

Plantation Street Annals, 1900-1901

For a long time, our Beloved Superior Julia, and her motherly solicitude for the welfare of the large body of sisters under her care, realized the need of a suitable place to which healing and delicate sisters might be sent, to take some days or weeks of rest that would refit them for their arduous duties. The prospect of "so many of us," as the dear Superior often said, "getting old at the same time," was an additional reason why such a home should be provided; where worn out laborers could retire to prepare "to take their crowns."

Several of our clerical friends interested themselves in the matter, looking out for desirable sites and reasonable rates. In September 1899, Msgr. Griffin, pastor of St. John's Church, Worcester, Massachusetts, and whose parish our sisters had taught for 27 years, heard of Swan's farm, and estate of 145 acres, situated at the northeast and extremity of the city of Worcester. He drove around the place and made indirect inquiries concerning its value, etc.; his mental decision, as he afterwards remarked, was, "it is precisely what is wanted." He requested Sister Agnes Aloysius, superior at Vernon Street, to visit which she did, accompanied by Sister Georgianna, superior at Newton St., Waltham. The impressions of both coincided with Msgr.'s, and Sister Superior Julia, who, at the time, was in Washington, looking after the interests of Trinity College, was notified; and she came on to see the place. She was charmed with it; and after mature deliberations, Ma Mere granted permission to purchase the estate. Msgr. Griffin, in his friendly and fatherly forethought, and his anxiety, lest a more influential purchaser might appear, lost no time in securing our right, by paying \$1000 bonus. He then employed a surveyor, and, at his own expense, had an accurate plan of the whole place drawn, and framed in Oak. This valuable guide to every inch of the property, measures 5 x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ feet; it costs including their surveying \$350. On February 2, 1900, the deeds were made out in our name and it was arranged that the sisters would take possession early in April, at which time, the lease of the Coolidge family, then living on the farm, would expire.

In the meantime, dear Sister Superior Julia sent a circular to the houses, from which we quote -

"As you all know, God has given us Notre Dame du Lac, in Worcester, principally to be a health resort, where sisters, who would be benefited by arrest, can go to find it, and S. V., again returned to active work. He has given it as he does to the birds of the air, and at a time when we have many an important calls. But, what cannot S. N. D.s make head to when they go added with a will? Most of the communities being in Parish Houses, have no room to take care of such as breakdown in the laborers of the Institute, which has promised them the tenderest care. No house has the means to take the invalids of others; so, this long felt want, and most desired home has come. But how is it to be established and run? By the Providence of God. Fortunately the Waltham novitiate is pretty well on its feet; it support is the only thing necessary. As to Notre Dame du Lac,

the whole purchase money, some \$18,000 or more, is due; the interest to be paid twice a year. There is a small house that will need repairs and additions; a barn and outhouse. There is a fine large orchard, which will be a source of revenue. I wish all the houses to buy there, and pay the market prices. If anything else can be made to profit, it will be done. Then, one half of the music money, which belongs to the Novitiate, will go there, for the present. I rely on each of you to do your part - - - The Dioceses of which we have served so faithfully will help you. The sisters, where it is possible, may ask parents and friends. If Worcester were not building, friends there could and would help. Dear Sister Joseph Mary will mother this home; dear Sister Mary Bernard will seek to get all she can from the grounds, time, and the justice and charity of the Institute will do the rest. Pinch yourselves and everything but food. When I go around, I often see little expenses, which, in the olden times, no one would have made; and which, at Cincinnati, we would not make today. But these little tasty things in the box of Notre Dame du Lac. Everything from attic to cellar has to be provided. But there should be some arrangement, lest there be too much of one thing and nothing of others. Arrange at once with Sister Frances of the Sacred Heart, what each house should provide those who give cornerstones, will kindly send sheets, towels, napkins, blue aprons, dishtowels, etc., etc."

Sister Joseph Mary, appointed superior, had for several years lived at Berkeley St., Boston. In company with another member of that community, she arrived here on Monday in Holy Week, April 9, 1900. The late occupants had left the house in a very dilapidated and unsightly condition. In fact, it required a full month for carpenters, painters, plasterers and paper hangers to make it habitable. To a passerby, it might have appeared tolerably presentable, but to those who opened the door and entered, it was a site that baffles description: the good people had left us for luck or for love, perhaps for both, a sufficient quantity of their rejected belongings to make 3 or 4 splendid bonfires; and if the sweepings, the cobwebs, etc., were gathered together and thrown into the flames they would have been extinguished. In most of the rooms there were large open fireplaces, the linings of which were so loose, the touching one brick caused a shower, well mingled with mortar and sort to fall. To have these properly repaired would have been an expensive and tedious job, so it was decided to close them up and buy a few stoves. Much of the woodwork had been badly used: a nail driven halfway in, serve the purpose of handle several of the doors; all the others were and still are furnished with 18th century latches; even our Chapel. The front door, however, and 2 of the rear, path handles, simply because they are new, their predecessors were latched wrecks. It would have been difficult to decide the original color of the little paint that had the hardihood to withstand the rubbings of time. The exterior of the building was between a questionable yellow and gray, with roaring red shutters and trimmings. Plastering in many of the apartments and the papering and all of them showed plainly that they had seen their best days early in the last century. The floors; - - well, there was a crying necessity to cover them all, which was done thanks to our Vernon Street sisters, who kindly gave us sufficient linoleum for the purpose. It was clear that broken window

panes had not been mended or replaced by the most skillful glaziers; putty in streaks and party and lumps still tell the tale. The only wet sink in the house was in the kitchen; refuse water was allowed to flow through a hole in the side of the building and go where it pleased. The "toilet room" was a primitive country B. H.. Guileless of boarding below; it opened off an apartment adjoining the kitchen, used as a storeroom for cattle feed, etc. The barn, stable, hen coop and out sheds were in sad condition, quite unfit for the well being of the animals. All this gives but a faint idea of what the place was with Sister Superior, Sr. Joseph Mary and her Berkeley Street companion set forth here on that Monday in Holy Week. They spent the days till the following Saturday working in directing the work: they stopped, slept and breakfasted at Vernon Street, which is about 3 miles distant. On Holy Saturday, they went back to Berkeley Street where they remained till Easter Tuesday. Fortified by the brief rest and the Easter Joyce, they and another loaned sister resumed the Holy Week's toil.

On the 20th, Sister Josepha of the Sacred Heart appointed cook for the community, arrived from Providence. 4 days later, Sr. Mary of the Presentation came from Somerville to attend to the general housework. That night, April 24, the 1st Notre Dame sleeping was done in this farmhouse. Msgr. Griffin sent on the day following, 50 fine hands, and before the end of the month, 3 condos from one of his farms were driven into our pastor. This devoted priest has proved himself thus far to be our most substantial friend.

Notre Dame du Lac is within the limits of the Immaculate Conception Parish, whose pastor, Rev. Robert Walsh has also shown himself from the outset interested in the new community. We kindly sent a check for \$100 and on to occasions loaned us one of his men to help hours to plough. Many other good friends came forward with welcome offerings, among them right Rev. Bishop Beavin of Springfield, who presented us with a \$50 check. Here is a copy of a letter from His Grace in reply to 1 informing him that the sisters were taking possession of the new home.

St. Michael Cathedral,
Springfield, Massachusetts, May 3, 1900.

Rev. and Dear Mother,

I am pleased that our Lady of the Lake will in a short time give a warm welcome to the sisters. Tell mother Bernard that the Bishop of Springfield will be please to call upon her and glad to have her once more under his "houlette." All the spiritual favors possible for me to grant will be attached to the house. I believe you should ask father Griffin to say the priest mass. It would be a pleasure for me, but I am of opinion that you will agree with my suggestion. I can easily drop in upon the sisters from time to time, unannounced and unexpected. Needless to assure them that I will do all I can to make their sojourn cheerful and beneficial.

Sincerely us in Christ,

Thomas Steve Beavin. Bishop of Springfield.

