WORKS to the KING

Reminiscences
of Mother Seraphine Ireland

By
SISTER CLARA GRAHAM, C.S.J.

My heart hath uttered a good word:
I speak my works to the King.

—PSALM 44

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DEDICATION

TO THE SISTERS OF TODAY AND TOMORROW

AND

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

THE SISTERS OF YESTERDAY
Introduction

A LABOR of love has been performed by the author of this brief but adequate biographical sketch of the late Mother Seraphine Ireland, former Provincial Superior of the Congregation of the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Carondelet.

Simultaneously with the observance of the tercentenary of the establishment of the first community of the Sisters of Saint Joseph at Le Puy in France October 15, 1650, the Sisters of Saint Joseph of the Province of Saint Paul in Minnesota are preparing for the observance of the centenary of the opening of their first convent at Saint Paul in 1851.

As a contribution to the record of achievement by the community during its century of activity in Minnesota and the adjoining states, the author reviews her memories of the associations with the lowly and the great during the half-century that she has passed as a member of the congregation, and singles out Mother Seraphine as the outstanding character and leader in the apostolate of religious life, cultural activity and charitable service manifested with such obvious distinction by the congregation during the past hundred years.
From the day when Ellen Ireland became a postulant of the community in this province her life of prayer, love and sacrifice in the convent paralleled the dedication of her distinguished brother as seminarian, priest, war chaplain, pastor, Bishop and Archbishop through his fifty-seven years of sacerdotal sacrifice, both united to each other in the Sacred Heart of the Divine Spouse who chose them both for Himself.

May all who scan these pages accept the challenge to emulate the faith and the love portrayed herein by a valiant woman who gave herself as a complete oblation to Christ in the religious life fostered by His Church!

November 8, 1950.

JOHN GREGORY MURRAY,
Archbishop of Saint Paul
I WISH to express sincere thanks to His Excellency, our Most Reverend Archbishop, for critical reading of the manuscript, for the gracious Introduction, and for sanctioning the publication of this little book; to Reverend Joseph Busch for reading the original copy and for his encouraging criticism; to Mother Eucharista and Sister Cyril Clare for careful reading of first copy and of proofs; to Sister Anita Marie for typing; to Mother Annetta for pictures of the members of the Ireland family; to Reverend Patrick Staunton, P.P., of the parish of Danesfort, Cuffe’s Grange, Kilkenny, for baptismal records; and to Sister Elizabeth Marie for supplying copy for the jacket.

Sister Clara Graham, C.S.J.
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THIS slender volume presenting the life-story of Mother Seraphine Ireland differs from a biography in that the facts it records have been gleaned from the book of memory. The books consulted for the preparation of the work were referred to for the sole purpose of securing historical background. There is a brief chapter about Kilkenny, the home-county of the Ireland family, and a somewhat longer account of the St. Paul of frontier days. The reader will note that the book is not documented and that there are few acknowledgments to other authors.

Mother Seraphine had no desire to leave a written record of her life. The numerous convents she founded, the works she launched, the Sisters she trained, are a partial record of her seventy-two years as a Sister of St. Joseph. She was not a foundress of a religious order; she was not an author; she was not a mystic; she was not a wonder-worker, as we understand the term. Why write the story of her life?

She became a member of a little struggling community in 1858—of a community in its childhood, just when she was stepping out of childhood into young womanhood. She was blessed with a happy, generous disposition, a charm of personality, and an optimism that visioned success following close
upon effort. She saw as in a dream a greater Sisterhood in a
greater St. Paul.

“But ever straining past the things that seem
To that which Is—the truth behind the dream.” ¹

Mother Seraphine’s appearance spelled leadership. As the
years went by she moved from one position to another with
consummate ease. There was no hesitation about her obedi-
ence. There was no friction between her and her superiors.
And there never was a time when she did not work under the
direction of a superior—her parents in her home; her religious
superiors in the convent; and, when she was Provincial Su-
perior, her Reverend Mother in St. Louis and the Ordinary
of the Diocese. During the last sixteen years of her provin-
cialate the Superiors General were young women of limited
experience, compared with hers, yet there is no doubt that
Reverend Mother Agnes Gonzaga Ryan and Reverend
Mother Agnes Rossiter would both testify that Mother Sera-
phine was outstanding in her obedience.

Those who knew and revered Mother Seraphine need no
written story of her life. And yet, even they, and they are
growing fewer every year, will be happy to read the following
pages. In their comments they may supplement much that I
have omitted. For twenty-eight years Mother Seraphine was
my Provincial Superior. After the long term of her superiority
had ended, I knew her as a simple Sister of St. Joseph in the
rank of her profession. Looking at those years in retrospect
has given me a desire to introduce Mother Seraphine to the
present generation of Sisters.

If the pages of this too-brief sketch give even a faint picture
of one who mothered our Province with a maternal kindness
akin to that of our own mothers, the work will not have been
in vain.

Sister Clara Graham

Feast of St. Teresa of Avila, 1950

Works to the King
THE time was nearing the middle of the century—the forties of the nineteenth century. The place was Ireland. Historically it was an unforgettable period. One of the greenest and most beautiful islands in the world was being depopulated by famine and by emigration. Men, women, and children were dying by the thousands, dying of cold and hunger and injustice that cried to heaven for vengeance. Other thousands were leaving their homes and sailing away to find work and to build new homes in distant lands. America was young then and generous and was sending out a call for workers who would clear the wilderness, build cities, till the soil, plant orchards, open up industries, and erect homes and churches. The call sounded all over Ireland and was heeded by vast numbers.

In 1846 100,000 emigrants left Ireland. The average departures for each year in 1847, 1848, and 1849 reached 200,000.¹ Men who had left Ireland and located elsewhere saved their earnings and sent passage money for their families to join

¹ Stephen Gwynn: History of Ireland, p. 462.
them. In one period of four years the passage money sent back to families in Ireland amounted to 3,000,000 pounds. During those years the Irish emigrants were cautious to shun any place where the English flag was displayed. Their distrust of England determined them to seek hospitality in the United States. "From the famine dates the beginning of Ireland's influence as a force in world politics, directed always against the British Empire." ¹

Nearly every county in Ireland sent out its quota of young hopeful emigrants. The present sketch is concerned particularly with those who left Kilkenny and who, after brief sojourns in the East and Mid-West, finally settled in the recently formed territory of Minnesota. The names of some of these men may be found on the pages of our Minnesota history: Dennis Doyle, Dan and Martin Walsh, Patrick Shortall, Thomas Grace, John O'Gorman, Richard Ireland. Their search for suitable sites for farm homes ended in Le Sueur County, where a town grew up which they named after their own beautiful city, Kilkenny. The men took claims, but they did not all settle in that locality. Richard Ireland came back to St. Paul and never proved up on his claim. In 1852 St. Paul was beginning to show signs of one day becoming a noteworthy city.

Attractions of the village of St. Paul were a cathedral, a Catholic academy for girls, a Catholic school for boys, a zealous bishop. Catholic fathers and mothers of families were happy to establish homes in a frontier village where they found the same religious concern they had experienced in their homeland. Here, unmolested, they could show loyalty to the faith of their fathers, and they and their children and their children's children would be in the front ranks of loyal Americans.

The Irish families who settled in St. Paul lost no time in be-

¹ Stephen Gwynn: History of Ireland, p. 463.
coming a vital force in the young city. Because they spoke English, and because Bishop Cretin and other men of vision knew that English would be the language of the state and of the nation, the Irish were rapidly assimilated into the population. The life of John O'Gorman illustrates this quickness of the Irish to take on Americanism. He came here in 1852. Within a few years he was Captain of the Police, Chief of Police, City Assessor, State Prison Inspector, Bridge Receiver, and Captain of the Shield’s Guards. His personality is described as quiet and pleasant. He is spoken of as an excellent father, whose eight children, six sons and two daughters, following his good example all became fine citizens.

The Ireland family, whose story runs through the pages of this book, affords another splendid example of the adaptability of the Irish character. A later chapter will tell briefly the history of this family and will try to give pen portraits of Archbishop Ireland and of his sister, Ellen, who became Mother Seraphine Ireland.

1T. M. Newson, Pen Pictures, p. 358.
THE history of St. Paul dates back to the year 1680, when, on the feast of St. Catherine of Siena, Father Louis Hennepin and two companions arrived here in the wilderness. They were the first white men to step on the soil of our city. The Cavalier, De la Salle, had sent his adventurous young companion, Hennepin, on an exploring expedition for the purpose of discovering the source of the Father of the Waters. As they rowed past the mouth of the Wisconsin river in their frail canoe, they fell into the hands of a band of a hundred and twenty Sioux Indians, who were on the war path. In the role of captives they continued rowing northward until, having sighted an inviting-looking bay, they all stepped out into a tangle of alders and rushes and stood looking over a vast wilderness. It must have been a picturesque scene: the background of primeval woodland; the great river; Indians in war paint and fully armed for battle; two white men garbed as fur traders; and, in the center of the group, Father Hennepin, a Franciscan monk in gray habit, peaked hood and sandaled feet. Around his waist he wore the white cord of St. Francis, from which hung a rosary and a shining crucifix.
It may be imagined that while they stood there surveying the scenery, Father Hennepin breathed a prayer of thanksgiving that their lives had been spared, thanks to La Salle's gifts, which had placated the Indians. And may it not be surmised that he, in the role of a missionary seeking souls, raised his hand in benediction over the wilderness and prayed that in some future time at God's good pleasure, there might arise here a veritable City of God. At a signal from the Indians, they returned to their canoes and rowed five miles farther up the river to the beautiful falls which Father Hennepin named St. Anthony.

One hundred and fifty-nine years after Father Hennepin had blessed the wilderness and christened the Falls of St. Anthony an intrepid French bishop, Mathias Loras of Dubuque, came to administer the sacraments to a small congregation of Catholics who had settled in and near what is now Mendota. At the close of a gratifying thirteen-day mission the Bishop solemnly blessed his little congregation and promised that he would soon send them a priest who would care for their spiritual needs.

On the feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel, April 26, 1840, a steamboat moved up the Mississippi and landed at the foot of Fort Snelling. On it Bishop Loras, remembering his promise, had sent Reverend Lucian Galtier, a recently ordained young French volunteer, to the Mendota mission. Father Galtier lost no time in acquainting himself with the extent of his parish and the good people who had been anxiously awaiting his arrival.

In a letter written by Father Galtier to Bishop Grace in 1864 he states, "The discovery that I soon made . . . . gave me to understand that my mission and life must henceforth be a career of privation, hard trials, and suffering and required of me patience, labor, and resignation."1

Lucian Galtier was born in Ardeches, France, in 1811. Like many French boys of the time, he had a conviction that his vocation was to be a priest, and he longed to be a missionary. He was a student of theology when Bishop Loras visited the seminary where he was studying and asked for volunteers to accompany him to America. Young Galtier responded to the call, and joined the Bishop on his return journey. After his arrival in New York in 1838 he was sent to Emmetsburg College, Maryland, to complete his studies. He was ordained in March, 1840, by Bishop Loras in Dubuque.

When he reached Minnesota, there was no St. Paul: “There was on the site of the present city but a single log house, occupied by a man named Phelan and steamboats never stopped there.”

Father Galtier spent some time making the acquaintance of the Catholics of the region. During those weeks a number of families who had settled near Fort Snelling had been ordered away by government officials and had moved into the St. Paul that was in the making. The young priest now had the problem of finding a suitable site for a church. Two suggested sites were rejected. The first was on low ground. A church built there might be swept down the river in time of floods. The second was not accessible to boats. Finally, after a careful survey of the locality, he chose what proved to be a satisfactory site. When the place took on the semblance of a town, the church address was the corner of Bench street and Third street, and the town took the name of the church. In October men hauled logs to the place and the building was erected, “so poor that it would well remind one of the stable of Bethlehem.”

This little log church was the real beginning of our city. To quote Father Galtier again: “On the first day of November, in

1 J. Fletcher Williams, op. cit., p. 110.
1841, I blessed the new basilica and dedicated it to St. Paul, the apostle of nations."

Father Galtier’s work in Minnesota ended on the 25th of May, 1844, when he was missioned at Keokuk, Iowa. In 1848 he returned to France, but the call of the missions here resounded in his ears so persistently that he soon found his place on the mission field of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. However, his interest in the city he founded and baptized remained with him always. The little city with its hallowed name had become in reality the city of God. Father Galtier died on the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, February 11, 1866. Our Lady of Good Counsel had guided him here to “plant” a city “by the water brooks.” Our Lady of Lourdes took him into the true City of God.

When Father Galtier was called to another needy mission, he remarked that he was leaving to better hands “the yet barren field” of his beloved St. Paul and that he felt deep regret at parting from his infant mission and from his good friends.

Father Galtier’s successor was the Reverend Augustine Ravoux, another disciple of Bishop Loras. He, too, had volunteered his services when the Bishop was touring France soliciting helpers for his vast diocese. Volumes have been written about the work of the ardent French missionaries, who evangelized our state when it was a wilderness. And no one of those fervent apostles is more worthy of praise than Rev. Augustine Ravoux, whose zeal for the souls of Indians and whites knew no bounds.

Ten years after the erection of Father Galtier's chapel, in the year 1851, St. Paul was still only a frontier village. For seven years the Catholic missions here had been in charge of Father Ravoux. On July 19, 1850, Rome had decreed the establishment of a new diocese with St. Paul as its See City. And on the feast of the Visitation of our Blessed Lady, July 2, 1851,
the zealous pastor of the Catholics here welcomed to his new Diocese the Right Reverend Joseph Cretin, former Vicar General of the Diocese of Dubuque, and cherished friend of Bishop Loras.

Bishop Cretin was no stranger to Father Ravoux, for they had worked together in the Iowa diocese. It may be of interest to take a brief view of our first great Bishop.

Joseph Cretin was born at Montluel, Ain, France, on December 19, 1799. The dream of his boyhood was to be a missionary priest in a foreign land. When he entered the preparatory seminary of Meximieux to begin his studies, and later as a student at St. Sulpice in Paris, he never lost sight of his desire. St. Sulpice and the city of Paris afforded him glimpses of the splendor of the Church. From fellow students who came there from far and near he learned much about the needs of foreign mission fields.

On Saturday in Ember week, December 20, 1823, Joseph Cretin was ordained "a priest forever" in the chapel of the Bishop's residence by the Right Reverend Alexander Raymond Devie, Bishop of Bellay. A week later his first appointment reached him. He was named vicar to the Curé of Ferney. In Ferney, Voltaire had sown the seeds of unbelief and of hatred of all things Catholic. For seven years he worked and prayed and performed penance as Vicar in the difficult town of Ferney. During those years he constantly longed to realize his dream of a mission in a foreign land, even though there was abundant missionary work at hand. He did not know that he was serving a probation for the Minnesota mission field which was white for the harvest.

Despite his pleadings with his Bishop for permission to go to China, he was destined to spend another seven years as pastor of Ferney. Then in 1838 Bishop Devie granted him a reluctant dispensation to be absent from the diocese for a while. When he left France, China was not his destination.
Bishop Loras was in France visiting seminaries and pleading for missionaries for his Iowa Diocese. Reverend Joseph Cretin joined him on his return voyage. Soon after his arrival in the United States he was named Vicar General of the Diocese of Dubuque.

Joseph Cretin's work in Dubuque was as outstanding as it had been in Ferney. When he was named Bishop of the new See of St. Paul, he realized that the long apprenticeship in Ferney had been a splendid preparation for the work the Holy Spirit had given him to do in Minnesota. After accepting the appointment he returned to France to be consecrated by his own Bishop Devie on January 26, 1851. Following his consecration he toured the seminaries of France, seeking volunteer missionaries for his vast diocese.

Bishop Cretin arrived in St. Paul on the feast of the Visitation of Our Lady, July 2, 1851. That same evening he met his people in the little log chapel, which was now his cathedral. That he was still the energetic apostle is evidenced by the record of his achievements. Before Christmas he had a new brick cathedral, and a residence for himself and his priests. He had considered the educational needs of his diocese, and had written to Reverend Mother Celestine Pommerel in St. Louis asking her to send Sisters to take charge of a school for girls. On November 3, four Sisters of St. Joseph arrived. They were assigned to the former log church.

