

SAINT JOSEPH'S CONVENT
TORONTO ONTARIO CANADA

Vol. XL

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We regret that owing to illness Sister M. Leonarda, Editor of ST. JOSEPH LILIES, was unable to edit this issue of the magazine, but we trust that the next issue will appear in its usual form under Sister's capable direction.

Dedication

IT is with filial devotion that we dedicate this issue of St. Joseph Lilies, commemorating the Centenary of the Foundation of our Congregation in Toronto, to our dear Patron, St. Joseph, to whom, after God and His Blessed Mother, we are firmly convinced that we owe our many blessings and indeed the very fact that we are this year celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of our coming to Toronto.

One has but to read the record of those first hundred years to realize, that such humble beginnings could not have developed as they did, were it not for Divine Providence and heavenly intervention. For all of this we are humbly grateful.

We are deeply grateful also to the countless true and generous friends among the Hierarchy, the Clergy, the Religious and the Laity, who from October 7, 1851 until the present day have supported, encouraged and advised us in the many works of charity and of education, which we have undertaken; without their help, personal, financial, intellectual, spiritual, we should not have been able to begin, much less to carry on the different projects for the honour of God and for the Church in Canada, which it is our joy and recompense to see flourishing today.

May Almighty God reward, in our name, each individual benefactor of our Congregation, living or dead. May He grant eternal rest to our dear departed Sisters, the fruits of whose self-sacrifice we are reaping today. May He sanctify us personally and give good success to our future endeavours, and may St. Joseph graciously continue to protect each member and each house of the Congregation, whose honour it is to bear his name.



OUR HOLY FATHER, POPE PIUS XII.

Secretariate of State of His Holiness
September 1, 1951

His Eminence James Cardinal McGuigan,
Archbishop of Toronto,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

On the happy occasion of the Centennial of the arrival in Canada of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, the Holy Father expresses cordial felicitations on their praiseworthy work accomplished these hundred years and lovingly imparts to the Sisters his paternal Apostolic Blessing as a pledge of continued Divine Assistance in their devoted labours.

Signed
Monsignor Montini (Substitute).

In a special audience with Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, during Holy Year 1950, Reverend Mother St. Brigid, Superior General of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto, obtained the Apostolic Blessing for all the members of the Congregation, their families and relatives, for their friends and benefactors, for their former and present students, for the sick, the aged and the children under their care.



HIS EMINENCE JAMES CHARLES CARDINAL McGUIGAN.
Archbishop of Toronto



The hundredth anniversary of
the coming to the archdiocese of
Toronto of the Sisters of St. Joseph
is an occasion which evokes sentiments of
deepest gratitude and of warmest admiration.
The work of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the
field of education and the healing of
the sick, their mothering of homeless
children and their care of the aged,
form one of the most glorious
chapters in the history of the Archdiocese.
From Toronto many other branches have
been established. Yet, the mother community
of Toronto itself still carries on the
same works in key centers of Canada
from Montreal to Prince Rupert and
Courtenay on the Western Coast. I pray that
God's richest blessings will abide with
you throughout the future years.

Dec. 8th. + James Cardinal McGeen
1950 Archbishop of Toronto



**HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MOST REVEREND
ILDEBRANDO ANTONIUTTI, D.D.**
Apostolic Delegate to Canada

Delegatio Apostolica

Ottawa, (Canada)

Very Reverend Mother General,

I am very pleased to know that you will be celebrating, this year, the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of your Religious Congregation in this Country.

By comparing the humble beginning of the Sisters of St. Joseph with their phenomenal growth in Canada within the span of a century, we recognize another exemplification, so often seen in the history of Religious Institutes, of the Parable of the Mustard Seed.

If it is true that the service of Our Lord and His Church requires no greater compensation than the service itself, it is nevertheless certain that wherever the Sisters of St. Joseph have brought comfort to the bereaved, cheer to the ailing, courage to the unhappy; wherever, in other words, they have endeavoured to live up to the ideals of their saintly calling, their name and work will be everlastingly remembered.

As I join the thousands of friends and admirers rejoicing on the centennial jubilee of the Sisters of St. Joseph, I wholeheartedly convey to you, Very Reverend Mother General, and the Superiors and Members of your well deserving Congregation a very special Blessing.

Sincerely yours in Christ

† Ildebrando Antoniutti

Ap. Del.



HIS EXCELLENCY
MOST REVEREND BENJAMIN I. WEBSTER
Auxiliary Bishop of Toronto

Archdiocese of Toronto,
Chancery Office.

The Centenary of the establishment of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the Archdiocese of Toronto affords a welcome opportunity for the expression of sentiments of gratitude and felicitations which fill the hearts of all of us, for all have benefitted directly or indirectly by the presence of the Sisters and their untiring labours.

We who have received our primary education in the schools, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, feel a special debt of gratitude to those who instructed us in the rudiments of our faith and prepared us for the reception of the Sacraments. For this and for the devoted interest which followed us in our later years, ever inspiring and encouraging, we can never be sufficiently grateful.

The same undoubtedly may be said for those whose contact with the Sisters came about under different circumstances in one or other of the many ways in which, true to the spirit of their glorious Patron, they minister to Christ in the members of His Mystical Body.

With joy I felicitate the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph on the occasion of their Centenary and wish them God's choicest blessings in years ahead.

† B. I. Webster,
Auxiliary Bishop of Toronto.

MESSAGES OF CONGRATULATION

Archbishop's House,
Winnipeg, Man.

To the Sisters of St. Joseph,
Toronto.

On the occasion of your Centenary it is a privilege as well as a duty to tender you our heartiest congratulations. We can not recall, we can only visualize the amount of good work you have accomplished during that lengthy period. But from the present we can form an accurate conception of the past and it is, therefore, with a transport of holy joy that we join with you in giving thanks to Almighty God for all His wondrous gifts. Every day of these hundred years has been marked by some outstanding grace, which if we could only truly appreciate for what it is would bring us to our knees in humble recognition of God's mercy and goodness.

It is just possible that Winnipeg, as one of the latest dioceses in which your community has been established, owes you a greater debt than it can ever pay. You came here at the price of a great sacrifice and that sacrifice, as the coin that is current in God's kingdom, has brought you untold blessings. That these blessings may continue is my most ardent wish, not only in Winnipeg but wherever your Congregation is established throughout Canada. May God have you always in His holy keeping!

† Alfred A. Sinnott,
Archbishop of Winnipeg.

Archbishop's Residence
Vancouver, B.C.

The Sisters of St. Joseph,
Toronto.

We have learned with pleasure of the celebration of the Centenary of the Community this year.

In the name of all the Priests, Brothers, Sisters, People and little Children, we offer our warmest congratulations to the Community and our best wishes to all the Sisters without exception, on this happy occasion.

While we realize the grand work done by the Community in so many places in Canada, we consider among the most outstanding, the Apostolate in Vancouver and Chilliwack, where the Sisters have had such a benign influence on pupils, their homes and their friends, for priestly and religious vocations and for such efficient training of youth in preparation for future happy Catholic homes in our beloved country.

Remembering all at Holy Mass on this one hundredth Anniversary, we wish the Community every possible success in continuing the magnificent work to which the Sisters have so generously dedicated their lives.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

† W. M. Duke,
Archbishop of Vancouver.

Archbishop's Residence,
Saint Boniface,
Manitoba, Canada.

On the occasion of the Centenary of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, I am happy to offer sincere congratulations and to review briefly their work in this Diocese.

Thirty years ago, on January 10th, 1921, two Sisters from the Motherhouse in Toronto commenced their labours in St. Alphonsus School, East Kildonan. The day previous, the two-room school at the corner of Munroe Avenue and Brazier Street had been blessed by His Excellency, Archbishop Beliveau of St. Boniface.

Those first years were pioneer years indeed. A convent had not as yet been built and the Sisters daily made the long trip from St. Joseph's Convent, College Avenue, Winnipeg, until the present attractive Convent next to the Church was opened in August 1923.

The first day's school brought an enrolment of sixty pupils. For many, it was their first meeting with the Sisters and with things religious. The annals of those early days tell us that the lack of religious training among most of the children was astonishing. The children themselves were obedient, generous, and quite bright. That this last estimate was a true one, is evidenced today in the happy faces of the present pupils, many of them children of those first pupils of thirty years ago.

Slowly but surely, like all works for God, the school expanded. In 1923 a new room was added to the now crowded building.

Twenty years later, we find the Second and Third Grade classes moved to the Chapel of the Redemptorist Monastery and the beginning of a High School, Grades IX and X, occupying the Fathers' Refectory, converted into a classroom for that purpose.

It is to the first Sisters that most credit is due for their cheerful acceptance of the many inconveniences of cold, mud, and crowded, makeshift classrooms. Their present successors (seven in number) are reaping abundantly the harvest of their sacrifices and labours. The magnificent new school, opened January 15, 1950, and modern in every detail, is ample testimony of the esteem which the parishioners of St. Alphonsus have for the Sisters and of their realization of the value of a Catholic education. An enrolment of over two hundred pupils gives promise of being increased by more than half that number this coming September. Within a year or two it will be necessary to extend the building.

Records of examination results in Music Classes and school-room show many honour standings. While giving credit to the teachers, we must not forget those silent helpers at home whose work and prayers have brought down countless graces and favours on both school and parish.

These thirty years are not high-lighted by any spectacular achievements. Like their patron, St. Joseph, the Sisters prefer to work quietly and humbly. If they might ask for any reward it would be that many generous young girls from St. Alphonsus Parish may be inspired to take up the challenge and follow in their footsteps. Like their Master, the Sisters can say, "The fields are ripe for the harvest, but the labourers are few." God grant that they soon increase.

May God bless the Sisters of St. Joseph!

With my best and sincere wishes,

† Georges Cabana,
coad. Arch. St. Boniface.

Bishop's House,
Victoria, B.C.

Marking a notable event in the history of religious life and missionary effort of the Church in Canada, the Centenary of the Foundation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto will be fittingly celebrated across our country this year with the universal thanksgiving and rejoicing that such a memorable occasion merits.

The Diocese of Victoria, joining in this jubilee of gratitude, claims in a special way the privilege of celebrating the anniversary as its own; for this portion of God's Vineyard, during the past forty years, has reaped a rich harvest of graces and blessings from the missionary zeal, the heroic self-sacrifice and charity of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Since 1913, when the first little band of courageous pioneering sisters, braving primitive conditions and problems that would have daunted less heroic souls, began their labor of love for the glory of God and the salvation of souls on the Pacific Coast of Canada, the Sisters of St. Joseph have written a glorious epic of missionary zeal and love consecrated to the alleviation of human suffering and the spread of Christ's Kingdom in the hearts of the poor, the sick, the indigent and the suffering.

May the inspiration that comes from the commemoration of this first century of magnificent achievements bring even greater successes for God and souls in the years that lie ahead.

† James M. Hill,
Bishop of Victoria.

Diocese of Saskatoon,
Chancery Office

When the Sisters of St. Joseph arrived in Canada one hundred years ago, the vast territory now the Diocese of Saskatoon was just an endless plain of virgin prairie grass where perpetual silence reigned except in spring and autumn when it was broken by the thundering hoofs of migrating hordes of buffalo, advancing and retreating in their eternal battle with the snow.

I doubt if Mother Delphine ever dreamed that here, two thousand miles west of Toronto, the centenary of her arrival would be celebrated in a thriving Academy dedicated to St. Joseph, where a happy group of 11 Sisters and 170 pupils are convinced that their Rosetown is, in many ways, the jewel of all the Canadian foundations of the Congregation.

For Rosetown is beautiful: beautiful in its rolling unfenced fields of golden wheat and boundless deep blue sky, in its stately red-brick Convent that crowns the tidy, brightly painted homes; but beautiful especially in its children, good-mannered and unspoiled, whose happy voices under the skilful hand of Sister Frederica can lift a harmony of sound that tells you best of the culture and the joy, the love and spiritual blessings that the Sisters of St. Joseph have brought with them to the Canadian Prairies.

In deepest gratitude then, we offer our best wishes to the Congregation as it passes the Century mark in its glorious crusade for God in Canada.

† Philip F. Pocock,
Bishop of Saskatoon.

Editor's Note—Since this message was received, Bishop Pocock has been appointed Coadjutor Archbishop of Winnipeg.

Bishop's House,
Prince Rupert, B.C.

Dear Reverend Mother:

The forthcoming celebrations commemorative of the one hundredth Anniversary of the arrival of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto are of great interest to all those who have learned to know and esteem your Congregation.

The Catholics of Prince Rupert count it as an extraordinary blessing that the Sisters came here from Toronto thirty-five years ago. In 1916, on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, four Sisters arrived to open a parochial school. During the intervening years, hundreds of children have received the benefit of their piety and their learning; hundreds of others have been initiated into the mysteries of music, both vocal and instrumental. The people of the parish entertain the greatest respect and affection for "our Sisters", who have devoted themselves, without counting the cost, to the spiritual and material well-being of us all.

The whole population of Prince Rupert cherishes the highest esteem for the Sisters, who are admired and respected by every class of society.

In offering the Congregation of St. Joseph our heartfelt congratulations on this notable anniversary, we thank God for having directed some of its members to our city and parish. We thank all the Sisters who have served Christ in our midst for the past thirty-five years and we pray that they may receive the reward which their devotedness so richly deserves.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord and Mary Immaculate,

† A. Jordan, O.M.I.,
Vicar Apostolic of Prince Rupert.

Toronto, July 1951.

On the occasion of the Centenary of the Canadian Foundation of the glorious order of the Sisters of St. Joseph may I be allowed to add my congratulations to those of your many friends and admirers in this City of Toronto and throughout the Country at large. Your charitable and educational works speak for themselves. Behind the walls of your Convents is marshalled an army of zealous, devoted, pious religious.

It is with fond affection that I remember the part your Community played in the foundation of the Sisters of Service. We called you to be the guides and teachers of our future Sisters during their period of formation. For this we have always remained very grateful.

God bless you all and bless your work for His glory and the salvation of souls.

G. Daly, C.Ss.R.

Montreal, Que., July 1951.

News reaches us that St. Joseph's Sisterhood will, in October next, celebrate the Hundredth Anniversary of its foundation.

To the Very Reverend Mother Mary St. Brigid, Superior General of the Order, to the members of her Council, to the Sisters spread out in their far flung missions, to the Alumnae, and to the present day students, I beg to offer my most cordial and prayerful good wishes.

Gerald J. McShane, S.S.





MOTHER ST. JOHN FONTBONNE
Venerated Second Foundress of the Congregation

IT is an arduous task to conceive of and form a religious order; one which requires a mind that sees visions and dreams dreams, and a heart full of zeal and courage. All this and more is required in the one who would restore and found anew an order which violence and persecution has brought to destruction. For the vision of the new community must be informed with the memory of and loyalty to the old; and that indefinable something which we say is the "spirit" of an order cannot just grow but must be constantly observed and modified until it is recognizable as the spirit that had animated the former institution.

Such was the task of Mother St. John Fontbonne, and it is her glory that, after having lived at home and away from any form of conventual life for a decade and a half, the beloved vision that was both old and new had remained undimmed. It was she who came, a woman who was not quite young and not quite old, and with ideals that were not quite new but fresh with the ageless glow of eternal things, to a dozen young women who had no traditions, no dear memories or lingering loyalties, but only great love of God and generous good will; and with these "Black Daughters" Mother St. John founded again—and recognizably—the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

PIVS PP. XII

Dilecte Fili Noster,

salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem

Exstat in Corontina Civitate et Archidieceesi praecipua domus Sororum a Sancto Joseph, quae
 Cardinalem in Curia Romana Patronum, sicut aliae Religiosae Familiae quam plurimae solent habere, cui-
 xis a Nobis postulaverunt precibus Nos autem cum edocti esserimus memoratas Sorores in variis pietatis et chri-
 stianae caritatis operibus provehendis conspicua sibi comparasse merita huiusmodi votis annuendum perlibente-
 consueimus, et *Be. Dilecte Fili Noster*, ad hoc perhonorificum simul et grave munus implendum vocare sta-
 tuimus, certa spe freti praefatam Religiosam Familiam ex sua nova atque actiosa tutela plurimum spiri-
 tualis utilitatis et ornamenti suscipituram fore. Itaque motu proprio, certa scientia ac matura delibera-
 tione Nostra, *Be. Dilecte Fili Noster*, hae Apostolicae Litterae Nostrae auctoritate, *Canadensium*
 Sororum a Sancto Joseph, quas memoravimus, illarumque dignitatem quarumcumque apud
 Nos et hanc Apostolicam Sedem **Patronum** seu **Protectorem** quod vi-
 ves cum omnibus honoribus, privilegiis, juribus, facultatibus atque *et c.* oneribus solitis et consuetis elegi-
 mus, facimus ac renunciamus. Omnibus proinde et singulis dicti Instituti seu Congregationis Moderatricibus
 ac religiosis quibusque personis mandamus ut *Be* in suum Patronum excipiant et ea, qua debent, reveren-
 tia prosequantur. Contrariis quibuslibet non obstantibus. Datum Romae, apud Sanctum Petrum, sub
 anulo Piscatoris die XXIX mensis Januarii, anno MCMLI, Pontificatus Nostri duodecimo

Dilecti Filio Nostro
Jacobo **C**arolo S R E Presbytero
 Cardinali **M**c **G**uigan
 Titulo Sanctae Mariae de Populo

De speciali mandato Sanctissimi
 Pro Domino Cardinali a publicis Ecclesiae negotiis
 J. Brugnola
 Officium Regens
 Pontificis Venerabilis secretarius



Facsimile of letter from Rome, appointing His Eminence, James Charles Cardinal McGuigan,
 Cardinal Protector of the Congregation—Jan. 1951.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XL TORONTO, CENTENNIAL NUMBER 1851-1951

CENTENARY OF THE FOUNDATION
OF
THE CONGREGATION OF THE SISTERS
OF ST. JOSEPH
TORONTO

RIGHT REV. M. W. CULLINANE, D.P.

“Thou shalt bring them in and plant them in the mountain of thy inheritance, in thy most firm habitation”.

IT was my first visit to the Sistine Chapel, and the day was May 26, 1950, Holy Year. Having feasted my eyes on the frescoed walls, the work of the Masters of the Tuscan and Umbrian schools, on the glory of the frescoed ceilings of Michael Angelo, on “The Last Judgment” which his creative genius painted on the end wall, it was natural for me to look back to the shadowy past, to envision the vast and moving drama of the Church’s life enacted within these sacred walls. Out of the past it came to me rather suddenly. Was it not this very day, at this very hour, exactly a hundred years ago—that is May 26, 1851—that the kindly and friendly Pontiff, Pius IX, before this very altar, mid the splendour of the Church’s liturgy and the gentle majesty of her music, conse-

erated with his own hands the simple Sulpician, Father Armand Marie de Charbonnel, as the second bishop of Toronto? Bishop Charbonnel who began his ecclesiastical life as a Sulpician and who was destined to end it as a humble member of



BISHOP DE CHARBONNEL

P. Médaille, S.J. He belonged to the line of illustrious missionaries trained in the school of St. Francis Regis of the Society of Jesus. To perpetuate the fruits of his missionary preaching, this devoted, austere priest established, wherever he preached, sodalities of zealous men and women who, by works of charity

the Capuchin monastery at Lyons, was the holy man of God who introduced the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph to Toronto. For years he had witnessed their extraordinary works of Charity in France, and he could not help remembering that his own father, Count de Charbonnel, had assisted considerably in reorganizing the Congregation after the Reign of Terror had passed.

The Institute of the Sisters of St. Joseph was founded at Le Puy, France in 1648, by the famous missionary preacher, Rev. Jean

amongst the poor and needy, daily sanctified their own souls. Among the more pious and self-sacrificing young ladies were many who aspired to Community life, whilst carrying on their charitable works. Here was the material, Father Medaille decided, for the formation of a new and revolutionary type of religious Community of nuns who would "wholly and unreservedly apply themselves to all the spiritual and corporal works of mercy". There was a crying need for such a Community in the France of those days, but the Church was slow to give approval, as a strict cloister had ever been compulsory. The plans of Father Medaille received the warmest approval and encouragement of Bishop de Maupas of Le Puy, the close friend and admirer of St. Vincent de Paul, founder of the Grey Sisters of Charity, so famous for their works of charity amongst the poor. They were still a lay society, without a Constitution and without a formal plan.

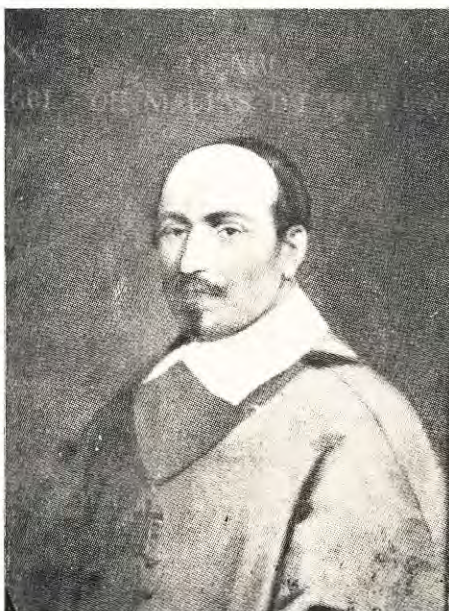
The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, so named by Father Medaille, was to be a religious Community with a planned spiritual life and with a Constitution,—whose nuns could sometimes leave the cloister to perform works of mercy.

The co-founders declared the purpose of the new Congregation to be, "firstly, to work out their sanctification by observance of the simple vows of Obedience, Chastity and Poverty, and in conformity with the Constitutions; and secondly, to lead others to holiness by instruction of the young and by directing works of charity for the orphans, the sick, the poor and the aged."

In the formation of the new Congregation, the founders followed the plan of St. Francis de Sales, which he had originally intended for his Visitation Order, but we must remember that the details of its practical development were based on the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus. It was Father Medaille who wrote the new Constitutions of the Congregation.

The Feast of St. Teresa must ever be a dear day to the Sisters of St. Joseph. It was on that day, Oct. 15, 1650 Bishop de Maupas invested the first candidates with the religious habit and placed them under the protection of St. Joseph. On that day also, he put the new Community in charge of their

first orphanage. The following year, on March 10, the saintly bishop solemnly confirmed the establishment of the new Institute and helped to found many new houses of the Congregation throughout his diocese. His successor, Bishop Bethune, approved the Congregation Sept. 25, 1655; it won the sanction of the civil powers and Louis XIV confirmed by letters patent its establishment.



BISHOP DE MAUPAS

However, the fateful year of 1793 with its Godless revolution, witnessed the suppression of many religious Communities in France. The various convents and chapels of the Sisters of St. Joseph were confiscated in the name of the Commune, and the nuns were forced to seek shelter amongst friends. During the Reign of Terror, several of them died for the Faith in prisons at Haute-Loire, at St. Didier, in the dungeons of Feurs, Clermont and other places. Rev. Mother St.

John Fontbonne, Superior of Monistrol, found a refuge in the home of her parents where she and two other Sisters lived the daily Community life; but, in time, they too were apprehended and dragged in chains to the prison at St. Didier. There, all night long they awaited death by guillotine, but gained their freedom at dawn because Robespierre had fallen from power in the Assembly, the previous evening.

In 1807 Mother St. John left her parents' home once again, this time at the invitation of Archbishop Fesch of Lyons

who begged of her to re-establish the Congregation at St. Etienne in his diocese. Here the Sisters resumed the holy habit, and after some time they commenced to re-open their convents, schools and orphanages. The Congregation began to prosper, and several new foundations were made throughout France and other European countries. The Mother House was established in Lyons and Mother St. John Fontbonne became the first Mother General. She has been called the second Foundress,—a truly great and valiant woman who, in her hours of deepest tragedy, never faltered in the faith, that the fig-tree would yet be found to blossom, and there should again be life in its vines.

In 1836, at the urgent appeal of Bishop Rosati, first bishop of St. Louis, Mother St. John sent, through the munificence of her friend, Countess de la Roche Jacquelin, six of her nuns to make the first foundation in America. Two of the Sisters were of the Fontbonne family, her own nieces. After fifty days on the ocean and several days on horseback they reached their destination on March 25 and were installed in a humble log cabin at Carondelet, six miles from St. Louis. Here they learned what poverty really was. The bishop, a Lazarist from Rome, had recently opened a small hospital and put it in the care of Sisters of Charity. He was compelled to donate his watch to the hospital, and it was the only time-piece the Sisters had for years.

Pope Pius IX, by special Brief, July 31, 1877, confirmed the Institute and Constitutions of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, but long before that date many foundations had been made, including that of Toronto. It was on October 7, 1851, Bishop de Charbonnel welcomed the four Sisters, rejoicing that the Superior, Mother Delphine Fontbonne, niece of the Mother General and a friend of his family, was a direct link with the Mother House in Lyons. On the Feast of St. Teresa, they were placed in charge of an orphanage on Jarvis St. In the following year, they took over the parochial schools, and in that year also they made a new foundation in Hamilton, then a portion of Toronto diocese.

In 1853 and 1854, they opened missions in Amherstburg



Mother St. John and Sisters in the Prison at St. Didier. —(From a painting.)

and in Chatham. In 1854, they moved into their first Mother House, next to St. Paul's Church.

In 1856, Rev. Mother Delphine died of fever, contracted whilst caring for the sick during an epidemic. Her untimely death at the age of forty-eight occasioned much sorrow to her spiritual children, to all the Catholics of the City, but even more so to her friend, the fatherly Bishop de Charbonnel. In a letter to her brother the Abbe Fontbonne of Lyons, the Bishop said: "This excellent and worthy niece of the saintly Mother St. John had, in five years, established in Toronto a Novitiate, an Orphan Asylum, a House of Providence which affords the poor every spiritual and temporal succor. Endowed with great wisdom and experience, the holy Superior enforced the rule with sweetness and firmness. Her judgment was solid, her mind clear and penetrating, her prudence far-seeing. She was hard-working, energetic, active and saving."

In 1856, a foundation was made in St. Catharines, and also two years later, in both Oshawa and Barrie.

In 1857, the Sisters were placed in charge of the unfinished House of Providence where the aged and the destitute were welcomed, and where for a time orphans found a home. The struggles and the sufferings of this Institution in the first years of its existence must never be forgotten. There was very little furniture, there was no food. Sisters might be seen, with baskets on the arm, going to solicit food in the market square, or sometimes from door to door soliciting alms to purchase food and clothing for the poor and destitute whom God had placed in their care. The citizens of Toronto have always considered the House of Providence to be the chief glory of the self-sacrificing lives of St. Joseph's Sisters. The words of the Psalmist run in one's mind: "Who healeth the broken-hearted and bindeth up their bruises". Ten years after its foundation, the Grand Jury on inspection reported: "The Grand Jury this day visited the House of Providence which houses 360 inmates. They found the House scrupulously clean and evidently well managed. They find the Government grant of \$960 entirely disproportionate to the magnitude and work of the establishment."

The Lt.-Governor, the Mayor of the City and Members of Parliament testified in those far off days, "to the great satisfaction with which we have viewed this excellent Institution, observing the care and kindness which are noticeable in the House, also the perfect order and cleanliness of the Institution". Archbishop Lynch had said: "Nothing short of an almost miraculous interposition of Providence could have enabled the good Sisters, with the slender resources at their disposal, to shelter, feed and clothe 530 poor whom God has adopted as His own children."

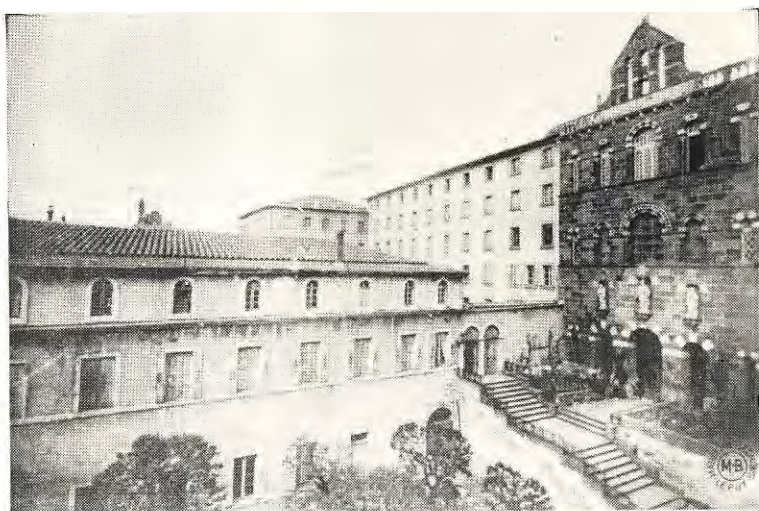
I have known the House of Providence for forty years, and my soul has been deeply touched by the lives of the Sisters of St. Joseph, lives of extraordinary and heroic patience, lives of sacrifice and service for the poor and the helpless and the ill-tempered. "My infirmities have chained me here, to suffer and to vex my weary soul". So, on Centenary day, we honor those walls of the old House of Providence, "Walls," as Ruskin would say "that have been washed by the passing waves of humanity".

The year 1863 was a happy one for the Congregation. It marked the opening of the first unit of the present Mother House on St. Albans St. It was in answer to a novena made by the Sisters on Power Street, that the Hon. John Elmsley had donated two acres of his Clover Hill Estate for the building of the new Mother House.

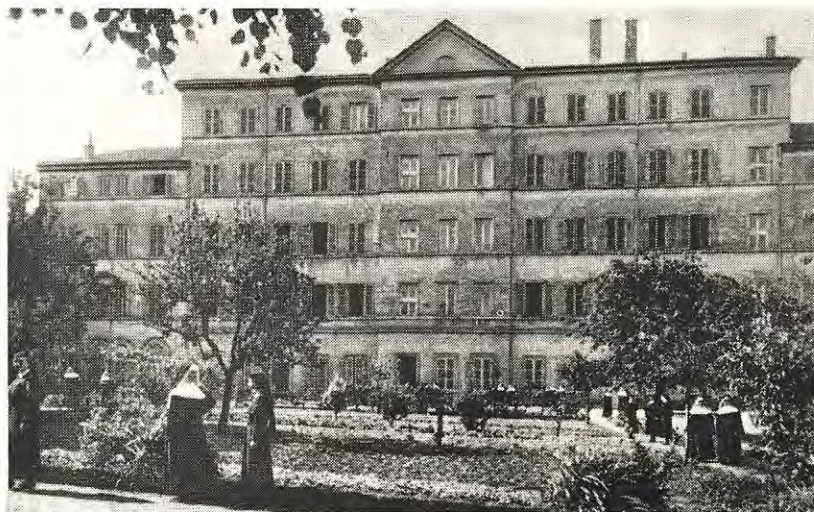
In 1868, St. Mary's Convent and Private School were opened and a foundation made in London. In 1869, St Nicholas' Home was opened for Homeless and Orphaned boys working in the City. In the half century it existed it did a tremendous job in establishing the character of boys, of whom a few became rather famous in the journalistic life of New York.

In 1870, the Sisters gave instructions to women inmates of the jail and in the next year the Institute of Notre Dame was opened as a home for girls working in the City.

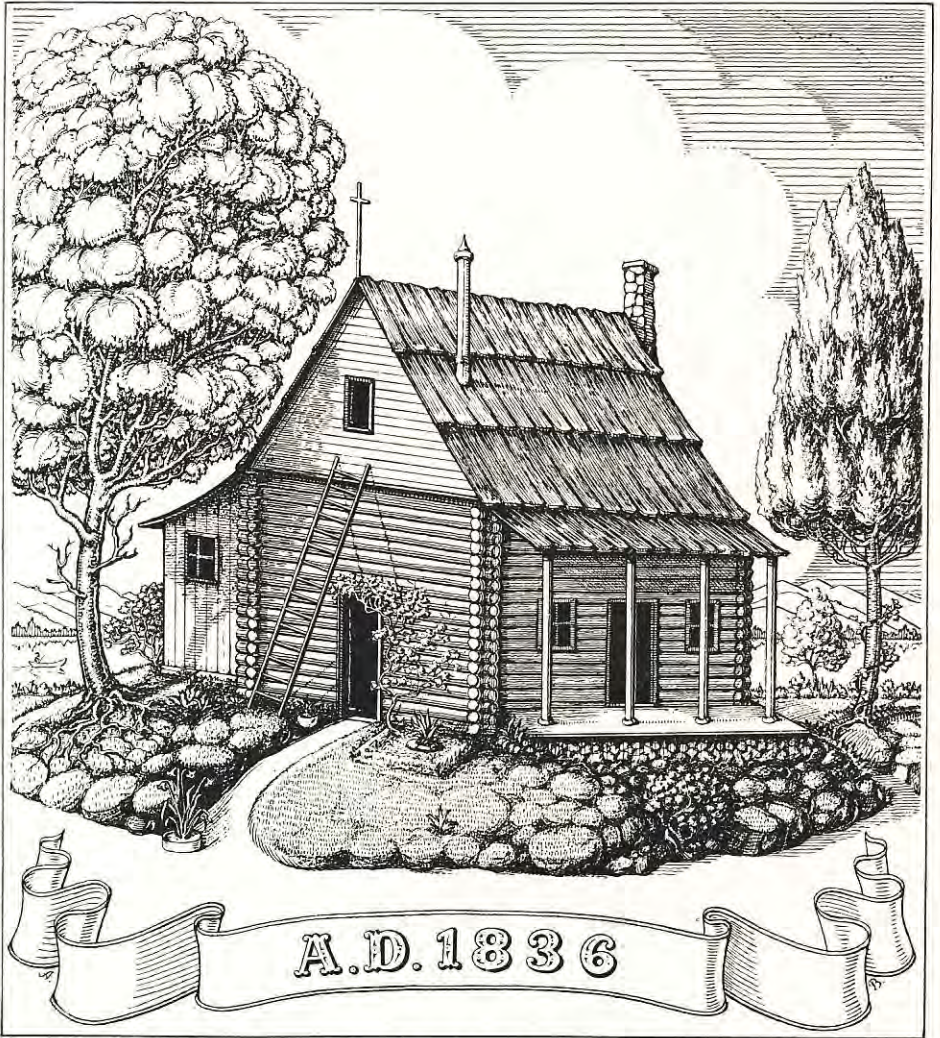
In 1881, the Sacred Heart Orphanage was opened at Sunnyside, where the Venerable Mother M. Bernard Dinan, the young novice from Carondolet, the last survivor of the Four Founders, was Superior in the middle nineties.