Rev. Father Redican, confessor at Vernon Street most thoughtfully sent us a young heifer: the members of the Married Ladies Sodality supplied all that was needed in the room to be occupied by dear sister Mary Bernard, who was added to the community on May 1. This good sister in the 79th year of her age when named for the farm had been superior at the Vernon Street house; her knowledge and experience in the management of gardens, etc., made her an invaluable acquisition. The Single Ladies Sodality furnished our Parlor while most of our kitchen utensils were the joint offerings of the Vernon Street pupils. It not unfrequently happens that visitors from the city and elsewhere, the question – “Sister, is there anything you would like me to send you?” – – And, in keeping with dear Sister Superior Julia’s permission, we make known our small wants and they are supplied. Apart from this, all our New England establishments showed their sisterly generous spirit by giving not only what was signed as a donation of each, but other thoughtful useful and necessary gifts. It would be an endless task to specify what came from our Houses. Meat as well as East, but all is carefully marked in “God’s Book” where nothing is overlooked.

May 3 brought the 5th member of the community and the person of Sister Anastasia, she came from Cambridge port and was to be clothes keeper. 3 days after, the 1st washing was done. On the 10th, Sr. Agnes arrived from Woburn to be Portress. On the same day another letter was received from His Grace; it was an answer to Sister Mary Bernard’s inviting him to bless the house and say the 1st Mass.

“St. Michael’s Cathedral,
Springfield, Massachusetts, May 9, 1900.

Very Dear Sister,

I am greatly pleased to have you again under my pastoral crook. In any way that I can give you any little pleasure, do not hesitate to let me know. If you will be ready for mass on Saturday next, I will cheerfully, after call, be at Notre Dame Du Lac at the time which shall be arranged. I shall call up Sr. Agnes Aloysius by phone sometime Friday to know the hour you wish to have the Mass.

Wholly yours in Christ,

Thomas D Beavin,

Bishop of Springfield.

The work on the house was approaching completion; all but the painters had gone, consequently one felt safe in appointing the 12th of the month for the threefold priceless ceremony: – blessing the premises, saying the 1st Mass, and enthroning our Blessed Lord in the humble Chapel at Notre Dame Du Lac. With the generous aid of our devoted Vernon Street sisters all the preparations were made, when after 6 o’clock in the eve of our Great Day, word came that Rev. R. Walsh would officiate instead of the Bishop. This we learned later, was a condescension on the part of His Grace, in consideration of our place being within the limits of Father Walsh’s parish. It was naturally a disappointment but we made the best of it. At a 6:15 on Saturday Father

Walsh, the good priest arrived, and a few minutes later Sister Agnes Aloysius and 4 of her community to help to sing the praises of God in his Holy Mother for the 1st time in Notre Dame's new settlement. Father Walsh commenced by blessing the Chapel and the 7 rooms on the floor, which by the way, is the highest in the building if we accept and unusable attic; it has it additional peculiarity an advantage of being one flight above the level of the road. The math assisted by an 18-year-old Acolyte, a sweet innocent Boston boy, who had been prepared by Sister Superior but his First Communion; he lives here with our 2 men; does errands and helps with the light work of the farm.

Our dear Vernon Street sisters came that morning as they always do, without being empty-handed. When the Portress opened the door, a large box of hothouse flowers was thrust into her hands by one and a pair of handsome cuts glass vases by another. The only welcome the dear souls received was - "Hurry off with your cloaks, the priest is vesting." They were in time for the mass; so were the fragrant flowers, though these only reached the old-fashioned mantelpiece at the right of the altar, as the priest was beginning the Holy Sacrifice.

It will be interesting to all who may read these annals, to know that our little altar was the one 1st used by sisters in Stillman St., Boston, 50 years ago. When they moved to Lancaster Street it went with them. If all of them to Berkeley Street, also, where it did service for the Repository. From there it was sent to Arlington, then to East St., South Boston, then to Newton St., Waltham, and now, after his half-century of holy peregrinations, the precious heirloom and treasury of grace, rests at Notre Dame Du Lac, the 1st of Notre Dame's real resting houses this side of the ocean.

Fervent and very fervent where the prayers said and the hymns sung by the 13 ardent Spouses who assisted at our 1st mass. The soft tones of the Harmonium (the gift of our dear Holyoke sisters) blended devotion only with the sweet pious voices of the "picked choir," as he poured forth their souls in praise and Thanksgiving.

"Leandate pueri," Ave Maris Stella," "O CorAmouis," David Retribum," and "Holy God" opened to the chant of the Sisters of Notre Dame in this great corner of the "Heart of the Commonwealth." The 6 sisters of the community received their 1st Holy Communion here, from the hands and the parish of a lifelong friend of Notre Dame. Father Robert Walsh was, in the early days of Chicopee, which were the early days of his priesthood, and interested friend of the sisters there. He and the late Father Healy were devoted to each other, and in some points, of a similar turn of mind. It is said that soon after the community was settled and Father Griffin's parish, Worcester, these good priests arrived one evening in the furnace Street convent on some kind of a conveyance carrying a large hen coop filled with livestock. As the story goes, it would seem that father Walsh was seated in the coop to keep it in place. Up to the present the sisters of Vernon Street have never failed to receive from him regularly and abundant Christmas dinner; meat, vegetables and fruit sufficient for thrice their number.

After mass, accompanied by Sister Superior and the acolyte, he blessed the rooms below: the Parlor, Holy Family, Refectory, Kitchen and Laundry. The last named department serves also for the men's dining room. This duty over, he returned to the Chapel, we were making our Thanksgiving; he knelt to make his after which he turned to us and with joined hands pronounced a heartfelt and true blessing on all present. The 2 superiors sat with him during his purpose, and they were most happy to see and we to hear that he did ample justice to the well-prepared repast our dear Sister Josepha of the Sacred Heart set before him.

Before breaking up with the mornings happy party nearly all of the members of both communities took a long walk over the estate. They sang with one accord "The Good God Is so Very Good!" Then Sr. Agnes Aloysius and 2 of her sisters bade us goodbye; the others remained till evening. Thus ends the day of our 1st Mass.

At the risk of some repetition, we will copy from a circular sent to the different houses about the middle of June.

Notre Dame Du Lac, Plantation St., Worcester, MA
June 17, 1900.

Dearly Beloved Sisters,

Our dear Sister Superior and sister Mary Bernard seem to think you would all enjoy some echoes from the Farm: your and our own and only Farm. So we will try to have them reach you before your last day (of school) hoping that it idea of the upward and onward movements of the Farm and its hands, may serve as a slight mental relaxation at this busy anxious time.

We are all well, and have been so, thank God, since last you heard from us. Our dear Sister Superior with her inseparable companion, the cane, are in the words of dear Sister Superior Julia, "mothering the place;" and that, in a right motherly manner. (Here followed the account given in this book, page 6, of the dilapidated condition of the house and surroundings, when the sisters arrived.)

Entered the two-story dwelling today and you will find the tumbledown fireplaces smoothly plastered up, and opposite 6 of them cozy little sheet iron stoves, surmounted by highly polished nickel urns, ornaments in themselves: another stove, recently received from Woburn, has not yet been placed. The woodwork is neatly mended and painted suitable tints or shades, and the nail handles of the doors are replaced by repaired latches or knobs. The exterior of the building is now a rich cream Color with dark brown trimmings: the shutters are invisible green. The walls and many of the ceilings are covered with paper of modest hues and tasty patterns. The Chapel has to handsome red carpet from Vernon Street sanctuary. The Parlor, all the furniture which was presented by the members of St. John's Single Ladies Sodality is covered with a

light pretty linoleum. Dear sister Mary Bernard's room furnished by the Married Ladies Sodality is carpeted with the same, while all the other apartments, entries included, have as mentioned above Vernon Street linoleum. All the windows in the house have adjustable straw colored shades sent from East Boston; on the lower sashes are white lacy curtains on brass rods, from Berkeley Street. We have 2 wet sinks now, and although refuse water is still allowed to flow through a hole in the wall, there are bricked gutters to conduct it away. The room off the kitchen, used for cattle feed etc., is today, the busiest in the house. In it our four men take their meals; and when the weather is wet or stormy our dog and cats to the same: the washing, standing and ironing are done there; lamps, candlesticks, etc. are trimmed and clean there; the Religious and the farmers wash their hands they are, for it contains our 2nd wet sink; and at present, and until the dairy is finished, the milk cans and pans are kept there as the churning and butter making are done there. All this is like putting into a nutshell the changes that have been planned and accomplished since the 9th of April by the clear sightedness and energy of our dear Sister Superior. Long may she rule the Farm.

