

GREAT AMERICAN FOUNDRESSES

BY
THE REV. JOSEPH B. CODE, MA., S.T.B.
ST. AMBROSE COLLEGE, DAVENPORT, IOWA

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1929

MOTHER CORNELIA CONNELLY

OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS

CORNELIA PEACOCK was born on January 15, 1809, of a wealthy and distinguished Protestant family in Philadelphia. Her father, Ralph Peacock, came of a Yorkshire family, and her mother was of Spanish extraction. Cornelia was the youngest of six children, all of whom were gifted with talents and beauty. She grew up a lively, high-spirited, strong-willed girl, with gifts of intellect and character which early marked her out for leadership. She was educated at home and made rapid progress in all her studies. Her father and mother died before she was fifteen years of age and the elder sons and daughters being now settled in life, Cornelia was adopted by her half-sister, Mrs. Montgomery, who lived in the same town. Of her religious belief and practice during these years unfortunately there are no details. Probably a soul, whose response to the grace of faith when it came was so immediate, had turned to God from childhood, and had reached that knowledge of Him which is given to the pure of heart.

At the age of twenty-three she married a young Episcopalian clergyman, Pierce Connelly. They went to live at Natchez, Mississippi, where a chance occasion brought them into contact with nuns and roused their interest in Catholicism. Four years after their marriage both were received into the Catholic Church. As Mr. Connelly was then left without occupation, they took advantage of his temporary leisure to visit Rome and afterward spent two years traveling in Europe. News of financial failure then brought them back to America and necessitated a search for the means of



MOTHER CORNELIA CONNELLY

livelihood. Mr. Connelly became professor of English in the Jesuit College of St. Charles at Grand Coteau and his wife began teaching music to the pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent in the same place.

Such were the outward circumstances of Cornelia's life for its first thirty years. They differed in nothing from those of many another Christian wife and mother. Crosses had thrown their shadow over her path from time to time, but joy had greatly predominated. The recent loss of riches means little to a husband and wife of simple tastes, young, talented, and devotedly attached to each other. They still had interesting occupations, beautiful children, and opportunities for useful work. Moreover, after their long spell of travel both were glad to settle down again to a quiet home life, however humble.

They lived with their three children in a pretty cottage to which they gave the name of Gracemere. The joy of their religion increased their natural happiness, and their home became a center of peace and love, so that one of the Jesuit Fathers wrote of them, "They edified us and the whole parish by the spectacle of their tender piety." Both husband and wife had an extraordinary gift of personal charm. In him it showed in the interest and natural eloquence of his conversation; in her it was rather a fresh, irrepressible gayety, and a sympathy which took so profound a part in the joys and sorrows of every one around her that no room was left for self in any form.

Cornelia's school duties were not so arduous as to interfere with the care of her children to whom she was completely devoted. The eldest boy, Mercer, was now about six years old, then came Adeline, aged three, and then John, or "Pretty Boy" as they called him, a lovely baby with fair curls and laughing dark eyes like her own, the very "delight of her heart."

All then was joy and peace in the little home, as in the

heart of the young mother who ruled it so happily. But Cornelia aspired to sanctity, and in this world the way of sanctity is always the Way of the Cross. As she was destined to do a great work for God and to attain to high virtue in its fulfillment her trial came with a searching and terrible intensity. It was preceded by a generous desire to share in the sufferings of Our Lord. She began to long for suffering and even to pray for it, urged on, as she afterward said, by an interior force of love almost in spite of herself. Later to those of her religious children who showed the same desire, being zealous like herself for the better gifts, she used to say, "When the wish for suffering comes upon you strongly without previous effort on your part, it is from God. Do not resist it."

It has been said that in most cases the crisis of a life comes suddenly. To Cornelia Connelly it came on the morning of January 30, 1840, while she was out walking with her children. She described it afterward. It must have been one of those days when all the earth and air seem instinct with joyous life. At a little distance stood their cottage nestling among the green shadowy trees, while the sunshine hung golden around it. Close at hand her children were running and shouting in the bright keen air. A sense of intense happiness and love of God flooded her soul. Suddenly, impelled by she knew not what, she raised her eyes to heaven and exclaimed: "O my God, if all this happiness be not for Thy glory and the good of my soul, take it from me. I make the sacrifice."

She herself tells of that eager cry of her heart, but who shall tell what mysteries of grace were wrought in her at that moment? Everything tends to show that it was then that she first felt the mystical embrace of God, and in that supreme contact understood that He would call her to stand lonely beside the Desolate Mother very near to the Cross.

Twenty-four hours later her younger son was laid upon

her lap in the agony of death. He had run out alone into the garden to play with a large Newfoundland dog, and before any one had noticed him he had been knocked over into a tank of boiling maple juice. For forty-three hours he lingered in unspeakable torture in his mother's arms, until, as she wrote, "at early dawn on the Feast of the Purification he was taken into the Temple of the Lord."

One may not try to look into the deep places of the mother's soul during those long hours, or to venture where none but the Pierced Feet might safely tread; but one may know that it was then that there grew up in her heart the intense devotion to the Mother of Sorrows which marked her later life.

The shock of this loss made her cling even more closely to God, praying for greater faith, for yet more perfect resignation to His will. She must have felt a presentiment that still more would be taken from her, for through all her spiritual notes of this time there runs like an inspiration the thought of future sorrow and the earnest confiding of herself to God. Yet no suspicion can well have crossed her mind of what form that sorrow was to take. A note written by her at this time makes this more evident. "When I first became aware," she writes, "that the religious state was higher than the secular, I secretly rejoiced that my state in life was fixed and such a sacrifice would never be asked of me, for had I been a girl and examining my vocation I should always have felt that I must have given all—my very best to God."

She wrote these words, and then the incredible blow fell that was to shape her life's course anew, and to single her out alone among millions to be wife and mother and religious.

On the Feast of St. Edward, October 13, 1840, while walking home from Mass with Cornelia, Pierce Connelly told her of his urgent desire for a new ministry more glori-

ous than the one to which, in error, he had consecrated his youth. He longed to be a priest, and he asked her to make it possible by herself entering a convent.

Later, recalling that conversation, she declared that she must then have died of grief had it not been for the special assistance of God's grace. Yet, in spite of the confusion into which her mind was thrown, she had answered, taking refuge in words grow familiar by constant use, that if this should indeed prove to be God's will she would not oppose it.