**MOTHER HOUSE OF THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH
LE PUY, FRANCE**



**MOTHER HOUSE OF THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
LYONS, FRANCE—NOVICES' GARDEN**



First Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph in North America at Carondolet, Mo.

In 1892, St. Michael's Hospital was opened to which nine additions have been built through the years. It secured affiliation with the University of Toronto in 1892; its Training School for Nurses has become outstanding. The Hospital has gained a name for efficiency, and it ranks amongst the best.

Since the turn of the present century, foundations, almost twenty in number have been made from here to Vancouver, including Montreal. In 1922, St. Joseph's Hospital was opened at Sunnyside, Toronto, important additions being built in 1926 and 1949. Its fine residence for nurses was added in 1934.

In 1925, Our Lady of Mercy Hospital for the chronically ill was opened in Toronto and in 1939, a modern hospital for incurable patients was built in this city with a bed capacity for 275.

Within the past ten years, the Congregation has been responsible for the opening of High School Classes in St. Catharines, Barrie and Colgan. In 1949 a large modern High School was built in West Toronto with a convent to accommodate the Sisters teaching there and also those who teach in four parochial schools in the district.

This is not a comprehensive accounting, rather it is a brisk summary of the varied works of Mercy and Charity, of the developments in the field of Education, of the progress and advancement in many lines of Christian Endeavour, that go to make up the extraordinary mosaic of accomplishment, since the foundation of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto a century ago.

"Thou shalt bring them in and plant them in the mountain of thy inheritance, in thy most firm habitation".





REVEREND MOTHER DELPHINE

“**N**OTHING by constraint; everything by love.”

Father Médaille had said to the first Sisters of St. Joseph in Le Puy; and Mother St. John, in forming the new community in Lyons had kept and fostered the ideal. “It is so good, so sweet to love,” she used to say. Mother Delphine, a Fontbonne herself and a Sister of St. Joseph, must have inherited the tradition both naturally and supernaturally. And it was Mother Delphine who was to channel into the new world the ideal of the Little Design, an ideal of charity vesting itself in humility and simplicity.

Toronto has reason to cherish well the memory of Mother Delphine, for it was here that the last few years of her life were spent, caring for the orphans in that first poor little house on Nelson Street, seeing to the work of education which her sisters could undertake, opening the Mother House and first private school, the White House, and finally dying a martyr to charity as she tended the typhus-stricken poor of Toronto. And over and above all this, always exemplifying in herself and passing on to the first Canadian House the rule and spirit of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph as she had learned to know them in France.

THE CORPORAL WORKS OF MERCY

HENRY SOMERVILLE, M.A., K.C.S.G.

THE assigned subject of this article is the social work of the Sisters of St. Joseph. There is a tendency today to say social instead of charitable works. In so far as "social" indicates action more organized and enduring than that of the individual, and that the results of the work benefit not only the direct recipients but the community generally, the term is a useful expression. Yet the old Catholic word charity, with its derivatives, has the deeper value of emphasizing that the work is essentially personal; it is for individual men, women and children, not for a vague or grand collectivity, and it is service by human persons inspired by love of their fellow-creatures, not the production of unconscious machinery.

The institutional evidences of the century of labors of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto are of the imposing character of the famous cathedral whose architect is celebrated by a tablet with this inscription: "If you would seek his monument look around you." In the centre of downtown Toronto is the magnificent hospital of St. Michael, a location that would never have been obtained but by those who came at an early stage of the city's growth. To the west where not many years ago was rural Sunnyside, and which is now densely urban, though retaining the glorious expanse of Lake Ontario, are the hospitals of St. Joseph and Our Lady of Mercy. In one of the oldest and, it must be said, deteriorated parts of Toronto, is the venerable but active House of Providence where 800 old people find a home in their declining years. Beyond the city limits, in what is still country, though it may soon be a metropolitan area, is now a brand-new, ultra modern provision of cottage homes for orphan children.

The magnitude and progressiveness of the social works of the Sisters of St. Joseph strike the imagination of citizens today. All who see the present must admire, and those who know the past will revere, for the externals of the present

rather hide what the story of past humbleness movingly displays, the spiritual sources of faith and charity that have made God's blessing manifest and the material achievements possible. Four Sisters made up the community that came to Toronto in answer



The first home of the Sisters in Toronto, the Orphanage on Nelson now Jarvis Street

to the appeal of Bishop de Charbonnel. They came to take charge of an orphanage already established, a house near the bottom of Jarvis Street that up to then had been in charge of a laywoman. We have a description of their arrival in the house by an eye-witness, the late Matthew O'Connor, who lived to a ripe old age. I myself have often listened to his reminiscences.

Mr. O'Connor was repairing the house when the four pioneer Sisters arrived. They must have come in good spirits for he wrote: "What a lively time there was in that little orphan asylum that first afternoon of the Sisters' arrival! Hardly had they placed their bonnets and shawls in the front room when the Superior, Mother Delphine, was inspecting, arranging, ordering from dormitory to cellar. It was not long before a complete transformation was effected, and one of the front rooms on the ground floor turned into a most inviting chapel."

Children came quickly in those days and parents often died young. The Catholics of Toronto were mostly poor Irish immigrants, still suffering the after-effects of the terrible famine and recurrences of typhus, or ship-fever, as it was popularly called. Though the demands in Toronto were so pressing the Sisters were called upon to establish an orphanage in Hamilton, then part of Toronto diocese, in the very next year. Happily the spirit of religion among Catholic people was strong and vocations came quickly. A Toronto postulant received the habit six months after the arrival of the four pioneers. Mother Delphine was spared only four years and a half to establish her foundation. The first Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto died, as the first Bishop of Toronto had died, from typhus contracted while ministering to a poor patient afflicted with the disease. Within six years after their arrival the Sisters took possession of the House of Providence on Power Street which today is a home for aged and infirm people. Soon this institution will celebrate its own centenary, though Cardinal McGuigan recently spoke of the need of a new House of Providence and presumably the authorities consider a move to a new neighborhood desirable. Meanwhile it stands on ground which, to a Toronto Catholic, is historical and sacred. With St. Paul's Church, rectory and school, and excepting a couple of small stores, the whole block between Queen and King streets and Power and Sackville streets, is used for purposes of Catholic worship and charity. It is the birthplace of the Church in Toronto. The name "Power" street commemorates the first saintly Bishop and there are little gabled cottages on the east side of Sackville street with yards that could be gardens and which help one to realize why the district was once known as Cabbagetown. Though it is now a depressed district there is grandeur both in St. Paul's Church and the House of Providence viewed from the Power street side. The House of Providence was not a makeshift building, it was designed for its purpose by an architect of name, though originally it was only a quarter of its present size. While the location may not be the most desirable from every point of view, it is central, and this makes

it easy for friends and relatives to visit the old folk resident there and for the old folk themselves to take occasional trips.

Nowadays we think of the House of Providence as a home for the aged, and this has always been its primary purpose, but not exclusively so, for meals are served there to transients and during recent years night shelter was given to homeless wanderers irrespective of age. When it was opened by Bishop de Charbonnel it was intended for the relief of the poor and destitute without specialization, and part of it was soon taken for the orphans, moved from Jarvis street. To maintain it the Sisters at first begged from door to door. Later the House of Providence Picnic on the 24th of May became one of the most popular Catholic social events of the City. Generous and zealous laity worked hard and joyfully to aid the Sisters in their charity. Grants were made by the city and of recent years the institution of old age pensions has enabled the residents to make a substantial contribution to their own support. In the early years, however, the living was from hand to mouth, and many a day the Sisters did not know where the meals would come from. The Sisters often had no recourse but to prayer, and sometimes the supplies came in ways that seemed miraculous. There was an occasion when a farmer's wagon being driven to the St. Lawrence Market came to a standstill at the House of Providence gate. The horses would move no further. The farmer could not proceed until he had delivered his produce to the institution. Had he not done so the children would have had no breakfast that morning, for there was neither food nor money in the house.

The Sisters trusted in St. Joseph as their provider. The children were becoming too numerous for the House of Providence and the solution was, as usual, sought in prayer. One day Mother Bernard Dinan took the children for an outing to the lakefront near High Park. For a resting place they sat on a grassy spot overlooking the lake. Mother Bernard thought how good would be that place for an orphanage and she buried a small statue of St. Joseph in the ground. Nuns had done such a thing before, and have done it since. Results have been encouraging. Some years after Mother Bernard

had buried the statue, the owner of the property lent it with his residence to the Sisters for the orphanage. Still later he sold it to them for a reasonable sum. Thus was started the Sacred Heart Orphanage at Sunnyside. The original loan of the property was made in 1876 when the residence was used for twenty-six infants; the purchase was made in 1881; a new wing for boys was built in 1885 and another for girls in 1891. All the children were removed from the House of Providence. Sunnyside was an orphanage until 1921 when the building became St. Joseph's Hospital.

It was about the time of the conversion of the Sunnyside building from orphanage to hospital that the Archbishop of Toronto, following examples set elsewhere, adopted the policy of placing children in family homes, when possible, in preference to institutions. Hence the Sacred Heart Orphanage, when removed to St. Clair and Bathurst, had become comparatively small in size. There has been much discussion of institutions in comparison with family homes and the policy now favored by social workers is to place children with private families as much as possible in preference to institutions, and to make orphanages, which remain necessary for some children, as much as possible like a good family home. The Sacred Heart Orphanage at St. Clair West and Bathurst was comparatively small, which was considered an advantage, and the children, all boys, went to the neighbouring separate school, and mixed with other children at various parish gatherings.

The new orphanage on St. Clair East, in Scarborough, is an entirely new departure for Canada and it represents the ideals of progressive students of child welfare who desire that individuality and initiative be encouraged in the children, so that when they leave the orphanage they will be capable of taking their part in normal life. The new orphanage is built on the cottage home plan with five distinct, though physically connected, two-story buildings in spacious grounds and with rural surroundings. Two of the five buildings are for general use and include the chapel, administration offices, reception rooms, kitchen and dining rooms for Sisters, lay staff and children. Three of the buildings are large cottages, each the

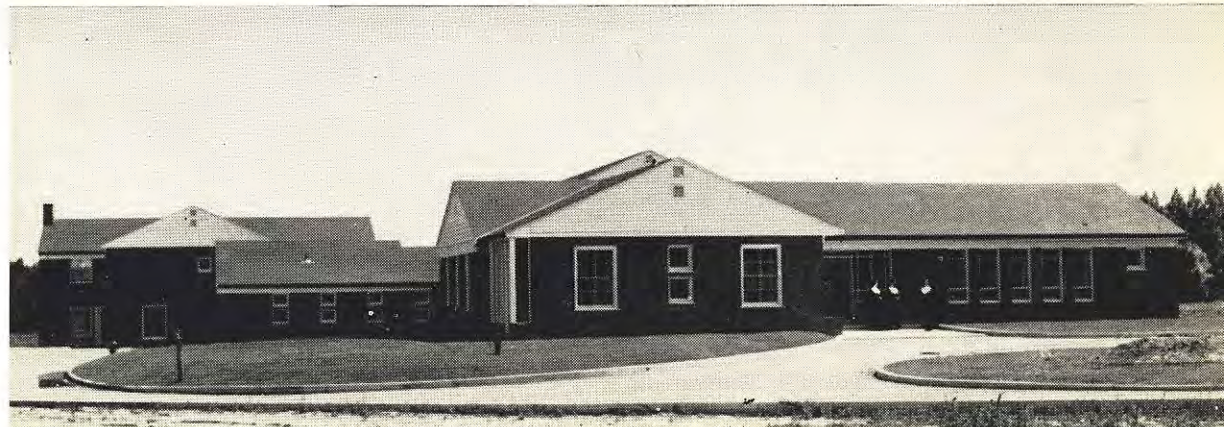


**SACRED HEART
ORPHANAGE
SUNNYSIDE**



**SACRED HEART ORPHANAGE
Bathurst St. and St. Clair West**

**SACRED HEART CHILDREN'S VILLAGE
St. Clair Ave. East, Toronto**





HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE, POWER STREET



IN THE CHAPEL WITH THEIR FRIEND

home of about 24 children, one cottage is called the nursery and is for the youngest children, from 3 to 6 years. There are bedrooms with individual cupboards, playrooms, hobby rooms, washrooms, tubs and showers and similar amenities. In each cottage there are two Sisters. Lay workers are about the same in number as the Sisters; it is thought desirable that the children should have contacts with laity as well as religious in the orphanage.

Though the orphanage has a chapel and chaplain the boys go to the parish church for Sunday Mass and for Confession; they go to the separate school and they form friendships and associations with the outside world which will not be unfamiliar to them when they leave the orphanage at 14 or earlier. It is very necessary that these children receive the most intelligent care and practical training because they start handicapped by the lack of good family upbringing; often they have been warped and damaged in mind and character by neglect, bad example and other kinds of ill-treatment in the homes from which they come. The Sisters of St. Joseph have entered upon the new enterprise for their orphans with deep gratitude to the benefactors who have made it possible and with great confidence that the new features will justify themselves by the better training that will be given to the children.

The outstanding corporal work of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto today is no longer the care of orphans as it was a century ago, or of the destitute and the aged as it was at the House of Providence for some decades. It is the care of the sick in hospitals. The care of the sick in their own homes began in the earliest days, and Mother Delphine was not the only Sister who died from visiting and nursing the poor in epidemics. At the beginning of the last decade of the nineteenth century Providence guided the Sisters to the opening of a hospital. There was an abnormal prevalence of diphtheria which overtaxed the staff of the City isolation hospital. The Medical Officer of Health, Dr. Norman Allen, appealed to the Sisters of St. Joseph for volunteer nurses. There was a ready response and the work done by the Sisters during the epidemic won the admiration and gratitude of patients and doctors. Dr. Allen

then proposed that the Sisters should open a general hospital in Toronto, assuring them of his support. After prayerful consideration the community decided to accept the call to a new field of labour.

To acquire the necessary knowledge for the work some Sisters were sent to study methods and organization in Montreal and in other places. For a building it was decided to use a house on Bond Street where the Sisters had conducted a boarding home for working girls. Thus St. Michael's Hospital started in 1892 with twenty-six beds. Today it has accommodation and equipment for eight hundred bed patients. "Accommodation and equipment" are blanket terms covering a multitude of marvelous and costly items that would require several medical and other specialists to describe. Enough to say, that St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, ranks with the best to be found anywhere. A hospital is judged professionally not only by what it does for its patients but by its fulfilment of requirements for the training of graduate and post graduate internes. In this respect also St. Michael's stands in the first class. Similarly, as a nurses' training school St. Michael's is a leader. Since 1894 St. Michael's has graduated 2,000 nurses. Moreover the achievements of St. Michael's are now rivalled by St. Joseph's, the younger hospital in the west end of the city. St. Joseph's, indeed, has a Children's Department which St. Michael's has not, and the Sisters derive special satisfaction from the fact that the Children's Ward, opened in 1949, is in that part of the grounds where the Sacred Heart Orphanage once stood. The Sisters have a third modern hospital in Toronto, the Hospital of Our Lady of Mercy, for incurable patients. This was formerly on Sackville street but has now, like St. Joseph's, the superb situation of Sunnyside.

Hospital administration is now very big business. Large sums of money have to be collected, expended and accounted for. Varied apparatus, incomprehensible and indescribable to the layman, has to be maintained. Specialized departments which are mysteries of medicine are staffed. The Sisters must consult and cooperate with the leading authorities in the medical profession and with the provincial and municipal governments.

The staff of a hospital are much more numerous than the patients, and the discipline, day and night, must be as strict as that of soldiers on parade. It is amazing that religious communities of humble women unfailingly produce executives equal to these staggering responsibilities.

Secular efficiency would be worth less than nothing in a religious if developed at the cost of spiritual and supernatural life, if it lessened the virtues of humility and charity. It is not for outsiders to pry into the secret hearts of religious, but it is easier to imagine a womanly shrinking from the vast responsibilities of a large hospital administration than from the 8 hour-day's work of the pioneers on Jarvis street, or the door-to-door begging of the early years, or the care of the dying in a fever shed. It may be that the executive work is not as worrying as one might imagine. I am only imagining, for I know nothing about it. Certainly the Sisters with these responsibilities keep a serene front.

Some of us think of a hospital only for the patients in beds, some indeed knowing only the private rooms, not the "wards". There is also the Out-Patients' Department, which doctors call the Clinic, because to the doctors it is of prime value in the system of professional education for the practice of medicine. It is also of prime social value in providing medical service to the poorer people who cannot pay professional fees. On any weekday morning hundreds of men and women of the working class can be seen entering the Out-Patients' door of St. Michael's Hospital on Victoria street. They first go to the office to receive their card which, if they have been before, indicates also their chart or medical history, and assigns them to the appropriate doctor, surgeon or physician, that their ailment requires. There are a score of specialists, including the most eminent members of the staff, giving their service gratis. There are nurses and social workers, the latter to help in the numerous cases where illness is complicated by more than ordinary poverty or other personal troubles. There is regular cooperation between hospital and social welfare agencies outside. St. Michael's has one of the largest Out-Patients' Departments in Toronto and recorded 92,000 visits last year.

This is in addition to the Emergency Department—St. Michael's has the very largest in the city—with a record of 30,000 visits last year. St. Joseph's likewise has developed these Departments.

It is a deplorably narrow view of charity to see it only where benefits are conferred without charge to the recipient, but even to those with this restricted vision, charity is obvious in the Out-Patients' Department. Actually, of course, the true charity, which means serving fellow-humans as brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ, may and should and does inspire all hospital activities, at every bedside, at every desk, in the records library, in the laboratory, in the laundry, and in the kitchen. There is no word or act that may not be motivated by charity. The chapel is the power-house where is generated the religious spirit which gives all its meaning to a Catholic hospital. It is to help souls that Sisters consecrate their lives to the healing of sick bodies. The corporal works of mercy are not dissociated from the spiritual. The motive and the purpose of the Sisters of St. Joseph are the same whether they are acting as mothers to orphans, daughters to the lonely aged, teachers of the young or nurses for the sick. Their inspiration is in the divine words: "Inasmuch as you have done it to the least of My brethren you have done it to Me." The Sisters look to the Divine Judge for their commendation and reward. Meanwhile the Catholics of the Archdiocese of Toronto, in this centennial year, may reverently express their own gratitude in sacred words: "Well done, good and faithful servants!"



HOSPITAL WARD

MESSAGE FROM MONTREAL

RIGHT REV. G. J. McSHANE, S.S., D.P.



ST. PATRICK'S ORPHANAGE, MONTREAL

IT is well nigh forty years since first I had the pleasure of meeting the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto. I had business in the Queen City, and the mother of one of the pupils of St. Albans Street Convent arranged that I should say my daily Mass in the Sisters' Chapel.

Reverend Mother invited me to give a talk to the pupils, I readily accepted. I met several members of the Community. It seemed to me that these good women had all the hall-marks of devout religious and of capable teachers. The years rolled by. Our Orphanage at Outremont was directed by the Grey Nuns of Montreal.

One morning in May 1944 I received the visit of Rev. Mother Gallant, then head of the Order of the Grey Nuns. The mission of the Reverend visitor was to inform me that owing to a lack of subjects, the Sisters could no longer carry the responsibility of staffing St. Patrick's Orphanage. This news came as a great surprise, especially as we had received the services of this esteemed Community ever since the founda-

tion of our Orphanage in 1847. Promptly I called a meeting of the Trustees of the Orphanage. They authorized me to seek a new Community. At once the Sisters of St. Joseph came to my mind. Armed with the permission of Archbishop Joseph Charbonneau I took a plane to Toronto.

Mother Margaret was then Superior General of St. Joseph's Community. With a further recommendation of the head of Toronto Archdiocese, I met Mother General and her Council. Two interviews were sufficient to reach an understanding. On my return to Montreal I again sought the advice of the Trustees with the result that an agreement satisfactory to both parties was signed. In August 1944 thirteen professed Nuns of St. Joseph reached Montreal and St. Patrick's Orphanage.

In their seven years of labour in our diocese, the Community has made many friends and admirers. It is evident that the training received by these women fits them for the work at hand in the Orphanage. What strikes visitors most is the Sisters' affection for the little ones entrusted to their care. As all kinds of tasks are confided to the Community, direction of Hospitals, training of nurses, school work, both primary and secondary, we can understand the success of the Montreal Mission. The Outremont staff comprises a Superior, a Bursar, a Trained Nurse, a Housekeeper, and three Teachers, including a Kindergarten Teacher who is also in charge of the music. There are in addition six departmental Sisters. A few times a year the children stage a dramatic performance with delightful musical numbers. These concerts are attended by the Trustees and many Friends. All year round a full-time programme of sports is carried out in which the Sisters are very keenly interested.

At this writing we are preparing to mark the Centenary of our Montreal Orphanage. All the Sisters and the children of Outremont will be present at the Centennial High Mass to be held at St. Patrick's Church on Sunday, September 16th. His Grace our Archbishop will officiate at Pontifical Mass. The special sermon will be delivered by Most Reverend Gerald Berry, Bishop of Peterborough.



EXTERIOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT CHAPEL



INTERIOR, ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT CHAPEL

THE CONGREGATION AND EDUCATION

J. M. BENNETT, M.A. Ph.D.

ST. JOSEPH'S Community was founded during one of the stormiest periods in the history of Catholicity. The Treaty of Westphalia, 1648 A.D., had definitely divided Europe into Catholic and Protestant states. The Thirty Years' War had left an impoverished, devastated Europe, and most bitter antagonism with its intolerance and hatreds. Christian unity had been shattered and the seed sown for the great heresies of secularism, materialism and extreme nationalism. But the church has ever remained true to her mission of teaching Christian truth to all nations and of inspiring mankind to follow the example of Christ, in poverty, chastity and obedience. In this spirit of Christ, Rev. Father John P. Médaille of the Society of Jesus, encouraged a group of Catholic ladies of Le Puy France, on the way to personal sanctification and the works of mercy. He presented their request to form a religious order to the Bishop of Le Puy, Most Reverend Henri de Maupas. In due course the request was granted. On October 15, 1648, this newest community was formed in the chapel of the orphan asylum in Le Puy. St. Joseph was named patron and the Bishop gave the new community the name "Sisters of St. Joseph." It is said that when he presented each with the Crucifix he charged each one to "wear it openly, bear it bravely, just as Christ did up to the agonized heights. Carry it down the ways of pain, into the homes of fever, into the hovels of the poor, bear it to far off lands."

The Order spread rapidly and was well known in France for its works of mercy until the French Revolution of 1789 almost destroyed it. But confiscation of convents and schools; dispersal and martyrdom of the Sisters was the crucifixion of a Good Friday.

The resurrection of the Order followed in 1808 under Mother St. John Fontbonne.

The works of charity since then have been carried to many

lands by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Their first establishment in America was in Carondelet, Mo., in 1836, in response to the request of Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati. Since then there has been steady growth in numbers and in new foundations within the United States. Canada received its first Sisters of St. Joseph in 1851 from the convent in Philadelphia. It was the result of an invitation sent them by Rt. Rev. Armand de Charbonnel, Bishop of Toronto. Having known the family of Mother St. John Fontbonne in France it was natural that he should appeal to St. Joseph's to engage in charitable work in his diocese. The history of growth and expansion in the past 100 years in Canada is an interesting one of invitations to at least 15 different dioceses, among the first being Hamilton in 1852, London in 1868, Port Arthur in 1881, Cobourg in 1883 and Ft. William in 1885. From then on it has been a continuous story of expansion and building. Toronto has been the centre of a magnificent investment by the Sisters in the interests of the sick and aged and of Catholic education. The House of Providence in 1857 was the first of these institutions to be erected. It has been home to thousands in all those passing years. In the quietness of its chapel thousands have found peace and the friendship of Our Lord when friends have all departed. It has become a refuge for the homeless. Transients call daily seeking assistance. St. Michael's Hospital first erected in 1892 has been extended and enlarged until it now has a bed capacity of 800. It is rated among the renowned hospitals of America. At Sunnyside in the west end of Toronto there is the new St. Joseph's Hospital modern in every way. The building of the magnificent Mercy Hospital for helpless patients marked an outstanding event in the history of hospitalization. The new Sacred Heart Children's Village opened July 1, 1951, in Scarborough Township, replaced the old Sacred Heart Orphanage. It will be a mecca for many interested in the care of the orphan.

The original Convent on Power Street erected in 1854 was soon replaced by the larger St. Joseph's Convent and Motherhouse on St. Albans St. (now called Wellesley St. West). From here the Sisters are appointed as principals and staff in over

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19 Toronto and Suburban Separate Schools and to missions and parochial schools in St. Catharines, Thorold, Oshawa, Whitby, Long Branch, Mimico, Barrie, Orillia, and Colgan, and to the far west in Rosetown, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Prince Rupert and Chilliwack.

High Schools are operated in St. Catharines, Barrie, Colgan, Rosetown and Vancouver; continuation schools in Winnipeg and Prince Rupert, B.C. It should be recorded that the first St. Joseph's High School in Toronto was opened in the former Orphanage on Nelson (Jarvis) St. Some years later it occupied the second floor of the old De La Salle School on Duke St.; on the first floor of which was the Catholic High School for boys under direction of the Christian Brothers. A very high degree of mutual interest was always in evidence especially when the handball players had to replace broken windows in the girls' school. St. Joseph's High School was later transferred to 471 Jarvis St. and finally to the school on Adelaide St. where it is now a Commercial School giving an admirable course to girls.

In the parochial field at the present time the Sisters have the responsibility of 130 classes with over 5,000 pupils in Toronto city, (including supervision of music) in 15 schools, viz. St. Theresa Shrine, Corpus Christi, St. Joseph's, St. Ann's, St. Paul's, St. Michael's, St. Patrick's, St. Basil's, Holy Rosary, Holy Name, St. Peter's, St. Mary's, St. Francis', St. Clare's, Our Lady of Sorrows. It is no easy task to direct, teach, and counsel youth. The Sisters of St. Joseph have faced the responsibility with courage, patience and success, knowing that the parochial school is the very backbone of Catholic life.

In Toronto, St. Joseph's Convent and St. Joseph's College School have been the centre of Catholic education for girls since 1865, giving academic and commercial courses to University entrance. A modern million dollar secondary school and Convent has lately been erected at Islington—the present St. Joseph's High School. These two schools have an enrolment of approximately 1,000 pupils. The yearly graduation ceremonies at these centres is a highlight in Catholic education,

and eagerly awaited by parents and pupils. Then for those who wish a University education for a Pass or Honour Degree In Arts of the University of Toronto, there is St. Joseph's College united with St. Michael's in Federation with the University. A staff of earnest, capable, highly qualified teachers specializing in various fields in all these schools are humbly and cheerfully extending the Kingdom of God in the souls of youth. The inculcation of religious truth and Catholic and Christian practice is the sole reason for the work of the Sisters with the youth committed to their charge. Secular studies are taught efficiently as results have testified. The Sisters are consistently attending Summer Schools in everything offered by Educational authorities which will enhance academic standing.

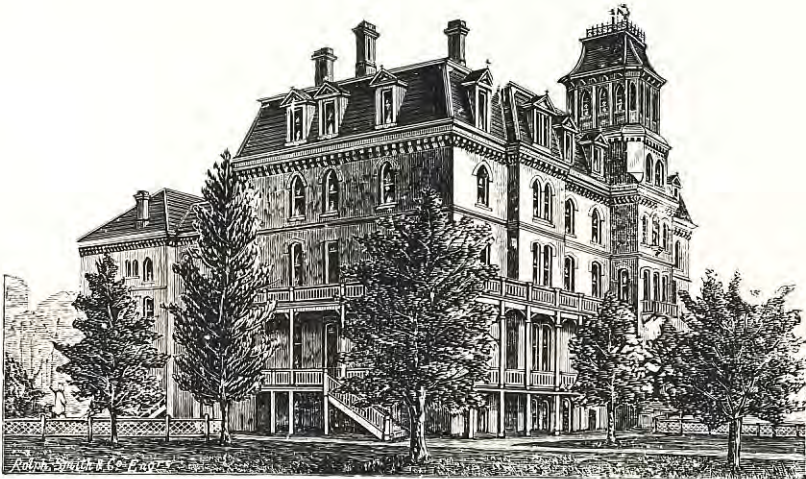
The worth of the social and educational work done in the name of Christian charity by St. Joseph's Community in the past one hundred years in Toronto cannot be assessed in words. It is seen in the Catholic life of this city. For a century the Sisters can point with holy pride to the work they have done in stimulating and enlightening youthful minds, inspiring them with true Christian principles so that they in turn may exert a Christian influence in social and civic life. The sick and the aged in all these years have always known where to seek care and friendship.

The original commission of the Bishop of Le Puy in 1651 has been heeded and St. Joseph's Sisters are found today nursing the sick in hospitals, sheltering the aged in the House of Providence, caring for the orphans in the Children's Village, providing for the helpless in Mercy Hospital, instructing youth in Christian schools, and teaching christian truth to Catholic children who attend Public schools in twenty-three Religion Vocation Schools; a wonderful record of Christian works of Mercy.



One of the first
Separate Schools
opened 1853 St.
Patrick's Square.

The White House
Power Street First
Mother House and
Boarding School for
girls 1854.



ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, TORONTO, MOTHER HOUSE 1872



OSHAWA, ONT.

This foundation was made in 1858, the Sisters taking over the Separate School, St. Gregory's. In 1937 Sisters were sent to teach in a second school, Holy Cross, and in 1947 the Convent provided accommodation for a third group of Sisters who commenced teaching in St. Bernard's school, Whitby.



BARRIE, ONT.

The Sisters took charge of the Separate School in Barrie in 1858. The four Sisters sent lived at first in a little house near the school, until 1885 when a new Convent was built opposite the Church. In 1946 this was converted into class rooms for High School work and the Convent moved to a new location nearer the school.



THOROLD, ONT.

A temporary foundation was made in Thorold in 1866. The Sisters were recalled to Toronto in 1868. In 1875 a permanent foundation was made, the Sisters taking possession of the new Convent, the present one.



ORILLIA, ONT.

The foundation in Orillia made in 1903 owes its origin to the Venerable Archdeacon Campbell who left money for the building of a convent and requested that the Sisters of St. Joseph should take charge of the Separate School. The convent was built by the Reverend Dean Moyna and in September 1903 the Sisters took possession.

**ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT
PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.**

This foundation was made in August 1916. A Convent and Boarding School was built in 1917. The Parochial School has all the grades including two years of High School.



**ST. PATRICK'S CONVENT,
VANCOUVER, B.C.**

This foundation was made in 1922. In September of that year a new Parochial School was completed, and a few years later accommodation was provided for High School classes. The present Convent was built in 1927, and in 1938 a High School was erected.



**ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,
ROSETOWN, SASK.**

This foundation was made in 1935. The Sisters conduct a resident and day School, and teach all the grades including Commercial, preparing students for entrance to University.



**ST. ALPHONSUS' CONVENT, ST. BONIFACE
MAN.**

In 1921 two Sisters began to teach at St. Alphonsus Parish, East Kildonan, and two years later, the Convent being completed, a Community of four Sisters took possession.

In 1943 the work in the school was extended to include Grades IX and X, and in 1950 a larger, modern school was opened.