As the dear Sister Mary Bernard, her efforts and success in the pecuniary line, and in "getting," as dear Sister Superior Julia said in her circular, "all she can out of the ground" are equally marvelous. View of her many friends call on her without leaving some token of esteem and goodwill. In many cases it is small, but every little helps.

Already 6 ½ acres of the long untilled soil have been well ploughed and planted. Potatoes, corn, beans, peas, beats, oats, mangels, turnips, tomatoes, carrots, squashes, cucumbers, parsnips, lettuce, rhubarb, radishes, etc. etc. are springing up. Of course, only a small harvest will be expected this year; still, please God, there will be more than needed for the consumption of the Community and the farmers. There is however promise of apples in abundance and we have been told by the last tenant that they are the finest he ever saw. A week ago, the grass before our front entrance was cocked, probably for the 1st time in its life; a small rockery has been built there. We are trying to coax a little vine over the porch leading to the front door, there are some seats on either side where 4 persons can conveniently find room; this porch serves at times for a 2nd Parlor. A flagged path will be laid from the gate to the front door as soon as the men can find time.

It has been found necessary to place notices at several points in the Estate. The orchards, fields and meadows have, it is evident, then places of resort and thoroughfare. 8 large boards, distinctly lettered arrived from Berkeley Street the other day: the language is strong. "Trespassing on These Grounds Is Forbidden under Penalty of the Law." One of our horses has been disabled for the past 2 weeks and under doctor's treatment. His trouble came from corns, the poor beast! How some of us pitied him! He was recovering and had been re-shod went on last Thursday morning one of the planks in the stable gave way; this plank went down and was badly scratched. The barn stable, hen Coop and out houses are in a sad condition; quite unfit for the health and well-being of the

animals: a new barn has been commenced but the work makes slow progress; it will contain sleeping apartments for the men; at present one of them has his bed in the woodshed. About a week ago we received a present of 2 young pigs, sweet greedy little fellows; not over particular. I noticed one of them the other day having his 4 feet in the pan from which he was taking his dinner. Now some items from our Journal.

On May 15, we had a little series of occurrences well worthy (in our estimation) of note. On the night of the 12th, Prince, our faithful dog, strayed or was decoyed away. Search was made for him in vain. When we were returning from mass at Vernon Street on the morning of the 15th, one of the sisters gave me a small statue of St. Anthony as we stepped into the carriage. On the road, I suddenly remembered our loss and taking up the Statue I said with All Earnestness, "Dear Saint, Find Us Our Protector; You Know You Can." A Moment Later, Sister Superior Directed Sister Mary Bernard's Attention Out Of the Window, Saying, "Is That Dog Not like Our Prince?" And Sure Enough There He Was Trotting Full Speed after the Carriage. He Was Quite Wet and His Legs Covered with Mud, Otherwise We Would Have Taken Him in. We Were Then a Mile and a Half from the Farm, but the Poor Animal Kept up with the Horses, Whose Pace the Driver Slackened till He Reached the Gate, Then He Sank Exhausted on the Ground. It Was More Than a Week before He Was over the Effects of His Trip and His Trot: Many Acts of Thanksgiving Were Sent up to Dear St. Anthony for His Recovery.

Occurrence the 2nd, Was the Arrival about Noon of a Delegation of the Berkeley Street Tabernacle Society, twenty in number. They had sent a caterer with a tent and a bountiful lunch to prepare the way. Consequently they were no charge to us, save for the quantity of our sparkling spring water, which they eagerly drank from bright tin cups; preferring these to the glasses offered them. They spent a pleasant afternoon on the grounds, and left about 4 o'clock, in barge and hacks.

The 3rd event was the Farms first sale. Two quarts of milk at \$.06 each were sold we young lady who said her friends were having a picnic on the grounds belonging to the Natural History Society.

The 4th happening was a fire. It was discovered as we were going to evening meditation. Over 50 feet of the fence separating our property from that belonging to the Natural History Society was burned, and much of the grass and trees singed. The farmhands, male and female, made every effort to extinguish the flames, but the wind was in its favor, and it only stopped when it reached the stonewall. It is believed that a burning cigar or match was the cause.

The next occurrence was of quite a different and more pleasing nature. The 1st evening reading at table was made; and that by dear Sister Mary Bernard; ever since she had performed that duty.

The same night we partook at supper of our own rhubarb, cultivated and gathered by dear Sister Mary Bernard. This was the 6th notable occurrence of May 15th. On the following day the plan of the Estate, regularly drawn and framed at Msgr. Griffin's expense reached us. It measures 5' x 4 1/3', and hangs in our Holy Family. The surveying and all cost his generous Reverence \$350.

On the 19th and 20th we had the 2nd and 3rd Mass in the House. Our usual arrangement for Mass and Holy Communion was this. On Sundays all went; some to the early Mass. and these received Holy Communion; the others to the Children's Mass at 9 o'clock; their Holy Communion was postponed. The order for weekdays was that one half of the community went on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; the other half taking the remaining days: in this way we succeeded in getting all our Communion except every other Sundays.

On Ascension Day we had Mass again in the houses and that afternoon our 1st Benediction given by Rev. F Sullivan, brother of Sister Cyrille. This good priest has since been appointed Confessor at the Farm: on Saturday before last he did his 1st work in this line.

Thursday, May 29, was a memorable day here. It opened to the series of Vernon Street May Parties which please God will not end until Vernon Street and the Farm shall be no more. The High School and 9th grade commenced. A tasty and devotional altar of the Blessed Virgin had been erected the day before among the trees at a distance from the Convent. A charming statue of our Lady of Lourdes, sent us with other gifts by "Berkeley St. Bernard," was used on the occasion and for the 1st time. At Sister Superior's requests, all the bells and gongs in our possession (7 in number) were collected, and when the barges came in sight, the happy party was loudly and heartily welcomed. The head Farmer and the Farmers Boy did their part with a will: the Portress, not to be outdone, made the front doorbell sound its loudest. The dear children kept up a glad cheer till the barge reached the gate. As soon as all had been safely handed down, they deposited their lunch baskets on a long table under the trees and quietly forming in rank, commenced there May Party by a procession to Our Lady's Altar, singing sweetly all the way. It was touching in the extreme. The thought, that this was the 1st time the praisers of our Blessed Mother had been sounded in this wild, picturesque spot, and that it was all ours, and the singers were ours and we were Notre Dame's, was too much for our self possession. One old lady in particular among the lookers on, had more moisture than usual in her eyes and was forced to turn away.

Having reached the Altar they performed there May Devotions and then scattered in search of that for which they had come -- a good time. In the afternoon they had a ballgame, and about 7 o'clock the barges arrived to take the satisfied and grateful company to their homes.

An amusing little incident that happened in the morning must not be overlooked. The pupils had prepared their Sodality banners which they intended to carry in procession to the Shrine. As they were leaving Vernon Street, one of the teachers, fearing that in the hurry they might have been forgotten, asked the conductor if the banners had been put in: his reply was, "Yes, they are here, all safe." When the party arrived at the farm, he produced a huge bunch of bananas: -- the Banners had remained in Vernon Street.

On the 31st, 3 other grades came of course: they were not received with as much enthusiasm as the graduates; they did not expect it, knowing that their day will come. They had chartered cars, and nearly all were provided with flags, which, their teacher told us they attempted more than once to waive from the windows as they rode along. Who could blame them?

Sixty first graders found room in a barge sent by the father of one of them. Each of these tots wore a colored paper wreath, and carried a large paper bag containing her lunch; they were sweet and interesting.

June 8 was appointed for the little boys. They were soldiers' hats made of newspaper; several had drums, tambourines, etc. Thus they came, those children of God and the parish that is doing so much for us, ~1000 had spent a day at Notre Dame Du Lac. All bade us a grateful, "goodbye," well pleased with their day, themselves, and us. The orphans from the Asylum of the Sisters of Mercy are expected. I believe their day is not yet named.

