Heritage
HERITAGE

A CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION
The Sisters of Saint Joseph of Carondelet
1836 - 1936

by
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The College of St. Catherine
Saint Paul, Minnesota
"And I took root in an honorable people"
Saint Catherine of Alexandria
It has been said that history is the biography of great men. It may be also—and this is added, not in a spirit of retaliation or facetiousness, but with a reverential regard for its peculiar aptness here—the all too often unwritten record of great women.

The Sisters of St. Joseph at The College of St. Catherine, in commemorating the centenary of the coming of their Sisterhood to America, are reminded of the splendid line of heroic women from whom they derive their ancestry and tradition. Gratefully and loyally they look upon the material structure which makes up a college, the ideas and activities which make it so signally modern, and see in them the crystallization of ideas that go back not just one century nor several, but back through long links of centuries and long lines of adventurous women, back ultimately to the timeless Mind of God.

Human events, personalities, and circumstance go naturally into the shaping of material monuments and trends of thought and action, and give to each succeeding age a character so distinct from the past that we name it progress. But when, as is the way in the celebration of centenaries, a new world tracks its past back across seas and lands, the new civilization finds itself linked with the old, not by things material and changeable, but by things spiritual and permanent.
The scholar saint, Catherine of Alexandria; the first
Sisters of Saint Joseph of Le Puy; the intrepid French
women who, in a spirit of high adventure, sailed un-
charted seas to take up a life of grim romance in the
American forests; the Sisters of St. Joseph facing today
a questioning world of flux and instability—all are
united alone by the spirit which gives permanence to
their work. The heritage of Christian learning is pre-
served intact because, for some valiant women, time
and place were annihilated, and because in the light
of a fixed ideal the spinning circles of the centuries
became, like the round world,

"Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

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IFTEEN centuries ago, in a city of splendor and intellectual leadership called Alexandria, a young Christian woman dared to defy an emperor. An act of defiance of civil power fifteen centuries ago, when potentates were in the popular mind invested with the divinity that hedges kings, had something in it of rashness. And if the pages of the Church’s martyrology are crowded pages, it is because of the divine rashness with which so many of the violent have borne away the kingdom of God. Catherine’s act cost her her life and won for her a martyr’s crown. But over and above that sanction which the Church places on the memory of its heroes, Catherine of Alexandria reaped a singularly rich vintage of renown. Devotion to St. Catherine was one of the most popular devotions of the Middle Ages—in a time when people lived as intimately in the company of their favorite saints as in the company of their favorite neighbors. And it was especially true of Catherine, not because of any characteristic naivete of the medieval temperament, enchanted by the magic of her miracles; nor alone because of the appealing loveliness of the maiden-martyr. Catherine’s appeal was stronger and more virile. Her story had linked her memory inextricably with battle and victory over ignorance, and her name became a symbol of intellectual light, womanly courage in combat, and faith strong enough for death.

Tradition gives us little that is verifiable about St. Catherine. But among the multiplicity of legends that grew up about her during the centuries following her
martyrdom, one story has the ring of historic fact and on it the Church has placed the seal of canonization. A beautiful young princess, known in Alexandria as much for her daily charities as for her high station, was being tried for her faith before the Emperor Maximin. According to one legend, Catherine had precipitated the situation herself. Like her illustrious namesake of some nine centuries later, Catherine Benincasa, she had become impatient with the inactivity of the Christian leaders and had sought out Maximin in an effort to dissuade him from his ruthless persecution against the Christians. Maximin was quick to see that he, an Illyrian shepherd risen to his greatness solely through military strategy, was no match for a maiden schooled in the learning of Alexandria’s Christian philosophers. Pleading the pressure of public business, he put her aside. But fearful of her influence and determined to win her youth and beauty to his own cause, he arranged for a public disputation in which Catherine should be at the mercy of the fifty most renowned philosophers of pagan Alexandria. There is no small tribute to the genius of Catherine in the fact that Maximin stopped not short of fifty.

The figure of the young girl—Catherine was then eighteen—surrounded by glum and pedantic, even voracious-looking savants but shedding about her an aureola of sanctity, has been made familiar to us by the portrayals of renaissance painters, some of whom painted into their canvas more of the human than they knew. Catherine, however, was neither overwhelmed
nor intimidated by this concentrated attack of masculine intellect and coerciveness. She had knowledge and eloquence. She had faith in the power of prayer. And she ended by converting the fifty philosophers to the Christian faith.