**ST. ANDREW'S CONVENT, SOUTH
VANCOUVER, B.C.**

For many years Sisters from St. Patrick's taught Catechism at St. Andrew's every Saturday, each year preparing groups of children for First Holy Communion and for Confirmation. The Parochial School and Convent were opened in the Parish in 1947.

**ST. MARY'S CONVENT,
CHILLIWACK, B.C.**

This latest Western Mission was founded in 1948 when the new School and Convent were ready for use.



ST. ANN'S CONVENT, WINNIPEG, MAN.

In 1921 the Sisters commenced their work in St. Ann's Parish, Winnipeg. Throughout the years the record of the school has been outstanding, the pupils frequently winning the Scholarships open to all Grade VIII pupils of the Separate Schools.



MOTHER HOUSE, TORONTO

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

At present this oldest mission of the Toronto Congregation, was established in 1857. The Sisters lived in a frame house on Church Street until 1874 when the present Convent was ready for occupation. A private school was opened in the Convent in 1875. In 1946 the Grade school classes were discontinued and the present High School was opened.



COLGAN, ONT.

This most recent foundation was made in 1947 when a new School and a Convent were erected. The attendance increased so rapidly that the school was enlarged in 1949, and an auditorium was added. Pupils are enrolled in all grades from one to twelve.



HOSPITALS — EAST AND WEST

RIGHT REV. J. A. McDONAGH, D.P.

HOSPITAL work has been second nature to the St. Joseph's Congregation. But their first nature, historically, was teaching. We all know the important work done by the bands of men and women called together by such saints as St. Vincent de Paul and Camillus de Lellis to go out into the reeking plague sheds and carry Christ to the disordered bedside. But you may stand today and marvel before the red facades of the gigantic modern hospitals entrusted to the care of these Sisters by an approving public and a beneficent state and reflect that it was for the good of the order that teaching brains often guided ministering hands.

We like to picture to ourselves the horse and buggy which trotted out from Bond Street in Toronto in 1892 with the two black robed sisters, much more substantially clad than of today, begging whatever they could from friends for their new venture with its twenty-six beds and flurry of new growth. Members of my own mother's family accompanied the sisters on some of these errands. They would return with bags of potatoes in the back of the buggy, nice fresh eggs, cans of milk or a bottle of cream in addition to the large dollar bills carefully packed in the voluminous velvet purse. Cows and chickens flourished not far from the hospital in what we now call downtown Toronto.

To step along the shining modern floors of today's corridors in any of the St. Joseph's Hospitals, while the white-shoed nurses glide methodically under the low cast night lights, one would wonder if such personal pioneer days ever happened. Perhaps more than any other, because of its importance at the time, the gift of Mr. Hugh Ryan, in 1894, of a surgical wing and operating theatre so soon and so suddenly after the adventurous pioneering, was the major impetus which sent the St. Joseph's teaching and charitable community flying along the road to modern hospitalization. Days of

severe pioneering in Toronto disappeared fast in keeping with the city's phenomenal expansion.

Today the St. Joseph's Sisters of Toronto have extended the methods and techniques developed at St. Michael's into five important hospitals, St. Michael's, ever larger and better,



ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO, IN 1894

St. Joseph's now a close rival, Our Lady of Mercy, all of Toronto, and St. Joseph's Hospital, Winnipeg and on Vancouver Island at Comox, St. Joseph's. It has been my happiness to visit and know fairly intimately each of these havens of mercy and health. Though they differ vastly, in each you will find that cheerful efficiency which places them second to none in their communities.

We give living witness to the change from the experimental stage to the professional development. When we first assumed our duties as chaplain, the hospital was a quasi con-

vent with the Benediction hymns ringing sweetly around the upstairs wards and the smell of the incense lingering in the air. The attitude of the respectful doctors, mainly non-Catholic, bespoke a familiarity with the Sisters which built up a grand spirit in and out of the hospital. The policemen who brought in the emergency and city cases all had favourites amongst the nuns. And it was all so simple and earnest.

Our first major operation when we stood with gown and mask by the operating room table brought the breath of high keyed efficiency. It was far more exciting than an athletic contest. A life was at stake and split second timing had to meet thorough preparation. The surgeons talked to the chaplain as they worked. But it was meant for the interns and the staff. The oxygen of the anaesthetic was anxiously scanned. The right scalpel, tweezers, needles had to be there instantaneously. Success brought a spirit of high relief.

But if the issue was in doubt the chaplain took over. Recourse to God was as natural to the doctors as to him. Everybody got down and prayed. The candles were handy. Vigil lights would gleam in the chapel. Many a time the credit for the good issue of a close shave was divided evenly between medicine and religion.

Then it was found out the vast good hospitals such as St. Michael's did for souls. No missionary preaching parish Missions had the advantage of the hospital chaplain. A patient with death a commonplace around him and perhaps staring him in the face—even the most hardened—faced the inevitable and bared his soul. We had one man who had been from confession sixty-seven years; another aged sixty, who had never committed a mortal sin. The Sister found all this out, and the chaplain helped complete the miracle of grace.

The building of the new units A, B and C in 1927 only doubled the bed capacity although the hospital seemed very much greater. The extra proportion of accommodation stepped up fourfold the ability to handle the Emergency, Outpatients, Physiotherapy, Laboratory and Dietetic Departments.

This brought a flood of humanity through the ever open doors. We used to estimate that as many as three thousand people would pass through St. Michael's Hospital in one day. You did not have to go outside to meet the world. The world walked in.

From our window and directly across the street we can see the new unit of the nursing school with its modern gymnasium and fine accommodations growing in skeleton form to a new and imposing structure. But we remember the old three storey relic of forgotten ages on Victoria Street, where a wonderful generation of nurses would come out to their floor duty looking so white and spic and span that we used to think that a nurse can triumph over any obstacle. What a relief it must have been back in 1921 to have that ten storey residence come into service where a great school could operate with far-seeing efficiency. We remember a school inspector who spent a spell in the hospital, saying that in his opinion every graduate of a high school should get some of the training a nurse got in that place of formation. It was marvellous to us how an inexperienced teen-ager who was all thumbs and blushes could soon find her own great capabilities sparkling from her fingertips. Five years we lectured to these blossoming angels of mercy and a finer group would be hard to discover in the advanced schools of this country. True, the discipline of the modern hospital is strict. Wonderful for the public at large that this is so. But the Director who was chosen to enforce it always seemed to know how to temper justice with mercy. More than that, the nuns directly in charge of the nursing body did not live in a world apart. They had not only sympathy, but understanding of the hectic outside life that any girl in her bloom must live. For the Catholic girl it was made easier by the rich spiritual life that the Catholic auspices guaranteed.

So far we have said little about the doctors on the staff. But how outstanding they are, and were! The memory of Doctor Dwyer who was chief of staff in the early days is still green. We think of the orderly who was sent by that great

man to wheel a body down to the morgue. "But I am not dead," said the presumed corpse. "Do you think you know more than Dr. Dwyer?" said the orderly who was slightly the worse for wear. And this might illustrate the reverence the personnel has always had for its chiefs.

In the matter of staff the Sisters have always been master diplomats. They always wanted the best. The current body of physicians, surgeons and technicians would have to advise on the choice. Between the Board, the Sisters and the Heads of the Services the proper man or woman generally received the call. So today the experts in every branch of medicine and surgery give ungrudging admiration to the body of doctors and important technicians who proudly serve St. Michael's in a fine spirit of camaraderie and devotion.

Whatever we have said for St. Michael's we could perhaps repeat for that fine hospital overlooking Sunnyside and the Western shore line. St. Joseph's, however, is distinctively different and equally fine. Perhaps Mother Irene had something to do with this distinct flavour. It may have been Doctor McDonough or Doctor Simpson. But you quickly realize that St. Joseph's is as Western as the mother hospital is Central. It may be the spirit of youth that makes it more buoyant. The pioneer stage of this new hospital founded in 1921 lasted a lot longer than did St. Michael's. For twenty-five years, with an ever increasing demand on its services, the whole staff got used to making the best use of makeshifts. They have always gaily faced their difficulties and growing pains. The first Sisters always remembered the children who had romped through those grounds, in the days of their Sacred Heart Orphanage. They thought, too, of the Christ of the little children and there was a maternal tenderness about their new work.

But the Fred Morrow Wing has introduced a new and greater era to St. Joseph's. From 112 beds in 1922 to 370 in 1946, with only the addition of the 1931 wing to bring it up to modernity, meant crowded space. But suddenly in 1949, with the fine new buildings dwarfing the old, St. Joseph's



ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO



ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO



ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, COMOX, B.C.



ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, WINNIPEG, MAN.



OUR LADY OF MERCY HOSPITAL, TORONTO

took on the mantle of splendour. Six hundred beds and ample administrative space! How the pioneers must have loved to see that day from where they are enjoying their reward. The organ of the Nurses' student body, "Vox Studentium" which reposes on our desk, is a lively mirror of the daily life in this now great institution. It reflects the joy in the new age of this latest giant in the programme of St. Joseph's Order.

Our Lady of Mercy Hospital just around the corner from St. Joseph's on Sunnyside Avenue, is a picture building. Its fine facade strikes a modern note in the Roncesvalles district. It is one of the happiest combinations of proportion and environment in the city of Toronto.

When you enter this Mercy Hospital the atmosphere is distinctly homelike. You note immediately the absence of the terrific tempo which cannot be concealed in the Emergency hospital. Things have to be stepped down for the dear old people who have found their haven here after a life full of the accomplishments so many of them have achieved. How simple was the birth of this glorious idea. It was directly in line with the call heard by Mother Delphine Fontbonne and her band of three who came here in 1851 to organize work amongst the poor at the request of Bishop de Charbonel, the work which had begun at the "White House" on Power Street. The first Mother House had preserved its deeply charitable spirit in the fine House of Providence which developed on these original grounds and extended back to Sackville Street. The first building for the sick and aged had been begun in 1855 and opened two years later. So, originally, Mercy Hospital was just an extension and a refinement of the work which had attracted the Community to Toronto, but the Old Age Pension changed many things. A hospital for the more genteel old folks became a necessity. But never did the Sisters lose sight of their consecration to God's holy poor, and the hospital shows this.

We note that the Pigott Company in their beautifully engraved advertisements placed the artist's drawing of this building as the centre and fulcrum of their accomplishments.

And well they might. Its design besides being useful and functional is representative of the finest in the newer modes of Canadian architecture.

Going west to Winnipeg, we wish to pay tribute to the really apostolic work being done in that city's North End by the St. Joseph's Community at St. Joseph's Hospital. There are great Catholic hospitals within a mile or so of this one on both sides of the River. But here, it is the poor man and the foreigner who comes to be taken care of at the time he needs it most—when he is sick. The chief doctors on the staff are Ukrainian, Jewish and New Canadian. And they are fine members of their profession. Just lately we toured the new operating room with its equipment and saw how the lessons the Sisters have learned are being put to good purpose across Canada. In many ways this hospital excels. We saw for ourselves the long line-ups for inoculation during the great floods. We were amazed at the stamina of the staff who have to work in such cramped quarters. Truly, help to this St. Joseph's would be a major project for the welfare of Winnipeg.

The North End of Winnipeg is the home of many Communist leaders. In fact, away back, there was practically a revolution thereabouts and the red flag was run up on some of the public buildings until the Legion put an end to it by force. But many a man has had his heart changed by contact with the brainy Sister on the floor who combined wisdom with charity. The present chaplain was a refugee from Red Czechoslovakia and was once a victim of the Red prisons. His escape was quite dramatic. Public support behind this actual missionary endeavour in the form of one of the city's most efficient hospitals should beget enough private support to build a fine new structure here. There is need for another Hugh Ryan or Fred Morrow.

The name Comox is a bright star in the St. Joseph's crown, albeit a Western Star. It conjures up romance and mystery. But really there is nothing mysterious about a modern hospital set in new surroundings with the familiar St.

Joseph's habit guaranteeing its sterling character. To the people of Courtenay and Cumberland and Union Bay, all within a few short miles of Comox, this hospital is a central fact in the community. We must picture Vancouver Island if we wish to understand St. Joseph's at Comox.

In 1912, Mr. J. D. McCormack was a big man in this central part of what we call an Island but which is actually as big as England, which houses 40,000,000 people. We might guess that this Island has that many trees. Did we say trees? You have only to see one Douglas fir to realize that you have a new notion of a tree. It will be twice as high and very much bigger than any tree you see in the East. There is something in that deep soil that breeds giants. Through those fabulous forests go modern roads, miles of them, not used for public highways, but for the legions of great trucks which carry perhaps three tremendous logs as a superload. You will spot "High-riggers," one hundred feet up that forest giant cutting down the great tree that rises still farther above him. One look at this sight and you will think immediately of a hospital—or an undertaker.

No wonder Mr. McCormack, the lumber king, wanted a hospital. Sister Majella, a dynamic character, who amongst other things was a printer in her own right, headed the valiant band who went West with Archbishop McNeil's blessing and the lumber company's backing. The progress of this romantic adventure is told elsewhere. It is left for us but to marvel at the wisdom of the site chosen in the deep forest beside the sea—the ever present sea with its many moods. Lush, almost tropical vegetation is everywhere. And the timber! We saw one log, about six feet through and we were told that it would be cut in slices and then V-shaped sections to supply fuel for a winter.

The Sisters, somehow or other take on the colour of this bigness. You come to the hospital on that scenic main road which goes mainly west from Victoria with breath-taking views of the mainland mountains across the Strait of Georgia. Powell River is over there with its immense power development. You

come back to Comox around a great bay and the hospital looks mighty pretty from Siwash Hill.

You will find sometimes ten Sisters around the modern wards of Comox which can at a pinch take care of a hundred patients, including the bassinets. Sister St. Edmond was one of the pioneers who came back to superintend as Superior the erection of the new building in 1937. They are particularly proud of that new building thereabouts. We personally saw the safety devices and the ultra modern electrical equipment lately installed. We particularly tested those unique hospital doors invented by the architects, Gardiner and Mercer of Vancouver, and noted the special glass used for the first time in this hospital's operating room, and which has since been installed in other hospitals.

So, we pause on the threshold of another century to pay tribute to St. Joseph's Community whose second nature is care of the sick. The great accomplishments of this Order in the hospital field, linked to its originality and efficiency is a good argument for the combination of different avocations so complementary as education and healing. Perhaps it is not as customary in this age of specialization for the successful principal of a school to assume the duties as Superior of a hospital, but it was often tremendously successful in the past.

May God bless the Sisters of St. Joseph in their immense endeavours and preserve the spirit of charity and religion which has animated them in their passage from simplicity to complexity. May the human and Godly touch never be lacking and may the new atomic generation bless them as did the Gay Nineties, the Roaring Twenty's and now this fearsome age in which we live. In this year of Jubilee we wish them "Ad Multos et Faustissimos Annos."

THEIR DAY BEGINS





ST. MICHAEL—THE ARCHANGEL.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

REV. H. CARR, C.S.B., M.A., LL.D.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE came into existence through ignorance and a mistake.

At least that is the way St. Michael's College came into existence as an Arts College of the University of Toronto; and St. Joseph's College came into existence through St. Michael's College.

St. Michael's College was an affiliated College of the University away back as far as 1881. It became a federated College in 1890. It was not an Arts College until 1911. Prior to 1911 St. Michael's was like Knox College and Wycliffe College.

It was not exactly the same as these two colleges. From the first St. Michael's had the privilege of control over and the teaching of Philosophy for Catholic students: it also held the privilege of teaching history. In all other respects it was on the same footing as Knox and Wycliffe.

Victoria College came in afterwards in 1890. Victoria, before it came into federation with the University of Toronto was an established University in its own right, operating in Cobourg. Its position in the University was altogether different from that of those three Colleges which already existed in the University and formed an integral part of it.

Victoria agreed to hold in abeyance its university power to grant degrees in Arts; but it entered as a sister College to the faculty of arts of the University of Toronto; or more accurately, the faculty of Arts was divided into two parts; it was divided by subjects taught. Hitherto there had been no University College in the sense in which it is considered to-day, that is as contrasted with the other three Arts Colleges, for the simple reason, as I have said, because these Arts Colleges were not in the University. In effect, University College was created. It was placed on an equality with Victoria, as the latter

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was in the University without exercising its university power of conferring degrees.

Certain Arts subjects were assigned to the two Colleges to teach. The other Arts subjects were to be taught by the University.

In 1904 Trinity University entered the university in much the same way as Victoria had entered.

One great difference in the case of Trinity was in the treatment of Religious Knowledge as a subject in Arts. Before that Religious Knowledge was not a subject in the faculty of Arts.

Trinity made it a condition of her entrance that every student in every year of every course should have the right to take Religious Knowledge as one of his or her subjects in each year.

On the occasion of Trinity becoming a part of the University of Toronto a commission was appointed by the Provincial Government to go into the whole matter of the University of Toronto. Father Cushing, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's and Father M. V. Kelly, C.S.B., were members of that commission. The commission worked for several years, and brought in a new University Act, which was passed by the government.

During the academic year 1904-1905, St. Michael's College inaugurated a revolution in its academic structure and its whole nature. Up to that time the college was constituted along the lines of the traditional Catholic College of the time. It gave what was called the classical course, five years mainly spent on Latin, Greek and Mathematics. On top of this classical course came two years Philosophy.

Students entered the classical course roughly where they now begin High School. The course pointed mainly to the priesthood, although it was a good general education; a generation earlier it was much the same as in the secular universities of the time. The latter had changed; St. Michael's had continued unchanged. The College had complete control of its own academic life; it went its own way without any effort to conform with the public high school system, or the University.

If a student wanted matriculation so that he could enter a University, a separate class of one year was provided, with

special teaching. This class, which was called Varsity class, was outside the regular College.

Between 1881 and 1905 a few St. Michael's students matriculated and proceeded on to the degree of B.A., registered in the University and taking their Philosophy at St. Michael's.

Beginning with 1904-1905 this was all changed. The old classical course was done away with. The first three years of the classical course was made conformable with the matriculation course in Ontario high schools; at the end of the third year all wrote the matriculation examination.

The fourth and fifth years of the classical course became first and second years in Arts.

This was not all done at once. It took place one year at a time. The first class to matriculate under the changed system was the class of 1906. That class would move up to first year Arts in 1907, to second Arts in 1908, third Arts in 1909, and fourth Arts in 1910; the classes behind them keeping step.

It was a great plan. But here comes the ignorance and misunderstanding. It was only a dream. St. Michael's had no right to teach any subjects but Philosophy and History; she could teach those subjects to the students of the University; she could not teach them for University credits to students of her own. Indeed, as far as the University was concerned, St. Michael's students did not exist. To be recognized as a student of the University in Arts, one had to be registered in the University and enrolled in one of the Arts Colleges—University College, Victoria, and after 1904, Trinity. When all this planning was going on St. Michael's had no more right to do it than any private man or group of men in Toronto or anywhere else.

She could prepare students for Junior matriculation; anyone could do that; she could prepare for Senior matriculation; anyone could likewise do that; Senior matriculation was accepted as the equivalent of first year in Arts. But when it came to what it all meant there is hardly any doubt they would never have dreamed of starting the work; it would never have entered their minds to ask for what they planned. That was in the very last meetings of the Commission. St. Michael's College should

always revere the memory of James Brebner, Registrar of the University. Both at that time and during all the years that followed, his knowledge, prudence, sympathy and influence were a guidance and support that could not be over-emphasized.

When the priests realized where they stood they laid the matter before Father Cushing and Father Kelly; they asked them to see if the Commission would be able and willing to do something for the College. The Commission discussed and disposed of it in one meeting. The University Act was all ready to be presented to the government.

They added one clause at the end of the Act; this clause enacted that whenever any federated College, which was not an Arts College, was teaching all the work of an Arts College, the University might admit it to the standing of an Arts College. It did not take note of the difficulty; it could not teach any Arts subjects until it was an Arts College; so how could it ever teach all the Arts work until it was an Arts College?

It reminds one of a law in a Western State which W. H. Moore quotes: "Where two railways cross and two trains meet, one on each track, each train will stop and remain standing until the other train passes."

The Commission was willing and anxious to do everything they could for St. Michael's. They thought that the Catholics of Ontario were far below where they should be in higher education: they were eager to do all they could to encourage them. They could not make St. Michael's an Arts College like University College, Victoria and Trinity: it was only doing a very little of the work.

The added clause in the Act made it possible for the University to admit St. Michael's as an Arts College when it was doing the work of an Arts College. Behind the bare words of the clause in the Act it was understood and agreed among all concerned, the Commission itself and the authorities of the University, that the University would admit St. Michael's as an Arts College when it was teaching the four years of Arts. In the meantime the students of St. Michael's in Arts would enroll in University College. That is how it is that the first graduating

class of St. Michael's in 1910 graduated as students of University College.

It would be hard to find anywhere a more shining example of mutual trust and good will than that shown by the members of the Commission and by the President of the University, Sir Robert Falconer, and by all others concerned. The whole matter was introduced for the first time, and settled in a few hours.

For the first class and for some time afterwards the only course taught by St. Michael's was honour Philosophy. The University carried out its agreement during the academic year 1910-1911, Father Nicholas Roche representing the College as Superior.

I am writing on St. Joseph's College. I make no apology for saying all this about St. Michael's College.

A man could hardly write about the anatomy of a leg or arm without saying anything about the rest of the body.

St. Michael's College was for boys only.

No sooner did it become known that St. Michael's students were proceeding to degrees in Arts than St. Joseph's Convent, and Loretto Abbey wanted the same opportunities for their girls. They approached Sir Robert Falconer. He could hold out no hope that the University would ever admit both or either Convent School as Arts Colleges. He suggested that St. Michael's College was perfectly free to appoint whomsoever it wished on its staff; furthermore there were no restrictions on where the College classrooms had to be. St. Michael's could appoint Sisters of St. Joseph and Sisters of Loretto as Professors of the College; it could allow them to teach in classrooms in their respective convents. It was, as he said, only a suggestion. As far as concerned the University, St. Joseph's and Loretto had no existence; if any girls became students of the University in Arts they would have to come as students of St. Michael's; they would pay their fees to St. Michael's.

The suggestion of Sir Robert was followed. On the part of St. Joseph's the negotiations were carried on by Mother Irene and Sister Perpetua. It was not long before Sister St. John came along.

It would take too long to recall the splendid work done by so many sisters in St. Joseph's College. I am sure none of them will mind when I single out Sister St. John as the great inspiration over all the years, of St. Joseph's College.

In this jubilee volume it is fitting and due to place on record a few of the names of those associated with the College, who have done so much to make it what it is to-day, the late Sisters Perpetua and Austin; Sister Mary Agnes, Sister M. Bernard and Sister M. St. John.



CONVOCAATION HALL, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, QUEEN'S PARK CRESCENT



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, FROM THE TENNIS COURT

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, A TRIBUTE

MRS. F. JAMES CARSON, Ph. D., (Victoria Mueller)

IN 1911 the Community of St. Joseph answered the need for the expansion of facilities for Catholic education for women at the College level by establishing St. Joseph's College, affiliated with St. Michael's College which is a Federated College in the University. The Institute of the Blessed Virgin in the same year established Loretto College for the same purpose.

The College curriculum embraced subjects in the Arts faculty; languages and literature, philosophy, psychology, and religious knowledge. Since its opening days, St. Joseph's has striven, by training more completely specialized Sister Professors, by building up an adequate reference library and by taking a progressively more active part in all College and University examination Boards, to offer a fine opportunity for intellectual work of College calibre to its students. A glance at the list of academic awards down through the years bears testimony to its excellence. The list of its graduates is headed by Sister Mary Agnes Murphy (1914), who was for many years the Head of the French Department of the College and a most highly esteemed member of the staff. The first lay graduate is Madeleine Burns (Mrs. Christopher Fraser) and in all there have been some five hundred graduates from the College, together with many girls from many provinces and from United States and from overseas who were in residence from one to three years.

St. Joseph's extra-curricular activities, the Chapel, Retreats, Discussion Groups and Days of Recollection, the Departments of the Sodality, Debating, Dramatics, Language Clubs, Athletic Sports and Tournaments, Social functions with attendant committee responsibilities, all have been planned to develop the whole girl and have been adapted to the new problems and needs of the modern student.

Physically, St. Joseph's first residence was the Convent; then followed a trinity of abodes: 1917, 25 Queen's Park; 1922, 66 St. Albans Street; 1923, 89 Breadalbane Street; and finally in 1928, the lovely present home on Queen's Park Crescent.

During the early years lectures were given in class-rooms of the College School and later at the present College.

But after all, in the field of the education of man "who was made by God for God" it is not the buildings, it is the teachers who play the preponderant role. The impact of the personality of the teacher upon the whole personality of the student is the primary, important element of any educational institution. And St. Joseph's has been abundantly blessed with fine teachers. The Deans of the College: 1911-1914, Sister M. Perpetua; -16, Sister M. Austin (d. Feb. 2, '16); -29, Sister M. Perpetua (d. March, 2, '38); -33, Sister St. John; -35, Sister Mary Augusta; -41, Sister M. Bernard; -48, Sister St. John; -51, Sister M. Blandina, together with the other members of the staff, Sisters Mary Agnes, Dominica, Marie Thérèse, St. Peter, Mary Bernita, Agnes Joseph, Geraldine and Corinne, and outstanding lay Professors, including dear Mile. Le Prevost, Paris, France; Miss R. Agnew, M.A., Toronto; Mrs. E. O'Driscoll Pullen, M.A., Cork; Mrs. Clare Reidl, M.A., Marquette, Milwaukee; Mrs. Kathleen Young, M.A., London, England, will be remembered by St. Joseph's girls for the personalities they were, and for their loving guidance. The inspiration and example of the Sisters upon their students is evidenced particularly, too, by the large number of College girls who have entered the religious life in the Community of St. Joseph and in numerous other Communities.

"By their fruits ye shall know them".—The ever-increasing registration, the alert and aware graduates, now as Sisters, wives and mothers, in the professions, in business and in the community, all bear witness to the care and competence of their teachers and to the high esteem in which their Alma Mater is widely held.

Now on the 100th anniversary of the Community in Canada, and the 40th anniversary of the establishment of the College, its graduates, its students and its friends send happy congratulations for work well done, and join in wishing the Sisters of St. Joseph "Ad multos annos" for future achievements and success at St. Joseph's College.

Editor's note: We proudly include Dr. Victoria Meuller Carson among the Lay Professors on the Staff of St. Michael's, who left a deep impression on St. Joseph's students.



MY THOUGHTS GO BACK

BERNITA MILLER, M.A.

THE arms of the great elms on St. Albans street were chained. In Queen's Park there was a clump of trees whose easy symmetry I used to wonder at. Those trees were part of our view from the room on the top flat when I was in second year, and where Menie and Jennie and I hid a dime under a broken tile in the fireplace for some future finding. Over the fireplace was the inscription, "Much Reading Maketh Wise". At a window in the trunkroom I used to stand and tell myself, "The mountains are down that way" when I was homesick for Pennsylvania, but I found out later that this window faced west.

There was much to love and to enjoy. I liked to bundle a breakfast roll and a banana in the sleeves of my gown for a late sleeper, liked using a late leave up to the last minute. Skating to music in the Arena left the ice-tingly feeling that made the house seem nice and warm when you returned and sat down to chat in the dean's office under the staircase. What a lovely staircase! I can hear Helen Dolan calling down it from the top floor "Id LOVE to go", when the phone rang in the common room in the basement. Dancing in the common room after supper was regular.

I loved school. There was always another door opening into the past, and the past was forever new. In the seminar on 19th Century Thought at University College, I was the only Catholic, and there I learned that I must defend my own religion or run the risk of losing faith. I think the enormous pro-

cess of defence helped to clarify my own thinking at the same time that it may have annoyed others, for I was in many ways an "upstart". Defending friends or defending democracy from the debating floor, I was explosive.

In the University library I felt subdued. The drop in at the College Chapel and the trips to Precious Blood Convent at examination time were full of peace. Newman Club teas were far from peaceful. More exciting than the dances were the lending, borrowing, and mating of parts of outfits, and of escorts, that preceded the dances, and the after-talks in small groups when the house hushed. Many of us fell in love several times.

There was good satisfaction in the intellectual arguments we had with the Sisters and with each other. To me these arguments were regular as meals and probably more frequent,—Sister Bernard and Sister Mary Agnes will recall this. I remember the satisfaction in creative activity—in culling a poem while walking round the block in the snow at twilight with Jennie, and in writing a children's play for University Settlement House during vacation and working a year of Saturdays there at producing it. Tutoring for a college play in first year, Sister St. John struggled to get me to say "father" correctly, and when I went home on "vacation" the family struggled to "re-correct" it. I revelled in the phrases of Shakespeare and Newman.

So went the ups and downs of a bookworm, learning to make friends outside the family circle. I am grateful for this learning, which was far over and above the knowledge I went out to get.



COLLEGE DAYS

KATHLEEN CAHILL DUNPHY, B.A.

WHY do you ask me that, Sister? Why do you ask what St. Joseph's College meant to me? You should know I can't answer that. It is almost like someone asking you what your mother means to you. It is just as hard to explain.

How can I tell you how I felt when I first arrived at the College? There I was, an American, in another land and alone for the first time in my life. Quite suddenly my sister deposited me in the big house on Queen's Park, said, "Good-bye, be good," and left me to face the great unknown on my own—me who had rarely ever seen a nun in my life and who had grown up in a small town where I had always known everyone and had eight older brothers and sisters to make up my mind on just about everything. I wished they were there to tell me what to do next.

But, as it turned out, I didn't need them. The big door of the college opened and closed behind me, and there was a nun who swooped down upon me (or so it seemed at the time) and said, "We are glad to have you, Kathleen, and I am sure you will be happy here." There was another who said, "I know you will like your roommates" and another little sister who whispered for me to wait a minute and brought back a plate of candy, "for the poor little thing after travelling so far."

So now you see the pattern of the next four years. Four years which no one can ever steal from me, which I shall remember and thank God for, the rest of my life. I can remember every moment of them and I can remember no moments of unhappiness, except those caused by myself.

I remember how frightened and awed I was of the Sisters at first. How I thought they were probably infallible on just about everything. (I found out later they were wrong about many things.—Like saying we should be at classes on time and not letting us stay out all night if we wanted to, and making us take our rubbers off outside instead of letting us walk across the nice, polished, hardwood floors with them on!)

There were four of us in a big room the first year, remem-

ber Sister? I am sure you do, because you often had to climb the long stairs up to the third floor to tell us to be quiet, three Americans and Cuca who was from Puerto Rico.

Perhaps it happens everywhere that girls hit it off the first night they meet. Perhaps other girls too have laughed themselves to sleep that first night away from home instead of crying, but to me it seemed like a kind of miracle. In fact the entire thing seemed that way, for by the third day you couldn't have dragged me away.

I discovered the miracle of a chapel right in the same house, of Complin in the evening and of sitting in the common room talking with you Sister, our dean, and the other girls. Shortly the house filled with girls, newcomers and oldtimers. Girls from all over Canada and other countries. Suddenly we all knew each other and that was the end of the beginning.

After graduation mother told me that no friends I would make in the future would ever be quite the same. She was right. We had lived together so happily. Somehow there never was a question of money or position in the house. You might find out accidentally that some girl came from a wealthy family, but you could hardly believe it. Wasn't her room as small if not smaller than mine?

But that is not the greatest thing. It is this. There was no gossip among us. I don't know why. No one ever said 'don't gossip'—it was just an unwritten law which was not trespassed.

As for me, my life was changing. I lived in an atmosphere where our religion was the primary factor. I learned things about the Church I had never suspected and my outlook on life took shape and became something definite. Everything we were taught added up to the same point: "We don't care what you do after you leave here as long as you are a good Catholic."

The priests at St. Michael's and the Sisters at the College can be thanked by us in only one way for the hours of unselfish labor they devoted to us, and we all felt it. The only way is to carry with us the principles and truths they instilled in us, and to live by them. You told us it would be hard and we thought you

were being dramatic, because we were anxious to meet this challenge a non-Christian world would throw at us. Again you were right, Sister. It is so easy to slip into the groove the world has carved for us and forget those four years!

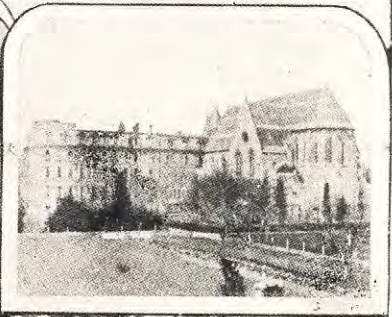
The years passed quickly, oh so quickly! One day it was over, the dances at St. Mike's and the University, the debates, the midnight parties in each other's rooms, the hour-long discussions on life and what we were going to do with it, the late leaves cancelled because we had broken curfew, the rustling of cassock or robe as a nun or priest walked in to begin classes, the bell ringing through the halls to call us to Mass, the strange tenseness and yet closeness of exam-time when we prayed for each other and the nuns prayed for us all.