As the days passed by, every detail of her home life must have impressed upon her with relentless accuracy all that the sacrifice would entail. The caresses of her children, and even the sight of the little empty cot which was awaiting the arrival of another child, must have been pain almost past bearing. Her whole being recoiled from the idea of separation. But there was another side. There were those sacred moments in which she had realized God's love, what He had done for her, the shortness of this life, the length of eternity. There was her own prayer for suffering, her offering of herself and all she had as a holocaust to God. If He really wished her husband to be a priest—to offer the Infinite Sacrifice—could she stand in the way? For the children, too, would it not be a privilege unspeakable?

Gradually her soul grew calmer, and she prayed as One prayed long ago "with a strong cry and tears," and in the strength of His prayer she, too, was able to repeat "Thy Will be done." There is no doubt that such a sacrifice can be, and occasionally has been, inspired by God, for it has the express commendation of Our Lord Himself. "Everyone that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or *wife or children* or lands for My name's sake shall receive an hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting" (Matt. xix. 29). It requires, of course, a special and clearly marked vocation, and it has been allowed by the

Church only in rare cases and after most careful investigation. If there are children provision must be made for them, and before the husband receives Holy Orders the wife must enter a religious congregation, or at least make publicly a vow of perpetual chastity.

For the moment Pierce Connelly's directors advised only calm consideration and much prayer that God would make known His will in this matter. No immediate outward change in their life took place. The daily routine continued, and Mrs. Connelly appeared, as always, calm and cheerful, so that no one guessed the struggle that was going on within. Yet in spite of her generosity there were times when her strength almost failed her. In later years Cardinal McCloskey described one of these moments when she had sought spiritual help from him. "Is it necessary," she cried, "for Pierce to make this sacrifice and *sacrifice me*? I love my husband; I love my darling children. Why must I give them up?"

Amid the strain of conflicting feelings the weeks and months went by, and in March, 1841, her youngest son, Frank, was born. In the following September she made a retreat in which she seems to have received a clearer intimation of God's Will and of her own call to religious life. She writes: "Examined vocation. Decided. O my good Jesus, I give myself all to Thee to suffer and to die on the cross, poor as Thou wert poor, abandoned as Thou wert abandoned."

Although her consent was then definitely given, five years were to pass in suspense and delay before the matter was settled. Pierce Connelly went to Rome to lay his petition before the Holy Father, Pope Gregory XVI. The case was examined, and Cornelia was summoned to follow her husband in 1843. Two years later, after having heard the advice of many theologians and learned men, the Pope gave his consent to the separation, and Cornelia made in public

a solemn vow of chastity. She had retired to the Convent of the Trinita in Rome with her two younger children until her destiny should be decided. On July 6, 1845, Pierce Connelly was ordained priest, and on the next day he said his first Mass in the church of the Trinita. While he stood at the altar Cornelia was singing in the choir the solemn words "*Tu es sacerdos in æternam secundum ordinem Melchisedech.*" As the Holy Sacrifice proceeded the mother led their little daughter Adeline to receive her First Communion from the hands of her father, and herself kneeling before him also received the Heavenly Spouse to Whom both had now sworn eternal fidelity.

Cornelia was still undecided as to her own future, but one day while she was praying to know God's will, the answer came in a way that dispelled all doubt. In a memorable interview, Pope Gregory XVI declared to her that she was not called to join any existing order, but that a great work awaited her in God's Church. This work was to be the education of Catholic girls in England. It does not appear that the Holy Father then intimated to Cornelia that she was to be the actual foundress of the new order. The details were left vague for the moment, and she was instructed to draw up rules and constitutions suitable for such a foundation. The aim of the society was to be first the individual sanctification of its members, and then the extension of the Kingdom of Christ in the souls of others, especially of children, through education and spiritual works of mercy.

As regards the cradle of the society, Cornelia's heart turned instinctively to America, but she gave way at once upon the Holy Father's saying to her, "From England, let your efforts in the cause of education reach America." This decision was principally due to the representations of Bishop Wiseman, now Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District and most zealous in his efforts for the conversion of Eng-

land. He had long been seeking for some means of improving Catholic education for girls in England. The boys were not wholly unprovided for, but there was at that time very little possibility of a Catholic education for their sisters. The Earl of Shrewsbury, whose daughters had been educated chiefly in Rome and had subsequently married Italians, was also interested in the question.¹ Bishop Wiseman and Lord Shrewsbury had known Cornelia Connelly since her first visit to Rome in 1836, and to both she now seemed to offer a solution of the problem.

Cornelia had secretly hoped that God might lead her into some contemplative order where, hidden from the world in which she had known joys so pure and grief so poignant, she might finish her days in prayer and penance for the souls of others, and above all in that intimate communion with Himself which had now become her daily solace. But in all things she was to sacrifice her own wishes. Her vocation was to be rooted and to flourish in utter self-abnegation and detachment. One consolation was given her in this hour. She greatly longed to have the Holy Name of Jesus in some way impressed as a seal upon her work, and He vouchsafed to grant this desire. One day, while praying for the future congregation, Cornelia distinctly heard the words, "Society of the Holy Child Jesus." From that moment she always thought of it and spoke of it under that sweet title. Once more her love for the Holy Child was supernaturally encouraged, when as she was working at the rule before a picture of Him in His Mother's arms, the Sacred Infant miraculously smiled upon her.

On April 18, 1846, with the blessing of the Holy Father, Cornelia left Rome for England, where, under the protection of Bishop Wiseman, she was to begin her life's work. Her elder son had already been for some years at

¹ Lady Mary Talbot married Prince Doria Pamfili, and Lady Gwendalin married the Prince of Sulmona, afterwards Prince Borghese.

school in England. The two younger children accompanied her. It had been agreed that Adeline should complete her education under her mother's eye, and that little Frank, now five years old, should remain with her for three years and then join his elder brother at school. Almost immediately after her arrival in England, however, Mr. Connelly altered this decision and arranged that the two little ones should be sent away at once to school. This was a terrible blow to Mrs. Connelly. One of the companions, who had already joined her, writes of her at that time: "Never shall I forget the struggle of that separation. It was, I think, one of the greatest sacrifices she had to make. Still there was never seen a cloud of sadness; the generosity of her heart was marked on her countenance so that it was noticed by all around. It was at this time that I first knew her, and watched her as I would a saint. She was so patient and gentle, that I wondered how she could be so very calm and peaceful under so many annoying and trying circumstances."