Their conversion was, of course, treason, and their penalty was death by burning. Catherine, so the Emperor’s edict read, was to watch their tortures in order that fear might do for her what persuasion could not. Resolutely Catherine accompanied the newly-made Christians to the place of torment, praying silently, and openly inciting them to die gloriously. Here the first of the miraculous enters into Catherine’s story. For, though the fifty philosophers gave up their lives in the flames, their bodies were completely preserved from burning.

If the emperor had been baffled by Catherine’s questioning, and irate at the indifference with which she had met his blandishments and specious promises, he was infuriated by this new evidence of her power with the God of the Christians. We next see Catherine brutally scourged and thrown into prison, but by no means languishing there. Carrying on an active apostleship, she is said to have converted not only the soldiers who formed her guard but the Empress herself, who had come secretly by night to visit Catherine and learn the secret of her sanctity. According to one legend, the Empress and a certain Porphyry, captain of the imperial guard, fell, like many of the soldiery, under the emperor’s wrath and gave up their lives as witnesses to
their new faith. Other legends—lovely ones—tell us about Catherine’s heavenly visitants: of angels coming to comfort her in prison; of a white dove bringing daily refreshment and sweetness into her sombre cell; of St. Michael, the warrior-angel, inciting her to stout combat.

When the sentence of death finally came from the enraged Emperor, Catherine heard it gladly. The instrument chosen to torture her was a newly-invented spiked wheel whose slow revolutions horribly mangled the bodies of the victims tied to it. Led to the place of execution, Catherine looked on the wheel and put out her hand to embrace it. But no sooner had she touched it than the great wheel fell apart as at the touch of a mighty unseen hand. Her triumph was now at its height. Crowds of witnesses, to whom she had become the symbol of supernatural truth and beauty, publicly acclaimed their faith in her God—and left an enraged Emperor frustrated once more. But there was no end to Maximin’s obduracy. After exposing Catherine to new insults and torments, he finally brought about her death by decapitation, and Catherine’s victory was complete.

During the centuries that followed her death, legends a-plenty were told about her. One recounts how, after her death, a rush of angel wings was heard, and angel forms carried her body off to the summit of Mount Sinai. The persistence of the legend and belief in it is shown by the fact that in the ninth century, an ancient monastery erected on the heights of the “God-
trodwen mountain,” was named in honor of St. Catherine and still survives—though only as a monument to past greatness. Another legend, celebrated widely by medieval painters, tells the story of the mystic marriage of St. Catherine—a story of a vision in which the Infant Jesus espoused Catherine with a mystic ring. But out of the wealth of legend, what survived the test of time was the figure of the scholar and the soldier saint. Medieval Christians named her patroness of learning and sole virgin-doctor of the Church. Remembering her valor and victory, the crusaders called on her name, and the wheel of Catherine became the symbol, not only of sacred learning, but of brilliant deeds done in the cause of Christ.

In a later day, devotion to St. Catherine seems to have centered very particularly in France. A devout crusader, we are told, had brought back to his own land relics of the martyr, and had enshrined them in a small chapel in the village of Fierbois in southwestern France. Devotion to “Madame Ste Katherine” was rewarded here during the Hundred Years War by countless favors and cures, and pilgrimages to the Fierbois shrine were many. Here in the mid-winter of 1429, came the Maid of Orleans, in one of the darkest hours of France. Weary of battle, discouraged by the recalcitrant army and the all too ineffectual Dauphin, she needed help sorely. True, her Voices had promised her victory. But the noise of battle and of mocking tongues had for the moment confused her. One of these Voices had been that of Catherine of Alex-
andria, and Jeanne, leading the retreating army from Vaucouleurs, halted at the chapel of Fierbois to remind at least one Voice of her promise. A month later, after Orleans, Jeanne was the heroine of France—and not many months later one of its martyrs. Madame Ste Katherine had not spared Jeanne the last trial nor its victory. But before the Maid of Orleans met her death, she had had one more sign from her Voices. In the short hour when France was at her feet and ready to heap riches and glory upon her, she had been offered as a trophy a gleaming jewelled sword. Jeanne would accept no sword but a certain mystic one which, according to her Voices, had played a high destiny in the history of Catholic France and which lay buried deep beneath the altar of St. Catherine’s shrine at Fierbois. The sword marked with five crosses was found even as it had been foretold, and henceforth, the names of Catherine, the scholar-saint and Jeanne, the soldier-saint, were inextricably linked in the mind and heart of France.
THREE centuries ago, in the city of Le Puy in southern France, a band of simple women—women whose names were lost because the ravages of the French Revolution obliterated for a time all record of them and because they themselves were not especially concerned with perpetuating their own fame—took up the torch and the sword.

