

Mother Catherine McAuley and the Cross



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Unto the End

"But glory and honor and peace to everyone that worketh good,..." (Romans 2:10).

There was peace at the end. The shadows were lengthening over the city whose sufferings and sorrows had been close to the heart of Mother Catherine. The Sisters around the bed of the dying nun knew that she was at the end of her Way of the Cross. The moment had come for which she had waited over the years. Through anguish and pain, through heartbreak and disappointment, strangely lonely and strangely opposed, she had, like the great apostle, St. Paul, died daily to live to Christ. Soon after eight in the evening Mother Catherine entered on her eternal rest.

The Institute of the Sisters of Mercy, established by Mother Mary Catherine McAuley, was, as its *Constitutions* state, "founded on Calvary, there to serve a Crucified Redeemer"; but how many realize

that, with Christ, its holy Foundress was nailed to the Cross? The truth of her crucifixion was, like most things in her life, hidden under the calm of her great soul; yet it was as real as the success of her work, as the exceptional growth of her Institute.

Formed in Suffering

*"...in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions,
...for Christ" (II Corinthians 12:10).*

From early childhood Catherine lived under the shadow of the Cross. Death claimed her father when she was but a little girl. Her mother, by her worldliness and frivolity, must, at times, have caused unintentional suffering to the serious and sensitive child. In the Protestant circles in which the young widow moved, the Catholic religion was despised. This, too, must have pained Catherine, although it increased her loyalty to her Faith.

With her mother's death in October, 1798, spiritual danger to the girl approaching womanhood became a reality. Her sister and brother were handed over to their guardian, a Protestant relative of their mother's, Mr. William Armstrong. Catherine at first found a home with Dr. Owen

Conway, her mother's brother, an indifferent Catholic. After some time, however, because of Dr. Conway's financial reverses, Catherine with his family suffered real poverty, and she was compelled to join her brother and sister at Dr. Armstrong's. This marked the beginning of a long and almost overwhelming purification of her faith. Her brother and sister had already succumbed to Protestant argument, and her guardian and his friends did their best to undermine her Catholicism. The contest was a terribly unequal one, but God did not desert her. In the midst of her turmoil of mind He sent her a wonderful friend in a good and holy priest, Dr. Joseph Betagh, whose instructions, encouragement, and inspiration were just what she needed.

The scene shifted for Catherine in 1803, when she went to live with Mr. and Mrs. William Callaghan. She found a betterment in the religious tone of her new home over her old. It was Protestant, but lacked the air of intolerance and bitter attack of the Armstrong household; nevertheless, she was not permitted to have here, even in her room, any Catholic emblem. At times, too, she had to face attacks

on her Faith, but owing to her increased knowledge gained through reading, she was now more than a match for her attackers. When her own brother joined with her Protestant friends in mocking the Faith he had cast aside, she was deeply hurt; but, in the end, hers was the victory.

Throughout these years, in the midst of the darkness and trial and loneliness, God was at work in the soul of the future Foundress, teaching her the value of suffering and developing her inner life with His grace. Against the criticisms of Protestants, she found her best defense the fervent living of her Catholic Faith. Her piety, however, tended to be rather austere: she fasted rigorously during Advent and Lent; from Holy Thursday until Holy Saturday she went without food and drink to honor the Passion of our Lord; at table she unobtrusively denied herself. She had begun to die to herself, to press on to a death in life. A favorite ejaculation of hers during these years, "O Jesus make me always remember Thy blessed example, through how much pain and how little pleasure Thou didst press on to a bitter death," gives us a hint of God's work in her soul.

These years were not, however, without consoling moments for Catherine. Her work for the poor eased the longing of her heart to do something for Christ in His least brethren. The deaths of her two great friends, Mr. and Mrs. Callaghan, in the true Faith, brought her joy in sorrow. In November of 1822 she found herself heiress to Mr. Callaghan's large fortune. The summer of her hopes seemed at hand. She now felt free to devote herself completely to labor for her beloved poor, and she was happy in the prospect. She had scarcely tasted the joys of this service, however, when the shadows of greater crosses were cast upon her.

An Institute Is Born

"...another shall gird thee, and lead thee whither thou wouldst not" (John 21:18).