The 1st Pentecost at the farm was a day never to be forgotten. We do not think it is irreverent to draw points of comparison between it and the 1st Pentecost the world ever saw. The number assembled in the upper chamber is not recorded: "His apostles and Mary the Mother of Jesus." That would have made but 12. May we not piously believe that Mary Magdalene or another of his Holy Women may have been there? Well, we were 13, and all received our risen Lord, and that from the hands of a Jesuit, the 1st, in all probability that ever set foot in this Farmhouse; a Father Jones, from Holy Cross College. Our own community then numbered 6: Sister Mary Josephine, Superior at Providence and 2 sisters from Berkeley Street were our guests; our own four men made up the 13; and all, I say, receive Holy Communion. It was a sight and an experience that called up thoughts and feelings especially in us 6, that can be enjoyed but not described. Dear Sister Superior would, I know, have shed tears of holy joy and consolation had she been present.

At 9 o'clock we were able to conform to the sweet custom in most of our houses are preparing to the Chapel to sing the "Veni Creator," and we did it with all our souls. The pleasures and privileges of the Great Day were crowned by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by Msgr. Griffin, our most substantial Friend. Surely we had all that could fill us with the Holy Ghost; and if we did not speak divers tongues, divers

emotions, all of which tended to draw us closer and closer to the Object of our existence, were excited within us.

On the 17th instant, 2 pieces of the best kind of news reached us, through the efforts and by the mouth of our dear neighbor Sister Agnes Aloysius. Prayers without number or measure have been said by all the sisters here since the opening of the House, that a priest might be found ("foolish enough," as Father Walsh once remarked) to come to these wilds to say mass for us daily. At length, our dear Lord has heard our supplications and rewarded the sisterly endeavors that sister, by making her instrumental in procuring what we desired. She came on the afternoon of the 7th, to inform us that a good priest was not only willing but most happy to come every day to was able to resume his duties: just recovered from a severe attack of rheumatic fever and was convalescing at his home in this Parish. He resides about as far from here as Vernon Street, but in an opposite direction. One of our men drives him here and back; since the 8th we have had Mass and Holy Communion regularly; already the dear father feels the benefit of his morning drives and his convent breakfasts. God grant that when he recovers, another of his kind, or any kind of Heaven may send, will be forthcoming: my last Sunday he gave us Benediction, with the promise that he would confer the like favor as often as we desired.

The 2nd piece of good news was the appointment of our Confessor, as mentioned above. Up to the present, we had been able to receive the Sacrament of Penance only every 2 weeks, as but half the community went at a time. Help us, dear sisters, to return suitable thanks to God for these and the innumerable other favors we have received and are daily receiving. Our wagon, which goes to Vernon Street every evening, seldom returns without some token or tokens of sisterly charity and kindness from one or another of Notre Dame's Houses. Vernon Street is our Post Office, our Express Office, our Telephone Office; in a word, our center of application for all wants and requirements; and we have at our beck as many willing and obliging officials as there are sisters in that Community. We avail ourselves of the present opportunity to thank sincerely all our dear sisters who have communicated with us through any of the above named Offices. We regret that sisterly gifts sometimes reached us and not been acknowledged. In future we will strive to be more attentive to this important act of courtesy.

And now, wishing you, one at all, a most profitable vacation and practical retreat, and we will take the liberty to add a pleasant visit to the Farm when leave and duties permit, we sign ourselves, in Jesus's Sacred Heart

Your grateful loving sisters

Community of Notre Dame Du Lac

P. S. We forget to mention that on the 9th instant, Sr. Bernadette of the blessed sacrament was added to our number; we are now 7: thank God.

On the night of the 17th, a company of Gypsies took up their quarters on our grounds in the vicinity of Lake Quinsigamond. There were men, women, and children; according to accounts, between 30 and 40. Before we were aware of it they had their tents spread, their fires made in their washing hung out on poles. We had much difficulty in getting them off the place. Mild requests had no effect, so the authorities were notified, and in about 36 hours they and their belongings had disappeared. It is probable that they had been accustomed to make this one of their stations; they spoke and acted as if surprised at being molested.

To those, who, and after years may find scattered here and there on the grounds, long backed benches, it may be interesting to learn that they were sent from East Boston. After having done service for over 30 years in the basement of Holy Redeemer Church, they come, a veritable Godsend, to renew their usefulness here. 6 or 8 of them on the so-called Picnic Dining Campus, a very large rough Carpenter's bench, found in the barn and saved from the bonfires by Sister Superior's foresight, when covered with sheets answers the purpose of a table and a fine one, too. On it a little pleasure parties set their drinks and lunch baskets; and it not unfrequently happens that some of our ill mannered hens set themselves thereon not as lunch, but to lunch. When the weather permits, the community spends noon recreation on the Holy Redeemer benches. Those who visit coal mine and other favorite resorts are glad to find one or more of those comfortable settees.

On the 18th, Sister Ann Bernadine, the Superior at Cambridgeport, with the High School pupils and their teacher came to breathe the fresh free air of the Farm. They brought their lunch and an ample lunch for us. A few days later, 2 sisters from Providence accompanied their Graduates here to spend the day. Their superiors sent, besides other gifts, handsome striking clock, than which nothing save the fine Sacred Heart statue that arrived next day from the same quarter, could be more welcome. It was placed in the entry near the Chapel, from where it's solemn times during the night may be heard by such as are foolish enough to lie awake. The North end of said entry is our Vestry, the South, our Library. The statue of the Sacred Heart is a beauty; it is ----- in height, delicately painted and most devotional to look upon.

4 Sisters of Mercy and about 50 of their Orphans from the Asylum on High Street came on the 19th. Dr. Power, V.G. and Msgr. Griffin were much pleased that an invitation had been extended to those dear children. As 50 is only half their number Sister Superior requested that the remainder be allowed to come another day. A note from the Rev. Mother a week later, stated that all the orphans had been invited to spend a day at Leicester and several ladies had volunteered to take entire charge of them; she said, as her sisters would be free, she would like to have them take at Notre Dame Du Lac the day promised to the children adding, "we will bring our dinner, and consider as one of the chief pleasures of the day, to be allowed to partake of it in some secluded spot on the grounds."

To all but the bringing of their dinner, Sister Superior cheerfully agreed; there was, however, no time to do more than protest. Accordingly they were here quite early following day, 16 in number. The whole Order was represented: Rev. Mother, Professed Sisters, Novices, Postulants and Lay Sisters. The place they selected for their repast was a hillside in the vicinity of the coal mine. Towards noon they spread their table on the grass; and, as they afterwards remarked, the picturesque scenery, the sweet invigorating air, quiet and above all the novelty of the situation prevented their noticing the coming storm. Before they were aware, thunder, lightning and rain in torrents were upon them. They had no shelter and no alternative but to gather up themselves and their dinner and run. They took refuge in the barn and stable till the storm had somewhat abated, then made their way across to the Laundry where drinks, etc., had been prepared for them. The afternoon was spent in drying themselves and their clothes, and laughing merrily over their mishap.

Next day the Rev. Mother wrote and relieved our anxiety by telling us that no colds have been taken and all were in a good condition after their adventure. This was on the 28th; we have anticipated.

On the 21st, about a dozen of the Berkeley Street Art School with their Teacher, Sister Mary Imelda, have their day at the Farm. Several cameras came out with them; of course, they were used; the result is a few cards that may be used as scarecrows to keep off mosquitoes deprecatory [?].

After 2 short weeks of regular daily Mass in the House, which all sisters heartily enjoyed, Rev. F. McGovern left the city to spend some days in Maine with a fellow priest, one of his classmates. Then followed for us a week of privatization; our dear Lord had pity on us and sent a Father O'Malley, another Worcester boy, who came for 3 days; after that, another fast.