Le Puy was far from being a center of culture. Its men and women were not savants, schooled in the ways of court and emperor, but inheritors of ancient feudal strongholds, or simple bourgeois merchants, or rugged peasants—all sturdy sons and daughters of the rocky hillsides of ancient Velay. But Le Puy too had had its hour. Known from the very early Middle Ages as the "City of Our Lady," it had been an important center of ecclesiastical government, and a popular place of pilgrimage for the devout clients of Mary. On the side of one of the volcanic hills which, rising in the form of an amphitheatre around the city, make it so uniquely picturesque, stood the Cathedral of Notre Dame—on the site of one of the earliest shrines to Mary in Roman Gaul. To it had come, on foot, Charlemagne, Charles the Bold, and a whole line of illustrious kings culminating in the saintly Louis IX. To it had come a succession of distinguished popes, and saints of no less holiness and renown than St. Anthony of Padua, St. Dominic, and St. John Francis Regis.

It is not surprising, then, that this city, so dear to the heart of Mary, should have become in the six-
teenth and seventeenth centuries, the cradle-land of a number of new religious orders in the Church. The tradition of faith that had given light to Catherine of Alexandria and a fresh courage to the Maid of Orleans when life lay most darkly before her, was still vitally alive in Le Puy. A century and more of Protestant Reformation, however, had left its marks on Catholic France, and there was need for active religious workers to combat the ways of ignorance and heresy.

With the purpose of dedicating themselves forever to the high destiny of "teaching the rudiments of Christian Doctrine," six devout women of Le Puy and its neighboring dioceses united under the spiritual direction of Father Jean P. Medaille to form a new religious congregation. On October 15, 1650, after a short period of instruction in the religious life, they were assembled in the chapel of the orphanage at Le Puy, invested with the habit chosen as their distinctive garb, and placed under the patronage of St. Joseph, becoming thereby the first religious community to place themselves under the care of the gentle father of the Holy Family. Associated with Father Medaille in the foundation of the new institute was Henry de Maupas du Tour, bishop of the diocese of Le Puy, who presided at this first reception of subjects and became the community's first ecclesiastical superior.

Over the early days of the community rests the veil of obscurity. One document, a letter of Father Medaille's in which he gives not so much the outline as the spirit behind his "little design" shows the design to have been a relatively simple and unambitious one.
Le Puy-en-Velay
Over and over again Father Medaille stresses the idea that the congregation is an institute of personal annihilation and detachment. Founded for France to do the work that came to its hand, it must be, before God “whatever He in His infinite mercy, will deign to make it.” The Sister of St. Joseph must “be equally content to have much, to have little, or to have nothing, for our little design requires perfect detachment.” Love of simplicity and the cultivation of simple virtues was to be her distinctive mark. Works of charity and zeal, and most particularly the teaching of young girls, was to be her distinctive work. Readiness for any work that might in the design of God fall to her lot, was to be her dedication.

During the century and a half that elapsed before the French Revolution, the work of the Sisters of St. Joseph had made itself felt throughout all parts of France. Its convents, founded by the Le Puy motherhouse whenever and wherever a need arose for its services, had received full ecclesiastical approbation, and peacefully its religious were carrying on their work of instruction and charity in academies for young girls, in schools for the blind and for the deaf, in orphanages, in industrial schools, in homes for the destitute, and in hospitals.

Then the storm of the Revolution broke. During its earliest days, the Sisters worked on calmly and prayerfully, at the same time watching with dread the growing hatred of all institutions connected with the old order focus itself upon religious communities.
Then, in 1792 a proscription formally dissolved all religious congregations devoted to teaching and charity. Those communities who did not honor its mandates—and there were many—had the sorrow of seeing their convents seized, their Sisters sent back to their homes, forced to go into exile, or thrown into prison to await the guillotine. Inscribed on the roll of honor of Catholic France are the names of seven Sisters of St. Joseph who shed their blood for their faith.