Catherine McAuley was in her early forties when she found herself mistress of Coolock House, the Callaghan's home. The money left her she accepted as given by God for the works she had long cherished. With the problems of the poor she was more than familiar. Enlightened by the Holy Spirit, she realized that something

over and above goodwill backed by money was needed to meet these problems, which were born of ignorance, danger to innocence, neglect of the sick, injustice, indigence, and betrayal of the Faith. She knew that the part of a mere Lady Bountiful was not for her, that she would have to give herself with her alms; that only by personal service to Christ in the poor could she hope to relieve the needs of the poor. So the House of Mercy on Baggot Street came into being.

The project, simple though it appeared at first, aroused opposition among her friends and relatives. This, together with her own fears that it might fail because of lack of financial support and her doubts as to whether the necessary helpers could be recruited, made Catherine's heart heavy. Truly the purchase price of Baggot Street was suffering as well as gold.

Then death cast its shadow over her hopes. In May, 1826, she lost her great friend and counselor, Father Joseph Nugent. Early in 1827 her sister Mary sickened; that summer she died, and her five children were added to Catherine's growing responsibilities. Shortly thereafter, one of Catherine's most trusted helpers left her

to become a nun. Truly she was sowing in sorrow. She was deprived even of the joy of recognizing God's guidance in the happy coincidence that initiated the work at Baggot Street in 1827 on September 24, the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy.

It would have been reasonable for Catherine to hope that once her work was begun, all would be well. If this hope was hers, it was soon shattered by her discovery of what the opposition of good people can mean. True, she was to find some staunch friends among the clergy, but she was also destined to find among them her most determined opponents. Misunderstanding and not malice was responsible for their adverse attitudes, attitudes that caused her many a dark hour. Some frankly considered her a meddling upstart; others thought she and the ladies assisting her were living too much as religious; still others thought that women were not at all suited for the work she purposed to do; but her most formidable opposers were those who held that the new work would interfere with the already established interests of Mother Aikenhead's Sisters of Charity.

The result was that one of her opponents

told Catherine that Archbishop Murray, her very good friend, intended to hand over to others the Baggot Street House of Mercy. Certainly it would not have been easy for her to agree to this, but calmly and in peace she said she was ready to do so. Though this was a false report, His Grace, Archbishop Murray, was apparently influenced by the general disapproval; accordingly, he told Catherine that she and her companions, whose work and manner of life had won for them the affectionate name of Sisters of Mercy, must appear either as religious or as seculars.

God was but detaching her from creatures, purifying her motives even in the Christlike work in which she was engaging at so great a cost to herself. He was offering her the opportunity to die daily as St. Paul had done. Her sufferings were those of a mother and of an apostle. She grieved over the uncertainty that shadowed her work and over the plight of the children, the sick, the needy poor, and the homeless cared for at Baggot Street. In silence and sorrow, but with strong trust in God, she lived her Gethsemani.

The unwelcome alternative of convent life was the last thing she would have

liked, probably owing to the Protestant outlook she had imbibed with regard to religious women. Yet, gradually, through God's grace, it came home to her that the only hope for her work lay in securing canonical recognition for it, even though that meant the relinquishment of her own ideas. Humbly she accepted God's Holy Will. This acceptance was probably made easier by the fact that Dr. Murray, her Archbishop, favored the plan.

So it came about that, on September 8, 1830, Catherine and two of her Baggot Street companions crossed the city and knocked at the door of the George's Hill Presentation Convent as simple postulants. Another step on her way had been taken.

The Servant of All

"For whereas I was free...I made myself the servant of all, that I might gain the more"

(I Corinthians 9:19).

It was not easy for Catherine at her age to undergo novitiate training. She had been the guide and inspiration of the House of Mercy. Her views on work, spirituality, and the formation of her helpers had been revered and accepted. Whatever her adherence to her own will, or her

ideas of her own worth and gifts, the discipline of George's Hill was calculated to change them speedily. Mother Teresa Higgins, her mistress of novices, did not spare her or give any concessions to her age and experience. "Death to self" was the novitiate goal. Catherine often admitted later that her struggle during the novitiate was so great that only the need of it for her work nerved her, with God's help, to go on. Public corrections and severe penances for trifling faults were administered to her. She was humiliated before her own relatives. She was penanced for overstaying by a few minutes her time in the parlor. She was refused permission to see a prominent clerical friend. But these were the least part of her sufferings.