We had to say good-bye and it is always hard to say good-bye to so much happiness. But I felt as a gambler must feel when he rakes in a pile of chips. I was the winner. I had won much. I had lived in another country and could call it home. I found out what 'curling' meant and what the 'bush-land' was, I discovered the thrill of hockey games and the unimportance of international borders. We had come here from the States to be greeted with love. We would leave it with dragging feet and a lonely heart to leave so much behind. I found nuns are wonderful people (and quite human, after all) and I found that I would someday want a son of mine to be a priest of the Congregation of St. Basil. And I found my husband.

You see, I told you I couldn't do it, Sister. I told you I couldn't tell you how I felt about the College. Why, I haven't even scratched the surface. But I can tell you this, plain and simple. There were two things I loved—the chance to learn to live so closely to God and the opportunity for a fine education; and two things I hated—figs, and graduating!



College and Academy of St Joseph.



St. Alban Street.
TORONTO.

THE PAST IN A BOOK OF THE FUTURE

IT is a learned and laborious task to write a review of a book before the critics themselves have passed judgment on it, but it is quite another thing to write the review of a book before the author has written it. Indeed it is unlikely that this book will ever be written; nuns do not take readily to writing Memoirs, and it is not probable that I shall ever write mine. But, just in case, in my great old age, it should be "laid upon me", as the Irish say, to write my Recollections of the College, it is well that I should plan ahead.

My first chapter will plunge *in medias res* in the best literary fashion, and will be entitled "Peggy's Aunt", or perhaps "Higher Mathematics"; for if it had not been that my best friend, Margaret Calvert, was not only a mathematician of promise but the eldest niece of one of the University Sisters, I might not have known about the College Department in St. Joseph's until I was quite old, say ten or eleven. As it was, I was seven when I became intimate with the College classrooms, at least one of them. For, among Sister Germaine's First Graders Margaret Calvert was the best at adding together long strings of fat numbers and getting the correct answers; and when my friend had excelled herself, Sister would tell her that she could take her scribbler with all its honourable decorations up to Sister Mary Agnes at noon to show her. And then she would say: "And what little girl would you like to take with you?" and my loyal friend would always choose me, though my mathematics left much to be desired. Showing off to an admiring aunt was always an interesting occasion even for the also-ran companion; and indeed Sister always made me as welcome as if I too had been her niece; and after she had inquired for my grandmother, who was her mother's neighbour, and for my aunts who were her friends, we would proceed to the business of addition. Peggy's aunt may have been an extraordinarily learned person, as Sister Germaine used to say she was, who gave lectures (and in a foreign language too) to the gowned ladies who were a mysterious and awe-inspiring part of the convent, but we were not awed, Margaret and I, by either the professor or her classroom, with its

funny chairs and its lack of desks. A very small backward leap landed one right in the middle of the chair, and one's scribbler fitted easily on its one wide arm. After Sister had admired Peggy's unparalleled addition, she would turn to mine, which was also unparalleled! And more than once I had a lesson in higher mathematics from a university lecturer in a university classroom and in a select class of two, before I had left First Grade. I ventured one day to tell Sister Mary Agnes that I was better at reading than at doing sums; and after that our visits to the Halls of Learning included a showing off of reading too, a courtesy which had not been in Sister Germaine's plan! I have puzzled since about where that classroom was. I think it couldn't have been one of the cluster around what is now the Principal's office, for I remember going upstairs. It wasn't the typing room, unless the shape of that room has changed since then, for it is of a room squarish and bright that I have a memory. Sister herself thinks it might have been a part of what is now the Commercial classroom, though she tells me that often in those days before the College had yet found a home, she taught in the gallery of the auditorium.

Chapter Two will be called, "The School within the School within the School" and will be historically perfect—and chronologically *pluperfect*. Many authors, I've noticed, begin by capturing the readers' imaginations with a bit of human interest and then back up for the necessary identifications and allocations. I shall have to explain how St. Joseph's College was a part of St. Michael's College, which was a part of the University of Toronto. Perhaps I shall have my amanuensis write this chapter; at least I shall have her look up all the dates and data, while I introduce those sisters who are connected with the early days of the College. Of course I shall not write the book at all until I am very very old so that I can really write with warmth about how we loved them and of how good they were; and they will not be embarrassed, because they will be with God by then.

I suppose I should start with Sister Austin and Sister Perpetua, because they were really the "charter members", and Sister Perpetua was dean when I myself was at College; but in

my own chronology this does not fit. Sister Austin had died before I started to school, and my earliest recollection of Sister Perpetua is later than my memories of the other sisters. I think I shall be tempted to start with Sister Bernard, not because I call her Sister Superior now, but because she had been in class with my Mother and was a part of that marvellous class picture which hung in my Mother's bedroom with all its little ovals of her school friends and with all sorts of bedtime stories clinging to each oval. I had been to see Sister Bernard indeed before I ever went to school at all. Yet my full chapter about her will be a somewhat late one, for my first vignette of her will detail a day in my second year at College. It will be a sketch of a late four o'clock lecture one dusky evening when we sat spell-bound in the "French Room" (now the typing room) and knew all too well what Aristotle had meant by the "katharsis of pity and terror". I had read *Le Juif Polonais* without turning a hair before that class, and a few years later I was to see Sir John Martin-Harvey play its title role*, but that night I really *was* the fear-riddled burgomaster. I knew too that night, that Aristotle and his successors had been right, when they had insisted that vicarious and artistic purgation of fear is its own satisfaction, for when the light had waned almost completely and the hour of five had struck unheeded, we begged to go on, and without lights! And Sister Bernard obligingly finished the discussion in the almost-dark! I will have difficulty allocating that chapter in space as well as in time, for I will want to talk about Daudet classes too and how we really felt the *mistral* and ached with *la nostalgie*, but the Provençal zephyrs are to me the springtime breezes that blew in the open windows of the big southwest room that was (and still is) Sister Bernard's classroom at "29". But I shall not worry about proper sequences until I get to the book itself, and that will be many years hence.

I will already have talked of Sister Mary Agnes in Chapter I, and I shall not say too much about Sister St. John in this chapter, because my first impression of her is linked with another childish recollection of the College classrooms at the Con-

* The English version is called "The Bells." I think it must have been in the early 30's that it came to the Royal.

vent. This time the impression was much less pleasant. I will tell about it in Chapter Three, which I shall maybe entitle "Poetic Pilgrimage", with Professor Diltz' permission.

Sister Imelda was teaching the Third Class (now grades 5 and 6) when I reached that important stage. By the time I write my book no one will remember Sister Imelda, I am afraid, so I will have to spend a great deal of time and patience making her live on my pages. That is the part of the book that I shall most enjoy, for I loved Sister Imelda. And if in this episode she appears severe, it is only because the printed word cannot carry the facial expression that was so kind and twinkling that it softened the import of her frequent rebukes and sermons. Perhaps I should have an illustration of her, complete with the glasses that she only wore on terrible occasions and her mouth drawn wide out in a disparaging straight line and her cheeks making an inverted box pleat around it. And the caption under it will be "And you that have inherited the brains of the North-grades!" (or the Murphy's or the O'Connors.).

My episode will be about the poem I wrote and of how I showed it to my friends, reluctantly, of course!—and of how Audrey Dill showed it to Sister, while I pretended I was dismayed. A day or so later Sister Imelda called me to her desk at noon. She had shown the verse to Sister St. John, who had charge of the *Lilies* at that time, and Sister St. John had said she would print it, and I could tell my mother I was going to have a poem in the *Lilies*, and me so young! My mother was duly impressed but my father unduly so. But alas for pride, a week or so later I was summoned to the teacher's desk again, early in the morning this time. Sister St. John, it was alleged, could never print so weak and limping a rhyme in a magazine like the *Lilies*. Had I already told my mother about it? And my Father? Hmm, well that was a pity; but I could have the morning off to write another poem, better, mind you, better thoughts in it, better rhyme, better metre, and on any subject I chose. I was to go into the University Room across the hall (now beside the Principal's office) and I could take pencils and paper, all I needed. The poem was to be done by eleven. There

never was a room so lonely and empty as that one. None of the nice black-gowned students that smiled and made a fuss about us little girls came in all morning; it rained outside and in, and the muse was off gallivanting with some one else and never came near me at all. Sister Imelda was wearing glasses when she came at eleven o'clock. She ignored the tears. "It's just stubbornness", she said, "You're too stubborn to write a poem—and you with the O'Connor brains at your disposal!" I had lost faith in the brains, but not she. "Go and ask for Sister St. John in the Front Hall and tell her, miss,—tell her you're too stubborn to write poems." I was so glad to be free of the terrible empty room that I sped through the music hall with relief, but while the Sister Portress rang for the Editor of the Lilies, I had some misgivings again. My Daddy would be terribly disappointed and all for a little metre and a sloppy rhyme. The tears were pretty close again when Sister St. John arrived. But no, she didn't quite arrive; she stood at the top of the "Golden stairs" in the front hall and when the Portress pointed to me, she beckoned me up to her; and while I sat with her in the embrasure of the stained glass window on the stairs, she assured me that she was of COURSE going to print the poem with only a few little changes if I didn't mind them, and that writing another poem was entirely Sister Imelda's bright idea and not at all necessary, and did I think I could stop crying long enough to eat a few cookies and drink a glass of milk? Years later, when my original handling of Latin tense sequences threatened to create a barrier between me and my Latin professor, I used to draw consolation from the memory that once she had fed me honey dew and the milk of paradise.

The lack of proper accommodation did not seem to dim the thrill of registering in First Year Arts. It seems to me it was the Alumnae Room which served Sister Perpetua as Registrar's office and Deanery combined. I suppose I should be bubbling over with memories of those first few months of University life, but, strangely enough, the few memories I have of that year do not precisely concern the college classes and teachers. I was busy those first weeks getting to know Alice Hayes and Margaret

Wright. I had been in class with Allie from Baby class on, and with Margaret all through high school, but we had never known one another well. I could only hope they liked me as well as I liked them. All of us were drawn together soon enough in a common misery, mathematics at U.C. It was so different from high school maths; and the professor, a lady, so different from Sr. Hildegarde. She was like Sister in one respect: she thought our questions exceedingly stupid, but whereas Sister H., after she had raised her eyes and prayed aloud for patience (“Oh God, come to my assistance; O Lord make haste to help me!”), would settle our difficulties with the acquired patience, our Lady-Prof didn’t seem to know she could get help from above, and we rarely got help from her. Sister Loretto volunteered to take us on. I think my book will have an illustration in this chapter; it will be Sister Loretto looking quizzically at me at the blackboard doing one of those unspeakable problems where one plotted by graphs the position of the ship at sea. It will be plain that it was I who was at sea, the vessel nowhere. And Sister will be saying, with all a mathematician’s scorn for the petty artist: “Ambushed, eh? If I told you to draw the wretched boat, I’ve no doubt you could do that nicely!” But, though the medicine was sometimes painful, the maths did improve and the Christmas Term exams were successful. That was the year, however, that Sister had that big operation. And when she came back, Reverend Mother told her there was to be no loitering after class with dullards, high school or College. We tried to be sympathetic and confirm Reverend Mother’s wisdom, but we knew the Maths was in a bad state. In the end Sister herself had a solution. Very canny it was—Reverend Mother might have listened to the proposal herself and been none the wiser. “Laws”, she said, as we were leaving, “any mortal body can visit a nun that’s ‘poorly’ in the parlour.” And visit we did—often!

There will be a chapter on Reading Room Ghosts. For, as the glass alley to the school, so was the Reading Room to the College. The first two ghosts might be, I think, Margaret Crummy and Grace Cooney, third year people, who told us Freshmen one lazy day about the horrors and wonders of Phi-

losophy which, in those days, one did not usually begin in one's first year. One of the most important philosophical truths, Margaret said, one that everyone had to be ready to prove, was that mirrors did *not* reflect when no one was looking into them, and that all nature retained its shape but lost its colour under the same lonely circumstances. Of course, Grace supplemented, "anyone would see that such a waste of God's infinite energy would be contrary to the total economy of nature!" In the two years of our philosophy neither Dr. Phelan nor Dr. Welty ever got around to the mirrors! And then there will be the ghosts of Claire Moore playing "Nola" and "Tea for Two", and Helen Kramer playing and singing "Pale Moon". When I mention Helen I will want to diverge and talk of *Pride and Prejudice* and her ardent wooing of Mary Coughlin as Elizabeth Bennet, and Marie Foley's fine interpretation of the immortal Mrs. B. Perhaps I'd better have a chapter on plays; May Benoit and Alice Gentles and Kathleen McNally in Benson's *By What Authority*; and Connie Shannon and Madeleine Enright and Helen Kernahan and Marie Foley in *The King's Whipping Boy*; and then that very telling performance one later year of *The Poor Man of Assisi*, with Helen Grant as St. Francis and Christine Johnston as Lady Poverty, and Pauline Bondy as Brother Juniper, Bernita Miller as the irate Papa Bernadone. I had graduated by then and was spending all that my slim salary allowed, on seeing each week what the Royal had to offer, but I think I have rarely had a greater theatrical thrill than that of the sudden transformation, as Lady Poverty dropped the hideous enveloping rags and stood apparelled in shining white loveliness. I suppose it was really a prosy matter of sequins and satin and Christine's lovely dark gold hair, but it seemed like a vision. Chaucer must have had in mind some such shock of unexpected beauty when he conceived his Wife of Bath's Tale; it always reminds me of Christine and Lady Poverty.

There are many Reading Room sprees and conversations that will be recorded: the new dances that we experimented with—"Collegiate", the "Charleston", and a terrific thing called the "Flee Hop" which, if I remember rightly, only Merly

English and Camilla Wright and Ida Wickett ever really mastered; the speculations about costumes for the Hart House Masquerade and about who took whom to our own St. Joseph's Dance; and one murky day when my spare coincided with the visit of Jeanette MacDonald who was playing the lead in *Rose Marie* and who knew either Sister Mary or Sister Mary Gertrude and came to sing in our auditorium for them.

The move from the Convent to the New College came in my third year. And I shall end my book with that chapter. Not that there are no memories of the College—indeed my recollections of the College are almost more than memories. They are sometimes so real as to be uncanny; something almost physically felt, something not thought about but re-experienced. I live at the College now—usually too busy to think about the dear dead past; but sometimes when I least expect it there will come a moment when the past will simply crowd out the present. I used to notice it, for instance, last year when once a week I had to give a class in Room 12, that little bright room at the end of the cross hall. It is Sister St. John's room now and *non dubium est quin* many a case or faulty subjunctive breathes its last therein: but it used to be Sister Mary Agnes' room. And when last year I used to go in at two, especially in the Spring, the sun would be splashing its green gold over the desk chairs and making sharp dark patterns on the floor. And suddenly the old feel would be there, and I could almost turn to look for Helen and Rachel and Alice and Mary and Marion and Bessie and Anita and Gladys. It would be more natural, I would think, to sit in one of the students' desks and listen to Sister Mary Agnes supplement the "Kastner and Atkins" that she insisted was a very cursory history of literature. There would be tales of the *Précieuses* and Madame de Sevigné, of the *Encyclopaedists* and Madame Necker; the repercussions of "Figaro" that was both a *coup de théâtre* and a *coup d'état*, and the significance of *Emile*. Almost I could rhyme off the points of Boileau's *Art Poétique*—almost I could even reproduce on the blackboard one of those superb charts of irregular verbs that saved our lives each April.

“Kastner and Atkins” is out of print now, it seems, and Sister Mary Agnes says it is a good thing too. The double name makes me think of “Fraser and Squair”, the solid stand-by of generations of grammarians. But a soul-stirring experience which I once had with a “Fraser and Squair” concerns Sister Bernard at the other end of the cross hall. I had counted down to the sentence which would come to me, sentence 13; it ran, “The older one is the wiser one should be”, but, placed as it was, occupying parts of two lines, it looked like this:

“..... 13. The older one is the wiser
one should be.”

The gentle reader will find that clear enough, but I somehow read only to the end of the line where a defect in the paper looked like a period. Now there is a special rule for these “the more—the more” sentences, but I didn’t use it of course in my translation, for *my* sentence was just “The older one is the wiser.” which made perfectly good sense and was amazingly easy to translate. Sister Bernard stopped me; it was wrong, she said, and when I was puzzled, she said “Read the English”.

“The older one is the wiser,” I said.

“Read it all” she said inexorably.

And then I looked at the next line and became like the universe in Donne’s poem, all coherence gone.

“It doesn’t make sense,” I said.

“Perfect sense.”

“There are three extra words,” I persisted, “They spoil it.”

“Not at all. What’s the trouble?”

“Well, but Sister” I tried to explain, “It’s all right down to ‘wiser’—see, ‘the older one is the wiser’, but then you have ‘one should be’ left over. It must be a misprint.”

Anita Murphy, at this point, thinking, I suppose, that this was some sort of joke I was playing, or dare, began to laugh. Now when Anita laughed she really laughed heartily, and because it was an infectious laugh, usually the rest of us laughed with her. I suppose she felt it coming on, and tried to cover it up with a spell of coughing, nudging me at the same time that I’d better not go too far. Eventually Anita

betook herself out of the room. I continued to present my difficulties:

"I could use one of those extra words, the word 'one'; I could say 'The older one is the wiser one,' but I've still got 'should be' left over."

"Read it again" said Sister Bernard in whom hope died hard. I read it. 'The older one is the wiser one. . . .should be.'

"Don't keep pausing after 'one'", she said, "pause after 'is'".

"The older one is the wiser one should be,' but what is the older one, and what should the wiser one be?"

"Perhaps it will come to you later" said Sister Bernard, "Gladys will you translate."

It didn't "come to me" until I was on my way home that afternoon. I lived in a part of the city to which, in those days, one had to take a suburban car. I was the only passenger that day. And, since I usually did some studying on the long ride, I took out the Fraser and Squair. I looked back at the sentence of my recent disgrace, and this time, of course, it was perfectly clear, and I began to think of my owlish questions and of what Sister Bernard's reactions must have been, and then I began to laugh—and laugh, and laugh. The conductor began to laugh in sympathy. He probably thought I was a lunatic, but at the first stop he came down to me and asked what was my book; I showed him a prosy French grammar. It used to embarrass me for months afterwards when he would treat me with elaborate politeness. I knew what he thought!

Sister Madeleva's poems came out that Spring, and Sister St. John read some of them to us when we loitered after Latin classes. Helen Grant somehow got the book and one night when she had her Father's huge old Packard to drive us home, we parked on a little side street—I think it was Balmuto—and read Sister Madeleva. Now by all the rules of the psychologists, I should think of Sr. St. John and Helen Grant when Sister M's poems are read. But no, my thought-connections are not according to pattern. It is when I catch the earthy fragrance of a Spring rain and of lilies that I think of

Sr. Madeleva, Sister St. John and Helen Grant. You see, while we were reading the poems, Helen had an inspiration to send Sr. St. John an Easter lily, from herself and me. I protested that I had no money. "I will supply the money," said Helen, "you can write on the card, a tasty Easter greeting, sort of spiritual, you know, and in Latin." The plant was bought and the card written and in due time we were graciously thanked for the Easter gift. But alas! I heard about my laboured Latin greeting in a private session that was kind but corrective. "Your sequence of tenses", she said, "was always original!"

I think this would be too flippant a note for me to use as the end of my last chapter—hardly a climax. In time I will think of something more weighty I hope. Perhaps I could reverse the order here, and end with what I thought to begin with: the reflection that there is a kind of memory that is too real to be called memory at all because it is not the thinking back to past events or the recalling of a scene, but something less deliberate and not at all explainable. As I have said, it may be evoked by a strain of music or the fragrance of a familiar kind of face powder or even the grotesque shadows on Sister Mary Agnes' sunny floor; and it surges into one in the form of a feeling, creating all the old atmosphere and thought patterns, so that the past is just as real as the present and is merging into it. I hope that is a little foretaste of the timelessness of eternity when our happiest memories will be lost in the all-comprehensiveness of God.

S.G.





ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, 1854-1951

HELEN BOEHLER, B.A.

IT SEEMS difficult to believe that girls have been graduated from St. Joseph's College School for nearly one hundred years. Just ninety-seven years ago this fall, the first St. Joseph's "College-School" of Canada was opened. In 1854, three years after the arrival of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto, they moved from their crowded little Orphanage and Mother House on Jarvis Street to the "White House" on Power Street just south-west of the future House of Providence. And in September of that year they opened their first boarding and day school for girls in Canada.

But it was not until 1863 that we come to St. Joseph's College School, as we know it today. When the "White House" became too small for both convent and school, the Sisters planned to build an extension of it on the land where the House of Providence now stands. Their novena before the foundations were laid brought results beyond their fondest dreams. The Honourable John Elmsley heard of the need of the Sisters and donated two acres of his lands, "The Clover Hill Estate" for a convent and a school. In due time adjoining land was acquired until the property extended from St. Vincent (Bay) Street to Surrey Place, from St. Albans Street (Wellesley West) to Breadalbane. On August 13, 1863, the Sisters moved into the new building that served as a novitiate and Mother House in one section and a school in the other.

This school, which had an opening registration of about twenty pupils, became known as St. Joseph's Academy for Young Ladies. A more desirable site could not have been chosen for it, being, as it was, so close to the Provincial University and its Catholic college and later the Provincial Parliament Buildings. It had the advantage too of being situated in a permanent residential locality near a beautiful park.

The first prospectus of St. Joseph's Academy was sent out in 1866. It was indeed very ambitious and reflects the system of education in vogue for girls of that time. The Academy

taught English, French, Italian, the three R's, History, Natural Philosophy, Logical Analysis, Astronomy, the Use of the Globes (similar to Geography) and the following artistic branches: vocal and instrumental music, drawing, painting, plain and ornamental needlework, and especially the making of very delicate and lovely wax fruit and flowers. Calisthenics was a very important item engaged in once a week. It involved formation marching, and swinging dumb-bells and clubs in time to music. Much importance was attached to posture. There were no organized sports, but the students played an unorganized game out on the grounds called Battenball which is something like our base-ball.

The uniforms were, of course, very different from the present-day navy serge dress and white collar and cuffs for winter and the tunic and white blouse for summer. In those days no uniform at all was worn on ordinary school days, when the students wore any suitable dress. The uniform was reserved for Sundays and for big school functions. The winter uniform consisted of a dark blue dress with a black cape and black bonnet. In summertime the young ladies wore a light blue delaine dress with a black silk mantle or cape and a white straw bonnet. Both uniforms, of course, swept the ground and sported a frilly white collar, and on festive occasions were set off by white kid gloves.

These festive occasions were many and provided pleasant highlights in the academic year. Concerts, receptions, teas and sleigh-rides were frequent and delightful affairs. Shrove Tuesday each year saw a fancy dress ball where the girls cleverly portrayed various characters. The Archbishop was a frequent visitor and the students entertained him with recitations and songs. We read of Archbishop Lynch inviting the young ladies of the Academy to tea at the Bishop's Palace on various Sunday afternoons. When Archbishop John Walsh was appointed in 1889 a concert was given in his honour by the pupils of the convent classes. One of the greatest events was the visit of the Governor-General, then Lord Dufferin. At the reception in his honour one of the songs the students sang was, "Sitting on the Stile, Mary," written by the Countess of Dufferin.



ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT AND ACADEMY AS IT APPEARED IN 1880

But the climax of the whole school year was Graduation and the very complicated Distribution of Prizes which was held at the same time. It was a magnificent affair, held in June in the old school auditorium where the convent parlours are now. All the important clergy from the Archbishop down were there, as were also the Honourable John Elmsley and frequently the Mayor. The ceremony was much the same as now. All the girls of the school assembled on the stage in uniform with the graduates in front. There were, of course, only a few graduates, and not nearly as many "other girls:" But there was a much greater age range, from little girls of six to grown-up graduates

of sixteen some of whom put their hair up and wore trains to their dresses, which were also very elaborate. White was worn until about 1876 when black became the graduation fashion until the 1890's; from then until the present day white was always worn at graduation. And the crowning of the graduates was a feature that has been kept through the years.

Today we have a Talent Night at the school, but no big ceremony as the presenting of scholarships and prizes which the Academy had at graduation time. At the prize-giving there were great musical displays. Sometimes four pianos played together in quartets. There were simultaneous long recitations, "thrilling poems," beautiful singing and harp and violin solos. Then the Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine "donated by the Pope" was presented, followed by the silver and bronze medals for special achievements, and smaller prizes, like books. Concurrent with the graduation and the distribution of prizes was an exhibition in the two parlours of fancy work, sewing and painting. The graduation was always held in the Convent auditorium until late years when the large number of graduates necessitated the engagement of Convocation Hall at the University from 1940-1946 and again in 1951, and Eaton's College auditorium from 1947-1950. Perhaps some day the graduation will again be held in the school auditorium.

Then, as now, the graduates must have felt a pang of regret at leaving the school that had been home for so many happy years. One of their most delightful memories would be a mental picture of the spacious convent grounds. These were much larger then than now, because the convent and school were much smaller. The grounds had many lovely features, including a small stream, a very attractive summer house with seats all around it at the end of the school, a boat-swing outside the boarders' refectory and between the chapel and St. Vincent Street a lovely grapevine and arbour, an orchard with many old peach, pear and apple trees, and a vegetable garden near St. Vincent Street which was a small narrow road but the principal thoroughfare of the Clover Hill district. Now there is just a tennis court between the school and St. Vincent (Bay St.) but

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in the early days it was a long walk from the Academy to the vegetable garden.

The Academy then, as now, had a very serious preoccupation with scholastic standards. There were six grades, with junior and senior year to each, corresponding to our grades one to twelve. The several professional teachers who entered St. Joseph's were a most welcome addition to the staff. The Academy followed its own curriculum and had evolved a very satisfactory system of education. A priest from St. Michael's College examined the students in Latin, Rhetoric, Euclid, and History.

But St. Joseph's began very early to prepare its students for the state certificates of the Province of Ontario. The success of Miss Gertrude Lawlor, a St. Joseph's graduate of 1882, in trying and brilliantly passing the examination for a departmental second class certificate was an incentive to her teachers to install the high school system in the Convent. "Thus St. Joseph's was among the first Catholic schools to adapt its curriculum to state requirements, while at the same time it kept in the first place the religious and moral formation of the students." ("The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph" by Sister Mary Agnes.)

Soon afterwards the students were prepared for first class certificates. In 1907 and 1908 the Normal schools agreed to accept private school students without an entrance examination, on condition that the schools be properly equipped for the teaching of science, etc., and that the teachers of different departments hold honour degrees from a university. Some of the sisters began their studies at the University of Toronto that very year, and although the Normal School entrance regulation soon lapsed, it was considered advisable that they continue their courses at University College.

The steadily increasing number of pupils necessitated many additions to the original school building of 1863. In 1884 the music hall and some of the old wing classrooms were built, and in 1895 the present beautiful chapel which has always been an integral part of the St. Joseph's school girl's life. In 1911 an-

other wing was added to the school, including the auditorium and common room, and the Academy became known as "St. Joseph's College School." The lovely "new wing", with its cafeteria, library and gymnasium and sunny classrooms, was built in 1934. Over twenty classrooms, as well as science rooms, libraries, art studios, etc. now accommodate six hundred pupils.

Twenty to six hundred! That figure represents a history of nearly one hundred years, a history of hundreds of Sisters and girls who have laughed and studied and prayed under the roofs of St. Joseph's, and come back to the Convent during later years as Sisters, as Alumnae, as mothers enrolling their own little girls in the school they regard as theirs. It is a history full of ordinary and special school days and events. Through the years lunches have been eaten in the school lunch room, in the boarders' refectory, in the tea room at No. 90 (in the twenties), in the sunny cafeteria.

Choral was conducted under Maestro Carboni in 1911, and later students will remember Mr. Whitehead, Mr. Godfrey Ridout and Sister Ethelburge. The early calisthenics and the later gym ladders and swinging ropes have been replaced by basketball games and exercises in the lovely new gym. Students now run down the "Golden Stairway" near the auditorium, once reserved for teachers only. The students have their own school paper, "The Hummer," and this year had their own Year Book. The school now boasts of a beautiful shrine of St. Joseph on the second floor while an annual Brown and Gold Ball, tea dances, and a Student Council are features of the present school life. Chaplains have succeeded one another, from Father Frachon and Father McBrady to Father Burke and Father McCann. Among the wonderful Teachers of the past who have prepared girls for life are Sister Dympna Stritch, Sister Emerentia Lonergan, Sister Regina Brennan, Sister Hildegarde, Sister Majella, Sister Loretto, Sister Xaveria, Sister Josephine and many others. There have been illustrious graduates, and still others who lived quietly and beautifully. Friendships, formed at St. Joseph's, have made life just a little lovelier and sweeter for hundreds of convent school girls down through the years.

STUDENT COUNCIL 1951



Resident Students' Common Room — St. Joseph's College School.





Cooking Class.

Home Economics
St. Joseph's College School
1951



Afternoon Tea.



Sewing Class.



"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER"

GERTRUDE (O'Connor) THOMPSON

TODAY, my daughter, who is a religious of the Sisters of St. Joseph, showed me an old programme, unearthed, one of these unearthing-days in preparation for the centenary celebration of St. Joseph's in Toronto. It was the programme of the fiftieth anniversary of St. Joseph's in 1901. On the "Programme of Entertainment by the Young Ladies of the Academy" one of the attractions (?) was a recitation "The Song of the Mystic", by Father Ryan, by one of the pupils—Gertrude O'Connor—which may explain why I was asked to write some 'reminiscences' of fifty years ago.

Well, instead of making me feel my age, it has had the effect of making me "young again, just for tonight". That entertainment, for instance, recalls the style of entertainment presented at that time on the stage of almost any ladies' academy. That day about twenty of our students, arrayed in flowing Grecian gowns (of cheesecloth, no doubt) pantomined gracefully while May Power recited, "The Bells". Probably Minnie Urlocker was playing soft music in the background as she did to my, "Song of the Mystic".

Some years ago, in one of my quarterly letters to Sister Leonarda for the "Lilies," I asked if any reader could supply me the words of "The Bells", some of which had been haunting my memory. A few days later I received a lovely letter from a nun in California who had seen my letter. She remembered having taken part in just such a performance in her own

academy and while thanking me for recalling it to her mind, she sent me the words, typewritten. Do you remember it?

“Long years ago, a Southern artisan, dowered with the tender genius of his clime, a dreamy-eyed, devout and sad-voiced man, cast with rare skill, a wondrous, tuneful chime.”

You see, even the words are musically put together.

I think I could name almost all of the girls in that pantomime. I can see Mary Mulcahy in the front row. She is Mrs. Potvin now and has had daughters in S.J.C. Her Aunt, Sister Seraphine, more or less retired by our time, presided over the Study Hall.

Our choral efforts were guided by Mrs. Wyman, who had two daughters in the academy, Lorraine and Caro. In my mind's eye I can see most of the choristers,—Margaret and Josy Noble, Molly Daly, Minnie Morgan, Grace Thompson, Mary Venini, Loretto and Frankie Meehan, Margaret and Annie Ingoldsby, Katie Tuffy, Gertrude Sheppherd, Geraldine Phillips, Kitty O'Keefe, Nellie Maguire, Carrie Murphy, Mamie Flanagan and others.

Gracie Fields has made a humorous record which recalls another accomplishment of our “young ladies”, playing the harp. In the song Gracie tells how embarrassed she was when she took her harp to a party and nobody asked her to play. I don't know how our girls managed at parties, but many, not just a few, played the harp beautifully, and the Academy Orchestra always included a harpist.

The music teachers that I remember were Sisters Loyola, Ethelburge and Majella.

Elocution was taught by Mrs. Richards. She was most particular and insisted that we be heard as well as seen. I can remember when I was being rehearsed for that “Song of the Mystic”. It was in the old part of the Convent, of course. Both rooms that are now used as Reception Rooms were thrown into one by folding back all the doors. Mrs. Richards would stand in the farthest corner and demand that I ‘throw my voice’ to



Do You Remember?

her. It was quite a ball game. If I didn't throw it far enough it was a foul ball for sure and she kept me at it until I was certain I'd waken the dead.

I think Sister Loyola taught singing too. We had many lovely voices. I can still hear Mabel Reeves singing, "Go where glory waits thee". Mabel died while quite young, on her honeymoon, I think, and with her death a beautiful contralto voice was lost forever. Mary Hughes was a winsome Irish colleen with one of the sweetest of voices. She would hold us enthralled as she sang, accompanying herself perfectly, Moore's Irish melodies and some more modern. To me, who had been sung to sleep in my babyhood, to Moore's melodies and held breathless with tales of banshees and Irish fairy and folk tales, May was the personification of Kathleen-ni-Houlihan and Kathleen Mavourneen and all Irish heroines all in one.

I must not forget to pay tribute to the Octets on those programmes. Two girls at each of the four pianos presented octets, after much practising, of course. By the time the concert arrived, I think the poor teachers must have been almost frantic, but the final performance was roundly applauded by the audiences.