Father Augustine Ravoux, who had worked with the Bishop, and was here his assistant in all his undertakings, tells us that Bishop Cretin saw hard labor before him, and full of confidence in God, was never discouraged.

Father Galtier, Father Ravoux, and Bishop Cretin were all typical French missionaries, ready at all times to work for God and, if need be, to die for Him. Archbishop Ireland characterized them in these words: "The invitation to the mission field was always the more effective in seminary and
presbytery when it promised trials and suffering.” The Diocese of St. Paul offered both generously. Bishop Cretin accepted both, and thus became the great apostle of Minnesota.

To the regret of all who knew him, Bishop Cretin’s apostolate in St. Paul lasted only six years. After a long and painful illness, which he bore with heroic patience, his courageous soul winged its flight into eternity on the twenty-second day of February in 1857. His body lay in state in the cathedral he had built on Wabasha street until the morning of the twenty-fourth, when a solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of his soul. After the final blessing the funeral procession numbering hundreds of sorrowing citizens, accompanied him to Calvary Cemetery. The young diocese was bereft of its first shepherd.

Until Rome would name a successor to Bishop Cretin, the Diocese of St. Paul was administered by Father Ravoux, an apostle of the Indians in the Northwest, and the untiring spiritual guide of the early settlers. His office as administrator ended when Thomas Langdon Grace was consecrated the second Bishop of St. Paul on July 24, 1859. Bishop Grace had the qualities of a great churchman. His devotion to the ideals of Bishop Cretin was outstanding. He had the same zeal in the promotion of Catholic education. His splendid colonization work is a matter of history. After twenty-five years, on July 31, 1884, his resignation marked the end of his episcopate, when the diocese was given over to the care of his coadjutor, Bishop John Ireland.
Early Settlers

The early settlers of St. Paul came from various nationalities. First of all there were Chippewa and Sioux Indians in considerable numbers. There were Irish emigrants, New Englanders, and French Canadians. There were missionaries seeking souls to save, and travelers in search of adventure. The St. Paul they came to one hundred years ago was favorably located. It was fast becoming the center of frontier development in an expansive area. The city that was being fashioned gradually took root in the hearts of these new Americans, and St. Paul became a place to love.

As this is the story of the life of one woman, Ellen Ireland, who became prominent in the Catholic educational development of the community, and who was privileged to spend seventy-three of her eighty-eight years here, it seems justifiable to limit the names of the early settlers to those who were closely associated with her in her great life work.

Richard Ireland came to St. Paul in 1852 with his wife, Judith Naughton Ireland, and their six children. Mr. Ireland, accompanied by his sister Nancy, had left his native Kilkenny
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in 1849 at the age of forty-four. After a year's experience in Vermont he had sent for his wife and children. After their arrival and a brief sojourn in Burlington, Vermont, it occurred to him that there was danger of Irish emigrants overcrowding eastern cities. Accordingly the Irelands moved westward to Chicago, where the children were registered in a school taught by Sisters of Mercy.

Richard Ireland was a man of vision. The blood of a pioneer ran in his veins. He heard the call of the wild and heeded it. Again he and his family were on the move, and at the end of their trek across what seemed almost endless stretches of land and waterways Richard Ireland found the home of his dreams in the Indian village of St. Paul.

The Irelands were deeply religious. They took little note of the pioneer aspects of St. Paul. The place had genuine attractions for a Catholic father and mother who cherished above all else the faith of the great army of Irish saints. St. Paul in July, 1850, had been named as the See of a newly created Diocese. It was the home of a holy Bishop. The Sisters of St. Joseph were in charge of an academy for girls. The Bishop had made provisions for a school for Catholic boys. Richard Ireland was a carpenter. He would be one of the builders of a greater St. Paul. Mrs. Ireland was a real home-maker. The children would be pupils in the schools, and would become citizens of and co-workers in the progressive life of this frontier town.

Mrs. Ireland, four girls, Mary Ann, Ellen, Eliza, and Julia, and the boys, John and Richard, Jr., were accompanied on their voyage across the Atlantic, as also in their travels across the states, by four cousins, children of Anastasia Ireland and James Howard. As both parents were dead, Nancy Ireland had lovingly adopted the children. Her mission here was to make a home for her sister's children and this she proceeded to do in that historic summer of 1852.
In *Minnesota History* for March, 1950, Carlton Qualey has this to say about the Irish emigrants of one hundred years ago: “The Irish have been among the most colorful of the state’s national groups. Nearly thirteen thousand people of Irish birth, who had come in during the 1850’s along with other immigrants, could be counted in Minnesota in 1860... Since they spoke English, they were quickly assimilated into the native-born population.”

This characteristic of being quickly assimilated is admirably illustrated by both the Irelands and the Howards. Richard Ireland soon became one of the picturesque personalities of the town. His greatest claim to immortality is no doubt due to the fact that he was the father of one of the most able Catholic bishops in the United States, but he could claim distinction on his own worth as well. He lost no time in becoming acquainted with the needs of the people. Then, as now, one of those was the housing situation. Many of the fine residences of the town, among them the home of H. M. Rice, were built by him.

His nephew, Thomas Howard, in the course of a few years, moved from one position to another with the ease and poise of a native American. As member of the School Board, County Commissioner, Municipal Judge, Chairman of the Democratic Committee, Register of Deeds of Ramsey County, he gave striking proof of his grasp of the American way of life in early Minnesota history.

John Ireland, the future Father Ireland of Civil War days, the Coadjutor of Bishop Grace from 1875-1884, and St. Paul’s great Archbishop for thirty years, in the fall of 1852 was registered as a student in Bishop Cretin’s school for boys. To this same school came another Irish boy, Thomas O’Gorman. Bishop Cretin was deeply interested in the Christian education of the Catholic children of his diocese and prayerfully anxious that God would grant to some of his boys vocations to the
priesthood and to some of the girls attending St. Joseph's Academy vocations to the sisterhood. He was a frequent and welcome visitor in both schools. The boys and girls studied under his kindly guidance, unconscious of the fact that their dear Bishop was studying them. As a result of his observation, he chose John Ireland and Thomas O'Gorman as prospective seminarians. His own seminary of Meximieux was dear to his heart, and he offered to send the boys there, if they had a desire to study for the priesthood. They had the desire and their parents had the hope that they might live to assist at Masses offered by their sons.

The Bishop's hope had promise of fulfillment in the ready acceptance of the boys. On a certain happy day in the late summer of 1853 the boys sailed for France, dreaming of days not far distant when they would be students in the famous Petit Seminaire de Meximieux in the Department of Ain.
Ellen Ireland was ten years old in July, 1852, when she arrived with her father and mother in the wild frontier village of St. Paul. For three years she had been living in a land of adventure, the creation of her own active imagination. Her father had sailed for the States in 1849. Ellen tried to picture the ocean she had never seen. Kneeling every night by their home fireside, her mother and all the children prayed for his safe journey. But Ellen felt sure that her tall, capable father could take care of himself. In the course of time letters came from Boston and New York. And at last a letter from Burlington, Vermont, contained the good news that a new home awaited their arrival.

Busy days were in store for Mrs. Ireland. For the children they were wonderful days. There was no sadness in their young hearts at the prospect of leaving their Irish home. They would see the Atlantic ocean, ships sailing westward, and their father waiting for them in Boston harbor, whatever that was.

Mrs. Ireland was sad and glad. She knew that opportunity
had greeted her husband in the new world. But before it could smile on her, there was the great ocean to cross. There were her own six children and the four Howard children to be cared for in the passage to Liverpool and from Liverpool how many weeks across leagues of water before Boston Harbor was sighted.

After the farewells to relatives and friends in their beloved Kilkenny, Mrs. Ireland prayed for courage to face the future on sea and in a strange new land. At last, with the assistance of her sister-in-law in Liverpool they were all safely on board a slow-sailing vessel. The month that followed was long and tiresome for Mrs. Ireland. Some of the care of the younger children was shared by Mary Ann Ireland, the senior of the group, and by John, aged twelve. To Ellen and the others every day was bringing them nearer to the magic port of Boston, nearer to their father, closer to the end of adventure.

But Ellen Ireland was never to reach that end. Her whole life was an adventure. Always there was the gleam beckoning her on. Life was a challenge “to strive, to seek, to find.” Boston and Vermont chapters in her life were brief. And again it was her birth month, July in 1852. The long journey from Burnchurch in Kilkenny had ended in St. Paul.

A crowded summer followed. The Irelands and Howards secured homes. Mrs. Ireland in her home, and Aunt Nancy in hers were busy preparing the children for school. And the children were tireless in their explorations and discoveries in this new wilderness called St. Paul. They had come from an old country — old in the true sense of the word — centuries old. They had come from the historic Diocese of Ossory.


I hereby certify that Ellen Ireland was Baptized, according to the form prescribed in the Roman Ritual, in the Church of Cuffe’s Grange Parish of Danesfort on the 1st day of July, year 1842 by Rev. Thomas Conry C.C. Parents Richard Ireland and Judith Naughton. Sponsors Thomas McCabe and Mary Naughton. Rev. Patrick Staunten Parish Priest. Date 12th July 1950.
which could list fourteen Bishops whose names adorned the calendar of saints, with St. Kieran at the head of the list. They had come from a county in Ireland noted for its great churches, for its historic Black Abbey near St. Kenny’s Well, for its splendidly established schools. It was a blessing that they had the genius of adaptability.

In September the schools opened. Even now children are glad when the first day of schools dawns. The Irish girls, in this respect, were not unlike the children of the present year. With them, however, the gladness did not wear off in a week or a month. Their days were made up of home-duties and lessons. Saturdays and Sundays afforded little change of program. Entertainment outside of school depended on their own initiative, for there were no commercial distractions in the town.

French was a popular language. Ellen and her school companions were good students in English and were quick in learning to read and write French. As her brother John was studying in France, Ellen had an incentive to learn the language so that she might write letters in French to him. And so the days of the first year in an American school hastened by, and June came. Another summer passed and then began another school year. And those were repeated until on a certain day in 1856 Ellen Ireland and Ellen Howard had a chance meeting with Bishop Cretin. The girls dropped unceremoniously on their knees and asked his blessing. He blessed them individually, laying his hands in benediction on each young head. Incidentally, in the conversation which followed this little street ceremony, the Bishop mentioned the great need of Sisters in the diocese. He wondered if they ever thought of being religious. He hoped they would be Sisters. Of course, the call must come from God, but they could help the cause by fervent prayer. The harvest was white and calling for laborers.
The Bishop went on his way, and the girls hurried to their classroom on Bench street. Doubtless they had thought of the religious life. For four years they had associated with Sisters who were leading the life and who seemed happy and contented. At any rate, they would remember the Bishop's advice and pray.

Another two years had hurried by. Again it was June, and the year was 1858. The Academy had a quiet graduation ceremony. Ellen Ireland and Ellen Howard became charter members of what has since become the note-worthy Alumnae Association of St. Joseph's Academy, the oldest Catholic school in Minnesota.
Mother Seraphine in 1882
On the eighth of September, 1858, Mrs. Ireland and Ellen, Nancy Ireland and her young protegee, Ellen Howard, wended their way to the St. Joseph's novitiate. The first announcement that the girls made about their desire to be religious met with disapproval in both homes. Whereupon the young aspirants made all their arrangements with the Sisters. Now, if either Mrs. Ireland or Nancy Ireland thought that the girls were too young to present themselves as candidates in a religious community, neither gave any expression to such a thought. If the girls discovered later that they had been mistaken about their vocations, a warm welcome awaited them in their homes. But the girls were genuine religious material. They made no reservations in their offering. They were giving themselves to the service of God for all the years He held in store for them.

To form an accurate picture of community needs a century ago one has only to examine the records of receptions and professions. In every diocese where new missions were begun, a novitiate was established. The Sisters of St. Joseph had been
in St. Paul more than two years before they had received even one recruit. Of the first four postulants who asked admission into the novitiate, one was not received, one died, one was to have a longer probation, and one, Louise Lemay, a young French Canadian girl, heard the good news that the Chapter had decided to admit her to the novitiate. Mother Celestine Pommerel, accompanied by Sister Margaret Sinsalmeyer, came from St. Louis to St. Paul for this historic event. On May 27, 1854, in the old cathedral on Wabasha street the Right Reverend Bishop Cretin gave the holy habit to Sister Gregory Lemay. The fact that a religious reception ceremony had taken place was of paramount importance. It was a small beginning in a small frontier town. The town was destined to grow, and so was the novitiate. The saintly Bishop pronounced his blessing over both the city and the novitiate, and Mother Celestine visioned a day when there would be no more calls for Sisters from Carondelet.

On the feast of St. Jerome, September 30, in that same year, Julia Lemay, a cousin of Sister Gregory, received the holy habit and the name Sister Mary Pauline. Both Sisters were privileged to spend long and useful lives as Sisters of St. Joseph and to attract to the congregation fourteen other members of the family, cousins and nieces.

On May 17, 1855, a third reception took place. This time a St. Paul girl of Irish extraction, Rose Cox, was admitted to the novitiate. She received the name of Sister Ignatius Loyola and was for long years a fervent disciple of her great patron and an ardent worker in the vineyard, the third recruit within the space of one year. The fourth novice to receive the habit in the St. Paul novitiate, Margaret Grace, came from Kilkenny, Ireland. Sister Peter Richard Grace joined the happy trio on March 30, 1856. The ceremony on this occasion has historic significance as there was also a religious profession. Sister
Marcelline Dowling, who had come from St. Louis as a novice, made her perpetual vows on that day.

Two years slipped by before there was another reception ceremony. In the meantime Mother Celestine Pommerel was actively interested in the northern mission. She had sent at great sacrifice four Sisters to St. Paul, three to teach in the schools and one to the hospital. Then on the feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1858, in the chapel of the novitiate there was a noteworthy reception ceremony when Ellen Ireland was clothed in the habit and given the name Sister Mary Seraphine, and her cousin Ellen Howard became Sister Mary Celestine. Father Ravoux, who presided on this occasion, was particularly happy because it was the first time two postulants had been received at one time. The young novices each sixteen years old — were happy and at the same time sad. Bishop Cretin, who after God was the sponsor of their vocations, had died on February 22 in 1857. For more than a year the diocese had been administered by Father Ravoux, who had been the Bishop’s vicar general.

Another disturbing thought may have entered Ellen Ireland’s mind on that momentous morning. Her much-loved brother was not present to encourage her in the supreme act of giving herself to God. He was now completing his theological studies at Montbel in Hyeres near Toulon, and she must wait another three years before she could congratulate him on his ordination to the priesthood. She found comfort in the thought that her little brother Richard was in heaven, and that she and John were enrolled in the army of the Lord, thanks to the grace of God and to their wonderful father and mother.

In 1858 the United States was a missionary country and as such enjoyed privileges that Canon Law does not permit at present. One such innovation, if it may be called a privilege, regarded the novitiate. Although the Rule prescribed two
years of training in the novitiate and stated that during that period of time the novices should not be employed in the works of the Institute, it was a general practice to assign novices as teachers shortly after they received the habit. It must be remembered, too, that in 1858 the Sisters of St. Joseph were diocesan and were under the immediate jurisdiction of diocesan authorities. There is another fact that must be borne in mind. Teachers’ training schools had not come to Minnesota. High school graduates were considered equipped to teach. Schools here were few and far between, and teachers were not numerous. Sister Seraphine and Sister Celestine were really not unprepared for classroom duty. They both had an enviable command of English. They were both well read. Richard Ireland’s schooling in Ireland had been under the direction of fine old masters in the years when knowledge of the classics was considered a worth-while accomplishment. From him the children had learned the fascinating stories of Greece and Rome and the rich folk literature of Ireland. During their years at school the girls had found time to read more than their text books. An itinerant Irish schoolmaster, one Denis Doyle, claimed to have been, over in Kilkenny, John Ireland’s first teacher. On the basis of this claim he stored his trunk of books in the attic of the Ireland home, whither he frequently came to spend week ends. During his absences his books were read and carefully replaced before his return.

However meager their professional preparation may have been, the two Sisters soon became well-loved teachers. The change from pupil to teacher was made by Sister Seraphine with ease. As a teacher she had poise and assurance, and former associates seemed to forget that she had been only a pupil in the Academy less than a year before.