At Baggot Street, things were going badly. The group Catherine had left there lacked experienced leadership. Many were in poor health because of imprudence in penances, in night watching, and in other ascetical practices. Three had become ill. In June, 1831, Caroline Murphy died. By August of that year it was evident that Anne O'Grady, too, was dying. In the silence and retirement of George's Hill, Catherine sorrowed over them.

Toward the end of her novitiate, difficulties about her profession arose. It was legally urged that she could not be professed by Superiors whose way of life she was not going to follow. In uncertainty again, she feared the complete failure of her plans; but in her distress she did not rebel, trusting all to her Crucified Spouse. He did not abandon her, and her way was at length cleared. On December 12, 1831, she and her two companions made perpetual vows. To Sister Mary Catherine, a woman over fifty years of age, mellowed and molded by long years of trial and sorrow, this seemed a glorious beginning of a new life for Christ. Truly it was the beginning of the greatest years of her life, years in which "during a short space" she "fulfilled a long time" (Wisdom 4:13), years that found her feet always on the path to Calvary.

Founded on Calvary

"...in deaths often,...in perils from false brethren" (II Corinthians 11:23,26).

On December 13, 1831, His Excellency, Archbishop Murray, formally opened the house on Baggot Street as the first Con-

vent of Mercy, and appointed Mother Catherine its first Mother Superior. It was a day of great joy, but for Mother Catherine the joy was shadowed. Anne O'Grady was dying; two months later, she died in Catherine's arms.

In April Mother Catherine suffered a still greater loss. Sister M. Elizabeth Harley, one of her companions at George's Hill, died in the flowering of her days. Many times in the years that followed, Mother Catherine was to taste the sorrow of death among her spiritual children. Later on, she was to say: "The tomb is never closed to me." Though this was an admission of the ever-recurring grief she felt when she had to give up those dear to her, she did not burden others with her sorrow.

Springtime brought to the Foundress another period of testing and trial. Cholera broke out in Dublin about the end of March and spread rapidly. Hospital accommodations were pitifully inadequate for the tragic needs of the unhappy people. The request to give assistance in the difficult and terrifying work of nursing the victims of this dread disease came to Mother Catherine on the day Sister M.

Elizabeth Harley died. Personally distressed though she was, she recognized in the call the voice of Christ and, with the Sisters, hastened to minister to Him in His sick brethren. Mother Catherine herself was the inspiration of the work that had to combat the incompetency of the nurses, the irrational fears of the patients, the dread of infection among the well, and the ignorance of dying Catholics. During the weary weeks that followed, when as many as six hundred a day lay dying, she worked bravely, encouraging her companions by her joyous spirit and her self-forgetfulness. Though she was gravely concerned for her Sisters' welfare, she curbed these natural feelings and left herself and her companions in God's keeping. Truly her Institute was being founded on Calvary, and she was being crucified with Christ.

It is always a cross to find ingratitude and lack of confidence within one's circle of trusted friends. This cross, too, Mother Catherine had to bear. A novice, Catherine Byrn, Mother Catherine's cousin, and an early helper in her work, left her without a word. The manner of her going hurt Mother Catherine more than the desertion

itself. Her leaving also aroused in the Foundress the fear that others among the novices would be influenced and become uneasy in their vocation. When profession time came around, Mother Catherine's loved niece, Mary Teresa McAuley, asked to have her novitiate lengthened, as she had dreams of a life as a Carmelite, but was undecided. God settled this question in August of the following year, when Mary Teresa sickened and died in a few months; but she died a professed Sister of Mercy. Though this was a heavy sorrow for her aunt, other weightier sorrows were crowding in upon her.

The question of a convent chaplain for the Baggot Street institution had from the beginning been a delicate one. It had been solved very well by Dr. Blake during his time as parish priest at St. Andrew's, the parish in which the house was located. In January, 1833, Dr. Blake was appointed to the bishopric of Dromore, and Canon Meyler was appointed to succeed him at St. Andrew's. The good Canon had opposed the House of Mercy from its foundation in a mistaken sense of loyalty to the Irish Sisters of Charity, whose Institute had been established in 1815 to

meet a real need. He was now in a position to make his disapproval felt.

Two Masses had been offered in the convent chapel every Sunday, and the public had been given permission to attend these. The collection went to the upkeep of the chapel and of Mother Catherine's work. The new parish priest first forbade the second Mass and ultimately closed the chapel to the public. This meant a serious loss of revenue to the work at Baggot Street, but Catherine bore the reverse with patience and resignation, prepared to make all possible sacrifices rather than to give offense to one of God's anointed ministers.