I wonder if the students of today have a Maple Leaf Ball each autumn and a Midnight Raid later in the year. These were the social events,— no boys at the Ball, of course. On the night of the raid the girls retired on time but at the witching hour the 'white curtains' of the dormitories came awake and with many a giggle and thrill at the creaking of the stairs, the raiders proceeded to proceed to the refectory, where the careless (?) nuns had left out all sorts of cakes, cookies and such. Back in bed they slept soundly feeling adventurous raiders, who had stolen a march on the poor sisters!!!

Lest you think our schooldays were all party days, I shall tell you a little of the class-room hours.

My own very early schooldays were spent at St. Basil's School, which occupied about two hundred square feet of the Convent grounds, at the corner of Breadalbane and St. Vincent Streets. St. Vincent Street and Chapel Street, which latter ran

from St. Joseph Street to St. Mary Street, gave way to the Bay Street extension some years ago. I lived on St. Vincent Street where it curved to Grosvenor Street, just a few steps from the school. Being the fourth of five sisters, by the time I reached each class I knew all of the lessons 'off by heart', from listening to their recital at homework time each night, so I more or less floated through those years and have few memories of them other than what was in the Catholic Readers then: "Matches, only a penny a box" he said, and "Why does God make flies and spiders?" and "She was dressed for the Christmas party" and of course "King Bruce of Scotland"; in fact I have, many a time, kept my children, and even my children's children, quiet as I retold these old favourites.

I went over to the Convent when I was in the Fourth Book—now it would be called Seventh Grade, I think—and my first teacher was Sister Victoria (I had had Sisters Isidore and Irene at St. Basil's).

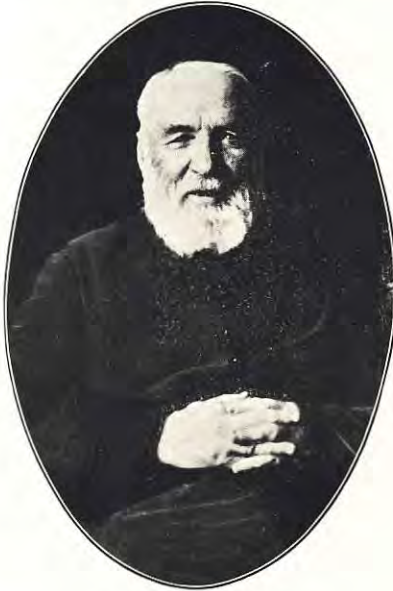
After Entrance Class we were promoted to Junior Fifth and from then on we were 'Missed' by the teachers and always addressed as "Young Ladies". From Senior Fifth we went to Junior Sixth of course, and from there we emerged with a certificate called "Junior Leaving" and from Senior Sixth we attained "Senior Leaving", which was equivalent to the present Senior Matriculation. If one wanted to attend University one registered at University College, as the federation did not come about until 1913.

The classes were smaller in those days—in fact the senior rooms would not accommodate more than, perhaps, twenty-five pupils, and not all of these graduated. For some reason, or perhaps I should say for no reason, day pupils did not graduate prior to 1911. Incidentally Blaid Leonard was the first day-pupil to graduate. If a city student wished to graduate she boarded for a year, at least. Perhaps that was why we had "Senior Leaving". Anyway day pupils left usually at the end of Senior Sixth Class.

Many continued in the School for a year or two after that to finish in Music or Art. The Art Room was in charge of

Sister Mary of Lourdes, whom everyone adored and many of whose paintings adorn the Convent walls.

Lace-making was under the supervision of Sister Delphine, who also taught French to all classes. Sister Etheldreda guided our stitches twice a week in Plain Sewing.



FATHER FRACHON

The Plain Sewing room was at the head of the first stairs and all around the big room were easels, supporting frames on which was stretched lustrous silks or satin, upon which Sister worked the most intricate embroidery for vestments. Nowadays, when vestment making is almost a part of my life in the Catholic Church Extension Auxiliary, I realize the amount of exquisite hand-work that went into those vestments, both in embroidery and fine stitching. Certainly few of us touched these.

The Chapel was fairly new and Sister Regina, who taught Senior Sixth, (and a lot that was not prescribed by the Department of Education, as well) gave us lessons in Architecture, or

at least enough to familiarize us with the various types, pointing out, with pardonable and just pride, the beauty of our own Convent Chapel, built correctly in every detail, with the transepts exactly in proportion to the length of the chapel. No chapel anywhere is more devotional, I think.

Once a week we had an hour of Religious Instruction by the Chaplain, Reverend Father Frachon, C.S.B. He was not young, was very, very asthmatic and he spoke with so French an accent that about all we understood of his talk was, 'my dear young ladies' but he was a saint I'm sure, and we got his blessing at the end, and, for very love of him, we sat attentively anyway.

Of course we got good religious training through all our lessons, straight from the Catechism of Perseverance, applied to our daily living.

Our recreation hours were spent in the then spacious grounds, which boasted a real orchard, 'where apples fell temptingly down at our feet like apples of Eden so juicy and sweet,' and for exercise we had after-school walks through the nearby streets or around Queen's Park, two-by-two, with a teacher to every few couples. What would that not do to today's traffic?

I could fill pages with the names of my fellow students but space is precious in this jubilee issue of the Lilies. But the teachers I will mention,—after Sister Victoria came Sisters Innocentia, Austin and Regina. The Mistresses of school were Sisters Borromeo, Magdalen and Emerentia.

Many of my classmates are in the Order now and I spend many lovely hours with them still. I've mentioned them by their school names. Perhaps you will realize that they are now Sisters Bernard, Leonarda, Anita, Margaret Mary, Augustine, Emanuela, Mary Gertrude, Mary John (deceased) and others.

Some of my earliest memories of the girls include besides those already mentioned, Geraldine Phillips, Emily and Lou Church, Mary Cleary, Alice Power, Mary and Annie O'Connor, Alberta Corti, Rovy Reath, Lily and Lottie Rosar, Carmel Sullivan, Gertrude Sheppard, Ethel Crocker and her twin sisters, Florence and Frances, Angela Durkin, Josephine Petley, Mable and Florence Creighton, Gertrude and Clare Murphy, Lily

Benns, Elizabeth Jenkins, Kathleen O'Neill, Lily Cashman,
Nelly Gough and ————— but if I don't stop some place I
will outrun my allotted space.

Like the brook, I could go on and on forever. So God
bless St. Joseph's! Ad multos Annos!



REMINISCENCES

MARY RYAN SMITH, B.A.

I have been asked by my Alma Mater to write my memories of "St. Joseph Days" for the centennial number of the Lilies. Far from having to be asked, I feel I might almost claim that privilege as mine by right. After all was I not at that dear school for a longer period than any girl before or since—from Kindergarten on through College? To others it was merely a convent boarding school—to Mary Ryan it was home. Countless others, of course, could lay claim to far greater scholarship or to greater accomplishments and to greater achievements in the world, but I doubt if there is one who would contend with me for the unique position I held—that of being the happiest child ever to attend the school.

A friend once told me that I had no sense of humor but that I had, to a superlative degree, that peculiarly Irish trait—drollery. I think perhaps she was right. I know that everything I vividly remember about my school days has a droll side. Unfortunately, droll situations are the most difficult to describe, as I found out upon trying. They require such a delicately light touch to prevent their heartwarming appeal from becoming merely comic. I will give you an example of what I mean. Some day when you meet Sister Mary of the Nativity greet her with, "Not a day goes over my head"—you will get no further before you see her face light up and hear her amused chuckles. As children that was the start of our nightly scolding in the children's dormitory. It always sent us in helpless giggles under the bed clothes. Now, my point is, that such trifling incidents are hard to put across. No slightest criticism is meant. We loved little Sister Bernadette and we all knew—and the sweet absurdity of the knowledge delighted us—that Sister was always much crosser at those who dared to criticize her charges than she ever was at us.

Then too there was the Saturday night game of "Reception" when Sister was at prayers. We dressed in the bed clothes and solemnly went through a "Convent Reception" and the highlight of the performance was the scramble to get into

bed when the door from the Sisters' wing gave notice of Sister's return.

I remember I always insisted on being the Bishop because, as I declared, I knew all the questions and answers from—'My children what do you desire' to 'Go then, my children, and receive this holy habit'. The others were divided into two groups—those 'entering' and those 'making their vows'. All wanted to enter because that gave them a chance to wear a train—a bed-quilt—whereas the 'vowers' only carried a candle. The bishop, of course, went all out in the matter of costume. He had his pick of the quilts.

I distinctly remember the "Old Chapel" before the present beautiful one was built. There, on my first Christmas at the school I showed my toys at the crib and presented for blessing the only doll that ever appealed to me. It had already been blessed—for had it not been presented to me from the tree by Father Frachon! The doll was a jolly fat Santa Claus with long white whiskers etc. Later, dear Sister Etheldreda, whose exquisite taste and skill made the simple altar a bower of beauty, repeatedly repaired the whiskers on my Santa and patched his garments for me. I remember the present chapel being built. It fascinated me. Later in it, I made my First Communion and was confirmed and was 'angel' or 'carried the basket' at many a reception. In a class room beneath the chapel I started school with dear Sister Elizabeth as my teacher. I remember each teacher and class room, Sister Macaria, Sister St. Joseph, Sister Hildegarde, Sister Maxentia, Sister Camilla and Sister Austin. I remember the girls of those earlier days at school—Carrie Murphy who was at the school nearly as long as I, and the Sullivans, Clarks, Deans, Powers, Murrays, Burns etc. and the Ryans—my sister and I. The very names recall the "Reading of marks" and the awarding or withholding of testimonials for good conduct. I remember too in a special way a Sister Regina who taught the Senior Class and had a brilliant pupil whom I greatly admired, Hope Thompson. Dear Sister Regina always called me 'Polycarp' with a twinkle in her eye. I was rather accustomed to 'little de Sales' but 'Polycarp' was different. I

looked it up in the encyclopedia in the Study Hall and found he had been the Greek Bishop of Smyrna. I never did know the connection. Had Sister possibly heard of those Saturday night activities in the dormitory? My early familiarity with the encyclopedia was due to the fact that it was the only reading material in the Study Hall. There was a terrible custom in those days—the library was only open from Saturday evening until Sunday evening. Had I had free access to that library I might have developed into a student or if books, instead of medals had been given as awards, I might really have striven for them. We had no books in the children's play room and a few books would have kept me very quiet indeed. Sister Xaveria stands out in my memory. She told stories so beautifully that she could quell the tumult. We were a shrill and noisy lot as Camilla can testify. Later poor Sister Emerentia tried to soften our voices. Shall I ever forget those awful plays! Agnes Repellier in a story of convent days described them as "conversations between souls in Purgatory when none of them had sinned enough to be interesting". Sister Emerentia worked hard on me and because I utterly lacked musical ability, tried to draw me out in plays and recitations. I sensed the kindness of the intention but deplored its manifestation. How I loathed them! I distinctly remember the worst one of all—Mary Magdalen—from her conversion, of course. I pleaded that my plainness and my black hair unfitted me for the role. It availed me naught. What made it worse was that the lovey and talented Gladys Kennedy had 'starred' in the part the previous year. I remember one slim little saint in the cast, with a high childish voice, whose one line was, "He cured my son John of a lingering malady". For some reason that line sent me, Mary Magdalen, into gales of laughter each time I heard it. Finally the word "John" was omitted from the line and I could control myself but we called the poor girl "my son John" for months. I remember one evening when Sister came for practise she found Mary Magdalen and a few of the lesser saints playing 'curfew shall not ring tonight'—using the theatre curtain rope to swing

out on to the glass alley. That sweet composure was almost shattered!

When I was going through the various classes I was also getting to know and love St. Michael's Hospital, Sunnyside Orphanage and the House of Providence for these represented to me, as a child, the homes of my relatives Aunt de Sales, Aunt Adelaide and Aunt Immaculate and I visited them regularly. At the same time my uncle Father Ryan whom I loved was at the Novitiate, and my relative Father Brennan of whom I stood in awe, because he looked like one of the prophets, was at St. Michael's College. I remember the 24th of May picnics at the House of Providence and no Festival of Britain could possibly seem as marvellous to me now as they did then. I remember too the old farm on the lake and no millionaire estate could possibly be as vast and as beautiful as it appeared to my child eyes on picnics there.

Then followed my years at the University where I got to know really well those brilliant women, Sister Austin and Sister Perpetua, going back and forth with them to the University. Those were the years I roomed with Florence Tobin and had for neighbors Sister Mary Agnes and Sister Josephine who were so very very tolerant of our noise and nonsense. Tobie and I were of that first group of girls—five in all—to attend St. Michael's for Lectures and how very unwelcome we were!

And now is the year of the Big Reunion! Every year I have gone East has been a big reunion for me, for all my dearest friends entered the convent. Hear the list—I shall not call them by their names in religion—My cousin, Kate Phelan, my chum Camilla Sullivan, Carrie Murphy, Fannie O'Driscoll, Teresa Kelly, Frances Ronan, Pen Gillen, Louise McCrohan, Annie Ingoldsby. Other convents were blessed in receiving Rose McCrohan and Eugenie Gillies. These then were my classmates—my intimates. Those years hold the record for the number of religious vocations among the pupils. I practically grew up in a novitiate and no mistress of novices could more accurately detect a budding religious vocation than could I.

Recently I came across a verse entitled 'Reunion' which now describes my thoughts exactly.

MY BEST FRIENDS
ENTERED THE CONVENT



REUNION

Go back? To what reunion would I go
When I have with me all that I hold dear
Of College days? The slow growth of each year
Is part of me. The blue soft glow
Of lamps on misty nights—the rich low
Chords of benediction—they are near
Me often. And my friends? I still can hear
Their voices, and feel their hands and see
them.

How could you think to see them now would
bring
Them closer or can ever bring again
Those long, long talks, that trembling joy in
spring.

The bitter hurt, the tramping in the rain,
World saving visions? None of these remain
There's no reunion but Remembering.

MEMORIES OF THE YOUNGEST BOARDER

“SINGING! Who is in there?” Opening the door, Sister sees the new two-year-old boarder rocking back and forth in the low horse-hair-upholstered rocking-chair, and singing at the top of her voice as she rocks, back and forth, back and forth—yes, the writer of this, “Memories of School Days,” in person. How I enjoyed slipping off by myself to the “little back green parlour,” as we used to name it, and indulging in my own singing! Whenever I was “lost” they would be almost certain to find me there. Music and colour were always my delight. When three years of age I would sit at the piano and play on it, an hour at a time. Sister Beatrice taught me several pieces. The first one was, “Dear Angel, Ever At My Side.”

Dear Aunt Lourdes!* What a time she had bringing me up in the old Studio at the top of the house, above the Alcove Dormitory! “Musn’t meddle” was often heard. Her patience must have been almost inexhaustible, minding me, and trying to teach her pupils at the same time.

I can still see myself crawling up the front stairs behind her, on our way to the dispensary, where I would gladly take the “Fuzzy” drink of seidletz powders prepared for me by the Sister Infirmarian; that was really a treat in my estimation! Whenever I went into the Community Room at recreation time, the Sisters would play with me, passing me along from one to the other, while I sang and asked them to pat my back, loving the nice, funny sound it made by the vibration. Recreation ended, into the Chapel we would go. I would sit up in the big seat beside Auntie Lourdes, and presently go to sleep there, curled up in a little ball behind her.

My legitimate sleeping quarters were in the Double Alcove upstairs on the third floor where I lay in a cot at the foot of her bed. In the morning, as a precaution, she would buckle a strap across me and go off to prayers and Mass in the happy belief that I was safely tucked in. But, having found how to wriggle out, I would presently prance around the dormitory and peek in

* The late Sister Mary of Lourdes Mahoney who was for years in charge of the Art Studio.

at the girls who had "A Sleep," as we called it, when we were permitted to remain in bed while the others were at Mass.

One morning, whilst making my usual rounds, I discovered that the lamp on the table near the entrance was smoking, owing to the fact that the wick had been turned quite low, and was giving out a small steady flow of black smoke. Realizing that it had never been like that before, I blew into it, but that did not stop the smoking, so seeing a newspaper near by, I tore off a bit and shoved it down the glass chimney. Apparently it worked for the smoke was smothered momentarily. But seeing the same thing start up again, I tore off a large piece and down it went. Again the smoke re-appeared, and this time, to do a thorough job, I shoved down the whole paper. A huge flame came forth, and taking one quick glance, I ran down stairs to the Chapel below. Being in my dressing-gown, I knew I shouldn't go in, so instead, I opened the door a bit and called in a loud tone of voice: "Auntie Lourdes, Auntie Lourdes!" It happened to be the Elevation of the Mass, and no one paid the slightest bit of attention to me. I called and called, but still all heads remained bowed, and the bell kept ringing. Finally, I called out: "There's a fire!!!" And with that, a Sister at the back went up a few seats for Aunt Lourdes, a couple of others came out, and by the time we arrived upstairs the table was burned, the wainscot on fire, and the wall well blackened. To this day, the older Sisters remind me of the time I tried to set the house on fire; but until I grew up I quite resented that imputation, for to my mind, I was only saving it from being burned.

Carrie Raeburn, a boarder at this time, and so tall that we declared she had to bend her head to go through the doors, was a great favorite of mine. I remember how she used to ride me during recreation period in the music hall, perched on the side of her shoulder, thrilling me with delight at being up so high. Another great favourite was Mae English. Mae would skip study to rock me to sleep. I think it was through her I discovered the advantages of the "Little back green parlour."

In the refectory I sat in a high chair beside Sister Dympna,

who was Mistress of Boarders. She would coax me to take milk by assuring me it was something quite special that none of the other girls had, being "goat's milk." I would make my way to the kitchen sometimes, when left to my own resources, and sticking my head in the door, I would call "Sister Pius please, may I have a piece of beefsteak?" Sister would always oblige, and I would go off happy with a tiny piece in my apron pocket. Sometimes, I confess, if she happened to be busy or away, I would help myself, and this, in spite of the fact that I thought, the "devil was in the furnace" that one could see through the crack of the wooden partition which separated the stairs from the bread oven and "potato parlour" where the Novices peeled a bushel or two of potatoes every morning. Regarding that crack, I usually tried to get past so quickly, that even though his Satanic Majesty did see me, he wouldn't know who I was. Later as I grew older, I would jump the last four or five steps so as to get by the faster.

We played in the room off the Boarders' Refectory, known now as the "Rumpus Room." There I became an expert at playing "Jacks" on the window-sill, and learned all the children's games that were ever heard of or known. But the best of all was in the evening, when, sitting on the floor or on the benches, just as close as we could gather around Sister, (poor Sister), we listened to true ghost stories, or heard stories of the saints—Agnes and Tarsicius and Imelda being our favourites. Sister Austin used to tell us famous Fables and tales from the Classics, about Aeneas and the Golden Fleece, Queen Boadicea and many others. If the story was interrupted by the ringing of the bell, we would line up to go to the chapel for prayers, but next morning we could repeat verbatim all she had told us, up to the very last words. I remember one night a child screamed out: "There's a mouse!" In a trice, we were all screaming and rushing pell-mell up the whole four flights of stairs and jumping into our beds. The poor little mouse must surely have died of fright!

The prayers were said in the dim light of the Chapel. We wore black veils during the week, and white veils on Sundays

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THE APPLE ORCHARD

and Special Days, and were supposed to be as quiet as possible, as we filed two by two into our seats. The prayers were all learned by just saying them together, and I can remember that I was well in my teens before I sorted out exactly what I was saying in the prayer, "O Angel of God, to whose holy care I have been committed by the Supreme Clemency (Soup Cream), enlighten, guide, guard and protect my life. Amen."—The latter part being a beautiful jumble. I hope my dear Angel knew I meant well. I had the greatest devotion to him, and still have, thanks to my early training.

The grounds were beautiful in those days, many lovely large trees, paths, shrubs, and little bowers made by evergreens. There was one special place where three paths met. I would slip off alone and, standing there, I would think "How close God is to me!" and, "Am I more pleasing to Him now than I was last year?" This place was my trysting spot with Him. Sometimes I would lie all alone on the grass looking up into the sky and loving Him there. How deep are the thoughts of a little child! Who can fathom them? Only the Creator Himself, I think.

Being small, I was often chosen for the important occasions. I held the trowel for Father Frachon at the blessing of the Cornerstone of our Chapel; and when distinguished guests arrived and an address was read, I usually had the honour of presenting it, or of accompanying the girl who read it, to make a presentation of flowers. I recall Cardinal Merry del Val, (then Monsignor), Monsignor Sbaretto, Monsignor Falconio, each of them a Papal Delegate; Lord and Lady Aberdeen, etc. But by far the most important and blissful occasions were the Processions of the Blessed Sacrament, when from being the tiniest flower girl, I rose to the honour of Bouquet-Bearer. I well recollect the day I was "Angel" for Sister Macaria, when as a Bride she walked up the Chapel aisle. The temptation to put out my little foot and step on her long tulle veil was very great. After resisting half-way up, I finally stepped on it, with the result of a sudden stop in the proceedings, and, well—I leave the rest to your imagination.

At the age of five or six we began to dare one another. "I'll dare you to hang off the railing of the boarders' outdoor steps." "I'll double-dare you to jump off the roof of the Summer-House." This meant the first one to dare had to comply with the second before she would have her dare accepted. About this time it is really a wonder I didn't break my neck, or at least some of my limbs. We climbed the ladder fire-escape at the side wall near the music hall, and crawled over into the rooms leading from it; we hung like monkeys from great heights and dropped to the ground; we climbed the apple trees, "hooked" rhubarb from the vegetable garden, and even let the cow out one night to roam at large while the girls were on the grounds during evening recreation. I can, even to this day, recall the screams resulting therefrom.

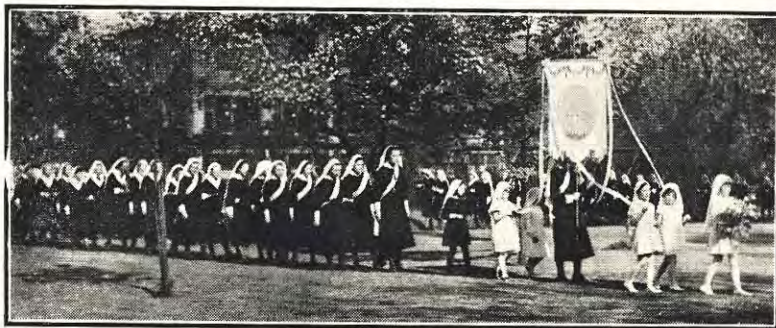
Loretta Van Horn, who was almost six years of age, and quite a wild hare, took me under her wing about this time, and alas! led me into many a pit-fall which usually ended with the hair-brush. Speaking of that, whenever Sister would be about to give one or several of us a few good clips on our hands with the back of the hair-brush, I can remember how honored the individual culprit felt if her brush happened to be chosen for the carrying out of justice. What lessons were inculcated in us those early days! What modesty, justice, cleanliness, helpfulness for others! Saturdays, I had to practise on the piano during darning and mending time, and Mary Ryan always looked after the holes in my stockings.

In a year or so I graduated to the "Little Ones' Dormitory" where Sister Patricia had just succeeded old Sister Felicitas who had had charge of the small children from the opening of the school on St. Albans. We all loved Sister Patricia, but I was often lonesome for Aunt Lourdes, and I would try to go and stay with her all I could, being quite concerned for her that she must be as lonesome for me as I was for her. Sister Patricia understood children well, and we were all very happy with her. One time, I remember, my father was expected—that was always the great event for me, and as Sister could not get a seamstress to make a dress for me, she made it herself. (In those days

there was no such thing as ready-to-wear dresses for children.) This particular dress was a golden brown and she trimmed it with lovely brown rosettes lined with shell-pink silk. I thought it beautiful, and when she was trying it on to see if it fitted me, I asked her who was going to have the dress, never dreaming she was making it for me. "Oh!" she said "it's for a poor little girl." "My" said I "won't she love it! I wish I was that poor little girl." Imagine my delight when having received the telephone message from the station that my father was on his way to the Convent, she sent for me and dressed me up. These were the thrills that make the Sisters and my life with them such happy memories.

I have already taken up too much of your time, and others, I know, will recall the Maple Leaf Balls, the Fancy-Dress Balls, the Library Parties, the Plays and Concerts which succeeded one another throughout the school year—not omitting, I hope, the Sleighing Parties out to Weston, the Skating Parties on the rink, and the picnics to the Farm. Life was gay, colourful, happy and satisfying, filled with prayer, work and innocent fun. I close these paragraphs with a loving, grateful THANK-YOU to all my Sisters of the old days as well as to those of the present. It has been good to be here! I love "St. Joseph's", every brick in its grand old walls is dear to me. One hundred years! One hundred years and how many devoted, grateful hearts these same walls have guarded!

S.M.G.



A May Procession of Another Year

"BONITATEM ET DISCIPLINAM ET SCIENTIAM DOCE ME."

RUTH AGNEW, M.A.

EVERY week when I read this verse in Sunday Sext, my mind flies back to the sound of Father McBrady's earnest voice speaking these same words: "Lord, teach me goodness, teach me discipline, teach me knowledge." Almost forty years later, I cannot now remember the occasion—whether it was in one of his regular Chaplain's conferences, so simple and moving, or during the solemn silences of one of the annual Retreats,—but I well remember it was one of those rare moments that fix the mind to a new focus, for in that moment I discovered an equation: Goodness equals discipline plus knowledge; discipline is goodness plus knowledge; knowledge is goodness with discipline—each forever the sum of the other two. My mind, so recalcitrant to equations in algebra or chemistry, was charmed by the symmetry of this new idea, so neat a summary of our life as students at St. Joseph's Convent-Academy. It was only later and by degrees that I realized how fully it integrated the lives of our Sister-teachers, all equally dedicated to the subtle balance of these three ideals, so hard to equate in the world—and not so very easy, I suppose, even in the convent!

In this long perspective of memory, my three years at St. Joseph's Academy merge almost imperceptibly into my five years at St. Joseph's College, and then my further years of graduate study and teaching there. Indeed, I had first come in a sense "home" to my Alma Mater, taking it for granted that I would find the same guidance and tutelage that I had had at St. Anne's from the Postulant "Miss Miller" (later Sister Immaculata), and from Sisters Emmanuela and Holy Cross and Margaret, and finally from Sister Alphonsus who triumphantly swung me across the supreme hurdle of "the Entrance". My Academy days are now not much more than a pleasant blur of happy, healthy, busy, in a sense uneventful, but very full days. The apparently effortless routine of the convent and the school moved us smoothly along on our

course; if there were anxieties and crises behind the scenes we were never aware of them.

The first day of the course, stands out forever because it was the first day; the proud consciousness of being here



DO YOU REMEMBER?

at last, of having travelled miles across the city in a street-car instead of walking with the children to the parish school; the excitement of recognizing in the roll-call the names of girls from other parishes who had been held up as shining examples by Inspector Power; the mingled terror and exhilaration in the encounter with completely new subjects—Latin, French, Algebra; the timorous exploration of seemingly endless staircases and corridors, all spotless, shining, and waxed to a frightful slipperiness, leading eventually to Chapel, or Library, or Auditorium, or Gymnasium, or Music Hall, or Refectory, or to the mysterious Dormitories which were forbidden ground to us day-girl's.

But soon everything became as familiar, as comfortable, as a second home, and we began to enjoy the challenge of the new courses, of the meeting of new minds, of the new friendly rivalries with girls, grave and gay, from almost every parish in Toronto and from all over Canada and even "the States" and other foreign lands. Most of all, we of "the Fifth" enjoyed the stimulation of Sister Thecla's teaching—the keen, subtle exchange of ideas that only the born teacher can communicate; the shrewd, practical sense of method; the incisive wit and warm humour that seasoned all subjects; the generous recognition of all degrees of effort and excellence; the constant revelation of new vistas and of exciting interrelationships between fields of knowledge.

There was no subject that Sister Thecla did not teach supremely well, but I remember best the pleasure of the hours of English and Latin. She made one as much a living language as the other, showing us from the very beginning not only the clarity and reasonableness of Latin grammar but also its austere beauty, and giving us fascinating glimpses ahead into its greater architecture and poetry and philosophy. To English grammar she gave new life and new precision; and in English literature she opened to us a new world of values. We had all read a good deal before we came to her—much more than children read in these later days of radio and television and movies—but most of us had gulped books greedily and without discrimination. Now we learned—and never as long as I live can I forget the thrill of that steady, daily, almost hourly growth of judgment—to stop and savor a style, to sense a subtlety, to exercise a certain critical faculty, to distinguish the ephemeral from the enduring, cheap wit from true humour, sentiment from pathos and both from tragedy, second-rate from first-rate, the mediocre from the good, and sometimes even the good from the great. Often the revelation would come just from the inflection of her voice as she read aloud to us—how many teachers nowadays realize, I wonder, the immeasurable and unforgettable experience of a child hearing good works well read?

Our second teacher in "the Fifth" was young Sister Mary Clement, who charmed us into much good work by her pretty earnest manner, her grave French courtesy, and her eager devotion to her calling. She taught several subjects, but naturally I best remember her French lessons, and how she would unconsciously wrinkle her nose at the barbarous accents of our early efforts, and how occasionally her careful gravity would dissolve into helpless laughter at some of our unconscious howlers. I am afraid we sometimes tried to tickle that laughter in other subjects too, but she soon learned our wiles and baffled our attempts with wiler methods of her own. We all loved and admired her.

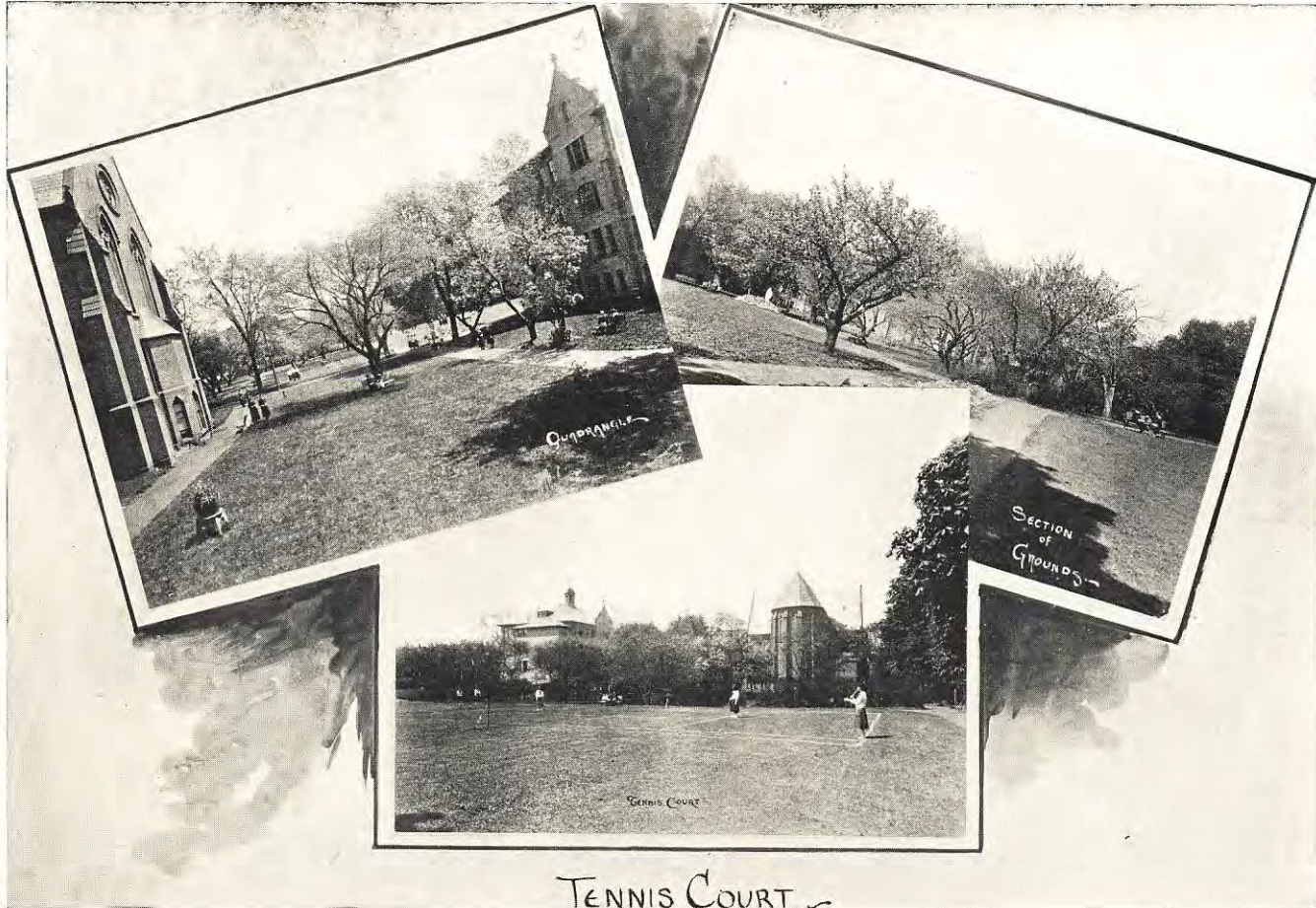
Besides these two main arbiters of our academic life, there were other Sisters on the periphery, or at least on other levels, both literally and figuratively. For the bi-weekly art lessons (which so mysteriously alternated with double-entry bookkeeping) we "had" Sister Agnes; and the "art extras" not only had Sister Agnes but also Sister Leonarda, upstairs in the bright, exciting, paint-smelling studios. The "music extras", of which I was one, went twice a week to one of the Sisters who lived almost immured in the Music Hall. Sister St. Michael was my music teacher—quiet, thorough, endlessly painstaking with a lazy student, always helpful and hopeful. Like Sister Thecla, she had an impeccable taste and taught us to despise cheap and easy effects and to value the slow rewards of industry.