Hitherto our sacristy belongings have been scattered, finding lodging inboxes, bureau drawers, closets, etc. Our dear Sister Superior who is blessed with a goodly share of inventive genius, has with a bureau and a board, contrived a vestment case that surprises all who see it. The bureau is one of 2 sent from Brookline; it has fine draws and on the top at both ends one small ornamental boxes that open with lids. Under these, she slept a smooth board some inches longer and wider than the bureau; on this the vestments for Mass are spread. The drawers contain the linens, etc.; and our 7 chasubles (just think of the number) paying in a closet of the Chapel, on half hoops, neatly covered. We have a metallic lavabo, a lighter and extinguisher combined, and a confessional: 1 chair and all these constitute our model Vestry which is cut off from the staircase by a pretty green screen.

Some months ago, Msgr. Griffin purchased an estate in Millbury, a Township some miles from Worcester, with the intention of making it over to the Xavierian Brothers, for the purpose of establishing an Industrial School for Boys. He was desirous that we should see it, and on Saturday near the close of June, he sent a conveyance that would seat 6. The drive through the woods was delightful; we met very few persons. The house is larger, stable, barn, etc., in a much better condition than ours, and more of the land cultivated; but for picturesqueness and variety, we preferred our own.

Soon after settling here, Rev. F. Walsh promised us a Telephone. On the 29th, 2 men came to set the wires.

July

Up to the present, it has been hardly possible to keep our Annals in regular monthly order. Now, with God's help, we will make the attempt.

Monday the 2nd, Feast of the Visitation.

Our dear Vernon Street sisters selected this day for their "Outing" at the Farm. They started early by twos and fours, not to be too many on the road at once; before noon the whole community save 5 to keep house, were with us. Like the Sisters of Mercy, they brought their lunch and plan to partake of it in the open air; unlike those good souls, they had a charming day from morning to night; all but 3 of the Lake community joined them at their midday repast. They roamed and rambled through woods and thickets, by the lake and the brook, on heights and in hollows, getting all possible benefit out of their day in the country. Towards dark they left us as they had come, in small parties.

Tuesday the 3rd. The work of putting in the Telephone was completed. Our number is 717 - 3, and our title, (against which, however, we protested) is "Home for Aged Sisters." How we came to be vast registered, we cannot tell: time will, please God, and we will have it changed. The 1st message was thanks to Rev. F. Walsh for the godsend. The next was to Msgr. G., who is so interested in us and all that concerns us.

Wednesday the 4th. The 1st independence day at Notre Dame Du Lac. So very quiet. Neither sign nor sound of the usual noisy rejoicing. For those of us, however, whose turn it was to ride to Mass, the case was different. No sooner had we caught beyond the limits of the Estate, then we commenced to see and hear unmistakable evidence of the day. Flags and firecrackers all the way to and from Vernon Street. Our man, George, a Pole, who I believe was spending his 1st Fourth of July in America, was annoyed and discussed it. He had much difficulty in controlling the horse, when mischievous boys through their torpedoes and crackers under his feet. "No such fuss in my country for a big day; they go to church, then keep quiet." This was his comment. 2 of our men who have relatives in Boston, left on an early train to spend the day with them. Denis, the youngest, whom we commonly call the Boy, was to take his 1st earnings to his mother. In the hurry and delight of going, he went without his money. Sister Superior felt bad at

the thought of the dear child's disappointment; the Telephone came to her mind and her assistance. Knowing that he was to call at Berkeley Street, she "called up," (as they word it) Sister Frances of the Sacred Heart, told her the case, and requested her to give Denis his \$25. This was the 1st practical use made of our Telephone.

Thursday the 5th. Sister Superior and Sister Josepha of the Sacred Heart started early from Berkeley St., Boston, where they are to make their retreat. A sister from Vernon Street was loaned to do the cooking here.

1st Friday the 6th. As Mass in the house was not expected, those whose turn it was went at the usual hour, a group of 6, to Vernon St.: the 4 at home had breakfast in our later. We had got as far as breaking our fast, when Rev. F. McGovern rang the bell. He had arrived home too late the night before to give us notice that we would have Mass. We were delighted; perplexed to, for there was not a sacristan among us; and not only that, but no one knew where to find the things as all had been rearranged. With the aid of the good father, however, we had our Mass, but though 1st Friday, no Holy Communion. On the 3 days following, the same devoted priest came to say mass for us. None but ourselves can appreciate the favor of having the Holy Sacrifice in the House. On Monday the 9th, Rev. F. McGovern went to make his retreat, after which he expects to resume his duties in Great Barrington.

Saturday the 7th. The Notre Dame Reading Circle from Berkeley Street, rather a portion of it, came for an outing at the Farm. They left just in time to miss a dreadful thunderstorm. Thank God.

Tuesday the 10th. On this date the 1st retreat at Notre Dame Du Lac was opened. It was a 3 days retreat and 3 sisters were the participants; one of the number was preacher likewise: Sister M. Patricia, Sister M. Leatitia, and Sister Amelia of the Sacred Heart; the 1st named to the reading of meditation, etc. On the 2nd and the last day of the exercises, they and we had the happiness and consolation of Mass and Holy Communion in the house. A Father Cunningham, another Worcester's many Rev. boys, being on his vacation, kindly came here to say his masses. He was accompanied and served at the altar by a Mr. O'Connor, a seminarian, who is to be ordained at Christmas.

On the 11th, a serious and what might have been a fatal accident happened. 4 sisters had gone to mass at Vernon Street: on the road back, the horse, a troublesome one, became stubborn; he refused to go, and when it urged galloped in a frantic manner. When the man succeeded in stopping him, he really stopped. 2 of the sisters got out of the wagon, hoping that lightning is load might put them in a better humor, but it was no use. The driver left his place and let him by the bridle. This did for of time, and the 2 walking sisters took courage and resume their seats in the carriage; whereupon the animal commenced to prance and rear in such a way that the man was unable to control him. The feelings of the poor sisters can be better imagined then described. God watched

over them and permitted that the horse should stop in front of a Blacksmith Shop. The proprietor came out and his quick I caught sight of one of the wagon wheels just about to come to pieces. They were then in the business part of the city; the sisters remained in the vehicle while the good man adjusted the spokes and attended to other matters; then giving the driver some directions regarding the management of the horse, he told them to start on without fear. They were a little less than a mile from the house, when the ill tempered beast resumed his pranks. Again they lightened his load, but to no purpose; there he stood, as if planted; so the 2 sisters, beat [?] able, walked to the house, leaving the others by the wayside. Another horse was sent for them and Joseph was taken back to his former owner. Some ascribe his strange conduct to the fact of his having been allowed to take more rest than was necessary after a recent illness; others say he may have some inward trouble; it is hard to tell the cause, thank God, the dear sisters escaped, with nothing worse than a good fright.

On the 12th, our dear Lawrence sisters gave us a most agreeable surprise. A fine metallic statue of St. Anthony, 3'9" in height arrived here unannounced, save through the Vernon Street telephone. To say that our beloved and bountiful provider received a hearty welcome is a weak way of expressing the sentiments of every member of the community, visiting sisters included. The good news even reached Sister Superior in retreat at Berkeley Street. For the present, the dear statue stands on a unique table, a gift from Brookline, in the lower entry facing the front door; a light burned at his feet day and night, and bouquets of sweet wildflowers in art but handsome vases are on either side. Sister Superior intends to have a grotto build for him, in some chosen spot.

The 1st mission from the farm took place on the 16th. Sister Anastasia went to Roxbury. On the same day, our men's beds were moved into the new but unfinished barn. As their quarters are not yet plastered, they will large for the present in what is intended for a storeroom. The change met with general approval; the poor men were glad to go and we were overjoyed to get their rooms. Notwithstanding that this is the week for the priest retreat, we have had mass in the house 3 times. Rev. F. Howard, a member of St. Basil's order and another of the Rev. Worcester boys, said it for us; thus we have been able to get all our Holy Communions of the week.

For some time the water in our tanks was very low; on Thursday the 19th, they were quite empty and we were forced to send to the brook for what was necessary.

