now to do everything they could for the little black waifs God was sending them. The Sisters did their

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best, and two of the children who were twelve years old were baptized at the monastery. But the Mother General yearned after them and wished to have them with her at Angers; so that Father Olivieri and his ancient housekeeper journeyed all the way to France with a group of little Africans, to place them in the Mother's wide-open arms. She embraced them all with a love that was truly the love of a mother. Bishop de Herc , coming from Nantes for his quarterly visit to the Novices, was surprised and delighted to find the little dark-skinned strangers at the monastery. He enquired whence they came, and learning that it was from Alexandria, he addressed them in the Arab tongue. To his great joy the children understood him and answered in the same tongue, so that they were able to converse together. Before he left he confirmed the two older girls, who were twelve and fourteen years respectively, and promised to come back for the Baptism of the younger ones when they should be sufficiently instructed.

Two particularly interesting foundations were made in France during the year 1842. Cardinal de Bonald desiring to have a house of the Good Shepherd in that vast industrial centre which is Lyons, his episcopal city, the Mother General sent four Sisters to make the foundation. A number of charitable ladies had formed an association to care for orphans and abandoned children, and they had sixty little ones on their hands. It was in favour of these that they had petitioned the Mother, and she agreed to undertake the care of the orphans if, in a separate department, she was permitted to take penitents. The arrangement

was satisfactory to all concerned, and the Sisters arrived, receiving an enthusiastic welcome. The ladies accompanied them to the property they had purchased for them, and the Sisters were charmed to find that this was a beautiful old castle in the plain, at some distance from the city, known as the Chateau de Battières. It was an ideal spot for their work. The place had been shunned and abandoned owing to the popular belief that it was haunted, but the Sisters were never disturbed in any way, and they came to the conclusion that probably counterfeiters had been using the ancient manor as a workshop for manufacturing their false money and that it had been in their interest to keep people away. A clandestine still would have been disguised in the same way. In any case, Battières provided a lovely home for the orphans and waifs, and never a ghost appeared after the Sisters took possession.

The second noteworthy foundation was at Angoulême. Father Regnier, the good priest who had been one of the first and most loyal friends of the Sisters at Angers, was now Bishop of Angoulême, the Old historic city, and he very soon petitioned the Mother General to open a house

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near his See. She felt that she was so indebted to this prelate for many past kindnesses and services, (and Mother Pelletier had one of the most grateful hearts that ever beat), that she set out at once herself for Angoulême to respond to his request. She had one companion with her. The travellers took the public coach at Angers, and it was soon launched at full speed, as was usual when the horses were fresh. There were only three occupants of the interior but the top was heavily laden with baggage and merchandise. At a certain point, owing to the high speed and the unevenness of the distribution of weight, the heavy carriage overturned and lay upon its side, dragged until the horses, too, became entangled and fell. The travellers were thrown violently together in a heap, Mother St. Euphrasia under the two others, and none of them could move. Her first thought was to say: "Let us make our act of contrition". . . then, gasping and suffocated as she was, she began to recite aloud with great fervour: "Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary". . . Helpers came running to lend their aid, but it seemed a long time until the coach could be righted and the doors opened to release the victims. They were all badly bruised, and the Mother particularly, crushed under the weight of her companions, was on the verge of asphyxia. She was assisted into a house nearby, but she did not forget to turn and put her purse into the hands of her daughter: "Reward those men," she said. A number of stalwart workers had effected the rescue, but the majority refused compensation: they knew who the Sisters were. One man spoke his sentiments aloud. - "I wouldn't take money from the Mother of the Good Shepherd. It is I who am indebted to her. She changed my daughter who was a vixen into a perfect

angel." Two physicians, summoned in haste, examined the Mother and declared there was no serious injury, limiting themselves to applying restoratives. When she was able to move, she was driven back to the monastery as it would have been impossible for her to proceed upon her journey, and shock and sickness confined her to her bed. The doctors had said there was no serious injury; but in reality that day the body of the Saint was marked for death. The fall had produced a grave contusion in the right side, which, after causing her much suffering, degenerated into a cancerous turnout, and, toward the end of her life caused her intolerable agony. Through excessive delicacy she never permitted any physician or surgeon to see this or to apply any remedy to it. Only during her last sickness one of her daughters was permitted to dress it. But she was never again free from pain.

An investigation was made into the causes of the accident; humanly speaking, it was inexplicable: the coach was in perfect condition and the

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road level. The high speed alone and the lack of balance might possibly have determined it; but Mother St. Euphrasia testified in favour of the driver that he was not to blame. Bishop Regnier, excessively grieved at the occurrence, was inclined to think that it was not natural. - "I am not surprised," he wrote. "The enemy knows all the good you will do here and tried to prevent it." But the Mother only waited until she was able to stand, and then set forth a second time. This time the journey was without incidents, and she found an enthusiastic welcome in the city of Angoulême. In a few days' time she made all the arrangements for the foundation, and hastened back to Angers. But short as her absence had been when she arrived at the monastery, she learned that the orphans had been removed from the house. It was a blow and a cause of sorrow, for she loved the children and they had been the darlings of the Institute. Incidentally it was also a financial loss, for the Association of Providence made an allowance for the maintenance of the little ones. But the lady patronesses had complained that they were not allowed to visit the children's quarters, so during the Mother's absence, the twenty orphans were removed. After the first moment of grief and disappointment, the Mother quickly made up her mind. There was a vacancy in the house? She would fill it at once by increasing the number of penitents she could receive. It was not in her nature to sit and weep. It was in her nature, on the contrary, to act swiftly and to repair damages in the best possible way.

That year was not to close without the inception of one of the most important foundations Mother St. Euphrasia had ever made, the one that opened the door of the United States to her Institute, and so to an immense

development in the Order itself. The saintly Bishop Flaget had asked for a foundation in his diocese as soon as he passed from Bardstown to the See of Louisville. But in subsequent letters he explained that his first care must be to build a Cathedral for his episcopal city, and that it would be better to delay the arrival of the Sisters until such time as he could give them greater pecuniary assistance. The Mother read across these lines that he was as anxious as before to have a house of the Good Shepherd, but he feared that he would not be able to do for the Sisters all that his fatherly heart would have suggested. So she proceeded with the preparations for the departure of the Sisters, just as if he had encouraged her instead of putting her off. This was a great thing, this going to America; no daughter of the Institute had crossed the Atlantic yet, and the miles of salt water that must be put between the pioneers and the Mother House was enough to terrify a person of less faith. But Mother St. Euphrasia would not be terrified; and, besides, she was

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sending them to Bishop Flaget, the kindest of friends. Very carefully she selected the Sisters for the expedition: there must not be any among them who would weaken under hardships or before peril. And she chose them well: there was no weakening. Pioneer women with the courage of heroes. Sister Marie des Anges Porcher was named Superior. When it became known that six Sisters of the Good Shepherd were to embark shortly for those far shores, there was a tide of generous sympathy aroused. Even the secular newspapers offered words of appreciation and good wishes. The sister-monasteries sent gifts for the travellers, and nearer home, Monsieur de Neuville gave three thousand francs, Madame D'Andigné the furnishings for the chapel and rugs and blankets for the comfort of the Sisters, and many other benefactors other valuable contributions. Another feature of the departure for America was that a number of young girls who felt the attraction for the foreign missions, immediately joined the Institute in the hope of being sent to the field afar. The farewell ceremony was very solemn. Mother St. Euphrasia led the community in the rite of kissing the feet of the missionaries, while the choir sang the well-known verses: "How beautiful are the feet of those who are to carry the Gospel afar, the Gospel of salvation;" and, with great emotion, she herself dismissed the wayfarers in the closing words: "Go, Sisters, in the name of Obedience."

The travellers were to sail from Le Havre, port of grace, and there five religious of the Sacred Heart, who were also going across the sea to America, joined their company. The ships of those days were small, responding to every surge of the heaving Atlantic, and November is a bad month at best. The crossing took six weeks, often in the midst of terrific storms. The water on board became undrinkable, and the majority of the passengers were sick almost

unto death. But the eleven brave women who had undertaken the voyage in the name of obedience and for the sake of saving souls, neither murmured nor complained. When they landed at last, in severe cold and with the ground covered with snow, they proceeded at once for their destinations. The religious of the Good Shepherd set out for Louisville which they reached on the 22nd of December, 1842, glad indeed to come to the end of their long journey. The city in those days was still limited in size, and quaint, but it was delightful in its oldworld aspect and it was true to the spirit of Kentucky, State of chivalrous men and fair women, wide hospitality and courteous manners, - a tradition of ancient France perhaps in a centre first peopled by Frenchmen; - and the new race that had developed there, frankly and sturdily American, was making history in old Louisville. It is said that the citizens came out to gaze as the Sisters passed down the

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street. No nun had ever been seen there before. Yet, those at least who were of French descent, must have known what a veil and mantle signified. Bishop Flaget was so filled with joy when he beheld the Sisters that he could scarcely find words to express all he felt. And his coadjutor, Monseigneur Chabrat, was inclined to think it was a visit of angels. The two devoted priests were so touched at the recital of the departure from Angers and of all that the Sisters had endured during the long sea voyage that they could not do enough to testify their appreciation and regard. - "Mesdames," the venerable Bishop said, "you must have patience now for a little while in the modest house which is all we can place at your disposal; but we will use the money we had set aside for the building of our Cathedral to make you a monastery. And the Cathedral will come later on with the help of God." Monseigneur Chabrat went out and sold his personal estate to enable the Sisters to begin their foundation, stripping himself with evangelical detachment of his capital of fifty thousand francs, and retaining nothing. But, even after their monastery was built and furnished, and that the work was progressing well, with numerous penitents in the classes, the Sisters still found themselves struggling against a clinging poverty that would not let them go. The returns from work done were still too small to maintain the establishment. It was Monseigneur Chabrat who advised the Superior to send a tourière Sister to the market-place to beg for alms, and the people thus understanding that the Sisters were in need, responded generously and sent back to the convent baskets well-filled. Protestants as well as Catholics contributed liberally to the support of those good ladies from France. Several times each week the Sisters were thus supplied by the charity of the people of Louisville and of its countryside.

The monastery flourished, and is still one of the important institutions of the city at the present day, The first Superior, Sister Marie des Anges Porcher, from Louisville founded the two houses of Philadelphia and St. Louis, Missouri, returning at length to Louisville as Provincial Superior over the three monasteries of her jurisdiction. She had become deeply attached to America and its people. Her useful and saintly life on earth ended at Louisville in 1883. For reasons of convenience the provincial government was subsequently removed to the St. Louis house, but it is Louisville that has the glory of being the first foundation in the United States. The monastery was formally opened on the 4th of September 1843, and the date is remembered; but in reality the work of the Sisters began immediately after their arrival, in December 1842.

The beginning of the year 1843 brought to Angers a request that stiffed Mother St. Euphrasia unusually. Monseigneur Dupuch who had

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tried to bring the Sisters to Bordeaux in that attempt that failed when he was a Canon of the Cathedral, was now Bishop of Algiers, that beautiful city, so bizarre and so picturesque, and he still desired that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd should make a foundation under his protection. He felt that his colonial city, with its heterogeneous, cosmopolitan population made of many different peoples, tongues and religions, pleasure-loving and full of strong passions, had great need of some such institute as the Good Shepherd. Mother St. Euphrasia on her side was eager to see the Order extend, and in this case, even though it went to French territory it must cross the sea and enter upon a new continent. It was real missionary work, the field afar; and in fact when the Sisters were leaving, the ceremony was observed which marks the departure of missionaries, the entire community kneeling to kiss the feet of those who are to "bear the Gospel." The venerable woman who was head of the Institute rejoiced, too, because of those dreams of her childhood when she saw the "little black girls" coming to her. She was going now to "teach them to know Jesus." The Sisters left Angers on the 30th of March, 1843, guided by Sister Mary of St. Philomena, she who in the world had been the Bavarian Baroness Stransky, a very intelligent, highly educated young woman, full of courage and enterprise, and especially a most holy religious who was an example to her companions. Mother Pelletier esteemed her particularly, and so named her Superior of this adventurous expedition. On their arrival at Algiers, the Sisters were lodged in a small, comfortless house that belonged to the Sisters of Charity, in the quarter called Mustapha. The locality was unhealthy, the climate exhausting, the surroundings strange and exotic, and all the conditions of life trying in the extreme to refined European women. Only their dauntless courage and their love of God enabled them to keep up. But before long, three of the six were laid low with a violent tropical fever. The

strongest of the whole group died. Sister St. Philomena hung for weeks between life and death, and she had already offered up the sacrifice of her life to God, when an impassioned letter reached her from Angers in which the Mother General, agonized by this sickness, commanded her not to die. It was an extraordinary spectacle then to see her struggle against the virulent disease which would not loose its hold of her. She was near to the end, and prepared to go, but the Mother said she must not; so, in the name of obedience, God helping her, she fought her way back to life, step by step. Her recovery was little short of a miracle. As soon as she could move, she transferred the community from the spot which had nearly been fatal to her, and which was clearly unhealthy, to a larger and better situated residence outside the city, in the locality called "El Biar." This name became famous in the Order.

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The establishment grew large and important and the community was held in very high esteem. Mother St. Philomena spent her entire life at El Biar and she was famous throughout the colony. She wrote in German a volume of "Letters from Africa~" which gave an interesting account of life in Algeria. And she died at her post, after many long years of devoted service, wept by the French colonists and the natives alike, whatever their religious belief might be. Those who knew her best could declare that she was not only gifted and capable, but also a most holy religious, who had done untold good as she passed through life.

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**Monseigneur
Angebault
X1X**

THE MOURNING at Angers had been very sincere when death took Bishop Paysant, and there was an interim after his decease; but Mother St. Euphrasia learned with great satisfaction in the summer of 1842 of the appointment of his successor in the person of a very distinguished churchman, Monseigneur Guillaume Angebault, of the Cathedral clergy of Nantes. The fact that the new Bishop had been for many years vicar of that good Bishop de Herc  of Nantes who was so devoted to the Institute of the Good Shepherd, led the Mother General to think that he too would be a strong friend and supporter of the Congregation. Monseigneur Angebault was a prelate in high standing, an intellectual, a learned man promoted for his merits to position after position of dignity in the hierarchy. He came from a fine old French family of magistrates, he took the greatest interest in social and educational questions, and had founded the "Coll ge St. Stanislas" in Nantes for the education of young men, and re-established the ancient Order of Saint-Gildas for the education of girls. He had thus deserved well of the Church and of the diocese. If one might say any word that was less laudatory, it would be that this splendid man was somewhat autocratic, and inclined to impose his authority. It has been said by many that the early influences of his life had made him tend to a sort of gallicanism. He thought the Church in France superior to any other body of the faithful anywhere; and though this nationalistic tendency is rather natural in men generally, it came amiss in a pastor of the Church that is universal. One could not say that he was not true to Rome, "or he was one of the first Bishops in France to collect and offer Peter's Pence to the exiled Pontiff Pius IX; but he was a little jealous of his authority as a Bishop, and it seemed to annoy him, from his first coming to Angers, to find that the Congregation of the Good Shepherd was directly subject to the Holy See, and that it had a Cardinal Protector named by the Sovereign Pontiff. He did not see why any Congregation in his diocese needed a Cardinal Protector in Rome, or any other authority over it but his own. Mother St. Euphrasia did not

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know at the time, though the new Bishop eventually confessed it himself, that he came to Angers already deeply prejudiced against the house of the Good Shepherd and in particular against its Superior. He was in Nantes while the battle over the Generalate raged, and he heard from the Refuge in that city of the presumption of Mother St. Euphrasia, and of her ambition to set herself up over all the houses of the Institute. He was on his guard already to repress her

audacity even before he came in contact with her personally. From their very first interview the Mother realized, however, how careful she must be. Quite artlessly, and really overjoyed at his arrival, she said to him that she had written to the Cardinal Protector to tell him how happy his nomination had made her. - "Ali," answered the Bishop with delicate sarcasm, "then it is you who will be my protector in Rome." Mother St. Euphrasia felt the stab, and it went deep. She had had no second thought, and was only trying to manifest her gladness. But she saw that the mere mention of the Cardinal Protector offended him.

The ceremony of the consecration of the new Bishop took place with great solemnity on the 10th of August in the Cathedral of Angers, Bishop de Herc  being the consecrator. On the morrow, all the dignitaries who had taken part in the ceremony assembled at the Monastery, and the Bishop of Nantes, who always stayed with the Sisters, had the company of Monsignor Griffiths, Apostolic Delegate for England, who had just arrived from London and who was now quite devoted to the Good Shepherd. The new Bishop came accompanied by many prelates and priests, and was given an imposing reception. The choir had been specially decorated and illuminated in his honour, and in the community room verses of welcome were addressed to His Lordship. He could not but be pleased with the cordiality and deference manifested by the entire community, and expressed gratitude and appreciation. But about a month later he composed a circular letter, which he intended to send to all the Bishops of France who had houses of the Good Shepherd in their dioceses, consulting them about obtaining the approbation of the government for the Institute in general, and about the difficulties which might arise if the ecclesiastical Superior General should be a foreigner. Mother St. Euphrasia was ill at the time; but the Council of the house of Angers, in her name, begged His Lordship not to send this letter as it might cause objections to arise, from diocese to diocese, and create embarrassments for the individual houses. In reality it might also have seemed an extreme indelicacy toward the Cardinal Protector, appointed by the Holy See, and who was a foreigner. But it was evident from the first that the Bishop of Angers being the logical Superior of the

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Congregation of the Good Shepherd, since the Mother House was subject to him, did not intend to have any interference with his authority. Shortly after this first contrast, the Cardinal Protector summoning the Mother General to Rome to discuss matters of importance in regard to the Italian houses, the Bishop forbade her going saying that the season was not suitable for travel and that he had important business to discuss with her himself. An affair of great moment in Rome was ruined by the failure of the Mother General to appear, and her conscience was put to grave tribulation and anguish by the impossibility she was

in, of obeying two high Superiors who ordered two exactly opposite things. But she was only at the beginning of a long series of sufferings. Monseigneur Angebault had made up his mind years before he knew her that this woman was scheming and ambitious, and the prejudice remained, so clinging that even when he met her personally and beheld her humility and her reverence, he did not disarm. And that fact of having an Italian Cardinal, in Rome, dictating to a community that was at his own door and over which he was legitimate Superior seemed to him an anomaly which he could not tolerate. These were two causes which never permitted him to see justly into the affairs of the Good Shepherd. And for twenty-six years, that is from his advent until her own death, Mother St. Euphrasia was obliged to carry this heavy cross of being continually misunderstood and in suspicion before a Pastor whom she revered and whom she would have wished at all costs to have favourable in regard to those things which concerned the Order. She could have borne more easily an antagonism that was aimed at herself alone, but the ill-will of the Bishop hampering and arresting the progress of the Institute was a trial so bitter that she could only endure it by remembering One Who was patient at Gethsemane and upon Calvary. For twenty-six years, always obedient, always reverent, always perfectly subject, she received from this prelate who should have been her father and protector, continual rebuffs and recriminations, and at times words that were openly insulting and injurious. There were occasions upon which she knew very well that he was going beyond his rights: but she obeyed nevertheless and was silent. Repeatedly he forbade her to make foundations of which he did not approve, and she gave in with deference, although her soul cried out that the foundation should be made and that the salvation of many depended upon it. Again he would order her to transfer this or that Sister, or to appoint this one or that for a given employment, and she who knew her daughters realized that the change was a mistake and would be disastrous in its results; but she obeyed without protest because he wished it. And she did not even ask herself why he interfered in what strictly speaking was her personal right, and hers only, as Superior

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General. Thus he compelled her to remove the Mistress of Novices at Angers, a tried and experienced religious, saying that she was incapable, and to put in her place a young Sister who was continually in tears because she found the task beyond her strength. On one occasion he reprimanded Mother St. Euphrasia severely for sending assistance to a distant mission which was in the greatest need, without first asking his permission. Her virtue was so great that she never complained or protested: she would not permit any person to criticize or blame the Bishop in her presence, and it is related by one of her religious that, finding three or four of her daughters whispering together indignantly because His

Lordship had spoken to her in an offensive manner, she said to them gravely: "Sisters, you must not say anything about Monseigneur; it would not be right. Remember he is our Bishop."

But there is no doubt that she suffered intensely. Prayer, ardent prayer, alone could sustain her. At times, to her more intimate correspondents, she confessed that there were hours when she was agonizing; but she never blamed the Bishop: it was God Who permitted these tribulations and His Will must be ever done. It was certainly God who permitted them that her great patience, her humility, her longsuffering, should become altogether heroic. But her daughters knew how many tears the wrecking of cherished plans and projects cost her, and especially the hindering and blocking of new foundations. - "Every day," she wrote to one of them, "in meditation, I am bidden to Pray, to be silent, to hope." Pray, be silent, hope. That was all she had to live upon for twenty-six years. It was reported to her once that, passing the monastery on foot, the Bishop had pointed it out to the priest who accompanied him. - "Do you see that house?" he asked. "My greatest enemy lives there." Which shows how little he understood the saintly woman who was continually praying for him. More than once he refused to come to the monastery. More than once he forbade ceremonies of clothing or profession, and novices were kept waiting long after the due time because he would not allow them to be received into the Order.

Mother St. Euphrasia was obliged to write to the Cardinal Protector that matters were not proceeding regularly at the monastery and Cardinal Patrizi wrote back stating very clearly, with all due respect for the person of the Bishop, just what he was authorized to do and what he was not. Canon law is very well known in Rome, and certain points in it are Stated with great precision and definiteness. Also there was a Council of Trent which made declarations in regard to a number of vexed questions. Many times Mother St. Euphrasia might justly have protested; but she did not protest because this was her Pastor and she owed him

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reverence.

One of the causes of dissent was that Monseigneur Angebault had taken exception to certain articles of the Constitutions which he did not like, and insisted that they must be changed. The Mother General, with the greatest respect replied that it was not in her power to change them; they were law in the Congregation and she could not change them without failing in loyalty to God and to the Institute. The Sisters of the Council were indignant at the Bishop's attempt and declared that he had not the right to tamper with their

Constitutions. Sister Teresa de Couespel, who held the office of Second Assistant and Secretary, ventured to write to His Lordship begging him not to seek to alter the statutes of their Congregation, and the Bishop was so incensed at her presumption that he ordered the Superior General to dismiss her from Angers at once, adding that if within five days she had not left his diocese, he would withdraw his permission for the ceremony of profession and clothing which was just about to take place. Mother St. Euphrasia was simply heart-broken at the exile of this daughter whom she loved so much and it did not seem to her that she deserved this punishment. But she crushed down her sorrow and obeyed. She named Sister Teresa Superior of Amiens, hoping to soften the blow for her, but nothing could comfort the exile for this separation from her beloved Mother; and the entire community was moved to indignation by a measure that they felt to be harsh and uncalled for. The Mother obeyed and made no outcry. But every day that passed made the relations more strained between the Bishop and this Institute which was, as his predecessor had expressed it "one of the glories of his diocese." Mother St. Euphrasia would not, and could not, yield in regard to changes in the Constitutions. Another point of contention was the "foreign Superior General." This the French Bishop could not endure, Cardinal Patrizi wrote to him personally to reassure him, insisting that no attempt would ever be made to diminish his diocesan authority and that the Sisters would always be dutifully and loyally subject to him. The prelate would not be appeased. And the Superior could not undo, and did not wish to undo, what the Holy See had so wisely and providentially done for the Institute. There was another point upon which, eminent churchman and faithful Pastor as he was, Monseigneur Angebault exceeded in the question of his rights. He postulated that as he was in authority over the Mother House of Angers, he was ipso facto in authority over all the houses of the Order wherever they might be, whether in France or abroad. And they must all recognize his authority and remain subject to it. Cardinal Patrizi advised him that the monasteries outside his diocese and in foreign countries were not

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under his authority, but it was not easy to convince the Bishop of Angers. He appealed to the Roman Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, the same which had approved the Generalate and, - probably in the hope of re-establishing peace, - the Congregation withdrew from the Mother General the privilege of choosing the confessor for the community, the priest who was to represent the Bishop, and the delegate of the Cardinal Protector. Henceforth it was the Bishop who was to name all these persons, according to his pleasure, and the Sisters were to accept his nominees without choice in the matter. This measure reduced in many ways their freedom of action, and enabled the Bishop to surround them at all

points by ministers liege to him. It crippled the liberty of outward expansion completely. But, though it put the community in fetters undeservedly, the concession in his favour did not satisfy Monseigneur Angebault. Nothing would satisfy him as long, as the Cardinal Protector continued to exist. Mother St. Euphrasia, who loved Rome ardently and who in her attachment to Blessed Peter seemed to have attained to the utter purity and simplicity of faith which knows no veil, seems to have sensed that a question of nationalism, perhaps instinctive, lurked in the mind of the Bishop, as it did in the minds of a number of the French clergy. There had been a Gallican Church in France, and it had left roots in the ground. Excellent priests devoted to their flocks, and exalting the Church as a certainly divine institution, they were inclined to consider their strongly organized and admirable hierarchy as a sort of autonomy, and to entertain something like a vague, faint fear against a preponderance of Rome. This was not to be found in the priests who had been trained and ordained in the Eternal City. They, as a rule, had acquired a greater breadth of view and a deeper understanding of the catholicity of the Church, There was to be no question of nationalities in it. It was the Church of Christ, the Kingdom of God on earth, and universal because it was divine. Writing to one of her daughters at this time, Mother St. Euphrasia makes a brief observation that shows that she was alive to currents of secret thought that were animating the Opposition. - "All the Roman clergy of Angers are entirely for us," she says. There was no clergy in Angers that was not French born; but she forcefully uses the word Roman. All those who were Romans were in sympathy with this Congregation, which was struggling to become universal, and which had taken Blessed Peter as its chief. But it was a cruel plight for this saintly woman to be in; that her Bishop, appointed by Rome to his See, should persecute her because she was protected by Rome. - "It is true," she wrote in one of her intimate letters, "that the Lord has given us up to bitter afflictions: never, never have we had crosses like these."

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Matters came to a climax when on New Year's Day, the Bishop called on all the religious houses in the city, according to custom, and pointedly omitted the visit to the Good Shepherd. The Mother was deeply wounded, but she offered up her sorrow and her humiliation to God. She always prayed more fervently for those who caused her pain. But, strange as it may seem, the affront offered to the community reacted upon a few members of the same as a motive for blaming the Mother Superior. The vast majority of her daughters were absolutely devoted to her; but no doubt in all large groups of persons one or two, for reasons of their own, may be dissatisfied. Apparently at Angers, too, there was a small group of malcontents. The Bishop had deliberately given them a slap in the face: well, perhaps there was somebody who had deserved it.

The most malicious of these whisperers was a certain Sister Mary of the Passion, (Drach) to whom the Mother had always shown particular kindness inasmuch as she was a convert and recommended to her by the holy Cardinal Odescalchi. This young person was the daughter of a Jewish Rabbi who had become a Catholic in Rome. She was vain and capricious, but thought she had a religious vocation, and was admitted to the Congregation in the hope that she might improve; Mother St. Euphrasia presently, out of deference to the late Protector, and because the Sister knew languages, used her as one of her secretaries. But Sister Drach had a jealous disposition and was given to murmuring. She was intensely envious of another religious whom the Mother, she thought, appeared to prefer. In the course of confidences which she made to a Sister who was her close friend, Sister Amédée Picherit, (not too honoured by the friendship) - "We are nothing but dogs," she declared indignantly. "It is that one who is everything." Sister Picherit quoted these words in giving testimony and she added: "And yet the Mother was very good to her, and had made her her secretary."

In her position as secretary, Sister Drach read all the letters that passed between Angers and Rome. The Mother General had nothing to conceal, but some of the letters were strictly confidential. The secretary had no sense of delicacy whatsoever, and did not know the name of honour. she understood that the Mother would not have wished the Bishop to see some of the letters, and so resolved to communicate them to him, and to tell him that there was a secret understanding between the Cardinal Protector and the Mother General to oppose him, the Bishop of Angers. The latter accusation was completely false. Under the eyes of God, the Mother General had asked advice of the delegate of the Holy See, as to what she should do and say to fulfill her duty, while

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antagonizing her Bishop as little as possible. And the answers she received were full of moderation and respect for the Bishop's person, even when the Cardinal Protector could not in conscience say that the Bishop was in the right. But Sister Drach had discovered a plot. She wrote to her father, the ex-rabbi, that she wanted to leave the convent and asked him to speak to Monseigneur Angebault telling him how the Cardinal Protector and the Mother General were in league against him. Was it only a ruse to cover her wish to leave? The Bishop believed every word he heard against one person, and he arrived at the Monastery in a white fury, breathing wrath and vengeance. He summoned the Chapter and ordered Sister Drach to say before it all that she had communicated to him. As she insisted that she wished to leave, he released her from her vows on the spot. And the scene was so terrible and so ruinous for the Mother Superior that the

Council was unspeakably shocked; but more at the calumnies of the accuser and the passion of the Bishop, than at any belief in the guilt of the person accused. The Bishop believed every word of the accusations, and the Mother General was lost forever in his eyes. He extended his protection over the accuser and, through his efforts, she was able to join the Sisters of Providence. But at the end of two years she was dismissed "for insubordination and loose speaking, which did not spare even the Bishops themselves." One of her Superiors testified that she had "the tongue of a viper." And this was the person to whom one Bishop chose to give credence in preference to the holy and upright woman whom she slandered, and who never, in twenty-six years, uttered one word that was injurious concerning a Pastor who had made her suffer so much.

But that first hurricane descent of Monseigneur Angebault upon the monastery was only a prelude to what was to follow. Three days later he returned and announced that he was going to hold an inquest. Any of the religious who had any complaint to make against the Mother General were invited to come and speak to him in private. Not one came. He then decided that he would call each Sister separately, and examine them one by one. This proceeding was so lengthy that it occupied ten days, His Lordship spent a part of each day at the Monastery, questioning the religious. There were at the time thirty-nine professed in the house, and the great majority were grave and estimable religious, deeply attached to the Superior whom they revered as a saint. Three only of the number had any complaints to make. Two thought they had motives for discontent, and they eventually left the Congregation. The third declared that the Mother Superior had forced her to take the vows, although she was unwilling. This might have constituted a very grave accusation: but it

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fell to the ground when another Sister produced a letter written to her by the first a few days before her profession, and speaking of her joy at the nearness of the ceremony. This Sister also left the Good Shepherd. Sister St. Philip Mercier who had deserved well of the Order but who had grown discouraged, expressed the desire to withdraw, but she changed her mind and remained, a true and faithful daughter of the Institute. Some thirty years later, on her death-bed, she appears to have had a fear that she had perhaps spoken unjustly of the Mother General at this time. - "Father," she said to the priest who was assisting her, "I want to solemnly declare that our Mother General was a veritable saint."

Thus the inquest did not yield the results that the enquirer had expected. But with the slight materials at his command, he prepared a voluminous report, in which a large number of heads of accusation were brought against the Superior General, and this he despatched to Rome. He kept away from the monastery

altogether, refusing to preside at Councils or ceremonies, and for a long time clothings and professions were delayed. It was represented to him at last that this could not go on, and he permitted a priest to conduct the ceremonies; but personally he would not set foot in the monastery. The Mother wrote guardedly to one of her absent daughters: - "Evil is spoken of us to every Bishop who comes to Angers; they are most kind to us nevertheless, but in secret." One unfortunate and perhaps inevitable feature of the contention was that the number of vocations in France diminished considerably, owing to the cloud which was known to be hanging over the monastery of Angers. The disagreements with the head of the diocese had become public property, and the spirit of evil must have rejoiced at the excellent means found to prevent young girls from consecrating their lives to God and to the work of saving souls.

On more than one occasion the Bishop broke the rule he had made unto himself not to enter the monastery, but these were always sad occasions on which, thinking that he had discovered some new cause for displeasure, he descended upon the unhappy Mother General with storms of anger and reproof, humiliating her before the entire community which he called together to listen to his rebukes to the Superior. On one occasion, having vented his wrath upon her, he turned to the novices who were present and before her face apostrophized them with indignation: "You who have not yet made your vows had better go back to your families, if all you are to learn here is deceit and hypocrisy.»