For all of us there was the unforgettable experience of regular sessions in "Department" with Sister Emerentia (that is, the late Sister Emerentia, of course). I suppose that even in that far-off day, even in a convent school, Sister was something of an anachronism. But though we occasionally poked a little mild fun among ourselves at her insistence on the exact width of a ladylike smile, the exact rhythm of a curtsy, the exact position of the head, feet, arms and hands while sitting, standing and walking, the exact intonation of polite speech—still we had sense enough to realize either then or soon afterwards that there really was such a thing as a lady and



ART
ROOMS





TENNIS COURT ~

St. Joseph's Convent Grounds

that this was not the least valuable part of our training for life. It was soon obvious to us that convent girls stood straight, sat without fidgetting, rose quietly, and moved about more or less at ease; and that all these facts bore substantial dividends not only in good opinions but in good posture, good nerves, good circulation and consequent good general health. It may be doubted whether modern courses in hygiene do so much.

Intersecting our orbit occasionally were the Sister-Directresses Sister Majella and Sister Victoria, later Reverend Mother; and the awesome monthly visitations of Reverend Mother Irene (at all other times merely a disembodied voice behind us in chapel) are still vivid in my memory. High in another orbit of "the College" were almost unknown Sisters, names to conjure with: Sisters Austin and Perpetua and St. John and Mary Agnes and others. But at the moment we looked no farther ahead than the Junior Sixth.

Here Sister St. Charles and Sister St. Fergus took us over, a difficult obstreperous, sophomore group, no longer so docile as when under the new disciplines of the Fifth, and not yet cowed by the prospect of Matriculation preparation. By what magic did the influence of Sister St. Charles, that little moth of a nun with a low quiet voice, so soon calm and guide us? Everything she did and said was of such exquisite delicacy, everything she taught was illumined by such shining goodness, that the discipline and the knowledge effortlessly followed. She gave us higher and higher intellectual and spiritual values and the constant balance of a serene confidence in the good and true and beautiful, when we most needed just those things.

Sister St. Fergus provided the complement of a bracing and vigorous encounter with the disciplines of mathematics and sciences. She even managed to make duffers like me aware that there was excitement and adventure and beauty behind the difficulty, and though I never attained more than the required step across the threshold of science, I earned a healthy respect for it and for the subtle pleasures and pains

of mathematics, with always just one more tantalizing problem just around the corner, and the feeling that a supreme experience was at the end of the maze, if one could only get there.

It was Sister St. Fergus also who provided with her continuing instruction in those subjects a really comforting link with the past, when we finally opened, rather timorously, the door of the Senior Sixth and faced, the earth-quake, wind and fire of Sister Loretto behind that door—her strident cries (were they of enthusiasm or of wrath, we wondered) had echoed through the corridor and had aroused in us mingled anticipations and apprehensions. Both were fulfilled in the highest degree. I am quite sure that never in the history of St. Joseph's, perhaps never in all history, could there have been a more dynamic teacher. Sister Loretto took us, shook us, turned us inside out, upside down and right side up again feeling dizzy but refreshed. She swept away any lingering cobwebs out of our brains, cleared our minds of the cant that inevitably infects the young, set our sights higher and higher and then higher again, and swept us along with "reproof, entreaty, rebuke, and all the patience of a teacher",—I always hear the voice of Sister Loretto when I read those stirring words of Paul to Timothy.

The fourteen final examinations for Matriculation seemed but a mild kind of relaxation by comparison with the rigors and excitements and terrors and exhilarations of our daily encounters with Sister Loretto—essays and tests and above all recitations. Only the most nearly perfect preparation, only the most completely honest opinion could bear her scrutiny. A glib evasion or a parroting repetition would meet that most awful of ordeals; the long silence the unwinking gaze of that eagle eye, and finally the low, chill "Sit down, Miss!" A real effort would win a bracing glance of approval; a clear statement might even win the supreme accolade of the short sharp triumphant "Ha!" The tumult and the shouting that we had heard from afar were after all only the triumphant cries of the hunt, hot on the trail of romance, poetry, history, Caesar's

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Gallie wars and the French Revolution, the chemical elements and the stars in their courses. We panted along in her wake, or spurted forward to try to keep abreast of her, almost shouting ourselves, in the excitement of the chase. Yet we knew too that the true greatness of this teaching was "not in the earthquake, wind and fire, but in the still small voice," the true classical spirit of utterly uncompromising fidelity to truth, of contempt of anything less than perfection as the goal.

Now we can look back and see where we wasted a chance, or ignored an opportunity, or failed a challenge, here and there along the way; but in the long view, in the classrooms and in the gardens and in the Chapel, we did glimpse the unity of goodness and discipline and knowledge, and for that we are eternally and humbly grateful to St. Joseph's.



"And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and men." — St. Luke, II-52.

A RECENT GRADUATE LOOKS BACK

ANNE MCGINN

MY association with the Sisters of St. Joseph began the night I was born. That was Sunday, January 13, 1929, at St. Michael's Hospital. Sister Vincentia was the one who showed me to my mother who wanted a boy. Dr. Frawley tried to solve things by suggesting they call me a boy's name. Thank heaven nobody took him up on it.

I recall being taken, when I was about two years old, to see my Aunt Ruth (Sister Callista) who was then in the admitting office of St. Joseph's Hospital. That visit marked my initiation into literary interests, as I was taken into the Community Room (a rare privilege accorded only to a few select individuals mostly under the age of five) and stood up on a table, from which rostrum I recited excerpts from A.A. Milne, complete with gestures. My white boots scratched the table, but a nice little nun called Sister Rosario said that didn't matter at all.

When I was five, I remember getting a new white organdy dress with a big sash that tied with a bow in the back. I was very excited. Mother took me down to the convent, and two Sisters asked me how I was going to like being an "Angel." I wasn't too sure just what constituted being an "Angel." However, when I found out it involved a crown of real rosebuds and a big bouquet to carry, I was all in favour of the proposition. It seemed that all I had to do was walk, very slowly, up the chapel steps behind a lady in a white veil and a long satin train. Somebody whispered "Be careful, don't step on it," as we started down the aisle. The lady in the white veil was Sister St. Stephen.

I remember envying a little girl called Donna McKenzie, because she was leading the procession, and because I thought her dress was nicer than mine. Also, her bouquet was bigger. I didn't take my eyes off her once, and as a result nearly tripped twice. Donna is now a graduate of the University of Western Ontario.

My next appearance in Clothing Day procession was two years later. Aunt Kathleen (mother's sister) had taken me out for a ride in her car one afternoon, and we happened to drop in at the convent. Aunt Kathleen was busy for a while talking to Sister Mary Cordis. I amused myself by staring



Do these awaken Memories?

at the big painting of "The Miser" that's still hanging in the reception room. When my Aunt finished her conversation she called me over. "How do you think I'll look in Sister's outfit?" she asked me, while Sister Mary Cordis looked on smiling. I thought she'd look terrible, but of course I didn't say so. One was always polite when with Aunt Kathleen.

The thing was, that she didn't look so terrible after all. She became Sister Camilla about six months later, and as I had become too tall to be an Angel, I helped carry one of the baskets containing the religious habits. Joan Garvey was

Aunt Kathleen's angel. And Joan will be a Varsity graduate next June.

About this time I was put in boarding at the convent. I remember little Sister Floricita who was in charge of the "Babies' Dorm" where I found myself, in a little white-curtained bed between Betty Anne Fischer and Mary-Claire Labine. Betty Anne was becoming quite famous as a violinist and the violin she kept in her Cubicle fascinated me. As for Mary Claire, I remember Sister dressing her hurriedly one night that she played the piano at a recital in the auditorium. She had a new blue muslin dress, the envy of all the other little girls in the dorm.

In the classroom, which was Grade Four, I met several people whose acquaintance I kept for years. Pat Wade sat right in front of me, and directly across the aisle was Shirley Ann Rosar, with Catherine Stinson in front of her. A little girl in the front seat, who always seemed to know the answer to everything, judging by the way the hand went up after every question, turned out to be Betty Markle. Nancy Purecell was across from her. Sister Lalemant was the teacher, and I recall that she had very large, very penetrating dark eyes. Sister Lalemant in those days was the Person To Be Most Feared, (after God, and Sister Maura).

Pat Wade is now Mrs. Charles Guahagen of Ottawa, and Nancy Purecell has been married for three years. Betty Markle's wedding is scheduled for sometime next December. Whenever I see Betty, I think of the time she showed up at school with her baby sister whom she brought into the classroom and sat at a desk. She was just learning to walk, a cute little baby barely a year old with a fuzz of reddish hair; that "cute little baby" was Barbara Markle, who was graduated last year.

After Grade Four I left St. Joseph's for a period of about three years when my family moved to Leaside, and I went to St. Anselm's School. I remember noticing a youngster in the first grade, because she was the precocious type who could hold dozens spellbound at recess by reciting long epics at the drop of a hat. The youngster's name was Mary

Sue McGee. Years later Mary Sue went to St. Joseph's and became Editor of the "Hummer" in her graduating year, and now is a sophomore at the college.

For Grade Eight, the entrance class, I returned to St. Joseph's. I remember very well, when I was told I would have to start wearing glasses. I remember, because I felt homely enough as things were, with my long straight hair done in two braids to my waist. (I had always longed for curls). But to have to wear glasses was the crowning humiliation! Shirley Ann Rosar, (she of the lovely platinum blonde hair and rosy cheeks) told me one day after school not to mind because I looked "real nice and studious." "Studious" was one thing I had no desire to look.

Sister Agatha was the teacher of that class, and I can never look back on those days without the greatest feelings of respect and admiration for her. Of all the teachers I have ever had, she made the greatest impression. Entrance Class was the year I wanted to become a nun. I remember little Sister Genevieve who taught Grade Seven class next door. She was interested in art, and consequently was my friend forever. I shall not forget the terrible shock, a couple of years later, when she died very suddenly, after being in class the day before.

I had always wanted to take music lessons, and had pleaded with my mother to be allowed to do so, from the time I was old enough to talk. Mother, however, considered the hundreds of children banging away on pianos with no purpose in view, and kept saying "no," consistently. Finally, after years of pestering, she said "yes". The greatest compliment I have ever received came shortly afterwards. Sister Mary told me I was "very talented, and very, very musical." This made up for not being born with curly hair.

I will always remember Sister Mary. My music lessons with her used to go on beyond the half hour, when I would sit on a cushion on her piano stool and she would tell me the stories of all the great operas, and the lives of the composers. The minutes would pass, until somebody would come and knock

on the music-room door and say that Sister Agatha wanted to know why I was gone for an hour when my lesson was only supposed to be thirty minutes. This sort of thing went on for the next four or five years. In fact, when I was in Fifth Form Upper School, and about to be a graduate, Sister St. Joan used to send a messenger over to the music hall for the same reason.

Dear little Sister Mary! How could anyone ever forget her. She was a musical genius, but she was part fairy. When she began to show signs of the illness that finally took her frail life, she insisted on continuing her teaching, but one by one she had to drop her pupils. Even the famous Reuben sisters couldn't any longer be given the attention, that had once made their fame. I feel a great honour in the fact that I was Sister's last pupil. She gave me a lesson two weeks before my Graduation, and it was the last time she was up. On Graduation Day I sent my bouquet up to her, but she no longer knew or was interested in what went on about her. The night she died I had driven out to St. Joseph's Hospital with some flowers for her, thinking that perhaps I might be permitted to see her for a moment or two. When I went up to the nurse at the desk I received a terrible shock. "Sister Mary is dead. She passed away about an hour ago."

Sister Mary Gertrude gave me my first singing lesson, after which the clamps went down on me at home, and I was told that I had to do one thing or the other, but not both. It was either the piano or the voice. According to my school-teachers it was either the piano or the schoolwork. And according to Sister Mary it was the piano. So I stopped my singing lessons almost as soon as I began. However, I'm proud to say that I was a pupil of Sister Mary Gertrude, for even a short time.

During my years in high school I met Sister Geraldine, whose brilliant wit made class work very attractive, and whose beautiful art is a legend at the convent. There was Sister Mary Clement too, with the big dark eyes and soft low voice, who taught us French in First Form. Sister Borromeo taught English History. In second form there was Sister Mary



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL PUPILS FORM LIVING ROSARY
Rosary Sunday, Toronto.



THE HUMMER STAFF





CHORAL CLASS IN THE AUDITORIUM



THE LIBRARY



Arthur, a general favorite, who approved of C.Y.O's. There was Sister Mary Cyril, who introduced us to the study of Latin, and whose constant expression "Working On" became the battle-ery of the century. There was Mother St. Brigid whose patience in teaching us mathematics was equalled only by that of Sister Alphonsus the year before. Our beloved Mother St. Brigid later became Reverend Mother, with Sister Alphonsus her Assistant. I am sure it was easier for both of them, than teaching mathematics to us. Sister Claudette taught second form French, and since she once told me French was a "lost subject" as far as I was concerned, she would probably be mildly alarmed to find out I was taking it in College years later. Sister St. Leonard was a dynamic personality, and her English classes were more interesting than anything else on the curriculum. Then there was Sister Colombiere for Algebra. We were all very fond of Sister. One person I think we can never forget is little Sister Mary Alicia, who taught Ancient and Mediaeval History in third form. The following year when she died, we were all very deeply grieved. Another teacher all of us will remember is Sister Alexandrine. Sister is now Superior of the convent in Islington. We liked her and her classes immensely. And what shall I say of Sister St. Joan? She was our Form teacher the year we graduated and we all had the most profound admiration and affection for her.

I remember hearing from my mother about Sister Victoria who was Mistress of the College School in her day and who was later the Mother General. Mother told me about Sister Hildegarde too, and how frightened the girls back in those days used to be of Sister Camilla, the First. Sister Camilla was the Mistress of Schools, a kind of Sister-Inspector. Mother used to talk about Sister Agnes also and her beautiful art work. She recalls with happiness the days when Sister Leonarda taught Art exclusively. Sister has been Editor of the "Lilies" for some years now, and has made the magazine a remarkable publication. During my years at the convent I sometimes had contributions accepted for the Lilies, and so learned to know and appreciate Sister. A number of us, old and young, will

remember Sister Josephine, who always showed an affectionate interest in the students. Sister Loretto was a great friend of mine, too. "Girls these days just aren't practical-minded," she would say. Mother recalls that Sister Loretto was saying the same thing when she was teaching her. (Mother was Dorothy Eileen Young who was graduated in 1919.)

One of my best friends at the convent was Sister Evarista in the book store. She was always busy with something, either painting or crocheting. I used to wonder how she ever did so much. I saw Sister not long ago, and she hasn't changed a bit, despite her sixty-plus years in the convent, or should I not perhaps say because of them!

I remember when Sister Maura's term as principal was up, and Sister St. Armand was appointed. We were all very fond of her, and never thought anyone would be as afraid of her as we had been of Sister Maura. I mean reverential fear, of course, for who could help loving Sister Maura? The office of Principal seems invariably to carry with it a certain mysterious aura of severity regardless of who actually occupies the chair. I understand that the present principal, my old friend Sister St. Stephen, is carrying on the tradition.

It's strange to look back now and think of the girls who went through with us, and what happened to them. I remember in First Form turning around to borrow a ruler from the girl behind me, and asking her name. It was Eileen Sheedy. Eileen was Editor of the "Hummer" the year we graduated; she got her B.A., from the college, in Household Science this June. There was one little girl in our crowd who was fast acquiring a reputation for herself as a figure-skater. She was quite a pert little miss who was very proud of the fact that she had seven sisters. When they all began getting married, one after another, we used to joke about the fact that it didn't look as though any of them would be a nun. Eight girls and not one nun yet! The girl used to toss her blonde head and say certainly not! No one in her family would be so foolish! Then she came to College. The girl was Frances Conlin, and she is now Madame Conlin of the Community of the Cenacle.

I remember Catherine Habasinski, who occupied a seat in a class ahead of us all the way through high school. She had a genius for colour combinations, and hers was the only uniform in the school that looked like something out of Vogue Magazine. She too is now graduated from the College and is married.

I remember choral practices, every Wednesday, in the Auditorium. Mr. Albert W. Whitehead was the conductor, and it used to amuse us greatly at the Graduation Exercises to see him appear in his tails, and wave to us from his platform in front of the organ before the festivities began. Mr. Whitehead died last year. The very last thing I remember about the convent was how hot it was when we were writing Upper School exams. I thought they would never end, or, if they did, that College would never come. I had it all visualized as a place where tweedy types smoking pipes called for you in the morning in long sleek convertible cars, and drove you about to classes, and wore coon-skin coats all year round. I thought that lectures were something to be attended when the social season fell off, or when one was so bored as to be actually in need of finding something to do. The Dean changed my conception of college life, radically.

At the College I have known Sister St. John, who was Dean when I first enrolled, Sister Blandina, who is Dean now, Sister Dominica, Sister Marie-Thérèse, Sister Mary Bernita, and Sister St. Peter. As members of the undergraduate body of the University of Toronto all the St. Joseph's girls are proud of our faculty members, because we know they are among the best on the campus.

With this reference to "College," I think I had better make some attempt to come to an end of my "Memoirs." There are so many little instances that come to mind. . . .so many people's names. . . .I shall conclude by saying that I am pleased and proud to have been a St. Joseph's girl all these years, and on the occasion of the Centennial Celebration of my Alma Mater, I should like to be able to convey, in some small way to the Sisters, my gratitude for all they have done for me, and to tell them that I pray that their magnificent work will continue for many generations to come.

**MISTRESSES OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT ACADEMY
AND DIRECTRESSES OF THE COLLEGE SCHOOL
1869 - 1951**

Sister M. Anastasia	Sister M. Majella
Sister Jane Francis	Sister M. Perpetua (Whalen)
Sister M. Perpetua (Kidd)	Sister M. Victoria
Sister M. Evangelista	Sister M. Ligouri
Sister M. Dympna	Sister M. Constance
Sister M. Placidia	Sister M. Alphonsus
Sister M. Emerentia	Sister M. Immaculata
Sister M. Borromeo	Sister M. Annetta
Sister M. Demetria	Sister Maura
Sister M. Irene	Sister M. St. Armand
Sister M. St. Stephen	

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL

From the Book—"The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph."

St. Joseph's High School was opened in February, 1880 on the west side of Jarvis Street, between Richmond and Lombard Streets, in the upper story of a most unpretentious dwelling-house—the orphanage building occupied by our Sisters on their coming to Toronto in 1851. In this dwelling-house the St. Michael's Parish School of that day was located. Sister Mary of the Holy Cross White, of revered memory, was in charge of the fourth class of St. Michael's School. She prepared her pupils for the entrance to high school, which examination they wrote at Jarvis Street College Institute. They were successful, and were retained by Sister Holy Cross to take their high school course in their own school. This was the founding of the "Girls' High Class," the name by which the School was known for about the first ten years of its existence.

The Separate School Board, under the active management of Mr. Matthew O'Connor and Mr. Thomas Lee, the then prominent members of that body, arranged that the Girls' High Class should be open to all the girls of the Separate Schools (St. Paul's, St. Patrick's, and St. Mary's mainly comprising these at that time) who had completed their fourth class work and who passed the "Separate School Entrance" examination. It may be mentioned here that the papers for the Separate School Entrance were prepared by the members of the Board.

Until June, 1884, the class did not number more than twenty-five pupils. All were accommodated in one small "upper" room. During that time, however, progress in high school work was made; the pupils were successful in passing the Provincial Departmental Examinations of the time—intermediate, third class certificate, and second class certificate. In 1884 a second class non-professional certificate was obtained for the first time by one of the pupils, Miss Margaret Walsh of St. Paul's School being the successful candidate.

The School Board had not as yet engaged an assistant teacher to help Sister Holy Cross, but the Community was generous in its aid. Sister Agnes Muleahy and Sister St. Louis Landry taught French; Sister Mary of Lourdes Mahoney,



ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL, JARVIS STREET

Art; Sister Ethelburge Garner taught singing at certain hours during the week. Subsequently, full-time assistants were given; Sisters Mechtilde Lecours, Irene Gearin, Emerentia Lonergan, and Camilla Cass were appointed at successive periods. The first government inspector to visit the classes was the Inspector for High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, Mr. Buchan, M.A., who reported the work of the class to be most satisfactory. His inspection was succeeded by that of Dr. J. F. White, first Inspector of Separate Schools.

In the summer of 1884, St. Michael's Parish School, together with the "Girls' High Class," was removed to more commodious quarters at the De la Salle Institute, Duke Street, which had lately been purchased by the School Board.

The "High Class" continued to do excellent work. The attendance increased greatly. In 1885 five of the pupils

obtained second class certificates, and three others third class, which was a considerable number for those times. The previous year two had obtained second class standing.

In 1886 a "Catholic" Model School was opened at De la Salle to train the graduates of the Catholic High School for professional third class certificates, and the Separate Schools were used as "practice" schools. The lectures were given by the local inspector of Separate Schools in Toronto. The "Model" School continued in existence for about ten years.

The "High Class" was ever referred to by its clerical friends as possessing an air of distinction, and it was regarded by them as a very superior portion of their school organization. In the fall of each year the Commencement Exercises were held. The Archbishop and clergy were always interested and attended the exercises, as also did the friends of the pupils when accommodation could be afforded. The school was greatly honoured in November 1887 by the visit of Cardinal Taschereau, the first Cardinal of Canada, who assisted at the Commencement Exercises and distributed the certificates and premiums to the successful pupils.

In 1891, the "High Class", now St. Joseph's High School, was removed to a wing of "Notre Dame des Anges" building on Bond Street, since its rooms at De la Salle were required by the Christian Brothers who had opened a novitiate there. In addition to the ordinary high school work, commercial studies of stenography and typewriting were taken up at the request of the School Board. This movement was an inducement to many of the pupils to remain longer in the school, thus increasing the attendance. In 1892, it was decided to utilize "Notre Dame des Anges" for hospital purposes and in July of that year St. Michael's Hospital was opened. "St. Joseph's High School," as the School now came to be known, had to seek another location. St. Vincent de Paul Hall (now replaced by the Nurses' Home), on the corner of Victoria and Shuter Streets, gave it accommodation for a year, when the trustees decided to purchase Loretto Convent on Bond Street. The High School classes were conducted at the Convent during

1893 and 1894. The Loretto Nuns in the meantime had reconsidered the sale and decided not to part with their property.

The High School then returned to its former location at De la Salle Institute, Duke Street, but as the attendance of both boys and girls continued to increase, the accommodation proved inadequate and in 1910, at the request of the late Archbishop McEvay, two adjacent properties at 471 and 477 Jarvis Street were purchased by the School Board and given over to the use of the Girls' High School, the Archbishop personally defraying the cost of equipping the science department. In August 1941, during the Second World War the government requested the use of the building at 471 Jarvis Street for the Air Force. The work of the school was then divided and carried on at three centres—in the north, at Our Lady of Perpetual Help School—in the east, at St. John's. The name of St. Joseph's High School was retained at the third centre at 583 Adelaide Street West in a building formerly a part of St. Mary's School. When a private school named St. Joseph's High School was built at 3700 Bloor Street West and opened in September 1949, the school on Adelaide Street was converted into St. Joseph's Intermediate and Commercial School. It thereby continues to fill a great need in present-day education.



HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

The history of the founding of St. Joseph's High School and of the different buildings that housed its pupils between the years 1880 and 1950 has been told in other articles of this Centennial issue of St. Joseph Lilies. It is not my purpose to enlarge on that story, but rather to relate something of my own personal connection with that splendid school as it was a few years after the turn of the Century, during the period when it was well established for the second time at De La Salle Institute, Duke Street.

I arrived at St. Joseph's High School, a very new and very apprehensive First Former, on a certain October 20 (I must confess I was ignorant at the time that it was the feast-day of my patron saint: such delightful bits of hagiography I was to make my own later on, under the tutelage of the Sisters). One does not need to be mathematically-minded to be aware of the fact that I was some six or seven weeks late in beginning. I was painfully aware of it too, after the first few hours among these city-bred girls (a small town had been my environment hitherto) who seemed to know all the answers—I speak literally, not in modern parlance—whereas I was yet to be initiated into the intricacies of Latin and French, not to mention Algebra and Geometry. But if the girls were awe-inspiring, what shall I say of the Nuns, with whom I had had but passing acquaintance, when a begging-tour for the House of Providence or Sunnyside Orphanage had brought them as honoured guests to our home? Like every Catholic child, I had thought them “beings of another world” and so it seemed to me that to be taught by them would be a very heavenly experience indeed and one for which my former schooling would have left me wholly unprepared, though I had had fine Catholic lay teachers in elementary school, the late Miss Margaret Breen so long connected afterwards with Church Extension; Mr. Walter Cain, later Deputy Minister of Mines for Ontario; and the late Miss Rose McCabe, sister of Father E. McCabe, a former pastor of St. Clare's Parish, Toronto.

Those of my readers who remember Sister Perpetua as Principal of the High School will realize that my first glimpse of her did nothing to dispel my conviction about the "heavenly experience." Never before had I seen anyone so striking, so picturesque as she, standing in the hall in her black habit, with white linens and black veil framing her perfectly-complexioned face. (Sister has long since gone to her reward, so that no expressed admiration of mine can now embarrass her or affront her humility). When she said, on learning my status,



ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL, DUKE STREET

(or lack of it), "Now, I want you to meet Sister Loretto, who will be your teacher," I was really relieved for I felt quite sure I should never be able to keep my eyes on a book so long as there was anyone in the room so lovely as she to look at. I discovered the following year, however, that it could be managed.

And then Sister Loretto came out of her class-room! That too was an experience but of a different kind. There she stood, tall, spare and masterful, an inquiring look in her penetrating eye ("What was this child doing, starting classes seven weeks late?") As my mother explained our very recent removal to the City, the puckered brow relaxed, and the smile broke, as she took my hand and said, "Come along; I'll see what I can do with you." I knew by the twinkle in her eye that I had found

a friend. Not many days hence, or was it only hours, I also found what it meant to have Sister Loretto see what she "could do with you." It was, I can assure you, anything but the "heavenly experience" I had anticipated. And yet how we, how all her hundreds of pupils down the years loved her! Had anyone ever the vocabulary and intonations of voice that she had to express such utter distraughtness (I coin the word) at stupidity, contempt of laziness, scorn of wilful ignorance? Had anyone on the other hand, ever so kind a heart, so genuine an interest in her pupils, and what was rarer still, the faculty of being able to correct or to reprove, with never a barb, never a sting left to rankle in the heart or mind of the delinquent?

Of that first year of High School, the most vivid recollection is one of hard work and more hard work: the former was mine, the latter Sister Loretto's. While the rest of the class sailed blissfully along (or so it seemed to me), I was minding my x's and y's and was struggling on the side, not too successfully either, with angles and triangles, with "puella" and "je suis" and all the other little odds and ends of knowledge that the rest had acquired in those weeks that I had missed. And you will not be surprised to learn, that is if you knew Sister Loretto, that I was supposed somehow or other, willy-nilly, to be following her regular lessons! By Christmas, I was emerging from the maze, and I may add, from the daze; life seemed once more worth the living.

Sister Loretto too has gone to her eternal rest, the slightest anticipation of which she had so heroically denied herself in life. What do we, her pupils, not owe her for that solid foundation in secondary school subjects, and even more for her clear, concise instructions in Christian Doctrine with so many helpful suggestions for putting it into effect in our daily living, and for her unremitting efforts to train our wills and to form our characters? In days to come, others may bear the name, but for us and for the generation that succeeded us, there will be but one "Sister Loretto."

The next four of my happy years at the High School were spent in Sister Perpetua's room. Those were the blessed days

when a Form-Teacher was really a Form-Teacher and taught every subject on the curriculum. In fact, Sister Perpetua was a Three-Form-Teacher all in one. Some may disagree, but to my way of thinking, accustomed as I had been to an ungraded school, the advantages of that now antiquated system far outweighed the disadvantages, given, of course, good teachers; and such we certainly had. But not only did Sister Perpetua teach all the subjects, as Sister Loretto had done in my first year, she actually prepared girls for different examinations, some for Second Class Certificates and some for First Class, and when one recalls that the former comprised the subjects of the present combined Lower and Middle School Examinations, while the latter was taken in two parts and comprised English Literature and Composition, Physics, Botany, Zoology, Mediaeval History, Modern History, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Latin, French and German (no choice either!), the miracle is how any one teacher could teach such a variety of subjects, and find time for them in the week. To be sure, the classes were small and so far as I recall there was never any question of her having to discipline. We were there to learn and learn we did. When I look back now on all that Sister Perpetua accomplished, I am astounded at her mastery of such varied subjects as the higher Mathematics, Sciences and Languages. It was not only an intellectual but a physical feat as well, and one of no mean proportions. Her religious instructions made a lasting impression, and it was largely owing to her word and example that so many of her pupils were drawn to consecrate their lives to God. Later on as Dean of the College and Head of its English department, she did an invaluable service to Catholic Education, but I doubt if that phase of her educative career showed any higher calibre than the work she did for so many years at St. Joseph's High School. Never for a moment did she lose that equanimity, poise and serenity that characterized her entire life; in all she did, never was there anything slipshod, nothing that fell short of near-perfection.

Was it then all work and no relaxation for us who attended the High School? By no means: every week the entire school

assembled for an instruction in religion, given in my first year by Reverend Father Rohleder, and in the other years by Reverend Dr. Tracy, both stationed at the Cathedral, both outstanding theologians. Once a week, too, we were first initiated into and later became proficient (more or less, that is to say) in the noble art of the "do, re, mi, system" of singing and choral work under the practised hand of a chubby, good-natured and talented little Englishman, Mr. Donville, who accompanied our sometimes painful efforts on his cherished violin. The results of the year's work were proudly exhibited at Commencement Exercises in the Fall, which were honoured by a large number of clergy, the Reverend Mother and other officials from the Convent, and our parents and friends. For the recitations, readings of prize-lists, etc., the gifted among us were specially and meticulously trained by the late Sister Emerentia, a past-master in the art of lady-like tones and deportment, and in the correct bow. Our recreational sport was mostly handball. (Has any School a handball alley now, I wonder.) On the rare occasions when I took my lunch I would match my skill (save the mark!) against such experts as Kate Halloran or Julia McGlue (now deceased); when I played with either of them as partner, I won; otherwise I rarely covered myself with glory. Hot but happy, we would come panting up the stairs to the class-room, leaving a bare five minutes to wash off the grime and finish up some exercise in Latin or a problem in Maths. with the ever-generous assistance of the clever and studious Lily Reilly or Charlotte Donoghue. I hope they realized how much we appreciated those last-minute elucidations. At the mere mention of those names, the faces of so many wonderful classmates come up smiling before me: Ella Ford, (now the mother of three priests), Lottie Ramsperger (whose son is a seminarian and whose two eldest girls are nuns), Evelyn Brown (a Good Shepherd nun these many years), Vera Carey (our own dear departed Sister Loyola) whose father's visits as Member of the School Board, left behind such a note of cheer, Loretto Christie (our present Sister Eudocia), Barbara and Hazel Crocker (the latter a Good Shepherd nun, too), Josephine and Margaret Vahey, Irene

O'Driscoll (whose son is a Basilian), Gertrude Hale and many others, whom I trust the Centennial reunion will bring together once more.