She had indeed allowed herself to be stripped of everything that made up her earthly happiness. In a letter to her brother-in-law, July, 1846, she writes:

I have this moment received a letter from Pierce. He is well and deeply engaged in the duties of the ministry, instructing, preaching, hearing confessions, etc. So you see it is not for nothing that I have given him to God. You may be sure this thought gives me much consolation and we ought to look for a greater share of the divine love in proportion as we are willing to sacrifice our natural happiness.

A home had been provided for the new society at Derby, where Mother Connelly, as she was now called, arrived with three companions in October, 1846. She was soon joined by several young girls who wished to give themselves

to God in religion. She had begged to be the least and last among them, but Bishop Wiseman discerned the strength and wisdom grounded on humility which so well fitted her for government, and refused to allow her to shift the burden. The convent was begun not only in obedience, but also in real poverty, for now that her children were provided for, very little of her income remained. In after years Mother Connelly would recall this fact with satisfaction as having stamped the society from the beginning with the likeness of Bethlehem. Immediately upon their arrival the sisters began to teach in the elementary schools attached to the church, and in the night schools for the Catholic factory girls. Mother Connelly took her turn in teaching, superintended all the work of the house, and was employed by the priests in instructing some converts. The constraint of the past years of suspense was removed, and she was happy in the work for which God had so evidently destined her. All her former gayety blossomed anew, while upon the sweetness and power which was natural to her rested the gracious light of her union with God. Her spiritual children already loved and revered her as a saint.

In distributing the community offices she took for herself that of infirmarian. One of her companions writes:

The care she showed to each one was so like that of a mother, and she thought of so many things that we felt as safe and confiding as little children. . . . Her beautiful confidence and trust in God grew upon us so that the thought of not succeeding never entered into our minds, and this made us very happy and cheerful.

When Bishop Wiseman gave the religious habit to her and to some of the others, she said to them with simplicity, "As we are all novices now we shall learn perfection together." "But she was far advanced in perfection," wrote one of them, "and understood practically the science of the

saints. From the first she taught us how to live with and for the Holy Child."

The year of Mother Connelly's noviceship passed quickly by, and in December, 1847, the bishop wrote proposing to receive her religious vows. The Feast of St. Thomas, December 21, was fixed for the ceremony. Mother Connelly then renewed in the presence of Bishop Wiseman the solemn vow of chastity she had taken in Rome, and added her religious vows of perpetual poverty and obedience according to the constitutions of the society, reserving to herself the power, after prayer and the advice of her directors, to make any change in the rule which might appear to be desirable, for the greater good of the society. The ceremony was followed by her solemn installation as superior of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. A seat was placed within the sanctuary to which she was conducted by the bishop, and at the foot of the altar she received the allegiance of the community which God had appointed her to govern, each sister kneeling at her feet, and with the entire devotion of her heart tendering her obedience.

A member of the community gives an account of her impressions of Mother Connelly at this time:

When I first saw her she had the full enjoyment of her genius, her spirits and her beautiful voice. Her beauty was striking. No one could pass her without being struck with her appearance. Her complexion was pale and her eyes dark, if not black. She impressed me at once with her deep spirituality and her power of attracting hearts to herself in order to lead them on to God.

At recreation, especially, all her delightful gifts appeared. She was as gay and bright then as she was reverent and recollected during the rest of the day. This hour was eagerly looked forward to by the novices, and was a time of real refreshment and happiness.

In spite of Mother Connelly's exterior calmness there was always some sorrow beneath the surface. Her heart yearned for her children, especially for the two little ones recently removed from her care. She was full of compassion for them and tried as far as she could to cheer them by her bright, loving letters. There were other trials weighing upon her at the same time. Mr. Connelly had soon after his ordination accepted the position of chaplain to Lord Shrewsbury at Alton Towers. But he missed the variety and stir of life to which he had become accustomed in Rome, and the tone of his letters disquieted her. Lastly and most pressing of all, difficulties had arisen in the parish at Derby and from various causes, which would take too long to explain here, the sisters found themselves without fault of theirs faced with the prospect of having to leave the town.

In this hour of distress and uncertainty the offer of a new home at St. Leonard's-on-Sea was made to them through Bishop Wiseman. Mother Connelly looked upon this unexpected opening as a direct intervention of Providence in their regard, and gratefully accepted it. In all that happened she recognized God's ruling. "We are sisters of the Holy Child Jesus," she said. "What must we expect but opposition, persecution and flight into Egypt?" When she went to see the property at St. Leonard's there was vouchsafed to her one of those trifling but consoling experiences which mean little to others but which impressed the soul that received them with confidence in the Divine protection. As she walked through the grounds and buildings and chapel, everything seemed familiar to her, and a sweet sense of home came over her spirit. She had seen it all beforehand in a dream and recognized every detail. Before evening she had written the good news to her novices at Derby, calling upon them all to unite in thanks to God for giving to their little society so beautiful a home.

To those who forsake all things to follow Him, Our Lord promises a hundredfold even in this life, "houses . . . sisters and mothers and children and lands, with persecutions." Mother Connelly had already experienced the first part of the promise and she had not long to wait for the second.

The Reverend Pierce Connelly had been living for some months at Alton and had so far refrained from visiting the convent at Derby. This is not the place in which to describe the gradual failure of his high aspirations. Worldly ambition had so worked upon him as insensibly to weaken and destroy his vocation. He began to hanker after his former life and to wish to regain his influence over Mother Connelly. In March, 1847, he appeared at the convent and attempted in various ways to resume authority over her. Failing in these attempts he suddenly removed his children from their several schools and took them to Italy, believing this to be a sure means of inducing her to leave the convent. Her anxiety and grief were terrible, but she could not go back upon her sacred engagements. Not only was she bound by irrevocable vows, but she was also by this time the responsible superior of about twenty nuns. Mr. Connelly next conceived the extraordinary idea of obtaining power over her by posing as the founder of the society. He drew up a rule of his own and, with the intention of forcing it upon her, presented it for approbation in Rome. It was not long before his proceedings were made known to Mother Connelly who wrote at once to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda disowning them in the name of the society.