On another occasion he would not enter the enclosure but said he wished to speak to the Superior at the grille. She came instantly at his

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behest, and he broke forth into such a torrent of abuse and reproaches, that Sister Peter de Coudenhove who accompanied her was terrified and drew the Mother back, closing the grille quickly in the irate visitor's face. He could say no more that day; and Mother St. Euphrasia may have been secretly thankful for her deliverance. But she obliged Sister St. Peter to write immediately to Monseigneur to apologize for having closed the grille. She never resented any insulting word, however offensive it might be; she never harboured rancour against any person; and though at times she must have become indignant at utterly unjust treatment or open affronts, - for the saint is not less human and sensitive than others but probably more so, - whatever she may have experienced internally she never manifested outward emotion or uttered any complaint. Her confessors sometimes spoke of a something celestial about her soul; and it may be that, in her constant and lifelong effort to clothe herself with Christ, she had indeed attained to some resemblance with her Model and her union with Him had

produced in her some similitude to the most divine of human souls. This is the only explanation one can find for some of the hidden acts of her life. Thus when she learned that Sister Drach, who had most iniquitously slandered her and brought untold trouble upon her, had been dismissed in disgrace from the community of the Sisters of Providence, she wrote with the greatest secrecy to one of her own religious who was Superior of the house of the Good Shepherd in that city. - "This is for you alone. I forbid you ever to mention it to any one: but try to get her back for me: she is the child of all my prayers and of all my tears." There is something unspeakably sublime about those few tense words. They express far more than forgiveness: they are pure love. The kind of love with which, - if one may dare to say it, - God Himself loves erring and sinful souls. In the Parable of the Prodigal Son, the inspired Speaker uses similar language: "Give him back his robe of innocence: give him back his ring that he had lost." Sister Mary of the Passion did not come back. Perhaps Justice requires that certain grave transgressions, which it forgives, must nevertheless bear a condign punishment. Moses saw the Promised Land: but he was not permitted to enter it.

But to return to the tragic days of the betrayal. The Bishop believed implicitly that the Mother General exercised a tyrannical authority over the Sisters and that she would neither permit them to see their Pastor nor to speak openly to him. Sister Drach accused her falsely of this. And the Bishop was so incensed that he threatened to put her out of the monastery and of Angers; but the Chapter rose up in such

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indignant protest that he realized he had gone too far. The Mother did not speak, but from the numerous letters she wrote during those days we can gather what anguish filled her heart. To the Superior of Munich, that good Sister St. John of the Cross who was so loyal to her, she poured out her woe in confidence. - "It is to God, and to you alone, my most devoted and intimate daughter, that I can open my so sorrowing soul. Except that I have not been put in prison, all sorrows together have come upon me, and I am without support, without help of any kind! His Lordship has just banished our dear Mary Teresa of Jesus out of his diocese on account of Rome. He wanted to drive me out, too, but the tears of the Chapter suspended the sentence. In that day of dreadful memory, Mary of the Passion betrayed everything: Rome, our holy Protector, our letters, and above all ourselves, but, what is still worse, her God and her vows. My soul, withered up with grief, dares no longer express itself, but how it is at peace! I still have permission to receive Holy Communion. His Lordship spends a part of the day here saying all that is evil of me to each of the professed; in fine I am for him an object of horror. God and Rome console me. This is a slight portion of our ills. Up to the present our Sisters here are very faithful, but they are ready to die with

sorrow." The inward agony she was enduring without manifestation, at times almost drove the Mother to the verge of despair. - "How grateful I am to you; my beloved daughter," she writes to Sister St. Stanislaus, the Superior of Poitiers, "for the part you are taking in my sorrows. It is true that they have been immense... Every day we are broken down with fresh griefs! I feel them so intensely that I cannot even speak of them any more, Ali' If God did not sustain me, faith itself would be in danger." (May 17, 1845).

It was inevitable that the difficulties between the Bishop of the diocese and the Mother House of Angers should be carried to Rome. The Bishop wrote, accusing the Superior General upon a number of points. The latter did not accuse. She simply wrote an account of what had occurred, with exactness and sobriety. And having exposed the facts, she asked for guidance. She had been in the habit of repeating to her daughters: - "The light comes from Rome," and she waited for the light now.

In April, 1845, the decree of the Roman Congregation was forwarded to the parties interested. It granted concessions on minor points, but maintained intact the authority of the Cardinal Protector and of the Mother General over the Order. Cardinal Contini, Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, in sending the decree to the Bishop of Angers, wrote him a long personal letter to accompany it. - "If

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their Eminences the Cardinals," he explained, "have preserved intact the authority of the Cardinal Protector, they have done it solely for the good of the pious Society. In fact it is under this patronage that it has taken its immense extension, and the unity which is necessary to it would greatly suffer if the Sisters, especially in matters that concern the entire Society, should not be able to appeal to him as Superior in last report, dispersed as they are in many places and dioceses. And it would not be with good reason that local Superiors should complain of a diminution of their authority. That of the Cardinal Protector himself is confined within given limits and he only exercises it as delegate of the Holy Apostolic See. That is why Their Eminences, trusting in the veneration which Your Lordship professes toward the Holy See, trusting in Your zeal for this pious Institute, rest assured that Your Excellency will receive with joy and respect a decision of their Congregation, confirmed by His Holiness and that You will give all Your care in order that, with the Blessing of God, the said Institute shall increase yet more in Your diocese."

The Cardinal Protector, on his side, wrote to the Mother General exhorting

her to observe the decree with all fidelity. But he was quite sure that she would. - "As far as you are concerned, I am sure that you will always watch for a full and exact observance of a decision of the Sacred Congregation confirmed by His Holiness." She had given many Proofs already of her absolute subjection and dependence, and of her whole-hearted loyalty to the See of Peter.

It is doubtful whether the decree brought joy to Monseigneur Angebault; but insomuch as it was approved by the Holy See, and since he was true to that, he must perforce respect it. As to the Congregation of the Good Shepherd, it had elected to have a foreign Superior General - therefore he, Bishop of Angers, would not consent to be its nominal Superior General here. They could take care of themselves, or apply to their Protector in Rome. And in fact, he never set foot in the monastery. The Mother General and her Council had implored him over and over again, if he would not honour them by coming himself, that he should at least send a delegate of his own choice to represent him. But that, too, His Lordship had refused and no advancement was possible, nor could new foundations be furnished with Sisters, as long as ceremonies of clothing and profession could not take place without the sanction of the Bishop, which was withheld.

The decree from Rome seems to have had that beneficial effect that, exhorting His Excellency to care for the increase of the Institute in his

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diocese, and remitting wholly to him the appointment of all ecclesiastics who were to serve the monastery of Angers, he finally made up his mind to name a delegate in order that the state of paralysis might cease. He still refused to come in person, but, six weeks after the reception of the decree, he named as delegate to the monastery, one of his Vicar Generals, Father Augustine Joubert. In the midst of her many crushing sorrows, Mother Mary Euphrasia received this ray of pure joy with thankfulness. The work, God be praised, could now go on, and the state of congestion and stagnation be relieved. There were many young aspirants, postulants and novices, who had been waiting a long time for this happy day, and there were many places in the foundations waiting to be filled. A chorus of thanksgiving went up from every soul in the house. But certainly, most deeply and most ardently, from the holy soul of the Foundress. And a word of appreciation must he said, in spite of all - though perhaps he was only doing his duty, - for the prelate who, overlooking his own personal feelings and views in the matter, by that magnificent binding power which holds the whole Church militant together in orderly union, ascending in degrees toward the throne of Peter, became silent, and obeyed the word that came from Rome.

Father Augustine Joubert, a most excellent and zealous priest, appointed on the 1st of June, 1845, to the care of the monastery of Angers, began by writing a dutiful and deferential letter to the Cardinal Protector Patrizi, assuring him of his devotion and submission to His Eminence; and, secondly, he assembled the community of the Good Shepherd, announcing to them his appointment and declaring to them his earnest and humble desire to serve their holy Institute. Father Joubert appears to have been in deep sympathy with the Sisters, and no doubt he knew full well all they had suffered. There seemed to be almost a wish to make amends to them, to compensate by unusual fervour of devotion all the deprivations they had been enduring for close on three years. He placed himself entirely at their disposal, for whatever they might wish, and declared that he was quite ready to give up his office of Vicar General if it should interfere with his services to them. Also, he formally notified them that he would never accept any remuneration for the little he could do for them; and these were not idle words. For thirteen years he was the servant and the father of an Institute that he regarded as wholly admirable; and many times he interposed his good offices, and his ministrations of peace, between the monastery and the Bishop, who, at intervals, broke forth with fresh complaints and rebukes at some imaginary transgression or quite involuntary offense.

The re-election or discharge from office of the Superior General

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should have taken place in 1843, but owing to the state of tension between the local Bishop and the monastery, the Holy See had directed that the Mother General should temporarily remain in office until the acute stage of hostility had passed. After the decree rendered in 1845 there was an interval of peace, and Cardinal Patrizi thought it would be advisable to proceed with the elections; writing a most courteous personal letter to Monseigneur Angebault, he invited him to preside over the Assembly of the Chapter convened for the elections. Possibly His Eminence thought to conciliate the Bishop by an act of deference which should reconcile him to his own person and to the poor Mother General. But Monseigneur refused to be present at the elections. He limited himself to sending word by Father Joubert who presided, that he did not wish Mother Mary Euphrasia to be re-elected; and that, in her place, the Sisters should nominate Sister St. Euphrasia von Pechmann, actually Superior of the house in Turin. In reality His Lordship was entirely out of his rights in prescribing what the Chapter should do: but he did not seem to see it. On the 26th of August 1845, with solemn prayer and invocation of the Holy Ghost the meeting was opened. Father Joubert occupied the Bishop's seat. Eighteen Superiors of houses were present, besides the Council, and other Superiors, necessarily absent, had sent their votes under

seal. All the religious wore their white choir mantles, a chivalrous sight, and the Mother Foundress must have felt a thrill as her eyes ran over them for never before in the history of the Order had so many Superiors gathered together, representing an expansion of the Institute, and a multiplication of its works that was almost miraculous in so short a time. The result of the election was almost a foregone conclusion. Every religious present knew to whom, under God, the vast increase of the Congregation was due. And they knew the cruel sufferings she had been forced to endure to uphold the integrity of the Constitutions. They saw her also aging, grieving, not recognized for all she had done, and, at the same time, majestic, splendid, radiating holiness, lifted up as God lifts, above all the accidents and the petty considerations of the earthly-minded. It was inevitable that they should vote for her. In an atmosphere of contained JOY, tempered by the remembrance of many sufferings, she was reelected, and the happiness of her daughters broke out uncontrollably. Their love for her, their loyalty, had been increased a hundredfold by all they had seen her endure: and the orders of the Bishop against her were no more than chaff upon the wind. From all parts, from France and from abroad, messages of rejoicing poured in.

But Monseigneur Angebault had a new cause of displeasure. He was

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indignant that his wishes had been disregarded, and his enemy reinstated. He did not propose that this open affront to him should pass unnoticed. The disobedience to his orders was flagrant. He wrote to Rome demanding that the re-election of the Superior General should be cancelled, seeing that he had not approved it. But the answer came back, clear and unequivocal: "As the election had been made strictly according to the Rules, and as it presented no irregularities, it was maintained and should be exercised in full." Baffled on this point, the Bishop rigourously forbade the re-election of Sister Teresa de Couespel whom he had banished from his diocese, as Assistant General; and insisted that Sister von Pechmann, his candidate, should be both Assistant General and Mistress of Novices. His Lordship was flagrantly violating the Constitutions which require that the Mother General shall propose the Assistants to the Chapter, and the Chapter approve her choice; while she herself is authorized to name the different Mistresses directly. But, out of deference to the Bishop, she suffered this unwarranted usurpation of her rights, and accepted without comment the placing of Sister von Pechmann as Second Assistant and, still worse, as Mistress of Novices, an employment so delicate that the Mother always prayed a long time before selecting a religious to fill it. The Sister imposed by the Bishop had none of the qualifications necessary, and the Mother knew it. But, rather than displease His Lordship, she placed her in office, and for six long and unhappy years the Novitiate was in continual difficulties and

tribulations, the novices complaining, the Mistress appealing continually to the Superior, who was obliged to assist and comfort her in a charge that was beyond her strength; until, to the general satisfaction, her own included, she was released and sent as Superior to Rheims.

Monseigneur de Herc . the polyglot Bishop of Nantes, had promised to come to Angers to conduct a ceremony at the monastery, but, just at the time he was expected, a letter came from him saying that he was very sorry but he would not be able to attend as "his presence there was no longer judged useful." Evidently he had been warned that his presence there would not be agreeable to the Bishop of Angers, his late Vicar, whom he himself had consecrated! But the prelate was too wise to force the situation. For two years he kept away from Angers, and the loss was very great for the foreign Sisters and novices. For Mother St. Euphrasia it was one more thorn in the crown about her head, and in the crown about her heart. Nobody was to help her if her Pastor could prevent it! Bishop de Herc  remained very faithful to his old friends and grieved at his involuntary desertion of them. At length, after two years of absence, being on his way to Rome for his *ad limina* visit, he

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interrupted the journey to stop a few hours at the monastery of the Good Shepherd. Great were the rejoicings at his coming, and warm the greetings that welcomed him on every band. It was almost like a homecoming, or the return of a friend given up for lost. He proceeded on his way almost immediately: but he had been able to explain orally what he had preferred not to write. From Rome, he wrote immediately. He had been received by the Sovereign Pontiff, who enquired most kindly after the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and from the own lips of the Holy Father he had received the command "to go to Angers every time the Mother General should ask for him."

It was the thought of Rome that supported the heroic woman in the midst of tribulations brought upon her almost exclusively by her attachment to the Holy See. - "God and Rome console me," she had been able to say in her dereliction. But she had a strong faith, an almost triumphant faith in the future. On one of those occasions, fortunately not frequent, on which the Bishop of Angers broke his resolution to shun the monastery, he assembled the entire community to hear a bitter allocution directed from beginning to end against the person of their Mother Superior. The Mother listened in humble silence, no word, act, or even glance of protest escaping her; and when he walked out and the Sisters in overwhelming indignation drew close to her, crying that it was an outrage, she quietly endeavoured to check their resentment and reassure them.

With a serenity that shone like light in her eyes, and trembled almost like the flash of laughter upon her lips, she lifted her countenance toward Heaven. - "God will nevertheless bless our holy Institute," she said.

The Second Journey to Rome XX

FIVE YEARS had elapsed since the Mother General's first visit to Rome, and Cardinal Patrizi had urged her repeatedly to return, as a number of business matters were in suspense regarding the Italian houses. The fact that her presence was urgently needed outside of France shows that the Order was extending and acquiring importance in foreign lands. But Monseigneur Angebault had always showed himself so contrary to the Mother's travelling abroad, that she had not insisted. She hardly knew herself how he had granted permission at last; but in the spring of 1843 she finally set out. This time she took only one companion, Sister St. Elizabeth Renon. They halted first at Le Mans and then proceeded to Paris, where the Mother had the good fortune to meet the Italian prelate who was acting as Nuncio and who was just about to return to his native land. He expressed the wish to see her again in Rome, and offered his services in the Eternal City. Mother St. Euphrasia felt that this meeting with a noted diplomat was providential; and a second meeting in Paris proved no less so. The Sisters had already taken their seats in the stage leaving for the south, when the Mother General began to feel so ill she knew she could not possibly travel that day. They left the coach and, quite by chance, they met Monseigneur Forbin-Janson, whom the Mother knew formerly as Bishop of Nancy. He hailed the occasion to ask for a foundation in his mission-territory, stating that he must have at least five Sisters. The Mother promised them provided he would assist them; and thus, in ten minutes, one of the most distant and important houses of the Good Shepherd had its inception. From the Paris house, Mother St. Euphrasia took as her second companion Sister Mary of Nazareth Drach, sister of the Drach who would presently betray her. But Mary of Nazareth was a steady, exemplary religious, devoted to the Mother General. Her knowledge of Italian would be of value on the journey. As on the previous occasion, the travellers were to embark at Marseilles upon the steamer sailing for the Levant; but this time they were exceedingly fortunate in their companions. Three secular priests, four young

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Jesuits who were on their way to India, and Monsieur Eugène Boré, the noted traveller and orientalist, whom the Mother knew in Angers, his native town. He had once given a lecture at the Monastery, illustrating his researches in the East, and the missionary prospects in the far Orient. This learned and intrepid man was an ardent Catholic, and as much interested in the spread of the faith as he was in scientific exploration. Eventually he became a priest in the Society of Missions,

and Superior General of the same. But at the time of this journey into Italy, he was only a modest and pious savant, very pleased to find himself in the company of the Sisters from Angers, and surrounding them with courtesies. The happy letters he wrote during the journey are in existence still, and he relates with great charm the details of the life on board: the evenings spent on deck, in the balmy air, while the moon was shining: the Jesuits and Sisters of the Good Shepherd with whom he chatted: the conquests they were all planning for the kingdom of Christ; the joy of attending Holy Mass at sea, celebrated by one of the Fathers in the Captain's cabin; the halt at Leghorn; then the final landing at Civitavecchia, on the 14th of May, after three delightful days of blue sky and blue water. The Consuls of France and Austria were waiting at the port to greet the travellers, and Mother St. Euphrasia noted that the latter was particularly kind and anxious to show them every courtesy. Awaiting Eugène Boré was his great friend, Baron Theodore de Bussièrès, a convert from protestantism, who embraced him effusively. This is the man who was instrumental in the conversion of the young Jew from Strasbourg, Alphonse Marie Ratisbonne. Ratisbonne had always resisted him, until, on the 20th of January of the preceding year 1842, having accompanied his companion into the church of S. Andrea delle Fratte, while De Bussièrès went into the sacristy, the immaculate Virgin appeared, shining in glory, as she is represented on the Miraculous Medal; and the Baron came back to find his young friend on his knees in the church, sobbing, and declaring that he wished to be baptized. Boré was sure that the Sisters would wish to meet De Bussièrès and he presented him to them, the Baron immediately begging them to go to Rome with him in his carriage. The journey was a delightful one, across the green country, in the loveliest of months, sunshine and an azure sky to gladden them, the larks still singing in the wide fields, and wild flowers scattered over the warm earth in profusion. Our Blessed Lady had, assembled there, five ardent lovers and they whiled away the hours of travel by saying the rosary, reciting together the Office of Our Lady, and singing some of those French "cantiques" which celebrate her praises. Mother St. Euphrasia spoke afterwards of the edification these two Catholic laymen had given her by their frank profession of faith and

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their enthusiastic devotion to the holy Mother of God. When they entered the city of Rome the first visit of the pious pilgrims was for the basilica of St. Peter, and Mother St. Euphrasia was struck again, as she had been in 1838, with the splendid solemnity, the impressive magnificence, of the great fane. Under the colossal dome Peter was sleeping: she was coming to Peter, and the whole huge structure was full of voices, each one bringing a message of supreme importance and significance. One could not even say all that one felt in that hallowed spot. - "Nothing," she said, "can equal the devotion one feels on entering St. Peter's.

Those are indeed happy who live in this holy city, watered by the blood of so many martyrs and where their sacred remains rest." She prayed again fervently, as she had done before, at the altar of the Confession, bringing her entire religious family in spirit to renew there, their profession of faith, and imploring grace for them all.

From St. Peter's she went directly to Santa Croce, and great was the welcome awaiting her, and the joy of her daughters on beholding her again. There was so much to be said, so much to be related on both sides. Immediately, on the morrow, the Holy Father received the pilgrims. It was still Gregory XVI, their benefactor, who occupied the See of Peter. To him they owed the grace of the Generalate, which had meant so much in their expansion, to him the appointment of the Cardinal Protector, and Mother Pelletier was extraordinarily grateful to all those from whom she had received benefits of any kind. The Sovereign Pontiff remembered the Mother well, and the intense spirit of faith with which she had knelt before him. He greeted her with the greatest benevolence, enquired about the progress of the Order and its works, and bid her have courage in the midst of her difficulties and tribulations. When she was taking leave, he blessed her with effusion and spoke a precious word that she was to carry away with her like a vessel of balm. - "I consider the Order of the Good Shepherd," he said with genuine feeling, "as one of the most precious ornaments of my crown." He certainly knew the bitter war that had been waged against her, and this word came, like a ray of warm comfort, from the depths of his heart.

Cardinal Patrizi was no less anxious that the Mother should be assured of his attachment to the Order and of the deep interest he took in it. He gave her many signs of his esteem and regard personally, called at S. Croce many times to see her, and discussed with her very thoroughly all the affairs of the Order.

There was at that time in Rome a very holy priest of the Congregation of Minims, who was said to be favoured by God with many spiritual

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graces, and by supernatural knowledge regarding secret things. Even the Sovereign Pontiff was in the habit of consulting him when some thorny question required solution, and Mother St. Euphrasia had a wish to speak with him regarding matters that were troubling her mind. He was invited to visit her, and she was deeply impressed with his holiness and the unction of his words. They conversed for a long time, and he encouraged her strongly to continue her work for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. But, as to the future, he could only bid her take heart; he made no promises of better days, only: "There will be

heavy crosses to bear." And she understood that what comfort was to come would be from God alone. But she felt lifted up, for God is above all and He sustains. Thus Bernardo Maria Clausi left her, in the faith that upheld him, too.

There were long sweet memories of the days in Rome that remained with the Mother, as they did with the numerous daughters gathered reverently and affectionately around her. Evenings of May spent in the garden of Santa Croce under the limpid purity of a vast sky full of stars, and with the perfume of the orange blossoms wafted about them on the balmy air. The heart of the Mother was on fire with the love of God and she could not but speak of Him. One of the Sisters present wrote afterwards in the convent annals, that on one occasion the Mother began to speak of charity, and she seemed so inspired that they all hung upon her words. They were reminded of the Sermon on the Mount, and of that marvellous discourse of our Divine Saviour when, after the last supper, He poured forth to His disciples the torrent of His love. Only one woman's voice speaking rather low, in a garden steeped in silence, but they were so rapt and entranced by what she said that not one of the numerous group heard the silence bell, and they remained motionless and breathless around her, like some choir of virgins in a medieval legend, listening to the music of celestial spheres.

A declaration made by her, while she was at S. Croce, has been remembered particularly by her daughters owing to a certain emphasis of deep conviction with which she made it to them. - "My children, the good God has given me two special missions: to extend the work for the penitents and to favour religious vocations."

Truth to tell, S. Croce had not always brought the Mother consolation. The religious named as Superior after Sister Teresa left had insisted on imposing French habits and French food upon the inmates, and they were in a constant state of discontent. The religious themselves found the new Superior difficult and trying; and she had disturbed the

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Lauretana community by advancing the claim that, as her house was the first founded in Rome, she was in authority also over the second. It was a groundless assumption, but she became indignant at the refusal of the second house to submit. The Cardinal Protector was obliged to intervene and, in the end, he insisted upon the removal of a Superior who was troubling and disturbing the two houses. Recently, the Mother General had named Sister Chantal Renaud Superior of S. Croce, (a late vocation: a widowed lady whose daughter was married to Prince Cantacuzène) and since her advent there had been a marked improvement in the general management of the house, and in the peace and harmony of the

two establishments. The presence of the Mother consolidated the good which the first wise measure had initiated. The monastery of the Laetana, under the Superiorate of a religious who was intelligent and who had a charming personality, besides her real and solid virtue, gave the Mother General entire satisfaction. The community was most regular, and the penitents industrious and contented. The only complaint she had to make here was the inadequacy of the buildings. They were old and in bad condition, and poorly lighted, in spite of the large garden outside. In a tone of banter, though it may be that she was entirely in earnest, she asked the Superior how this was, and what the noble patrons were doing? - "I am sure the kitchens of Palazzo Doria are finer than the Choir of our Sisters." The remark, made in pleasantry, was repeated to the patroness, Princess Doris, who was touched to the quick. The very next day, workmen appeared at the door with orders from the Princess to enlarge the Sisters' Choir and to build new dormitories for the children.

Mother St. Euphrasia remained in Rome only two weeks, but they were so full that she could depart in peace having accomplished all that she set out to do. The two monasteries visited, and left in admirable order and perfect mutual harmony. The affairs of the Congregation thoroughly discussed with the Cardinal Protector, who had not one word of blame to speak, but who, on the contrary, consoled her and encouraged her to work on undismayed whatever the obstacles might be. The complete approval of the Holy See, the great personal kindness of the Sovereign Pontiff who seemed to realize that her position was difficult, and to wish to assure her of his support and affectionate interest in her work. And, finally, the increased benevolence and attachment of the benefactors, conspicuous members of the Roman aristocracy, who surrounded her with attentions and were eager to show their appreciation of the wonderful woman who had created an extraordinary new Work of charity in their midst.

On the day preceding her departure. Mother St. Euphrasia was

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granted her audience of leave-taking, and with what reverence and emotion she knelt before the saintly successor of Peter, this venerable monk-Pope of austere life and gentle heart, whom alas! she was never to see again. Her enemies had sometimes cursed her: the Vicar of Christ instead invoked blessings upon her head. He blessed her religious, her houses, her children, her missions, and all her undertakings. He spoke words of warm kindness that would comfort and sustain her under trials: indeed she went forth from his august presence so uplifted that it seemed to her as if nothing could ever cast her down again. After that, the farewells to her daughters-but without bitterness, and softened by the

balm of hope. Not without immense regret, but still with the pulsating energy that turns gladly toward fresh enterprise, she made her final adieux to Rome, and on the 1st of June, 1843, took the coach for Civitavecchia.

From thence she was to go by sea, and she was delighted, on arriving at the port, to find that Prince Marcantonio Borghese, a noble and staunch Catholic gentleman, and constant benefactor of S. Croce, was going to sail on the same boat. He had with him his little daughter, Donna Agnese, a charming child of seven who quite won Mother St. Euphrasia's heart. The Prince had lost his wife, that saintly Gwendoline, daughter of the English Earl of Shrewsbury, who had been one of the Mother's first friends in Rome; and it is rather significant that he was going to France at that time, and taking his little girl, while six months later he contracted a second marriage with the French princess Thérèse de Is Rochefoucauld. The Prince was then barely thirty years old; and he lived on nearly a half century longer, so that some of us can remember him, a conspicuous, white-haired figure, in the Roman Streets, and - especially - in the Roman churches. The second Princess Borghese proved as generous a friend of the Good Shepherd as the first. The little princess Agnes married a Boncompagni and her life, precious in the sight of God and man, has been written by her son, a priest.

Let us return to the party going on board the French steamer at Civitavecchia. The weather was fine but, after a few hours of sailing, Mother Mary Euphrasia became so violently ill that her companions became alarmed and the Prince strongly advised her to go no further but to go ashore at Leghorn, and to proceed northward by carriage. It seemed sensible advice, and the Mother decided to follow it, especially as she had received an invitation from the Court in Turin to open a house there, and this would give her the opportunity to see the city. She probably did not realize that, overland, the journey would take about nine days, and that it was an extremely difficult and, at points, dangerous one. By

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terrible roads, across rivers that must be forded, over precipitous mountains passes, or deep in gorges with walls of rock and torrents tearing through them, the travellers went. Obligated to change horses and drivers at intervals, always in terror, and never knowing what the next peril was going to be, the Sisters were continually commending their souls to God. The coachmen of the day had a bad name, and they probably deserved it. In the darkness of a black night, in the midst of nowhere, one of these Jehus stopped the carriage, got off his box and approached the solitary women, declaring that he would leave them where they were, unless they gave him, at once, a large sum which he named. Mother St.

Euphrasia thought their last hour had come; but she preserved the outward appearance of courage, declaring that she would pay nothing until the journey's end; and Sister Mary of Nazareth warned the villain in Italian that they were travelling by order of the King, and that ill would come to him if they reported his behaviour. Apparently the threat was an effective one for he resumed his seat, but the Sisters had not another moment of tranquility until they reached the capital of Piedmont. It was true that the King had sent for them. Charles Albert, the brave young sovereign who was subsequently to abdicate and flee into exile and of whom his contemporaries have said that "he fought like a hero, lived like a monk, and died like a martyr," Charles Albert had begged the Mother General to open a house of the Good Shepherd in Turin.

No sooner was it known that the Sisters had arrived, than Count Solaro Del Borgo, the royal minister, arrived in his own carriage to fetch them and escort them to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, a school for the daughters of the old Piedmontese nobility, where he had arranged that they should remain until their own house was in readiness. Madame du Rousier, the Superior, assembled her entire community of eightyfour religious to greet the travellers, and in a little speech of welcome, she delicately praised the work of the Good Shepherd and the complete abnegation of the Sisters engaged upon it. She concluded her address by kneeling down and begging the Mother's blessing. The entire community followed her example, and Mother St. Euphrasia, humbled and confused, could only kneel in her turn and beg them to excuse her. But they were so insistent that she was finally compelled to give in and to satisfy them, in extreme self-abasement. One wonders whether on this occasion, there was present a very young religious of the Sacred Heart, forced to flee from Turin in disguise a few years later, when the revolution of 1848 convulsed the city, and who, after a long and holy life ended her days at Kenwood, N.Y., in venerable old age. Mother Tomassini had rendered

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great services to the Sacred Heart in America.

The business at Turin was speedily settled, and Mother St. Euphrasia proceeded at once to Genoa where she found the whole establishment flourishing, boarding-school and penitent classes, all giving excellent results. The Marquis Pallavicini and his family welcomed the Mother with effusion, and expressed genuine gratitude for the work of the Sisters, taking no credit to themselves for the generosity which had made the foundation in their city possible. Another brief halt at the house of Nice, where Sister de Couespel was Superior, and here, too, the institute was thriving: then on to Toulon where the devoted sailorpriest,

Father Marin, was anxiously awaiting the chance to speak to the Mother General. The house which he had judged to be so necessary that he had prayed and begged alms to obtain it, was now so full and overcrowded that he must turn to the Mother to enlarge her work. She saw at a glance that he was right. Her daughters were doing their best, as they always did, and they were not complaining, but it was impossible to properly care for a large number of persons cramped into space that was altogether insufficient. The grounds were extensive, and the Mother General and the priest had the same idea. They must build it: it was the only solution to the problem. She gave her consent, both the earnest souls trusting in Divine Providence for the heavy expenses it would be necessary to incur, and she knew beforehand that Father Marin would do all that was humanly possible, and more. As they walked about the property, she became tired and sat down to rest upon a green knoll, then: "Here," she said, "at this spot. This is where I should like the new house to be," almost as if she had been inspired to make the selection. Loving hearts have preserved the memory of that spot, and nearly one hundred years after her speaking, they still point it out. For there, seated on a mossy eminence she began to say how great this work would become in the course of time, and how innumerable souls would be saved by the grace of God and the mercy of the Good Shepherd, reaching out arms of welcome to erring and wayward souls. Her words were so fully verified, that the persons present around her that day became convinced, later on, that they had been prophetic.

At Grenoble, where the Sisters had suffered so much at first, she found a magnificent establishment, and the venerable aged Bishop Bruillard, the same who had wished to dismiss them, was now their strong Protector and devoted friend. It was he who had purchased for them the fine Chateau de Is Plaine, where all their works had taken so much extension, and as if the fifty thousand francs disbursed had not been enough, he took up subsequently the enlargement and restoration

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of the old chapel of the castle, a supplementary work which cost another twelve thousand francs. The heart of Mother St. Euphrasia overflowed with gratitude when she saw the extent and the beauty of the reconstructions made by His Lordship, and she went to thank him with fervent words and the tears in her eyes. He was so touched at the expression of her gratitude that he became almost confused. - "Yes," he said, "it is true that I gave. But the gratitude of the Mother General surpasses any thing I may have been able to do."

Indefatigable in her energy, Mother St. Euphrasia passed on quickly to Chambéry, where the Archbishop came to call upon her; Puy, famous for its

devotion to Notre Dame; Mâcon, small but zealous; Bourg where the community was fervent, but the house too small, and she provided to have it enlarged; Poitiers, which always consoled; and finally St. Florent, which she loved because she had replaced the altar, and the Blessed Sacrament upon it.

She did not reach Angers until the 11th of August, a long campaign of close upon four months, but she had visited fourteen houses; thus did the Order grow, and she could say that almost all were true to her ideals and made after one model: but even the few which were wanting in some given particular, were nevertheless in perfect order spiritually, and there was not one that was not doing an immense amount of good and saving souls for eternity.

The accumulation of work which awaited her at the Mother House on her arrival seems almost to have terrified her. - "When, when!" she exclaimed, "shall I be able to rest!". . . It was vain to hope for rest when every day brought an increase. But she set about her duties with alacrity. She had the advantage of being able, naturally, to move quickly and to accomplish work with speed. She was very jealous of her little minutes, never wasting them. And she spent long hours at her desk. Very early in the morning, she was already writing; and late at night, if necessary, by the light of one tallow dip, for that was all the illumination her spirit of poverty permitted her, she was still reading her voluminous correspondence or inditing letters to her daughters afar.

Her first care, after her return, was to arrange and prepare the expedition for Turin. Five Sisters started for Piedmont in October, and they found that, through the royal munificence, a large house surrounded by spacious grounds had been prepared for them and was ready to receive them. The Archbishop, Monsignor Frasoni, welcomed them and showed them many attentions; and while the King was harassed by political cares and the war which ended in his overthrow, he nevertheless

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manifested his care for them and remained their principal benefactor. The house was soon full of penitents, and in complete operative efficiency.