There are so many memories, some amusing, some nostalgic, that come crowding in upon me; the consternation among the boys in the yard below our window, when their handball came crashing through the pane,—consternation, I repeat, not remorse, for the ball then became our property; the annual sleighride out into the country, with the dear Nuns a spectacle of amazement to all passers-by, black behind, black in front and black all over, for those were the days when the bonnet veil was worn over their faces; after the ride the bounteous repast in the Assembly Hall upstairs; the annual visit during Forty Hours to the Brothers' Chapel, when the ponderous door that separated us from the Boys' School and the Cloister swung on its rusty hinges and admitted us to the Sanctum Sanctorum, with repeated instructions from the Sisters to "look neither to left nor to right" till we were safely in the Chapel. I used to wonder what we might have seen had our eyes swerved. Then there were examination days, when we wrote the dreaded Departmentals at the Convent. No such thing then as finishing them up in June! They began the second day of July and went on and on. The "Glorious 12th" was the most harrassing day of all, with the fifes and drums passing all morning, keeping one's thoughts, if one had any, all awry. How kind the Boarders at the Convent were to us! Mary and Camilla and Florence and Carrie, with the latter of whom I more than once shared, after the ordeal of the day, what was left of the refreshing lemonade which Mr. Slater, the Presiding Officer was served each afternoon; that was the beginning of years of sharing in Community life. I could go on but even as it is, I fear that I may by now be reminiscing solely for my own pleasure.

I will not attempt a résumé, much less a peroration, for I trust I have already conveyed something at least of my deep appreciation of all that I received at St. Joseph's High School. St. Paul warns "He who boasts should make his boast in the

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Lord;" so it is in Him, the Giver of all Good Gifts that I venture to say that I am one of a very few who had the experience of completing her entire High School Course of five years under two teachers only. They were truly remarkable women. May they rest in peace!

S. M. St. J.

MEMORIES OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, JARVIS STREET

To tell something of our days at St. Joseph's High School, Jarvis St. is, for us, to write not so much of the school buildings and equipment as of the teachers under whom and with whom we passed such happy days that even just to recall them brings a feeling of deep satisfaction and gratitude; for to our way of thinking—we admit we may be prejudiced—there were no better teachers to be found in Toronto.

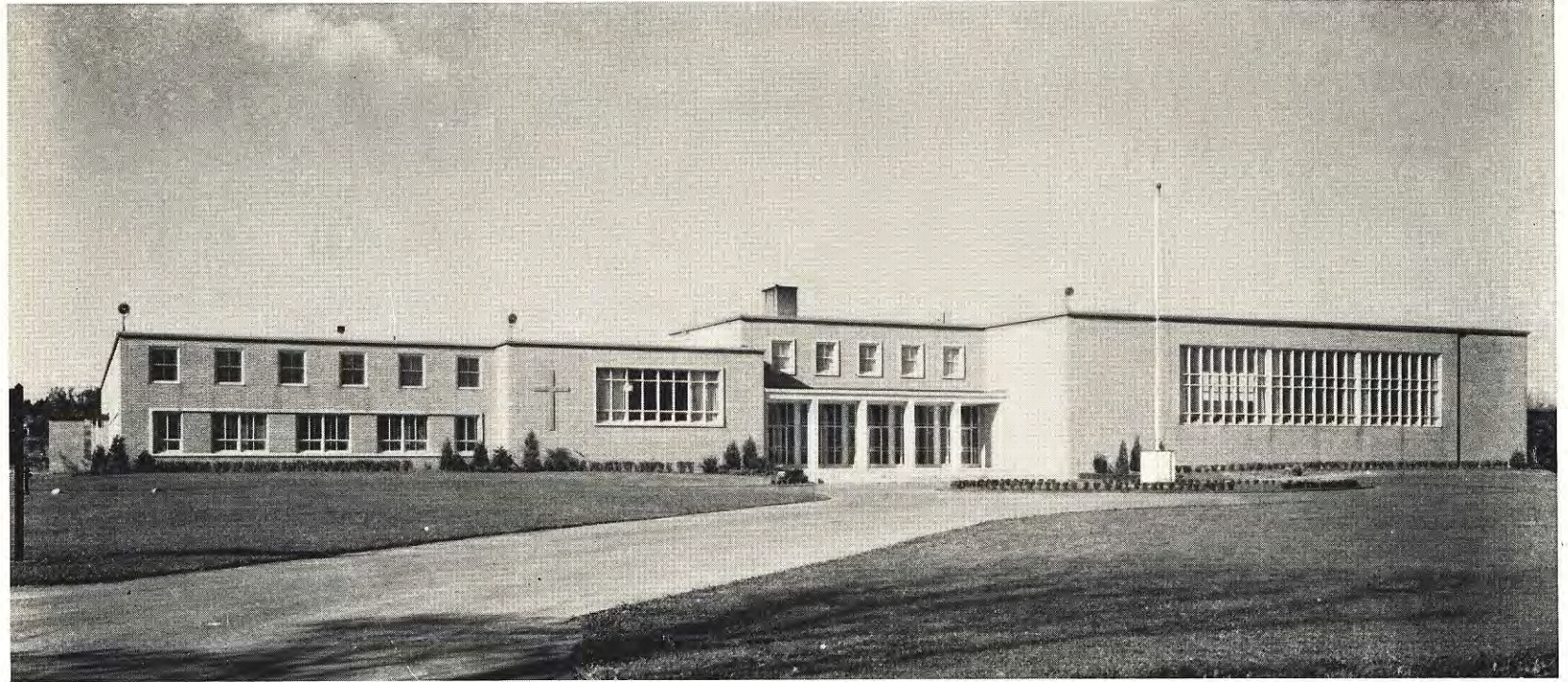
The accommodation in the brick buildings (formerly residences of the city's well-to-do), which the Separate School Board purchased in 1910 at 471 and 477 Jarvis St., judged by modern standards and especially by comparison with the new St. Joseph's High School, or even with the neighbouring then-up-to-date Jarvis St. Collegiate, was far from being elegant or even adequate, but we seemed to take the inconveniences and lack of equipment in our stride, for we were keenly aware that what the school may have lacked in material advantages was more than compensated for by the excellent teachers with which it was staffed: Sister Josephine, our Principal, who died in 1948, with her genuine love and interest in each pupil: Sister St. Brigid (now Mother General), whose lessons in Art were a relaxation and a joy, though we doubt if our efforts produced a like reaction in her: Sister Dominica (now Head of the English Department of St. Joseph's College) gentle, so painstaking herself, so exacting of the "honest-best" in others: and Sister St. Fergus (now Superior of St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake), who somehow or other, equipment or no equipment, managed to "get us through" Matriculation Science, mostly due, we humbly admit, to her unbounded patience and sure knowledge of the subject.

It was in our time too that those excellent teachers, Mother Angelina, I.B.V.M. (now deceased) and Mother St. Eugene, I.B.V.M., were also on the Staff, making a happy combination of members of the two Religious Teaching Orders of that day; creating too, betimes, a friendly and amusing rivalry between the girls who came from Separate Schools where they had been taught by Loretto or St. Joseph nuns respectively. The whole atmosphere of the place was one of friendliness and sincerity, and of earnest work bringing satisfactory reward; in a word, a place, where the goodness and happiness of the Staff overflowed into the pupils.

But while it is impossible in this brief account to give adequate expression to our appreciation of the many Sisters who were responsible for the spiritual and material success of the High School, we are sure that no one will question our giving special mention to our beloved Sister Josephine, on whom, as Principal, rested the responsibility for the welfare and smooth-running of the entire school. She was a thorough teacher, a genius at Mathematics and only a little, if any, less so at English and History and Science. Hers was a rare instinct for ferreting out one's weak spots, whether of intellect or character, with a corresponding gift for making good the flaws and bringing out what was best in each individual. She imbued us with a genuine love of learning and culture (ten of that class are now in the teaching profession, some, University Graduates); but most of all, she transmitted to us a deeper understanding of the nobility and grandeur of a life of self-sacrifice, such as was hers, with the very tangible result that seven of that same class are Religious to-day.

But both before and after "our day," St. Joseph's High School, Jarvis St., was known for its outstanding teachers; so we feel we cannot more fitly close this brief tribute than by mentioning at least a few of those whose names will always be linked with that school; Sisters Camilla, Hildegard, Innocentia, Xaveria, Austin, Loretto, St. Anne, Bernard, Ernestine, Leonarda, Margaret Mary, Augustine, St. John, Loyola, Marguerite, St. James and St. Leonard. What a challenge that list presents to the present generation!

S.M.A. and S.M.B.



NEW ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL



The Home
Economics
room,
modern in
every detail.



The Library
with
Conference
and writing
room
adjoining.



A Class
Room.

THE NEW ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL

THE Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto is providing the true answer to the present moral paralysis. The answer is embodied in their attempt to educate Catholic youth along Christian principles and to give them a firm moral basis for the bewildering present and the frightening future; to teach them to distinguish the true from the false and imbue them with the courage to hold to their convictions. Never has the need for Christian education been so dire. The world is flooded with ideas completely opposed to our Christian ideals. We must have, not bullets nor atomic bombs, but stronger, finer ideals, age-old morals in a modern setting. And so during the last five years the Community has opened four new high schools. The latest one, built to accommodate 500 girls from the extreme western section of Toronto and suburbs, is located at Islington, a few hundred yards from the junction of Bloor and Dundas Streets.

The building, a low, two-storied structure, is of pressed brick with white stone trim. The first sod was turned in July, 1948. Heaven seemed to smile on the enterprise, for despite strikes of various sorts, the cornerstone was laid May 22, 1949, the feast day of Mary Mediatrix, and classes for Grades Nine to Eleven were begun September 12th, the feast of the Holy Name of Mary. The building was completed during the year and officially opened by His Eminence on the Patronage of St. Joseph, 1950.

In September, 1950, Grade Twelve was added and in September, 1951, Grade Thirteen and Commercial.

The school itself is "a joy to behold". Its fourteen classrooms, home economics and art departments, science laboratories and gymnasium and shower room, its charming library and sunny cafeteria are all designed for efficiency as well as beauty and comfort.

Gleaming expanses of terrazzo greet the visitor as he enters the spacious oak-panelled foyer, where St. Joseph and

the motto "Ora et Labora" are symbolized by allegorical figures in gold leaf on an ochre-red background.

Lockers in robin's egg blue, and brilliantly lit showcases for new books and displays of students' work are recessed in corridor walls. The home economics department with its three complete kitchens, laundry, dining room and living room is ultra modern in equipment and colour scheme. Walls and woodwork are of a soft grey or a contrasting rust. Folding leather doors separate the sewing room with its electric sewing machines, ironing boards which may be folded up into wall niches, fitting alcoves equipped with three-way mirrors, ample sewing tables, magazine and book shelves. Nothing has been forgotten.

The art and craft room is a place of interest to pupils and visitors too. Tack board along the front and back walls and on the cupboard doors provides ample display space for students' work which, incidentally, is amazing. Apparently there is much talent among the Grade Niners in sketching and clay modelling, water colours and oils, scenery for plays and posters for various activities.

The Cafeteria is a pleasant room, windowed on two sides, with sunny yellow walls and gay, printed curtains. Light birch tables have green formica tops and are most attractive. A combination kitchen and servery is separated from the cafeteria by a chromium rail and counter in which is recessed a steam table, milk cooler, and ice cream container.

Psychology of colour has been applied in each classroom. The pastel tinted walls and harmonious mastic tile, the Venetian blinds and blond birch furniture, the fluorescent lighting in acoustic ceilings—all create an illusion of sunshine even on the dullest day. A statue of Our Blessed Mother holds a place of honour in an especially designed niche in each classroom. In one she is depicted as Our Lady of Grace, in another Our Lady of the Cape, the Immaculate Conception, the Assumption, Our Lady of Sorrows. Surely she will guard those children who tend her shrines, who say a Hail Mary before each class and who daily make a visit to her Divine Son in the Convent Chapel!

This Chapel is a gem of liturgical simplicity and has

been planned so that it is of easy access to the students. Folds of grey homespun and gold damask falling from the ceiling cover the front wall of the sanctuary, blend with the pale green of the side walls and soften the austere beauty of the limestone altar and wrought iron Communion rail. The holy water founts and twin sanctuary lamps are of bronze and are individual in style and design. Strangers are deeply impressed with the harmony of the whole which only accents the atmosphere of spirituality that seems almost tangible.

The gymnasium is large and well-lighted, and attractively painted in blue, with gray pebble cloth curtains on the large windows and on the 20-foot stage which extends across one end. This stage is equipped with footlights and coloured border lights which may be dimmed gradually. Unusual and beautiful colour effects may be so obtained. Back of the gymnasium are the lockerette and shower rooms and the gym instructress's office.

The school has many interesting features—the administrative offices with a public address cabinet, radio and recorder and a master clock, the medical room, and a well-appointed book store, the science laboratories and adjoining storerooms with acid-resisting surfaces on desks and counters—and its library.

The library is a beautiful room. Draperies of honey-coloured homespun blend with the light birch furniture and adjustable book shelves and form a harmonious background for the colourful bindings and gay dust jackets of a rapidly growing collection. "Tell me what you read and I'll tell you what you are" is indeed a truism. Each book contributes to the formation of the student whether she reads to obtain further knowledge or for pure enjoyment. Cushioned windowseats are but an invitation to "browse", to travel into lands unknown, to lose herself in the historical past or to sail on the sea of the future which is not uncharted. Through books, perhaps more than through any other medium she is acquiring those ideas and ideals which may help in some small way to cement the foundation of a lasting peace.

S.M.C.



THE EVENING OF LIFE

In 1918, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, was erected as a Novitiate and used as such until 1935. Since then many of the senior Sisters of the Community have found there a longed-for rest and seclusion from the distractions of the active life. It has also proved an ideal spot for invalid and convalescent Sisters. For the past few years a section of the lower floor has been transformed into classrooms and is temporarily St. Theresa's Shrine School.



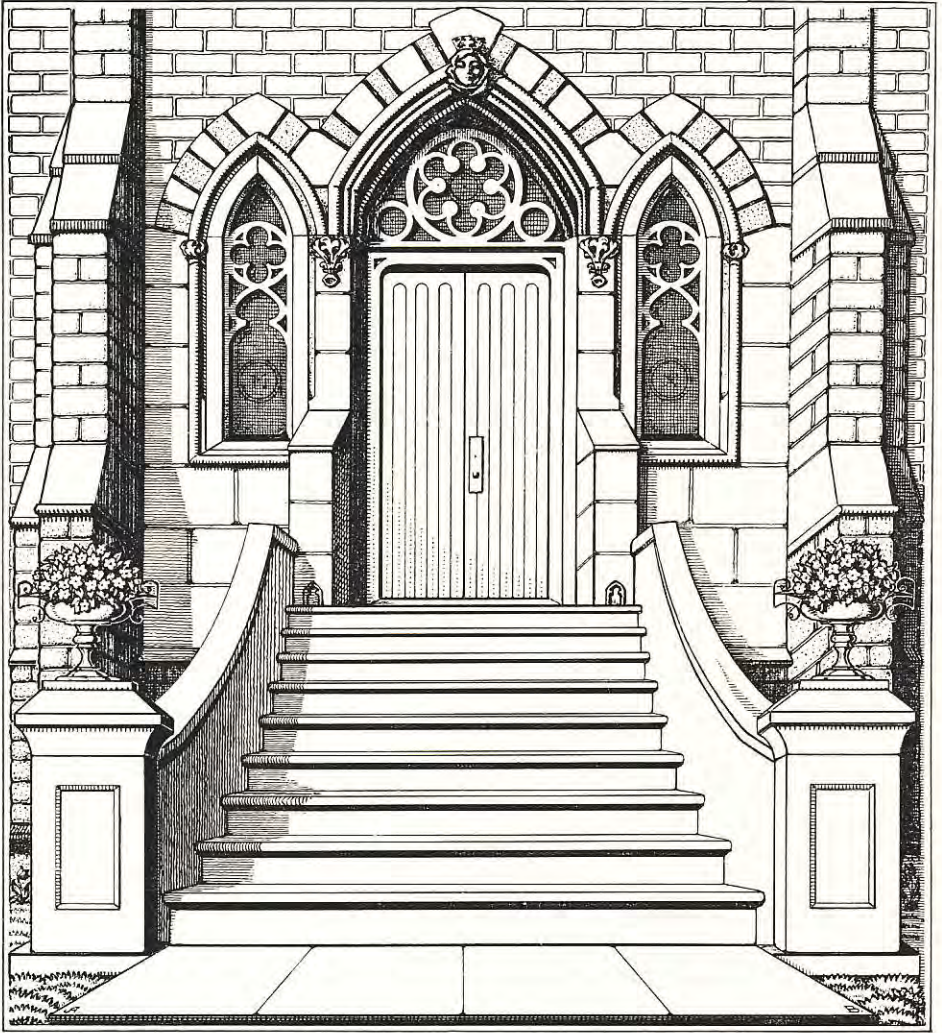
INVERMARA, ONTARIO

Since Midsummer, 1940, "Invermara" has meant a two-week tonic to every Sister. Situated on Lake Simcoe two miles from Orillia, Ontario, the location is ideal. From May to October, groups of Sisters spend a vacation there building up new reserves of both spiritual and temporal energy.



To Our Graduates of
This Centennial Year

1951



FRONT DOOR ST. JOSEPH'S COVENT



GRADUATES
OF



ST. JOSEPH'S
COLLEGE
1951



THE CARDINAL'S ADDRESS

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL GRADUATION 1951

ONE hundred years ago, October 7, 1851, under the inspiration and guidance of Bishop de Charbonnel, a French nobleman by birth, and by the authority of the Holy See, named the successor to the heroic Bishop Power, as second Chief Pastor of Toronto, a small band of the Sisters of St. Joseph came to start their work of education and charity in this City and Province. The mustard seed has grown into a great tree, with daughter offshoots in the Dioceses of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, Sault Ste. Marie and Pembroke. And yet the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto alone, now a Generalate of Pontifical Rank with its own Cardinal Protector, has institutions all over our great country from Montreal in the East to the Island of Vancouver and the City of Prince Rupert in the West. Nineteen hundred and fifty-one is therefore a year of jubilee, of thanksgiving to God for the work accomplished and the graduating class of St. Joseph's College School is privileged to be the first to share in the jubilee ceremonies that commemorate the advent of St. Joseph's Sisters to Canada. Other public functions will mark this glorious anniversary but this occasion prompts me to offer to the Sisters of St. Joseph in the name of the Diocese and of all our people our most cordial congratulations, perfumed by our gratitude for the wondrous works they have wrought for God and country in Toronto and throughout the whole broad expanse of our fair land.

I wish now to express in the name of all here present, as in my own, our warmest felicitations to you the members of the graduating class, on success achieved, on laurels won, on the happy crowning of your years of arduous work. Those who have guided, taught and trained you may truly be called lights that not only shone but also burned. So was the forerunner of the Redeemer styled: "He was the lamp burning and shining." In truth, the mere brilliance of intellectual achieve-

ments is not the full secret to the good life on earth or of life eternal. It is necessary, though not enough, to shine. We must also burn, burn with the love of God, with the love of our fellow-men; burn with the love of the good, and the true and beautiful, with the love of God's commandments and of His moral law. You have been taught and trained to combine scholarship with sanctity, high thinking with holy living and to realize that the goal of all the strivings of your Alma Mater has been to form Christ in you and in a spirit of humble pride, to send you forth as an elite and cultured group of Canadian Catholic women. St. Joseph's College School would wish to present each of you to the world, in the words of the poet:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit pure and bright
With something of an angel's light."

You are, in very truth, an elite group, for yours has been the high privilege to have been formed into maturity by a School that is healthily modern in the teaching of arts and science, and yet it is integrally part of the Universal Church, the guardian of Divine Truth and the patroness of all the secular arts and learning native to the human spirit. You have been imbued with the traditions, principles and ideals of Christian humanism. You have been given a Catholic outlook on life. Your professors have shown you that a humanism which rejects the possibility of a divinely-revealed religion and even a personal God, cannot interpret man and his activities adequately in terms of ultimate values and ends. While full and adequate attention has been paid to the temporal end of man, the importance of living "sub specie aeternitatis" has been duly stressed.

You have not been led into twisted paths of thought, led to believe that the culture of Athens and Rome, of Ambrose and Augustine, of Dante and Thomas Aquinas, of Bossuet and Newman, has passed to give way to the culture of stolid materialism, the unhappy mother of Naziism, Fascism and Communism—a trinity of enemies of all true humanism and

of the liberties which we so dearly prize and cherish. Rather have you been kept in touch with the central civilizing tradition of western history and what is more vital still in its influence on your own personal life, in touch with that one, universal, corporate body transcending and yet including all ranks, languages, races and peoples, which goes down through the arches of the centuries and has its roots in the Creation of man and the promise of Christ the Redeemer. Each of you can cry out with St. Paul, "I am a Roman Citizen," in the highest and holiest sense of that proud claim. As Roman citizens, in a world of neo-paganism, you leave your Alma Mater for the world's broad field of battle where you will be called upon to be leaven in the strife of conflicting ideals.

There you will find your vocation—most of you as devoted wives and joyful mothers of children, forming the future generations to cherish what you cherish and to be faithful to the inheritance of faith and love which it will be your loving duty to impart and to radiate by your life, your counsels, your actions and example. Some of you may enter religion and there spiritualize the motherly instincts which nature has given to womanhood, in training youth committed to your care as your spiritual mothers have trained you.

Others may remain virgins in the world, fulfilling the tasks of civic, social and Church welfare and charity, which our Holy Father deservedly praised in a notable discourse a few years ago, when he outlined clearly the modern roles which woman must play in the upholding of all that is noble and sacred in human happiness.

In the social world which you are about to enter, there is a much greater latitude of action and opportunity for you than was offered to young women not so many years ago, for to-day women are called out of the private spheres of life into the general public and community life to a greater extent than was the custom a generation or two ago. They are active in several of the professions and in the business world; they teach, they write, they enter public life; they are of the community as well as of the home and the cloister. They have,

therefore, more numerous responsibilities and, if not a stronger, certainly a more widely diffused influence in the general life of society than they had in the yester years.

Scattering widely into various avenues of life, you will go, wearing bravely and proudly the badge which the College represents. How well you wear that badge will determine the justification St. Joseph's will have in her daughters. For your Alma Mater will expect you to exert to the limit of your ability, and in whatever spheres of life you may be drawn, influences of the greatest worth. You must resist in your own life and by the power of your words and example, the destructive influences at work in contemporary society. You must also be positive and constructive in striving to build our passionately-loved Canada into a land of religious and of racial harmony, a land of clean, God-fearing, God-knowing, God-loving united families. Time will not allow me to develop these thoughts. Suffice it to say, that you must strive to fill the void and emptiness in human souls which characterizes our times with its loss of individual and national character. You must help restore Canadian youth to the ideal of a well-filled and substantial life—a life of character, of self-mastery, self-reliance and of faith that does not rely on a mass consciousness but upon the eternal principles of truth, justice and charity.

To fulfill these hopes of your Alma Mater, to defend the highest interests of humanity, to safeguard the Christian faith and morality, may well demand heroism of a very high order in your lives. Heroism is not unknown to Catholic Canadians. Our forefathers in the faith and in the flesh were heroic—without the benefit of University education—in maintaining Catholic principles, in maintaining the freedom of the mind and of the spirit, and in stoutly defending the precious heritage of their Catholicity. During the war, Canadian men and women of every social class and religious creed were called upon to be heroic—daily to face death at close quarters. Heroism was demanded as a duty, and sometimes there is no middle course between being a hero and being a coward. If

our country can call upon us for our treasury and for our life's blood, can we say that God asks too much from us when He bids us love Him above all things—above material wealth, worldly position, and even family ties?

As graduates of this Institution, you go forth to heroic life and heroic action in the service of your country and in the service of your Church. Ever cherish the ideals placed before you by your Alma Mater. When tempted to compromise either the fundamental principles of life or your Catholic Faith, recall to mind these words of our Divine Master: "He who loseth his life for Me shall find it," (Matt. X, 39), and these words of St. Paul: "I count all things but loss that I may gain Christ." (Phil. III, 8). It will be your task to save from the wreck of our civilization all the elements of spiritual value, all truth, beauty, and goodness, and to hand them on enriched by a nobler vision, a higher purpose and a more fruitful love. Yours will be the duty to use the generous ardor of youth, the philosophical calm of maturity, the daring, the endurance and all your God-given powers to hold fast to what is best in our Canadian way of life, while enriching it in everything that will make for the true social and civic advancements of our people. Cling fast to your faith, remembering that, as educated Catholic leaders, you are in the front line of the Church: or in the stronger words of our Holy Father: "You are the Church." The great significance of Catholic Action in this century is that it has transformed the visual image of the Church, so that unbelievers are beginning to think of the Church not as a clerical body but in terms of the catechism definition as, "the body of all the faithful under one head."

Uphold the primacy of spiritual things in your own lives and in the life of the nation. To each of you may be applied St. Paul's closing appeal to Timothy, as he said: "It is for thee to keep safe what has been entrusted to thee, avoiding these new intruding forms of speech, this quibbling knowledge that is knowledge only in name; there are those who profess

them, and in professing them have shot wide of the mark which faith sets us." (Tim. VI, 21).

Thus you will give to both Church and country what both have a right to expect from you, that is, minds, hearts and characters formed and fashioned by Catholic principles, after the Christian ideal, and citizens who, next to God, will love their country so well that to serve it truthfully, faithfully and loyally will ever be the greatest of all earthly honors.



RETREAT



OUR LADY OF FATIMA.



GRADUATES OF ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO, 1951



GRADUATES OF ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO, 1951.

BISHOP WEBSTER'S ADDRESS

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL GRADUATION

"Who shall find a valiant woman? far and from the uttermost coast, is the price of her."

(Proverbs XXXI, 10).

THIS was the cry of the inspired writer. Whether it was but a rhetorical question, paving the way for the sublime description of noble womanhood which follows, or whether it was the well nigh despairing cry of one who searched in vain, I know not. But all, I am sure, will agree with me that it is a cry which oft-times rises to the lips of those who in pain, sorrow and sickness look for the help that only a valiant woman can give.

To-day there is gladness in our hearts, for we feel certain, unless our faith be misplaced and our hopes vain, that in each and every member of this great graduating class such a one will be found.

The valiant woman was and is the woman of character, trained to think of others, to provide and care for them, to minister to their needs. Such we believe are the graduates to-day—young women who, in their early years, moved by compassion for their sick and suffering fellow-mortals, sought admission to a school especially designed to prepare them for their ministry of healing.

In that school, knowledge has been imparted, skill acquired, character formed. Doctors, Sisters, Nurses have laboured in season and out of season that nothing might be lacking. Gladly these students applied themselves to study and practice, bravely they undertook tasks that were hard and unpleasant, patiently they submitted to discipline that at times seemed grievous and unnecessary, in order that having fulfilled all that was required they might enter upon their noble calling. To-day, they graduate, valiant women, women of character, schooled to self-control and self-denial, to patience, purity, fidelity, vigilance—to all the

virtues which we confidently trust to find in those who bear the name of nurse.

It was for this great work that our Catholic Schools of Nursing were established. The one from which you proudly graduate to-day has a long and noble history in this Community. It was started by the Sisters of St. Joseph in conjunction with St. Michael's Hospital in 1892 and in this, the centennial year of the coming of the Sisters of St. Joseph to the Diocese and city of Toronto, you form the 57th Graduating Class. Even that does not tell the full story of their contribution to the care of the sick. Shortly after the first Sisters came to Toronto in 1851, a deadly fever epidemic played havoc with its early inhabitants. The Sister Superior, Sister Delphine, who established the foundation, devoted herself to the care of the sick, nursing them in their homes, comforting, inspiring, easing their pain, restoring to health, preparing the dying to go to God. Worn out by her labours, she contracted the fever and died, a victim to her devotion. Her spirit lived in the Community, and drawn by the same divine love and compassion which motivated her, they waited, hoping, praying until the glad day came when under the name and patronage of St. Michael they at last undertook the care of the sick. The beginnings were small indeed, but they had God's blessing and to-day St. Michael's Hospital, with its 870 beds, St. Joseph's and Mercy Hospitals in Toronto, and others throughout the Dominion carry that blessing to countless souls.

The untold effort and sacrifice which have gone into these institutions have been expended at the cost of consecrated lives fired by the love of Christ, Who taught both by word and example that care for the sick was a work dear to His Sacred Heart. How well the Church understood His command and how zealously she carried it out is witnessed to by the great numbers of religious communities in countless hospitals, that devote themselves to its fulfillment.

Her training schools have been established not merely or chiefly to provide sufficient nurses, but especially that those who care for the sick may be formed according to the heart of

Christ and that they may never lose sight of this vital truth that the soul is more than the body. O, the body is important, for it is the dwelling place of the soul, and potentially at least a member of the Mystical Body of Christ, and body and soul may never be separated in our care of the sick. And so the student nurse is taught and trained in all that medical art and science have learned, that will safeguard life, restore health, and sustain and protect the life and health which God has given us. Sound moral principles and true ethics are instilled, but something more is given. It is the gift of love, zeal for the well-being of the whole person, soul as well as body, that the nurse may never forget that her ministry is to the whole man—body, mind and spirit—that by word and example she may teach love of God, resignation to His Holy Will, patience in suffering, faith in trial, trust in adversity—that she may be ever zealous for the souls of those who are entrusted to her care—the soul of the new born babe and the soul of one who, after a life that may be short or long, goes to give an account of its stewardship.

That these lessons have been learned, this zeal and love engendered is our confident trust and hope, and that is one of the special reasons why we rejoice so greatly with these young ladies who, thus fortified, pass through the portals of this day to their glorious vocation. Truly this is a day for congratulations and felicitations and we offer them from our hearts to the members of the 57th Graduating Class of St. Michael's School of Nursing.

Most sincerely we congratulate and felicitate you upon the choice you made, upon the success you have attained, upon the treasure you have received, and the opportunities that are yours.

Nor is it to you alone that we extend our congratulations. They go out also to those most closely related to you—to your parents who, under God, gave you life and the initial endowment of sound mind and healthy body, who by their early training and constant vigilance taught you love for God and your fellow man—unselfishness, the spirit of sacrifice and so planted your feet upon the path that brought you to this day. To your parents, then, heartfelt congratulations.

To the Sisters of St. Joseph, to the staff of your Training School, Sisters, Doctors, devoted nurses, who have vied with one another in their efforts to teach, train and form you, and who to-day proudly acclaim you—we say again congratulations, felicitations.

And finally “we the people” feel that we, too, should be congratulated and felicitated. Yes, whether it be the Doctors who in you receive such worthy and devoted co-labourers, or the graduates of former years who welcome such increase to their hard-pressed ranks, or just we the people, who ever conscious of our mortality, and the ills to which we are subject, find comfort and assurance in the knowledge that there are so many more valiant women, formed in the school of Christ, to care for us in sickness, to ease pain and suffering, restore to health, inspire us to patience and trust and confidence when most we stand in need.

With grateful hearts we hail you and acclaim you, and with our congratulations and felicitations we say, “God bless you, sustain you, guard you, and keep you ever true to your ideals.”



St. Michael's Hospital Chapel



GRADUATES OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, ROSETOWN, SASK.



GRADUATES OF ST. PATRICK'S HIGH SCHOOL, VANCOUVER, B.C.





GRADUATES OF ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL, ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO



GRADUATION — HIGH SCHOOL, BARRIE, ONT., 1951

GRADUATION—HIGH SCHOOL, COLGAN, ONT., 1951



GRADUATES' DAY



One of the happy prologues to the "swelling act" of the Centenary was the bringing together of three sets of graduates for the events of one very full and happy day, Sunday, June the 10th. In the Sisters' original envisioning of the day, there were to have been four graduating groups: St. Michael's Hospital, St. Joseph's Hospital, St. Joseph's College, and St. Joseph's College School; but the exam-ridden Fifth-formers decided it might not be such a happy prologue to the impending Departmentals, and so the College School was not represented.

The three older groups began their day in the Chapel of the Mother House with High Mass. Father C. J. Lavery, C.S.B., sang the Mass—a fact which delighted the College graduates, since Father Lavery is their Registrar. Father J. W. Dore, C.S.B., who has had close associations with the graduates both of the College and the two Hospitals, spoke to them of the constant imperative to seek God with all their hearts in whatever calling they were about to follow. Two texts from Jeremiah formed the basis of Father's sermon;

the first (XXXII, v. 37-44), too long to quote in its entirety, begins: "Behold I will gather them together out of all the lands . . . And I will bring them again into this place, and will cause them to dwell securely . . ."; and the second (XXIX, vs. 12, 13):

"And you shall call upon me, and you shall go; and you shall pray to Me, and I will hear you. And you shall seek Me, and shall find Me, when you seek Me with all your heart."

It might seem a far cry from the words addressed by God to his chastised and exiled people, and through His most sombre prophet, to the exultant message of a graduation-sermon; but the promise of security and comfort and ultimate joy to those who seek and find is one which finds quick response in every heart; and the counsel of eager and courageous seeking for the things of God is especially inspirational to the young graduates of our Catholic nursing schools and colleges. The fact that Father Dore was known to the groups and was accustomed to speaking to them enabled him to make of his message a warm, intimate appeal, whose simple sincerity was more acceptable and effective, we felt, than rhetorical grandeur would have been.