When Mr. Connelly found that all he could do and say were powerless against her resolution, reason and self-control forsook him. He swore to ruin the convent and break up the Order. Before the end of 1848 he had instituted proceedings in the Protestant Court of Arches to reclaim

his wife. The trial came on in May, 1849, and judgment was given in favor of the plaintiff. Mother Connelly at once lodged an appeal to the Privy Council against the verdict. During the interval thus gained she was urged by her friends to fly from the country and seek safety in concealment. But she steadfastly refused to desert her little community. "We have nothing to fear," she replied, "God and the truth are on our side. To leave the country would be an unfaithful and cowardly step on my part, which might be destructive to the convent."

Now, as ever, with clear sense and dignity and courage she saw the right way and steadily pursued it. She had thought it more conducive to the peace and recollection of the community that they should be kept in ignorance of the trial. Only one or two of the elders, themselves not much more than twenty years of age, shared the secret and gave her their silent sympathy. Long afterward they told of her marvelous self-control and how, in all the agony of her position, she never for one moment lost sight of what was fitting and holy, and never let fall one unconsidered word.

Through the terrible months of suspense, while her most sacred feelings were made the topic of popular discussion throughout the country, she calmly continued her duties in the community with a quiet dignity which seemed to grow more sweet and tranquil in this time of bitter trial. Her trust in God partook almost of the character of inspiration. It was unthinkable that He for whom she had given up all could fail her. Of such sort is the faith that works miracles, and we may without exaggeration look upon the verdict of the Privy Council as a miracle, if we take into account the outbreak of religious hostility which followed upon the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy at this very time. While the "No-Popery" agitation was at its height, on June 28, 1851, the Privy Council reversed the judgment of the

lower court and made Cornelia safe in her religious life, and in the observance of her vows.

Pierce Connelly addressed a final appeal to the House of Commons in 1852, in terms so gross and slanderous that a debate was held as to whether it ought to be printed. As nothing came of it, he carried on for a time a campaign against the Church in general and convents in particular. After a year or two his activity subsided and he went to Italy with his three children whom he succeeded in withdrawing from their religion as well as from their allegiance to their mother. He acted as rector of the American Protestant Church in Florence until his death in 1883. One last letter he wrote to Mother Connelly in 1853 begging her to return to him. After that silence fell between them.

It would be superfluous to comment on the suffering caused to Mother Connelly by these events, or on the ceaseless mental strain of nearly six years' duration which they entailed. Henceforward this chapter of her life was sealed for ever. But the loss and perversion of her children was a wound which never healed. When Adeline grew up she spent a few weeks in the convent, but all intimacy had vanished. It was the same with Frank. He visited his mother twice for a few hours, but these visits merely added to her sorrow. Mercer returned to America as soon as he had finished his education, and died of fever before completing his twenty-first year. After her mother's death Adeline returned to the faith of her baptism and lived a holy life devoted to good works. She died in 1900 of an illness contracted while charitably nursing a poor woman.

After the community had settled at St. Leonard's, Mother Connelly was able to give more definite shape to the plans she had formed for the society, plans which show a comprehensive idealism very characteristic of her. As

she saw the needs of the Church in England, and as her knowledge of souls and their different capabilities increased, her heart expanded with the desire to make room for all vocations and to supply all needs. She wished the society not to be confined to education, although education was its principal exterior work, but to undertake all spiritual works of mercy, visiting the sick and dying, instructing converts, preparing women and girls for the Sacraments, bringing up orphans, providing retreats for seculars, and training young Catholic servants. She also wished that some of the religious might be set aside to live a more contemplative life, reciting the Divine Office, praying in perpetual adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, and employing their free time in Church needlework, the painting of sacred subjects, and the writing and translation of spiritual books. She made some beginning in this direction at Derby, but the great demand for apostolic work made the complete realization of her wishes impossible at the time.

She had a special love for poor children, and though the principal work at St. Leonard's was a boarding school for the upper classes, she also established an elementary school there as soon as possible. She taught the nuns to consider it a special privilege to be chosen to teach these children whom Our Lord most resembled on earth. When, therefore, in 1851, Cardinal Wiseman asked her for some sisters to teach in the Gate Street Schools in Lincoln's Inn Fields, she responded at once. This led to the foundation of a convent in London and was the beginning of the expansion of the society. Foundations were asked for in many places long before Mother Connelly had nuns to send, but by 1864 there were six convents of the society in England and two in America.

As her communities grew and multiplied, Mother Connelly's heart seemed to grow with them. She strengthened and encouraged her absent children by frequent letters, and

watched with a mother's solicitude over their wants both spiritual and temporal. Her great desire was that they might grow in heavenly knowledge and cherish the interior spirit which she had always taught them to look upon as "the life and soul of their vocation." "We have given ourselves to God in religion," she wrote, "not to be anything less than perfect religious, not to be housekeepers nor dressmakers, nor artists, nor musicians, nor schoolmistresses, nor authoresses nor superiors." Her own interior spirit was exceedingly simple and her prayer for her children was always that they might take the one true and simple view of things, understanding that the great object of their lives was to please God and to be wholly set upon doing His will.

In the daily duties laid upon them by obedience, she taught, they would find both the means of their sanctification and the perfect accomplishment of God's will. But it needed the golden touch of love to transform the ordinary things of every day into a masterpiece for heaven.

Let all be diligent in giving daily proofs of love this year [she wrote in 1854] and as you step through the muddy streets, love God with your feet, and when your hands toil, love Him with your hands; and when you teach the little children, love Him in His little ones; and thus may you be blessed in each action and in each member with an abundance of Divine love, and purified and prepared in this world as far as possible to enjoy an eternity of love.

Between the years 1848 and 1863 Mother Connelly was building up with insight and power the educational system of the society. Her whole career with its varied experience had been a preparation for this work, and to it she devoted the rich gifts of her mind and heart. Her outlook was essentially modern and her views were large and generous. Freedom within the spacious boundaries of reasonable laws,

confidence and a spirit of coöperation, joyous activity both in carefully chosen studies and in healthy and interesting play—these were the foundations on which she built up her plans for a "sunny, sinless childhood."

Rules for the use of those teaching in the schools and hints on methods were from time to time written down by her. By degrees this led to the idea of a summary which should embody the educational system of the society. In 1863 the *Book of Studies* thus evolved was printed. Mother Connelly wrote in the preface:

We have before us the Book of Studies, which is simply the same sort of guide as a chart is to the traveler. We must use it in the same way to assist us in the sweetly laborious duty of education.