An immense sorrow was to strike Angers, and the Mother General in particular, before the close of the year. The faithful friend who had given his whole fortune to the establishment of the Order, and who loved to call himself "your poor father," Count Augustin de Neuville, was now an old man, impoverished by his princely liberality. He still sent the pathetic alms of five francs every Saturday in honour of "his Lady Saint Mary," he who had given thousands without

a second thought; but he lived in poverty, and his fastings and penances are said to have shortened his life. During that winter he fell seriously ill, and on the 3rd of December, 1843, he died, the death of a saint, repeating even to the end: "How glad I am! . . How happy I am! . . I have founded the Good Shepherd: I die in peace." He had indeed founded it at a price few men would be willing to pay: his capital, his land, the home of his fathers. Voluntarily poor, he had given all he possessed, according to the Gospel word; but, according to still another word of the Sacred Scripture, he had "given all the substance of his house for love and despised it as nothing." A splendid funeral was held in the old Cathedral of St. Maurice, attended by all the clergy and nobility of the city, and Mother St. Euphrasia bid the out-door Sisters and the orphans, whom the deceased had cherished, follow him to the grave. Then a solemn Requiem Mass was sung for him in the monastery church, and this time the Bishop did not refuse to officiate. All the houses offered special prayers for his soul, and to this day the daughters of Mother Pelletier keep green and unfaded the memory of the noble man who had done so much for the Order. Speaking once to the community on the duty of gratitude, the Mother mentioned how surprised she had once been, while travelling, to find certain Sisters who did not remember the name of their founder. To her they seemed unpardonably wanting in thankfulness. - "Could we ever forget the name Of OUT venerable Father John Eudes, or those of our ancient virtuous Sisters? Could we ever forget our benefactors? So many holy Bishops and priests who have ever laboured for us? And our good father, Monsieur de Neuville, who gave us everything and made such great sacrifices for our sake? I hope there will never be a religious of the Good Shepherd anywhere who could forget his name."

The last legacy of the deceased, the paltry sum he had retained for mere living expenses, passed now to the monastery, and enabled the Mother General to enlarge the novitiate building and to add to the

church the two chapels of St. Augustine and St. Philomena. Postulants had again begun to come in great numbers, and there were actually one hundred novices under the white veil. They were full of zeal, with a perfect understanding of their special vocation, and burning with the desire to carry the faith, and the redeeming love of Christ, to the extreme ends of the world. Augustin de Neuville was still helping the Order, in making more room for these new daughters of Our Lady of Charity.

Monseigneur Bourget, the zealous Bishop of Montreal, had never ceased to desire the presence of the Sisters in his episcopal city, but it will be remembered that when Monseigneur Paysant was Bishop of Angers, he had refused to let them go, fearing that it might be imprudent. He approached the Mother General again in 1844, and also wrote to Monseigneur Angebault begging him to grant him a foundation. In spite of his prejudices, the Bishop of Angers now consented to what his predecessor had denied, perhaps willing to help a colleague and countryman in that far-off America. He notified his permission to the community and, on the 10th of June, Mother St. Euphrasia blessed and sent forth a little band of four religious, under the guidance of Sister Mary of St. Celeste Fisson, who had been assistant in London, and who spoke English fluently. The difficult and eventful journey took forty days, and was full of novelty and adventure in that strange far country. The Sisters were given a warm welcome on their arrival; and the Bishop expressed his gratitude to them for coming to these distant shores in response to his appeal. He promised to help them in settling, and in fact his support never failed them. Montreal was an interesting city, built by the early French trappers upon a hill, the Royal Mount, afterwards it passed to English domination, and situated toward the southern extremity of the island formed by the two imposing rivers, the Indian Ottawa, and the famous magnificent St. Lawrence. The population was part French, part English, and engaged in two vast business activities, the rivertraffic which was very extensive, and the fur-traffic which carried men into the far north and brought a rough, daring element into the pioneer city. Withal, the locality was beautiful and rich in historic interest, A colossal fire which swept Montreal a few years after the coming of the Sisters destroyed the old quarters, but the city rose up very soon again, out of its own ashes, and the work of the Good Shepherd, flourishing from the beginning and protected both by the Bishop and the civic authorities, had taken very large proportions. There was a house in the city, a vast property in the country, and the Sisters were in charge of the women's prison of Sainte-Darie where they obtained many consoling fruits of conversion. The Bishop used to declare that the phenomenal

rapidity of the growth of the Institute in his city almost frightened him.

Another journey that the Mother General was presently obliged to take was across the Channel to Great Britain. The Sisters in London had long been clamouring for a visit from her. The difficulties and fatigues of travel never deterred her; but what did hold her back in regard to England, was that she knew she would have to discard her religious habit and put on secular dress, if she were to appear in that protestant country. The pioneer Sisters had been obliged to do this, and they had to wait until their house was well established and their work known throughout the district before they were able, in the privacy of their own cloistered home, to assume again the beautiful white habit, with the skycoloured girdle, and the silver heart they loved so much. But when her daughters wrote from London that they thought it would be safe for her to come, even in her religious habit if she wished it she made up her mind at once to pay them the long-desired visit. The community was established now in the property of Hammersmith, which they had been able to purchase. Truth to tell, the community had had to endure many combats and trials of all kinds, in surroundings that were aggressively hostile; and only the courage and buoyant spirits of Sister St. Joseph Regaudiat, the Superior, could have held out to the end. The very first impressions of the capital had depressed the Sisters: - "A huge city," they wrote back to Angers, "almost always dark and gloomy. People hurrying and hurrying in the streets: strange people, who all took anxious and worried." Thus did the London of the forties strike the newly arrived Frenchwomen. And for many months, not speaking the language, and lost in that unfriendly, grey chaos, they almost lost hope, But presently they began to feel the warmth of England. Spontaneous kindness, service rendered without any thought or desire of retribution, friendships that remained invariably faithful, loyalty and uprightness in all the persons with whom they dealt. It was still hard, but they could not help loving England - though, when the Mother came, Sister St. Joseph leading her to a secluded part of the grounds confessed that all the earth there had been abundantly "watered with her tears."

On this memorable journey to Anglia, Mother St. Euphrasia left Angers in fair weather on the 19th of June, 1844, taking with her Sister Teresa de Couespel, and six days later the two travellers touched English soil at Dover. The black veil and black travelling cloak are not conspicuous, yet every passer-by turned to stare at the unfamiliar garb. At the same time, not the smallest sign of disrespect was shown the Sisters. As they were leaving the station a poor Catholic woman, - probably Irish, - ran toward them with rapture, begging them to bless her

little children. Their train reached London at ten o'clock at night, and they were stunned and terrified at the immense movement of the city, the heavy traffic, and dazzled by the illumination which was the most brilliant they had ever beheld. A French gentleman, who had been their companion since they left Paris, advised them to stop at a French hotel which he knew and could recommend, and the proprietor, who was named Monsieur Pagliano, was staggered at seeing two French ladies, in the habit of nuns, entering his hotel at eleven o'clock at night. But he was overjoyed when he learned that they were religious of the Good Shepherd, and told them that he knew their Sisters well. In fact they discovered afterwards that he was a benefactor of the community. He gave the Sisters the best accommodation his hotel could supply, loaded them with courtesies and attentions, and when, at leaving, they asked for the bill he answered that there was nothing to pay. He would be largely compensated if they would pray for him. On the morrow it was Madame Pagliano who accompanied the guests to the monastery, and there the unexpected arrival of the Mother General caused such a storm of joy that the whole house was thrown into confusion.

Her inspection of the house filled her with satisfaction. It was absolutely true to the Good Shepherd in all its details. There were thirty penitents, who had entered the class as protestants, and every one of them had become a Catholic and was giving signs of complete steadiness and good behaviour. This particularly pleased Mother St. Euphrasia, because she had always felt sure that, wherever her daughters were established, there would be many conversions both among the inmates and the persons of the world with whom the religious were in contact. Already, in their vicinity, a number of friends were being attracted to the Catholic Church, which they only needed to know to be drawn toward it. The Mother General would have wished to be able to speak to the children, but she knew no English, so the Sisters taught her to say slowly and carefully: "I love you all." It was enough to fill the girls with enthusiasm, and they responded warmly to this declaration on the part of the "Head Mother," as they called her. While in London she received a number of distinguished visitors, the Vicar Apostolic, the Marchioness of Wellesley, the wife of Sir Robert Peet, and others who had been kind to the Sisters. Protestants, as well as Catholics, felt honoured to meet the Mother General. Abbess Selby of the Benedictine Convent, who had hospitably received the pioneer Sisters and kept them with her until they were able to settle in their own house, insisted that the Mother General must dine with her at least once, which the Mother did, enjoying the religious Benedictine hospitality, - traditional in the venerable Order,

- and glad of the opportunity to thank the good Abbess for her charity to the

exiles. The London days passed only too quickly, and the Mother General left on the 2nd of July, the feast of the Visitation, sincerely sorry to bid farewell to the land she, too, felt that she loved; and leaving behind her golden memories of her person, which none of those who approached her would ever forget. For her daughters the day was one of utter desolation.

The return journey was made with extreme haste. She merely touched Lille, Amiens, Rheims, Sens and Paris, paying the briefest visits, for she had received news from Angers that Sister Chantal (Cesbron de la Roche) - who was now First Assistant General - was very ill, and this so grieved her that she was anxious to reach her bedside with all speed. After days of intense anxiety, the Sister recovered and was able for several years more to continue her faithful services to the Order.

**Some Important
Personages and Events
XXI**

THE YEAR 1845 brought the great joy of a new foundation in Italy, and Mother Pelletier was obliged to confess that she had a tenderness for that land of beauty, so rich in inspiration and in saints.

The letter of petition came from the "Stati Pontifici" the Pontifical States, which was a distinction in itself, and it was penned by His Lordship the Bishop of Imola, who had been a friend of Cardinal Odescalchi, and perhaps through the latter had heard of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. In any case, he wished to have a house of the Good Shepherd in his episcopal city, and begged to hear from the Mother if she could grant his request. The Bishop of Imola was no less a personage than the Cardinal Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, a Count in his own right, issued from a noble family of Sinigaglia, and of whom more was to be heard anon. The Mother General knew nothing about him, but a Bishop who was a Cardinal asked for a foundation in Italy and she was only too happy to answer him in the affirmative. Mother St. Euphrasia prepared her little band for Italy, three Sisters under the guidance of Sister St. Irénée Bellanger, and the travellers arrived in Imola on the 3rd of September, when the late summer was still warm. The city is situated toward the north-east of the peninsula, and forms a shallow triangle with Bologna and Ravenna. The people of the region are of strong character, proud, swift to anger, and born fighters, passionate in love and hate. It is the Romagna of the present Leader of Italy. Pius VII, of sad and holy memory, had been Bishop of Imola, and the ancient episcopal palace was full of memories.

The Bishop received the Sisters at once, and spoke to them in their own tongue. He had the gentlest of faces, and serene blue eyes that radiated kindness; a smile that was like a light kindled, illuminating his whole countenance, and he was so happy to see these Sisters who had come from so far away in answer to his request that he could scarcely express his joy. "At last," he exclaimed, "I can welcome my dear daughters of the Good Shepherd!" There was something so

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simple and so fatherly in his aspect and manner that the Sisters were at their ease with him directly. He apologized because the house he had selected for them was in the hands of workmen and not quite ready to receive them yet. - "You must excuse me," he said with humility. "I am very sorry. But in the meantime I

hope you will do me the honour to remain here with me in my palace. And as soon as possible we will have the house ready to receive you." The Sisters were only embarrassed by the fear of giving trouble, but the Cardinal Bishop was so sincere and cordial that they were admitted into his household as naturally as if they belonged to it. Every morning they attended the Mass which he celebrated with great piety in his private chapel, and they dined with him at his table, like members of his family. He seemed to have taken them to his heart with no more effort than if he had always known them. At the same time, he was anxious to learn more about their Institute. He questioned them about their Rules and Constitutions, and seemed struck by the ardent faith and zeal which he recognized as a family trait among them. They were fully aware of their specific mission, which was to save souls: it was that which had brought them. And he listened with admiration, too, when they spoke of their Mother General: the affection, the veneration they expressed for her appeared to him altogether unusual. When the news of her re-election came, they were so transported with joy they laughed and wept in his presence. He must read the wonderful letters himself! ... Cardinal Mastai was touched at this great happiness and at the emotion which overcame them. "It is a proof," he said, "that between the Mother and the Daughters, the most perfect harmony reigns. As long as this union lasts, your Congregation has nothing to fear: it will move on to great conquests in the world-for union is strength." The Sisters having lent him the Book of the Constitutions to read, he was intensely interested in it, and declared that of the many religious Rules he had perused this was the most perfect of all; he did not think any other could compare with it, and he expressed the wish to translate it into Italian. At length, in mid-October, the Sisters' house was ready for occupancy, and it was arranged that they should take Possession of it on the 20th, which is the Eudist feast of the Sacred Heart. The Cardinal Archbishop would not permit any other person to perform the religious ceremonies on this occasion and he blessed and consecrated the church and monastery, leaving his dear daughters in it, when he left, with many blessings, promising to see them soon again, sorry to part from them, and telling them that he would be their extraordinary confessor, a privilege which they appreciated very much. But his simplicity and kindness were so great that the Sisters felt each one something of the love of her own father in him. He had in fact told them

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that it would give him pleasure if, instead of using titles in speaking to him, they would call him simply: "Father." This great man who, before the year was out, would be lifted to the highest dignity on earth, would sway and electrify crowds with the magnetism of his personality; few have been so passionately loved as "Pio Nono;" but to the Sisters he was just intimately dear, and they called him simply: "Father."

The year of this foundation saw another departure of the Sisters for a new field, and perhaps an even more important one. The Apostolic Delegate in Egypt had petitioned the Mother General to open a house in the vast cosmopolitan city of Cairo, and her zeal rejoiced at the prospect for she hoped that in that centre, where the east and the west mingle, her daughters could indeed be missionaries. And she would charge them particularly to bring her little coloured children, that she might have them baptized and bring them up in the faith.

The little band of Sisters left Angers on the 22nd of October, 1845, under the guidance of Sister Mary of St. Teresa, (in the world the German Baroness Von Rump), but they did not reach their destination until the 30th of December. It seemed to them that they were in full Orient, rather than in Africa, and the strangeness of the scene, its picturesqueness, its splendour, impressed them deeply. It was altogether a different world. Their own arrival was an event of no small importance, and they found that they were regarded by the population as objects of rare curiosity. The Delegate, and the Catholic clergy, desired to receive them with all possible honour, and the French officials were also on duty. The Sisters were ceremoniously escorted to the vast Latin Church, as it was called, and on entering it they found it crowded as if the day were a feast-day. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed upon the high altar amid myriad lights, and, as the Sisters appeared, the choir intoned a beautiful chant: "Adducentur Regi Virgines," Virgins shall be brought to the King, adapted from a verse of the Psalms. The Apostolic Delegate, in full pontifical robes at the foot of the altar, intoned the "Te Deum Laudamus" in thanksgiving. and solemn Benediction followed. Rarely has a group of missionary Sisters been received with so much solemnity, but no doubt the pomp and splendour were in the customs of the country. The city struck them as a conglomeration. Interesting, colourful, it was at once African, Turkish, French and English. They found themselves qualified as Latins, on account of their Church. There were also Greek Catholics, and Orthodox Greeks. And the Mohammedans had superb mosques for their carpeted prayers. The Sisters were given a house in the Latin quarter of the city, and they found that they were expected to open a much-needed school. It was not their proper work, but temporarily

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they consented to undertake it, and they found themselves teaching a babel-like mass of European and native children, of all shades in colour and speaking half a dozen tongues. The work was hard enough and they tried to do good to all, whatever their religion might be; but they soon realized that, where they were, they would never be able to receive penitents. Consequently they took a house outside the city, in the locality known as Choubrah, and here, little by little, they

organized all their different activities, until an immense colony of six hundred young women and children was grouped under the aegis of the Good Shepherd. There was a numerous class of penitents, a large group of orphans, a smaller most consoling group of Magdalena, and the huge school for externs of all nationalities and creeds. Work enough for a large community of Sisters, and rewarded by many conversions among the erring, and by many earnest souls coming to the faith.

But while the thoughts of the Mother General turned more and more to apostolic work and to foundations afar, and kind and encouraging letters from Rome bid her cast her nets abroad without fear, suddenly sad tidings from the same eternal city cast Angers and the whole Catholic world into mourning. On the first day of the New Year, 1846, the learned and saintly Pontiff, Gregory XVI, passed to his reward at the venerable age of eighty-one years. He had done so much for the Order of the Good Shepherd, and held it in such high esteem, that the Mother General felt this loss was indeed irreparable. For her personally, too, the loss seemed truly immense. He had been so kind: he understood so well. From that first time when blessing her he pressed his hand upon her bead, from the time when kneeling before him and gazing up into his face with speechless reverence, she saw him smile, to those last audiences when he bid her take comfort and hope, assuring her that she was doing the work of God, she had never received anything but approval from him, and a kindness passing great. No wonder she wept bitterly when she heard that he was dead; and she asked herself whether his successor would protect the Institute as he had done, whether she could feel as sure that he would be a father to it? Many, many were the prayers offered in all the houses for the soul of this great benefactor. And wherever there is a monastery of the Good Shepherd throughout the world, his name is still, and always will be, held in reverence. It was to be written upon the first page of the Annals, the tribute of one extraordinarily grateful and remembering heart.

Yet, at the same time that she grieved, in fact in the very midst of her tears, a ray of sunshine penetrated. The Pope was dead, but the Church lived. There would be another Pope immediately. Was she secretly

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enlightened? Had it been intimated to her in those hours of deep prayer in which she seemed absorbed, rapt even, in God? She began to say to her daughters that she had a conviction the next Pope would be that wonderful Cardinal Archbishop of Imola, who had been so kind to their Sisters. It may be that not all who heard her shared her opinion; but she uttered it with great conviction. Writing to those very Sisters who had been guests in his palace, while she spoke all her sorrow at

the loss of Gregory XVI, she added that she felt sure the next Pope would be their holy Cardinal Archbishop of Imola. The Superior was so struck by this prediction that she showed the letter to His Eminence. He was just making his preparations to leave for Rome, where he was going to take part in the Conclave. He was genuinely amused at the idea of the Mother General. - "I quite believe that your Mother General is a saint," he answered smiling "but I cannot believe the prophecy she is making there. Do not be afraid. Cardinal Mastai will come back with large hopes, and some day you will have a big convent with a hundred penitents in it." He did not come back. On the 11th of February, 1846, the unanimous vote of the assembled Cardinals fell upon Giovanni Maria Mastai, electing him supreme Head of the Church. They must wait a moment until he signified his consent. He hesitated, because he was weeping profusely. Then he said yes. The little tent that shelters the electors was knocked down around him, and he stood. There was a new Pope. He said in answer to the ritual question, that he took the name of "Pius," perhaps for a memory of him who had preceded him in the See of Imola. He was Pius IX. The Prophetic motto that designated this Pope was: Cross of Crosses. He would be driven into exile: he would see the face of Europe change, he would come back to become the Prisoner of the Vatican. But the day of his election the joy was very great. The Roman people hailed him with enthusiasm, the liberals even who did not love the Church, hoped he would come to terms, because he was broadminded; the satisfaction was general everywhere. Yet the days were dark enough, and the prospects for the future problematic. He was so anxious that the Church should triumph, so anxious to conciliate her enemies in order that she should have peace, that at first it seemed as if an era of prosperity were at hand; congratulations poured in upon him from all sides.

The Sisters at Imola, while they rejoiced, were heartbroken at losing their best friend. They sent humble greetings to the new Pontiff, and received the kindest message and his blessing in return. He never forgot them; any favour they asked was immediately granted; and, on one memorable occasion, when he came to Imola, he made a visit of state to

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the monastery, a grace that overwhelmed the Sisters; a marble slab was set up in the entrance to commemorate the event.

But, in life, sorrows come quickly upon the heels of joy. And Mother St. Euphrasia was to lose another valued friend. The venerable old Countess D'Andigné, who scarcely let a day pass without conferring some benefit upon the community, had been a pensioner for some years at the monastery and she had

now attained great age. She was mostly confined to her room but a grille had been opened in the wall so that she could follow the recitation of the Office, and hear the singing of the Sisters which gave her great solace; and twice each week Holy Mass, by a singular privilege obtained for her, was celebrated in her room. During that last winter of 1846 she had often been too feeble to rise, and on the 8th of July, when the garden which had been one of her principal Cares was in full leafy green and the linden walk odorous and shady, she passed quietly away, in the death of the just. At her age, death was natural and expected; yet Mother St. Euphrasia could not but grieve deeply at the loss of this devoted friend who had singled her out to cherish her when she was only a young religious recently professed, who had always followed her with the most affectionate interest, indeed with the tender and loving care of a mother, and who, in all the difficulties she encountered, had always stoutly defended and upheld her. It certainly left a cruel gap in daily life, when the quiet form was carried out from the monastery of Angers.

The Sisters without exception and even the children had grieved at the disappearance of the kindly old friend, but a few months later a far more terrible blow threatened the house and the entire Order. It should be said that Mother St. Euphrasia, whose health was growing every day more precarious, was obliged, owing to the continual growth of the Congregation, to spend the entire day and sometimes a part of the night, attending to the enormous business and exhausting correspondence. Hours upon hours she was kept close at her desk. Over and above this, the tribulation of misunderstandings with the Bishop was secretly undermining her existence. However much she tried to keep a brave spirit, and outwardly to appear serene and free from care, inwardly the heart knew its own bitterness. She did not say that she was overburdened; but in reality she was being strained almost to breaking point. On the morning of the 22nd of December, 1846, she was not well, but the work upon her desk was piled up as usual and she felt that she must do it. A violent headache supervened, and so, doing her duty to the end, she fell unconscious from her chair. Quickly assisted by her terrified daughters, she was lifted and placed upon her bed, and restoratives

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administered. The seizure seemed to be of an apoplectic nature: she was unconscious and motionless. So more energetic remedies were administered. Finally, after a long time of dread and fear, she began to emerge as from a deep lethargy. She opened her eyes and looked around upon the anguish of her daughters. - "You are there, my children? I was thinking of you all. I was so near to God. Oh, I really thought I was going to die. Only Your prayers have brought me back."

She did not recover quickly, she who was always so quick. This time the blow had been too severe. For weeks she was ill, and, day after day, the fever persisted. The physician did all he could, and her daughters nursed her devotedly. As soon as she was able to drag herself, she went back to her desk. To her it seemed imperative: and when the infirmarians reminded her that she should rest, she answered that she could not rest: the houses were all depending upon her. The Assistants and secretaries gave her all the help they could, but she was right when she said that the whole Order was depending upon her. Sister Teresa de Couespel, ever close at her side, wrote in the following March to Sister John of the Cross in Munich. - "It is amazing that after all she has been through, she should keep up as she does. It is really miraculous. God permits it in order to sustain the work of mercy which He has been pleased to establish by her means. For if at the present moment our Mother should be taken from us, I will not conceal from you, dear Sister, that I should consider the Congregation lost."

Whether she was alluding to the political condition of Europe, which was troubled enough, or to the disastrous conditions in France, Sister Teresa had reason enough for anxiety. A profound unrest, a spirit of dissatisfaction and rebellion were abroad among all peoples, and the lower orders of society especially, those who suffer most, were making their moan. Half a century had elapsed since the horrors of that revolution which French writers had saluted as aurora, the rising day, a new era for humanity. And the people were poorer, more oppressed, more hopeless than of yore. France itself was as it were under a visitation, punished by the hand of God for all the innocent blood it had shed. Violent rains, followed by disastrous floods, had submerged large areas of land, and in many provinces the harvests were completely ruined. A shortage of wheat ensued. The little that was to be had went to fabulously high prices. The Mother General was asking herself whether her monasteries were going to starve. At Angers alone, with the greatest care and economy exercised, the monthly expenditure for flour was three thousand francs, for eight hundred persons must be fed there every day. At the time of the floods, the price of wheat being tripled, it

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became a serious problem to know how to provide for this large family. The thought occurred to the Mother General, as it did to some of her Council, that it would be expedient to discharge some of the inmates, and thus reduce the expenditure. But when she thought of the danger to their souls, she could not consent to the measure. And the problem grew every day more crucifying. We find it mentioned in another of the letters of Sister Teresa to Sister St. John. - "If the price of wheat keeps on increasing, we do not know how we shall be able to

keep OUT Poor penitents. It is enormous: eight hundred persons, every day! We are consuming ten thousand francs worth of wheat every month: and we need other things besides bread alone." It was certainly serious, and at the same time, all branches of industry feeling the pressure, the different kinds of work which had been ordered at the monastery, and which helped to support it, fell away little by little. So that, with prices raised prohibitively, the sources of income failed. Mother St. Euphrasia was full of anguish, not knowing how to go on. In her intense distress, she turned to the Queen of Heaven for help. She had always claimed that Mary, the Mother of Jesus was the true Superior of this house. She decided now to proclaim in a Still More solemn manner the supremacy of Our Blessed Lady, and her own subjection and dependence upon her. She hoped that what, in her poverty and incapacity she could not succeed in doing, the holy Mother of God would do in her stead. On New Year's Day, 1847, a solemn festival was held at the Monastery. The statue of Our Blessed Lady was set upon a richly decorated altar in the center of the choir, and, kneeling before it, Mother St. Euphrasia declared that she placed the Institute in a special manner under the protection of the holy Mother of God, recognizing her as Superior General and Foundress of the Order, and making a vow that on every Saturday, throughout the year, a procession would be held in her honour, and that, between Saturday and Sunday, groups of Sisters, Magdalens and penitents would perform special devotions in honour of the Most Blessed Trinity, the Five Wounds of Our Divine Redeemer and the Seven Dolours of Mary. The entire household ratified the Consecration and the promises, and from that day the Congregation has been still more fervent in its attachment to Our Lady of Charity. If its difficulties Were not all removed, at least it was able to carry on without dismissing a single penitent; and to the Mother General that meant much.

The state of several of the houses became so critical at this time that it was a question whether they would be able to remain open. Paris was in a bad way, and the Mother General decided to go in person to see what could be done. While she was in the capital she learned that Mother

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Barat, (now a canonized Saint) was at her convent of the Sacred Heart there and she felt that it was a duty to call upon her to thank her for the generous hospitality which her daughters had so often received in various cities from the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. This was another of the numerous occasions in history when two Saints meet. Mother St. Euphrasia had often heard of the holiness of Mother Barat. She waited with desire and reverence to see her; and when the little figure in black appeared in the reception-room, she went quickly forward and fell kneeling at her feet. But Mother Barat as quickly imitated her and, both kneeling, the two Saints who were both foundresses, embraced one

another. A Florentine painter of the Renaissance thus represented the meeting of St. Francis and St. Dominic. Mother Euphrasia earnestly begged the Saint of the Sacred Heart to bless her, but Mother Barat, in her deep humility, protested: "No, indeed, Reverend Mother, it is for you to bless me, you who bring back so many sinful souls to the Good Shepherd, and who kindle in so many innocent hearts the love of the Heart of Jesus." The saintly women, both so dear to God, spent a long hour in conversation, and their hearts poured one into the other so many beautiful and sublime things, which each one was so well able to understand. The one was trying to bring to the knowledge of the Heart of Christ the highest orders of society, and the other the lowest; but for both it was the Heart itself and its limitless Love and Mercy, which was the object. Mother St. Euphrasia found herself pouring into this soul, which was so selfless and so full of charity, the recital of sorrows that she had never revealed to any human ear. At a certain point she interrupted herself, to ask discreetly: "But you, Ma Mère, in your holy vocation, you do not meet with crosses of this kind?" Mother Barat started up with the vivacity that was habitual to her: "Crosses, Mother? Crosses! I am sewed up in them, from the head to the feet." (*J'en suis cousue de la tête aux pieds.*) This long, intimate and affectionate interview gave Mother St. Euphrasia the greatest consolation, and she retained so vivid and so edifying a recollection of Mother Barat that, in speaking of her afterwards, she never failed to assert that she was a saint.

Another eminent person whom Mother Pelletier met during this sojourn in Paris, was Mother Javouhey, the pious foundress of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny. Indeed she had become acquainted with her previously during one of her visits to the south of France, but she took this occasion to call upon her, and, during this interview, too, the conversation fell upon the difficulties encountered in trying to establish a work intended to give glory to God. But this time Mother St. Euphrasia

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heard from those sorrowful lips the enumeration of crosses so numerous and so grievous that it was she who must act as consoler, and she came to the conclusion that there were other communities even more sorely tried than hers. Patience can be the only remedy, she said.

Soon after the return of the Mother General to Angers, the loss which had threatened her some time ago was verified and on the 10th of May, 1847, Sister Chantal Cesbron de la Roche passed to her reward. This brilliant woman who had come to the monastery in widowhood bringing a large dowry in talents as well as wealth, had supported the Mother Superior strenuously during the struggle for

the Generalate, and her influence and precious acquaintances in Rome had proved of real value. She had been acting recently as Assistant General and the Mother depended upon her for zealous and efficient help. Her devotion to the Institute was so great that she was justly regarded as one of its sustaining columns. Mother St. Euphrasia felt her death very much, and it saddened her infinitely to see the old friends falling one by one and leaving so many cruel vacancies behind them. There was also in this case a financial loss, for Madame de Cesbron was in possession of a life-income of ten thousand francs, which she passed over to the monastery, and at her death it ceased. For the Mother General, straitened on all sides by urgent and unrefusable demands, and ever more short of money, this was a severe affliction. She cast about her considering what it would be best to do, but she saw no possible issue save in one last resort which she hated with her whole soul and disapproved: the borrowing of a sufficient sum to carry her over this period of intense difficulty. The faithful Sister Teresa mentions the fact in that intimate correspondence which carried, to the older members of the Congregation, the events of note at Angers. "We have made real sacrifices. Our Mother has preferred to go fifty thousand francs into debt rather than to dismiss a single child. On the contrary our classes have increased." This was her continual fear: that weak and tempted souls might fall back into sin: and that she must answer to the Good Shepherd for the torn lambs He had gathered up and placed for healing and protection in her hands. "I have not lost any one of those whom Thou hast given me." Gaunt hunger stood at the door, and anxiety crushed the heart of the Mother with a pressure of iron, but she fought inwardly to renew her faith and she said outwardly to those around her, troubled as she was herself. "God will not abandon us: let us have confidence in Him. His divine Providence can amply supply us."

At Angers, it almost seemed sometimes as if the breach which the

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Mother blessed went further than its own capacity; but the matter was not clear and those who watched could only wonder, without being sure that they had grounds to make any assertion. But where a genuine miracle occurred, by direct divine intervention and with proofs that were undeniable, was at the monastery of Bourges. The memory of it is fresh and green to the present day. Bourges had always distinguished itself by its fervour and regularity and the Mother General could only think of it with satisfaction as a source of consolation. But Bourges, too, was feeling the conditions of distress which prevailed throughout France. Scarcity of wheat, prices abnormally high, and almost cessation of orders and work, because the givers had not wherewith to pay. At Bourges one hundred and sixteen people in the monastery must be fed every day. The Superior, Sister Mary of the Heart of Jesus, one of Mother Pelletier's first novices, involved in

greater difficulties every day, felt that something radical must be done, for the house was actually threatened with starvation. She went to look at the flour which was kept in the loft, and there was very little of it, and she knew that that little was decreasing every day. In the midst of her grave preoccupations, a small luminous thought found its way into her mind. The cause for the beatification of Venerable Germaine Cousin was in progress, and she remembered that this holy little barefoot shepherdess had often multiplied bread in her lifetime, that the poor might have sustenance. Perhaps if the whole house united in prayer, Germaine Cousin would provide bread for these poor children too. The Superior ordered that a Novena to Venerable Germaine should be begun simultaneously in all the classes. A few pages of the simple and yet wonderful life of the little maiden of Pibrac were to be read every day, and appropriate prayers offered in her honour. Medals representing her were distributed to religious and children, and one medal was suspended in the granary where the flour was **kept**. Throughout the house a current of devotion and fervour swept, and the Superior felt sure that so many ardent prayers would not be left unanswered. But Germaine Cousin appeared somewhat unmoved at first.

Two good lay-Sisters had charge of the baking, and every five days they brought from the loft twelve measures of flour, which were sufficient for the making of twenty large loaves. The Mother Superior thought she would help the miracle-worker, and bid the Sisters use eight measures of flour, and pray while they were kneading, that the eight measures might suffice for the habitual twenty loaves. But Germaine did not like this arrangement. The Sisters kneaded, and prayed with a will, but they did not obtain the twenty loaves. The bread gave out in three

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days' time, and they had to bake again sooner than usual. Three times the same attempt was repeated and each time it failed. Evidently something was wrong. Crestfallen, the Superior made up her mind that the poor monastery of Bourges was not worthy to receive a miracle, and, being a humble person, she probably attributed the failure to her sins. In any case she resolved to go back to the old order, and to tell the Sisters that on the morrow they should use twelve measures of flour as usual, and cease tempting the saint. But she forgot to give this intended order, and she had retired to her room when she happened to think of the bread. She would not break the cloister rule by speaking then. She turned instead to the little shepherdess. - "Dear good Saint," (this was premature but the Mother Superior knew the holy child was in Heaven), "you would not want me to break the Rule, and you know I cannot speak now, so you must really work the miracle this time and put in the flour yourself for the twenty loaves." Perhaps

the apostrophe pleased Germaine Cousin, or perhaps it was the spirit of observance. Long before daybreak, the bakery Sisters go to their work, and they took the eight measures as usual, praying that they might produce those unattainable twenty loaves for which the Superior wished; but, on this morning, something strange was happening. The eight measures gave the twenty loaves easily; more, there was a large lump of dough left over. The Sisters kept on kneading and praying. The dough seemed to be swelling under their hands. It increased in the receptacle that contained it, so that the container was full. At the first baking, early morning, they filled the oven with as many loaves as it would hold. At the second baking, eleven o'clock, they filled it a second time to the full having worked all morning. And there was so much dough left over that they weighed it: twenty full pounds. Dumbfounded, the Sisters called for the Superior to come and see. The miracle was so obvious that she fell upon her knees, adoring God. Five days later, the same astounding multiplication occurred again at the two bakings, early morning and eleven o'clock. The whole household united in fervent thanks to the miracle-worker. The Superior scarcely knew how to express her gratitude. But now the little shepherdess had begun to play with the community, as if, after trying them a while, she was going to be very generous; but she was going to do it sportively as if to show them how easy it was.