Friday the 20th was a memorable day at the Farm; not for us alone, but we may safely say, for all Worcester, at least the Catholic portion. It had been suggested by some of our interested friends, to have a Picnic on the grounds, the proceeds of which would be presented to the Community. Dear Sister Superior Julia sanctioned the project was certain restrictions; the chief of these was that that the sisters should have nothing to do with it. The weather was all that could be desired. Our dry tanks was a drawback, as it necessitated many journeys to the brook. From 10:00 AM to 8 PM, the grounds were

covered with a most respectable and respectful crowd of pleasure seekers. It is said that over 1500 were in the gathering. They came from all the parishes in the city and suburbs: many from Boston and other distant cities. We are told that few if any of the influential Catholic men were missing. A number of clergymen were seen joining in the happy groups, thus giving countenance to the cause. It was regretted by all, that Msgr. Griffin and father Welsh were in retreat. Father O'Brien of St. John's church called at the convent early in the afternoon, in company with 2 other priests. They told Sister Superior that they had come, 1st to pay their respects to the head of the house, then they were going over the entire picnic grounds and wish to furnish themselves with the leaf to treat every sister they met. Sister Superior gave them full permission to offer and the sisters to accept and partake of all the suites they desired. Father O'Brien was chief spokesman; all who know him, understand; he understood, and so did his fellow priests and all were pleased.

They were more tents and well laden refreshment tables in all directions. A program of amusements for the afternoon had been issued some days before. Among the numbers was a Ballgame between the Altar Boys of the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Conception, in which all, but especially the members of these 2 parishes took a lively interest. Races of various kinds were announced; one of these was "A Pig Race," which we were happy to learn and are happier to state did not take place. No doubt, the Pig shared our sentiments, (if he only knew.)

From our own indoor observation and the reports and remarks of clergymen and others who pass the day on the grounds, we feel that the "Outing" as they called it was both creditable and enjoyable. "It seems," as one gentleman said, "more like a general reunion of friends;" for many who had not met 4 years, and counted one another that day. A quiet and refined sociability prevailed on all sides; nothing harsh or brood even among the boys, of whom there was a goodly crowd. We feared for our trees, which were laden with tempting fruit, not quite right, but sufficiently so to attract boys, yet not a limb was broken or injured. Mr. Lamb, treasurer and one of the chief committee, told us that he had attended many picnics, but never one to compare with this: there was not the slightest accident or unpleasant occurrence to Marr the days perfect enjoyment. We firmly believe all this and heartily thanked for so unexpected and favorable an answer to our many fervent prayers; for, in truth, we had fears and misgivings; and dreaded the approach of the day.

Several persons called at the door to see Sister Mary Bernard, for she is a popular center of attraction at the farm: all were unanimous in their sentiments of admiration and gratification. We retired that night for love grateful thoughts and words. Not doubting that it will give pleasure to those who come after us, we insert a copy of the Notice or Circular that appeared some weeks before the picnic we have not yet heard the amount realized.

Our 34 windows and 4 of our 5 backdoors are neatly cornered with netting, thanks to the generosity of our dear Woburn sisters, who have furnished sufficient material and several pieces over. This helps to keep out some of the myriad invaders that disturb our piece by day and by night. We have just received from the same source a package of Punk or Chinese Matches to aid in the expulsion. The monthly calendar of intentions that hangs in our Refectory is from Woburn also.

On the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th we had the blessing of Holy Mass in the house: Rev. F. Howard was a celebrant. It is not an uncommon thing for us to ride from the city in company with groceries and provisions of different kinds; and it not unfrequently happens that visiting sisters are treated to the same privilege. It seldom happens however that these ride out with such a variety of this world's goods, as did 2 who arrived from Vernon Street after 8 o'clock on the night of the 24th. One was from Washington, the other from Providence, and it was the 1st visit to the Farm for both. They were about to start from Vernon Street by the Electric when Denis reached their for the mail, etc. This and the 2 sisters he politely helped into the carryall. As he had a few errands to do on his way home, he saw no impropriety in driving the visitors from store to store; to him, it rather seemed a diversion for them, to increase which, he took pains to point out the places of interest they had to pass. Sister Agnes Aloysius had in the meantime, kindly telephoned that the sisters were on the way, so we waited for supper until a quarter to eight. We wondered at the unusual delay of our errand boy, but our wondering ceased when after 8 o'clock the carryall drove up. All who were not engaged in after supper duties, went out to welcome the visitors, but before this could be done, way must be made for the dear souls to light: a bushel box of potatoes, 2 huge bags of oats for the cows, a large quantity of hen feed, 6 pudding dishes, a basket containing half a dozen loaves of bread, and empty milk cans and something else were handed out. As we come to the last article, Denis said in a low voice: "now we must be careful: here is some live stock." I glanced reprovingly at the lad, astonished that he would dare speak in that way of the Sisters. In less time than it requires to relate, he had cautiously taken out an odd looking box, having an opening above and bars across; he laid it safely on the ground, and then the sisters were helped from their places. We were of course delighted to see them but for the moment curiosity to know what the strange box contained predominated. "It's only a young pigeon," Denis said, "that a fellow down at Randon's gave me."

We arose next morning before 5 o'clock as Mass was to be at half past. The Rev. Celebrant having made arrangements to go from here to the train for Springfield where another of Worcester's boys was to be ordained. In the afternoon, the rain for which we had earnestly prayed came. It continued to fall in torrents for nearly 30 hours.

On the 28th, 4 altar boys from Berkeley St., Boston, came here for a day's pleasure: and they took it, for they were real boys: of course, our Denis joined them, for they were old friends.

Our old barn, stable and out houses (of these last there are 4 or 5) are to be auctioned. This way of disposing of them is preferred, in hopes that it will prove more profitable. There is an attic extending over our 2 front rooms. The only means of reaching it is through an opening in the ceiling, to which a ladder has to be reared. When in April last, the house was undergoing repairs, Sister Superior asked one of the carpenters to see what the place look like, and if there was anything that ought to be removed. Satisfied with this report, that it was an "unfinished empty hole," no further thought was given to the place, till about a week ago, when the shutter of the only window open, and Denis was sent up to close and secure it. He brought word that there were "lots of things up there," and looked if he might fire them out of the window, as it would take a long time to get them all down the ladder. Of course he received the desired permission, and soon a shower of old boxes, large and small, sound and broken; picture frames with some qualifications, boards, papers, books, sticks, etc., etc., came down on the grass. Several beehives, so constructed that the little occupants could be seen at work, a very good press board for ironing sleeves and an agent washing machine were taken down the ladder for fear of being broken; all these can and will be utilized; and, please God, next year we will add bees to our eightfold family, and the care of them to our other industries. Where do we get the eightfold? Here they are, in order - Sisters, Farmers, Horses, Cows, Pigs, a Dog, Cats, and Hens. Thank God.

The month of July closes with a very friendly call from Msgr. Griffin, who introduces Dr. Garrigan of the University. The latter had not been at the Farm since it became a Notre Dame possession and Msgr. took pains and pleasure and showing his reverence all that was look-atable. The plan of the Estate was of course examined minutely; and, as the telephone was in the same apartment, while Sister Superior was pointing out different places on the chart, Msgr. had a little business talk with Sister Agnes Aloysius. Before closing he told her that Dr. G. Was with him at Notre Dame Du Lac and asked if she would not like to have him say Mass at the Farm. Turning to Dr. G and Sister Superior he said, "she tries to have every priest that comes along promise to come out here to say mass for the sisters." His tone was fatherly and appreciative; we were struck and greatly pleased at this practical proof of his clear sightedness; for we are continually experiencing that nothing delights this dear sister more than an opportunity to do us a service.

August

after mature consideration and a little consultation we have come to the decision of forming a Reading Circle of our own and after our own style. "It seems a pity," remarked one of the old heads here, "that while the Farm does so much good to the bodies of its visitors, their minds should be wholly neglected." This was at once a light and a suggestion. With a view, then, to cherishing and nourishing what the dear souls already know, and possibly, adding an incidental niche there to, the Notre Dame Du Lac Reading Circle was formally organized on August 1. The meetings are to be held

daily, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, at half past 4:00 PM; each session lasting three quarters of an hour. The headquarters of the Circle and the hall for its gathering etc. is Shady Slope, off the east end of the Farm House. All transient residents are entitled to membership; permanent residents may attend. By its rules and constitutions not yet issued, the circle sanctions even encourages needlework of any kind, also the manipulation of fruits and vegetables during its meetings.