Though we so well know that great things are achieved only by untiring labour and suffering we sometimes forget that in training and teaching children it is absolutely necessary to walk step by step, to teach line by line, to practise virtue little by little, in act after act, and only by such acts of virtue as are suited to the age and stage of moral and intellectual development of those we are guiding.

Mother Connelly's moral training was a spirit rather than a system—firmly rooted in unchanging principles, yet varied in application and elastic in detail. Many things have altered since the days when she was the life and inspiration of her schools. This is what she herself would have wished. She knew that education must be ever adapting itself to changing conditions, in vital contact with contemporary social life. So she took care to insert in the rule that her nuns were bound to "meet the wants of the age while leading their children to true piety and solid virtue." Her spirit still lives unchanged, and in the schools of the society to-day, as in her lifetime, it teaches Holy Child girls to honor simplicity, truth, and kindness, to be ready for

self-sacrifice, to love holiness, and to keep a cheerful heart in the midst of trials.

Mother Connelly's spiritual ambition had been a perfect imitation of Christ in a life of action and contemplation or, as expressed in her own beautiful words, "to live on this earth in His society, despising all earthly things, being spiritually crucified and sealed in faith according to His own image." How far this ideal was attained must be guessed from the story of her life.

From her own words, spoken in confidence to one of her nuns, we gather that she enjoyed a continual sense of the presence of God, which was not interrupted even during sleep, that prayer with her was habitual and effortless, that a word upon the attributes of God was enough to capture her soul and fix it spellbound in adoration, that though she carefully prepared her meditation, she was able to dwell upon a predetermined subject only for a few seconds, and then her soul took flight wherever God might guide it. All these things betray the supernatural heights of her prayer. Some of the accidentals of mysticism, its flowers dropped by the way, we know to have come to her, such as the title of her society supernaturally given in response to her longing to have it made lovely with the name of Jesus, the smiles of the Holy Child which beamed down upon her from His picture, as she tried to express in the words of her rule His spirit and His desires. Her children tell of signal graces vouchsafed in answer to her prayers, of peace restored to troubled minds by the mere pressure of her hand upon their heads or by her simple "God bless you."

Mother Connelly had won through hard and strange ways to the haven of inward peace in which the latter half of her life was spent. In the early days of her spiritual life she had received the grace to appreciate the value of suffering, and it was one of her fundamental principles that the sufferings that God sends are more sanctifying than any of

our own choice. "Take the cross He sends, as it is, and not as you imagine it ought to be," she wrote, and was never tired of repeating. And again: "Voluntary penance is chiefly useful in enabling us to accept what God sends." She was accustomed to recite the *Laudete* whenever any special trial befell her, and her children used to recognize such occasions by the more than ordinary brightness of her face and manner.

Those who saw her for the first time were impressed with the indescribable appearance of sanctity which, increasingly toward the close of her life, seemed to radiate from her eyes and in her smile. This was particularly noticed by children.

Her love of God was almost seraphic [wrote a sister]. When speaking of Him, even at recreation, she would seem transported out of herself. She was very fond of the French hymns, particularly of the one beginning, "*Il n'est pour moi qu'un seul bien sur la terre.*" This she often sang for us at recreation, her face becoming illuminated, and her whole soul pouring itself forth. As we listened to her and watched her joy in singing the praises of God, we felt almost raised from earth to Heaven. She had a beautiful voice which sounded spiritual as well as being rich and sweetly musical.

Sometimes after Holy Communion the nuns and children used to remark a brightness in her face that they considered supernatural. "I used to love to see her returning to her place after receiving Holy Communion," wrote one. "Such a bright, beautiful look was on her face, that many a time as a child I wondered if she were really looking at Our Lord and 'could see Him properly.'"

She loved all the saints, and would follow their festivals throughout the year with a joy and interest which flowed from, but did not break up, the simplicity of her spiritual

life. In fact, the sisters used laughingly to say that she had as many patron saints as there were days in the year. Still, it was easy to pick out the special objects of her devotion. First and foremost in her heart was the Holy Child Jesus. This attraction in one whose children had been taken from her under such painful circumstances illustrates the loving Providence of Him who said that they who do His Father's will shall be to Him as brother and sister and mother. She always had on her desk the picture of the Divine Child in His Mother's arms which had smiled upon her in Rome.

Mother Connelly imitated the Hidden Life in her reticence about her own life in the world and in her love of humble labors. For about twenty-five years, until increasing work and ill health made it impossible, she took her part in the manual work of the house. On Mondays she served the community at dinner with great diligence. This practice she continued even when enfeebled by age, and a sister relates how "quietly and gently" she served.

Once a week in the first years she rose at 4 A.M., with others of the community to help in the weekly washing, and she spent the midday recreation with the sisters in the laundry busily ironing. She would often enliven the work by inviting the others to race with her, thus uniting joyful simplicity with labor. The sisters used to say that her child-like gayety was a special grace from the Infant Jesus, and it is an extraordinary trait in one who suffered so much. In spite of the trials and anxieties constantly weighing upon her, she retained her youthful enjoyment of the simple pleasures that came in her way, and never absented herself from any of the little community festivities. She taught that even in sickness and in sorrow there should always be joy in the heart, and that a smile should show the sunshine of the soul.

Less than two years before her death she told some of

the sisters that in her mind she still felt as young as ever, and had not lost the power of finding pleasure in the smallest thing. She had a wonderful gift of making work and recreation delightful. "It is almost impossible to convey in words an idea of her bright, joyous spirit," said one of her first companions, "or of the charm of her personality. Yet beneath it you were at all times conscious of a quiet, reverent strength which told of her union with God. You could not approach her without being reminded of His Presence."

She was accustomed to speak quite familiarly with Our Lord and the saints, and said laughingly one day, "I never quarrel with Our Lord and Our Lady at the same time. If I am *out* with Our Lord I keep *in* with Our Lady, and so I am never entirely in desolation."

She was fond of the word "delicate" as applied to the service of God, and would speak of the delicate conscientiousness with which we should devote ourselves to His work. This was apparent in every detail of her own conduct. She could not bear the least appearance of negligence in the church or sacristy, and she would whisper a word of reproach if she saw a hasty genuflection or a lack of recollected demeanor in church. She shrank, too, from a certain vulgarity in dealing with God which souls sometimes display. "Oh, how ungrateful it is to haggle with Our Lord over the daily crosses of this short pilgrimage!" she exclaims in a letter. "Can we ever be grateful enough for being admitted to Vows and to the wearing of His livery!"