At the time of the first multiplication, which was in November, there was enough flour in the loft to last about two months: that is, the Sisters thought, until the end of the year, if they used care. From this supply they drew rather abundantly several times and yet, each time they came for fresh flour, the quantity seemed to have remained the same as before. At

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the end of the year, when there should have been no flour left, the mass of it seemed to be the same as in November. The Sisters began to say to one another that this was strange. It was so strange that early in January they decided to weigh it all. Two weeks later, having meanwhile baked three times, they weighed it again, and it was exactly as it had been on the previous occasion, not one ounce less. In February, after a series of bakings, it was the same as in January. So that, summing up what had occurred, it appeared that one hundred and sixteen persons had been supplied with bread for four months, out of a supply of flour that was not expected to last more than six or seven weeks, and which appeared to be at about the same level in February as it had been in the past November.

The greatest secrecy and reserve was maintained at first in regard to these matters, but, by degrees, they drifted out, and there was much talk about them. The ecclesiastical authorities took the matter in hand, and determined to

find out whether there really had been a miracle or whether the Sisters were giving way to their imagination. A commission was appointed and held its sittings at the monastery. The Reverend Fathers were unprejudiced and certainly desired to do the right. But, if anything, they were inclined to think the Sisters over-credulous. While they were busy with their councils, another of those colossal multiplications of bread occurred, and they were able to judge with their own eyes whether the Sisters spoke the truth. It was the testimony of Bourges which served as decisive evidence in favour of Venerable Germaine Cousin, and the miracle of the monastery of the Good Shepherd was instrumental in raising her to the first honours of the altar.

The year 1847 was the first since the foundation of the Institute that saw no new foundations. Perhaps on account of the general poverty and depression: perhaps because prudence forbade it.

In the September of that year, 1847, a year so hard in its manifold material trials and its incessant preoccupations, Mother St. Euphrasia was struck to the heart by the death of her beloved Sister de Couespel. Perhaps of all her daughters, - and she loved them all so tenderly, - this one was the best loved of all. Teresa was so bright, so perfectly loyal, so warmly affectionate, that no quality whatsoever seemed to be wanting in her. And this special daughter of her soul, the Mother was obliged to banish from Angers, owing to the displeasure of His Lordship, because Sister Teresa had been too daring in the defence of her mother. When Sister Chantal de Cesbron died, and the office of Assistant general became vacant, Mother St. Euphrasia wished to nominate Sister Teresa

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for it but the Bishop absolutely forbade her elevation. The Mother was obliged to accept instead, Sister Saint-Henri Petrop, a good religious and one of her novices of the early days, but a person who was completely wanting in delicacy and sympathy, and who, by nature, was cold and matter-of-fact. All that the intensely loving Mother General was not. Sister Teresa had eaten out her heart in grief at the separation from her Mother and from Angers. She never murmured, she never repined, the Will of God was really and truly her life. But her health was severely shaken, and, when sickness attacked her, it found small resistance. She knew, and the Mother knew, that she had offered to God the sacrifice of her life for the welfare of the Institute. She passed away, after great sufferings, on the 2nd of September. Mother St. Euphrasia was prostrated by the blow, and in the circular letter which announced the bereavement to the Congregation at large, they stated the unspeakably great loss which the Mother suffered in it. But

there is a letter of the Mother herself, written to Sister Stanislaus, which seems to us one of the most pathetic and poignant of human documents in the excess of sorrow it reveals, in the intimate revelation it makes of her heart, agonized by the ruthless tearing of death. One is almost amazed at so much extremity of human pain in a soul so holy. . . "Oh, my Teresa of Jesus, treasure of my heart: here below what a friend, what a mother! What a life, what a death! O my God, my God I offer it to You. Our Good Mary of S crucifies me, but without intending it. An indifference so affected that at times it has made me shed tears, and I go and kiss the door of our Teresa of Jesus."

Such was the heart of this strong woman. The coldness of the daughter who had been placed at her side, made her weep in secret. And the love of the daughter who was dead made her "kiss her door."

The Revolution of 1848 XX11

For A considerable time already there had been unrest and murmurings all over Europe. The causes for dissatisfaction no doubt existed, but it is certain that politicians and demagogues were at work everywhere exciting the people to rise against the old order of things and to create new governments. France had had her blood-red revolution of 1793, and it had not brought the prosperity it promised. Fifty years after it, the whole nation was starving and clamouring for another revolution to off-set what the first had done. Louis-Philippe of Orleans, nominally King of the French, an ephemeral sovereignty with no bases to support the throne to which he had no right, fell in the course of 1848, and the Republic was proclaimed. But, if there was a government, it did not control the people. There was a general excitement and effervescence, especially among the lower classes, suffering from the shortage of food; but, furthermore, secret societies were at work, instigating them to rebellion. And while it was in the name of liberty that they were urged to rise and cast off the yoke that oppressed them, it was not against the government that they re-acted: it was against religion. Churches were destroyed or desecrated; convents pillaged and burned; and priests and religious were the objects of the hatred and violence of the mobs. The revolution had unquestionably been prepared, for it broke out almost simultaneously all over Europe. France took the lead, and immediately Italy, Germany and other countries followed in her wake. It was extraordinary that the " patriots" everywhere should hate religion so much. It was as if the spirit that excited them was one of evil. And in France, strange as the matter may seem, there was a particular ferocity against the monasteries of the Good Shepherd, because, according to the rioters, the nuns stole the bread of the poor by taking work from their own wives and daughters. They did not consider how many young girls of their own class, and orphan children, were fed in those monasteries day by day; and the former reclaimed and educated. These, on the contrary, in numerous cases they "freed," even against their will. But a savage ignorance and

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brutality characterized the liberators.

Mother St. Euphrasia had grieved over the poverty and trials of the houses threatened by famine; the present peril was so stark and terrible that it crucified her. She was not able to protect her daughters: it was altogether beyond her power. Often she did not even know what was happening, until the after-news came of some appalling calamity. One house after the other was

attacked. And no protection or assistance was rendered by the government: at times the officials presided at these revolting scenes. The Sisters could invoke no human power to help them. Bourg was the first to suffer; a small house in a secondary city. The populace took the monastery by storm, rushing in like a wild human tide, destroying everything and deliberately defiling the premises. The religious had barely time, when the siege began, to don secular garb, and with the Magdalens and children, to flee. Some of the latter were seized by the invading hordes and shockingly insulted. The house was pillaged from top to bottom: furniture, linen, garments, provisions: not a stick was left, and the bare walls alone remained, dirtied and scarred to show what order of beings had passed.

At Mâcon the same frightful scenes of invasion by a brutal mob occurred; but here the authorities, a little more decent than in other cities, while they did not check the rioters, sent a detachment of troops to protect the religious from violence. The penitents were taken out under their eyes and scattered. The Sisters, hoping that the popular fury might perhaps pass, tried to remain in their desecrated, pillaged monastery; but the hope was vain. For a month they remained, harassed by continual disturbances and alarms, but at length they were forced to leave and that house, too, was lost to the Order.

At the Château de Battières, the beautiful property near Lyons, where so many orphans as well as penitents were sheltered, the Sisters were besieged by swarms of roaring, shrieking men and women who had come to do justice upon them, and many of whom were drunk. The Chaplain, Father Valadier, had the courage to go out and face the furious mob, and to harangue the leaders, bidding them go back whence they came and not dare to touch the Sisters who were doing a magnificent work for them and for their city, taking care of the orphans and abandoned children; and they owed them a huge debt of gratitude, instead of trying to do them harm. For the moment this vigorous address disarmed the invaders, and it may be that the strong walls of the castle appeared to them forbidding. They reluctantly disbanded and withdrew. But both the Chaplain and the Sisters felt that the victory was precarious, and that the

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enemy might return. Father Valadier represented to the Prefect that he was in duty bound to protect the institution and that he should set a guard around it; this the gentleman declined to do. It was the usual attitude of the representatives of the government. Father Valadier then organized a group of farmers and peasants of the vicinity - the tillers of the soil were generally loyal and took no part in the agitations of the proletariat, - to watch by turns and to defend the Sisters in case of need. The men, who were good Catholics, swore that no scoundrel should touch the Sisters; and they were so vigilant that the

city authorities decided a deposit of arms had been made in the castle. The worthy Prefect, who would not lend four men for the safety of the religious, sent a number of police agents, supported by dragoons, to make a search of the monastery. They raked the entire house, from cellar to attic, even dismantling the beds in the thoroughness of the perquisition. Needless to say, they found absolutely nothing, and withdrew discomfited; but they had caused almost as much alarm and distress to the Sisters as the frenzied mob howling outside the gateway.

Angers itself had been in imminent danger, and the Mother General did not feel sure whether they would be spared or not. It would be out of the question for so large a number of persons to escape, and it may be that the Mother, for herself, would have coveted the glory of martyrdom. But she was responsible for her large family, and it was clearly her duty to seek to protect them. She appealed to the Prefect of Angers, and this gentleman, who had once been a declared enemy but who had since been obliged to recognize the valuable social service which the monastery was rendering the city, sent fifty men of the National Guard to watch over the Institute. There was much rioting and disorder in the town, and throughout the neighborhood, and few persons in authority could sleep quietly at night; yet the Mother General manifested so much coolness and such surety of judgment during these difficult days that the Prefect of Angers is said to have declared publicly in his City Hall which was much agitated: "There is only one man in all Angers, and that is the Superior General of the Good Shepherd." There was cause enough for anxiety and for sorrow. Every day, from the different provinces of France, refugee Sisters were arriving at the monastery. They were in secular dress, many of them in rags, footsore, hungry, terrified at the experience they had been through, and they all told the same story: they were driven out, dispersed, they did not know what had become of their companions or of the children: the house was lost. These were the foundations that had cost so much in care, in money, in suffering, even in terms of human life. She had thought she was building forever and

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that the houses would be their own reason for existing, by the good they did: she saw them all crumbling about her, and it seemed as if none would be left. - "It makes me weep," she wrote to one of her confidantes. «Our Sisters keep arriving, in deplorable condition and without bread.»Bourg and Mâcon were lost irretrievably. Dolé was able to re-open a year later: but how many vicissitudes, how much sorrow of heart, how many disappointments!

The story of France was lamentable, but the good mother had not foreseen that Italy would follow the deplorable example of the sister nation. There, too, the revolution had broken out, and there, too, the greatest hostility was directed against 'the things that are God's.' In Turin the Jesuits and the Religious of the Sacred Heart were driven out, escaping in conditions that were pitiable, and fortunate if they were able to find a refuge in some friendly home! The House of the Good Shepherd was continually threatened; but the Sisters were able to hold their own, in the midst of persecutions. In Genoa the community was forcibly ejected from the beautiful house which the Marquis Pallavicini had given them, and, not until nine years later, were they able to return and to begin their work again.

Mother St. Euphrasia was watching the dread movements around her as the captain, from his high bridge, watches the elements, the phases of the storm, and the seething masses of the sea. She sent instructions to all the monasteries that if the Sisters were driven out, they should try to reach the sister-house nearest to them. She wrote a circular letter to the entire Congregation, exhorting the religious to courage and patience, and urging them, if it were at all possible, to try to save the foundation to which they belonged. At the same time she wished them to feel that there was one shelter always open to them, as long as a roof remained over her own head. - "But if in spite of all the precautions used, beloved daughters, you should be expelled from your houses, our Mother House of Angers will always be open to you, You will find here the tenderest of Mothers, who loves you dearly, affectionate Sisters who will share with you whatever is left to them, and who will endeavour to dry your tears, while they weep with you over your misfortunes and your losses."

It seems incredible that, in the midst of so many tragedies, while terror paralyzed the bravest hearts, and financial means were absolutely lacking, the Mother should have been able to make two new foundations in countries that her Order had not yet reached. But, as if to compensate her for her losses in France, a divine Providence opened other ways for her feet. Limerick, in brave Catholic Ireland, and Aix-la-Chapelle, or

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Aachen, on the border between Holland and Prussia. The Limerick foundation, in a land where the faith makes all religious institutions venerable, was bound to prosper; and in fact, within a very few years, two more monasteries were added to the first, and Limerick became the seat of the Province for Ireland. Many admirable and devoted Sisters have come from these centres of the green isle. The Reformatory School, attached to the first house, was under State control and was highly esteemed owing to the excellence of the Sisters' direction.

The foundation of Aix-la-Chapelle, the city famous for the presence there of Charlemagne and his court, was inaugurated on the feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, 21st of November, 1848. It really consisted in taking over an institution which existed already under the care of pious secular persons interested in rescue work, and directing a house of refuge. The directress was a Mademoiselle Fey, a lady for whom Mother St. Euphrasia had the greatest esteem, who invited the Sisters of the Good Shepherd to adopt her house, and she herself joined their community. The Mother General desired her to take her own name of St. Euphrasia in religion, and almost immediately appointed her Superior of the Aachen house.

One of the saddest and most grievous events of that fateful year 1848, occurred in Rome toward the end of November. The saintly Pontiff Pius IX had been continually and insidiously attacked and molested since his accession to the throne, by the leaders of the revolutionary party in Italy; and though at first his own broad views and liberality of outlook had enabled him to meet many of their demands with indulgence, in a spirit of conciliation, the day came when he saw that they were threatening the Church in her prerogatives and liberty of action, the Holy See in its inalienable rights, and he was forced to say that famous: "Non Possumus" "We cannot," which has gone down to history, and which raised such an outcry in the camps of his enemies. The first effect of his resistance was that his Minister of State, the admirable Count Pellegrino Rossi, was cruelly and treacherously assassinated on the stairs of the House of Parliament: and so many insults and threats were directed against the sacred person of the Pontiff, that those who were close around him implored him to place himself in safety before it was too late. They realized only too well that the revolution would stop at nothing. During the night of the 24th of November, in disguise, and aided by the devoted Ambassador of Austria and his courageous wife, Pius IX escaped secretly from the Vatican Palace and from Rome. By carriage he attained the Kingdom of Naples and the city of Gaeta, and a dramatic story is told of how, arriving at dusk in the latter city, his servant engaged a room

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for him; but the master of the house was so suspicious of the elderly, silent gentleman dressed as a hunter, that he resolved to watch him through a crack in the door. He related afterwards that, when the stranger withdrew to his room, he drew a small silver box from his breast and, kneeling down, spent the entire night in prayer. The Pope, escaping, had carried with him his only treasure, the adorable Sacrament of Christ's Body. Meanwhile the King of Naples, secretly notified of what Guest had entered his domains, hastened with his whole family to pay him homage and to welcome him most humbly, thanking him for the honour of

His trust. As far as he could be, the Pontiff was consoled by the warm devotion of Ferdinand and his Queen. They placed a decorous house, with balconies and a garden, at his service (this is still pointed out in Gaeta by the sea) and frequently visited him, enquiring into his needs.

The news that Pius IX had been compelled to flee from Rome before the threats of his enemies, aroused just anger and indignation all over the Catholic world, and also a sense of profound consternation. A few years later when, in Rome, his dead body was being carried to burial secretly at night, a group of impious scoundrels stopped the procession and sacrilegious hands overturned the hearse, a disgrace upon the city of Rome.

But to resume. At Angers the flight of the Pontiff was learned with terror and profound anguish. Many tears were shed over his sorrows, and many prayers were said for his return. All the religious felt that the Passion of our divine Saviour was being renewed in him who held His place on earth. Mother St. Euphrasia reached out, with her great heart, to try and succour the exile. A most humble, urgent, filial letter went from her to Gaeta, imploring His Holiness, in her own name and in that of the entire Institute, to deign, if matters did not improve in Italy, to accept the poor hospitality of his daughters at Angers who placed themselves, and all things of which they could dispose, entirely at his feet. There was so much lowliness, and so ardent a desire to help him in this letter, that the Sovereign Pontiff was touched by it and sent his warm thanks and his blessing to the writer. Many testimonials of affection and sympathy came to the holy exile during the days of banishment, and he seemed to take most comfort in the offering of the humble. Thus the boys of St. John Bosco's school, lowly working lads or orphan waifs, took up a collection, - mostly made up of pennies, - which they had saved by self-denial, - to help the Pope, and he never forgot this offering, one of the smallest he ever received and one of the most precious. In after years he was to say how it had touched him.

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Happily the exile at Gaeta lasted only four or five months. And it was the French army of occupation which, marching into Rome, restored order to the city. It may be remembered that since Napoleon's somewhat uncertain conquest of Italy, the Eternal City was considered a French city, or rather the principal city of the so-called Cisalpine Republic. The officials were French, and French troops occupied the barracks. The Italian population detested the foreign invaders, on principle; but an appearance of order was re-established. Through an understanding with the French government, Pius IX obtained permission to return into his own city. And his return, - the hot-head revolutionary disturbers being temporarily held in check, - was a veritable triumph. His own people, the Romans

true to him as they are to Peter, knelt at his passing, stretching out their arms to him in welcome and their sobs, more even than the throbbing cries: "Viva! Viva Pio Nono! Viva it Papa!" told him all the sorrow his absence had been to them and all their love. It was a memorable day in April, 1849.

In reality, the French troops were not in Rome to protect the Pontiff: they were there to protect the possessions of France. And the accusation that the Pope had called them to Rome to protect his person was untrue and invented to offend him by styling him anti-Italian. There were many splendid Catholic officers among the French commanders, and they showed their loyalty and devotion to his person as any true-hearted Catholic soldier would do; but they were in the service of the French Republic not of the Vatican. And this appeared clearly enough when France, on the verge of war, recalled them. The Cisalpine state mattered less than her own frontiers. But again it was the withdrawal of the French army of occupation which emboldened the enemies of the Church and Papacy, and encouraged them to organize that campaign of invasion which culminated in the taking of Rome in 1870. The sorrowful man who was Pio Nono became the Prisoner of the Vatican; and he was not spared even that last outrage of the insult to his mortal remains.

In the midst of her grief over the holy exile of Gaeta, Mother St. Euphrasia found a sorrow nearer home in the death, which occurred in January, 1849, of that venerable Bishop of Nantes, Monseigneur de Herc , who had been the special director of the foreign novices. He, too, would be an irreparable loss to the Institute, in his willing, devoted service and his valuable knowledge of languages. He had grown very old and infirm, and it was his earnest wish to give up his charge and to retire to private life as a pensioner at the Monastery of the Good Shepherd in Angers. But his whole diocese rose up in protest, and he was obliged to

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submit, retiring to another convent in his episcopal city. Mother St. Euphrasia declared that she would always number Monseigneur de Herc  among the great benefactors of the Order, and she desired that his name should be inscribed in the Annals for a perpetual memory of him.

A joy, early in 1849, was a second foundation in the United States of America. Bishop Peter Kenrick, - the great name in the early history of the Church in America, - pioneer Bishop of St. Louis, Missouri, desired to have a House of the Good Shepherd in his episcopal city, and the Mother General, anxious to satisfy him, sent three Sisters to initiate this foundation which seemed to be

so promising, and which in fact grew to be of unusual importance. Not long after the beginning in St. Louis, a second Bishop Kenrick, also well-known and beloved, - Francis, brother of Peter, - no doubt hearing of the excellent establishment in St. Louis, desired to have a house also in his episcopal city of Philadelphia. There was almost a virtuous emulation between these two strong and apostolic men, brothers by birth as well as in the episcopate. If Peter had a fine monastery with Sisters who did a lot of good in it, Francis was going to have the same. And they both did have institutions that are a glory to them still. But, as the Mother General did not feel able at the moment to provide Sisters for two foundations in the States, she directed that Louisville and St. Louis should each send one or two religious to Philadelphia; and that presently, from Angers, she would add Sisters to the three American houses, according to their needs. This arrangement was found satisfactory to all concerned, so that, by the end of 1849, the United States had three flourishing houses of the Good Shepherd.

Another interesting foundation was made in Scotland in the March of 1851. A convert of the noble family of the Monteiths was the chief benefactor, and the recently appointed Bishop of Glasgow was happy to see this eminently beneficent institution established in his episcopal city.

The mention of a Catholic Bishop in Glasgow calls to mind one of the most notable events of the mid-nineteenth century in Great Britain, the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill by Parliament in 1829, an act that made so colossal a difference in the status of the Church and of Catholics on English soil. At this late date, it seems almost unbelievable that, in full nineteenth century, the penal laws of the sixteenth should still have been in effect; but so it was, and up to that time Catholics were still denied civil rights. They might not sit in Parliament, nor hold commissions in the army and navy, nor exercise the learned professions. In fact they lived like pariahs in their own country. This monstrous

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injustice ceased after the passing of the strenuously opposed Emancipation Bill, and Pius IX, watching eagerly the signs of the times, re-established the Catholic hierarchy in England and Scotland in 1850. There were still persons bigoted enough to call this a papistical interference and an outrage against the Church of England; but the Sovereign Pontiff, undisturbed by the clamour, appointed Dr. Wiseman Archbishop of Westminster, raising him at the same time to the dignity of the Cardinalate. Thus the new generation of the Bishops of England was added to the glorious line of their predecessors in pre-reformation days.

On the 31st of July, 1851, the General Chapter assembled at Angers for the election of the Superior General, and this time, to the astonishment and

satisfaction of the community, Monseigneur Angebault, being as usual dutifully invited to preside, accepted the invitation. It was perhaps due to the mediation of Monseigneur Joubert that the Bishop was showing himself less aggressively hostile; in any case his presence was felt to be a concession of no small importance. He made no objections to the proceedings, and Mother St. Euphrasia was again unanimously re-elected as Superior General amid the rejoicings of her children. It would have been impossible to ignore the wonderful work that she was doing; and more and more, as the years passed, what was human in her seemed to become transfigured, and the heroism of her virtue shone forth over and above the heroism of incessant suffering, borne with the patience of one whose eyes are constantly fixed upon Christ Crucified. The Bishop must have been impressed at this election, by the presence of twenty-seven Superiors of foreign houses, showing what extent the Order was taking in territories remote from France. Almost without exception, these Superiors had gone forth from Angers; and they were true, heart and hand, to Angers; the missionary character of the Institute was asserting itself more and more, and the house in which the Foundress lived was becoming more and more the light-house which casts its beams afar over the waters, and to which the fond desire of mariners turns in hope. To many it seemed that she herself was the steady, comforting beacon, to which they looked for sure guidance in dark and storm.

The fact that she remained Superior General of the Order imposed upon Mother St. Euphrasia the necessity of journeying again to make the visitation of the various houses. These journeys were becoming ever more trying to her, both because she was advancing in years, and because her health grew ever more precarious. The fatigue they entailed broke and extenuated her. But she called up her great courage to meet the emergency, and offered the inevitable suffering to God. On this

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occasion there was one demand which had become pressing, and which she felt she could no longer ignore. The community and the benefactors in Munich had repeatedly begged for a visit of the Mother General, and the fact that the Superior of the Bavarian house, Sister St. John of the Cross, who had come to attend the elections, was now returning to her monastery, seemed to the Mother a good occasion for her to make the promised visit. The little party was accompanied by Father Benoist, the Chaplain, and a third Sister. They set forth on the feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lady, and by train, for there was now a train, primitive, halting, and absolutely comfortless, puffing its slow way from station to station, between the greater cities. The whole of the first night was spent in a railway carriage, and Mother St. Euphrasia became so sick that she

seemed on the point of expiring. At Bar-le-Duc rails ceased, and there was nothing for it but to change for the coach. This the travellers did. But the coach for Nancy, which they were to take, did not come in until five hours later than the scheduled time, and it was then too late to start. They arranged to sleep at Bar, but the only inn was a miserable auberge, where nothing could be had that would have given the Mother relief. In the morning they set forth again by diligence for Nancy, and, after several hours on the road, at length reached the monastery there to their own great joy and that of the community. From Nancy on to Metz, always effusively greeted and generously welcomed by the Sisters; and then again on to Strasbourg, all houses she had founded in the midst of difficulties and hardships, and which now were flourishing. The latter portion of the way was made on one of those dreadful vehicles known as a "two-decker," and the rough motion and jolts again threw the Mother into the throes of violent sickness. She reached Strasbourg verily more dead than alive; but her unflinching courage kept her on her feet, and the happiness of seeing her daughters, and of inspecting their magnificent establishment, caused her almost to forget her utter prostration. She did not reach Munich until the 25th of September. But the welcome which awaited her was altogether royal. The children who frequented the extern school at the monastery, had published abroad that the Mother who was the head of the entire Institute was coming all the way from France to visit them, and that they must all prepare to welcome her on her arrival. In those pleasant, old-fashioned days when nobody was in a hurry, all the country-folk round about suspended work and put on their holiday clothes to receive the Mother-in-Chief; and the two sides of the road, up to the monastery, were lined by young girls in white dresses, each one bearing a wreath or a bouquet of flowers which she presented to the Mother curtsying, amid blushes and

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smiles, as the great personage passed. The carriage was filled with flowers which afterwards, carried into the church by the Mother's wish, banked the whole altar. She had desired to alight at the church that her first visit should be for the Most Blessed Sacrament, and, as she crossed the threshold and advanced toward the sanctuary, the organ pealed forth, and a vast choir in which the voices of the Sisters and of the children mingled, burst into the musical splendour of the "Benedictus." The Court Organist had been invited to conduct the singing on this occasion, and the Mother was so touched at the beautiful music and the solemnity of the welcome offered her, that she could scarcely restrain her tears. When she approached the house, with a delicate symbolic ceremony, the key of it was presented to her upon a silver platter; but she would not take the key. She carried it instead herself to the statue of our Blessed Lady and placed it in her hands, leaving it there that Mary might remember, and keep the House. Although the Mother responded with thanks and gracious words of appreciation

to all the testimonials offered her, she was really ill at the time. The fatigue and hardness of the journey had completely worn her out, and for days she was able to take no food. Confined to her bed, and agonized by continual vomiting, broken ice was the only remedy that afforded her any relief. At the same time she felt that it was absolutely necessary for her to appear as soon as possible, to respond to the many demands made for her presence. In the desire to spare her as much as possible, the Archbishop, Monseigneur von Raisach, came to call upon her and expressed warm praise for all that her daughters were doing. The King Maximilian 11, who had succeeded his father, the good Ludwig 1, having graciously signified his wish to receive the Mother General, she was obliged to attend at the Royal Palace, where she was received with great honour, and His Majesty manifested the deepest regard and gratitude for her personally and for the Institute. But Mother St. Euphrasia felt that, in reality, it was the Order which was indebted to the reigning family; for the two Kings successively had been generous benefactors. They had built the Sisters a large monastery outside the city, with a beautiful and spacious church attached to it, and much ground in the form of gardens and a park. Sister St. John of the Cross was held in high esteem, and, in eleven years of residence in Munich, she had never ceased to enlarge and consolidate the work. It was a real consolation to the Mother General to see what a splendid establishment the Good Shepherd had here, and how much good was being done. At Munster, a more recent foundation, and at Aix-la-Chapelle she was also received with much honour; and she left behind her, in all these places, an impression that was ineffaceable. There was about her a grace of charm, refinement, and winning manner, that all

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felt-, a simplicity, earnestness and candour that won hearts to her; and while none could escape the attraction which was perhaps natural, a magnetism of her personality, they could not escape either that ineffable sense of holiness which was about her, upon her countenance, and in the aura around her, so that those who approached her would gaze reverently upon her and instinctively ask her prayers.

After her return to Angers, the activity of the Mother General found issue in another venture. She had long cherished a plan to establish an agricultural colony, and it may be that what she had seen at Munich encouraged her. Like the valiant woman of Scripture, she had "bought a field" - property in the country at some small distance from Angers, which was to supply the monastery with wheat, fruit and produce: an excellent investment. And now it seemed to her that many strong and robust girls among the penitents, with no taste or capacity for needlework and embroidery, might better be employed in farm-work which would

suit them, and be of greater utility to the institution. This rural estate, known by the name of Nazareth, had been serving for some time, and with excellent results: but Mother St. Euphrasia conceived the idea of placing an agricultural colony upon it, taking the juvenile delinquents from the sad and degrading atmosphere of the city prisons, and teaching them to cultivate the land. The idea was inspired by her vast charity; she was not looking for profits; she wanted to take those children and young girls from the cells and sordid courtyards in which they should never have been put, and give them work in the air and sunshine. She was sure they would be happier, and she had a profound belief that they would become more moral. The sheer genius of this woman, in matters of reform and re-education, placed her half a century in advance of her time. By interesting Monsieur Vallon, Prefect of the Department of Maine-et-Loire, she was able to obtain the support of the government, and, on the 26th of June, 1852, the first detachment of young female prisoners arrived. It was a great event, and the Mother insisted that a genuine effort should be made to give the prisoners a welcome, and to let them realize that they were not coming to another prison, but to a home where all that would be asked of them was good behaviour. The venture proved to be an enormous success. The majority of the girls liked the healthy out-door life that made them so hungry, the comforting sunshine, and the plain, wholesome food given in abundance. It was so much, much better than the cold, damp, ill-smelling jail and the filthy diet meted out to the prisoners. A very large percentage of the juveniles were sincerely converted, and their feet set, and steadied, in new straight ways. Mother St. Euphrasia was delighted with what, in her

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day, was a discovery. It is well enough known now; though, in the main, it is the masculine element which is sent back to the land. But in countries where it is usual for women to work in the fields, Mother Pelletier was one of the first to think of the soil as regeneration.

It seems likely that some glowing account of what was being done for the juvenile prisoners in the farm colony of Nazareth had found its way to Austria, for the Mother General was surprised to receive, without any preliminary parleyings or notice, an imperial dispatch from Vienna in which she was informed that the Emperor Francis Joseph 1, and his mother the Archduchess Sophia, had graciously cast their eyes upon the Institute of the Good Shepherd, and were pleased to invite the Reverend Mother General to kindly take charge of the Correctional and Reformatory Schools of the Empire! At the same time, letters from the Cardinal Archbishop Rancher begged the Mother General to permit her daughters to open a monastery in his diocese, promising to give them all the spiritual and temporal assistance in his power. There appeared to be every hope

of success for an undertaking supported by the highest ecclesiastical and civil authorities and the Mother understood that the State would protect the schools in question. She lost no time in assembling the Chapter for counsel, and named the religious who were to leave for Vienna. Then she led them herself to the feet of the statue of Our Blessed Lady, to ask her blessing upon them, and to signify to them that they were to go under the protection of Mary. The Sisters reached their destination in September, 1853, but they were not able to take possession of their new place of abode until the 21st of November, feast of Our Lady's Presentation at the Temple. The residence prepared for them was at Neudorf; and it was an ancient episcopal castle, situated upon a height, in the midst of lovely scenery, and surrounded by vast, fertile lands. A little procession was formed at the village church to escort the Sisters to their monastery, the parish-priest in surplice and stole, surrounded by all his parishioners, leading the way behind the processional cross and banner; and the little group of the religious, bearing lighted candles, walking two and two toward their new home. After their solemn installation, and having received the congratulations and good wishes of their pastor, and the simple, reverent folk who surrounded him, the Sisters were ready almost immediately to begin their work; and there were soon young prisoners, as numerous as at Nazareth, to be trained in the same way. At Neudorf, too, the usual penitent classes were formed, and, in time, the pious Magdalena were added, the House of the Good Shepherd thus having its various departments complete. The Neudorf establishment has always been

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large and extremely numerous.