Novitiate days were crowded with work and study and prayer. The two years sped by swiftly. On the feast of the
Immaculate Conception in 1860, after making a fervent ten-day Retreat, Sister Seraphine and Sister Celestine pronounced their perpetual vows. That year, 1860, is a memorable one in the annals of the province. A Generalate was established in Carondelet, and St. Joseph’s Academy was made the Provincial House in the St. Paul Province. Mother Seraphine Coughlin was appointed first Provincial Superior of the newly named province.
IN 1860 Mother Seraphine Coughlin approved a new site on St. Anthony Hill for St. Joseph's Academy. In that year St. Anthony Hill was far out on the edge of the city. The cornerstone was laid in July, 1861, and the Sisters moved to the new building in 1863. In the meantime, Sister Seraphine Ireland, who had won recognition as an interesting and kindly teacher, was named principal of the Academy. The newness of the site, the new buildings, and shining equipment were incentives to educational inspiration and to the hope that there was dawning in St. Paul a new era in the evaluation of Christian schools and Catholic scholarship. But alas, before Sister Seraphine was well established in her new office came the call from the Mother House: "Send Sister Seraphine to St. Louis to take charge of St. Joseph's Academy."

It may be imagined that this order to leave the newly equipped St. Joseph's Academy and to go to Carondelet to take over the administration there of the Academy at the Mother House was not what Sister Seraphine had been look-
ing forward to. As she was a delightfully human young woman, there were probably tears in her eyes when she heard her mission and in her voice when she repeated in the daily prayer, “... and all that I shall have to endure, to which I willingly submit with resignation and patience as coming from Thy hands.” So it was really God who was sending her far from the scenes of her school days, from her father, and mother, and sisters, and friends. And most of all away from her brother, who had been ordained on December 21, 1861, and was at this time, after a year of service as Chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers, convalescing in St. Paul. At the Siege of Vicksburg he was stricken with fever and forced to resign. But Sister Seraphine understood that no family ties could change the nature of her vow of obedience, so she accepted her mission as coming from the hand of God and went courageously on her way. It may be to the point to remark here that she was only twenty-one years of age at this time, and if separation from her family and her friends was pulling at her heartstrings, it is not to be wondered at.

In St. Louis, as at home, she loved her work. In a strange place she found an incentive to seek new methods of approach to classroom problems that caused her anxiety. The large room where she presided as prefect of study hour for resident pupils has served as a home room for novices for the past half century, since St. Joseph’s Academy is no longer a part of the Mother House. It is always an interesting room to Sisters from St. Paul. It is large and pleasant. From a long row of second-story north windows it looks down on Holly Hill avenue. In the east end is a platform and on it a teacher’s desk. Six rows of oak desks face the teacher.

For five years Sister Seraphine supervised the study programs of the Academy, at the same time holding the position of teacher. The schools of those distant days had little compared with the much of the schools of today. Sometimes
people of the older generation express the opinion that the old schools stressed fundamentals and essentials and shied at fads. Be that as it may, Sister Seraphine and her staff of teachers worked earnestly, prayed fervently, and the result was achievement. It is to be regretted that so few records of their work were left on file. A diary of those five St. Louis years would be a veritable treasure trove for a biographer.

The Sister Seraphine of those days and of later times as well never dreamed that any one would ever attempt to write the story of her life. As a matter of fact, she took pains to put personal records beyond the reach of future historians.
Birthplace of Mother Seraphine Ireland
In St. Paul Again

EVEN though Sister Seraphine loved her work at the Mother House and was striving to acquire a spiritual outlook on life, and a readiness to accept any appointment her Superiors gave her, there must have been a note of joy sounding in her heart when she was told one morning in the summer of 1868 that she might return to her beloved St. Paul. When she reached home, she learned the full import of the reason for this change and realized that her joy was not unalloyed. She had been appointed by the Reverend Mother and her Council as Provincial Assistant. In the years she spent in St. Louis, the congregation had increased in numbers and had spread out over a wider territory. On the seventh of June 1867, His Holiness Pope Pius IX, in an audience to the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars had approved and confirmed the Constitutions of the Sisters of St. Joseph, founded in the year 1836, in the Archdiocese of St. Louis, in the United States of America. The Decree was signed by Cardinal Quaglia and bore the date the third day of July, 1867. Mother St. John Facemaz and her
companion, Sister Julia Littenecker had sailed for Rome on May ninth. It was Mother St. John’s second visit to Rome in the interest of securing approval of the Constitutions. Letters of commendation had reached the Sacred Congregation from Bishop McCloskey of Albany, later Cardinal of New York, Bishop Duggan of Chicago, Bishop Grace of St. Paul, Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, and Bishop Juncker of Alton. The Congregation was to be governed by a Superior General. There were at this time three Provinces: St. Louis, Missouri; St. Paul, Minnesota; and Troy, New York. Each Province was under the direction of a Provincial, and each Provincial Council was composed of four members, the Provincial Assistant and three other members. The General government had gone successfully through a period of probation from 1863 to 1867. Now it was to enter upon a second ten-year period of trial before Rome would grant final approbation.

Reverend Mother St. John and her Council were very happy over the reception of this Decree. Sister Seraphine found herself not only Assistant Provincial, but also a member of the Provincial Council. She would help to fashion the policies of the Northern Province.

Mother Antoinette Ogg had just succeeded Mother George Bradley as Provincial Superior when Sister Seraphine Ireland reached St. Paul as Provincial Assistant in the late summer of 1868.

Not many weeks after her return to St. Paul, Sister Seraphine welcomed to the postulate her sister Eliza. On the tenth anniversary of her reception of the holy habit, her sister became a member of the novitiate at a ceremony presided over by the Right Reverend Thomas Grace, assisted by the Reverend Augustine Ravoux, both of whom signed the act of reception. This event was one of the high lights of Sister Seraphine’s brief experience as Assistant Provincial. Sister
IN ST. PAUL AGAIN

Seraphine's choice of name for her sister was Sister St. John as a tribute to her beloved brother Father John Ireland.

Two years later Mother Mechtilda Littenecker was appointed Provincial, and an entire new Council went into office. During Sister Seraphine's term as Assistant she had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with every Sister in the St. Paul Province and had a first-hand knowledge of the needs of the various missions. In 1872, she was sent to St. Teresa's Convent in Hastings as Superior. After two happy years there she went to St. Anthony Convent in Minneapolis as Superior, and from there to the St. Paul Orphanage for Girls in 1881. Her experience had taken on a wide horizon in the home Province.
In August, 1882, Reverend Mother Agatha and her Councillors met in Chapter to appoint a Provincial Superior for the St. Paul Province. From 1860, when Mother Seraphine Coughlin became the first Provincial Superior, on to 1882 there had been seven such appointments. Death claimed Mother Seraphine Coughlin at the end of one year in office. Her successors through the years had been Mother Stanislaus Saul, Mother George Bradley, Mother Antoinette Ogg, Mother Mechtilda Littenecker, Mother Agnes Veronica Williams, Mother Jane Bochet. Of this number only Mother Mechtilda had served six years, or two terms. At this historic Chapter, Reverend Mother and her Council appointed Sister Seraphine Ireland to succeed Mother Jane Bochet as Provincial Superior of the small Northern Province. Neither those who were making the appointments nor she who was appointed could gaze into the future and see that fortunate appointment repeated twelve times. The record for the young Province had shown an average for holding that office of barely three years. A new era was dawning, and Providence
was providing a Provincial who would shoulder the burdens that foundresses of communities usually have to bear.

Mother Seraphine's twenty-four years as a Sister of St. Joseph had been years of rich experience, as classroom teacher, as school administrator, as local superior, as Provincial Assistant, as an untiring student of problems and of people. But more than all else, she was a religious with a burning desire to fashion souls for the kingdom of God.

If Mother Seraphine had kept a diary, as all the Sisters wish that she had, the first entry after she was named Provincial would have read somewhat like the following:

"Went in the afternoon with Mother Jane to Bishop Grace's residence to ask his blessing on the Province and on the new appointee. In the evening my brother, now Coadjutor Bishop of St. Paul, came to offer congratulations and give me his blessing." While these visits are not on record, we may feel assured that they both took place. The first one because it fits so perfectly into the characters of both Mother Jane and Mother Seraphine. Neither of them ever forgot about the amenities of life. And the second one was characteristic of the great John Ireland. That visit was the first of a long litany of visits to the Academy during the next thirty-six years.

On a summer morning not many days after her appointment, Mother Seraphine, after her customary visit to the Blessed Sacrament, went with some anxiety to her office to take stock of her Province. It was small geographically, small in the number of convents, and certainly not large in the number of Sisters. In St. Paul there were, besides the Provincial House, St. Joseph's Hospital and the St. Paul Catholic Orphan Home for Girls; Minneapolis had St. Anthony Convent, Holy Angels Academy, and the Catholic Boys' Home. This last and the Girls' Home in St. Paul were Diocesan institutions staffed by Sisters of St. Joseph. Outside of the Twin Cities there were St. Teresa's Convent in Hastings and St.
Joseph's Convent in Stillwater. The Sisters who resided in these convents taught in the Guardian Angel School in Hastings and in St. Michael's School in Stillwater. Both convents were owned by the Sisters. Sisters were teaching in a few parochial schools and residing at the Academy in St. Paul or at Holy Angels Academy in Minneapolis. The St. Paul parish schools were the Assumption school, dating from 1858; St. Mary's, opened in 1869; St. Louis', 1873; St. Joseph's, 1876. The Immaculate Conception school in Minneapolis opened in 1866. The schools were very small compared with those of today. Convents were small and were operated on small incomes; and the number of workers was inadequate. The one item that loomed large was Mother Seraphine's trust in Divine Providence. She would pray and hope that she and the Sisters under her guidance would prove worthy of their call to labor in the Master's vineyard.
**Ten Fruitful Years**

*Before* Mother Seraphine made any definite plans for the future of the Province entrusted to her care, she looked at St. Paul in retrospect. In the years since 1852 when she arrived, the small Indian hamlet had grown into an organized city. An army of white settlers had taken possession, and had turned a wilderness into cultivated fields and colorful gardens. Under the direction and initiative of Governor Alexander Ramsey there had been land-grants for education and immigration. Schools had multiplied, a history of Minnesota had been published, James J. Hill’s magic was solving the transportation problem. New parishes were being organized. Bishop Grace was working toward his ideal of opening a school in every parish.

New parish schools meant that there would come to Mother Seraphine calls for teachers, and she must be prepared. She regretted that Sisters teaching in down-town schools were so inconveniently housed at St. Joseph’s Academy and were walking in all kinds of weather to and from their schools. If
the parishes could not afford to build convents near the schools, the community would have to provide a city house where Sisters might reside. St. Agatha’s Conservatory grew out of this determination. In 1884 a frame building near St. Joseph’s Hospital was rented as a temporary home for Sisters teaching in near-by schools. Besides serving as a residence, it accommodated classes in music and art organized for financial support. Within a year after opening this residence the community purchased a permanent home located on Cedar and Exchange Streets, almost in the heart of the down-town business section. From many points of view this was far from being an ideal location. Its one saving feature was its nearness to transportation lines. Sisters would be able to reach their schools in shorter time and with less fatigue.

Sister Celestine Howard was appointed superior of the Conservatory, where she presided from 1884 to 1915 as a gracious mother to all Sisters who were missioned there and as a kindly hostess to visitors and to the poor who came seeking help. Mother Celestine was a woman of vision and of genuinely Christian principles. She was, too, a wise executive and an optimist. In those distant days of plain living and high thinking, Mother Celestine realized that Sister teachers could not be housed, clothed, and fed on the meager salaries the parishes were able to pay. An idea, in vogue then, and not entirely laid to rest as yet, was that a Sister’s vow of poverty takes her out of the role of those who have bodily needs. Needless to say, this idea could not be incorporated into community customs. Sufficient funds had to be secured to meet current expenses. Mother Celestine’s plan was to make St. Agatha’s self-supporting. Due to her inspiration and to the self-sacrificing spirit of the Sisters who were teaching in parish schools and to those who were spending weary hours in small music rooms, St. Agatha’s became not only free from debt, but a financial asset, as well, for the Province.
TEN FRUITFUL YEARS

For many reasons St. Agatha's always held a special place in Mother Seraphine's thoughts and prayers. She and Mother Celestine had been devoted friends as school girls, as novices, as young teachers. They had strong individual differences, and neither tried to dominate the other. They were alike in their desire to serve God in the person of the neighbor, and in their love of the community, whose works they were un-tiring in promoting. Organized charities had never been heard of in those far-away days. For this reason there are no filed-away records of their kindness to those in need. But the poor who knocked on their convent doors or who were sought out in weekly visits by the Sisters knew that our convents were real welfare centers.

While the Sisters were transforming the Palmer residence into a convent home and a conservatory of music on Exchange street, Mother Seraphine was answering a long-distance call from Big Stone County. Due to the efforts of the Irish Colonization Association, many parts of Minnesota had been made available to prospective farmers from overcrowded localities in the eastern United States and also to people from beyond the Atlantic. A town had grown up in Big Stone County named in honor of the Bishop of St. Paul, Graceville. In 1885, Mother Seraphine was asked to open an Academy there as many of the residents of the town and of the adjoining districts were Irish Catholics. When the school opened under the supervision of Mother Jane Bochet, its purpose was to provide for the educational needs of all the children of school age from first grade through senior high school. If this were a history of the Graceville colony, there would have to be a chapter entitled Regret, for the colony was in many respects a sore disappointment. From the vantage point of the Sisters of St. Joseph, it has made a worth-while contribution to the community in subjects to the sisterhood and in students to our college. The Sisters in this anniversary
year have many reasons to say a fervent Deo gratias for Graceville.

In 1887, the Sisters of Mercy, finding the operation of St. Mary's Hospital in Minneapolis too much of an undertaking on account of their dearth of subjects and of inadequate financial support, withdrew and returned to their Mother House, and the Sisters of St. Joseph were asked to administer the hospital and pay off the debt. Mother Ignatius Cox was appointed Superior. She took with her Sister Irmina Doherty, Sister Symphrosa Grace, a cousin of Bishop Grace's, Sister Leonie Forest, and Sister Barbara Foley. Sister Irmina was the only one of the group who knew anything about nursing, and she doubtless secured the assistance of lay nurses. The patients were few, for the hospital was small. It still stands, a silent reminder of olden days, between what is now an imposing new hospital building and a beautifully designed Nurses' Home. St. Mary's was destined to slow growth numerically and financially. It was poorly equipped even for those days. It was located on the river bank and commanded a fine view of the State University buildings and extensive campus. But the beauty of site did not compensate for the lack of transportation and the distance from the business center of the city. It must be remembered that paved highways and automobiles had not yet made their appearance, and doctors were not at all enthusiastic about driving out there over mud roads and rail crossings in all kinds of weather. Also, the Sisters knew little of hospital administration or technique. There was no approved school of nursing in Minnesota. It is safe to say that all the hospitals in the state were in the pioneer stage. When Mother Seraphine was asked to take over the administration of St. Mary's, she knew the limitations of the community, but she always worked toward the ideal she set for herself, to accept any work given her by diocesan authority unless it was humanly impossible to do.
For thirty-two years the Sisters worked with the hope that they might see a modern new building replace the old inconvenient one. In September, 1918, their hope was realized when the new St. Mary's fine brick structure held its opening ceremony. Mother Esperance Finn, who succeeded Mother Jane Bochet in 1906, had supervised the new building and visitors congratulated her on the completion of so splendid an undertaking. Mother Seraphine was especially happy on this occasion, for St. Mary's had been one of her major worries through the years. The modern buildings, improved transportation facilities, an excellent staff of doctors, a better supply of Sister nurses, were all encouraging features of the new St. Mary's when Mother Madeline Lyons was installed as its fourth Superior in the autumn of 1918.

Due to the solicitations of the Right Reverend Bishop John Shanley, Mother Seraphine was prevailed upon in 1890 to send Sisters to open an Academy in Jamestown, North Dakota. This proved to be a foundation that she never regretted making. There was promise of a happy and successful future, and the scores of Sisters who have lived and worked there know how splendidly that promise has been kept. Every time Mother Seraphine visited St. John's Academy she was conscious of a charm that meant welcome and cordiality. Not only the Catholics of Jamestown had imbibed the geniality of the Bishop, but the non-Catholics as well. And it is worthy of note that now after sixty years that same atmosphere is felt by the Sisters who are assigned to teach in the Academy.