To many others who would have gloried in it, the palm of martyrdom was denied. It was in the design of God that out of one of the prisons—that of St. Didier—should come the person destined, in a later and happier day, to restore the congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph. As the young superior of the convent at Monistrol, Mother St. John Fontbonne had been known as a singularly gifted and devoutly spiritual leader. After the ejection of her Sisters and the confiscation of their convent, she had quietly carried on the rule and works of her religious life under the shelter of her father’s roof. Discovered, condemned, thrown into prison and sentenced to die, she had escaped death only because the day set for her execution marked the fall of Robespierre and the release of all political prisoners.

Mother St. John, we are told, was almost envious of those who had been accounted worthy of the martyr’s crown. But she was a woman accustomed to look for the design of God in all the accidents of life, and she knew that “God fulfils Himself in many ways.”
What she could not know nor even dream of in those troubled days was the tremendous task that still lay before her: the work of restoring the community at St. Etienne some twelve years later—when France was again free—of establishing new foundations to carry on the work throughout France, of organizing in 1816 a central government at Lyons in order to bring the scattered houses into a closer union, of building in Lyons, another city of Mary, a permanent motherhouse and novitiate, and of presiding over it through arduous years as its first superior-general. She could not know that from the holy Hill of the Chartreuse on which this motherhouse was erected, missionaries would go forth to all parts of the earth, and that scarce a century later, Sisters of St. Joseph in all lands would remember her as the valiant woman who had "put out her hand to strong things."

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ONE century ago, a band of six of these Sisters left the quiet cloisters of the Lyons motherhouse to embark on a journey to the great unknown of the American wilderness. Responding to an urgent call for teaching Sisters, made in 1834 by the Right Reverend Joseph Rosati, Bishop of St. Louis, Mother St. John had asked her community for volunteers. All of them knew that their decision had about it a terrible finality, that it meant a life-time of exile and inevitable loneliness and hardship. But they were women of magnificent selflessness, and carrying the cross into new lands meant to them the literal fulfillment of Christ’s command to “go forth and teach all nations.”

From the many who volunteered, only six could be spared from the work of the French missions. The six chosen were: Sister Febronie Fontbonne and Sister Delphine Fontbonne, nieces of Mother St. John; Sister St. Protais Deboille; Sister Felicite Boute; Sister Febronie Chapellon; and Sister Philomene Vilaine. They were all very young—the eldest being thirty-one years of age, the youngest twenty-one and still a novice. Accompanied by Father James Fontbonne—a nephew of Mother St. John and brother of Sister Febronie and Sister Delphine—and a young seminarian, who had also volunteered for missionary service in the St. Louis diocese, they left Lyons on January 4, 1836. They had placed their voyage under the patronage of Mary. For in the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Fourviere,
which crowns the hill of Fourviere—a hill facing their beloved Chartreuse on the other side of the Saone, and sacred from time immemorial to the Mother of God—they had heard mass and in the mist of an early morning hour, said their brave farewells.

The good ship Heidelberg, from which the voyagers looked back longingly on the maternal shores of France, sailed out of Havre on January 17, and in a little less than two months reached the mouth of the Mississippi. A severe storm arising just as they were almost at the close of their journey had all but ended in disaster, and when they reached New Orleans on March 5, they looked on the safety of its friendly shores with grateful eyes. There they were met by Bishop Rosati and received hospitably by the Ursuline Sisters. After some days of rest and comfort in the convent of the Ursulines, they took the first steamboat bound for St. Louis and began the first journey of the missionaries of St. Joseph up the Father of Waters.

Arriving in St. Louis on March 25, 1836, they found work to do in great plenty. The torch of learning burned very low among the French and Indian villages of Missouri, and the task of rekindling its fire was no small one. Settling first in the French-Canadian village of Cahokia, where they established a school, and later in the log-cabin settlement of Carondelet, from which the American congregation now takes its name, the Sisters began their life of teaching and works of charity in the new world.