About this time, Angers received the visit of another missionary Bishop, Monseigneur Charbonneau, Vicar Apostolic of Mysore in India, who, happening to pass through Cairo, had seen there the admirable establishment of the Good Shepherd. He decided to stop at Angers, when he reached France, to beg the Mother General to let him have a house of the Good Shepherd for his faraway Indian territory. The Mother had never thought of sending her daughters so very far away, and into the mysterious Orient. But the fact that a Vicar Apostolic came in person to beg for them, promising that he would care for them, seemed to her as if the Lord of the Harvest were asking her for labourers in His fields. She proposed the Indian missions to her daughters, and, in one second, a swarm of volunteers stood up. But she would make no nominations until she was gone before the Blessed Sacrament and prayed a long time for guidance. She had no hesitation about the leader of the expedition. It was to be a person of great distinction, and of equally great virtue, Sister Mary of St. Teresa, daughter of the Austrian Baron Werner von Schorlemer, a woman who had been admirably

educated, and who was rich in talents of all kinds. But the Sister was so unconscious of her own unusual value, that all she asked - with intense fervour - was to be sent somewhere, anywhere, to the foreign missions. Mother St. Euphrasia was absolutely sure of Sister St. Teresa. Having named her, she proceeded to the nomination of her companions, and then led the little band, as was her custom to the feet of Mary. The Sisters chosen were very happy, feeling themselves highly favoured. The Mother General accompanied them. It self to the port of Paimboeuf, whence they were to sail, (this was in her own region near the places of her childhood), but when the report spread that the Superior General of the Good Shepherd was in the town, she received so many testimonials of esteem and reverence that she began to be sorry she had come. Bishop Charbonneau was sailing on the same steamer, so the Mother entrusted the five Sisters to him, and on the 28th of January, 1854, across her tears, she saw them depart from the shores of France. She did not know if she would ever see them again. After a long and trying voyage, which took the best part of six months, the travellers finally landed at Pondicherry, in mid- summer. There were still twelve more days of exhausting travel before them, across a dry and parched country and they were continually amazed at the sights of that strange and most picturesque oriental land. At length they reached Bangalore, where they were to settle, and they offered heartfelt thanks for the divine Protection which had brought them safely to their journey's end. The day was the 14th of August, vigil of the Assumption

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of Our Blessed Lady, and to her they consecrated their new life. The Bishop advised them, by way of introduction, to open a much-needed school for European children, and the Sisters did this at once, meeting with an enthusiastic response, especially from the families of English army officers and civil officials who were only too happy to trust their little ones to the French Sisters. There were immediately forty-two scholars registered for this first venture. And; simultaneously, the Sisters opened, in another department, an Orphanage for little Indian girls, twenty homeless waifs finding shelter with them. Mother St. Euphrasia was delighted when she received the first long-expected letters from Bangalore.

All the good that that monastery of Bangalore has done, and is still doing, cannot be told in these brief pages. A huge establishment now, occupying a number of spacious buildings. Favoured and protected by the British government, it is still more approved by the Apostolic Delegate. The Sisters have a first-class boarding school for European girls; a numerous extern school for small girls and boys of English tongue; separate schools for native children; an orphanage for Indian girls; and their customary groups of penitents and Magdalena, entirely

removed from the outside activities. A Normal School for the training of teachers is doing a great work because there is no other in the district. For this same reason, that there is no other in the district, the Sisters were also obliged to open a hospital and dispensary, and, from a limited beginning, these have become so important that the Hospital of the Good Shepherd is known throughout all India. Thousands of children and young girls have passed through the hands of the Sisters since the opening of the House, and whether they embraced the faith or not, the influence of the religious was powerful for good. At times, pagan parents have desired that their children should "believe as the Sisters do." It was testimony enough to the virtue of the teachers. Thousands have received the grace of Baptism: Protestants, Mohammedans, and pagans, both adults and infants. During the famine, the religious baptized about three thousand victims of the terrible scourge, whom they were not able to save from death. And it may be said that, every day, conversions to Catholicism are occurring among the inmates of the monastery, the patients in the hospital, and the friends of the Institute outside it. Mother St. Euphrasia must rejoice over her House of Bangalore, for it has been like a well in the desert, the waters of grace springing up incessantly, in the midst of it, for all those who come to it thirsty and desiring the fountains of eternal life. This house, for its own use and to second the aspirations of a number of young native girls who wished to

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embrace the religious life, instituted a new branch which was altogether after the heart of the Mother General; a sort of Third Order, under the direction of the religious of the Good Shepherd, in which Indian maidens were enrolled beneath the protection of St. Francis Xavier; assisting the Sisters in all their activities, infinitely useful for approaching natives, and doing a most excellent work. These Indian Sisters wear a dark-coloured habit and take religious vows.

While in the distant missions invaluable work of all kinds was being done, Mother St. Euphrasia could not consent to become stationary at Angers. She, too, was always on the look-out for some new form of activity, some enlargement of that establishment which was known as a model one throughout the length and breadth of France, but which she was always endeavouring to render more perfect. At a short distance from the monastery, and upon a natural elevation which lifted it clearly to view, was a fine old Abbey, called of St. Nicholas. The Abbey had had a magnificent history across the ages. Erected in 1020 by that famous soldier Count of Anjou, Foulke Nerra. who has so many noble monuments to his credit, it was occupied first by the monks of Saint-Aubin d'Angers, and the superb basilica church adjoining it was consecrated, in 1090, by no less a person than Pope Urban 11, who was travelling through France at

the time. In 1672, the Benedictines of the Congregation of St. Maur took over the ancient, venerable Abbey, and restored it; but their occupancy was only of one hundred and eighteen years, after which, in that dreadful 1790 when so many appalling injustices were committed, they were driven out and scattered, and the government took possession. Though it had taken the property, the fisc was not interested in preserving it; so that, during the revolution of 1793, a bestial mob demolished, as far as it could, the rare Abbey Church built by Foulke, a gem of eleventh century architecture, and the conventual buildings were turned into barracks. In 1854, the noble pile of the Abbot's House was utilized as the city Poor House. Mother St. Euphrasia had cast her eye upon what remained of the desecrated, dishonoured Abbey. She really needed more room, the monastery being full to overflowing, and it occurred to her that St. Nicholas, upon its hill, would be a more healthy place of residence for the Novices than the low ground near the river. Besides, gazing at the massive walls now used for inferior Purposes, and defiled as she knew they were, she conceived an immense wish to take back the ruined Abbey, and to restore a place of worship in it. It must have at least a chapel in it again, a sanctuary with its lamp burning, and an altar upon which the Divine Victim might be offered anew. She consulted engineers and architects, and they agreed that, if

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the municipal council would yield it to her, it could be made habitable again. The chief difficulty was that a large natural pond, or mere, came between the monastery and St. Nicholas, forcing the road to describe a lengthy curve, which increased the distance. It was the wonderful and resourceful mind of the Mother that suggested an underground gallery, going directly from the monastery grounds to the base of the hill, and placing the two centers within easy reach of one another. After certain inevitable objections and delays, the Institute acquired the property, the gallery was quickly made, and the restored and renovated Abbey became the residence of a portion of the Community and new classes.

That year 1854 was not to close without an event of paramount importance for the Church: the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, an act for which hundreds of Bishops, all the world over, had petitioned the Holy See. Above all his glories, Pius IX will be remembered for this one. The white light of it shone brilliant in whatsoever most distant land the Church had reached. After the long and learned debates which occupied many months, the assembled Fathers felt that they could proceed, and, on the 8th of December, 1854, before a gathering of over five hundred Bishops, in the course of a magnificent, unforgettable ceremony in the basilica of the Apostle, Pope Pius IX proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary the Virgin, Mother of God. The tidings of this great event brought joy to the whole Catholic

world. With tremendous contained emotion, but in a voice that rang clear even in its extraordinary solemnity, the Sovereign Pontiff, standing in front of his throne, declared the wonderful prerogative of Mary. He was in full pontifical ornaments and shone white and gold from head to foot. But eyewitnesses have testified that, as he pronounced the sacred words, a ray of pure sunshine stole in through one of the high windows above, and rested upon him, enveloping him wholly so that he stood transfigured, his countenance like the sun, his raiment made of light. The artist who painted the memorial picture now in the Vatican has tried, as far as mere man can, to render the dazzling ray of white light.

At Angers the feast was kept with solemn religious ceremonies and a brilliant illumination. To the religious the invocation was not new. For years already, morning and evening, they had been saluting Mary as all holy, all pure, immaculate, and inviolate, untouched by any shade of original or actual sin. But they were glad to see their faith become the assured faith of the universal world. And they were happy at the new glory which enveloped Mary, their beloved Mother and their Queen.

The Division into Provinces

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THE CONGREGATION of the Good Shepherd had increased so rapidly that, by the middle of the nineteenth century, it numbered fifty-four houses: thirty in France, and twenty-four scattered far and wide over the face of Europe, Africa, Asia and America. These were all directed from Angers, indeed they were all directed by one master mind at Angers; but if one should consider that Angers itself, with its innumerable variety Of Works, would have been more than enough to occupy the full attention of one Superior, one will realize that that Superior, with the entire care of Angers and fifty-three other houses besides, was more than overburdened. Add to this that the Superior General was sometimes absent from the Mother House on visitations of the other houses, during which time the business to be transacted came almost to a standstill. In truth the Mother General had been so ill during the last journey that her daughters had declared she must never undertake another, and the Council was proposing that in future the visitations should be made by one of the Assistants named by her. But the business that must be despatched from Angers itself, was also beyond the strength of one sole administrator. The correspondence was enormous. Furthermore, the difficulties and delays in communicating with houses far away had been the cause of disastrous results. Not only the communities were put to grave inconvenience, but the local Bishops lost patience and asked why their just and reasonable demands were not taken into consideration. Half a year elapsed occasionally before an answer could come. In this way, although the houses were admirably organized and were doing wonderful work, the Superior General received letters of complaint from the ecclesiastical authorities of the lands in which they were labouring. One reproof had been made frequently. Why were postulant obliged to travel enormous distances to make their novitiate at Angers when there was a monastery of the Good Shepherd quite near their place of origin? Thus, while the work everywhere met with the highest encomiums, a chorus of objections accompanied the praise and the

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Mother was too fair-minded not to agree that many of the complaints were just. Angers was doing even more than might naturally have been expected of it: but nevertheless it sometimes fell short of what was required. This was inevitable. Crushed under the burden, and feeling at the same time that some radical measure must be taken to improve the efficiency of the organization, the Mother was praying most fervently that she might be directed and inspired as to what it would be best for her to do. Already in 1849 she had been on the point of losing

the London house through the displeasure of the Vicar Apostolic, Dr, Wiseman, (named very soon after Archbishop of Westminster and Cardinal) who strenuously protested that his postulants were not to be sent to France to make their novitiate. The English Houses, he said, should have English Superiors to direct them, and the future Sisters destined for England should be trained at home. Dr. Wiseman was so determined that he appealed to the Holy See, asking that the London House should become autonomous, and freed from the direction of Angers. He very nearly obtained what he desired, for Plus IX was looking with sympathy toward England, and the Mother Foundress was pierced through in the conviction that that cherished foundation was about to be torn from her. But her prior claim was recognized by the unfailing justice of Rome, and she sank into an ocean of thankfulness when she learned that she was to keep her child. Yet the firmness of Dr. Wiseman, in regard to the training of novices, made her question the wisdom of bringing postulants, from more distant countries, across half the world to make their novitiate in Angers. She had thoroughly tested her daughters now: she knew that the majority were true as steel; souls holy and elect in the sight of God. Could they not be trusted to train young Sisters, and to inculcate in them the spirit of fidelity to the Institute? She was praying to God for enlightenment in the midst of her doubts and perplexities, when a suggestion came to her from the City which has, above all others, the genius of government - from Rome. Rome had recognized the Order of the Good Shepherd as a Congregation of a missionary character, having houses and unfolding its activities in distant lands, hence it was protected by the Roman Congregation of Propaganda Fide, entitled to receive aid from it for its foundations in mission lands, and free passage on shipboard for Sisters going as missionaries to other continents. It was Propaganda Fide which now, spontaneously, suggested to the Mother General that, for the better direction and administration of her houses in distant countries, it would be advisable for her either to appoint Vicars over the monasteries in mission-lands, or to divide the whole Order into Provinces, with Provincial Superiors who would be subject to the Mother House in last appeal, but independent in their territory,

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for the government of the houses under their jurisdiction, and for all those matters which were not of sufficient importance to require reference to the general government in Angers. This division into Provinces existed in several of the older Orders, and had been found not only advantageous but indispensable. Mother St. Euphrasia accepted the suggestions. It was just the something she had been looking for in vain. Dutiful as ever, she submitted the plan to the Bishop of Angers, her local Superior, and, perhaps to her surprise, found that he made no objection to the division into Provinces; but, still labouring under the illusion

that as Superior of the Mother House his authority extended over all the houses of the Good Shepherd everywhere, (this illusion had been dispelled once before by clear and unequivocal words from Rome), he stipulated now that all the Provincial Superiors, whether in France or in foreign countries, should remain equally subject to his authority. The vexed question was referred to the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and their decision came in the form of a respectful letter from the Prefect, Cardinal della Genga, addressed to His Lordship of Angers, reminding him that his authority did not extend over monasteries in dioceses other than his own; and still less over monasteries in mission countries. But perhaps to give the Bishop some satisfaction along with the denial, it was communicated to His Lordship that he was appointed Apostolic Visitor to the monastery of Angers. It was again Mother St. Euphrasia who was to pay the penalty for the pretensions of her Bishop. The Bishop was in no way satisfied with the decision taken against him; but, since he was named Apostolic Visitor, the chance was a good one to initiate a formal inquest at the monastery, as he had done already some years previously. He would come and establish himself for lengthy sessions, in some room at the monastery, and cross-question each one of the religious in private audience. He gave each Sister a Questionnaire, ordering her to fill it out and to sign it, and for a good many of those simple-minded women the questions were unintelligible, and they were quite at a loss how to answer. What was chiefly wrong with the Questionnaire was that it asked each Sister the question which had already been settled in Rome. - "Do you advocate the appointment of Vicars or the division of the Congregation into Provinces?" The majority did not understand what the words meant, or the drift of the interrogation; but the Mother General understood very well, and she knew that the question was no longer an open one. She wrote her answer to it with her whole soul concentrated in the few short words. - "Our Holy Father has expressed the wish that the Congregation should be divided into Provinces, therefore I approve and request the division into Provinces." Nothing could have been more comprehensive than this answer. But the old

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prejudice of Monseigneur Angebault against the ordinances of Rome, and against the Superior of the Good Shepherd, had been re-awakened. The visitation he made of the monastery was a genuine inquisition, and at the end of it, having troubled and harassed the Sisters to the point of confusion, he made out a most unfavourable report, which he forwarded to Rome, stating that the Congregation of the Good Shepherd was not doing well, that the Superior General exceeded her power and was tyrannical with her subjects, and that, in his opinion, the Institute was on its way to ruin. He sent a copy of this report to Father Joubert, his delegate at the Good Shepherd, and that good priest was astounded and offended. He wrote back to His Lordship that he had received his communication

but that he had never perceived that the Congregation of the Good Shepherd was "in a state of disorder and trouble." Mother St. Euphrasia, grieved and fearful lest fresh accusations should go against her to Rome, nevertheless adhered to her invariable rule of prayer and silence, trusting to the protection of the Father who is in Heaven.

Meanwhile Monseigneur Angebault, busy with his inquisitorial visitation and the compilation of his voluminous report, had not taken the trouble to answer Cardinal Della Genga's letter; the Congregation which had addressed it to him, not understanding the silence, suspected that there must be some trouble, and that this might be an objection, on the part of the Good Shepherd, to acquiesce in the wishes of Propaganda Fide, relative on the division into Provinces. It was sad for Mother St. Euphrasia that she should be suspected of indocility, when she so earnestly desired the division, and supported it openly as the wish of the Holy See. The delay, and failure to answer, was mentioned to the Sovereign Pontiff, who attributed it, as the Congregation did, to a want of submission on the part of the Congregation of the Good Shepherd. Pius IX appears to have been particularly sensitive to this want of obedience, inasmuch as he had always favoured the Sisters in every possible way. Correspondents in Rome wrote to inform the Mother General of the displeasure of the Holy Father, and she was absolutely pierced to the heart, knowing how little she deserved it, and how loyal she and her daughters had ever been both to his person and to the least of his wishes expressed. She wrote a most fervent letter to the Cardinal Protector, beseeching him to express her deep attachment, and that of all her daughters, to His Holiness, protesting that no least desire of his could ever be disregarded by them. And, with regard to the divisions into Provinces, both she and her Council gave it their fullest adhesion and support. This letter, written with so much warmth and such ringing

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sincerity, fully satisfied the generous Pio Nono and the Cardinal protector, and immediately the decree was prepared which ordered the division of the Congregation into Provinces. This document was forwarded to the Bishop of Angers who was to attend to its execution.

But while, on the one hand, it seemed that the Good Shepherd had given a good account of itself, on the other hand the report of the Bishop of Angers, so injurious to the Congregation in general and to the Superior of the Mother House in particular, was of such a nature that it could not be overlooked. A fresh wave of annoyance and anxiety agitated the Fathers in council regarding the Institute of the Good Shepherd. Some of the accusations, more important because made by the Bishop, were of so grave a nature that they were turned over for

examination to the Congregation of the Holy Office. One would not wish to speak disrespectfully of a Bishop of the Church; but if Monseigneur Angebault was trying to make trouble for the Institute in Rome, this time he had certainly succeeded. The two houses of S. Croce and Lauretana were both notified that an inquest would be held within their premises by the Congregation of the Holy Office. The name itself was enough to terrify the simple Sisters, and they wondered what they could ever have done to draw such a visitation upon themselves. Mother St. Euphrasia, duly informed, was plunged into the deepest anxiety by the trouble of her daughters; but she had a clear impression that the blow was being directed against her rather than against them. For so devoted a child of Holy Mother Church, and so stainless a woman, the thought was intolerable. She could only bury herself in prayer, imploring the mercy of God, which saw fit to plunge her into this abyss. She heard afterwards what had passed in the two monasteries. Her daughters were questioned almost exclusively with regard to her own person! If there was any information to be obtained against the Mother, it was the duty of the examiners to obtain it. The religious were ordered, one by one, to swear - upon the open Book of the Gospels - that they would speak the truth. Some of the questions were of a rather delicate nature. One, of the Sisters thus addressed was so shocked that she allowed her two hands to fall with a thud upon the sacred Scriptures: "It is false," she ejaculated fiercely, "I ought to know, I, who for many years was closely associated with our Mother General." There was too much sincerity, too much grieved vehemence, in the defence made by the Sisters for the examiners to be able to entertain any doubt. And this storm passed, too, - another of the many conjured up by the spirits of darkness against this holy, venerable woman, whose only fault was to have fought them without intermission every day of her life, and to have wrested from them armies of souls, destined to praise God in Heaven for all eternity.

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The division of the Congregation into Provinces was put into effect immediately, and Cardinal Della Genga wrote the Bishop of Angers a diplomatic letter, congratulating him on the expedition with which the desires of the Holy See had been put into execution. But the Bishop was so hurt and offended at the non-recognition of his authority over the houses in foreign lands that he again withdrew his favour from the Good Shepherd, and the Mother General was obliged to struggle on as best she could with no support or assistance of any kind from the head of the diocese. Fortunately, Father Joubert continued most faithful to the community and a strenuous defender of the Mother General, whom he regarded as a saint. But she was to feel, at every turn, the animosity of the Bishop. When she was considering the purchase of the Abbey of St. Nicholas, the Prefect of Angers encouraged her, saying that the opportunity was a unique one

and that she should not miss it. She objected her insufficiency of means, but he insisted - "Buy, Mother, buy ... the good God will pay".. . At this crucial moment the Bishop forbade the purchase. His advisers urged upon him the expediency of reclaiming the old Abbey and reconsecrating it to religious purposes, and, at length, he yielded to their representations, but he maintained his veto for the Abbot's House so that the valuable property was only acquired in part, and one of the most precious portions of it was withheld from the Sisters. Shortly after this disappointment, the Mother was to experience another. She learned that the Cathedral Archbishop of Perugia, a most zealous and active prelate, had written to the Bishop of Angers, courteously requesting him to permit the Congregation of the Good Shepherd to make a foundation in his episcopal city. That letter was not even answered. The Archbishop, who was no less a person than Joachim Pecci, of immortal fame, wrote a second time, even more urgently, and the second letter, too, was ignored. So that Perugia never obtained her house of the Good Shepherd, (and there is a dearth of religious houses in the city) , and Mother St. Euphrasia, not daring to act in any way, smothered her sorrow; for she earnestly desired to have another house in Italy, the land of her affections. How much greater her regret would have been had she known that the scholarly writer of those two polished and yet insistent letters to the Bishop of Angers would be acclaimed by all Christendom, a few years later, under the glorious name of LEO XIII But Monseigneur of Angers had wrapped himself in impenetrable silence since he was reminded that his authority did not extend beyond the limits of his own diocese; and he would have nothing to do with these foreign prelates, who applied to him for a still further extension of that Institute at his door, which had extended quite too far already.

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As if to compensate the Mother General for this deception, another offer, - and a magnificent one this time, - reached her from across the sea. There is a strip of land which lies along the western coast of South America, long and narrow between the mountains which bound it to the east, and the Pacific Ocean which washes its shores to the west, and this land of Chile was ruled spiritually, in the middle of the nineteenth century, by a prelate whose name was known, strangely enough, all over Europe. Fearless, intellectual, teamed, eloquent, a strong man and apostolic Pastor, Monsignor Valdivieso built up a diocese which would have been a credit to any country. He toiled in it all the days of his life with a force, an inspiration, a driving enthusiasm that are remembered still. Mother St. Euphrasia had the most profound enthusiasm for this remarkable man whom she always described as "a second Ambrose." The Bishop had heard of the Good Shepherd, and the report was excellent. He wrote to Angers asking for Sisters and promising to support the foundation, and, at the same time, he obtained the

permission of his government to bring foreign Sisters into Chile. Preparations were made with care in prevision of the long voyage, and with rejoicings, not unmingled with tears, on the 3rd of January, 1855, the Sisters left Angers to embark for South America. The voyage is a long one still, and in those days of more primitive travel it was far slower. The Sisters felt as if they were destined to live at sea forever; but at length after the strange, interminable, monotonous days of sky and water, they at length landed at Valparaiso, the "Valley of Paradise," poetic name of one of the chief cities of the Republic, and a busy important ocean port. This was not their destination, so they must travel on still further northward to San Felipe, an overland journey requiring several days, as the Bishop had appointed that as their place of abode. There was already in this city a house of refuge, conducted by a group of pious secular women known as "Las Beatas," a Spanish term indicating that they were wholly given to religion and spiritual things. The Bishop had arranged that temporarily the Sisters should lodge at the "Beaterio," so here they were received and here had their first taste of South American life. They found it extremely strange and primitive, the roughness of new elements, and a certain hardness of pioneer life tempered by traces of the ancient Spanish dignity and courtliness which appeared even among the poor. The climate was wonderful, and the vegetation and flora gorgeous. But the poor Sisters would have felt themselves isolated indeed, were it not that they were missionaries in the field. A group of young girls of questionable conduct was immediately placed in their care and formed their first class Of penitents. However, the Bishop represented to them that other Catholic schools were so urgently needed, that they consented to open

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a boarding school for girls of the upper classes who were mostly of Spanish descent, and an extern school to which all the children of the neighbourhood flocked, a mingled, chattering, half savage tribe, which the Sisters sought to civilize and teach. One of the Beatas, a holy, retiring soul much given to prayer, was so impressed by the conversions wrought among the penitents that, in spite of her sixty years of age, she asked to be admitted into the Congregation of the Good Shepherd, and, after a few years of exemplary fidelity she died in the odour of sanctity, the first religious of Our Lady of Charity to wend her way to Heaven from the new field of South America. Monsignor Valdivieso was so enthusiastic over the many splendid results obtained by the community in their various activities as teachers and reformers, that he desired to have a House of the Good Shepherd in his episcopal city of Santiago, and this was opened on the 5th of February, 1857. This centre became extremely important and is so still, Chile, in time, forming its own flourishing Province.

In regard to the Provinces, it may be well to state here that as soon as a

given region had three Houses, it automatically formed a Province with its own Provincial Superior named by the Mother General. This relieved the Mother General from much unnecessary correspondence, and facilitated and made more expeditious the dispatch of local business. Each Provincial House had its own Novitiate, which was a great advantage for postulants of the region, obviating the inconvenience of taking a long journey, and satisfying the numerous Bishops who had complained of this complete removal and loss of members of their flock. All Superiors continued to be named exclusively by the Mother General and the organization of the Provinces was so perfect that, while she was delivered from a quantity of unimportant work, the Mother still remained in close touch with each single group of her daughters. This arrangement, which also increased the facility of administration for each individual House, dated from 1854, a year memorable by the publication of the decree.

In Italy there were frequently new foundations, as the Order grew to be better known, and a particularly interesting one was made in what was then the Grand Duchy of Modena. The Grand Duke Francis 11 and his pious wife, Aldegonde of Bavaria, wrote asking the Mother General for Sisters to direct an establishment for the reform and re-education of wayward girls which they wished to open in the small town of Buon Porto near their capital. The reigning family took so great an interest in the foundation that the princesses themselves prepared all the altar linens for the Sisters' chapel. But, in spite of these courtesies, and

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perhaps for the same reason that had obtained in numerous other foundations, namely that the benefactors thought the Sisters well-to-do and supported by the Mother House, for the same reason, no doubt, the Sisters were left in a half-furnished house, wanting in every convenience, and frequently they were so short of supplies that they were living on half-rations. Probably out of delicacy toward the ducal family, the Sisters would not confess that they were half starved and that the house was wanting in all conveniences. They did not even have a clock, by which to regulate their daily life. If the need were urgent, they would borrow the chaplain's watch; but, upon ordinary occasions, the whole establishment was guided by means of an old-fashioned hour-glass, the filtering sand taking an hour to pour from the upper to the lower bulb. it would indeed seem that knowing the kindness and liberality of the ducal family the Sisters might at least have asked for a clock. But two questions of a higher order were involved in the matter: one was the virtue of poverty which must bear deprivations with cheerfulness; and the other was the virtue of patience, which could win much Merit by exercise on all occasions. Possibly also the Superior of

the house, most refined person and member of an aristocratic Bavarian family, may have hesitated out of delicacy to apply to the Grand Duchess who had so evidently thought she was supplying all the Sisters' needs. It is certain that, until they became better known to their neighbours and to persons well-disposed and willing to help them, the community lived an exceedingly poor and suffering life. But it was so well and wisely directed that, in time, it attained even to a moderate degree of prosperity. It should be said here that Mother St. Euphrasia, in selecting the Superior for Modena, had borne in mind - with her usual sense of appropriateness - that the Grand Duchess was by birth a royal princess of Bavaria. Hence she sent her one who would be familiar to her and welcome, as the daughter of one who had been at the court of the King, her father. Sister Marie de St. Pierre Coudenhove belonged to the highest nobility of the realm and was well-known in court circles. As a religious, she was one of the humblest and most self-effacing that ever breathed. This remarkable woman, educated at the Convent of the Visitation, was noted for her piety as well as for her culture. Being left an orphan, and the Dowager Queen also dying, the young Baroness retired to a country estate where she lived a life of piety and good works, devoting herself to the poor around her and quite resolved not to marry. Her birth entitled her to be admitted to an order of secular Canonesses, a medieval institution held in high esteem, and she was admitted to this; but it was chiefly a distinction and a title of honour. She was close upon middle life when a little book written by a well known convert author,

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the Countess Hahn-Hahn, and entitled: "The Congregation of the Good Shepherd" fell into her hands. She perused it with the greatest interest and decided, before she had finished it, that this was a vocation which would attract her in a sovereign degree. Being entirely independent, she offered herself to the Order and was accepted in spite of her forty years of age. She was already a religious in spirit: a formed, exemplary, self-denying, profoundly spiritual, Christian woman, who had lived in solitude, dividing her activities between the Church and the poor. Her rank, her culture, her distinction, which was great, were all less than her humility. She took her place among the youngest novices, and was attentive and obedient as the least of them. When Mother St. Euphrasia saw her and spoke with her, she who was so profound and competent a judge, knew, without a moment's hesitation, that she had acquired a pearl of great price. After Marie de St. Pierre was professed, she kept her near her, and manifested her regard for her in many ways. She took pains also to initiate her into much of the business of the Order, and to inflame her still more with love for their common vocation. In fact, both had but one single aspiration: to love God, to save souls. Sister St. Pierre was becoming unconsciously modelled more and more after the ideals of the Mother General, whom she deeply and reverently loved.

She had been once attached to the person of a Queen, whom she esteemed above all other persons. She was attached now to the person of a Queen, who was a Saint. Less enthusiastic than Mother St. Euphrasia, far less demonstrative, Sister St. Pierre was true to the core, of a remarkable penetration of mind, grave, kind, understanding, and utterly selfless.

The Mother General wished to keep this precious daughter near her, but, at the same time, she felt that she must form her for the Superiorate; so that when the foundation of Modena was made she appointed her Superior, offering to the Bavarian princess a religious who had been a lady at her own court, and who was a treasure. It was only for a while. At the next election, with the consent of the Council, she named her Assistant and called her back to Angers. The Mother's letter was a charming one and expressed all her affection. - "Come, my dear daughter, my child, I am wishing for you, longing for you. Come as quickly as you can." Obedient, Sister St. Pierre came quickly. She never left the Mother's side again.

When the Foundress of the Good Shepherd lay dying, she would not name her successor in the Generalate, wishing to leave her daughters free, yet several had divined her secret wish, and they had noted how the Mother diligently and sedulously instructed this Assistant in all

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that concerned the government of the Order. Sister Marie de St. Pierre Coudenhove was elected unanimously to fill that place which it had seemed that no mere human woman could ever fill again.

But we are still at the year 1857, when foundations were being made upon many continents, and Archbishop Purcell, another of the wellknown names in the hierarchy of the United States, was begging for a foundation in his episcopal city of Cincinnati. The house was opened in 1857, in the month of February, and it became very flourishing in that busy and enterprising centre.

About the same time, a group of prominent Catholic women in the rapidly growing city of New York were discussing a foundation in their midst. They felt that an Order of Catholic Sisters could do a great deal of good by opening a house of refuge, and caring for many young women and girls who were now being detained in degrading prison cells; and they nourished a fond hope that perhaps, put in suitable surroundings, these unfortunates might be given another chance. Strange as it may seem, Archbishop Hughes, one of the most magnificent figures of the early American hierarchy, unforgettable country-boy following the plough

back in his native Erin, with one hand upon it and the Latin grammar in the other, - so did he win through to the priesthood, his goal, - Archbishop Hughes was contrary to the foundation. Times were hard, the majority of his Catholics were poor, many demands were being made upon them, and he did not wish to burden them further. - "No," he declared emphatically, "another foundation would swamp us. And as to their special object, I don't believe in it. You can't do anything with women of that kind." The Archbishop had a hard head and a wide experience of life. The good women of the petition retired crestfallen, But another woman, not a Catholic, renewed the attack. She was the Warden of the Women's Prison, and a serious, conscientious person. She received the same refusal, but she answered back. - "Suppose you don't believe in it, Archbishop, and suppose some of them do slip back, would it not be well to Prevent at least a few of the grave sins by which God Almighty is being continually offended?" . . . This time it was the Archbishop who was silent; and the protestant lady Warden carried the day. He gave his permission, which was all the petitioners wanted. The Sisters arrived in the old city in 1857 and established themselves in a rather shabby, poor frame building on the brink of the East River. The house was repainted to make it look less dingy, but it suggested wharves and lumber. It was soon filled nevertheless. The need for it had in truth been great; and when Archbishop Hughes saw its perfect working, the many conversions wrought within its walls, and the broken lives that

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were mended and re-directed in the ways of God, he changed his views entirely, and, like the great-hearted man he was, became one of the kindest friends and most generous benefactors of the Institute.

The momentous time of the elections had again come round, and on the 6th of August, 1857, the feast of the Transfiguration, the Chapter met at Angers for the election of the Superior General. Sisters of all tongues, and from all parts of the world, gathered together in the solemn invocation of the Holy Ghost and the preliminary prayers. The Bishop of Angers felt that the occasion was so important, especially in this gathering of Superiors of all nationalities, that he consented to preside. With absolute canonical regularity, and minute attention to every detail prescribed, the voting was effected, and for the fifth time consecutively - the Superior General was re-elected. Congratulations poured in on every side, and even the Bishop, who was not pleased at the re-election, had the grace to offer his good wishes and to speak a few courteous words. Thus, for the time, all went well and there was a semblance of peace.

Just a year later, though, a real tragedy supervened. Father Augustin Joubert, that excellent and devoted priest whom the Bishop had named

ecclesiastical Superior and his delegate over the monastery, passed to a better life and Mother St. Euphrasia, besides her great sorrow at losing him, was in complete desolation not knowing what new complication this decease might bring. Father Joubert, zealous and full of esteem for the Sisters, had never failed to repeat to anyone who would listen to him that the Mother House of the Good Shepherd was admirable in regularity fervour, union of hearts and minds, and that it trained its religious with such perfection that they could go to the ends of the earth to fulfil their mission of saving souls, and never an iota or a comma would be changed in the Rules and Constitutions they took from Angers, and which they regarded as the perfect norm of life. The coldness of the Bishop rendered the loyal, faithful and efficient service of Father Joubert all the more precious and appreciated. The Mother was full of anxiety with regard to the next Ecclesiastical Supervisor, and she was not without misgivings when the Bishop sent them a young priest to replace the old, venerable friend whom they missed so much.