I have every reason to believe from her words, at different times [wrote a religious who was admitted to her special confidence] that, like St. Teresa, she had obtained permission to make the vow to do always what was most perfect. She would pray and act with a decision and confidence that was very encouraging to those who depended on her for guidance. . . . I have

known her for thirty-one years, and have seen her deeply afflicted and tried in every way, but I may say I never saw her lay aside that calm dignity so much to be admired in one in authority. She was accustomed to perform her actions with an active quiet and a quiet activity that could proceed only from a soul deeply united with God.

Mother Connelly's whole-hearted devotion to the works of the society in England did not cause her to lose the least part of her love for America. She never forgot the words of Pope Gregory XVI, spoken to her when she expressed the desire that the cradle of her society should be in her own dear land: "From England, let your efforts in the cause of education reach America." Intensely American at heart, she longed to see the fulfillment of these prophetic words which seemed to her to contain a command.

The first call to the United States came in 1855, in the form of an invitation to Texas. At that time, however, subjects were not available and the invitation was sorrowfully declined. Six years later, in 1862, another opportunity presented itself and after many trials and delays, inseparable it would seem from any work Mother Connelly had at heart, she saw the fulfillment of her desire. Louisa, Duchess of Leeds, a daughter of Richard Caton, and granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, herself an ardent American, offered Mother Connelly two thousand acres of land in Lycoming County, and one hundred and fifty acres in Towanda, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, for a foundation in America. It took fourteen months to secure the permission of Bishop Grant of Southwark for the sisters to leave his diocese, and it seemed as if a foundation in Australia would be made instead of that in the United States. Mother Connelly's prayers and perseverance, however, were at last rewarded, and in company with Bishop McCloskey and Bishop Wood, who were returning

to the United States from Rome, the first contingent of Holy Child Sisters crossed the Atlantic in the *Scotia*. Mother Connelly bade them Godspeed on the deck of the vessel at Liverpool, her heart overflowing with joy and gratitude to God for granting her prayer. These first sisters included Mother Mary Xavier Noble, superior, and Mother Lucy Ignatia, assistant.

The *Scotia* with its precious freight arrived at New York on August 12, 1862, after the quickest voyage then known, and Bishop Wood escorted the party of sisters to his residence in Philadelphia, and had them dine with him. During the meal an orchestra playing as a welcome home to the bishop, struck up "Home, Sweet Home." Out of deference for the feelings of the sisters, the bishop immediately requested the players to change the tune, thus manifesting the kindness of heart he always felt for others. Immediately after dinner, the bishop conducted the sisters to the Convent of St. Joseph on Summer Street. The Sisters of the Holy Child always speak with gratitude of the kindness lavished on them by the Sisters of St. Joseph during this time, when their generous hospitality was especially grateful after the long voyage.

On the following day, Bishop Wood introduced the sisters to Father C. I. Carter, vicar general, whose name became a household word in the society as that of their chief support in the early days, and a signal benefactor, one of the many staunch and loyal friends the society has found in the American clergy. His grave in the convent cemetery at Sharon, under the beautiful statue of Our Lady erected by himself, is visited daily by prayerful hearts and thus his desire for the prayers of the sisters has been abundantly realized.

Father Carter accompanied Mother Mary Xavier and Mother Lucy Ignatia to Towanda on August 18, for an inspection of the property. In spite of disappointment,

and what would have seemed insurmountable obstacles to less heroic souls, these two noble women summoned the remainder of the band to join them. When one reads the account of the two years spent at Towanda, the description of the characters of these first sisters is easily understood—Mother Mary Xavier, “one of those souls who seem to refuse nothing to God, eager for sacrifice,” and Mother Lucy Ignatia, “won all hearts by her untiring kindness and thoughtfulness for others.” The agent in whom the duchess had confidence had proven false to his trust and had misrepresented many things. The house which he had called a “frame mansion” proved to be a mere shed, and the one thousand Catholic families whom he had assured her were awaiting the arrival of the sisters were not there. One of the sisters wrote:

The house was a frame building of two stories and an attic, with a slanting and unplastered roof that had been for years the habitation of rats and spiders; and the whole building was not in such good repair as the stables of the land-agent. There was hardly any furniture, and instead of opening school at once, as they had intended, the sisters were obliged to spend the first few weeks in papering, painting, cleaning, and otherwise rendering habitable their new convent. The whole building was so unsafe, owing to its foundations having given way in many parts, that the workmen who were repairing it feared every morning to find the occupants buried beneath the ruins.

The sisters, however, continued to write bright and cheerful letters to Mother Connelly, making light of their privations so that it took many letters from Father Carter to induce her to give up this first foundation. The convent journal betrays the real want and suffering. In one place we read, “The nuns became well used to being hungry,

since the pea soup” (their staple food) “was only greenish water with a pea or two at the bottom of the bowl.” What they felt more, however, was the deprivation of the Holy Sacrifice. They never had Mass on two consecutive Sundays, and even the renewal of vows had to be made without the reception of Holy Communion. Father Carter had been able to find out something of the real state of the community in spite of the refusal of the sisters to complain, and in a letter to Mother Connelly he said:

With regard to the sufferings and privations of the Sisters at Towanda during last winter and a part of this, God knows it is worthy of the Christians of the first ages of the Church. They have borne them with patience and resignation and never did I hear the least complaint, but they always carried cheerful and smiling countenances. . . . It has only been within the last few weeks that I began to suspect that they were deficient in necessaries. When I inquired, I ascertained (not from the Sisters) that some mornings when they got up they did not know where their breakfast would come from, and with regard to their bedding, they had to use their habits, cloaks, old pieces of carpet, etc. And even since, when I put the plain question on the subject, I got smiling and evasive answers. But I got sufficient, and this determined me what course to pursue.

He also wrote of the convent in Towanda that the building was a “miserable shanty, far inferior to the stables and cow houses in England.”

In the meantime, Mother Mary Xavier became very ill, and the health of the other sisters began to be a source of anxiety. These facts, together with the news of the death of one of the sisters at the convent already established at Father Carter’s school of the Assumption, 1135 Spring Garden

known her for thirty-one years, and have seen her deeply afflicted and tried in every way, but I may say I never saw her lay aside that calm dignity so much to be admired in one in authority. She was accustomed to perform her actions with an active quiet and a quiet activity that could proceed only from a soul deeply united with God.