St. John's Academy opened in September, 1890, with Mother Catherine McDonough in charge of a very small improvised building. In 1892 Mother Irenaeus Egan was appointed Superior. For eighteen years she worked earnestly to build up a high school for boys and girls that would not be second to the best schools in the state of North Dakota. Her success was all that could be hoped for. During her admin-
When the year 1891 was hurrying on to a close, Mother Seraphine took a mental survey of this decade of her provincialate. She had been called upon to work out four major projects. St. Agatha’s Conservatory had more than fulfilled its promise. It was supplying comfortable living quarters for Sisters teaching at the Cathedral school, at St. Mary’s, St. Louis, St. Patrick’s, and St. Michael’s, and its music and art departments had an appreciative enrollment. As far as the work of the Sisters was concerned, the Graceville project was a success. If Mother Seraphine had any regret, it was a fear that the Sisters were overworking. St. Mary’s Hospital in Minneapolis was a worry that had to be commended prayerfully to God. If Mother Seraphine could have looked into the future, she would have learned that no hospital, small or large, can be operated without anxiety. The problems met with in a hospital are too numerous to list. Had Mother Seraphine known even a few of them, she probably would never have accepted St. Mary’s, nor ever have opened other hospitals. St. John’s Academy in Jamestown was a name to conjure with. She knew the workings of an academy, and was happy to acknowledge that the opening of this school marked a consoling climax to the efforts she and the Sisters had made during those ten busy years.

Other smaller missions had claimed her attention during those years. Father Joseph Guillot, pastor of St. Mary’s Church in Waverly in 1886, requested Mother Seraphine to send Sisters to open a school in his parish. Mother visited Waverly and interviewed Father Guillot. If suitable living quarters could be arranged, she promised to send Sisters. In September a small band of Sisters was sent to Waverly. Mother Adelaide Manning was appointed Superior and principal of the school. For many years St. Mary’s School took care of all the children
TEN FRUITFUL YEARS

of the little town and of the adjoining farming district. For thirty years the Sisters occupied the temporary residence built onto the school for the accommodation of the first small band of Sisters. Like Graceville, Waverly has made a fine contribution to the sisterhood. Monsignor Guillot, retired, now in his ninety-seventh year, residing at St. Joseph's Provincial House, has happy memories of having administered the Sacrament of Baptism to several girls who later became Sisters of St. Joseph.

In 1888 a small hospital was opened in Winona. In the following year the city of Winona became the See of a newly established diocese, with the Right Reverend Joseph B. Cotter, D.D., as first Bishop. The hospital was staffed with three Sister nurses, Sister Baptista O'Leary, Sister Irmina Doherty and Sister Thecla Reid. Sister Mechtilda Endres, under the supervision of Mother Jane Bochet, was housekeeper in a very real sense. The hospital was short-lived, but each one of the little band of Sisters was privileged to serve the community on borrowed time beyond the term of three score years. It is interesting to note that the site of this little hospital is now part of the beautiful campus of St. Teresa's College.

Two other ventures, both ill-starred, were begun in this decade of years. There was opened in 1890, under the auspices of the Sisters of St. Joseph a parish school in St. Joseph's parish in Superior, Wisconsin. Mother St. James Doyle went there as Superior of a small group of Sisters. For some reason, not on record, the school was closed in July, 1894. The second venture destined for failure was the taking over in 1890 in Avoca of an Indian school for girls, which had been in operation for seven years under the direction of Sisters of the Holy Child. In 1910 the convent and school buildings were destroyed by fire and the Sisters were recalled.

Certainly in this survey made by Mother Seraphine she had hopes that all the missions she had sent her Sisters to would be successful as God counts success.
THE list of foundations made in the next period of years ending in December, 1900, is small evidence of Mother Seraphine's activities during that time. The slow but steady growth of the Province had multiplied her duties. Visitation of the convents had become time-consuming. Impaired health of the Sisters was a disturbing problem. Overwork and inadequate housing were in no small degree responsible for many of the physical ailments of the Sisters. Added to these worries was a lack of finances, which made improvements in convents impossible. To increase her distress, she learned that her own sister's health was breaking. For a number of years Mother St. John Ireland had been in charge of Holy Angels Academy. Her community looked upon her as one of the pillars of the Province. In their minds her ill health took on the nature of a tragedy.

Mother Seraphine's assistant, Sister St. James Doyle, and the other Provincial Councillors made the community situation a matter of serious consideration. The result of their deliberations was a resolve to persuade Mother Seraphine to
take Mother St. John to a warm climate for the winter months. Early in January, 1893, they started on their journey to Arizona in search of health and a much-needed rest. When they reached Tucson, a cordial welcome awaited them at St. Mary's Convent, where the Sisters of St. Joseph were in charge of a sanitorium and a hospital.

In 1893 Tucson was not as large or as prosperous looking as it is today. But then, as now, it was arched over by an Italian blue sky. Then as now six ranges of majestic mountains encircled it. The Arizona wild flowers had then the beauty and variety they still have. The sun and the wind were as kindly as June breezes are in Minnesota. Indians in gay attire and Mexicans quaintly garbed lent a picturesqueness to the streets. In fine, Tucson was a striking contrast to Minnesota, and as such was an ideal place for rest of mind and body. Mother Seraphine and Mother St. John read in mountains, sky, pines, cedars, scarlet flowers “in crannied walls,” the story of God’s love as expressed in beauty. In this atmosphere the tourists from the frozen North found strength and renewed courage to face home difficulties.

During Mother Seraphine’s absence, Sisters in their home convents were zealously working in their various departments. Applications for entrance to the novitiate were more than usually encouraging. On St. Joseph’s Day the annual Reception and Profession ceremonies were held in the chapel of St. Joseph’s Academy with Sister St. James presiding. Minnesota was still in the winter solstice, and Mother Seraphine was urged to postpone her return until later.

In the meantime candidates were being admitted to the postulate for the August Reception. Of those who presented themselves for interviews fourteen were conditionally permitted to enter, always with the understanding that Mother Seraphine would be home soon and that she would make the final decision.
During those weeks there was much speculation about just when Mother Provincial would return. A few of the postulants had never met her, and so each one felt free to picture her according to the remarks they had heard about her. At last, toward the end of May, on a beautiful Saturday morning, the word came that she would reach the Academy that day. Sister St. James seemed to be in several places at once directing preparations for welcoming the travellers home. There were flowers in Mother’s room; flowers and snowy linen table cloths in the refectory; flowers and vigil lights in the chapel, where she would pay her visit to the Master of the house. When she left the chapel, all the professed Sisters were in line to greet her. First among these were Mother Pauline, Mother Agnes, Sister Ann Aloysius, Sister St. Teresa, Sister Raphael, all seniors of the Province. Novices and postulants were busy in kitchen and refectory and were told that Mother would meet them later.

In the afternoon Mother Blanche, Mistress of Novices, lined her family up to greet Mother Provincial. She was known to the novices, all of whom were very happy to welcome her home. The postulants were impressed by her gracious, motherly manner. As she greeted them individually and leisurely, she probably was forming a judgment as to each one’s fitness for the life of a religious. In the course of a few days she would know that the postulants were more than usually cosmopolitan. There were three Irish girls; one English girl from Liverpool, who spoke accented English; two were Scotch and quaint enough to be characters in a Scott novel; others were French Canadians, Americans of German descent, and two were natives of Minnesota. The last of the group was a girl from Chicago, who seemed strangely out of her element.

During Mother’s sojourn in Arizona, she had renewed her vigor. Mother St. John had gained strength and was hopeful
A CENTURY ENDS

that Tucson sunshine had wrought a permanent cure. After a few days at the Academy she returned to Holy Angels, where her assistant, Sister Frances Clare, and a group of very loyal Sisters had been impatiently awaiting her return.

Life at St. Joseph’s Academy flowed on in its usual quiet and sometimes monotonous way. When, in June, the news of the number of postulants to be received in August was posted, there were only six names on the list. One young postulant was to wait for the following March reception, and seven had wended their various ways to their homes. It may be of interest to note here that four of the seven who were privileged to remain are still working in the Master’s vineyard.

In 1894 the Sisters of Mercy, who had a small school in Anoka, were recalled to their Mother House, and the Sisters of St. Joseph were requested to assume there the responsibility of a boarding school for small girls and a day school for all the Catholic children of the town of grade age. Anoka was then, and no doubt still is, what may be termed a Protestant town. One would have to see the frame buildings used as convent, residence for students and school to know how inadequate they were. In spite of numerous difficulties, the Sisters and children spent happy, useful years there. Mother Seraphine was always happy to pay a visit to St. Ann’s Convent, where a gracious welcome always awaited her.

St. Mary’s Convent, Bird Island, in Renville County, Minnesota, was opened as a residence for Sisters in 1897. The pastor, Reverend Father Kober, vacated his house and turned it over to the Sisters as a convent with the proviso that it was theirs to have and to hold, and to keep in repair; and, if they so wished, to enlarge. It does not seem out of place to remark here that Mother Seraphine was not a keen calculating business woman. How could Sisters on a salary of twenty-five dollars a month do more than support themselves? For thirty
years the house belonged to the Sisters, not one of whom ever had the vision of a time when they would have a savings account that would enable them to make repairs, not to mention building an annex. At the end of those thirty years, a younger and kindly disposed pastor, Reverend A. Scholzen, paid the community one dollar for the convent, received the deed for the property, and made it a parish liability. The reader may be interested to learn that in this jubilee year the Sisters still live in the frame building given them in 1897 by Father Kober. In 1898 a substantial brick building was erected to house the enlarged school. And in 1912 Father Scholzen collected funds for a new high school building. This, the pride of the parish, was ready for occupancy in September, 1912.

The year 1897 was one that etched itself indelibly on Mother Seraphine’s memory. From the beginning of the year she and the Sisters at Holy Angels Academy realized that Mother St. John’s condition was not at all promising. Arizona climate possibly prolonged her life, but she was not cured. In July she was brought to St. Joseph’s Academy and relieved of all responsibility. But Mother Seraphine’s love and the devoted care of nurses could not stay the hand of death. During the night of December nineteenth while the Archbishop pronounced the final absolution, she slept in Christ. Earlier in the evening she had assured Mother Seraphine that their separation would be for only a little while, ten years at the most. Mother St. John’s Funeral Mass was offered in the chapel of St. Joseph’s Academy by Archbishop Ireland on December 21, the thirty-sixth anniversary of his ordination. It was Mother Seraphine’s wish that the ceremonies and festivities of Christmas that year would be carried out as usual but now under the direction of Sister St. James, who left nothing undone to make the day memorable. Mother Seraphine’s grief over the death of her beloved sister was natural; her resignation and peace of soul were supernatural.
The Marshall pastor, Monsignor Guillot, sent in a call for Sisters in 1900. Mother Wilfrida was appointed Superior, and a number of Sisters were selected to conduct a twelve-year school program. Marshall was predominantly a non-Catholic town with a well-organized public school system and modern buildings. St. Joseph’s School was housed in remodeled residences and most economically equipped. These conditions Mother Seraphine regretted. At the same time she urged the Sisters to work earnestly and to pray fervently that great good might be accomplished. She lived to welcome into the ranks of the Sisters several of the girl graduates of St. Joseph’s who have made a fine record in our teaching and nursing institutions. At the end of a half century of working in unfavorable surroundings, the Sisters in 1950 moved into a beautiful convent and an up-to-date school.

On April 17, 1900, Mother Seraphine saw the opening of another hospital in the Province. Bishop Shanley of Fargo, North Dakota, prevailed upon her to send Sisters to conduct a hospital in his growing and needy diocese. Bishop Shanley, formerly pastor of the Cathedral in St. Paul, knew the Sisters of St. Joseph as teachers and as nurses. He was doing real pioneer missionary work in North Dakota and needed help. Mother Seraphine could not refuse to grant his request, since it meant giving the Sisters an opportunity to prove their appreciation for the kindnesses shown them by the former genial pastor of the Cathedral. Mother studied the personnel of St. Joseph’s and St. Mary’s Hospitals, and after consultation and prayer made the wise selection of Mother Madeline Lyons as Superior of the Fargo hospital, which was placed under the patronage of the Bishop’s patron saint, John the Evangelist. The Bishop’s residence in spacious grounds overlooking the Red River was converted into a small home-like hospital the very small beginning of the present modern building. For eighteen years Mother
Madeline directed the destinies of St. John's, and every year Mother Seraphine visited the hospital and the Sisters. Every year showed improvements, and always there were plans for further growth. In 1904, a new brick structure had taken the place of the original frame building, which had been made into a convent for the Sisters. On the occasion of another visit in 1916, Mother Seraphine was pleased to be shown through the completed Nurses Home, a building that had been greatly needed.

Then came the end of eighteen years, and the beginning of the enforcement of the new code of Canon Law in the United States. Henceforth, the term of office of a Superior was three years, and she could not remain as Superior in the same convent beyond the end of a second three-year term. In 1918, Mother Madeleine was transferred to St. Mary's Hospital, and Mother Seraphine appointed Mother Bridget Bohan as Superior at St. John's.

Mother Madeleine has been referred to as a wise choice. At the time of her appointment to St. John's, she was Assistant Superior at St. Joseph's Hospital, and in that capacity she had become acquainted with all the departments of the hospital. She knew many of the techniques of hospital management. She was an expert buyer and a mistress of social usage. She was so versatile that it would be difficult to find a situation with which she could not cope. She was not a trained nurse nor a laboratory technician, but she knew what the qualifications of both should be. Her ideal was to have every department at a maximum of efficiency. Added to her ability as a hospital administrator was her deeply religious sense of values. How could a Sister be good in any line of work unless she were a good religious? She was community-minded. She had excellent judgment. She had an inspiring personality.

Another foundation made in 1900 was St. Columba's School
in Iona. As the building was not completed, the Sisters did not go there until December, in time to become acquainted with the children and teach them hymns for Christmas. Mother Ethelreda Geary, the Superior, had a small number of piano pupils, and only seventy children enrolled in the grades. After vain efforts to build up a self-supporting school during a period of twelve years, the Sisters were recalled in 1912.
A Century Dawns

Mother Seraphine was nearing three score years, but there was no evidence of a lessening of spiritual and physical vigor. A glance at the following list of new missions that were opened in the first ten years of the Twentieth Century assures us that she was certainly living a strenuous life.

St. Gabriel's School in Fulda was opened in 1901. In that same year a small group of Sisters went to St. Thomas College to supervise the domestic work there. In 1902 Sisters of St. Joseph took charge of schools in Ghent and Le Sueur, and of St. Vincent's School in St. Paul. Sisters were assigned to take care of the service building at St. Paul Seminary in 1903. St. Luke's parish school was opened in 1904. And in that same year Derham Hall was completed. At Notre Dame de Lourdes School in Minneapolis in 1906 the Gray Nuns were recalled to their Mother House and our Sisters were requested to take their place. The year 1907 saw the opening of St. Margaret's Academy in Minneapolis, of St. Michael's Hospital in Grand Forks, North Dakota, and of a small parochial school in Cur-
A CENTURY DAWNS

rie, Minnesota. St. Canice School in Kilkenny, Minnesota, welcomed the Sisters of St. Joseph in 1910. In 1911 two high schools were staffed by the Sisters of St. Joseph: St. Mary’s in Morris, Minnesota, and Immaculate Conception School in Watertown, South Dakota.

St. Ann’s School in Le Sueur was opened as a boarding and day school in 1902 and made a specialty of training boys and girls in shorthand, typing, and bookkeeping. It was a four-year high school as well, and for several years held commencement exercises for small graduating classes. When parish funds could not meet the demands of the state in matters of equipment, the high school was discontinued.

In Ghent, St. Agnes School operated as a junior high school in the early years of its existence. The pastor, finding this plan not practical in a small town where there was a public school supported by state funds, reduced its status to that of a grade school. If at all possible, Mother Seraphine sent a Sister to teach music in every convent connected with a school, as the salary paid Sisters was insufficient for the simple necessities of life.