Father Boucher, the newly-appointed delegate, took up his duties with zeal, and appeared to promise well, showing a real interest in the affairs of the community. But it soon became apparent that instead of serving, that is rendering assistance, he was investigating, in a critical spirit, with a praiseworthy, if somewhat mistaken idea, that he was to

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reform. whatever seemed to him faulty or lacking in the management of the house. There was a certain youthful sufficiency in his estimation of his own authority as Superior and delegate of the Bishop, and he began to interfere in matters that were not of his province. Mother St. Euphrasia bore with her usual patience several incidents which annoyed the community extremely, and she forbore from making any remonstrance. But Father Boucher evidently felt that the Sisters did not approve of his methods. He complained that his interventions were not well received at the monastery, and he was given a parish for his field of labour. The Bishop may have realised that the choice had not been a happy one, and perhaps he had few priests at his disposal in the busy cathedral city. He made a second selection, which did not seem particularly appropriate either, for a cloistered monastery. He named a Father Las Casas, a man of good family, who had been married and lost his wife before he entered Holy Orders: also he had suffered from nervous trouble degenerating into melancholia, and he was sometimes peculiar in his notions. A person of this kind would naturally be extremely trying, even with the best of intentions, his physical condition reacting continually disastrously upon all he undertook to do. In reality, the Sisters were fully directed by their Rule and Constitutions and a daily programme that

marked each duty for them. They did not need to apply to the Ecclesiastical Superior for approval of what had been established by St. John Eudes nearly two hundred years ago. It was not for this a delegate was appointed. Perhaps through excess of zeal, perhaps because he feared not to be doing enough as Superior, Father Las Casas began to investigate and examine whether there was not something to alter and improve in the Sisters' manner of life. For the community it was a cause of petty annoyances and they were disturbed by it. One would not like to say that his suggestions were impertinent and intemperate: but why seek to better what had been tried and approved and found to be wholly satisfactory for ages? The Superior evidently did not recognize that his authority had limits, beyond which it was not becoming for him to pass. But the day came when it became necessary to tell him so. Mother St. Euphrasia was sure that he meant well, but she had a formal duty. Gravely and respectfully, she answered that she could not tamper with the Rules and Constitutions. What had been established, and approved by the highest authority, must be maintained intact; the Holy See alone had power to act in the matter. Father Las Casas complained to the Bishop that the House of the Good Shepherd was not willing to accept his observations, or to introduce certain improvements which he suggested. Monseigneur Angebault upheld his representative; a support right no doubt in principle, but which ignored in practice that the

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community also might have inalienable rights. He ordered the Mother General to come to an understanding with the Ecclesiastical Superior. It was to command what was well-nigh impossible. There was a long period of fencing and bickering. Mother St. Euphrasia could not in conscience give in, and Father Las Casas insisted that he had been given authority over the house and that it was bound to obey him. The Bishop sent an ultimatum: if they could not come to an understanding with Father Las Casas, he would give them no other Ecclesiastical Superior. This was to create torture for the soul of the Mother General, for she could not yield to pilfering of the legislation of the Order, and what would she do if the Bishop left her without the only priest empowered to give the habit and to receive vows? The community would again come to a complete standstill, as it had done once before. She endeavoured to parley with Father Las Casas. He would not be convinced; he had taken his stand and knew that the Bishop upheld him. Then tired of the struggle, he spontaneously handed in his demission to the Bishop, and kept away from the monastery. The Mother Foundress was again under the Bishop's displeasure, and all the life of the community was stopped short. Her trouble was beyond words to express it. She could only cry to God to succour her, in this new extreme need.

Monseigneur Angebault wrote to Rome to explain his attitude. It was very difficult to find any priest who would consent to act as Ecclesiastical Superior of the monastery of the Good Shepherd, and he himself, at the moment, had no priest that he could spare for the task.

The Monastery found itself confronted by a Bishop who refused to come and preside at any of its ceremonies, and who further declared that he had no priest that he could send to represent him. Postulants and novices waited, in vain, to consecrate themselves to God.

**A Summary Glance over the
Last Ten Years of Life
(1858-1868)
XXIV**

IT WOULD seem, and perhaps it really was so, that as the Saint drew nearer the close of life, sorrows, instead of growing less, on the contrary increased mote and straitened her on all sides. Her health was becoming ever more precarious and she was never without pain, from the hidden cancerous growth in her side. Outwardly, her afflictions had reached the culminating point in the renewed enmity of the Bishop, which paralyzed the life of the community, and which, furthermore, brought coldness and misunderstanding from many other quarters, clergy and prominent citizens alike arguing that there must be some good reason for the evident displeasure of the Bishop, and his withdrawal from the monastery. The House of Angers certainly suffered in many ways from this abstention of the Pastor. And yet, the sad arrest at the Mother House did not appear to affect the growth and development of the Institute in every direction.

In 1859, the Bourbons of Naples, unfortunate princes so soon to be driven from country and throne, asked urgently for a foundation in their beautiful city, and they extended their protection and assistance over the house which became very flourishing. The establishment was able to continue, in spite of many political changes and across the revolution, and it is still in full efficiency at the present day.

Another foundation made in the same year was in the huge, busy city of Chicago. This, too, was very important, and it has done an immense and most meritorious work. In fact the Chicago house was so crowded that it became necessary to open a larger building in another part of the town, and later a second house was opened for coloured children. The two institutions both thriving and each one under its own Superior, are active centres well-known to Catholics and non-Catholics as powerful agents for good.

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One of the most interesting and difficult foundations of the year 1863 was that of Port Said at the head of the Suez Canal. It was Ferdinand de Lesseps, working on the canal, who asked for the foundation. He knew the House of the Good Shepherd in Cairo, and he was grieved and shocked at the immorality of the new city springing up at the head of his cut through the isthmus. He got the Bishop to sustain his request, and the Mother General willingly granted what was represented to her as so urgently necessary. She was considering whom she could name as Superior of this arduous undertaking when she bethought her of

Sister St. Elizabeth Ledoulx then in the convent at Malta. This young Sister had grown up in the Orient and she spoke a number of languages. The Mother named her Superior and the group of five Sisters sailed from Marseilles for Africa, arriving at Cairo on the 19th of April. From thence their journey lay across the sands of the desert, so and so discouraging, and for five continuous days they saw nothing but the grey perspective of the billowy dryness. They must have felt that they were going to the end of creation, and at length what they came to was the raw, loud-voiced, riotous town which was only just coming into existence and which had already made for itself a name for drunkenness, gambling and vice. Sailors of all flags were continually passing through the port, and honesty and decency seemed to be banished from the spot. It was scarcely the place for virgins consecrated to Christ; but De Lesseps hoped to bring some purity and some decorum to it with their presence, For them the station was very hard. The cloister could not be established at that time, and, - still more serious deprivation, - they could have no chapel. They tried to do what little good they could around them, and they found one joy in baptizing the little Arab infants, so many of whom died before they were a year old. The Sisters thought they would join the Holy Infants in Heaven, those who "sport with their crown and palm." The great engineer begged the Mother General, almost on his knees, to allow the Sisters to open a small hospital at Port Said, where there was no help of any kind for the sick, but she was unwilling to do it for fear they should lose the spirit of their vocation which was to labour for souls. However, having pity over the sick, as her Lord had, she gave permission for the hospital, provided the tourière Sisters alone should attend the patients. De Lesseps, who was now President of the Suez Canal Company, was most grateful for the presence and cooperation of the religious, and built them a large convent and also the much desired church which indeed was the first church erected at Port Said.

Needless to say, the foundations continued year after year without cessation and the United States had several new houses. In 1864, it was

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the French Bishop of New Orleans who asked for a foundation in his city. It was developing rapidly, with a population that was partly French. In spite of its charm, the city was not healthy. Whether owing to the climate itself, warmed by the Gulf of Mexico, or to the floods at the mouth of the Mississippi, it was often swept by epidemics that took a fatal toll of the inhabitants. A reason such as this was not likely to deter the courageous Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and Sister Teresa von Schorlemer set forth in the early summer, with one companion, for the long ocean voyage which would land them in New York. From the latter port they were to proceed again by sea for New Orleans: such was the method of travel at the

time. They embarked in fact, on the 9th of July, to continue their route to New Orleans. The war was still raging between the North and the South, and pirate ships, - strange at that late date and yet true! - were taking advantage of the general confusion to ply their unholy trade, stopping and rifling ships of all flags, and frequently offering violence to the helpless passengers. Even during the short passage from the eastern coast to the shores of Louisiana, when the vessel upon which the Sisters were embarked had attained a certain distance to seaward, it found its way barred by another vessel, manned by a crew of ruffians, who came on board, placed all the passengers under arrest, and then proceeded to loot the ship, removing the mail sacks and cargo to their own embarkation. The Sisters thought their last hour had come, and praying, waited for some order that would violently end their life. But a second ship, which proved to be English, arrived upon the scene, and the pirates stopped this one also, compelling it to take the prisoners on board, and then sinking the first, upon which the Sisters had been, before sailing away. The terrified passengers were taken back to New York, the Englishmen's destination, and landed whence they had come. This first adventure was not encouraging; but the Sisters' obedience was for New Orleans, hence, as soon as they could obtain passage, they set forth a second time, and at length reached the southern city. The quaint, picturesque little New Orleans of 1864 had already tried to give a small house to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; but the protestant element in the population had objected so strenuously, and showed so much prejudice and hostility toward them, that, to respond to the Bishop's insistence, Mother St. Euphrasia was sending that Sister Teresa who had created the wonderful house of Bangalore in India, sure that, if anybody could succeed, it was this daughter whom she esteemed as one of her pearls of choice. The city was impoverished and ruined by the long war, and Sister Teresa had a hard task indeed in building up her house. She did not have, as in Bangalore, the prompt response of officials eager to educate their children. In New Orleans there was poverty, the

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discouragement of defeat, the hopelessness of those who had seen their cherished old order pass away. Two very hard years tried the pioneer religious almost to the limit of endurance. It was much that they were able to hold on. Then came that violent, terrible visitation of the cholera that has remained historic. The entire city was paralyzed, the population stricken unto death. The Sisters did not hesitate a moment, They went out, into the streets and houses, assisting the sick, the dying, as the priests were doing, without any thought of self, without any fear, - in the name of Christ, - heroically, Sister Teresa succumbed almost immediately. Racked by the frightful sickness, she offered her sufferings to God, and quickly passing, at the end, laid down her life for the salvation of souls. The day was the 27th of August, 1866. It was a tragedy for

the house, and a tragedy for the Mother in faraway Angers. Indeed, the violent and untimely death of this beloved daughter gave her a severe shock from which, in spite of her perfect resignation, she seemed to have trouble in recovering. - "Crosses, crosses, crosses," she wrote to one of her daughters under the impression of this blow: "I do not seem to have anything else."

She had observed that this particular abundance of crosses always rained in upon her when she was preparing some foundation in a pagan land. She was preparing one such foundation when the news of the heroic and yet terrible death of Sister Teresa reached her, in the midst of many other trials. She had been asked for a foundation in Burnish, India, where a house would be very necessary, and she understood the opposition of the spirits of evil when, with her daughters, One went Who had power to cast out the unclean. Not only penitents would be converted, but innumerable souls would be regenerated in Jesus Christ. On the eve of the Sisters' departure for the new foundation, 12th of December, 1866, she told them confidentially how her multiplied sufferings were a proof to her that she and they were doing the Divine Will and that the mission would be fruitful. - "A proof that the Burmah foundation is pleasing to God, lies in the crosses of all kinds that we have had for some time past. Only one cross was missing, and that one came upon us yesterday. This is exactly as it was when we were making our foundations in Egypt, India and Oceania. If I only hearkened to nature, I would say: 'We will not go on these great missions any more: they cost us too many crosses.' But no, with the help of God, we shall overcome all things." The Burnish foundation was in fact the means of bringing many souls to God, and it proved well worth the sufferings it had cost.

In the month of May, 1867, great anxiety was felt at Angers for the health of the Mother General as she contracted a severe cold, which

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settled on her chest. These attacks of sickness came upon her now with great frequency, and her strength being less to resist them, they were always a cause of preoccupation for her daughters. They were beginning to realize, only too well, that physically the beloved Mother was almost worn-out. Not her soul, not her spirit, which was young still, brilliant even, and awake in its intensity of life. But the poor body had suffered too much, and worked too much. Rest even, could avail no more. That which shone ever more clearly in her was a beauty of spirituality, of holiness: it was almost like a light around her. She was so steeped in God, that one almost lost the sense of what remained material in her, so transparent had that become to the shining through of the divine. That illness of the month of May, bronchitis, aggravated by the threat of impending pneumonia,

brought her near the end of life. The entire household, community, Magdalena, and children, were storming Heaven to obtain the grace of her recovery. At last it occurred to her daughters to make a vow to Our Lady of La Salette, and to give the Mother some of the miraculous water of the spring to drink. The physicians had declared that there was little hope left; but the Sisters would not give in. After the beloved patient had taken the La Salette water, she fell into a quiet steep, and, on awakening, discovered that she was breathing without any trouble. It was the beginning of recovery: and she herself and her children thanked their Benefactress effusively for this new grace and signal of the merciful protection of Mary. As she emerged out of that calm slumber, which had restored her, she told the Sisters around her that she had just had a dream. - "As I was very much worried about the crosses which we are having just now from without, I saw the Congregation wrapped as it were in an immense net, the threads of which were broken at many points. As that made me very anxious, the Blessed Virgin said to me: 'If you put your hand to it, I will leave you: it is I who wish to repair it all'." One cannot help wondering whether this was indeed only a dream, or one of those "seeings," which occurred to the venerable Mother sometimes in sleep. It appears to have given her, or to have renewed in her, the assurance that this Order of Our Lady of Charity was dear to its heavenly Patroness, and that Mary herself watched over it and over its members with a very special care.

The Mother was convalescent, but she had not yet left her bed, when two long-desired and infinitely welcome visitors arrived at Angers. They were two religious of the Santiago House in Chile, two Sisters by birth and the first to come from that far shore of South America. They had the most intense wish to know the Mother General in person, and she, too, had been extremely eager to see them. The older, Sister Mary

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of St. Augustine, Fernandez Concha, was Superior of the Santiago house, which she had enriched with innumerable benefits before she at length decided to enter the community; and the younger, Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception, was a novice who had desired to make her profession at the Mother House, Mother St. Euphrasia wished to see these two precious guests as soon as they arrived, and the Sisters were brought to her room. She clasped her hands in wonder, when she perceived them. - "They are just as God had showed them to me," she said, awed herself at some miracle of prescience verified in them. All who heard her knew that, in spirit, she had already seen the faces of these two daughters who came to her from so very far away. She loved them both at first sight and she found the elder so full of sympathy and of understanding, that she often kept her beside her in intimate conversation, discussing with her many matters that

concerned the future of the Congregation. On one occasion she opened her heart to her about her recent miraculous recovery. - "I was very ill," she said; "I was going to die. God spared my life in order that I might see you." Almost as if, through her, she wished the expression of her love to reach so many of those other South American daughters whom she would never see. She had always shown a particular interest in the Chile foundations, and she predicted now to the earnest woman listening to her, that they would grow marvellously, and that the Order would have a remarkable expansion in all the regions of the New World. It afforded her the sweetest consolation to see how true her missionary daughters had been to her own ideals, and how, in those far countries, they had formed other daughters for her, exact in all things to the model of Angers. Mother St. Euphrasia blessed and thanked God. The entire community was edified by the fervour of the American Sisters, and by their perfect knowledge of the Rules and Constitutions and customs of the Mother House, and also of the history of the Order.

On the 29th of June of that year, 1867, Rome was keeping, with extraordinary solemnity, the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of the two Princes of the Apostles; and the Catholic Church throughout the world responded. Five hundred Bishops of all nationalities assembled in the Eternal City, around the two hallowed tombs, and the throne of him who sat in the Chair of Peter. It was a magnificent testimonial to the efficiency of the preaching of Peter and Paul and to the universality of that faith by which as the great poet of Italy has said it: "Christ, too, is a Roman."

..... «Quella fede Per cui Cristo e Romano.»

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Mother St. Euphrasia's thoughts were continually travelling Rome ward during these days; in spirit she was present at the splendid celebrations in the great basilicas, and especially in that unforgettable St. Peter's, which she loved as if it were a possession of her own; and she kept reminding her daughters of all that Rome means in the history of the Catholic Church, and of how fidelity to St. Peter and to his successor, the Vicar of Christ, is the very touchstone of all genuine Catholicity. Their own Congregation in particular, she said, owed everything to the Holy See, and attachment to it must be a characteristic mark, distinguishing its members. She arranged that in all the houses the day should be kept with special devotions and observance, in close union with Rome, and that a series of celebrations should increase the solemnity of the anniversary. A feature of the Roman festivities which appealed to her particularly was the canonization of her dear little shepherdess saint, Germaine Cousin, who had

worked the miracle of the flour at Bourges. The Sisters around her noted with what enthusiasm, at the conclusion of prayers recited in honour of the new saint, the Mother raised her voice to cry for the first time: "Sainte Germaine *Cousin*, priez pour *nous*!"

Her own birthday, a day the Sisters loved to keep, followed soon after, and she would say, not without a certain amiable burnout, that it was also the birthday of the Generalate which dated from the 31st of July, 1829. She was happy to keep at least the latter anniversary, which had opened all doors to the spread of the Congregation. Perhaps it was well that the Sisters, joyfully busy composing verses, preparing a musical programme, and binding garlands of flowers with which to adorn the chapel, the refectory, and the community-room did not guess that this was the last birthday their beloved Mother was to spend on earth. It passed happily enough; save for the secret crosses that she knew, and the physical pain which scarcely ever left her. Life was almost done, consumed in the truest sense of the word: a full life, thwarted and contradicted like His Who died upon the Cross, but yet creative in the multiplication of works it left behind it, and bearing so rich a harvest of choicest fruit, that its garnering would only be fully known in eternity.

Toward the end of summer, there was to be another recurrence for which Angers was preparing with so much zest that it sent out invitations to all the Superiors of Houses who felt that they could absent themselves from their monasteries. Mother St. Euphrasia had made her vows on the 9th of September, 1817, in the chapel of the old Refuge of Tours; so that

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on the same date, in 1867, she completed the fiftieth year since her religious profession. How many memories! What a long succession of crosses and graces interwoven since that day! And, above all, how great, how transcendental, the mercy of God had been. She could not think of it without tears. Her own wish would have been to spend the day in retirement, alone with God, but the love, the reverence, the gratitude of her children demanded instead that this half-century celebration should assume all the importance and splendour they could gather for it. It was arranged that the festivities should last three days, in order that all the departments should have an opportunity of showing their joy, and offering their congratulations to the Mother, and the first day solemnized was the 8th of September, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a feast so dear to the venerable Foundress, and which the Church declares in her liturgy to have been the beginning of joy for the world at large. "Nativitas tua, Dei Genitrix Virgo, gaudium annuntiavit universo mundo." Angers had never seen so magnificent a display, and it was wholly the work of her clever daughters' hands. The entire

house was decorated with flowers, garlands, evergreens, disposed with perfect taste, and, on the grounds, triumphal arches covered with boughs of trees and coloured streamers, were illuminated at night, offering a beautiful and picturesque sight. On the second day, there was a ceremony of profession which recalled vividly to the beholder that day, fifty years ago, when - with so much gladness and effusion - she had pronounced her vows at the foot of the altar. A quite young religious with veil and soft linen guimpe, and the face of Rose Virginie, lovely in its perfectness of bloom. Intelligent eyes, full of life and so kind in their glance and steady strength in the lineaments, with just a touch of piquancy in the determination of the mouth and chin. Rose Virginie, little brown girl from Vendée, and the island poised over the in-wash of the Atlantic, fifty years ago. It gave her pleasure that this anniversary ceremony should be performed by a new friend, Father Pini, a venerable ecclesiastic, parish-priest of the church of St. Gregorio in Bologna, and founder of the House of the Good Shepherd in his native city. Two new statues were blessed and solemnly placed that day as memorials: one of the Sacred Heart, offered by Mother St. Augustine Fernandez Concha for the Sisters' choir, and another, a votive offering of thanksgiving for the Mother's recovery, erected to Our Lady of La Salette in a convenient place in the grounds. In the evening, after the many commemorative events of the day, the house, the grounds, and particularly the statues, were brilliantly illuminated, and the pious crowd of the religious and novices thronged the fairy-like gardens chatting happily together, or making pilgrim visits to the shrines, and intoning, by groups, the

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favourite French *cantiques*, in which so many voices tunefully joined. The Jubilarian was not permitted to leave her room after sundown; but she was quite content to sit at her window, in the balmy evening, and to look down upon the extraordinary sight of a night festival in the monastery grounds, enjoying to the full the happiness of her children, and their child-like delight in the lights and decorations. She was not forgotten for one moment. They kept passing and re-passing beneath her window, with lifted, smiling faces and waving of hands; and, more than once, the groups of the singers paused beneath the window to greet her with a serenade or couplets made for the occasion and addressed to her. She answered them all with nods, smiles, and friendly little gestures of appreciation and affection so that they knew she was taking part in their pleasure, and that she was grateful to them for all they were doing for her. It was a marvellous festival, this nocturne, never to be forgotten; and it only ended when the silence bell chimed out and was instantly met with an equally marvellous stillness. Not another word, not another sound. One could hear the foliage move in the night breeze, and the sputter of a lantern struggling to survive. This also must have

pleased and struck the Mother, comforting her to give thanks to God. For it was with a deep sense of gratitude, and of her own unworthiness, that she had received their homage and the many tokens of their reverence and their love. Many gifts were presented to her, and fifteen Superiors, delegates of houses in France, Germany and America, stood around her as witnesses of the extension her work had taken these latter years. The third day of the celebrations was given over to the Magdalena, penitents, and children. All had a thousand reasons to be grateful to the Mother General. The Magdalena, in particular, knew well that it was she who had founded their Congregation, nursing its infancy and watching over it still with a special love. Many of the penitents owed their conversion to her personally, or to the holy Mistresses she had set over them; and shelter and food and garments they owed likewise to her. The orphan children knew her chiefly as their mother. She cared for every detail of their life, as if she alone were responsible for it. She would sometimes intercede for small culprits, especially if they were crying: the tears of a child were a deep pain for her. - "You will always be good now in future, won't you? Promise the Mother that you will." It had an extraordinary effect. But while she clothed, fed, and educated them, she remembered that play, too, must have its hours; she procured simple toys for them. On holidays they looked to her for the much desired sweets and lolly-pops. When the orphans said "Our Mother" it meant something worth while, So there were plays, compliments, recitations, in all the departments, attendance of the Mother General and her Assistants, her

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gay and charming little speeches of thanks, favours granted and received with applause, and the generous distribution of goodies and bonbons which added so much to the general joy. All those persons who had accused the Mother of being tyrannical, arbitrary and excessive in her authority, and of crushing the religious beneath her yoke, should have been present at the Jubilee celebrations to observe what was done, and the spirit in which Mother and children rejoiced together. For her, happiness and understanding meant so much: and instead misunderstanding and sorrow had been her bread all her days. By these ways, God leads His saints: and who shall ask Him the reason why? The Man who was mocked and scourged and spat upon, before the Roman governor brought Him forth to stand before the howling rabble: He is the only answer. The scrap of scarlet about Him insulted His regality, as it was intended to do; and there was no sign of the divine about Him, save His patience. The Roman Governor said: "Behold the man."

Immediately after the Jubilee, Mother St. Euphrasia was obliged to permit the Chilean Sisters to depart, much to her regret, but she felt that it was necessary. And they, too, sorrowfully left her, for they had small hope of ever

seeing her again; but all the houses of their region would be enriched by this, that Mother St. Augustine had met and conversed intimately with the Foundress. The return of the Sisters was saddened by heavy crosses. Their country had gone to war with Spain, the mother country, and this brought many difficulties and trials upon the population. The monasteries also felt the pressure, and just about the same time, sickness began to take a heavy toll, especially among those who were in positions of responsibility, the most difficult to fill. The Superior of the house of Serena died, apparently when she was most needed; the house of Talca lost, in rapid succession, first the Assistant who had just arrived from France, and then immediately the Superior, who was young and much beloved. The two Fernandez sisters, who were returning from Angers, were caught by sickness even before they landed. The younger, Sister Immaculate Conception, who out of devotion had wished to pronounce her vows at Angers on the anniversary of the Mother General's profession, was taken seriously ill with typhoid fever during the crossing, and, in spite of all the care lavished upon her by her devoted and agonized sister, she died, after being landed at Valparaiso, on the 26th of November, 1867. It was a staggering blow for Mother St. Augustine, and perhaps no less a one for the Mother General; there was still the comfort left that they could share the sorrow, and the Mother knew how to console. The day was

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approaching when her daughters would be left, in utter desolation, to grieve alone.

Mother St. Euphrasia had met, a few years earlier, the famous Capuchin missionary, who was then Vicar Apostolic among the Galla tribes of Abyssinia, and who was subsequently to become Cardinal Massaia. The Mother General was much interested in the Father's account of his missions, and he proposed to her then that it would be an admirable plan for her to open a house at Aden. The port is a most important one between the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, situated upon the wonderful gulf of the same name, and shipping from Europe, Africa, Asia and Oceania, moving in all directions, touches the shores of Arabia there. The missionary felt that the point was a strategic one; he told the Mother that a house of the Good Shepherd there would be a godsend; and he added that the missionaries were frequently offered slave-girls for sale, by their parents, who esteemed them no more than chattel. If Sisters were within reach, the missionaries could buy these unfortunate young creatures and trust them to the religious who would educate them and make good Christian women of them. Mother St. Euphrasia agreed to the proposal, and Monsignor Massaia went about the necessary steps in Rome. He obtained permission for the foundation, and the Mother asked for volunteers because this was so truly a mission that she would

not compel any to go unwillingly. The climate itself is exhausting and extremely trying to Europeans. There were plenty of responses, for souls were to be saved there as elsewhere, and the house was opened in 1868.

That year saw a number of new foundations, both near and far, and one that seemed to give the Mother a special pleasure was that of Alstatt near Saint Gall in Switzerland, due to the generosity of a benefactress there. She named the Sisters, and took a personal interest in the details for their departure which was fixed for the 25th of March. At the farewell ceremony, during which she was wont to conduct the little group of travellers to the foot of the statue of Our Blessed Lady that they might obtain her blessing, the Mother was kneeling in her stall at the foot of the chapel. She was ailing and infirm, as usual, but she had insisted on presiding. When the time came for her to rise and lead the Sisters, she stood, measuring with her eye the distance that she must travel to the altar. Then, to those near her, she whispered she could not do it. It was as if a mass of ice had fallen upon their hearts. She, so brave and so resolute, that it was enough for her to say that a thing must be done, and she went and did it, - she declared now that she could not walk from her stall to the altar! Those who heard her were paralyzed with fear and dread. And, as one urged that it was only a few steps, she answered:

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"My dear children ... for me it is as far as St. Nicholas." They realized clearly then that her course was almost ended: for the indomitable spirit confessed that the feebleness of the flesh no longer responded to its own uplifting fire.

A few days later, she found she could not rise from bed. And now, the torment of unceasing pain grew more and more dreadful every day. Propped upon pillows, her mind still searchingly clear, she read and dictated letters, enquired after the different monasteries and, in reality, directed still the vast, complicated machinery of the government of all the houses. She was as keenly interested as ever in the requests for new foundations, and as intelligently quick to grasp the outstanding features in each different case. Her answer was always yes. - "Yes; for the glory of God, and for the salvation of poor souls." During the last recreation she spent with her daughters, it happened to be Passion Sunday, the 29th of March, 1868, she had utilized the free time by dictating to her secretary a letter addressed to the Provincial Superior of the St. Louis house, whereby she authorized her to open, - as the latter had petitioned, - the two new houses of Brooklyn, New York, and St. Paul, Minnesota. And her thoughts were upon these new centres, in those far United States, the wonderful America to which Bishop Flaget had introduced her, and in which he had inspired her to have faith. From her bed, she signed that last document. They were the last foundations she was to make. They brought the total number to one hundred and ten.338

Last Illness and Death XXV

AS THE MOTHER General advanced in years, her health had become ever more precarious; and only by infinite care was she able to continue in activity, day after day. She was so afraid of afflicting her daughters that she never spoke of her ailments, and never mentioned any pain she might have. They did not even know of the cancerous growth which was eating more and more deep into her side, and which must have caused her intense suffering. She never permitted any physician to see it, through an excess of delicacy. And so, ill and in pain, she moved about the house, attending to her duties, presiding in choir and in the refectory as if her seventy years, and her shattered health, were of no concern to her. One day that she had been going from place to place in the different departments, looking into her daughters' needs, just as she reached her own room on the second floor, a faintness overcame her, and she fell forward into the old arm chair which had been Madame D'Andigné's and which her daughters had insisted on giving to her. The Sister Infirmarian, who was with her, realized that the Mother's condition was very serious and that only her phenomenal courage, and the grace of God, were keeping her up. She implored her to see the physician, Dr. Farge, who attended the monastery, but the Mother answered humourously that she would prefer to pray to St. Joseph, and that he would cure her if he saw fit. To spare her the fatigue of the stairs, a room was prepared for her on the first floor, near the parlours, that she might more conveniently see visitors, and the various persons who came for business purposes. At four o'clock she retired to her own quarters upstairs: but it was not to rest. Her secretaries then came to her and an immense quantity of correspondence was dispatched. Although the division into Provinces had relieved her of much secondary work, she wished nevertheless to keep in close touch with each single house, and, as far as she could, with every single one of her hundreds of daughters. "Incomparable Mother," they were wont to call her, and they were right. Her love went Out to each one individually, and the sorrow of each of them was her sorrow, - "Never write any words but words of kindness and good cheer to our Sisters of the missions," she once admonished her daughters of Angers. "They suffer enough and have hardships enough,

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without our adding to their burden. Let nothing but the tenderest charity. and warmest encouragement go out to them from the Mother House. I declare here, now, before you all, that if ever a word is written which is likely to wound or grieve our Sisters of the Missions, it is not I who dictate it, and the word goes out unknown to me, for I would never suffer anything that could cause our dear devoted Sisters the least pain."

She was most anxious, and she often inculcated this upon her daughters that they should receive with the greatest cordiality and affection religious who came from the other monasteries on business or to visit Angers. "Give them a smiling welcome; be at their service; be eager to do for them whatever is possible for their relief and comfort; our poor Sisters often arrive very tired and in need of care. See that they have all that it is in our power to give them. If their linen needs washing or mending, be glad to attend to it for them. Let them feel that they are at home and that we are so glad to welcome them."

It required a great heart to open thus wide its own portals and those of the material house; but at Angers one felt this warmth, which emanated first from the heart of God, and, passing through a human heart, radiated divinely upon whatsoever other human heart came within reach of its rays. After she was gone, her confessor writing to condole with her daughters upon their loss, stated that hers was "the most beautiful life he had ever known." One feels that this is a most just appreciation, by the witness who had known most intimately her thinking and her acting.

Weak as she was growing, she was still strong enough to try to conceal her own exhaustion and suffering from those who surrounded her; but they were the last efforts she was to make. She was still managing to keep up, when her feast-day, St. Euphrasia, 13th of March, brought the problem of how she could spend it without disappointing anybody, and with least exertion on her part. Her daughters decided for her that she should sit in an arm-chair in the Community Room, and that there all the departments should come to her, one after the other, to offer their good wishes. The community first had a long hour to themselves; and her daughters noted how her graciousness and affability, always so marked, had undergone no diminution; but there was added a sort of pathos, in the smile of tenderness with which she greeted each one. And they observed, with a tightening of the heart, how her eyes rested lingeringly upon one face and another, and at moments even upon inanimate objects in the room, as if she felt that she would be bidding them farewell soon. After the community the Magdalena; and these she

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looked upon with desire. - "Ali. the Magdalena! These ate mine indeed, for it was truly I who founded them." They all passed in turn, and she had a kind and affectionate word for each one. Then the penitents, who had cost her so much labour, her "dear children," for them love, too, and encouragement and exhortation. Then the little ones crowding around her with so much to say to her, artless prattle, weighty whispered confidences: the ingenuousness of infancy

which delighted her beyond words. She was very tired after she had seen them all, but very happy. In the evening she was able to say that it had been a full day; but a day of perfect serenity and rich in consolation. This perhaps the Heart of her greatest Friend and Master had permitted, for her last feast-day on earth. Several Superiors of houses that were not too far away, had wished to come and spend the day at Angers to bring her the homage and good wishes of groups of her daughters in other cities, and one of them, as she knelt to kiss the Mother's hand on leaving, asked if she might return to see her soon? The Mother bent caressingly to her ear: - "You will return soon, but you will not need permission to do it. " The Sister rose smiling and went her way. Only a month later, when the impending catastrophe was bringing Superiors in hot haste from every direction to Angers, did she realize that those few words whispered in her ear were prophecy.