Another and a stranger cross now cast its shadow upon Mother Catherine. On August 30, 1833, the Irish Sisters of Charity were given the formal approval of their Rule and Constitutions. This deserving recognition was used by some against Catherine and her Institute when they urged that there was not a stroke of a pen from Rome in favor of the Sisters of Mercy. This was true. Approbation had not been sought because the Institute was still in its testing time, but there was danger in the charge; at the least, it

might hinder recruits from joining an uncertain Institute. Catherine bore in silence the anxiety of seeing her work for Christ in jeopardy. Shortly thereafter, His Grace, Archbishop Murray, forwarded the necessary documents to Rome with a petition for formal approval. In a letter dated March 24, 1835, Cardinal Frasoni notified the Archbishop of the Holy Father's cordial approval of the new Institute, and Catherine's anxieties in this regard were, for a time, set at rest. But she continued to walk in the shadow of the Cross.

The Fruit of the Cross

"In journeying often, ... In labor and painfulness, ... in distresses, for Christ.... But I most gladly will spend and be spent myself for your souls;..." (II Corinthians 11:26,27; 12:10,15).

The year 1835 ushered in the most fruitful years of Mother Catherine's career. These years, during which she spent herself, knowing that her time was short, showed a soul strongly Pauline in its utter unselfishness and its burning love of Christ. Ill health had long since claimed her, but the urgency of the saints was upon her. "Without the Cross the crown

cannot come," she used to say. She was now at the last steep ascent to Calvary's hilltop. A frail, broken, prematurely aging woman, she pressed onwards to the final consummation. Someone was to call these five years Catherine's Way of the Cross, but her whole life had actually been that. This was the Holy Spirit's flowering time in her great and heroic soul. Her horizon was widening. The suffering of years was now to have its Christlike effects.

Kingstown saw Mother Catherine's first foundation venture. It had come about in the most natural way. The frequent illnesses of the Sisters at Baggot Street made a house by the sea imperative. A suitable house was found and, on March 24, 1835, the Sisters took formal possession of it. In Kingstown there was plenty of need for their services among the poor, and it soon became evident to the Sisters that a school would have to be opened, as children were being lost to the Church through attendance at Protestant schools. This was done, but misunderstanding over the financial provision for the school building brought on legal proceedings and caused Mother Catherine months of anxiety and difficulty. Finally, she was forced to close

Kingstown altogether, in November, 1838; she reopened it, however, in April, 1840.

While Mother Catherine was taxed with the Kingstown difficulties, she received an invitation to establish a convent at Tullamore. She went with the Sisters to Tullamore in April, 1836, and remained with them during the first six trying weeks of the foundation. On her return to the Convent of Mercy, Baggot Street, she planned to devote herself to the work of the school and of the visitation. But God had other designs. In June she received a call to open a convent and school in Charleville, and her days were busy arranging for this and overseeing the works at Baggot Street. In the damp chill of October of the same year, 1836, she made the very fatiguing trip to Charleville, twenty hours by canal boat and twenty hours by coach, in order to be with the Sisters opening this new foundation. They found the convent awaiting them small, ill-furnished, very damp, and at too great a distance from the school. The experience was depressing, and Catherine called the new venture a sick branch. At home again in Baggot Street, she continued to worry over the difficulties in Charleville; yet, all the while, she felt

convinced that because of the cross the work would meet with success, and she was right. Charleville was to be a wonderful consolation when the proving time was over.

Though Baggot Street and her recent foundations were sufficient to claim all of her attention, Mother Catherine found herself compelled to divide it once more, and this time with Carlow. When she set out for Carlow in April, 1837, she must have been filled with grief. Even though she knew that "the law of sanctity is the law of separation," she could not stifle the natural suffering separations caused her. In February death had claimed one of her greatest friends, Sister Veronica Corrigan. Ellen Corrigan had come as a child to Catherine at Coolock House; when she grew up Catherine had employed her as her lady's maid, and a genuine appreciation and understanding of each other had grown up between them. As a novice in Baggot Street, Sister Veronica had proved a treasure, and Catherine had thought of sending her on the Carlow foundation, where she knew she would be invaluable. But the novice died of typhus a month before her profession and before Carlow

was opened. Scarcely a month later, Sister Rose Lube died. Despite what these deaths cost her, Mother Catherine made the still greater sacrifice of appointing to Carlow as superior, her assistant and dear friend, Mother Mary Francis Xavier Warde. God blessed the sacrifice, and Carlow prospered; three and a half years later it, too, had a foundation, in Wexford.