The work of the Sisters up to the year 1901 had been limited to teaching, nursing, and care of orphans. The Rector of the College of St. Thomas, wearied with constant changes in personnel in the department of housekeeping, begged Archbishop Ireland to secure Sisters who would superintend the work in residence halls and dining rooms. He broached the matter diplomatically to Mother Seraphine. After prayerful consideration and consultation with her Council, Mother Seraphine reluctantly consented to ask Sisters to give the work a trial. Mother Agatha Comer, who had been a successful principal of the Cathedral School for a number of years, and later a much loved Mistress of Novices, was appointed Superior of the little community. All who knew Mother Agatha were aware that the experiment would prove successful, for she had
the magic touch that could change failure into success in any line.

The fact that the housekeeping at the College of St. Thomas had ceased to be a problem so impressed the Rector of the St. Paul Seminary that he determined to ask that Sisters might take over the management of domestic affairs at the Seminary. This time, Mother Seraphine, after talking the matter over with her Council, appointed Mother Sebastian Cronin as Superior. The Seminary was a comparatively new institution. There were several halls on a beautifully laid-out campus overlooking the river, one of which was a service building where the Sisters were to live. Also, the maids, about twenty in number, were to be housed there. Since the architect was a man, and plans for the building had been supervised by men, there was much to be desired in the way of privacy for the Sisters, and of comfort and convenience for the girls. Mother Sebastian and her little band of co-workers soon knew how things should be, but they did not ask to change them. The ideal they set for themselves was that work done at the Seminary, domestic or otherwise, was primarily to advance vocations to the priesthood. For almost fifty years Mother Sebastian’s successors have been faithful to that ideal. It is comforting for all the Sisters of the Province to ponder on the thought that they are sharers in the apostleship of the priesthood.

Sisters teaching in St. Michael’s School in St. Paul were happy to hear that they were to move into a convent in September, 1907. For sixteen years they had resided at St. Agatha’s Conservatory. The new convent given them was a remodeled family residence, for which they were to assume all the responsibility of ownership. When the growth of the school necessitated an increase in the number of teachers, a somewhat larger house was secured. The Sisters still occupy this
A CENTURY DAWNS

house, a small frame structure in every way inadequate for the comfort and convenience of the Sisters.

Holy Angels Academy, founded in 1877 as a grade and high school, closed its doors to all day pupils and high school pupils in 1907. It continued as a boarding school for girls in the grades until 1928 when the buildings were razed to the ground. One reason for discontinuing the high school was that the city was being developed away from the Academy and pupils found it difficult to attend. Also the buildings and equipment were inadequate for a school requiring accreditation. Instead of adding to these, the Sisters purchased what was known as the McNair and Wilson homes and remodeled them into St. Margaret’s Academy. The Wilson home on Hawthorne Avenue became a conservatory of music. The McNair buildings—two in number—were converted into an academy for day students. Anyone who knows the requirements of a high school will also know that it is next to impossible to remodel a family residence into well-lighted classrooms. When St. Margaret’s was ready for the dedication ceremony in January 1907, Mother Seraphine was very proud of the transformation wrought by architect, furniture dealers, and Sisters. However, she knew that Sisters have an uncanny way of making something out of nothing. It may be stated in passing that the school has long since outgrown the beautiful old mansions on Hawthorne and Linden it moved into in 1907, but it is still carrying on there, always with the hope that “next year” better accommodations may be offered to the loyal patrons of St. Margaret’s Academy. In spite of its numerous handicaps, the school boasts an alumnae that the most modern and best equipped academy might well be proud of. When the Holy Angels classes were transferred to St. Margaret’s Academy, they brought with them the fine
spirit of their old school, and that spirit still abides with the girls who work under the aegis of St. Margaret.

Even if the celebrated Archbishop of St. Paul were not the brother of Mother Seraphine, she would have been intensely interested in his work. As she was his sister, no one wonders that his Archdiocese was every day in her fervent prayers. Not only Mother Seraphine but all the Sisters and all the people of the Archdiocese were interested in the laying of the cornerstone of the new Cathedral in June, 1907. Three St. Paul newspapers, *The Pioneer Press, The St. Paul Dispatch, and The Daily News* referred to this event as one of historic and religious significance in the Northwest. On this occasion St. Paul was host to church dignitaries from far and near, among whom were five archbishops and twenty-three bishops. The Governor of Minnesota, John A. Johnson, the Mayor of St. Paul, Robert A. Smith, many prominent state and city officials, and churchmen not of the Catholic faith testified by their presence to the importance of the event. A cablegram from Rome signed by Cardinal Merry Del Val assured the Archbishop of the Holy Father's congratulations and brought to him and to the assembly the apostolic blessing. President Theodore Roosevelt in a telegram congratulated the assembled multitude, all who were to worship in the cathedral, and especially the Archbishop. All St. Paul was in festive mood on that June day. Mother Seraphine and the Sisters at St. Joseph's Academy were in prayerful accord with the purpose behind the event—the hope that the new Cathedral would prove to be a lasting inspiration and incentive of heavenly desires to all who ever enter its portals.
A Dream Realized

For many years Mother Seraphine had cherished the dream of establishing a college in St. Paul. The hope was partly realized when property, known as Academy Heights, had been purchased. To Mother Seraphine and her advisers this seemed to be ideally located, away from the noise of the city, and at the same time of easy access to transportation lines. A careful survey of the place was made by the Archbishop, who suggested further investigation. This resulted in the choice of the present site of the college. After making the exchange of sites, a substantial donation in cash from Mr. Hugh Derham of Rosemount encouraged Mother to begin building the first unit of the college. The name College of St. Catherine (after St. Catherine of Alexandria) was the choice of the Archbishop. The building plans drawn up by Mr. John Wheeler, architect, were approved and work was begun early in 1903 with the hope that the building would be ready for the opening of school in September, 1904. As nearly always happens in building projects, there were delays. These necessitated holding back advertisements about opening col-
lege classes. All work on the building was completed in December, 1904. On the day after Christmas, December 26, 1904, there was an exodus of Sisters from St. Joseph’s Academy to the College. A fall of snow and a cold north wind did not dampen the spirits of the Sisters, who early in the morning walked from the Academy to Seven Corners, where they boarded the Grand Avenue car and rode out to Cleveland Avenue. Another long walk through fresh snow awaited them. For blocks there were no sidewalks. At last Randolph Avenue and Derham Hall were sighted. Only one house could be seen near the new school building. The Sisters realized that they had moved into the country.

Mother Hyacinth and her assistant, Sister Bridget, were the earliest arrivals. They gave a gracious welcome to the Sisters as they came in twos and threes through the drifting snow. A busy afternoon was spent putting the entire building in order for the dedication ceremony scheduled for the following day.

When December twenty-seventh dawned the Sisters looked out upon a “universe of sky and snow.” Weather conditions, however, did not delay the arrival of Mother Seraphine and Mother Celestine who came in the Archbishop’s carriage. At seven o’clock promptly Archbishop Ireland offered the first holy Mass celebrated at the College of St. Catherine. On account of the continuance of the storm and the fear of roads becoming impassible, the guests departed, and the Sisters began preparations for school in a new environment.

Mother Seraphine had always been keenly alive to the educational needs of her Sisters. If the reader will review the history of Catholic universities in the United States up to the year 1905, he will note that there was little or no thought given to the need of higher education of Sisters in any institution with power to grant degrees. At the same time there was a feeling among many members of the hierarchy that Sisters were out of place on a university campus. In spite of this
feeling and in harmony with the wishes of the Archbishop of St. Paul, several Sisters of St. Joseph attended courses at the University of Minnesota. Doctor Shields, later founder of Sisters' College at the Catholic University, taught psychology to a class of Sisters at St. Joseph's Academy. Doctor Schaefer, professor of history at St. Paul Seminary, taught history. Father Cremin of the Seminary gave lectures on Ethics, and Father Sheran, late from Oxford, offered courses in English literature. There was a Saturday afternoon class in Latin, conducted by Father Harrison. In addition to this at-home educational program, as early as 1900 several of the Sisters were registered at the University of Chicago in the departments they were teaching in. This shows that Mother Seraphine's dream of a college had a very practical side. It is an item of community history that the Sisters of St. Joseph of the St. Paul Province were among the first Sisters in the United States to work toward degrees in Universities. As soon as the Catholic University of Washington, D.C., opened its doors to women, our Sisters were happy to register there. In the course of time other Universities followed the example of the Catholic University. St. Louis, Marquette, Notre Dame and Creighton Universities are a few of the Catholic institutions where our Sisters work for higher degrees. During all the years of her provincialate, Mother Seraphine never lost interest in the educational problems of her community.

During the summer of 1904 when the time for opening the College was drawing near, Mother sent Mother Hyacinth and Sister Bridget to visit and become acquainted with educational institutions in France and Germany.

In September, 1905, college classes were formally opened in Derham Hall. Seven young women registered as freshmen and remained to complete their sophomore year. Up to the year 1911 there were no classes for juniors or seniors. Many of the girls who completed their sophomore year at St. Cather-
In 1911 two sophomore students, Gertrude Malloy and Marguerite McCusker, returned as juniors. They were the first graduates of the College in June, 1913.

It can be readily imagined how anxious the College teachers were to tell the world that their college was an accredited institution. No one who has studied out the problems of accreditation will ever admit that the task is an easy one. If Mother Seraphine was not in the front ranks, meeting educational specialists, answering their questions and promising to build up the various departments to the maximum of their demands, she was in the front pew of the chapel praying for the success of the college—for students, for finances, for the souls of all those committed to the care of her Sisters.

For many reasons Mother Seraphine Ireland should be considered the foundress of the College: Spiritually. Every one who knew her intimately knew that her every undertaking rested on a solid mountain of prayer, and only God knows the hours of prayer she sent heavenward for the College. Financially. She never counted the cost of the efforts she made for money to meet demands made on her for equipment, and for educational needs. In 1914 when Whitby Hall and the Jeanne d'Arc Auditorium were completed, she was greatly pleased, but she realized that she must not sit down and fold her hands until Cecilian Hall, for the music department, adorned the campus. When she saw it completed, she realized that she must encourage all the Superiors to continue their careful habits of saving, but now for their own convents and for the needs of their respective communities.

All the Sisters of the Province had cooperated magnificently in the building up of the College. One reason for this was that they could not resist the spell of Mother Seraphine's personality, and another was that they knew they were the beneficiaries of St. Catherine's. If it became a noteworthy college.
they, as graduates, would be honored to be counted among the Alumnae.

All of this about Mother Seraphine’s concentration on the aims and needs of the College may give the impression of favoritism, of an ambition for the advancement of the College at the expense of all the other convents and schools under her care. And it seems safe to say that the College was first in her thoughts and prayers, but even the least of her houses were never far from her thoughts and were every day in her supplications for the blessings of heaven to descend on all whose lives touched the lives of the Sisters.

For a decade of years the College, under the direction of Mother Hyacinth Werden and Mother Frances Clare Bardon, had been slowly but surely showing signs of growth, thus proving to the public its right to a place in the educational work of Minnesota. Now a splendid new residence building, Whitby Hall, and a beautiful auditorium, the Jeanne d’Arc, were open to welcome students in September, 1914. Sister Antonia McHugh, a member of the group of pioneer Sisters who had gone there in 1904, was appointed Dean of the College. This appointment met with the approval of the faculty and of the Student body.

Sister Antonia had her Master’s Degree in history and education from the University of Chicago. She had visited all the Minnesota Colleges and the best equipped Catholic Colleges in the country. She was personally acquainted with many of the leading educators of Minnesota and neighboring states. Added to her qualifications as an educator were her natural talents of personality and leadership.

That Mother Seraphine and her Council had made a happy choice for Dean of the College was demonstrated from the opening day of classes in the fall of 1914 and on through the years. Under Sister Antonia’s wise direction every department of the College was equipped to meet the strictest regulations
of the University of Minnesota and of the North Central Association of Colleges. The College of St. Catherine was one of the first Catholic Colleges for Women accredited by the North Central Association.

Naturally, the recognition by accrediting agencies was an assurance of a larger student body. Professors with degrees from American and foreign universities conducted classes in the various departments. Sister Antonia became President of the College in 1919. In 1931 when she was appointed Superior, St. Catherine's had won international recognition. Mother Antonia had twice spent several months in Europe and on both occasions had visited Oxford, Cambridge, Trinity, and the Sorbonne.

During her administration Mother Antonia carried on a building program which resulted in the erection of Mendel Hall, the Chapel of Our Lady of Victory, Fontbonne Hall, and a Service Building. She had been fortunate in securing from the Archbishop Ireland Educational Fund of the Archdiocese of St. Paul, the Rockefeller Foundation, the General Education Board of New York City, and the Carnegie Corporation Board Endowment funds totaling $740,000.

Mother Antonia realized that colleges in good standing must have buildings, equipment, and a faculty comparable with sister institutions here and elsewhere. Over and above its material advantages, and of first importance in its responsibility for the development of character a Catholic College must educate for eternal values. Hence the carefully planned courses in Religion and Philosophy under the direction of trained Theologians; the chapel where students may avail themselves of the rich blessings of daily Mass and daily Communion, and where on certain feast days they may learn to love the glorious ceremonies of the Church.

Mother Seraphine and Mother Antonia both lived to see
many of their dreams for the College realized. In 1934 Mother Antonia became ill but continued her administrative work until 1937, when Mother Eucharista Galvin succeeded her as Superior and President.

Mother Antonia died on October 11, 1944. The beautiful chapel of Our Lady of Victory stands as a monument to her memory on the College campus.
OTHER Seraphine was fortunate in living to see the realization of at least a few of her plans for better living conditions for the Sisters. That there was no idea of extravagance in what she deemed necessary may be assumed from a glance at her own office, which also served as her sleeping room for all the years of her provincialate. The one attractive feature of the room was its two large south windows, which let in generous draughts of God’s sunshine and fresh air. An oak desk, a few plain chairs, a small bookcase, comprised the furnishings of the office-part of the room. In the corner back of the door was her very ordinary-looking bed. On the walls were pictures of the Sacred Heart, of Our Lady, and a Crucifix. The floor of hard wood was without rugs. The room had the inestimable advantage of privacy. At the Academy and when she visited the other convents, she saw that Sisters spent their nights in crowded dormitories. While she still had jurisdiction, she hoped to remedy this condition. The dormitory idea had come over from France. It became almost a part of the Holy Rule here. And it still holds
its place in the minds of many persons who do not have to spend nights in sleeping rooms shared by others.

As Mother thought over the discomforts of the dormitory system, the idea of a new novitiate building took possession of her mind. In conversation with her brother, the Archbishop, she learned that he was in sympathy with her plans. Mother and the members of her Council, Mother St. Rose, Mother Celestine, and Mother Frances Clare drew up tentative plans, which were given to Mr. John Wheeler to perfect. In July, 1912, Mother Seraphine was very happy to announce to her Sisters the opening of a new novitiate on Randolph avenue. The building occupies the center of a spacious tract of land bordering on the campus of the College of St. Catherine. The private-room ideal was not fully realized in this building. But large dormitories gave place to rooms which would accommodate three or four Sisters, each of whom had a private wardrobe with shelf space for books. Every room was lighted by two windows and had hot and cold water. Even in this centenary year, the sleeping apartments of the novices look most attractive and are adequate.

There were several other innovations made in favor of the novices. The entire main floor of the west wing looking south and west and north is the novitiate proper. There are two study rooms for senior and junior novices, a large lecture room, the office of the Mistress of Novices, and a library. In recent years the library has been moved down to the first floor and occupies all the rooms below the novitiate.

In July, 1912, Mother Rosalia, Mistress of Novices, Sister Alexandrine, Mistress of Postulants, and the novices moved out from the old novitiate at Saint Joseph's Academy and took possession of this modern new building. Sister Alexandrine was happy to find a spacious south room on the third floor reserved for the postulants.

There were many reasons which made the change of noviti-
ate a necessity. In 1854 novices were moved to a small room in St. Joseph’s Hospital. There in a poorly equipped room Mother Seraphine had spent her novitiate days. When St. Joseph’s Academy began its historic existence on Western avenue in 1863, the novices had their apartments in the new building. During that half century the Academy had been a growing institution. There was need of classroom space for students. And for the novices there was urgent need of classroom space and of out-of-door woodland and campus.