The following day, the 14th of March, rose pure and lovely. The sun shone, the sky was radiantly blue, the air soft and balmy. There was already more than the promise of spring abroad: the surging, pulsating new life was pressing to burst forth in swelling bud, leaf and triumphant bird-song. At one o'clock, the Sisters urged the Mother to come out and see her garden. And they wheeled her carefully and slowly along the walks; but at the chapel of the Immaculate Conception she said she would alight, and, prostrate before the altar, she prayed long and fervently in the most profound recollection. Was she for the last time recommending to her beloved Mother and Queen, her daughters, the Institute, her own soul? It was the last time she entered the little sanctuary that was so dear to her, the last time she looked around upon the fair walks and garden-plots which had always interested her so much. We have said that she was able to attend the recreation on the 29th of March, and she was anxious to do it, both because the Rule required it and because it was a joy to her to chat with her daughters. - "Dear children," she declared to them, "I am never so well as when I am in the midst of you; and never so happy." The Sisters could not help seeing how feeble she was, and they begged her once more to allow the physician to visit her, but she only repeated again that she was praying to St. Joseph, and that perhaps before his month was out he would cure her, if it were

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God's Will. But on the 31st she was no better; in fact she was so suffer that she kept her bed, and the Sisters, on their own authority, sent the physician. He found that she had congestion and inflammation of the liver, accompanied by high fever. It may be that the growth in her side was the true cause of her sickness, but even now she did not mention it, and she was quite determined that the doctor should not see it. Through excessive delicacy, she would not permit any person to do this. The physician had ordered a mustard-leaf to be applied to the

liver; and the Mother at first declined the remedy, but she consented when she understood that she could place it herself, without the assistance of the infirmarian. She succeeded in doing this, but presently the burning leaf slipped and went down, adhering to the open wound in the Mother's side: so that she could not remove it herself, and she was obliged to cry out, the intolerable pain driving her almost out of her senses. The Sister Infirmarian came to her assistance, and was shocked, horrified, at the sight of what the Mother had concealed so long. She begged her to allow the physician to see the sore and to dress it, but the Mother refused so emphatically that all her grieving daughters could obtain was that she should permit a Sister of the Order of Sainte- Marie, a nurse, to dress and bandage the spot. In reality, the disease was too advanced for any medication to avail. The dressings caused her agonizing pain, but she endured these a few times to satisfy her daughters. The fever was very high; and, from time to time, long fainting-fits robbed her of consciousness. Dr. Farge was in constant attendance now, but he could not conceal from the Sisters that there was nothing to be done. It was merely a question of time. And she was so reduced that even that was likely to be short. Grievously ill as she was, and tormented with thirst, the Mother continued to observe the Eucharistic fast from midnight on, that she might be able to receive Holy Communion in the morning. It was still her most living thought, and her deepest desire, as it had ever been. During the day-time, if at any moment she felt slightly better, she would send for the Assistants and discuss with them any question of importance that was worrying her. All the houses were still vividly present with her. Aden, so long a project, was just about to become a reality, and she named, one after the other, in the midst of excruciating pain, the Sisters who were to make the foundation. El Biar, the house in Egypt, had become the cause of intense anxiety to her. - "Oh, if you only knew," she exclaimed, "how much I have suffered for the house of El Biar! I feel that that work is costing me my life. If I were not such a sinner, I should be tempted to think that our Lord has chosen me as a victim. But no, I am not worthy to be a victim for so beautiful a work." Perhaps she had indeed been chosen as victim, for the redemption of many souls.

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On the Friday sacred to the remembrance of the Dolours of Our Blessed Lady, she was suffering so much that she spoke of her torments. - "Our dear Lady wants me near her on Calvary. What a Passion Week, my dear daughters! All woes have come upon me together." The morrow, Saturday, was equally full of anguish. About six in the evening she felt so ill that she thought death was approaching, and she asked that Extreme Unction be administered. The entire day had passed in violent and terrible spasms, accompanied by vomiting, which had reduced her to the last extremity. But toward evening, seeing that she

appeared quieter, the Chaplain, Father Callier, thought it might be possible to administer Holy Viaticum. Everything was quickly prepared around her, and the Blessed Sacrament was brought to the little altar in her room. But the Sisters were weeping so, that she alone of them all, clear in mind and aroused by the Presence she adored, answered the prayers of the liturgy. As the Priest turned with the Sacred Host in his hand, she made a sign that she wished to speak: - "I renew with all my heart," the faint voice said, clearly and firmly, "the vows I have made to my God of poverty, chastity, obedience, and zeal for the salvation of souls. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen ... I beg pardon of the Community and of the Congregation for the causes of pain and scandal I have given them. I forgive from my heart all the persons who have caused me sorrow. The Community never has." At this declaration, in which her magnanimity overlooked all and forgot all, and her great love reached out to comfort them, the subdued weeping of her children changed to agonized and uncontrollable sobs. She waited a moment: she had not finished. Then she repeated the words of her great and cherished model, St. Teresa of Avila: - "I profess that I die a true daughter of the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church." The Father Chaplain wished to speak some word of comfort and he began: "Behold your King who comes to you full of sweetness. He is a King crowned with thorns: He is on Calvary ... and you are there with Him". . . He had meant to say more, but he began to weep, so he came forward to administer the Holy Communion, adding only, in a voice smothered with tears, the words of the ritual: "Receive, very dear sister, the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ as a viaticum unto life eternal. Amen." The Mother became immediately so absorbed in her adoration and thanksgiving that no further word was spoken and silence reigned in the room. A cup of water was placed at her lips, but she shook her head: she would not drink. And presently the Sisters who had remained around her heard, spoken aloud, the impassioned words of her love for her Eucharistic Lord. - "O Jesus, You are my life, my beloved, my all! I offer you my life, I give you my heart, I wish what You wish: nothing but Your holy Will.

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Forgive me my sins: I am deeply sorry for having offended You." From time to time she would kiss the Jerusalem Cross which she kept upon her bed, and press it to her breast. Then she remained, for a long time, in the silence and absorption of profound recollection. At length, fearing perhaps that they should think her unconscious, she opened her eyes: - "I am making my thanksgiving," she said. But the Sisters assured her that she had finished her thanksgiving, and persuaded her to take a few sips of water. Her glance dwelt upon them, these dear children whom she loved so much. There were so many things she wanted to say to them, and perhaps the time was going to be short. - "I beg you all to be closely united together. If you should have any little misunderstanding, forgive one another...

Oh, this dear Institute, love it always faithfully! Promise me that you will always sustain it." - "We promise you." "Watch over your treasure. This dear Institute is in the hands of God." But the contained sorrow and desolation of Sister St. Peter de Coudenhove overflowed. - "Mother, what is to become of us now that you are going to leave us?". . . "Do not let that trouble you. I am going toward the good God: there I shall be able to help you better than on earth." Yet there was one more word she wished to say, and she put her whole soul into it. - "And above all things, beloved children, remain always attached to Rome, to the Holy Father, to the Cardinal Protector. Do as I have done. It is true that the attachment I have had for Rome has cost me many sorrows, many crosses, and the greatest difficulties. And yet, in spite of all I have suffered, I die happy that I have never detached myself from it. Oh, love Rome: there is the light, there is the column of fire which enlightens the world. Nowhere will you find a better father than the Sovereign Pontiff and, after him, our venerable Cardinal Protector. .1 Then after a moment, coming down from that high vision of the column of fire which guides the world, she added tenderly: "Take great care of our dear penitents, of our poor children." And again, as thought succeeded thought in that clear mind, and she saw, spectator as it were of her own death, -all the business it would entail. - "It is time," she announced, "to write to the Foundations." Her daughters answered that it had been done already that morning. She seemed pleased. They were ready. They were already facing the inevitable. And she was glad all her children should be so notified that their mother was about to pass away. She began to speak of the houses, one after the other, naming them almost all. It was a long review: one hundred and ten centres, scattered over five continents. But they were all lucidly before her. Then she lifted her hands, saying that she blessed them all; and all her daughters, those who were present and those who were absent. - "Tell my beloved

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daughters that I bless them, that I embrace them all with tenderness, that at this supreme moment not one of them has been forgotten."

All those who surrounded her thought that that fateful Saturday, when the Mother received the last Sacraments and made her farewells to her children signed the last stage of her journey. The following morning, which was Palm Sunday, she could scarcely articulate; but she nevertheless made her daughters understand that she wished to have her palm-branch as usual. They brought her at once one of the olive branches which had been blessed with holy water, incense, and prayers at the solemn ceremony that morning, and she took it lovingly in her hands and kept it by her a long time, as if it gave her comfort. Later on, one of the Sisters took this bough and planted it near the chapel of the

Immaculate Conception, and it took root and flourished. Cuttings from the tree have been sent to many of the distant foundations, as a remembrance of the Mother.

During the course of this day she seemed slightly better, although always in great pain. But she had no illusions as to the ultimate outcome of the sickness. - "And to think," she murmured, "that last Sunday I was in the midst of you; but it was only love that was keeping me up" - " Yes," they answered, "and how many marks of love you have given us, Mother." "And you to me, dear children: I feel it deeply". . . As she said it, her tears began to gather and to fall. She endeavoured to stem them that the sight of her weeping might not trouble them. - "It is a moment of weakness," she said, almost excusing herself. "it is because I love you so much." And she wiped away the tears, seeking to command herself even then.

At four o'clock of the afternoon, in reply to a telegram sent the previous day by the Assistant General, a telegram arrived from Rome: it was from Cardinal Patrizi to announce that His Holiness sent his blessing to the Mother General, and was praying for her. It was enough to fill the dying woman with unbounded joy. She made a large Sign of the Cross and kissed the paper that brought such a message as this. Then she asked the Sisters to place it beneath the group of the Holy Family which she held in such great veneration. Her happiness and consolation at the thought that the Holy Father blessed her and was praying for her, exalted her so that she was lifted quite out of herself. Another joy was to come to her two hours later. At six o'clock the Bishop of Angers, accompanied by one of his Vicars, came to visit the saintly woman to whom he had been the cause of untold suffering. She certainly entertained no rancour: she had always claimed that, in what he did, he thought he

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was doing well. And in the face of death the Bishop must have relented. He entered with perfect kindness, saying: "My dear daughter, I have come to bring you my blessing. I have remembered you already in Holy Mass and in my visit to the Blessed Sacrament." - "I am very grateful to you, Monseigneur," she answered with the greatest deference and unaffected warmth. Then the Sisters went out, closing the door, and the Mother remained alone for a few minutes with the two ecclesiastics. What was said in that brief interview never transpired. But the mere presence of the Bishop removed a stone weight from off the Mother's heart. And she was so humble it is not impossible she asked pardon, at that last moment, for wrongs she had never done. It was at least fitting that, before she closed her eyes to earth, her Pastor should come for a moment to her bedside. God alone is judge.

During the week that followed, and it was Holy Week, the Mother, always in agonies of excruciating pain, was nevertheless always present to herself and generally able to speak a little to her daughters. A number of Superiors, learning of her grave illness, hurried to Angers and entered, harrowed with anxiety, breathless, to kneel beside her bed. She found the kindest and most touching words to comfort them and to keep up their courage. Others, unable to leave their monasteries, wrote eager letters, outpourings of the heart, to tell her of their love, their sorrow, and how they were storming Heaven with prayers for her recovery. These letters were read to the Mother and they touched her so deeply that she wished to have them all kept. - "Do not burn these letters," she begged of the readers.

The night which followed Palm Sunday was one of intense suffering. The Mother appeared to be suffocating, and she had piercing pain in the region of the heart. But she remained so calm, in the midst of these paroxysms, that it seemed almost as if the disintegration of her earthly envelope did not concern her. But her ardent prayers uttered aloud, showed that she was closely united to God and that she was lifting up her torment as supplication. - "My God, I wish what You wish. I offer You my sufferings for my daughters, for the penitents, for this dear Institute which You have blessed with so many graces. Grant me patience to endure all for the love of You."

On the Monday morning she was still able to receive Holy Communion, to the great joy and comfort of her soul; but after that no more for twelve long days, frequent attacks of vomiting, and a state of utter prostration forbidding it. This was one of the greatest deprivations it was possible for her to suffer, and she felt it keenly. - "The good God wants to purify

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me," she said, alluding to her disappointment. "I must do His Will. It is a cross He sends me in justice. I adore His designs." But the trial grew very sharp when on the 9th of April, Maundy Thursday, she knew that the entire community was gathered at the foot of the altar of repose, and that the whole Catholic world was celebrating with solemnity the memory of the institution of the most adorable Sacrament; and that she alone, of all her household was not able to receive this Food of Life. - "Alas!" she said in utter desolation. "Alas, my dear daughters; this is the first time in all my life as a religious, that I have not been able to receive our Blessed Lord on Holy Thursday." But, as she expressed it, she "embraced" the Will of God. - "I press the Will of God to my heart." She was very sensitive however, to a great joy that came to her in the form of a letter from Rome. Cardinal Patrizi, after sending the telegram, wrote to express his

solicitude and to assure her that both the Holy Father and he himself were praying incessantly for her. She was touched to the quick, but could only profess her unworthiness that the Sovereign Pontiff and their venerable Cardinal Protector should deign to pray for her.

She spent Good Friday in continual and devout recollection of what the day meant for the salvation of the world. But, on the same day, she began to take thought for the monasteries whose Superiors were still at Angers, living in trepidation the phases of her long agony; and she begged them all to return to their own houses that the communities might not be deprived of their presence on the solemn feast of the Resurrection. "It is more fitting that you should be there," she admonished them. "You can come back to me again after Easter." They went back to their posts as she desired, regretful at leaving her, but in a way assured that, as she had said that after Easter they would still find her, the end was to be delayed. The same day a letter from the Superior of the house of Loos in Belgium, probably written before she learned of the Mother's grave condition, came in the mail, asking permission of the Mother General for the erection of a community chapel adjoining the monastery. The Mother listened with pleasure to the reading of the request, and answered that she gladly gave the permission desired. - "It is a happiness," she said, "to be able to give, just on Good Friday, the permission to erect a new sanctuary in honour of Our Blessed Lord."

Easter Day was a sad enough festival for her, without Communion and without being able to take any share in the splendid liturgical celebration of the Resurrection of the Lord. She had become merely an oblation of pure pain. Indeed she no longer desired to live: she desired, on the contrary, to be dissolved and to be with Christ. - "Do not pray that

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my life maybe prolonged," she begged of the Sisters. "You would only be retarding my happiness." But it was hard for them to cease praying; for even reduced to the last extremity, as she was, she was still the head, the heart and the life-power of the great Institute.

On Easter Monday, the 13th of April, an altogether precious and unexpected consolation was to revive her spirits. A most kind and holy priest, Father Roux, who had been the Mother's confessor for six years and only recently had been transferred to Rennes where he was Superior of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Father Roux wrote to say that he had been prevented from coming to see the Mother by the heavy work of Lent and Easter, but that he would take the first train from Rennes Monday morning, arriving at Angers in the evening,

and that he would leave again by the night train to find himself in Rennes Tuesday morning. Only real devotion could inspire so fatiguing and so strenuous a programme; but he was deeply attached to the Mother General, and most anxious to see her and to speak with her again. The Mother was filled with joy to hear that Father Roux was coming to her that day, although she understood very well, and lamented, the hardness of that rapid and forced journey for a man of his age. Of this, too, she declared that she was not worthy. But, in reality, it was perhaps the very greatest consolation her Good Master could give to the tried and struggling soul. The sight alone of Father Roux seemed to comfort and cheer her. To him she made her last confession with the confidence and abandon of a child, and from him she received the last words of assurance and God-speed for the journey, in that Sacrament which, of all the mercies of God, is perhaps the greatest to a sinning and heavy-burdened human race. With deep gratitude, the Mother thanked the good priest for his kindness in coming to her, and for all he had done for her during those six long years of devoted ministrations. And as he was leaving, even in his presence, she said to her daughters a word that both he and they would always remember. - "He alone has been faithful to me always." As he went out, Father Roux could not help expressing his admiration to the Sisters. "Your Mother is a wonderful soul," he said, "and it is a privilege to approach her. I was really amazed at her extraordinary calm and self-possession at this supreme hour."

On Tuesday, the Superiors of the different houses of France returned and took up their vigil again beside the Mother; but it was clear to them all now that she was failing rapidly. Her mind still watched, and she remembered that the 19th of April would be Good Shepherd Sunday, a special feast of the Order. She said she hoped they would

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keep it as usual, and not permit her illness to prevent the celebration of this day, sacred to their highest and most beloved patron, the Pastor Bonus of the Gospel. Aside, to the Sister Econome she added that she must give the community a good dinner, with some little extras in honour of the feast. She had again rallied slightly and on the morrow, Monday, in the morning, both she and the infirmarians realized that she would be able to receive Holy Communion. It was an unspeakable consolation to her after the long fast of twelve days. And on the Tuesday morning again the Eucharistic Lord came to her bedside; but, after that, no more. The poor flesh was struggling in its last combats before the eternity Of Test.

Several times during those last days she spoke, almost as of a physical reality, of the painful and arduous ways that she was travelling. Was she only in the throes of mortal sickness and fever, or did she see, as it were in vision, a true similitude of those extreme, anguishful reaches of life which must be traversed, in such great fear and trepidation, before the soul attains the last boundary of its peregrination upon earth? - "How many things are passing in this room!" she exclaimed once. And they were things that she alone saw and knew. And then again: - "I was in great peril but our dear Lady was near me and protected me. She never leaves me. I do not know what would become of me if it were not for her." And still at another moment: - "There is a great hill that I must climb. And I must go across the water. And afterwards I shall find rest."

Once, after a crisis of agonizing pain during which she lapsed into unconsciousness, and it seemed that she might be about to die, they heard her speaking, more to herself than to them: "Oh, how beautiful Heaven is! I see Our Lord in the midst of His Elect, satiating them with the torrent of His delights. Oh, if I only had the strength to cross the torrent and to scale the mountain . . . How many things; my dear daughters, are passing in this room, on this bed of suffering ... My children, pray to the Holy Family to help me." But one presence, mystical, serene, celestial, seemed never to abandon her. - "I feel that Our Blessed Lady is there beside me-she tells me that I have only a lake to cross: but how many rocks ... how many rocks! ... Afterwards, I shall be in port ... I know where rest is but it is far, far away. If I can climb as high as Our Lady has shown me, I shall find the Lord of Peace."

It was strange that she should be beholding her own extreme ascent as a material reality, - or was it imaged labour of the spirit? - for she did not appear to be delirious. When any person approached her and spoke to her, she was clearly present, her mind perfectly and completely lucid.

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But who shall say what was passing in her soul, and before the inner sight of her spirit, as she neared that final boundary where eternity and time meet, as upon the shores of an unknown sea? Times without number, from that mysterious region, light has shone through, piercing into our opaqueness.

On Tuesday, there was another long fainting-fit, and always her daughters wondered whether there would be any return to consciousness, or whether it was the end. But she rallied, and during the course of the day she spoke several times of things she wished to have done. She never mentioned the word death, perhaps to spare them pain, but it was evident that she knew the time had come to manifest her last intentions. - "Afterwards," she said, and what she meant

was clear, " afterwards, my dear daughters, I wish you to keep me in the chapel of the Immaculate Conception. I love that chapel because there I shall be near our works. The Magdalena, the Penitents, the children can come and pray there."

She had not expressed any wish in regard to her successor, and the Sisters were very anxious to know if perchance she had such a wish in order that they might respect it. When Father Roux was leaving, after his short visit to the Mother, they asked him if she had mentioned the subject to him -"We spoke of it outside of confession," he answered, "but she preferred not to name any one. She preferred to leave it in the hands of God." But it was observed that, on one of the last days of her life, she called Sister St. Peter Coudenhove to her side, and that she spoke to her for a long time in private. As the Sister was leaving her, two other religious approached the Mother's bed and to them she said, as if she had divined some fear and anxiety in them with regard to the future. - "Do not worry ... Sister Mary of St. Peter has never caused me the least sorrow. She has been my support: and she will be yours too." There was no doubt in the mind of the two hearers that the Mother was manifesting her own intimate wish. Her detachment and confidence in God held her from making any public declaration, and she had too much respect for her religious to wish to force her own opinion upon them. But she had no hesitation in indicating to them the one she thought best suited to guide them. And it is possible that it had already been revealed to her who was to succeed her in her heavy charge. Her eyes had rested frequently and lovingly upon Sister St. Peter.

With regard to her own person, it always seemed to her that the Sisters were doing too much. This long illness! And she was giving them so much trouble. She was sure that she had tired them all out. They would not even go and rest when she begged them to. - "My dear daughters,

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what a burden I am to you! But you may be sure that I shall not forget you after I get to Heaven. Do go and rest a little now; you can come back to me after a while." One of the things that touched her most, during those last days, was that the Provincial for England, hearing of her grave illness, started immediately with the Superior of the London House to assure her of the loving thought and profound attachment of her English daughters. The Mother opened her arms wide when she saw them coming to her. - "God has kept me in life that I might have the consolation of blessing you and of pressing you to my heart. Come, my children, my joy and my crown! Your presence restores me to life." Frequently, as she lay silent, her thoughts were travelling to the foundations afar, and she would mention now one and now another, sending last greetings, last

remembrances. On the eve of her death, she was speaking of Chile. - "Tell my daughters in Chile that I bless them, that my heart remains with them. I beg their holy Archbishop to pray for me: I shall be eternally grateful to him."

The 24th of April, a Friday, dawned, and she still appeared to be holding her own. In the midst of atrocious sufferings, she never gave the least sign of discouragement or of impatience. - "I must not commit the least imperfection during this illness," she had said from the outset; and in fact she was careful not to commit any. At times she would moan softly, but no word of complaint passed her lips, and she never gave any sign of irritation. On the contrary her gentleness, her sweet courtesy, and affability, were a source of wonder to those who knew how terrible her pain must be. On that last Friday, the physician, who had found her very weak the day before, called early, at eight of the morning, as he felt anxious about her condition. Without surprise, but nevertheless with deep pain, he ascertained that symptoms which are wont to precede death, were already setting in. He left the room, and to the infirmarians awaiting his word with dread, he said shortly: - "She will not pass the day." In a moment, the verdict was known all over the house. In spite of all, one always hopes. And when a word of this kind comes, it is a bomb however much the catastrophe may have been long expected as inevitable. In the room of the patient there was perfect quiet, and to the Sisters coming, tremulous and fearful, to the door, the Mother seemed no worse than she had been yesterday, or on so many other yesterdays. But ardent prayers were going up silently, from hundreds of afflicted hearts, and the whole house was very still. In the midst of this black watch of anxiety, most indiscreet and inopportune, a visitor arrived: a lady who was passing through the city, and desired to see the Mother General. Mademoiselle Louise Masson was a great benefactress of the

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Cholet foundation, and had long wished to visit Angers. The Sisters were for refusing her admittance, but the habit of "asking Mother" was so inveterate, that they asked her now. She answered that she could not refuse one from whom her daughters had received so many favours, and Mademoiselle and her companion were introduced. The Mother thanked her effusively, and presented each of the ladies with a small Crucifix for remembrance. After this first visit, she herself sent for several of the Superiors who were in the house, speaking to each one alone, and then she asked for the Sisters whom she had named for different foreign missions. There was one destined to the second foundation in Algiers. - "Ali, my child," she said to her, "I was waiting for you. I am so happy to see you. We name you Superior of Oran. I trust that house to you." It was the last nomination she was to make. Then she added: "Tell Monsignor Callet," (the Bishop), "that one of my last breaths gives him his Superior for Misserghin." Then

she asked for the two groups of mission Sisters who were about to leave for Arabia and for India. And she spoke the name of each Sister, as they knelt beside her, giving her blessing personally to each one. In a wonderful synthesis, during that short hour, she had reached out to lands far, far away, and her last thought and blessing would be carried to distant continents to revive and console her daughters there. Then she sat back upon her pillows saying that she must rest a few minutes. Every soul in the house had been reassured by her appearance of energy, and the vivacity with which, albeit her voice was faint, she had spoken to so many of her daughters. Now she rested, and there was silence in the room, the two infirmarians alone watching beside her. But she remembered that there were more of her daughters whom she had not yet seen, and who had asked if they might enter, at least for one moment, to kiss her hand. About three o'clock of the afternoon, she said to the Sisters who watched her that now she thought she had rested enough, and that she would see some more of the Superiors from out of town. But it was only her dauntless courage which prompted the words; the poor, worn body could do no more. Suddenly, as it were unexpected even to her, she collapsed. Feeling that she was going, she cried aloud - "Goodbye ... Goodbye..." (in French, Adieu: I commend you to God). "Goodbye my daughters . . . Goodbye, dear Institute". . . Then no more words. She closed lips and eyes, forever. But for two hours more the slow, painful breathing continued. The two Assistants, kneeling one at each side of the bed, from time to time, suggested to the dying Saint the holy Names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph. From time to time, they placed the little Jerusalem Cross to her lips that she might kiss it. The entire community was crowded into the room, in silent prayer. They understood well that this was the end: this

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time there would be no return. The slow breath was ebbing, ebbing. Still, she was breathing. Then, about six o'clock of the April evening, as the birds wheel with little cries of joy in the fading blue of the spring sky, Sister Mary of St. Peter rose softly to her feet. None knew just at what moment it had happened, so sweet, so peaceful had been the passing. But there was no more breathing: Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier was dead. Friday, the 24th of April, 1868.

She was laid out in great simplicity, as she would have wished, but with lovely and fragrant flowers all around her, and her face, under its wreath of white roses, was radiant and had assumed a beauty of youth; perhaps indeed, a greater beauty than had ever graced it before. It was noted that the motionless feet were of a shining whiteness, surpassing that of the purest marble; and many of her daughters, as they gazed upon them with admiration, were reminded of the word so often chanted in their chapel over departing missionaries:

"Beautiful are the feet of those who carry the good tidings of the Gospel, of the Gospel of peace." She had carried far and wide the Name of Jesus, in "many and painful journeyings," as the Apostle says of himself. she had carried it by the presence of her daughters to the extreme confines of the world.

They buried her as she had desired in the little chapel of the Immaculate Conception, where she had so often come to pray, and where the "Magdalena, the Penitents, and the children," could have easy access to her presence. She seemed to desire them even after death.

A magnificent tribute of appreciation and praise rose up over all France, over all Europe, and in the most remote parts of the globe, where Bishops, prelates, and distinguished persons of all kinds, had known her personally, or through the work and words of her daughters. It was one immense chorus in which she was exalted as she deserved to be, and not a single voice was heard in discord to mar the perfect harmony. Praise and gratitude extolled her in an infinite number of tongues.

The days were over when criticism, blame and injustice could make her heart ache and press the bitter tears from her eyes. "For winter is now, past: the rain is over and gone. Arise, friend of my heart, and come."

The Life After Death

XXV1

IT WAS Sister Mary of St. Peter Coudenhove who was elected to the unfillable place, and she sat in it with great humility, but fortified by the conviction that it was as the Mother would have wished. The Mother! She was her one ideal. She was naming her at every moment. And she ruled wisely and well, guided at every point, and even in the smallest details, by what the Mother had done. Love and fidelity that were a stringent necessity for her: but they also endeared her inexpressibly to the community. In cases of doubt she never imposed her authority. It was always: - "I think our Mother would have done so. I think our Mother would have wished this." And one had the impression that it was still the Mother who was governing, and that Sister St. Peter who had so often represented her as Assistant General, was merely representing her still. She was not effusive, as the Mother had been, but she was always just and always kind. There is a portrait of her, that seems to express all her character. A narrow, lean face of regular aquiline features and intellectual in type, dark eyes, extremely penetrative yet guarded in their glance; lips sensitive and refined; but, above all, an air of recollection and holiness that inspire involuntary reverence in the beholder. She "had never caused the Mother the least sorrow, and she had been her support." They were words which the Community was not likely to forget.

There was a new Bishop of Angers, for Monsignor Angebault scarcely lived one year after the decease of the Mother General, and the new Bishop was so remarkable a personality that his fame has survived to the present day. Monsignor Freppel was well-known for his erudition, his enlightenment, his eloquence, and also for his brave and powerful Catholic pen. In his diocese he became best known for his unbounded charity. This was the prelate who found, at his very door, an Institute of a marvellous livingness and fecundity, with the special vocation of bringing wayward souls back to God, and which at the same time, as a missionary Order, sent its daughters fearlessly to the five quarters of the globe. The Bishop found furthermore, and chiefly among his clergy, which was a point worthy of consideration, a veneration for the memory of Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier,

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which made a deep impression upon him. Her Work was there, a testimony beyond question, and what was said to him of her virtues appeared to him to be greater than the work itself. - "You cannot convert souls unless you yourselves are holy," a word she loved to repeat to her daughters, had a peculiar significance when one

thought of the many souls she had converted. It was this character of holiness which seemed to stand out, more and more, as religious and laity discussed the merits of the deceased. And the Bishop found himself presently, at first unofficially, and then very soon officially, petitioned by the persons most deserving of esteem in all his diocese, to examine into the life and virtues of the Foundress of the Good Shepherd of Angers. Simultaneously, as if a word had been passed to this effect, though in reality it had not, a number of Provincial Superiors, from countries far apart, began to petition the Mother General that efforts should be made to preserve all the memories and writings of the Mother Foundress, lest they be lost to her children of the future. And they, too, urged that the remembrance of so holy a life should not be permitted to pass away.

By agreement between the ecclesiastical authorities and the Institute, it was arranged that a deputation of Superiors of the Order should go to Rome and lay at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff a supplication that he might be pleased to appoint a court to examine into the life and virtues of their Foundress, the venerated Mary Euphrasia Pelletier. It was Leo XIII who received the petition. Pius IX was dead, buried beside the martyrs as he had wished, and the great man who now occupied the Chair of Peter was that Archbishop of Perugia who had written twice to Monsignor Angebault, begging for a foundation of the Good Shepherd in his episcopal city. Mother Mary Euphrasia's disappointment had been so keen that she had wept when she heard of those unanswered letters. Her daughters were kneeling at the feet of Leo XIII now, and he knew very well what the Order of the Good Shepherd was. He had seen it at work in a number of Italian cities. Rome itself had two houses. He received the Sisters with the marked kindness and benevolence which had always greeted their Order at the Vatican, and, without any hesitation, he promised that their request would be granted. In fact the court for the initial process was immediately appointed at Angers, under the presidency of the Bishop, in obedience to orders received from Rome. But, while the French Bishops were the first to act in sending petitions to the Holy See for the introduction of the Cause of Beatification, they were by no means alone, for Bishops of English, German, and Spanish tongue made the same request; and Bishops in North and South America were among the most insistent.

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Meanwhile the years were passing, as the slow processes unrolled their course. Mother Mary of St. Peter went to join the venerated Mother Foundress in Heaven, having kept full faith to her and to her Institute, wise stewardship that had not only preserved the treasure but had increased it. After nine years of incessant labour, upon her death-bed, the second Superior General signed a fresh petition to the Holy See, begging for the Beatification of one who had so clearly shown her Power with God. The Chile houses, which the Mother had always

loved so much, declared that they had received signal graces by invoking her intercession. And so did many of the others.

In 1877, the third Superior General took office. She was an extremely modest little Sister, Mary of Saint Marine Verger, whom Mother Mary Euphrasia had brought into the Congregation almost by force. As a young girl she had come to accompany her best friend to the monastery, when the latter asked admission. - "And you," the Mother had said to the second maiden, "are not you going to enter?" - "No, Reverend Mother, I have duties at home." - "I think, nevertheless, that you are going to enter. I think you are both going to be here for the feast of the Immaculate Conception." The two girls went home, one to make her preparations, the other to think about the Mother's words. They returned together. The Mistress of Novices said to the Superior: "Mother, did you not tell me to prepare for one postulant?" - "I did." - "Well, two have come." - "It will be all right, Sister. The second told me she was not coming, but I thought she probably would." Some years later Mother Mary Euphrasia was speaking to the same little Sister in private and told her that, before long, she would be Provincial Superior. But the young Sister was so far from suspecting her own worth that she thought the Mother must have mistaken her for some older Sister who resembled her. - "Dear Mother, I think you must be making some mistake: you think I am some other Sister." - "No, dear Sister, I am making no mistake. It is you yourself I mean." She made an excellent Provincial, and then third Superior General. Mother Saint Marine decided to go to Rome in person, carrying the petition which Mother Mary of St. Peter had written and signed when she was dying. She was accompanied by the Provincial Superiors of France and Chile who had many extraordinary things to relate, and she herself told the Holy Father of the prediction Mother Mary Euphrasia had made to her. Leo XIII was a statesman, a scholar, and one of the greatest minds of the century. He did not smile, as a smaller man might have done. He listened attentively, asked questions, and then bid the Superior General re-appear as a witness when the Apostolic Process should be instituted. Mother Mary Euphrasia

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had always bid her daughters cling fast to Rome. This audience with the Holy Father took place in the month of October, 1892. What the superiors were able to tell His Holiness, orally, was that for five or six years now, continually, in all their houses non-ordinary events and cures were being attributed to the intercession of their venerable Mother Foundress. There was not time to tell him of all the instances, but he knew their sincerity and good faith, and for him a few words were enough. He was convinced that the Cause should go forward, and promised his support.

With all the accounts now before one's eyes, one is embarrassed at the wealth of narratives and testimonials. One of the earliest is of 1886. In a House in the United States, a child detained there for misconduct, and determined to be free at all costs, jumped from a window and dropped upon a heap of stones. In the forty foot fall her back was broken and physicians and surgeons wondered that she still lived. But it could be only for a few hours, or minutes. A novena was begun, begging Mother Mary Euphrasia to save her. By the end of it she left her bed, the spine incredible as it may seem -completely healed.