On July 5, 1837, Mother Catherine was journeying again; this time she went by sea, and Cork was her destination. Though the new foundation caused a further depletion of her Baggot Street community, it was one she could not well refuse as the Bishop of Cork, Bishop John Murphy, who requested it, was an old and trusted friend. The beginnings in Cork were quite encouraging, but Catherine's joy in them was shadowed by bad news from Dublin: Sister M. Anne Agnes, her niece, was dying. Mother Catherine, herself in failing health, hurried home for the end, which came on the night of August 7. Sorrowful, tired, and ailing, the Foundress made her way back to Cork in September. A misunderstanding over a postulant with insufficient dowry had angered the Bishop, Dr. Murphy. His intended reproach to

Mother Catherine because of her complete disinterestedness about money matters was actually a luminous tribute. She settled the trouble in Cork, only to have a new disagreement arise in Baggot Street: Dr. Meyler, the parish priest, was proposing an unwelcome change in the chaplaincy system. There was a principle at stake, and the dispute dragged on. When Catherine returned home in October, she found Baggot Street without a chaplain or daily Mass. That same month, Sister M. de Chantal died in Kingstown. To add to her sufferings, Catherine herself met with an accident that resulted in a severe fracture of her left wrist. The Cross was never lifted from her shoulders.

In a letter to a friend, in January, 1838, Mother Catherine confessed that she had now more than an ordinary portion of the Cross. The strain of overwork, of ill health, of anxiety about others, of worry over the Kingstown legal proceedings, and of striving to be all things to all, had brought her close to complete exhaustion. She did not stop to rest, however, but began preparations for the foundation in Limerick, for which she and the foundation party left on September 8. They trav-

eled by sea to Cork and, after a few days, went on to Charleville. Here she found she had arrived just in time to prevent a crisis, as the fainthearted in this community were sorely tempted to close the house because of financial difficulties and other adverse conditions. But Mother Catherine, sorrowing, as she confessed in a letter, with the "poor deprived of the comfort God seemed to intend for them," managed to settle the problem. Her unruffled confidence in God's Providence inspired her weaker Sisters to courage.

On the evening of September 24, 1838, the group arrived in Limerick, which was to prove one of her most successful foundations. The cares of Baggot Street had to be hers even here. Mother M. de Pazzi, who was in charge at home, was complaining and fretting over Mother Catherine's continued journeying; she was in bad health, and additional building at Baggot Street had brought problems. But Mother Catherine, worn though she was, was strong-souled enough to meet these difficulties; there seemed no limit to her calm trust in God, nor to her zeal. Her thirst for souls was growing with the waning years. In 1839, she offered to go to Nova Scotia to

devote the remainder of her life to that mission. It was the folly of Christ, but her offer was not accepted.

In November, 1839, she was off again to make another foundation, this time in Bermondsey, England, where the house was to tax her powers to the full. As usual, the burden of difficulty and worry rested upon her. She was, moreover, physically ill, and the stay in the unfinished convent did not help her. She had not a moment to herself, so busy was she in dealing with visitors, caring for the poor, and engaging in other feverish activities of a new foundation. Then she received word of the death of her nephew Robert, the fourth of her sister's children to die of tuberculosis. A tired and exhausted woman arrived at Baggot Street on January 14, 1840, but not to rest. She found awaiting her new demands for further foundations.

When she had written in a letter at the beginning of March, "We can never be unhappy while we love and serve Him faithfully," she was confessing the secret of her own interior peace, which there was much to disturb. In that very month Sister M. Francis Mahoney had died in

Cork; Sister M. Francis Marmion, in Baggot Street; and Sister Vincent Potter, in Limerick. She lifted the veil slightly on her crushed heart when she confided to a friend: "I have cried heartily.... Without the Cross, the real Crown cannot come."