Mother Connelly's whole-hearted devotion to the works of the society in England did not cause her to lose the least part of her love for America. She never forgot the words of Pope Gregory XVI, spoken to her when she expressed the desire that the cradle of her society should be in her own dear land: "From England, let your efforts in the cause of education reach America." Intensely American at heart, she longed to see the fulfillment of these prophetic words which seemed to her to contain a command.

The first call to the United States came in 1855, in the form of an invitation to Texas. At that time, however, subjects were not available and the invitation was sorrowfully declined. Six years later, in 1862, another opportunity presented itself and after many trials and delays, inseparable it would seem from any work Mother Connelly had at heart, she saw the fulfillment of her desire. Louisa, Duchess of Leeds, a daughter of Richard Caton, and granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, herself an ardent American, offered Mother Connelly two thousand acres of land in Lycoming County, and one hundred and fifty acres in Towanda, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, for a foundation in America. It took fourteen months to secure the permission of Bishop Grant of Southwark for the sisters to leave his diocese, and it seemed as if a foundation in Australia would be made instead of that in the United States. Mother Connelly's prayers and perseverance, however, were at last rewarded, and in company with Bishop McCloskey and Bishop Wood, who were returning

to the United States from Rome, the first contingent of Holy Child Sisters crossed the Atlantic in the *Scotia*. Mother Connelly bade them Godspeed on the deck of the vessel at Liverpool, her heart overflowing with joy and gratitude to God for granting her prayer. These first sisters included Mother Mary Xavier Noble, superior, and Mother Lucy Ignatia, assistant.

The *Scotia* with its precious freight arrived at New York on August 12, 1862, after the quickest voyage then known, and Bishop Wood escorted the party of sisters to his residence in Philadelphia, and had them dine with him. During the meal an orchestra playing as a welcome home to the bishop, struck up "Home, Sweet Home." Out of deference for the feelings of the sisters, the bishop immediately requested the players to change the tune, thus manifesting the kindness of heart he always felt for others. Immediately after dinner, the bishop conducted the sisters to the Convent of St. Joseph on Summer Street. The Sisters of the Holy Child always speak with gratitude of the kindness lavished on them by the Sisters of St. Joseph during this time, when their generous hospitality was especially grateful after the long voyage.

On the following day, Bishop Wood introduced the sisters to Father C. I. Carter, vicar general, whose name became a household word in the society as that of their chief support in the early days, and a signal benefactor, one of the many staunch and loyal friends the society has found in the American clergy. His grave in the convent cemetery at Sharon, under the beautiful statue of Our Lady erected by himself, is visited daily by prayerful hearts and thus his desire for the prayers of the sisters has been abundantly realized.

Father Carter accompanied Mother Mary Xavier and Mother Lucy Ignatia to Towanda on August 18, for an inspection of the property. In spite of disappointment,

and what would have seemed insurmountable obstacles to less heroic souls, these two noble women summoned the remainder of the band to join them. When one reads the account of the two years spent at Towanda, the description of the characters of these first sisters is easily understood—Mother Mary Xavier, “one of those souls who seem to refuse nothing to God, eager for sacrifice,” and Mother Lucy Ignatia, “won all hearts by her untiring kindness and thoughtfulness for others.” The agent in whom the duchess had confidence had proven false to his trust and had misrepresented many things. The house which he had called a “frame mansion” proved to be a mere shed, and the one thousand Catholic families whom he had assured her were awaiting the arrival of the sisters were not there. One of the sisters wrote:

The house was a frame building of two stories and an attic, with a slanting and unplastered roof that had been for years the habitation of rats and spiders; and the whole building was not in such good repair as the stables of the land-agent. There was hardly any furniture, and instead of opening school at once, as they had intended, the sisters were obliged to spend the first few weeks in papering, painting, cleaning, and otherwise rendering habitable their new convent. The whole building was so unsafe, owing to its foundations having given way in many parts, that the workmen who were repairing it feared every morning to find the occupants buried beneath the ruins.

The sisters, however, continued to write bright and cheerful letters to Mother Connelly, making light of their privations so that it took many letters from Father Carter to induce her to give up this first foundation. The convent journal betrays the real want and suffering. In one place we read, “The nuns became well used to being hungry,

since the pea soup” (their staple food) “was only greenish water with a pea or two at the bottom of the bowl.” What they felt more, however, was the deprivation of the Holy Sacrifice. They never had Mass on two consecutive Sundays, and even the renewal of vows had to be made without the reception of Holy Communion. Father Carter had been able to find out something of the real state of the community in spite of the refusal of the sisters to complain, and in a letter to Mother Connelly he said:

With regard to the sufferings and privations of the Sisters at Towanda during last winter and a part of this, God knows it is worthy of the Christians of the first ages of the Church. They have borne them with patience and resignation and never did I hear the least complaint, but they always carried cheerful and smiling countenances. . . . It has only been within the last few weeks that I began to suspect that they were deficient in necessaries. When I inquired, I ascertained (not from the Sisters) that some mornings when they got up they did not know where their breakfast would come from, and with regard to their bedding, they had to use their habits, cloaks, old pieces of carpet, etc. And even since, when I put the plain question on the subject, I got smiling and evasive answers. But I got sufficient, and this determined me what course to pursue.

He also wrote of the convent in Towanda that the building was a “miserable shanty, far inferior to the stables and cow houses in England.”

In the meantime, Mother Mary Xavier became very ill, and the health of the other sisters began to be a source of anxiety. These facts, together with the news of the death of one of the sisters at the convent already established at Father Carter’s school of the Assumption, 1135 Spring Garden

Street, Philadelphia, induced Mother Connelly to close the Towanda house in 1864, and send the sisters to augment the community at the Assumption.

Although the health of the sisters had been materially undermined by their sojourn in Towanda, they were loath to leave the place and always spoke of it with affection. More than one loyal friendship was there cemented. One of the students in the school they labored so hard to found became a postulant, and, as Mother Saint Michael Dunn, spent many years in heroic work in Cheyenne and in Philadelphia.