During the course of the following year, 1887, the favours obtained were innumerable. At Altstatten in Germany one of the penitents was in danger of death through having accidentally swallowed a needle. All efforts to recover it proved vain, and she seemed certainly doomed. But, by invoking the help of the Mother Foundress, she was cured. At Port Said, Sister St. Bernard inadvertently wounded her hand, and bloodpoisoning set in; she was in so grave a condition that it was feared she would lose her life; but she, too, praying to the holy Mother Foundress, was suddenly and perfectly cured. In Serena, Chile, a Magdalen was seriously ill and the physicians had declared that it would be very difficult to save her. The Sisters advised her to swallow a few threads taken from linen that the Mother Foundress had worn, and her recovery was instantaneous. Likewise at Serena, on the feast of Our Lady's Visitation, 2nd of July, 1887, there was a celebration at the monastery for a young priest who that day ascended to the altar for the first time. As a student he had lost his health, and was obliged to abandon his studies, thereby losing all hope of ever reaching the priesthood. Friends had advised him to pray to Mother Euphrasia Pelletier who took such an interest in vocations, and he began to do it with great fervour. Immediately, his health improved, he was soon well enough to resume his studies, and he had a feeling that some mysterious power was helping him with these. He was duly ordained, and he had desired to come - out of gratitude - to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time

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in the house he called "Her house." He had no doubt at all that it was the Mother Foundress of the Good Shepherd who led him to the altar.

At Amiens, there was a Magdalen, Sister Magdalen Rose, who was so crippled with arthritis that she was reduced to immobility. No form of treatment brought any improvement in her condition, which, on the contrary, became chronic, and she was given up as a hopeless and incurable case. She was in great suffering, and began a novena to the venerable Mary Euphrasia imploring her to cure her, if it were the will of God. One day during the novena, she felt that she could move her limbs. She tried to rise, and did it with complete ease, dressing

herself and coming down the stairs to join her companions who thought they were seeing a ghost.

In London, Sister Mary of Saint Paschal had her two arms paralyzed by a stroke so that she was completely useless, and very much grieved at being only a burden to the community. Physicians had done all that they could, and declared that it was quite vain as life was wholly gone out of the stricken members. But the Sister thought that Mother Euphrasia would take pity on her, seeing that she could do no work when there was so much of it to be done. She made a novena, and noted a very slight improvement, as if a suspicion of life were creeping back. She made another, and there was a very distinct improvement, as if the circulation were beginning again. She made a third, and a fourth, and presently there was no further question about it: her arms moved, and then were altogether untied; another miracle of the Mother Foundress.

In 1891, Angers suffered a great loss in the person of the saintly Bishop Monsignor Freppel, who had always been a great friend of the Good Shepherd and who had desired so much to see the Mother Foundress beatified. He was succeeded, in the January of the following year, by another distinguished prelate, Monsignor Matthieu, who was also to be active in the same cause.

A first decisive step had been taken on the 11th of December, 1897, when, according to the procedure of the time, Mother Mary Euphrasia was declared Venerable. This initial recognition filled Mother Mary of Saint Marine with joy for she had worked hard personally, and without sparing herself to bring it about; but she was not to see the next advance in the process. She had many crosses and tribulations, as all those who sit in the exalted place of the Generalate seemed doomed to have; but she departed this life in peace in the month of May, 1905. She was succeeded by her late Assistant General, Mother Mary of Saint Domitilla Larose, a Superior who fell upon evil days indeed. For in 1908, France decreed

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the expulsion of all religious orders from its territory, and while the majority of the Houses of the Good Shepherd were suffered to remain, owing to the social nature of their work, nevertheless they were subjected to many annoyances and vexations, to continual interference on the part of the secular authorities, and three of them, which had been particularly harassed, were closed by order of the civic government. Three houses which have cost so much labour and sacrifice are not a small loss; but the Sisters were compelled to recognize that they were less tried than others, who had lost everything, and were furthermore driven ruthlessly from their native land.

The following year, 1909, brought a large joy to the entire Eudist family in all its branches: Father John Eudes, saintly founder and legislator of the Society of Priests which bears his name and of the Congregation of Our Lady of Charity for the rescue of the fallen, was solemnly beatified in Saint Peter's in Rome. Mother Mary Euphrasia had always been utterly faithful to this first institutor, whom she loved and revered with her whole soul, and all through her life she had never ceased to pray that God would deign to raise him to the altars. His older sons and daughters had not been too favourable to the youngest born of the family, regarding her as an innovator; but she knew herself to be 'flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood'; and what Rome had approved, she was certain that he, too, in his perfect faith accepted without cavil, and would approve. So Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd rejoiced infinitely, in Angers and in all its houses. This was a gift indeed to offer the Father and Founder: two hundred and forty-six houses, all caring for the erring and the fallen, and all issued out of one. - "Believe me, my ladies," he had said to his first little group of Sisters, "there is no charity greater, or more dear to God, than to labour for the salvation of poor souls." At Angers, the Institute was absolutely true to him.

In 1914, came the cataclysm of the World War, and even the causes of the saints were hindered and delayed by the appalling catastrophe. The thought of all the charitable was directed toward helping the wounded, the dying, the destitute. In France, Belgium and Germany, the monasteries of the Good Shepherd were required to open military hospitals within their walls, and the Sisters tended the sick and wounded men. Correspondence with the different houses was very difficult, and the Mother General frequently did not know what had happened to centres which had become completely silent. Yet heroic efforts were made to reach her on the 21st of November, 1917, when the feast of Our Lady's Presentation at the Temple brought the Golden Jubilee of her religious life. It was a Jubilee in full war-time, stamped with many

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privations and saturated with tears. Yet her daughters in all parts of the world remembered her, and, as far as they could, offered her congratulations and the assurance of their devotion and fervent prayers. In 1918, the war being at end, - though, alas, not its aftermath, - Mother Mary of Saint Domitilla made haste to renew the petition for the beatification of the Venerable Foundress; but another six years were to elapse before any definite steps were taken. At length, on the 24th of February, 1924, the decree attesting the heroicity of the virtues of Venerable Mary Euphrasia Pelletier was finally promulgated, and there was immense rejoicing throughout the Order, for now it seemed that almost immediately the decree for the Beatification would follow. But again there was a delay. It looked as if, dutiful daughter, Mother Mary Euphrasia were stepping back

to allow her great Father to pass in front of her. In 1925, Blessed John Eudes the Founder of the Congregation was canonized during a magnificent and solemn ceremony, and all his children uniting in celebration in his honour, Mother Mary of Saint Domitilla had the happiness, vainly desired and sought by the saintly Mary Euphrasia Pelletier of a cordial reconciliation with the Houses of the Refuge. The saint had been more fortunate with the Eudist Fathers, their General calling upon her at Angers in 1863, and with great mutual charity and understanding, it was decided that they should recognize their spiritual relationship, and place their merits in common, as became the children of so holy a Father.

Mother Mary of St. Domitilla was beginning to feel her burden heavy; she had laboured much and across evil days. Her health was shaken, and she had no desire now save to retire from her weighty charge. She laid it down on the 25th of June, 1928, and, four days later, the General Chapter proceeded to the election of Sister Mary of St. John of the Cross Balzer, as Fifth Superior General, succeeding Mother Mary Euphrasia Pelletier. Mother St. John of the Cross is an intrepid traveller, and she has the distinction of being the first Superior General to cross the Ocean. In 1930 she made the personal visitation of the Houses in Canada and in the United States, everywhere received with regal honours, and arousing the greatest enthusiasm and joy among hundreds of faithful religious who had never dreamed it possible that the Mother General should leave Angers to come to them.

Mother St. John, too, has had heavy crosses, like every one of her predecessors in office; but she saw what "many others have desired to see and have not seen," the solemn and touching ceremony of the Beatification of Venerable Mother Mary Euphrasia Pelletier on the 30th of April, 1933. The year was the one sacred to the nineteenth centenary

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of our Redemption, a Holy Year that called all Christian people to Rome, and the Sovereign Pontiff, in alluding to the date and to the person of the new Beata, declared how fitting it was that she should be associated with the glories of this Holy Year of Redemption, she who, in all the days of her life, had laboured unremittingly that the Precious Blood of Jesus, out-poured upon the Cross, should reach the greatest number of souls possible; and those souls especially which, but for her efforts, might be eternally lost.

In his public allocution there was one other point that the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, stressed particularly: and it was the singularly great attachment, the tenacious clinging of the Venerable Foundress of the Good Shepherd to Rome.

She had suffered much for that attachment but she was not shaken, and one of her incessant exhortations to her daughters was: "Be true to Rome. You are always safe with Rome. From Rome comes the light."

it would be quite idle to attempt a description of the marvellous ceremony which is a beatification. In the great basilica of the Apostle, the decree is read before the assembled Cardinals and Bishops, and when the name of the new Beata is proclaimed, the curtain drops from before her picture, which hangs high up in the golden "gloria" of Bernini, and, as the fair figure appears, borne upward upon the clouds and supported by angels, myriads of lights flash out to illuminate it, and the Te Deum, a magnificent and incomparably ringing Te Deum, bursts simultaneously from thousands of lips and hearts, filling the immense basilica with its storm of triumphant song. Those who were near saw Mother St. John of the Cross weep uncontrollably; and well she might, for her predecessors had waited in vain, year in, year out, hoping, praying for this day which they never saw: but to her, more blessed, the grace was granted.

When the splendid ceremony was over, the lights remained blazing in the incense-laden air, and the white mass of the Sisters who had filled the tribunes broke up, to descend and mingle, white-robed, whitemantled, with the swarm of black thronging the nave and aisles. Then strangers would stop and touch them, pointing up to the figure in the glory: "You are one of hers, you wear the same dress, she is your Mother." The colossal banners in the transepts represented the miracles which had been accepted as conclusive evidence in the process of beatification. If those who scoff knew the rigour of examination, the testimony required, the long and slow and difficult procedure of acceptance, they might find themselves losing their smile. But there was

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no scoffing in St. Peter's that day. There was a wonderful atmosphere of joy and of triumph. Catholics from all over the world, speaking all tongues. Many knew the Sisters, and many did not; but words of gladness and congratulation were addressed in languages they did not speak, and that day they understood them. When they emerged upon the Piazza di S. Pietro, another delight was in store for them. Hanging over the entrance to the great basilica was another banner, upon which their Mother was represented in glory. More than one must have called to mind how, in 1838, she had come to this same portal, a lowly devout pilgrim, seeing Rome for the first time, and how at the Tomb of the Apostle she had felt inspired to offer to God the sacrifice of her life for the welfare of the Institute. And her dear Sister Teresa, kneeling beside her, not knowing, had offered her own life to the same end. There were two hundred Superiors, Provincial and local, present in the basilica this day; hundreds, if not thousands, of religious; and even

groups of 'children" to represent the great work.

The Holy Father received the Sisters all together in one of the great halls of the Vatican, and, when he entered, he stopped short, struck to the soul by that great mass of white that was like a field of lilies pressed close together. The sight stirred him so that he was on the verge of tears. - "A sea of whiteness," he said presently in his address, "a poetry of numbers that is like some great epic." And there was no less emotion among these faithful Sisters, gathered from all parts of the world, and coming, for the most part for the first time, into the presence of the white-robed Father, the Vicar of Christ.

The first triduum in honour of the new Beata was held very solemnly in the well-known church of the Gesu, where the body of Saint Ignatius rests, (she was born on his feast-day) ; and here, too, her image hung above the main portal, and was brilliantly illuminated at night, to attract the faithful to come in and venerate her. The eloquent Jesuit Father who gave the initial discourse reminded his hearers that, nearly one hundred years ago, on a night of early June, the glorious woman whom they saw today in the midst of lights upon the altar, had stood, sad and disheartened on the piazza just outside the church. A rude driver had dropped her and her companions, with their modest baggage, upon the pavement, in the middle of the night, leaving them to fend for themselves. And she had rung timidly at the Fathers' door, asking them where she could go and spend the night. It was fitting, he said, that at that very spot her glory should be proclaimed from the pulpit for the first time. This was one of those vindications by which God makes amends to the wounded honour of His Saints.

The Actual Status of the Congregation XXV11

FIVE SUPERIORS General, as we have seen: Saint Mary Euphrasia Pelletier, Mother St. Peter Coudenhove, Mother St. Marine Verger, Mother St. Domitilla Larose, Mother St. John of the Cross Balzer.

An admirable organization, modelled after that of the great, historic religious families, all the territory divided into Provinces, and the Provincial Superiors forming the link between the Superior General and the local Superiors. There are, at the present writing, 348 Houses scattered over five continents: 10,000 Religious of the Good Shepherd; and 92,000 women, girls and children, in the care of the Sisters as penitents, preservatives, and orphans. The Houses are thus divided by regions: Europe; South America; North America; Asia; Africa; Australia; Central America; Philippine Islands; Island of Java; Japan; China.

The Houses in which English is spoken are: United States 56; England 12; Ireland 7; Scotland 2; Australia and New Zealand 10; India 6; Ceylon 6; Burma 3; Philippine Islands 2; South Africa 3; Island of Malta 1; in the 12 Canadian Houses English and French are spoken equally in 9, and in three English only.

The extension that the Order has taken in foreign countries, or to be more exact in those countries which are still considered purely as missionary countries, is enormous and of the greatest importance, The Mother House, as a mighty beehive in which the generations are constantly being renewed and from which the swarms incessantly take wing to found new colonies, has an altogether phenomenal activity and an effervescence of life that carries with it, to all parts, the germs of a fresh fecundity.

The foundations made immediately after the death of the Foundress were so remarkable, for many reasons, that it seemed almost as if she must be spiritually present, assisting her daughters, as she had promised to do. And in every instance the indomitable courage of the

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religious, and the examples of holiness which they gave, went to prove how true the daughters remained to the teachings of the Mother, and to the ideal which she had set up for them all by her own example.

In the very year which succeeded her saintly death, 1869, from the Indian House of Bangalore, a detachment of Sisters went to found a new centre in

Ceylon, fair spot known as the "Isle of Beauty" to the many colonists who have made plantations there. The first establishment was in Colombo, the capital, and the Sisters did a great work and flourished there. But, as they were short of assistants, especially with regard to teachers for the native schools, in 1871, from the inexhaustible parent stem of the Good Shepherd, another bud issued forth. These were the Sisters of St. Francis Xavier which we have mentioned already as offspring of Bangalore, which indirectly they are. But, to be exact, they had a small beginning at Colombo, three Singhalese postulants placing themselves under the direction of the Superior of the Good Shepherd, who formed this first nucleus spiritually and launched the promising native Sisterhood, while still retaining its direction. There are now close on 300 members, and they do an immense amount of good, being in close contact with the population and speaking their own tongue. A special house of Novitiate was established for them at Bolawalana in 1923, and the native Sisters are in charge of forty rural schools, with a total of 11,500 native pupils. The Order of the Good Shepherd having opened a second monastery on the island, at Kandy, the Xaverian Sisters were again most useful to them, taking charge of the schools for native girls. The Sisters of St. Francis Xavier are exclusively teachers, hence they must have obtained their diploma before being admitted into the Congregation; but they give invaluable assistance with the elementary schools for native children, and how much Saint Mary Euphrasia must rejoice in Heaven to see whole schools of "little brown girls" taught by these devoted Sisters, offshoots in that faraway East of her own splendid foundation of Angers.

Another sublime effort, in which for the love of God and the salvation of souls, a group of Sisters of the Good Shepherd faced adventures capable of striking terror into the bravest of hearts, was made in 1871 in favour of one of the least of the South American Republics, Ecuador. The saintly President Garcia Moreno, known to most Catholic readers, had begged for a foundation in his capital, but as it did not seem expedient to send Sisters all the way from Angers, the Mother General (Coudenhove) directed that six Sisters should start from the Montreal house for the new location. The first part of the journey was not particularly difficult, and the travellers arrived in New York safely,

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taking ship there on the 1st of May for the voyage south. They crossed the isthmus of Panama with its tropical, fever-haunted zone, and again by sea, reached the Gulf of Guayaquil upon the Pacific Ocean and the western coast of Ecuador. From there it was still a long way to Quito, the capital, and the city itself makes a boast of being situated above all its neighbours, at the prodigious height of nine thousand feet above sea level. The poor Sisters had not dreamed

of what hardships they would have to face. The first stage of the journey was to be made on the river Guayas, in a canoe paddled by Indians, and with the somewhat unpleasant sight of amphibious crocodiles basking in the sun upon the shore, or immersed in the water. After that, they entered the virgin forests where human foot rarely treads, and where wild beasts and reptiles abound; but they were amazed, too, at the rare splendour and fragrance of a flora so magnificent they had never conceived anything like it. Then at length they came to the mountains, and here the dantesque character of their pilgrimage found its most arduous features. The ascent was difficult, and upon the heights the wind was so impetuous and irresistible that it seemed as if it would hurl the travellers over the brink into the frightful precipices that yawned upon every side. The Sisters were mounted upon mules, and, when night came, the entire party must halt and make camp, sleeping in the open, - if they could sleep, - with carriers and muleteers at the shortest possible distance from them. They came at length within sight of the Chimborazo, terrific peak, 20,700 feet high, and the torrents that petted down from the almost vertical summits, were so impetuous in their rush, that twenty men were sometimes needed to steady a single mule, as the Sisters, one after the other, made the perilous crossing, in terror every minute of being swept down by the roaring stream. They reached Quito on the 4th of July, after a journey which had taken sixty-five days, and during which it seemed to them that they had affronted every imaginable danger, by land and sea. All the population of the city turned out to welcome the heroic women who had ventured to come to them by such hard ways; and, though curiosity certainly had a share in the interest they excited, there was nevertheless real admiration and cordiality in the greetings they received. This first foundation at Quito was so successful, that the Sisters were soon able to open a second house at Archidona, in the region of the great forests, and here a very large number of Indian children attended the extern school. Ecuador now has three monasteries of the Good Shepherd, protected and in a measure supported by the wealthy families of the upper class, who are also faithful Catholics.

But the eastern coast of South America, as well as the western, was

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to have its colonies of religious. In 1876 the Sisters of the Good Shepherd opened a house at Montevideo, capital of the Republic of Paraguay, a city situated near the shores of the Atlantic, and the work there became extremely flourishing. But the irreligious spirit that prevailed in many of the South American States, broke out into a veritable persecution of the Church and of Catholic Institutions, and, in 1885, the Sisters were obliged to take refuge in flight: wild mobs invaded the house, scattering its inmates, and the disorder was so general that they realised there was nothing else to do but to leave the

country. Fortunately, they were not far from the frontier and they escaped into the Republic of Argentina, which was close at hand, finding in the vast and beautiful city of Buenos Aires, with its large element of Irish Catholics among the population, a kindly and hospitable reception. They were soon able to organise their work, and to form the usual classes of preserves and penitents, and the establishment was very highly esteemed. As soon as peace was re-established in Uruguay, the ecclesiastical authorities wrote to the Sisters begging them to return to Montevideo, where their presence was much needed, and they were glad to take over again their abandoned house; but Buenos Aires was unwilling to let them go, so the Mother General decided to allow the two monasteries to continue, sending fresh Sisters from Angers to replenish the divided communities. The work took root so firmly in Argentina and was generously supported both by the Irish and the Spanish citizens, that there are now eighteen houses in the wide territory of the Republic, and the Order has become thoroughly acclimatized there.

Another enormous state, Brazil, exceedingly rich in natural resources of all kinds, with its many fine ports upon the Atlantic Ocean, and its plantations, and numerous population, consisting mainly of good Portuguese Catholics and of native Indians, did not yet know the Good Shepherd. But in 1889, the imperial family having learned of the excellent work done by the Sisters, invited them to come and establish themselves in the capital city of Rio de Janeiro. This was almost one of the last acts of the unfortunate princes who soon after were forced to take the road of exile, their people having determined, - or perhaps the agitators alone determined, - that they would be governed no more save by a Republic. Meanwhile the intrepid Sisters had arrived on the spot, in obedience to the Emperor's request, and there was no longer an emperor - but the Bishop received them with genuine satisfaction, and they were soon solidly established, winning the esteem of all who approached them, and much beloved by the Catholic families of old Portuguese descent, many of them noble and attached to the ancient

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court. But the Republican government, too, appreciated the Sisters' work very highly, and the monasteries grew numerous, eleven houses at the present writing being scattered over the vast territory of Brazil.

The last of the South American Republics to receive a colony of Sisters of the Good Shepherd was Colombia, to the North East of the continent, between the states of Venezuela and Ecuador. Close at hand are the Isthmus of Panama, the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Darien. This is a late foundation, dating from

1890, and the Mother General desired that it should be made from New York. Six American Sisters therefore embarked for the southern voyage, landing at Sabanilla on the northern coast of the continent. From there, they were obliged to proceed for Baranquilla, a rude, primitive and comfortless journey, to embark upon one of the river ships, plying up and down the great Rio Magdalena, and this, too, was no modern vessel, taking eight days to reach the end of its course. But the Sisters were still far from the end of their peregrinations. By land again now, southward, they reached the city of Honda, and there prepared for the final and most arduous part of their journey, which was the crossing of the gigantic and awe-inspiring chain of the Andes mountains. Splendid to see, but terrible to scale and full of peril, the mountain passes at length brought the travellers to the city of Bogota, the capital, after one of the most difficult and hazardous journeys which it is possible to make. On their arrival, they asked to be conducted to the house intended for them, and which had been promised, and - to their dismay - they found that it was nothing but a ruin, roofless, doorless, dismantled, open to the elements, and inhabited by goats. It was clearly impossible to live in such a place, and the Sisters had an unhappy hour realizing that they were in an utterly strange country, unprovided for, and homeless. It was a ray of comfort to learn that the Sisters of the Presentation of Tours, courageous pioneers from France, had a house in the city, and to them the disappointed travellers turned, and received kind hospitality, until such time as they could make a home of their own. Incredible as it may seem, the ruin was really the house intended for them, all they could do was to repair it and put it in order, taking up their residence there as soon as it was more or less ready for occupancy. Their self-sacrifice was rewarded, as they now have a flourishing monastery and with many inmates in it, and their work is being appreciated as it should.

We have spoken of a few of the foundations which it was difficult to make and which required heroic fortitude in the Sisters who undertook terrible journeys to make them, merely to show what hardships and perils these admirable religious will face in the name of obedience and

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for the sake of their vocation. But a very interesting chapter might be written, too, about the developments which some of the older established houses have taken in the course of time. India has been a remarkable and fruitful field, and Bangalore deserves special notice. Mother St. Euphrasia in person had sent her daughters to make this foundation in 1854, and she was intensely interested in the venture; she was convinced that East India would be a marvellous field, and that there the Institute would gather rich spiritual fruit. In fact, the work grew in an extraordinary manner. But as the Sisters had the valid support of the English government, a powerful assistance in all their works, they were obliged in some

measure to comply with the wishes of the same. Thus a first and urgent requisition was that they should open an extern school for European children, and a separate one for the natives. This the Sisters were glad to do; but, on their side, they insisted that they must be allowed to receive penitents, in still another department, because this was their special work. In that same year, 1854, it was represented to them, and they realised it themselves, that they must absolutely open a boarding school for refined European girls, and they created the Sacred Heart College, an admirable institution, speedily followed by Saint Euphrasia's Normal School, for the formation of teachers. These works were all so necessary that they almost forced themselves upon the Good Shepherd; and they became so efficient and so flourishing they are known all over India. The special classes were also a care because it was necessary to separate the penitents according to their different castes and races. St. Michael's Home, where young unmarried mothers were cared for, offered a field to the zeal of the Sisters, for obtaining conversions and for administering the Sacrament of Baptism, which they did in many cases. The Good Shepherd foundation has become a regular colony or settlement, with a population as large as that of the Mother House of Angers, twelve hundred souls being in residence there, while the extern schools every day bring eight hundred children to the door. The Mother Superior understood that it would be impossible to continue without help, and, in the case of native children it was really better to have native women to care for them. She had many willing young girls who desired to consecrate themselves to God, so, with the permission of the Bishop and of the Mother General, she formed the native Sisterhood of Saint Anne, affiliated to the Good Shepherd and directed by it, a most useful association which assists the Sisters in all their works for the natives, and is much liked by them. The knowledge which these little Sisters have of the various dialects is of great help in their dealings with the natives.

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A paramount need, which the Mother Superior felt from the beginning, was the establishment of some kind of a medical station at the monastery; for every day there was a stream of sufferers coming to the door to beg for relief. There were people with fevers, people with coughs, people with dreadful sores, and they all wished to exhibit their ailments to the Sisters, begging them to give them some remedy. The Sisters did what they could, in a simple way, but they had few medicines, and they were not prepared to give first aid; even in emergency, it would have been very difficult. But what impressed the Mother Superior most was the absolute lack of surgical possibilities when, in certain desperate cases, surgery alone would have saved human lives. The demands made upon the community were so many and so pressing that, though it was not the proper work of the Good Shepherd, the Mother decided that the most urgent thing to do

- in the name of charity - was to open a large hospital, with many different departments in it, and to take care of as many patients as they could. It is infinitely to the credit of this remarkable woman and her assistants that they had realized, nearly half a century before the world at large, the importance of the hospital and dispensary in the mission field. Nowadays medical aid to the mission is a question of the first order; but in 1886 it required almost a genius to discover it and to act upon it. Saint Martha's Hospital, wonderful institution, blessed by innumerable tongues, Christian and pagan, opened its doors in the group of the monastery buildings, and the fame of it, for efficiency and the wide charity that did not ask what your religion was but only what mercy it could bestow upon you, brought the sick in swarms to its shelter. The hospital had become so important, and so engrossing, that in 1905 it was thought better to form the Sisters who attended it into a separate community, having its own Superior and Assistant; a large staff of trained nurses was added to the Sisters who retained the management of the house, and further extensions were made to the buildings. On an average, 30,000 patients pass through the kindly wards of the Hospital every year; an infinitely greater number of sufferers are treated at the dispensary; and there have been as many as 1,229 Baptisms administered in the course of twelve months. Many careless Catholics have been sincerely converted by the ministrations of the Sisters; and not they alone, for Protestants, Jews, Mohammedans and pagans have been brought to the faith by the charity and kindness with which their bodily ills were tended. The Sisters have certainly fulfilled their fourth vow, which is to labour for the salvation of souls. From the medical standpoint, the Hospital is known and esteemed throughout the whole of India.

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The house of Mysore has a curious and amusing story attached to its inception. The Bishop, knowing that there was much corruption in his episcopal city, and also that many souls might be preserved from evil by such an institution as the Good Shepherd, had asked for a foundation and Bangalore generously sent him four Sisters in spite of their own great need of workers. But Mysore would take no notice of the whiterobed religious who had come to help it; and they were suffered to live in great poverty and discomfort, in a miserable shack roofed only with branches, through which the rain poured every time there was a storm; and their nourishment consisted solely in a small quantity of rice and potato-leaves. The condition of the small community seemed altogether hopeless, as neither the few Europeans who were mostly protestants, nor the natives who were pagans, would have anything to do with these "foreign women." The French Fathers of the Foreign Missions, who attended to the spiritual needs of the religious, tried to give them what little help they could, but they were much distressed at the way the Sisters were neglected and ignored. One of these

missionaries, who was an enterprising sort of person, having heard that the Rajah's daughter was very ill, (the Rajah of Mysore is no small prince), and that the native doctors either could not cure her or were not permitted to visit her, the customs of the caste forbidding it, conceived the idea that, if one of the Sisters would take care of the sick girl, the fortune of the community would be made. He waited upon the potentate to tell him that he had heard of the illness of the Princess his daughter, and that he wished to advise him that a French nun highly skilled in the care of the sick was actually in Mysore and would perhaps consent to visit the sick lady. The Rajah, who was extremely worried over his daughter's condition, jumped at the suggestion, and begged the priest to bring this European healer to the palace. The Sister in question was much surprised to see the missionary arrive with a court official, and to hear that she was to go and take care of the Rajah's favourite child. She was no physician, and she thought that if the Princess died, the loss would be visited upon her and upon her community. But the Sisters encouraged her, and the Father insisted that she must come. Her terror increased when she saw that an elephant, with his driver and attendants, was at the door, and that she was expected to mount upon the huge beast. No doubt many prayers went up from the palanquin, and from the poor house of the Sisters, that this dangerous adventure might have a happy issue. Probably the eagerness of the prince was due to the fact that Hindus of rank do not permit men physicians to enter the quarters of their women, and also to the fact that the Sisters' Hospital at Bangalore was in such high standing. The Sister, in all the dignity of her white habit and hands, was

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brought to the bedside of the Princess, and her affability and gentleness at once captivated the sick girl. For the religious, the luxury and strangeness of the oriental surroundings were nothing, but she was approaching a soul, and for that she must pray. As for the body, she would do her best for the poor sufferer. The patient was indeed sick, heavy with fever, and sorely oppressed; but it appeared to the Sister that this might be merely a severe cold, which had settled on the chest, and which would yield to care. She did not omit to say many prayers for her own guidance and for the recovery of the Princess, and then proceeded with the Simple treatment that the case itself suggested: hot applications, milk, chicken broth, and white of egg, close attention on the part of the nurse, and perfect quiet. She had no medicine, so she could not give any. But she was delighted to see how quickly the patient responded. In a very few days, the young girl was looking quite bright and cheerful again, and breathing normally. The gratitude of the Rajah knew no bounds. The Sister waited until she saw that the Princess was really quite over the sickness, and then expressed her wish to retire, and to return to her own place of abode. His Highness made no objection,

but declared that the foreign healer who had saved his daughter's life was not to be permitted to depart from his court without honour. The Sister again found an elephant at the door, but this time it was covered with trappings of state, and richly decorated, the highest officers were on hand to help her to mount, and she was placed in the middle of a procession, like a princess herself. A band opened the cortège with lively music, followed by a detachment of native guards in glittering uniforms, and several dignitaries and officials, in turbans and splendid cloaks, accompanied the slowstepping beast and the swaying palanquin. This magnificent display came to a halt in front of the small house with the roof of leaves, and a half-dozen gorgeous attendants assisted the Sister to alight. On taking leave of her, the Rajah's representative, with much ceremony and deference, presented to her - in his master's name - two parchments, beautifully illuminated in colours and gold of delicate Indian design, as a testimonial of the prince's gratitude. He had indeed expressed it regally. The first document was an order for 20,000 rupees to be paid to the Sister out of the royal treasury; and the second a grant of land, a spacious property in the vicinity of the city, upon which she might build a fitting habitation for herself and her companions. Great was the joy of the little struggling community, and, between the gifts of the Rajah and the tide of favour which swept toward the Sisters in view of the protection of the prince, they were now sought by all the population, and were able to build a convenient house in which they immediately initiated all their customary activities, and from which good in all its

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forms, and grace, radiated continually.

It would seem to be a sufficiently great undertaking merely to maintain the three hundred and forty-eight houses already in existence and to keep them all furnished with excellent and devoted religious; but instead new demands are frequently made upon the Mother House, and the religious of the Good Shepherd are being called into new regions where their beneficent activity has not yet been at work * Under every successive Superior General, new foundations have been made in different parts of the world, and glory in this extension which is so truly according to the wishes and intentions of the great mind and heart of the Mother Foundress.

The older houses themselves show what vigour of life and initiative are in them still, by enlargements and developments in which their youth is renewed. Thus, within the last decade of years, and under the Generalate of Mother Mary of Saint Domitilla Larose, at Laval-des- Rapides, in Western Canada, the splendid industrial school of St. Domitilla has sprung up, an offspring of the monastery of the Good Shepherd, where every kind of work that requires decorative design, in

the field of applied arts and crafts, is diligently cultivated and an immense variety of objects for all purposes is produced. Six hundred and fifty young girls and children are employed in this branch alone. Gold thread ornament and artificial flowers are admirably executed. Alongside of these more artistic attempts, the monastery has installed a modern laundry, well equipped and rendering large service, and classes in domestic science which prepare capable housewives for the future. St. Domitilla also boasts a printing plant, with skilled directors who are Sisters and skilled compositors and printers, chosen from among the girls, and trained to a very high degree of perfection in their trade.

There is in Rome a new House, founded with the particular blessing and encouragement of the Holy See. and which planned to have an international novitiate where young Sisters of all nationalities should receive their training, and increase in that attachment to Rome which is a distinguishing mark of the Order. Unfortunately, the wicked have placed so many obstacles in the way, that the building, begun several years ago is not yet completed. In the meanwhile a number of new Foundations have been made in other parts of the world, and these later-born monasteries have out-stripped the older, tardy construction of the Aurelia region. Perhaps Rome is slow because it knows that it is building for eternity. When the splendid castle-like structure is

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finished, and the beautiful unusual church with its mosaics on gold ground is at length consecrated, this new monastery of the Good Shepherd will be the crowning glory of the devoted woman to whom it has cost so much labour and so much bitter suffering, the actual Mother General, Mother Mary of St. John of the Cross.

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