But more to the point than those reasons was the consideration of the educational advantages of the new location within a mile of St. Paul Seminary and only a stone’s throw from the College of St. Catherine. The list of professors from the Seminary who have given generous time to the instruction of our novices is a noteworthy one. Archbishop Ireland and his two worthy successors, Archbishop Dowling and Archbishop Murray, have given their approbation and their blessing to this arrangement.

During the years since 1912 the novices have profited by all the advantages planned for and prayed for by Mother Seraphine, who often in the long ago warned her young charges not to think too much of material conveniences. They are not essential to holiness, and they should not be a hindrance to sanctity if we remember that they are gifts from God, “... things for which we must care and yet not care.”

A large room on the fourth floor of the Novitiate served as a temporary chapel. The three flights of stairs that led to the chapel seemed long to many of the novices. They noticed, however, that when Mother Seraphine made her weekly visit to the novitiate, she paid her first call to the Master of the house, and this despite the fact that she had celebrated her seventieth birthday in that memorable July of 1912.
Completed Works

The works launched under Mother Seraphine's supervision during the next eight years make one wonder at her perseverance and seemingly untiring energy. She was probably unaware of the practice of retiring when the three score and ten mark had been reached. The Sisters of the Province and her countless friends would have thought that the Novitiate was her crowning work, and so it was, in a way. But it was not her final achievement. In 1913 she sent Sisters to two newly organized schools in St. Paul, St. James and St. Mark's. The next year four out-of-town schools and convents were opened: St. Peter school and convent, St. Peter; St. Aloysius, Olivia; St. Mary's, Le Center; and St. Mary's, White Bear.

St. Stephen's school was opened in Minneapolis in 1915. The Sisters were to reside at Holy Angels Academy. St. Michael's parish in Grand Forks, North Dakota, requested Sister teachers for a grade school in 1916. St. Peter's school in North St. Paul and Trinity Hospital in Jamestown were opened in 1917. In September of that year, Sisters who had been housed
at Holy Angels were happy to move into a temporary convent across the street from the Ascension school. A school opened in the Blessed Sacrament parish in St. Paul in 1918. In Grand Forks, St. Bernard’s Academy, which had been under the direction of Ursuline Sisters, had reverted to the Diocese of Fargo because of dearth of subjects to carry on the work. The Right Reverend Bishop O’Reilly of Fargo appealed to Mother Seraphine’s charity for help. Wisely, or unwisely, she acceded to his wishes.

In August, 1918, Sisters were assigned to the Academy in Grand Forks the name of which was changed to the Academy of St. James in honor of the patron saint of Bishop O’Reilly. The old building was repaired and a new wing was hastily constructed before the opening day in September, when the school struggled into existence. It was a struggle that has gone on financially through the years. But if Catholic schools ceased to operate in time of financial stress, they would cease to exist, for those owned by Sisters are seldom, if ever, free of debt. Working for the Kingdom of Heaven pays its dividends not in bank notes, but in the hope that the students who have been shown the way may continue in it to the end of life’s journey. The Academy of St. James Alumnae is no small reward for the years of worry and work devoted Sisters have spent there.

The summer of 1918 was a testing period in the life of Mother Seraphine. Summer vacations had always been times of anxiety for her and her assistant. There were adjustments to make; appointments to be considered; new missions to be organized; and a score of other problems that only superiors know. Added to all these in that critical year was her knowledge that the Archbishop was seriously ill, and that the doctors did not seem at all hopeful about his condition. How much of Mother’s success was owing to his guidance or how much of his success to her prayers is known only to God. That
COMPLETED WORKS

their had been a unique experience in their close association during more than half a century they both realized and were grateful for it. Neither of them ever forgot that a day of separation would eventually come. It was Mother’s hope and prayer that her beloved brother might give her the final absolution when her call came from the Master she had served in what she termed her own poor way.

At the end of August, Mother sensed the fact that she was sending out her last group of missionaries to a new school when the Sisters who were to organize the Academy of St. James boarded the train for Grand Forks. She knew, too, that the Archbishop was growing weaker every day, and she prayed for grace to bear her cross as she had seen so many of her Sisters bear theirs with loving resignation.

On September 11, the Archbishop was eighty years old. Two weeks from that day, in the early morning of September 25, 1918, the Archdiocese of St. Paul was for the third time in its history bereft of its shepherd. The week that followed was one of deep mourning, especially at St. Joseph’s Academy. The Requiem Mass on October 2 in the unfinished Cathedral was solemn and comforting. It is not the purpose of this sketch to go into details about the Archbishop’s funeral, as that has been written about in masterly style by others. On this memorable day, Mother Seraphine was just one of the Sisters of St. Joseph who attended the Mass and followed the procession to Calvary Cemetery, where our beloved Archbishop was laid to rest with his dear people.

Reverend Mother Agnes Rossiter and her Assistant, Mother Columbine Ryan, came from St. Louis to St. Paul to attend the funeral of the Archbishop, and to be a comfort and support to Mother Seraphine. They accepted Mother’s invitation to spend the weeks of October here when Minnesota is in her most gracious mood and puts on her richest colors. Before they returned to Carondelet they had persuaded Mother Seraphine...
phine to continue in office as Provincial Superior for one more term of three years. The wisdom of this arrangement was apparent to all the Sisters. It was in every way better for Mother’s peace of mind. Her work gave her little time to sit and meditate on her great loss. Very soon the regular routine of convent life was reestablished, and Mother realized that she had been wonderfully sustained by the prayers and sympathy of all her Sisters. This, she knew, was part of the hundredfold reward promised by our Blessed Lord to those who have left their loved ones for His sake.

During the preceding summer the Diocese had purchased a house on Summit avenue as a more suitable residence for the Archbishop. He had lived in a very simple frame building on Portland avenue, a few blocks from St. Luke’s Church. When the change was made, the Archbishop asked that St. Luke’s parish would turn this house into a convent for the Sisters who were teaching in the parish school and who, for fourteen years, had walked from St. Joseph’s Academy every morning and home every evening. Mother Seraphine’s first official act after her final reappointment was to name a Superior for St. Luke’s Convent.
ON NOVEMBER 3, 1901, the Sisters of St. Joseph were happy to note that the Community had spent fifty years in the St. Paul Diocese. As all the schools were in session on that date, it was considered wise to postpone the Jubilee celebration until the summer vacation of 1902, when the senior Sisters could all be present for the occasion, and as many of the younger Sisters as could be spared from home duties.

The Jubilee was solemnly commemorated in August, 1902, when the arrival of Sisters a half century earlier was recalled in the three-day celebration. The Archbishop of St. Paul, Suffragan Bishops, clergy, and friends and benefactors of the Sisters were guests at St. Joseph's Academy on August 20. The speaker at the solemn Mass on that day was Archbishop Ireland. His sermon is so much a part of the life of Mother Sera-phine and of the history of the St. Paul community that quotations from it seem in place here.

To those who knew the Archbishop it seems strange to read in this sermon his acknowledgment that there was a time
when he, as a boy, was timid and awe-struck when he ap-
proached the convent with a message to be delivered to the
Sisters. In his visions of the past, he told his audience, he had
seen those pioneer Sisters in their various avocations: as ador-
ers in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, as teachers in
their classrooms, as visitors in the homes of the needy, as
happy women enjoying recreation, and always they seemed
to him as supernatural beings. He tells of the zeal, the ardent
faith, the unstinted charity, the simplicity of life and the deep
consecration to service of those first Sisters who came to this
then remote northern region.

In the Archbishop's vision of the past the Right Reverend
Bishop Cretin stood out as a high exemplar and leader, and
the missionaries who were his associates were also of apostolic
caliber. On that anniversary day the record of the Sisters
shows that the little band of four Sisters of the year 1851 had
grown to the number of 543 all told of whom 428 were at
work in the Province. Of the other 115 included in the first
number, many had been called to Carondelet or to other
scenes of labor, and many had answered the call of the Reaper
whose name is Death and were at rest in Calvary Cemetery.

In 1901, culling the figures from this historic sermon, we
find that the Sisters were in charge of twenty-six schools and
were teaching more than five thousand pupils. There were
three hospitals under their administration, where in the jubil-
lee year 2,270 patients had been cared for. We learn from the
records of these fifty years that 25,200 children had been in-
structed in our schools, and that more than 30,000 patients had
been admitted to our hospitals. Of the other works of the
Sisters, the Archbishop made no mention except to allude to
the fact that the Sisters had taught Sunday classes of catechism
and that they were frequent visitors to the poor and the sick.
The Archbishop assured his audience that the picture of the
life of the Sisters that he had drawn was inadequate—that
GOLDEN JUBILEES

there was one “painted in all its details, in all its rapturous radiance, upon the pages of the Book of Life.”

Addressing the Sisters the Archbishop said in a characteristically personal appeal: “Look back across the fifty years that are gone, thence to draw inspiration and courage for the fifty years that are to come and that beckon you into their hopes and labors.”

His final plea was that the Sisters prepare themselves for leadership in their various fields of endeavor, and in all they do to be inspired and guided by religion.

At the close of this sketch of the work of the Sisterhood, he says in prophetic words: “Fifty years hence there will be another jubilee of your community. Some who are here today will take part in it; others, the greater number, will be present only in spirit. May the deeds that will be recorded be not less worthy of honor than those we commemorate today. May the Sisters of the future do with the opportunities to be given to them as well as the Sisters of the past have done with the opportunities they enjoyed. May God have in His keeping the Sisters of today and the Sisters of tomorrow.”

There are one hundred Sisters living on this centenary day who could have been present on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee. How many of this number were present is not easy to determine accurately.

Jubilees in the St. Paul Province seem to have passed by with very little notice until the summer of 1906, when Mother Pauline Lemay and Sister Ignatius Loyola Cox were informed that there was to be a celebration commemorating the golden anniversary of their Profession. A notice was sent to all the convents of the Province, and also to all the Sisters who were away studying. Masses were offered in all our chapels for the jubilarians, and gifts, such as Sisters are accustomed to give,

3 Ibid., p. 301.
were sent to St. Joseph’s Academy. The day was a bright, happy one at the Academy. It was an historic event, the first of its kind in St. Paul, the initial jubilee celebration in the Province. Both jubilarians were thrilled. Countless times afterward in recalling the day they referred to the part played by Mother Seraphine in all the arrangements, and particularly to her forethought in making the jubilee an event to be participated in by all the Sisters of the Province. The letters received from Sisters who could not be present for the ceremony were treasured ever after by the two very dear and much loved senior members of the community. Mother Seraphine had not forgotten to send notice of this event to the Mother House. She was gratified when telegrams and gifts from Reverend Mother Agnes Gonzaga Ryan of St. Louis set the stamp of approval on the importance of remembering anniversary days such as golden jubilees. Fifty years of service in a religious community is worthy of note for at least two reasons. The community owes that recognition to the jubilarian. It is a lesson in sisterly consideration and in true religious culture to the younger members of the community.

At St. Joseph’s Academy on December 8, 1910, there was a golden jubilee celebration in honor of Mother Seraphine Ireland and Mother Celestine Howard. Like earlier events of the kind, it commemorated the solemn profession of the two jubilarians. It is not an exaggeration to say that every Sister in the Province took such a vital part in helping on the preparations that they all seemed to feel it was their jubilee. Each Sister had actually taken part in some activity that became an item of interest in the total picture. The art departments of the various missions were all represented. The table running down the center of the community living room was covered with pieces of exquisite needle work. The walls were hung with original flower pieces and a few copies of great paintings. All the handiwork of the Sisters was represented in the dis-
play. Mother Seraphine and Mother Celestine had a gracious and genuinely motherly way of showing their appreciation so that the presentation of a small hand-worked scapular was made to seem to the donor as important as an embroidered altar cloth. They considered the “love of the giver.”

During the day telegrams and letters of congratulations came from Carondelet and from all the Provincial Houses. And numerous felicitations were received from the hierarchy. Every house of the St. Paul Province was personally represented at the dinner served in honor of the esteemed jubilarians. During the afternoon scores of Sisters from the Twin City convents had the pleasure of offering their greetings personally to the Superior Provincial who had received them into the Congregation, and of expressing their gratitude to Mother Celestine for the inestimable assistance she had given in promoting the works of the Province.
In her position as Superior Provincial, Mother Seraphine became of necessity a traveler and a learner, for she never ceased to be a student. She had a store of first-hand knowledge about many of our great cities. On business trips to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, she planned to spend part of her time collecting data for an inspiring report of her journey to be given informally to the Sisters on her return. Many of her hearers were introduced to the great Masters after Mother had made a study of the world-famous paintings in the Metropolitan Museum. Sisters who went to Boston for study or to attend an educational convention made out their itinerary, under her direction, of noted literary and historical places to be visited while there. Always too, there were visits to cathedrals, to little hidden-away chapels where there was Perpetual Adoration and to Mother Houses of the Diocesan Sisters of St. Joseph in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Toronto. Those communities founded from Carondelet when the sisterhood was in its infancy in America.
TRAVELS

have always had a warm affection for the Missouri Mother House.

Mother's residence in Tucson made her acquainted with the Mexican character. Their poor homes aroused her sympathy, and their exquisite needle work appealed so strongly to her that she came home with altar cloths and table linen that were a delight to the sacristan and to the Sister in charge of guests. The plain room which served as a chapel at the Academy took on a wealth of beauty after Mother had made devotional visits to churches and convents in Montreal and Quebec.

In the spring of 1900, Mother's health was a cause of anxiety. The Doctor consulted advised a rest in an entirely changed environment. In company with Mother Celestine, Mother went in April to Tacoma, where they were guests of the Dominican Sisters. When they returned home in late May, the Sisters realized that the change of climate and environment had been most beneficial.

Biennially, according to Rule, the Provincial Superiors meet with Reverend Mother and her Council at the Mother House in Carondelet for discussion of community affairs. The meetings serve as a means for promoting a spirit of friendliness in the Congregation, which results in occasional visits to the various Provincial Houses. It is safe to say that every such visit gives inspiration to those visited and to the visitors. The meetings have also a moderating effect. Our Congregation extends, geographically, from New York to California and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. A regulation that fits into the climate of Michigan and Minnesota could not be enforced in Missouri and Arizona. Mother Seraphine's experience in attendance at Superior's meetings and at Chapters was of inestimable value to her in governing her own Province and must have been helpful to the assembled Sisters.

Mother's knowledge of the South was gleaned in 1898 from her visit to Camp Gilman in Georgia, where Sister nurses
WORKS TO THE KING

from St. Louis and St. Paul were caring for our soldiers suffering from malaria. Immediately after Christmas Reverend Mother Agatha and she hastened to Georgia to visit the Sisters before they were transferred to Cuba. Mother returned to St. Paul with a most enthusiastic report of her experiences. She had learned that there was a real American tea grown in Georgia. She invited the Academy community to a formal tea party in the beautiful Virginia Avenue reception room. While the party was in progress, Mother described the camp life she had seen, the genuine Southern fare she had enjoyed and the warm friendly courtesy extended to them by the Georgians.

The journey Mother treasured most and the one that stayed most vividly in her memory was her pilgrimage to the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Lyons, her visit to Lourdes and, finally, the precious weeks in Rome, climaxed by an audience with our Holy Father, Pius X. On this occasion, as on so many occasions in her life, the circumstances were the most fortunate that can be imagined.

The following is the personnel of the traveling party: Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis; Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul; Bishop Scannell of Omaha; Reverend Mother Agnes Gonzaga, Superior General; Mother Agnes, Assistant General; and Mother Seraphine. They sailed from New York on November 26, 1908, on the Provence and arrived at Havre on December 3. They could spare only four days to see the wonders of Paris: the Louvre, the monuments, the churches. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception they were fortunate in being present at a celebration in honor of Our Lady of Fourvières in the beautiful church which looks so benignly over the city of Lyons. After a pleasant visit to the Mother House and to the rooms once occupied by the venerated Mother St. John Fontbonne, the party started on their journey to Rome, where they arrived on the fourteenth of December. In Rome they were met by Mother Celestine, Sister Maria Teresa, Sister
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Anysia, and Sister Sophia, who had been for some months in Florence.