Father Carter, in the summer of the same year, 1864, purchased "for nuns and children in need of country air" a large estate at Sharon Hill in Delaware County, Pennsylvania. The colonial building which had been a Quaker school has been added to, and a gray stone chapel, built in English Gothic style, one of the few examples of that type in America, was erected by Mother Mary Walburga White. She was provincial of the American province for more than a quarter of a century, and her name is held in benediction among the sisters. Sharon became the mother house and novitiate, and at the present time, although there are two provinces of the society in America, the Eastern and the Middle-West province, Sharon is the only novitiate in this country.

Mother Connelly's solicitude for her children in America was boundless, and her frequent letters succeeded in preserving the *Cornum et anima una* as entirely as if the Atlantic did not lie between England and America. Space forbids the quotation of her advice on many subjects. We give one, however, which is typical:

Take care to keep your children up to all that the good priests wish and never forget that if your efforts are crowned with success, it is always safest and best to let all the glory go to God and His priests, rather

than to take any to ourselves; and give way in all things regarding the parish, to the priest of the parish. This is the way to do the work of God and to labour with real merit. I want to hear that the Bishop and priests are pleased with your efforts, and then I shall be at ease and know that you are working in docility and obedience to those whom God has placed over us. There is no virtue so necessary to every true religious as humility, true humility that claims no reward here, but gives all to God, looking only to His good pleasure and the salvation of souls.

Father Carter visited St. Leonard's-on-Sea, then the mother house, in 1867. Mother Connelly fully appreciated his great-hearted character, and had confidence in his judgment and experience. Father Carter persuaded Mother Connelly to visit the United States, and she, with two companions, spent five weeks in her native land in the latter part of the year 1867. This, Mother Connelly's only visit to America, was the occasion of great rejoicing to all her children here. Here, as always, she gave the example of self-sacrifice. She sought none of her friends, and visited none of the scenes so dear to her heart. Those of her kin and acquaintances who came to visit her were received with her own sweet cordiality, but she did not seek them. All who met her were charmed with her attractive personality and edified by her holiness which her deep humility was unable to conceal. Nine of the girls who were privileged to speak with her became, later, members of the community. During this brief visit, Mother Connelly purchased the property on the corner of Thirty-ninth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, on which two stone buildings had just been erected, and founded there St. Leonard's House. This property has been enlarged by the purchase of adjoining grounds and the building of a gymnasium and other accommodations, and is now a flourishing day school for girls

ranging from primary to fourth year high school, and for boys as far as their entrance into high school.

Mother Connelly was never again able to visit America, but her heart was in her convents there, and the nuns were entirely loyal and devoted during the trials of the later years of their sainted Mother's life. Once indeed Mother Connelly was on the point of embarking to revisit her beloved country, when she learned that her son Frank was to make the voyage on the same vessel. Sending one of her companions in her place, she turned back, seeing here, as in all things, the holy will of God to which she was singularly devoted.

Before Mother Connelly's death few convents of the society were permanently established in the United States, but the growth, although slow, was sure. To-day the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus, scattered in many states from Massachusetts to Oregon, are striving to carry out the ideals of their foundress, to meet the wants of the age, and to train children in her wise and gentle spirit. Besides a number of private schools in splendid standing, the society teaches parochial schools in Massachusetts, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cheyenne, and Portland. Rosemont College of the Holy Child Jesus, situated on a beautiful estate of forty acres eleven miles from Philadelphia, although only in its first years, has already added to the original buildings a large gymnasium, a library, a dormitory, and a building containing lecture halls. In the student body of Rosemont College are to be found girls from nearly every school of the Holy Child in America.

In the annals of every house founded by the society many instances delightful and edifying, of trials, privations, even misfortunes borne with the same joyous spirit as were those of Towanda, abound, but this is not the place for their recital which must await another opportunity.

The story of the next seventeen years is a record of ever-

increasing responsibilities for Mother Connelly. We cannot dwell here upon her multiplied labors, upon her journeys to France, to Rome and to America, nor upon the innumerable trials which beset her path as a foundress and a pioneer. There were difficulties over the property at St. Leonard's, difficulties brought on by her own subjects, difficulties in the work of education and difficulties attendant on the development and approbation of the rule. Her life knew no outward rest. Labors and sufferings were her daily bread, but her will was so firmly and lovingly united to God that she was strong to endure whatever He might send.

As old age crept upon that noble form worn with labor and trial and unceasing care for the welfare of others, Mother Connelly became, if possible, more gentle, more gracious and calm, more easy of access to all who needed her help. Age could not weaken the bright and loving spirit, so quick to understand, so ready to share the joys and sorrows of each one of her children. The instinct of rulership was in her always, but it had been tempered by sorrow and by her own generous coöperation with grace till she appeared to her religious children as the embodiment of patience and gentleness and governed them—to use the words of her rule—"with the strength of a superior and the heart of a mother."

The last foundation which was made personally by Mother Connelly was at Neuilly-sur-Seine just outside Paris where a community was established in 1876. Soon after this work was completed the health of the foundress, which had been failing for some time, broke down completely, and during the remaining two years of her life she was a constant invalid. By the spring of 1879 it was evident that the end could not be far off. Through all her great suffering of body Mother Connelly's mind remained as clear as ever, and her soul dwelt in peace beneath the hand

of God, as, with the shadows deepening around, her brave spirit prepared for the last great venture of death.

Over forty years of spiritual experience lay behind her as she looked down the vista of her life. All the crowded interests and anxieties of those difficult years had been unified and exalted by divine love, and now at length the holocaust was complete and the reward at hand.

Her devotion to God's will had been striking at times, and increased as the end drew near. "Doing the will of God is the only happiness and the only thing worth living for," she often repeated, showing clearly that she was expressing a truth which had become as the very breath of her life. On April 14 she was anointed for the second time in her long illness, and on the 18 of April, 1879, God called her to Himself. She was seventy years of age, and it was the anniversary of the day on which thirty-three years before she had gone forth from Rome to begin her appointed task. Every step had been taken in obedience, every trial had been accepted in love, and now without anxiety or fear she calmly yielded up her soul to God.

All that she worked for has been given to her after her death. Her rule bears the seal of the Church's approval with added words of special praise. Her children in Europe and America are striving to uphold her ideals and carry out her teaching. Her name and her words are constantly upon their lips, and they humbly hope that in God's good time He may grant their unceasing prayer and crown her work by glorifying even on earth this His faithful servant by raising her to the honors of the altar.