The first years were hard ones. Poverty stalked
always in their midst. Cold weather, primitive living conditions, floods, and fevers would have discouraged women of less strength and enthusiasm. But the people among whom they worked—some prosperous fur-traders, but for the large part, Creole and French-Canadian woodsmen, who eked out a scanty living by selling the timber they cut in the nearby forests—were no better off, and in the sharing of their hardships as well as their gay abandon to their lot, the Sisters drew strength for the austere years.

Their numbers reenforced in 1837 by the arrival of new missionaries from the Lyons motherhouse, and later by the entrance of young American women into their ranks, the Sisters were enabled to enlarge the scope of their work. Soon, parish schools were bravely functioning, if not flourishing. Orphanages were established; special schools for deaf mutes and others for colored children were organized. And as early as 1840, an academy for young ladies, an outgrowth of the first log-cabin convent of the Sisters in Carondelet, had its small beginning. This foundation, St. Joseph’s Academy, was destined to become the nucleus of a community which within scarcely a score of years was sending its own missionaries into the remoter areas of the north, east, south, and west of the United States, and eventually to become the motherhouse of the American congregation.

In 1847 the first Sisters went to Philadelphia. There, living conditions were not so primitive, but religious intolerance and even persecution made the life
of religious a hazard and certainly an adventure. The next decade saw missions established in Buffalo and other parts of New York state and the east. Going north from Philadelphia, the Sisters established a house in Toronto from which, as a center, the work of the community has spread throughout Canada. Associated with the pioneer days in the southern states—Mississippi, Tennessee, Florida, and Georgia—in which the congregation had begun to establish missions as early as 1855, are memories of heroic sacrifice in the combat against yellow fever and heroic endurance of the even more deadly menace of religious bigotry. In 1870, the trek westward began. The call had come from Arizona, then a thinly-settled and remote missionary land. The seven sisters who volunteered for its service reached their destination by a devious route, going by newly-laid rail to San Francisco, by ocean-steamer to San Diego, and by wagon-trail to Tucson, where the first convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the west was established.

In 1851, just fifteen years after the little ride up the Mississippi from New Orleans to St. Louis, four of the Carondelet community at the invitation of Bishop Cretin boarded the steamer St. Paul for a longer ride to the head waters of the river. Here, in the city of St. Paul, in the territory of Minnesota, they were to meet with a lifetime of teaching or the torture of the tomahawk—they knew not which, for the St. Paul of those days had been described to them as a “wild frontier town where Indians in gay blankets stalked the streets and scalping was still known.”
The story of the subsequent years is a story of the victory of the cross. It is a story of an epoch in which the log-cabin which housed the pioneer Sisters in St. Paul gave way to adequate convent-homes and spacious schools, in which the single Bench Street mission multiplied in numbers and expanded in scope until its work, centering in a new provincial mother-house, embraced the care of orphanages, hospitals, and schools of all types in Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota. Across the pages of the story move figures of fine stature: Bishop Cretin, Bishop Grace, and their truly great successor, Archbishop Ireland; Mother Seraphine Ireland, and the countless valiant women who, like their Sisters of Le Puy, had had only a "little design" but a field of accomplishment vast and wide.

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HIRTY-ONE years ago, a new generation of Sisters of St. Joseph, taking courage from the example of these Minnesota pioneers and, like them, making the heritage of their past a challenge to a still finer future, erected on a beautifully wooded hill overlooking the Mississippi a building which was to become the nucleus of a Catholic woman’s college. They named it after the scholar-saint, Catherine of Alexandria.

The idea of the college was not a new one. Years before, it had been the dream of its great founder, Archbishop Ireland, to develop in the St. Paul Diocese a Catholic center of higher learning for women. The Sisters of St. Joseph were especially dedicated to the teaching of young girls, and it seemed fitting to Archbishop Ireland to place the planning of the proposed college under their jurisdiction. The site, selected and purchased in the 1890’s by Mother Sera- phine Ireland, then provincial-superior of the St. Paul Province, was marked by its great natural beauty. Overlooking the Mississippi just where its channel lies deepest between Minneapolis and St. Paul, it had just that remoteness from city life and just that nearness to its advantages which make for a desirable college situation. Through its hundred acres of woodland ran an old territorial trail once used by Indians as a connecting link between the village of Pigseye and Fort Snelling on the other side of the river.