There was no anxiety in the minds of the Sisters concerning the Rome pilgrimage as the Archbishops knew Rome as well as they knew St. Louis and St. Paul, and were so familiar with Vatican etiquette that there was no fear of how and when an audience with the Holy Father would take place. On the ninth of January, 1909, his Holiness very graciously received them in private audience, and blessed the hundreds of rosaries Mother Seraphine presented—one for each Sister in her home Province.

While in Italy, our Sisters visited Florence, Milan, Venice, and Genoa. In Florence and Milan their time was spent in the great churches and in the famous art museums where the three Sister artists had permission to copy several masterpieces. Venice seemed an enchanting place to them. Its art, its gondolas, and especially its associations with Pius X, made their visit there one of joy.

Finally Lourdes was reached. Every hour there was consecrated to Our Lady. Asked if she witnessed a miracle, Mother Seraphine said that she had not been present at a miraculous cure, but that the place itself was a miracle, and the devotion of the pilgrims was a striking evidence of the power of Divine Grace.

On Easter Saturday morning in 1909, Mother Seraphine and Mother Celestine reached St. Paul and were royally welcomed at St. Joseph’s Academy and St. Agatha’s Conservatory. Their European pilgrimage was rich in memories, which they graciously shared with all their Sisters, a few of whom have had the privilege of treading in their footsteps.
THE Sisters who knew Mother Seraphine in the long ago years, when they were young and she was at the height of her powers, think of her as they so often saw her associated with one or other of the dear senior Sisters who had worked with her from the beginning of the Congregation in St. Paul. Foremost in this group of pioneers is Mother Celestine Howard. Their friendship, begun in their childhood homes in Ireland, was a lovely rare friendship that resisted all the changes of time.

Not to know Mother Celestine, at least through the medium of a written record, is not to know how our Province has reached its present standing in the great Northwest. She was reared in an atmosphere rich in difficulties, and to her, from childhood on, every difficulty presented an opportunity which she was eager to grasp. She practiced a severe self-discipline, and her discipline of those she governed was not easy. She was recognized by her Sisters as a woman of sincere piety, of thought and of action. She was generous and sympathetic. St. Agatha's, under her supervision, became a sort of second no-
vitiate for the Sisters who had temporary vows. Her experience as teacher and as supervisor of the schools and of the educational programs of the young Sisters gave her a wide acquaintance with the qualifications of the Sisters for their various works. She was engaged in so many community activities it might be thought that she was absorbed solely in the material progress of the Sisterhood. That God and His good pleasure were first in her thoughts was beautifully demonstrated in her last illness. A new wing for St. Agatha’s was in process of construction when she became ill. The doctor pronounced her condition critical. Without any hesitation, Mother Celestine turned all building plans and all details of government over to her assistant, Sister Berenice Shortall. She requested that no business matters of any kind should be referred to her. She was determined to devote all the time granted to her to preparation for the greatest event of this transitory life—the leaving of it to enter into life eternal. She centered all her thoughts on God. She had been serving her gracious Lord for fifty-seven years. With unshaken trust she went to meet Him on June 21, 1915.

During those years in the school of Christ, Mother Sera- phine’s love had deepened and grown strong. Mother Celestine’s death was a sorrow to be borne with patience and resignation and with loving gratitude because she had gone with joy to meet her Beloved in whom her soul trusted.

For many years several of the older Sisters lived at St. Joseph’s Academy. Mother Pauline Lemay’s name comes unbidden to mind with memories of those years. If you put together all the qualities that go to make up a lovable woman grown old in the service of God, you may have a correct estimate of this quaint, delightful, unselfish, industrious, deeply religious French woman. She was beautifully homely. Her eyes sparkled with kindliness. Her speech was a mixture of patois and English that lent humor to every conversation. She might
be seen every afternoon on her way to visit the homes of the poor, and in each home she left a message of love and peace. Her life was a benediction. The community should cherish her memory.

Mother Agnes Veronica Williams is not easily analyzed. She saw life through clouded glasses. The line of demarkation between right and wrong was not always clearly discerned by her. Those who knew her intimately would probably concur in the opinion that she never was guilty of a wrong act. She was so scrupulously exact and exacting of others that just living was somewhat of a burden. The trait that shone out brilliantly in her character was her loyalty to Mother Seraphine. Mother Seraphine had been her ideal in the school on Bench street; now she was her Superior, placed over her by the providence of God. It was a truly religious loyalty, a loyalty resting firmly on a foundation of love. She loved Mother with a beautiful, childlike love. And the second commandment is like to the first: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

From 1889 to 1909, Sister St. James Doyle held the office of Provincial Assistant. Both as Assistant and as a member of the Provincial Council she was closely associated with Mother Seraphine. She was at the same time the acting local superior, and as such was intimately concerned about each Sister missioned at the Provincial house. She was a complete contrast to Mother Seraphine. She was frail in appearance, deliberate in her movements, low-voiced, gentle. In spite of weak eyesight, her inspection of the housekeeping was meticulous. An undusted corner never escaped her. She had a horror of friction, and if ever she sensed a domestic storm, she hastened to pour oil on the troubled waters. If she could prevent it, the little trials of every day never reached the door of Mother Seraphine’s office. Blessed are the peacemakers was her favorite beatitude.

Mother St. Rose Mackey was for many years closely associ-
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ated with Mother Seraphine. As principal of St. Joseph’s Academy and as a member of the Provincial Council, she became acquainted with community affairs and with Mother Seraphine’s hopes as regarded the growth of the Province. In appearance and in manner she was graciousness itself. When her term as principal of the Academy expired, she was appointed local superior of St. Joseph’s convent in Stillwater, and later of St. Mary’s Academy in Graceville. The Sisters she governed and the students she directed considered her an ideal superior.

That Mother Seraphine concurred in this opinion may be gleaned from the fact that after the death of Sister St. James Doyle, in 1909, Mother St. Rose was chosen as Provincial Assistant, a position which she held until the expiration of Mother Seraphine’s term of office. In August, 1921, Mother St. Rose was appointed the ninth Provincial Superior of the St. Paul Province, with Mother Seraphine as senior member of the Council.

The six years of Mother St. Rose’s provincialate were busy years. Mother’s long term as Assistant Provincial was of great advantage to her. With Mother Seraphine as an adviser in the Council, there did not seem to have been any change in government. During those years Sisters of St. Joseph were assigned to new schools in the Nativity, St. Columba’s, and St. Cecilia’s parishes in St. Paul and to Holy Name, St. Thomas, and St. Lawrence in Minneapolis. Sisters who were teaching at the Ascension school and residing at Holy Angels moved into a parish convent across the street from the school. In 1922, at the request of his Excellency, the Most Reverend Archbishop Dowling, Mother St. Rose accepted the care of the Catholic Infant Home, which had been under the supervision of a guild of Catholic women. Mother Anastasia Carroll was appointed first superior. The work was a new venture, but Mother Anastasia’s Catholic social experience in our two or-
phan homes and her genuine motherly love of the unfortunate helped to smooth out all difficulties. She and her co-workers loved the work, and the Sisters who have succeeded them see Christ in His needy children.

The work that stands out pre-eminently as Mother St. Rose’s contribution to the Province is St. Joseph’s Provincial House on Randolph avenue. When Mother Seraphine retired from office in 1921, St. Joseph’s Academy ceased to be the Provincial House, a distinction it had held since 1863. It was Mother St. Rose’s privilege to design and supervise the erection of the new Provincial House and the chapel of Our Lady of the Presentation. Our Lady’s chapel with an attractive cloister on the east and on the west forms the connection between the Novitiate and the Provincial House. On the feast of the Presentation, November 21, 1925, Archbishop Dowling blessed the cornerstone of the new chapel, which was solemnly dedicated on the feast of St. Joseph, March 19, 1927.

The Provincial House, as planned by Mother St. Rose, was to be an ideal place for senior Sisters who, on account of age or infirmity, wished to retire there. It was a beautiful home in a beautiful setting. On each of four floors was a spacious sun porch. There were forty private rooms, each supplied with hot and cold water and furnished in convent simplicity. Added to these, there was an infirmary corridor of rooms and diet kitchen for the care of sick Sisters. There were on the main floor rooms for guests and offices for the Provincial Superior and her assistants. Mother St. Rose’s term of office ended in August, 1927. The home she had prayed so fervently and worked so earnestly for was a reality, but was not hers to enjoy. She was appointed Superior of St. Margaret’s Academy in Minneapolis.

During the years following Mother St. Rose’s appointment as Superior of St. Margaret’s, several senior Sisters spent use-
ful, prayerful days in the new Provincial House. Often during the first years there, both Mother Seraphine and Mother St. Rose were welcomed as honored guests. On March 27, 1933, Mother St. Rose's beautiful, peaceful life came to a close. Her death prevented her ever knowing that the home she had designed for the dear aged Sisters had to be converted into a residence for Sisters teaching in five parochial schools whose pastors did not provide convents for Sisters. The ideal hoped and prayed for now is a convent for the Sister teachers close to every parish school.

To record the names of all the Sisters who were more or less closely associated with Mother Seraphine during the long years of her provincialate would require more space than is allotted to this chapter. There are names the omission of which would surely cause comment. First of these is Mother Bernardine Maher, who deserves more than this brief mention. She was for more than a score of years Superior and Superintendent of St. Joseph's Hospital. The senior Doctors today often speak of her as a genius in administration.

Sister Bridget Bohan was a pupil in St. Anthony School and knew and admired Mother Seraphine as a teacher. Mother Seraphine received her into the postulate when she was only fifteen years of age, and from 1876 until the year of Mother Seraphine's death they were co-workers. In this centenary year, Sister Bridget is still happily active in her real Diamond Jubilee year.

A score of other names could be added to this list. Only a small number of Sisters who worked with Mother remain to read this abbreviated list. To their charity this chapter is dedicated, with the hope that some one of them may be inspired to write her estimate of Mother Seraphine and of all those who assisted her in advancing the works of the Province for the glory of God.
Mother Seraphine's wide acquaintance with eminent churchmen was due to an appreciable extent to the fact that the renowned Archbishop of St. Paul was her brother. It seems to be quite an established custom for the Ordinary of a Diocese to take noteworthy visitors to the different institutions under his care. St. Joseph's Academy has the distinction of being the oldest Catholic school in the Diocese and was, when Mother Seraphine was Superior Provincial, the Mother House of the Province. It is not to be wondered at that the Archbishop and his distinguished guests called there to see Mother Seraphine and the members of her community.

Not long after the establishment of the Apostolic Delegation in Washington in 1893, the Most Reverend Archbishop Satolli was a guest at the home of Archbishop Ireland. His visit to the Academy was memorable, as he was the first representative of our Holy Father to be welcomed at our Provincial House. On three other occasions, Mother Seraphine was privileged to welcome Apostolic Delegates: the Most Reverend
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Archbishop Martinelli, the Most Reverend Archbishop Falconio, the Most Reverend Archbishop Bonzano. When later each delegate was recalled to Rome to become a member of the College of Cardinals, the Sisters they had addressed here and given their blessing to, felt a closer kinship with Rome.

On two occasions Mother Seraphine entertained Cardinals at St. Joseph’s Academy. When his Eminence, Cardinal Vanutelli, returning from the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal in 1910 made St. Paul one of his visiting points he and Archbishop Ireland, accompanied by several parish priests and Seminary professors, visited the educational institutions of the city. Two of our schools were on their list. One afternoon the College of St. Catherine was honored by their presence. There were addresses of welcome in Italian, French, and English tendered to his Eminence. Then the faculty and student body knelt to receive the Cardinal’s blessing. Mother Seraphine was a guest that day at the College, possibly a bit fearful lest this youngest of her schools should fail in the least detail on so important an occasion. After the departure of the Archbishop and his guests, she hastened to the Academy to report on the success of the visit at St. Catherine’s and to assure herself that all was in readiness for the Cardinal’s reception there the following morning.

The visit at the Academy was brief but most impressive. Mother and the community met His Eminence in the spacious Academy reception room, which was never brighter or more beautifully decorated than on that autumn morning. Tiny glasses of Chartreuse wine on a silver tray were offered to the Cardinal, members of his entourage and the accompanying clergy. When the guests departed, Mother thanked the Sisters for their extra work and very graciously gave them a holiday.

Cardinal Ceretti twice visited St. Paul on his journey across
the United States. On his second visit, in 1928, he was returning from Australia. His Excellency, Archbishop Dowling, planned the visit to the Academy. This time, Mother Seraphine, now nearing the age of eighty-six, waited for his Eminence in her own room. A letter to one of the Sisters at the Academy had preceded the Cardinal's arrival. A former professor of the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul was in attendance at the Eucharistic Congress in Sydney and had written particulars about the magnificence of the reception given the Cardinal there and of his graciousness which had completely won the hearts of the people. Sister gave the letter to Mother Seraphine, who surprised and delighted the Cardinal with her knowledge of things Australian and with her enthusiastic interest in Church affairs.

There were frequent visits from the Bishops of the Province of St. Paul. Bishops McGolrick, Shanley, and Cotter were no strangers to the Academy Sisters, for Mother was not at all exclusive in the matter of sharing her friends with her community. Among the Archbishops who were occasional guests may be mentioned the Most Reverend John J. Keane of Dubuque, as also his successor, the Most Reverend James J. Keane, a former priest of the St. Paul Diocese. From the West Coast came the Most Reverend Archbishop Reardon, and from far-away New Zealand the Most Reverend Archbishop Redwood. Twice St. Paul had witnessed sensational consecrations. The first time was when three consecrations took place at the Cathedral on the same day Dec. 27, 1889: Bishop McGolrick for Duluth; Bishop Shanley for Fargo; and Bishop Cotter for Winona — all first Bishops of new dioceses.

May 19, 1910, there was a most unusual ceremony in St. Mary's Chapel at the St. Paul Seminary, when six priests of the Diocese were consecrated Bishops for dioceses in Minne-
sota and the Dakotas. They were the Right Reverend Bishops O'Reilly, Heffron, Lawler, Busch, Corbett, and Wehrle, all of whom were felicitated at the Academy by Mother Seraphine. Mother's friendship with Bishops dated back to her school days on Bench street, when she learned to love and admire Bishop Cretin as the apostle he proved to be. She had every reason to admire and appreciate Bishop Grace. It goes without saying that Archbishop Ireland was her ideal. When Archbishop Dowling’s appointment was announced, she sent him most cordial greetings. When he came and took possession of his See, he showed her exquisite kindness. Their friendship lasted through ten years. In 1930, they were both called home to begin an eternal friendship in God.
Mother Seraphine's Personality

The preceding chapters tell the story of Mother Seraphine's success in opening new missions in various parts of Minnesota and the Dakotas. The building of a Catholic school is always an event of importance in a city parish or in a town which has only one church. But staffing the school with Sisters who are prepared to make it a Christ-centered is of vastly more importance. The architect and contractor have in mind in erecting the building the physical comforts of the boys and girls who will spend their student days within those walls. Back of those builders is the pastor with his worries about finances, about each individual child confided to his care, about securing Sister teachers. He prays that every teacher assigned to his school may be dominated by the ideal that her great work is to help save every soul that comes in contact with her. When the pastor applied to Mother Seraphine for Sisters, she and her advisers had the task of selecting the community for the new convent. It is safe to state that she never appointed Sisters for their missions with-
out seeking guidance in fervent prayer. And praying for the Sisters, for their growth in holiness, for success in the assigned duty, was overtime work for her. Sisters who were fortunate enough to live with her at St. Joseph's Academy can tell that she was always in her place at community prayer. That was not at all extraordinary. But what was impressive were the night after night vigils before the Blessed Sacrament, where she seemed to wrestle with God in the earnestness of her supplications.

In one of the periods of depression she lived through when collections came in slowly, money went out rapidly, and debts piled up, the Benefactor she sought was God. She and the Sisters did all in their power to prevent financial disaster, and Mother took her problems to God in earnest prayer at night when, accompanied by Mother Agnes, she stole quietly into the chapel and up the aisle to the altar rail to make the holy hour from eleven to twelve for the needs of the Province she was governing. How often she told the dear Lord that it was His work she and the Sisters were trying to do, and that it would surely fail if He did not sustain them.