The chapel was at its most beautiful; even the older Sisters agreed about this—and that is high praise from those whose love for the old chapel had clung tenaciously even to the very grime that has been so recently and so ruthlessly removed. The choir did itself justice; and the sun, which had shone but fitfully in the early morning, came out bravely, setting the brilliance of the windows into high relief against the gray walls, and touching to added glory the gleaming altar vessels and the lustreless snow-white peonies.

Although later the three groups were to mingle, each kept its own unity into the chapel; the St. Joseph's nurses in their uniforms (their graduation starch and splendour still lingering since the exercises of two days before); the St. Michael's nurses in what they called their "civvies", cool and pretty summer dresses and hats; and the College girls easily

identifiable in their caps and gowns, and, of course, the hard-won hoods that were, like the nurses' uniforms, very new indeed.

There is something very simple and childlike—yet very splendid too—about processions in and out of chapel. As each group attenuated itself into twos and came slowly down the aisle to the organ's solemn recessional, we could not but reflect that these young women, whose growing up we had helped to guide, were "taking their line" at our behest for probably the last time. There would have been for them many other processions—momentous ones, for First Communion, Confirmation, Corpus Christi, Graduation; and little ones to special school Masses, graduation Mass, to places of interest, even little school lines to and from class. But now, adult life would be too busy for such formalities as processions; and when occasionally processions do occur in later life, they are not the same; individual personalities have become strong and sure, and mature persons do not readily merge to make the integral unity of a group as do children and young girls. That is all as it should be, of course, and we are always glad to have our girls grow up to be wise and womanly; but sometimes one looks at these last "school processions" with long, long thoughts.

The proceeding was, of course, to the Cafeteria for the late breakfast that was to be lunch too. Here there *was* mingling of the groups. Indeed the Sisters tried to contrive that each table would comprise two only of each group; and with a few exceptions for hardy foursomes, such was the case. Many of the sextets so grouped found they were already old friends, having met often in that same cafeteria in their high school days. The cafeteria, like the girls, was now in its graduation best. The resident students served the graduate-guests but the Sisters too moved from table to table, renewing old acquaintances and making new ones, until the photographers halted the table-talk, and when the pictures had been taken, it was time to climb into the buses that were waiting to take the girls to see the other St. Joseph's houses.

S.G.

PART II.

'Twas to be a tale; 'tis now but a tail, coming after, with none of the beauty and excellence of what precedes.

Concinnities of song and laughter pervaded the buses as they "Westward Ho'd" to the new High School at Islington. A cordial welcome was extended by the Superior and a smiling row of Sisters, who captained small groups for a tour of the school. For a while it looked as though the tour were to have its beginning and end in the chapel. Fascinated by the simple beauty of this Home of the King of Kings, the girls lingered, drinking in, in profound silence, every enchanting detail. Each door opened to a new and unexpected sight—the library, the Household Science rooms, the cafeteria; even the projector-less projection room won a chorus of approving "Oh's." Finally the intinerary called, and once the graduates could be torn away from their teachers of former days, the buses were again on their way. The high lights,—gleaned from what was heard in the bus—the chapel, and the Sisters themselves, as they waved farewell and smiled a very obvious "We're glad you came."

At Our Lady of Mercy and St. Joseph's Hospitals the same gracious welcome was accorded, and tours of inspection were taken under the guidance of the Sisters and Graduate Nurses. Nothing was overlooked,—from the oldest of God's chosen sufferers at Our Lady of Mercy to the newest baby at St. Joseph's. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's Hospital provided an opportunity to bask for a few moments in the sunshine of Him for Whose glory these institutions have risen; then a sumptuous tea in the Clinical Room set eyes "a-goggling" and mouths "a-watering." Refreshed and thrilled ("You'd think we were royal princesses," one of these said) the graduates bade a grateful farewell to the Sisters, and to the tune of "For they are jolly good fellows," wended their way along the lake front to the House of Providence. Unfortunately the hour scheduled for arrival was supper time for the residents, and the first glimpse of the House was into rooms, empty of their occupants. The long rows of old-fashioned rocking chairs, the kind grandma used to have, called forth exclamations of delight. Imagination

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was quick to put dear old ladies in the rockers until their real selves came up from supper and supplied the deficiency. Perhaps the greatest surprise was the sight of so many men, wreathed in smoke, filling every available inch of Don Bosco Hall, while the radios blared for the benefit of those who could hear, blared so loudly that one wondered how anyone could hear!

The last stage of the eventful journey was St. Michael's Hospital. Here the spacious chairs and cool atmosphere of the Assembly Hall offered a welcome rest until the summons came that dinner was ready. As in the morning, the graduates mingled, this time at a U-shaped table, and now no longer new acquaintances but old friends. Vases of spring flowers graced the tables and the reflection in the wall-mirror doubled the number of guests and decorations. One found oneself nodding to the friend in the mirror and received quite a shock when oneself nodded back. A resurgence of the sentiments felt at the tea at St. Joseph's welled up once more in the heart of each graduate as she gazed down the tables or spoke a few words to an old Sister-friend.

Refreshed and fortified, a little apprehensive of the nearing end of a wonderful day, groups of College girls and nurses again formed their line for a tour of the new wing and points of interest in the old. In the popularity contest the Nursery won first place, Occupational Therapy and the Operating Rooms following as close seconds.

All too soon the fleet of cars commandeered by Sister Maura was at the door, and each graduate of St. Joseph's College and St. Joseph's Hospital was chauffeured to her very own front door. (Most of the College girls returned to the College, where they vied with one another in enthusiastically recounting their adventures to the no less enthusiastic audience of Sisters.) It was a graceful gesture to end this perfect day, a day that had been replete in hospitality and courtesy, in joy and loving thoughtfulness, that had telescoped into ten hours the care that St. Joseph's, in school and hospital, has had for these graduates over many years. Although the shades of evening gathered round them far too soon, their memories will prolong the happiness of this Centenary celebration

Sr. B.



Book Reviews

THE CONGREGATION OF THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

SISTER MARY AGNES, C.S.J., Pp. xviii-226. \$3.75.

IN the Foreword of this interesting volume, printed by the University of Toronto Press and published by St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan writes: "The hundredth anniversary of the coming to the Archdiocese of Toronto of the Sisters of St. Joseph is an occasion which evokes sentiments of deepest gratitude and of warmest admiration. The work of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the field of education and the healing of the sick, their mothering of homeless children, and their care of the aged form one of the most glorious chapters in the history of the Archdiocese. From Toronto many other branches have been established. Yet the mother community of Toronto itself still carries on the same works in key centres of Canada from Montreal to Prince Rupert and Comox on the Western Coast." These words indicate the contents of this book. One hundred years ago, October 7, 1851, four Sisters of St. Joseph arrived in Toronto at the urgent invitation of Bishop de Charbonnel to take charge of an orphanage. Although two of these Sisters came from Philadelphia, this foundation in Toronto was not made by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Philadelphia, as so many believe, but by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Carondelet, which is to-day a part of the city of St. Louis. Like the Biblical acorn, the seed, planted in Toronto a century ago, has grown into a gigantic oak with many branches. This volume reports a century of achievement in the field of remedial and preventive charity.

The literary quality and the external appearance of this book are of the high standard which one expects from the

Sisters of St. Joseph. The jacket, the end-papers, and other illustrations come from the gifted pen of the Polish artist, Mr. A. J. Birkenmayer. The photography is excellent. Graduates of St. Michael's College in the University of Toronto remember the author as their Professor of French. Sister Mary Agnes has spent her life within the shadow of St. Joseph's Convent and within its hallowed walls. Those who knew her saintly father will recall his fine library of Canadiana. His unique collection of Catechisms forms a part of the J. J. Murphy Collection in the Public Archives of Canada. To borrow the phraseology of Cardinal Newman, Mr. Murphy was reserved to report to a forgetful generation what was the work of the founders of the Archdiocese of Toronto. Sister Mary Agnes writes with the fullest knowledge of her subject. This is not a volume of annals with scores of little incidents and forgotten names. It is not one of those bulky indigestible books fattened out with clippings reporting a reception of the holy habit or a high-school graduation. It has none of those shortcomings so common in ecclesiastical and religious biography which force one to say: "If this book had half the bulk, it would have twice the quality." *The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph* is a contribution to Canadian Church History. It is the result of four years of careful work. It is one of the best books written by a religious in Canada.

Who are the Sisters of St. Joseph? Why did Bishop de Charbonnel write in his first diocesan report to the Holy See. "I hope to have some sisters of charity called the Sisters of St. Joseph, or the non-cloistered Sisters of the Visitation of St. Francis de Sales"? The answers to these questions are found in Part I, France, of this volume. While the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, are celebrating this year the centenary of their foundation in Canada, the entire Congregation is observing its third centenary. Founded at Le Puy in France by Bishop Henry de Maupas du Tour, the first biographer of St. Francis de Sales, and Father Jean-Pierre Médaille, S.J., whose life is not unlike that of St. John Francis Regis, his Jesuit contemporary, the Congregation of the Sisters of St.

Joseph is to-day one of the great religious communities of women in the Church. Refounded at Lyons after the French Revolution, the Sisters of St. Joseph came to the United States in 1836 under the guidance of Bishop Rosati of St. Louis. From here fifteen years later they came to Toronto. With wisdom Sister Mary Agnes has written the centenary volume of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto against the wide background of Le Puy, Lyons, and St. Louis. This breadth of vision gives a distinctive quality to her work. The inclusion of Part I, France, needs no *apologia*; its exclusion would be a defect requiring explanation. Part II, describes the coming of the Sisters to the United States, and their first foundation there. Part III, the longer part of the book, is a survey of the work of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto, during the last hundred years.

Sister Mary Agnes has given to Catholic readers in Canada, in the United States, and in France an informative volume which is also pleasant reading. The Preface was written by Reverend William J. Roach, C.S.B. The sermon preached by Very Reverend J. R. Teefy, C.S.B., President of St. Michael's College, on the occasion of the dedication of the Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, December 19, 1895, is printed in Appendix II. The Superiors and the Sisters of the Congregation of St. Joseph of Toronto are to be congratulated for making this volume possible. Considering the present cost of printing, the price is reasonable. This book is an outstanding piece of fine printing and illustration. It is a distinctive addition to Catholic Canadiana.

—*John B. O'Reilly.*

The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, by Sister Mary Agnes is on sale exclusively at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Canada



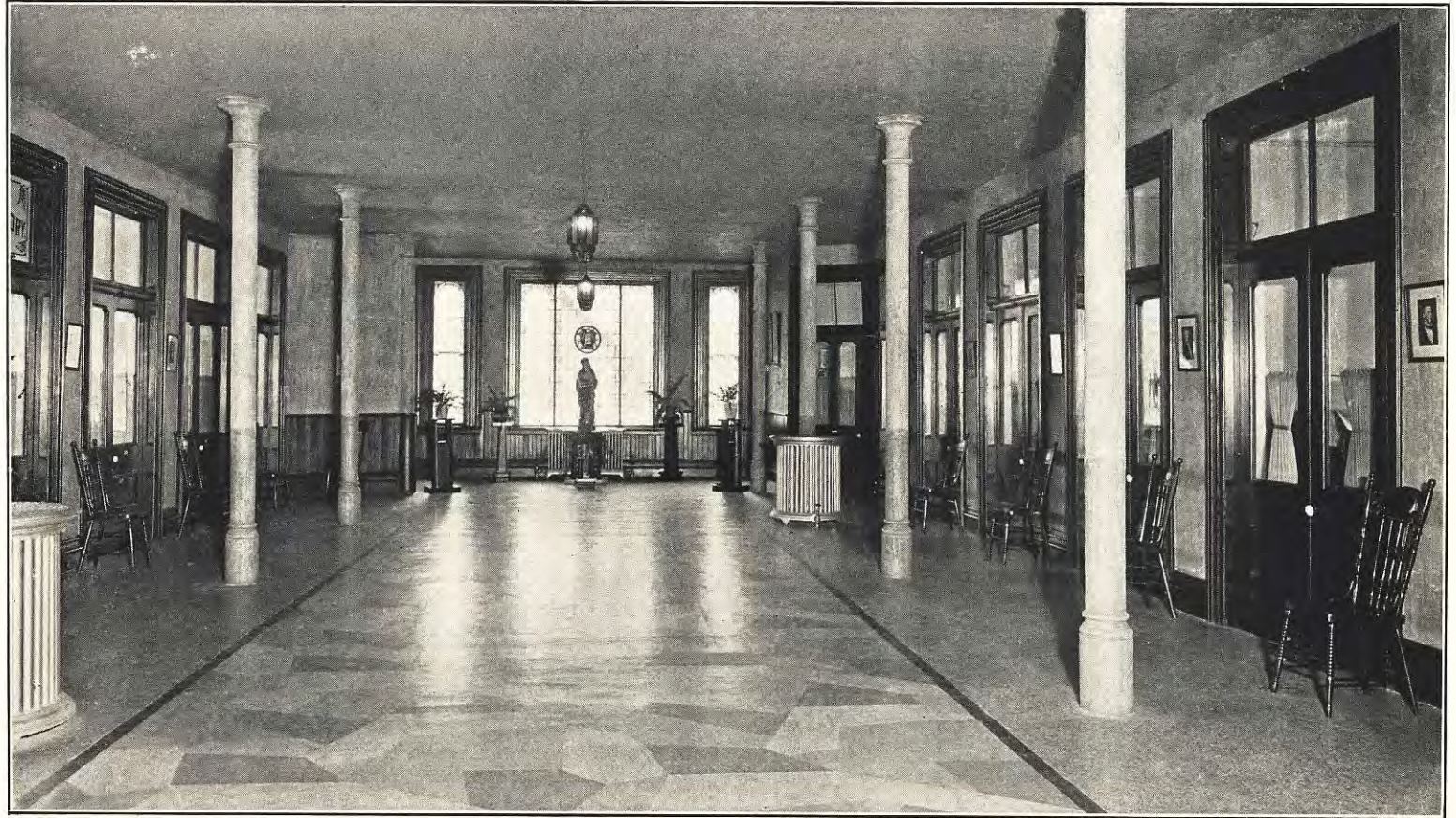


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**DATES OF FOUNDATION OF PRESENT HOUSES OF
THE CONGREGATION OF
THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH
TORONTO**

Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto	1851
St. Joseph's Convent, Mother House, Toronto	1854
House of Providence, Toronto	1856
St. Joseph's Convent, St. Catharines, Ontario	1856
St. Joseph's Convent, Oshawa, Ontario	1858
St. Joseph's Convent, Barrie, Ontario	1858
St. Joseph's Convent, Thorold, Ontario	1866
St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto	1892
St. Joseph's Convent, Orillia, Ontario	1903
St. Joseph's College, Toronto, Ontario	1911
St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox, B.C.	1913
St. Joseph's Convent, Prince Rupert, B.C.	1916
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough, Ontario	1918
St. Anne's Convent, Winnipeg, Manitoba	1921
St. Alphonsus' Convent, Winnipeg, Manitoba	1921
St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto	1921
St. Patrick's Convent, Vancouver, B.C.	1922
St. Joseph's Hospital, Winnipeg, Manitoba	1923
Our Lady of Mercy Hospital, Toronto	1925
St. Joseph's Convent, Rosetown, Saskatchewan	1935
Invermara, Ontario	1940
St. Patrick's Orphanage, Montreal, Quebec	1944
St. Joseph's Convent, Colgan, Ontario	1947
St. Andrew's Convent, South Vancouver, B.C.	1947
St. Mary's Convent, Chilliwack, B.C.	1948
St. Joseph's High School and Convent, Islington, Toronto	1949

THY KINGDOM COME

SISTERS OF SERVICE:

In 1922 a Sister was appointed to take charge of the Novitiate of the recently founded Sisters of Service. For six years, with the approval and encouragement of the late Archbishop McNeil and under the direction of the founder, Reverend G. Daly, C.S.S.R., the Community had the privilege of helping to form the Religious for the beginning of Missionary work in Canada.

OUR LADY'S MISSIONARIES:

The years passed and in spite of a strong desire to send Sisters to the foreign Missions, the Superiors General were obliged to refuse one request after another, but always with the hope that some day the number of Sisters would warrant an acceptance of some line of work in "the field afar."

Quite unexpectedly, however, Providence indicated a possible sacrifice for the Missions when in March, 1949, Monsignor MacDonald sought Sisters to undertake the work of training the candidates for the new English speaking Foreign Missionary Order—"Our Lady's Missionaries". With the permission of Cardinal McGuigan, the approval of His Excellency, Most Reverend R. Brodeur, Bishop of Alexandria, and encouragement from many sources, two Sisters were sent to Alexandria, Ontario, and on May 31, 1949, Immaculata House was opened.



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THEY HAVE HEARD THE CALL

SUPERIORS-GENERAL DURING THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

1851-1856	Rev. M. M. Delphine Fontbonne
1856-1858	Rev. M. M. Teresa Struckhoff
1858-1863	Rev. M. M. Teresa Brennan
1863-1869	Rev. M. M. Antoinette Macdonell
1869-1874	Rev. M. M. Bernard Diman
1874-1875	Rev. M. M. Philomena Sheridan
1875-1878	Rev. M. M. de Chantal McKay
1878-1887	Rev. M. M. Antoinette Macdonell
1887-1899	Rev. M. M. de Pazzi Kennedy
1899-1902	Rev. M. M. Eucheria McCarthy
1902-1908	Rev. M. M. de Pazzi Kennedy
1908-1914	Rev. M. M. Irene Conroy
1914-1920	Rev. M. M. Alberta Martin
1920-1932	Rev. M. M. Victoria Devine
1932-1944	Rev. M. M. Margaret Phelan
1944-	Rev. M. M. St. Brigid Gillen

CALENDAR OF CENTENNIAL YEAR

The seventh of each month offered by the Community as a day of gratitude and reparation. (The four pioneer Sisters reached Toronto on October 7, 1851.)

April 3—April 11—A Public Novena of Thanksgiving and Petition in honour of St. Joseph, in the Mother House chapel, consisting of the Rosary, Prayers in honour of the Joys and Sorrows of St. Joseph, a Sermon, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The speakers were:

- April 3**—His Excellency, Bishop Webster
 - 4—Rt. Rev. E. M. Brennan, D.P.
 - 5—Rev. J. McGoey, S.F.M.
 - 6—Rt. Rev. J. A. McDonagh, D.P.
 - 7—Rt. Rev. J. E. Ronan, D.P.
 - 8—Rev. F. Pennylegion
 - 9—Rt. Rev. W. A. Egan, D.P.
 - 10—Rt. Rev. M. W. Cullinane, D.P.
 - 11—His Eminence James Charles Cardinal McGuigan
Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph
-

April 20—“Mademoiselle Jeanne”, (a play woven around the life of Mother St. John Fontbonne), presented by students of the College School.

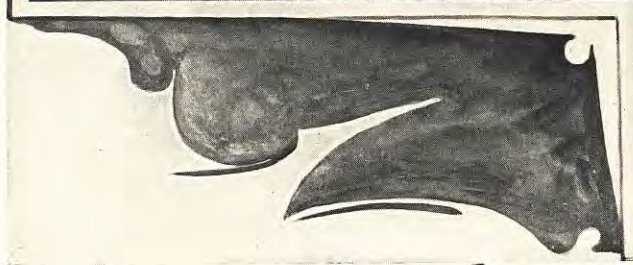
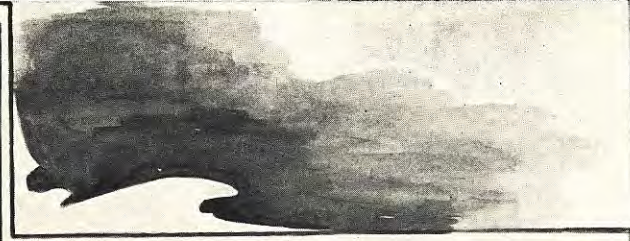
May 21—Centennial Tribute, by the students of St. Joseph's High School, in the form of a play, “Our Lady of Fatima,” and specially arranged choral numbers.

May 22—Centennial Year Graduation Exercises of the College School in Convocation Hall. His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan addressed the graduates.

May 23—Graduation Exercises of St. Michael's Hospital Training School in Convocation Hall. His Excellency, Most Reverend B. I. Webster addressed the graduates.



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TWO VIEWS OF AUDITORIUM —

June 7—College Graduation Events

June 7—Graduation Exercises of St. Joseph's Hospital Training School on the lawn in front of the Nurses' Residence. Rev. C. McGonigal, C.P., addressed the graduates.

June 8—Reception of Graduates and Friends at the College. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in Convent chapel.

June 9—Graduates' Mass at the College. Sermon by Rev. L. J. Bondy, C.S.B.

Sunday, June 10—"Graduates' Day", (College, St. Michael's, St. Joseph's Hospitals).

High Mass—St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, celebrated by Rev. C. J. Lavery, C.S.B. Sermon by Rev. J. W. Dore, C.S.B. Breakfast, College School Cafeteria. Visits to the Community Houses in the city. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and afternoon Tea at St. Joseph's Hospital. Dinner, St. Michael's Hospital.

July 23-31—August 7-15—Annual Community Retreats conducted by Rev. G. Lahey, S.J.

August 15—Ceremonies of Reception and Profession, Mother House Chapel.

August 29, 30, 31—Convention meetings of The Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae in College School, and Luncheon.

October 6, 7, 8, 10—Centennial Celebration.
Principal events:

October 6—Solemn Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving celebrated by His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan in St. Michael's Cathedral at 10.00 a.m. Sermon by Most Rev. P. F. Pocock, Coadjutor Archbishop of Winnipeg.

Meeting and entertainment of former students of College, College School and Hospitals, and visiting Sisters, at St. Joseph's Convent and College.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, 4.00 p.m.

October 7—Centennial Day, Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated by the Most Rev. P. F. Pocock, in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel at 10.00 a.m. Sermon by Very Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B. Buffet Breakfast for Guests. Rosary Sunday Holy Hour.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel at 7.30 p.m.

October 8—Solemn Pontifical Mass for deceased Sisters and former pupils, celebrated by His Excellency, Most Rev. B. I. Webster, in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel at 10.00 a.m. Sermon by Very Rev. G. E. Nunan, S.J. Breakfast for Guests. Visit to St. Joseph's High School, and Tea, 3.00 p.m.

Solemn Pontifical Benediction, Te Deum, 7.30 p.m. Celebrant, His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan. Reception in the Convent Parlours.

October 10—Parish Day, Mass offered for our pupils in the parishes where our Sisters teach.

Dinner in honour of our Clergy, St. Joseph's Convent, 7.00 p.m.

October 14—Community Day at the Mother House. Solemn High Mass at 9.00 a.m. Sermon.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, 4.30 p.m.

November 25—Religious of other Communities entertained. First presentation of "Everynun," (a morality play composed by Rev. D. A. Lord, S.J., for the occasion of the Centenary).

November 26, 27, 28—"Everynun" presented by the College School for all the friends of the Community, at 8.00 p.m.

December 8—A Day of Gratitude.

Centennial Day for our College and Secondary School students.

RECOGNITION

When a Community's achievements of a century are under review, as are ours in the present issue, a great desire takes possession of its members to put on record the names of all those persons who in the past were most instrumental in helping it to accomplish such things in hospitals, charitable institutions and in education, as with God's grace, it has accomplished in one hundred years.

Among these persons surely the foremost names would be those of the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy in whose dioceses and parishes we have worked, those of our own Sisters who have one and all spent themselves in the works Obedience assigned them, as also of the unnumbered friends and relatives of the Sisters, who have assisted us in our different Convents throughout the Dominion. But to name all these would be to give an almost complete list of the Hierarchy and Clergy of Canada and of the Community and its friends for the past one hundred years, an obviously interminable enumeration.

It is true that in the articles which have been so generously contributed the names of some of these benefactors, friends and co-workers do actually appear, but there are many others who have done us outstanding services in our Institutions throughout the years, whose names could not all be mentioned in articles of limited space. To these and to all our friends we offer our deep gratitude and continued prayers.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. Cullinane, D.P., is the pastor of St. Cecilia's Church, Toronto. He has been connected with the Community since his first days in this country, when (we quote his own words) "as a shy young curate I was sent on my arrival from Ireland to Barrie, Ontario, where I first met the Sisters of St. Joseph."

Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. A. McDonagh, D.P., is President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada and is widely known for his weekly page, "Along Canadian Highways with Extension," in the Canadian Register, with its appeals for poor Missions. His first contact with the Sisters of St. Joseph was as a six-year-old in the Private School for Boys at St. Joseph's Convent; later as a young priest he served as Chaplain to St. Michael's Hospital.

Rev. H. Carr, C.S.B., M.A., LL.D., is one of the best known members of the Congregation of St. Basil. He was Registrar of St. Michael's College when St. Joseph's was affiliated; later he was Superior and President of St. Michael's and founded the now world-famous Institute of Mediaeval Studies. He was Superior General of his Congregation for twelve years, Superior and President of St. Thomas More College, Saskatoon, and is at present on the teaching staff of St. Basil's Seminary. He received his elementary education from the Sisters of St. Joseph in Oshawa.

Rev. J. B. O'Reilly, M.A., is a priest of the Archdiocese of Toronto, a graduate in Church History of the University of Louvain, Belgium, and a well-known historian and reviewer of books.

Mr. H. Somerville, M.A., K.C.S.G., is the Editor of The Canadian Register, the official Catholic Weekly for the Archdioceses of Toronto and Kingston and the Dioceses of Hamilton and London. He is a graduate of London University, London, England, and a recognized authority on Social and Labour Problems. One daughter is a graduate of the College School, two others are undergraduates.

Dr. J. M. Bennett, is an Inspector of Separate Schools in Toronto and in Ontario, and a Doctor of Paedagogy. He received his early education from the Sisters of St. Joseph at St. Peter's School, Toronto, and has two daughters graduates of St. Joseph's College in the University of Toronto.

Mrs. F. James Carson, Ph.D., (Victoria Mueller) is a graduate in Honor Moderns of Loretto College in the University of Toronto. She was the first graduate to obtain a Ph.D., in the German Department of the University. A former member of the St. Michael's College Staff, President of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, and a frequent guest speaker at educational conventions, she is first and foremost the ideal Catholic wife and mother.

Mrs. A. J. Thompson (Gertrude O'Connor) is a former pupil of St. Joseph's Academy (now the College School), and has been closely connected with her Alma Mater, both as an Alumna and as a very capable President of the Alumnae Association, and even more closely as the mother of two graduates, one a Sister of St. Joseph, whose Reminiscences also appear in this issue. Mrs. Thompson has been on the executive of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae since its inception, is past-President of the Ladies Auxiliary for Church Extension and a columnist on that page of the Canadian Register, as well as a frequent contributor to St. Joseph Lilies.

Mrs. D. Jardine-Smith, B.A., (Mary Ryan) is a graduate of St. Joseph's Academy and of the University of Toronto. She came from Ireland as a little girl, with her two sisters, to board at the Convent, and from that day her name became synonymous with St. Joseph's.

Miss Ruth Agnew, M.A., is a graduate in Moderns, of St. Joseph's College in the University of Toronto. She has been on the staff of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., for some years, formerly in the Department of English, but at present she is Assistant Professor of Music. She has the distinction of being one of the youngest and most brilliant graduates of St. Joseph's College; she was also on its Staff for four years.

Miss Bernita Miller, M.A., is a brilliant and versatile graduate in English and History of St. Joseph's College in the University of Toronto, who during undergraduate days won prizes for contributions to The Varsity. She is at present engaged in Social Service for the New York Catholic Charities and is outstanding for her psychiatry work with young people.

Mrs. W. Dunphy, B.A., (Kathleen Cahill) is a recent graduate of St. Joseph's College in the University of Toronto. She is at present one of the outstanding reporters on Social Events for the Toronto Daily Star. She and her husband, a student of the Institute of Mediaeval Studies are ardent promoters of Catholic Action.

Miss Helen Boehler, B.A., is another recent graduate of St. Joseph's College in the University of Toronto, also a graduate of the College School, who distinguished herself by being the first pupil to win an Edward Blake Scholarship, which distinction she followed up by high standing in the English Language and Literature Course. She is at present on the staff of the University of Toronto Press.

Miss Ann McGinn is a graduate of St. Joseph's College School and at present an undergraduate at the College. Her roots are firmly fixed in St. Joseph's, with her mother a graduate of the College School and past President of the Alumnae.



Missionary Exhibit, March, 1944
(History of the Congregation in Pictures)

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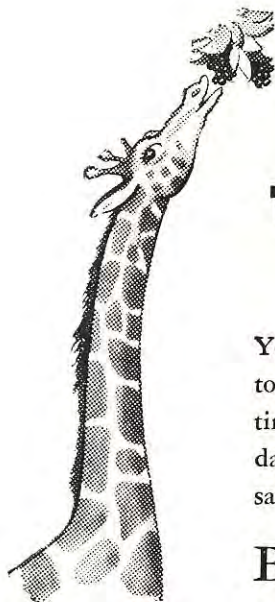
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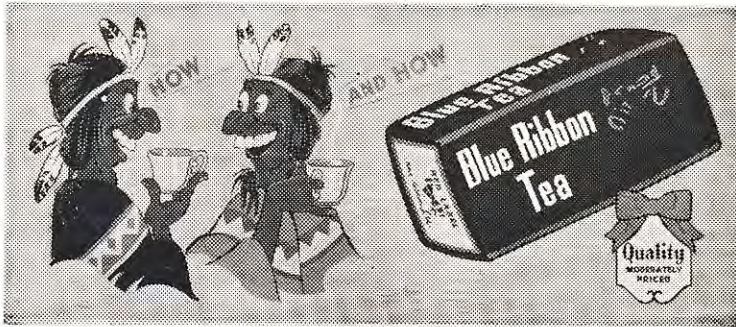
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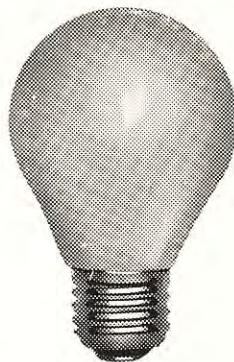
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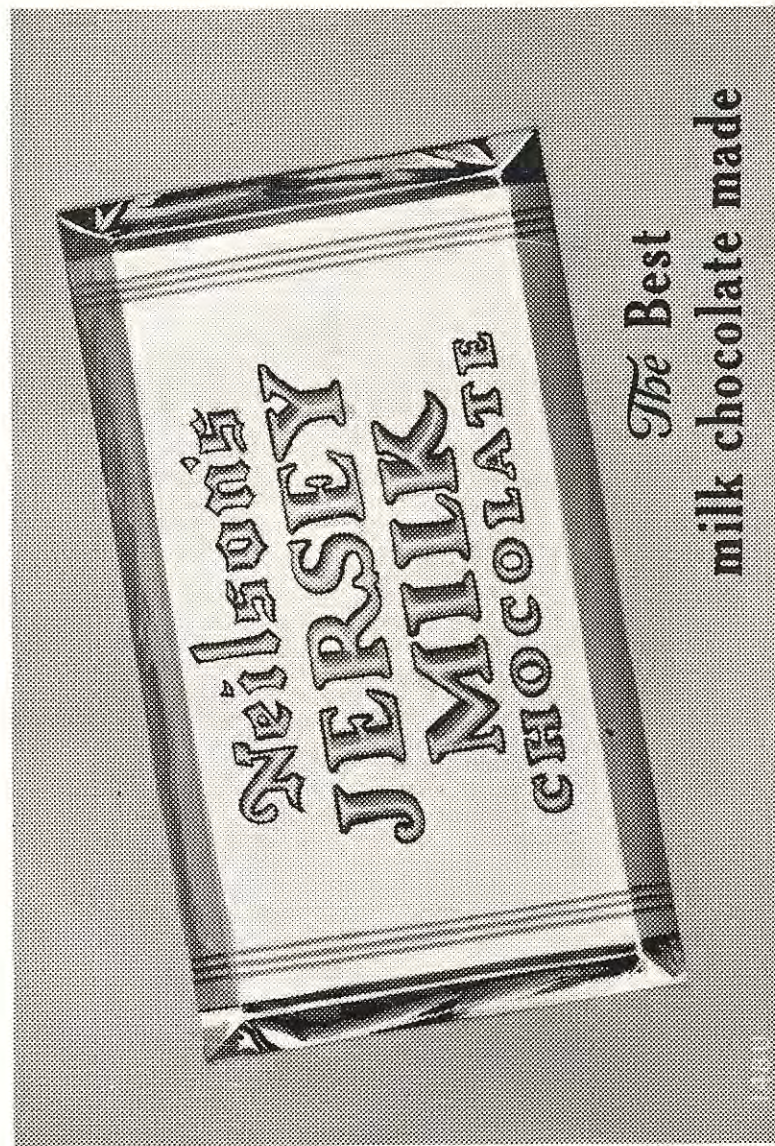
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