The demolition of our unsightly outbuildings commenced with the month. The most dilapidated, if indeed, we could draw the line, was thrown down 1st: it was the one that stood nearest the convent, a few steps from the men's dining room. A small box of choice stones was found amongst the rubbish; and evidence that we are not the 1st connoisseurs of the place.

The same afternoon, a short, thin, old and poorly clad Italian "touched the button" of our electric bell. By the way, I believe we forgot to tell that we had an electric bell, and how we came by it. We'll finish with the Italian 1st. Well, he touched the button and when the Portress appeared, he asked in his own English if we would buy some blueberries of which he carried a good sized basket. The cook was consulted, and it was decided to take all he had as his price was reasonable. Next day he called again and was again relieved of his load. Imagine our astonishment, dismay, and a few other things, when we discovered we had paid for our own berries. The poor vendor did not know it; (and we never told him) for, when asked where he had gathered them, he most innocently pointed out the spot. It is at the outskirts of the property in a very marshy place, where no sister could go; our men have not the time, and there are inconveniences attending the employment of boys from the city. Please God, before the next season's blueberries are right, we will have seen a way out of this and a few other difficulties.

Now for the electric bell. About the middle of June, a worthy young man of this city, whose sister was paying a health visit here, noticed that the sound of our doorbell was very faint; in fact at times pull as you would, it gave forth no sound; this, however, the young man did not know. One day after a call on his sister, he sent an Electrician with orders to put in an electric bell, two if necessary. God bless him and his. We are happy and proud to be able to say that we have several such thoughtful Brothers; some Sisters too. May the Lord increase the number, and richly reward their kindness to Notre Dame Du Lac.

Only one day of the week ending with the 4th, were we without mass in the house. Can we ever be sufficiently grateful for such a blessing! On the 5th, F. Curran recently ordained came. According to appearances he will be at our service till October when he is to leave the country for Rome, they are to continue his studies. All our visiting sisters and some of ourselves had a novel ride the other day. During the noon recreation, which when the weather permits is spent in the open air, the empty hay wagon was

passing on its way for a load. Someone remarked, "How I would like to jump in and take a ride." Sister Superior always happy to give pleasure said, "Well Sister!" "May I? May I?" Came from all sides - "Yes, go all of you; everyone." In a shorter time than it takes to write it, all were clambering (religiously) into the big cart. All, yes all but 3 whose clambering days are nearly over. There were 10 or more of them, for that week our number was in the teens. To the great satisfaction of our 2 senior farmers, they settle themselves close together on the only seat found in such conveyances and were driven to the meadow where the fragrant hay was waiting to be taken in. The good-natured farmers kindly turned the horses heads and let down their animated load where they had taken it up. The declaration was unanimous that they, had not 4 years, if ever, enjoy the ride so thoroughly.

One rule at this Sanitarium, for health visitors and others, if necessary, is to undress and retire after the noon recreation, as if it were after night prayers, and sleep till nature awakes them. This is proving a most salutary regulation.

On the 7th of the month, the 7th member of our community arrived; Sister Mercedes from Peabody. She was welcomed with open hearts and arms; we were much in need of her generous assistance. A very interesting thank offering arrived a few days later, in the shape of the prettiest and sweetest baby calf you ever saw. It is the deepest shade of brown, the end of its tail and his legs other purest white and on its warhead there is a small triangular spot of the same. It was but 4 days old when it came; and it was sad to hear the pitiful wail for its mother that the poor thing kept up for 2 days and nights; it was with difficulty that it's faithful herd succeeded in forcing milk enough down its infant throat to keep it alive. Now however that it has cut its teeth, and it's dolorous days have passed, our little Perry (for that is its name) is the sprightly is, courteous, friendliest, happiest and most playful calf in Cowdom.

The history of the gift is brief but touching Over 10 years ago, one of the many excellent wives and brothers in this city whose unfortunate husband was a source of great anxiety, recommended him to the prayers of the sisters at Vernon Street. Their earnest supplications seemed not to be heard, for the poor man kept on his evil course. But heaven took a mysterious and if we daresay it, cruel way of bringing him to his senses. Reaching his home one evening very much intoxicated, he insisted on taking his youngest child, of whom he was very fond, out to walk. His wife, knowing by experience that it would be worse than useless to oppose him, let him have his way. They did not return till the next morning; where the night was spent, the distracted mother never knew. The child took a severe cold and died in a few days. This blow, while it almost killed the doting father, served to work a change in him that was well nigh miraculous. He has not tasted liquor since, but has proved himself a loving and devoted provider for his large family. As a reward and a proof that the sad visitation was from heaven, a short time after the death of their little one, they were blessed with twins; they are struggling along in limited circumstances, but happy and grateful to

God. Hearing of the farm, and that dear Sister M. B. was here, the thankful wife and mother sent us the 1st calf of their 1st cow, saying that if it took after it's Mama, it would in time give 13 quarts of milk daily.

To our dear sisters of Chicopee we are indebted for the handsome set of stations of the cross, which Rev. F. Walsh, our pastor, erected on the 13th. At his request, one stanza of the "Veni Creator" was sung at the beginning of the ceremony; 2 of the "Stabat Mater" after the blessing of the crosses and when all was over, the "Te Deum."

On our 1st assumption day, we sat down to dinner, 23; the largest number since Notre Dame became possessors of the Farm. It rained steadily all day, so that our visitors were deprived of the pleasure of going to the different places of interest. For the same reason, we were deprived of Benediction; as a slight substitute and a compensation to our Blessed Mother and ourselves, after the recitation of the Beads and the visit prayers, we opened our Holyoke organ and our virginal mouths in saying 2 of the sweetest hymns in Notre Dame's little book, closing our devotions with the solemn chant of the Magnificat.

The feline portion of the Farm hands has been almost entirely renewed; only 2 of the 5 mentioned in the May circular are now in our service. Still the number is 5; 4 of them are yet in their kittenhood, and, strange to say, though all are about the same age, and were utter strangers to one another till they met here, they live in perfect peace and harmony. No spitting, snarling or swearing is even heard amongst them: they eat from the same dish, and usually sleep with the head of one of the back or neck of another. In fact, as a general thing there is a remarkable fellow feeling existing among our animals. It is not uncommon to see the dog, one or more of the cats and a hen or 2 dipping into the same dish at the same time; occasionally however, Prince assumes dictatorship.

Our barn is not yet finished; when it will be, no one on earth knows, not even the provokingly easy-going contractor; everything possible has been said and done to hurry him on, but to no purpose. We hoped to dispose of the old barn and some of the outbuildings by auction, but did not succeed; the former has been sold for only \$50. Work on the new hennery is keeping pace with that on the new barn. Sister Superior and Sister Mary Bernard, our 4 farmers and the livestock concerned, have only to take patience and resigned themselves to the good pleasure of one man. As for the hens, the poor creatures haven't the heart to lay their eggs. No fowl were ever housed worse than they are. The 2 young pigs seem satisfied, probably because they know no better, having been brought here in their babyhood. What would their mamas and puppets say?

In consideration dear Sister Mary Bernard's many years in Worcester, the feast of her Patron Saint was not overlooked. Msgr. Griffin and other of her clerical friends said mass for her intentions and offered her their congratulations and good wishes. In the

community we had extra recreation and one of the sisters (a proficient in the line) made candy. Some of this was sent to Msgr.; a card, with "a taste of candy made today at the farm in honor of dear Sister Mary Bernard, farmhouse." Feast of St. Bernard - accompanied it. That evening, one we telephoned to inquire if we might expect Mass next day, his Rev. after giving the answer, stopped a moment, then asked the sister at the telephone if she heard any noise in his room. She replied, "yes, a kind of ticking or grating sound." "Well," he rejoined, "I am eating some of Sister Mary Bernard's candy; we had it at supper." Needless to say we were all amused at the simplicity of the grade Msgr. and pleased and thankful that Sister Superior had had the happy thought of sending him the candy.