To see Mother at prayer was a real inspiration. If a Sister entered the chapel to make a hasty visit when Mother was near the sanctuary pouring out her petitions to the Lord she so ardently loved, Sister remained a longer time to pray. How often after night prayer, when lights were out, Mother went to the altar rail for a last chat with Our Lord. Sisters who stepped into the gallery would notice her coming down the aisle, facing the altar, bowing reverently and throwing good-night kisses to her dear Jesus. She was never told that the Sisters knew of her nightly visits for fear of embarrassing her.

Mother Seraphine's Sunday conference was closely allied to her prayer as an inspiration. She was blessed with a personal-
ity that radiated religion. When she entered the conference room, there was no hesitancy in her step, and not the least evidence of nervousness. She did not know what an inferiority complex was. She was mistress of every situation. She usually read a carefully chosen passage from a spiritual book. Then with the book closed, she discussed what she had read. She was a charming reader, but a more charming speaker. At the close of one of her impromptu talks after a conference, a Sister remarked, “Mother never uses a word; she always uses the word.”

Fortunately, there are still living many Sisters who knew and loved Mother Seraphine and who treasure memories of her conferences. She was never dull. Her audience was never tempted to be indifferent or drowsy. One might not agree with every statement she made, but there was perfect agreement as to the conviction in her manner and tone of voice. Her conferences were not open forums. But afterwards if she and a Sister were conversing and the Sister presumed to express an opinion not in harmony with Mother’s decision, she graciously listened to the Sister’s explanation. On a certain occasion a rather young Superior asked Mother to give a Sister another kind of work. This was the explanation offered: “Sister says she was trained for other specific work and that she is bound to be a failure if she goes into a classroom.” Mother answered that Sisters do not choose their work; that they obey. And then she added, “Did you choose the work you are doing?” The Superior answered that she was trained to be a teacher and that it never occurred to her that she would be appointed to other work in a community where teaching was a major occupation of the Sisters. Mother said in her characteristic way, “Well, dear, we’ll see what can be done.” The sequel of this little incident is that the Superior received notice
a day or so later to send Sister to a hospital where she was assigned to a department in which she was prepared to work.

Mother Seraphine had a pleasing social sense, which was always in evidence at the evening recreation. By no means did she try to dominate the conversation, but she was the center of the group. Her interests were as varied as were the departments wherein the Sisters carried on their works. If a Sister seemed pensive and silent during the recreation hour, she was sure to attract Mother’s attention. The social hour on summer evenings was particularly enjoyable. The campus of the old Academy stretching down from a spacious porch was an ideal place for a community get-together. This is a picture from the book of lovely memories:

Mother Seraphine is seated in the center of the topmost step. On her right is little Mother Agnes, looking happy and fingering her rosary. The rest of the group forms a moving picture. As each one arrives from the house or from the grounds, she takes a vacant place. No one would dream of usurping Mother Agnes’ place, which she has claimed as hers rightfully all through the years. If Mother is showing unusual enthusiasm about some coming or past event, the young Sisters who have keen eyesight will declare that Mother Agnes is offering up Aves that Mother may keep within the bounds of religious decorum, which, in the mind of dear Mother Agnes, means within scrupulously narrow bounds. The other members of the group during at least a decade of happy years will be Mother’s Assistant, Sister St. James Doyle, a palefaced, quiet, gentlewoman, standing out prominently in this assembly; Mother Pauline Lemay, a genuine matriarch, who could easily pose for an Old Testament character; Sister Ignatius Loyola Cox, stately and dignified and positive in her manner and in her statements; Sister St. Rose Mackay, the low-voiced
and consistently graceful principal of the Academy; Sister Ann Aloysius Fluri, a statuesque personality, who never put her exquisite embroidery away except during the evening recreation; Sister Raphael, who looks like a character from a Dickens novel; and Sister St. Teresa, who is quaint and unpredictable. The others of the group are of various ages, and, in spite of the fact that they are all determined to follow the role of Sisters of St. Joseph, have their individual differences, and are happy in the consciousness that Mother Seraphine approves of their being truly themselves while never ceasing to strive to become daily more Christ-like.

In contrast to this summer out-door scene is the evening recreation in the community living room on winter evenings. There is more formality now. Often this is what a late-comer sees as she enters the room: At the upper end of a long table Mother Seraphine and Mother Pauline are enjoying a game of checkers. Close by are Mother Agnes and Sister Anne Aloysius industriously embroidering, and they are both artists in needle craft. Sister St. James is the center of a group of young Sisters. There is an atmosphere of friendliness in the room and a complete absence of strain. In a way all are following the checker game and hoping the bell may not tap before the winner is announced. Every one is talking, but on the stroke of the half-hour a bell taps, and instantaneously silence reigns. Military discipline! No. Religious observance.
THE story of Mother Seraphine's life has been told only in part in the foregoing pages. In truth, a life lived for God can never be entirely told, for only He knows the most fascinating details. Had Mother Seraphine left a written record of her work, and had she preserved letters of historic value that came to her through the years, the task of choosing material for a biography would have been greatly simplified, and a larger and better book might have been offered to the reader. However, the purpose of the present writing has been, in a sense, achieved. The young Sisters of today have been introduced to a Sister who was young a century ago and whose life-story is closely woven into the history of Minnesota and into the annals of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet.

When all the chapters have been read, the reader may close the book with the remark that the circumstances of Mother Seraphine's life were so far out of the way of the life of today that imitation cannot be thought of. Very few may have the
opportunity to do the things she did; but her religious life may be held up for imitation. For more than seventy years she led the common life of a Sister of St. Joseph. Every one of those years offered problems to be solved as does every year in the life we are living. A study of the history of the Province will reveal that there was a normal growth in the number of institutions and in personnel. This does not mean that there ever was a time when there were Sisters numerous enough to supply all demands or a sufficient number of schools to care for all the Catholic children. The harvest is always in need of more laborers.

Statistics state cold facts and add little of real interest to Mother's story. The small number of convents mentioned in an earlier chapter had appreciably increased when she retired. At that time our Sisters were teaching in our College, in seven Academies, and in at least forty parish schools. Sisters were administering five hospitals. The supervision of residence halls at the Seminary and at the College of St. Thomas and the care of the Catholic Infant Home were added to our other works and are peculiar to our Province.

What young readers are probably considering is Mother's long and uninterrupted term of office. Since Canon Law in the new Code of 1918 set a six-year limit to the office of Superior, there is no longer any question of over-long terms. If it were possible to make a careful study of, say, the last six of that long stretch of years, all Superiors of the Province would find much to imitate.

Possibly time had had a mellowing effect on Mother. The glow of being Superior had worn off in thirty-two years of strenuous work. Now in her own room when Sisters visited her, or in the convents she visited, she was the ideal mother, gracious, cordial, encouraging, sympathetic. Her spirit had re-
tained its youthful magic. It seemed she could not and would not grow old. A good book still had the power to hold her spellbound. Her love for great paintings had not diminished. Copies of world-famous Madonnas and other subjects at St. Joseph’s Academy, St. Agatha’s Conservatory, and the Provincial House are reminders of her love of really great art. Her love of the best in art and in reading was a God-given gift that she was happy to share with all the Sisters. Sisters will do well to imitate her in this kind of sharing.

During Mother’s long life, she must have endured all the trials that visit God’s children, the highest and the lowest. There doubtless were days without number when she was desperately lonely. And having the happiness of living in her home city, close to her own family may often have added to her loneliness. For she knew when her loved ones were in sorrow, because always she was the first one called upon to help. In the course of the years she followed one after the other all the members of her family out to their final home in Calvary Cemetery. For a number of years before her death she was the only living member of the Ireland family.

In a very real sense the community was also her family, and its members could be and often were causes of deep sorrow. Sickness, death, debt held their ground even in seasons of rejoicing. But no Sister ever heard Mother Seraphine count her trials and disappointments. Her words were never “full of sorrow.” On two occasions when disastrous fires occurred, she showed genuine fortitude. For six months at St. Joseph’s Academy the Sisters endured an unpleasant odor of smoke and a fear of being deluged with spring and summer rains. During those months Mother Seraphine was the soul of the community recreation.

Instances of this kind were numerous. They all add up to
the conclusion that Mother Seraphine was blessed with an en-
viable disposition. And one of the charms of that disposition
was that she seemed unconscious of its attractiveness. Often
the Sisters heard her say that she was striving to cultivate
kindliness of manner and that she would have to work more
zealously before she would accomplish her goal. That she had
acquired that manner was the verdict of the Sisters who knew
and loved her.

One last word to the Sisters of today and tomorrow. Some-
time when you have the opportunity of an automobile drive
in vacation, go out to Calvary Cemetery and pay a prayerful
and grateful visit to Mother Seraphine and all the dear Sisters
of yesterday whose unselfish lives made possible for you the
comforts you are now enjoying. The pioneer conditions
Mother Seraphine overcame are not necessarily a part of great
achievements. There is always and everywhere great work to
do for God and for souls. It is your privilege to find the work
and to do it.
When Mother Seraphine laid down the burdens of office in 1921, at the age of seventy-nine, she was, in scriptural language, old. She counted nine years beyond those set as the limit of man's life here. In reality, she was as energetic as many younger women. There was no diminution in her interests. She was keenly alive to every community event. Despite failing eyesight, a good book often tempted her to read on forgetful of time and of her own personal comfort. She continued to visit the convents in the Twin Cities, and insisted on traveling by streetcar. That year she attended the opening Mass of the College on the feast of Our Lady of Victory. On her way to the chapel she asked casually the number of students. After Mass she told Mother Antonia that a large number must have been absent, for she had counted the girls as they left the chapel. She had overlooked the fact that those she did not count were members of the choir.

On the day of the installation of Mother St. Rose and her Council, Mother Seraphine walked with them to the Arch-
bishop's residence on Summit Avenue to introduce the new officers to his Excellency, to ask his blessing on their work, and to thank him for countless personal kindnesses. This visit over, Mother returned to the Academy and chose a small room on the chapel floor as her residence. She insisted that the room she had occupied for so many years should be given over to the local superior.

Late in October, in company with Mother St. Rose and Mother Bernadine, Mother Seraphine went east to visit our Sisters in the Troy Province and to take a much needed rest after the strenuous work of the summer. A few years elapsed before she took another train journey. In the meantime, Fontbonne College in St. Louis had come into being, and Reverend Mother Agnes sent a pressing invitation to Mother Seraphine to visit St. Louis and see Fontbonne. Mother gladly accepted the invitation and spent a pleasant week at the Carondelet she had known a half century before.

Mother's journey to St. Louis was her last excursion to a distant place. The new Provincial House, which was Mother St. Rose's project, was of great interest to her. At first she questioned the wisdom of erecting a chapel so close to the beautiful church on the College campus. Fortunately, she was persuaded that a separate chapel was an absolute necessity; and when it was completed, she admitted that she was pleased with those who overruled her wishes.

From then on Mother's visits were limited to the Provincial House, the College, St. Agatha's Conservatory and St. Joseph's Hospital. Every morning, even when the weather was not pleasant, she took a companion and walked to the Cathedral for an eight o'clock Mass. Her morning walk on cold winter days was a great worry to her local superior, who hesitated to
tell her to omit her extra Mass devotions during the winter months.

At home, Mother's days were spent mostly between her own room and the chapel. Her two major devotions were the Blessed Sacrament and Our Blessed Lady. Prayer seemed to have a tonic effect on her. Her devotion at Holy Hour, or even at the regular prayer hour, kindled the fervor of those near her. She had no patience with prayer said slovenly or halfheartedly.

The liturgical movement had not attained its present status during Mother's lifetime. She was not a musician, but she loved organ music and all the beautiful hymns children were accustomed to sing in English. A feast day lost its charm for her if there were not hymns sung at Mass. Flowers and lights on the altar, the organ played softly, a hymn to Our Lady, one to the Sacred Heart, and, finally, one to St. Joseph, started the least kind of a second-class feast day correctly. Two lone candles lighted on the altar for Mass on a feast of the second class subtracted from the joy of the occasion for Mother. St. Patrick's Day Mass without the hymn *Faith of Our Fathers* was almost a denial of faith. And who can say that her idea of devotional singing was very far wrong?

And so her life flowed on year after year peacefully and fervently. When the Catholic Hour with Monsignor Sheen as speaker was introduced to her by radio, she became one of Monsignor's most ardent listeners. Immediately she became interested in his biography and proceeded to interest others. And then the end came. On a March day in 1930 when she had planned to spend an afternoon hour at the College of St. Catherine, she became suddenly and seriously ill. Sharp pain around her eyes caused her great distress. This was the prelude to three months of intense suffering.
WORKS TO THE KING

Mother was nearing her eighty-eighth birthday, but she was not weary of life. Up to the very hour when she was stricken, she could have said joyously with Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: See all nor be afraid.'"

She had experienced the best, and she was grateful. Now the last had burst suddenly upon her. Always she had realized that her time was in His hands. For a few days she hoped that she was being held in bed by a passing illness, and she redoubled her petitions to Our Blessed Lady. Frequently during her illness she was visited by his Excellency, Archbishop Dowling, and by Monsignor Byrne and Monsignor Guillot. Her cousin, Minnie Naughton, R.N., was her devoted night nurse during the weeks of her illness. Her local superior, Mother Berenice, Mother Clara, the Provincial Superior, and her Assistant, Sister Grace Aurelia, and Mother Celestine's niece, Mother Annetta Wheeler, were in almost constant attendance on her. Other devoted watchers by her bedside were her nieces, Josephine McCarthy and Julia McCarthy Strong.

Monsignor Guillot, chaplain at the Provincial House, administered the Last Sacraments several days before the end came and while she was fully conscious. Prayer was almost perpetually offered in her room. Until she lapsed into unconsciousness, she answered the prayers in her wonted fervent manner. On the evening of the twentieth of June, while the Sisters were reciting the consoling litany for the dying, her tired spirit found repose in death.
Over and over again during her illness she had prayed to God to forgive all her sins and to accept her works in reparation. They had all been performed for Him. They were her offering to her Lord and King, and she proffered them anew through the hands of His Queen Mother. Her works to the King were safe in Mary's hands.
IN ACCORDANCE with the wishes of his Excellency, the Most Reverend Archbishop Dowling, the Funeral Mass for Mother Seraphine was offered in the Cathedral. The question in the Foreword, “Why write the life of Mother Seraphine?” seems to be so splendidly answered in the Archbishop’s sermon that the following paragraphs are reprinted here as an epilogue.

“She was our first parishioner. She was our most distinguished Catholic. She was a splendid Christian. She stood in her venerable old age like a mother to her daughters in religion, but like St. Genevieve towards Paris, she was, as well, mother to the whole city. . . . It is she and those like her that make a city glorious. . . . Those who hold their fingers on the pulse of life know what it means to have in any city women like Mother Seraphine; women who know its poor; women who alleviate their sorrows and teach their children; women with great hearts and splendid imaginations to meet Christ-like the pitiful needs of the multitude.

“. . . In this environment this good and holy woman lived
with us as an exemplar to her Sisters; lived a human being with a human heart, a mother's heart. . . . It has been a blessed privilege for us to have had her with us. Many, perhaps, spoke of her as Archbishop Ireland's sister, and she was indeed his sister, near to him and dear to him, sharing his thoughts, seeing him often, inspired by his advice and his counsel. Her view of life was larger because of her intimate association with him. But in her own right and title she was a distinguished woman.

". . . She was a fine chief with splendid imagination and with daring to do what she conceived. . . . Had she not in her old age dared to build the College of Saint Catherine? Now, though I speak of her as if she worked alone, yet I must and do include all her Sisters. . . . Generation after generation of Sisters came and she inspired them with her spirit of courage. Therefore it seems but right, that an authentic voice of the diocese should be raised to thank God because she had lived; raised to thank Him because of the inspiration her memory will be to us.

". . . I do not think there was anyone who loved this Cathedral more than she did. She watched it grow from its foundation stone until it was completed and blessed by her venerable brother, Archbishop Ireland. . . . It came to be in her mind the finest church on earth. There in the first pew, day after day at the eight o'clock Mass while she had strength to come, she came to say her prayers . . . for the diocese, for its priests, for its right administration. . . . Her memory abides here, enshrined with her illustrious brother's in the diptychs of the Archdiocese. Whenever a memorial tablet is erected in this Cathedral, among the very first names to be written thereon must be the name and memory of dear old Mother Sera-