Years of financial depression followed and de-
ferred the fulfilment of the plan, and it was not until 1904 that a generous gift made by Mr. Hugh Derham of Rosemount, Minnesota, made possible the material beginning of the college. On December 26, 1904, the first missionaries—a community of twenty-six Sisters—came to open the doors of Derham Hall, and in January, 1905, the first classes were admitted.

Under the patronage of St. Catherine and under the direction of women who had inherited the fine traditions of Le Puy, of Lyons, of Carondelet, and of the Bench Street cabin, the college which in 1905 admitted students to its preparatory school and which in 1913 conferred its first baccalaureate degrees on a graduating class numbering two, has become a college with an annual enrollment of some six hundred students and a graduating class of one hundred and six. To the single building that marked its beginning have been added six others picturesquely situated on the sloping lawns of a beautifully landscaped campus. Everywhere at St. Catherine’s are artistic symbols of St. Catherine’s heritage—symbols challenging its students to high womanhood. The chapel, dedicated to Our Lady of Victory, model of all who seek wisdom and spiritual conquest, dominates the topmost hill of the campus. Around the top of its gleaming and exquisitely carved portal runs a sculptured frieze depicting the story of Catherine of Alexandria. The auditorium, which receives and matriculates entering students and which sends them forth as graduates on degree day, is named for the soldier maid, Jeanne
d’Arc. Other buildings carry out the theme of religious tradition: Caecilian Hall, named for St. Cecelia, “sweet enthusiast” for music and truth; Whitby Hall, named for its association with the wise abbess St. Hilda and her protege, Caedmon, most miraculous of poets; Mendel Hall, named for Gregor Mendel, monk and scholar, whose life was itself a witness to the inalienable oneness of experimental science and religious truth.

The students of St. Catherine’s come from seventeen states, from as far west as Washington, as far east as Vermont, as far south as West Virginia and Oklahoma. Since its beginning, more than 3,800 students have been enrolled. They have come from twenty-five states, from Canada, Mexico, Porto Rico, Panama, Peru, Chile, Ireland, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, and China. Its alumnae in 1935 numbered 935. Of the students who have attended the college, 120 have entered the religious life, 96 of whom have become Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. Its graduates have done distinguished work in every walk of life—and many of them are now beginning to send their daughters back to the halls of their Alma Mater.

Modern life demands of young women students many services and abilities which were not required of the women of fifteen centuries, or three centuries, or one century ago. Theirs is a time of specialization—for which St. Catherine’s prepares them. Out of its doors have gone teachers, librarians, social service workers, writers, artists, musicians, business women,
and homemakers. More recent developments in the college's science equipment and the building of a modern Health Center have enabled it to train nurses, dietitians, laboratory technicians, research workers, and health and physical education directors. But over and above these, the college remains first of all a college of liberal arts—a college in which the end of education is essentially the same as it was in the days of St. Catherine of Alexandria or of the struggling Sisterhood of Le Puy. It is the belief of the administrators of the college that that end is not just vocational efficiency, but the development of the whole woman—spiritual, intellectual, moral, physical, social—in such a fullness as to enable her to meet the emergencies and the routine of life intelligently. It is the belief of the college that by a program of education in which religion, art, and science go hand in hand, it is giving to a world which needs it more today than ever before, the leaven of a fine womanhood.
ODAY the shield of The College of St. Catherine bears three emblems: the spiked wheel of St. Catherine on a field of blue, symbol of loyalty; the fleur-de-lys, lily of France; and the torch of learning, universal symbol of intellectual light—both on a field of red, symbol of courage. Dividing the chief from the shield proper is a wavy line, symbolizing the waters of the Mississippi. The gold and silver in which the charges are cast are expressive of faith and royalty. The shield rests upon an inverted sword, symbol of the apostle, Saint Paul, and taken from a charge in the coat of arms of the archdiocese of St. Paul. Above the shield, wound back and forth across the blade of the sword is a scroll on which is inscribed the motto of the college, “Progressum Tutatur Pietas.”

Altogether, the shield is a concrete expression of the motto, “Religion safeguards progress.” It is a concrete reminder that a future of progress is best moulded by the imperishable ideals that have moulded the best in the past. It is a visible tribute to a glorious heritage, and a profession of faith in the truth that “Whatever is born of God overcometh the world.”
Chapel of Our Lady of Victory
Date on which a book is due is stamped on the date slip.

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