The tiredness of death was creeping over Mother Catherine, but God's work must be done. On May 4, 1840, she set out for Galway, a foundation that was very promising despite anxieties and fears. Then, on June 11, the day set for her reception, a Galway postulant died of typhus. This created a stir in the town, and Catherine feared prospective postulants would be frightened away; her fears were not realized, however, as other postulants soon arrived. Galway, born under the shadow of the Cross, was bound to be a success. Mother Catherine remained to see it through its early trials; then, satisfied that all would be well, she set out for home.

Back in Dublin, on July 8, she was soon pledged to send Sisters to Newfoundland. There was, however, a promise of a convent in Birr and of another in Birmingham, England, to be honored first. She

pushed through the preparations for them. Rest in this world was not for her. Catherine returned to Galway in September to prepare the postulants for reception. En route to Baggot Street again, she planned to stop at the convent in Limerick for a short visit, but news of the departure of two Sisters for Bermondsey brought her home posthaste to see them off. These Sisters had scarcely reached their destination when three of the Bermondsey community were struck down with typhus contracted while nursing a stricken family in the neighborhood. Two of these died of the fever. This sorrowful loss wrung from Catherine an heroic act of faith. "This is the way of God's Providence," she said, when writing of the great affliction.

For several months Birr had been pleading for a foundation. Now, in the shadow of her latest sorrow, Catherine determined to make it at once. "Surely we have not an hour to spare," she wrote in an explanation of her amazing decision. "Nothing like Christian courage. The Church would not have one martyr to rejoice in without it," was her encouragement written to another in this hour of trial.

On the evening of December 27, 1840,

Mother Catherine arrived with her pioneer group of Sisters in Birr. Even for her the work in this town was a stupendous undertaking. The Sisters were to combat a schism which had broken out there some time before; and with God's help they succeeded where all others, eminent churchmen amongst them, had failed.

The Foundress left Birr February 10, 1841, and reached home to find that there was fever among the Sisters in Limerick and Wexford, where there was grave danger from severe typhus. Her own condition was rapidly worsening. Yet, forgetful as ever of herself, she went on with her work for the Institute, with her extensive correspondence, her unceasing care for her spiritual children, and, in addition, the direction of the novices. When Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina, in an address to the Baggot Street community, said: "Fear nothing! Follow Paul in peril, pestilence, and famine that you may be his glorious associates for time and eternity," he little realized that he was summing up the life of the ailing Foundress. "I am weary," she confessed in a letter written on the evening before she set out to establish the Birmingham con-

vent. The hour of rest was coming, though months of pain lay between her and the Vision.

Mother Catherine knew she was dying. Indeed, as she put it in a letter of this time, "I am now dead to the poor children: not to read, speak, give out Office, etc." God was drawing her apart for the last purification. But as her exhausted body weakened, her great soul was busy about the Master's business, and this brought many of the old anxieties: financial worries, the trials of her various foundations, the care of the numerous sick and overworked Sisters, and the solicitude of heart of a true Mother for her spiritual children. These were still with her as the shadows lengthened and the evening came. With the calmness characteristic of a soul that had lived for God, she went about the preparations for her last journey. Almost to the end she kept the knowledge of separation from her Sisters. There was to be no sadness of human farewell. In one of her last letters to a trusted friend, the burden of her loneliness found expression in a brief and touching goodbye: "You

will not forget." She destroyed all of her purely personal papers. Her instruments of penance went too. She would not be known apart from her work. Her story would be written in her daughters: "You are our epistle written in our heart" (II Corinthians 3:2). Mother Catherine would be eternally unselfish.

During the final day of her earthly life, many of her old friends came to see her for the last time, but she was already like one apart, attending to God alone. In unbroken and silent peace she breathed her last in the late evening of November 11, 1841. Her life's journey was ended. Heaven was before her.

Mother Catherine had been only God's humble servant and instrument. Her Institute had been God's work, and it would go on. It would go out to many lands and many climes. Among the Religious of the Church, her daughters would be outstanding in numbers and labors. From the richness of her life of heroic suffering, they would draw inspiration and courage and Christlike love of God's poor and suffering.

Fittingly could Catherine have made her last message to them these words of St.

Paul: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord the just judge will render to me" (II Timothy 4:7,8). "But thou hast fully known my doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, love, patience, persecutions, afflictions: . . . But continue thou in those things which thou hast learned, and which have been committed to thee: . . . That the man of God may be perfect, well equipped for every good work" (II Timothy 3:10,11,14,17).