A day or 2 after, we had one instance of the many showing God's care of us. During the summer months, we have for various reasons, been buying bread; not baker's, but homemade, a good woman near Vernon Street. An unexpected number of arrivals, furnished with good appetites, picked up, no doubt, on plantation Street, caused a scarcity in the supply; which fact, naturally alarmed the cook. As it was out of the question to send into the city that evening, her alternative was to bake biscuits for supper and save the little bread remaining for breakfast. Scarcely had she come to this decision when a sister brought from the Parlor a number of close of the nicest bread, baked and sent by a thoughtful wise and practical mother, one of whose daughters was one of our many visitors.

Dear St. Anthony, too, has given many proofs of his interest and power. Msgr. Griffin had said mass here one morning; on the way home he dropped his Breviary, which he did not miss till sometime after reaching his house. He telephoned here at once and 2 sisters took the road as far as the Asylum: others went to dear St. Anthony with prayers and promises. In the meantime, and before we heard of the loss, our Portress went to Vernon Street on business. A young lady stopped the Carryall about a mile from the house, she had in her hand Msgr.'s breviary which she had just picked up on the road; judging from its contents, she said she thought it might belong to one of us.

We have often had occasion serving Sacerdotal breakfasts and lunches since May 12, the day our Chapel was blessed; the 1st dinner was taken on August 22, by Rev. F. Creamer. Brother of dear sister M. Josephine of Providence. It was a pleasing accompaniment and happy coincidence that the Reverend Gentleman should be waited upon by the sister who over 30 years ago prepared him for his 1st communion.

When it is at all possible (of course it must be necessary) our visiting sisters when meeting, ride to the Electrical Station. Our means of recording them this treat are as follows; not that all are used at once; each has its turn as the case may be. 1st a most religiously finished carriage that seats 4 and is drawn by 2 horses; for various good reasons it is used sparingly: there is a superb 2nd handed light concern with canopy top,

conventionally curtained with a soft and most suitable material, seat us by our dear sisters out of East Boston. It seats for, including the driver and is drawn by one horse.

It has a little history which we will give when our list of teams is told. Next in order is our renowned Carryall; it is painted a modest red and green; the latter color predominantly. It reminds some of the older sisters of what was called about the middle of the century, "a milk wagon", no offense meant. No; for the world, we would not depreciate this vehicle, for it is one of the prides of our dear Superior's heart. She has many prides in the wilds; not, however, many such; but a great many better and some worse. Moreover this most useful Carryall, with its little step ladder to let you in and out behind, has borne many a precious load, and witnessed many a thrilling, loving and strangely comical scene. Including the driver, it seats 6 comfortably; 7 or 8 may be pressed in: the poor horse must be thought of. Our 4th is a regular Farm Wagon for 2 horses: it is painted blue and is as ready and willing to call the door as hay. It was loaned not long ago to transport some sheep to Mount St. Joseph's, the Farm of the Brothers. The very enjoyable hay wagon ride mentioned above was taken in it.

The last of our vehicles is a smaller and lighter farm wagon. Besides its work on the place, is used to carry our produce, apples, vinegar and tomatoes to the freight house, feed for man and beast from the provision and grain stores and occasionally packages and trunks to and from the depot, etc., etc. The mention of trunks recalls a romantic spectacle on Plantation Street one afternoon late in August. 2 sisters from Chicopee who had spent some days here, or going home; at the same time our light wagon was going to the depot with a trunk. Someone had the happy thought to suggest that instead of walking the long distance, the sisters should mount and ride. And they did, seating themselves as with their respectable grandmothers, on the trunk: before reaching the Electric Station, they were let down. Here is the little history of our canopied top. Early in April, about the time the sisters came to live here, a good poor woman, whose husband had just died, was desirous of selling a four seated vehicle, in which the deceased had been accustomed to drive his little family to Mass; she preferred parting with it, rather than have anyone else use it. The matter was mentioned to Sister Superior, but as she had all that was then needed in the line, nothing further was said or done. Some weeks later, a small gig, that had seen its last days, was given to us for a trifle; we took it, feeling it would save our carriage; for after brushing it up and covering the seats, it looked sufficiently respectable to take the priest who would say mass for us from and to his home; besides it could run little errands and carry small loads; a can of buttermilk, for instance, or a pint of butter to Msgr. or Father Walsh. After nearly 4 months of faithful service, it broke down one morning when taking the priest home. Fortunately his reverence, the driver and the horse escaped without injury. It was necessary to replace the poor old gig, for it had become indispensable. Sister Superior remembered the canopied top, and regretted that she had not taken it; but she could not recollect the name of the woman nor of the street on which she lived, so she thought no more about it. God permitted that one of the sisters should mention the

matter to a benefactor who keeps a livery stable. "I know the person," he said. "It is a Mrs. B.; she lives on E Street and has the carriage still unused." He kindly managed the business for us and in a few days the canopied top was ours.

September.

The 1st item to be recorded this month is a favor obtained for us on the 5th, through the influence of our kind friend, Msgr. Griffin. Up to this date all our mail matter had to be addressed to Vernon Street; now the letter carrier comes to our door; and he is so obliging as to take most willingly anything we may have to post. These favors, none but ourselves and those in a like situation can appreciate: thank God.

On the same day, another staunch friend, in the person of a Mr. McDonnell, who keeps a livery stable and has done us many services, brought us 3 snow white geese (one of them being a gander). A day or 2 after, this gentleman's daughter presented 3 sweet little ducks. Soon we will have a model Farm.

On the 10th, one of our cows walked home in the evening from the pasture, followed by a baby calf. How the little creature was able to take its 1st walk which was not a short one, seems a mystery to all. This calf, the firstborn since the farm became a Notre Dame's, has been named Angel, (accent on the last syllable) by one of the men who is a client of the Archangel Michael; somewhat strange, but not wrong, so he was allowed to have his way; sure that dear St. Michael will not mind. Angel has a companion in a lamb said as the next day. They spend their time together on the brow of a hill very near the house, frisking and playing; they can only go, "the length of their tether." One of the sisters saw the lamb lying with its head resting on the neck of the calf: occasionally they rub cheeks; perhaps that means kissing.

On the 20th, Mr. McDonnell hailed our team on its way home with a load of manure and placed on it a box containing 11 pure white baby ducks. When the box was opened and they were set free in the yard of the new hennery, their 1st race was to the pond, then to the heap of boiled potatoes prepared for them. Their 3 black and white brethren who arrived on the 10th, take little or no notice of them; the Drake especially seems to look down with contempt on the tiny new comers, and Wattles past them with head erect followed by his 2 colored companions, as much as to say, "we do not associate with white trash."

Our 3rd circular went out on the 21st: we will not reproduce it here, as it contained a pretty faithful account of events since June 17, the date of our last: however, we were obliged to leave out some interesting items; time was scarce. The barn, hennery, and piggery are completed at last; the occupants are happily and comfortably settled in their new quarters, and the carpenters, painters, etc., with their tools and overalls gone from

the place: thank God for this great and manyfold blessing. Still we are not as yet, quite rid of men, several are engaged in removing the old barn and its surroundings.

The new hennery, which might be more properly called a Fowbery, as it is the abode not only of the hens but of the geese and ducks, is decidedly a model structure. The building is about 60 feet long, 18 hi and 12 wide. It is divided into 4 apartments by wire partitions; each apartment is furnished with roosts, nests, and a kind of trough for the food; a door opens into each with an odd flight of stairs by which the little inhabitants enter. The yard through which they roam is a full acre in extent; it is surrounded by a wire fence, and has a good-sized pond. Here all our "feathered" fowl live together on tolerably amicable terms. At 1st however there was a somewhat pugnacious tendency noticeable, particularly on the part of the Drake. One day he seized the tail of an unsuspecting hen, and before he let go, the poor owner was at the other end of the yard, glad no doubt to get away with her life at the sacrifice of her tail. The 2 calves in the lamb spend the day with the fowl; there seems to be no molestation on any side.

This being Apple year, there are more on the ground than we can think of gathering. We have up-to-date (29th) sent out several barrels, not to speak of the cart loads that have been pressed into cider and vinegar. Tomatoes to our plentiful and good; upwards of 25 bushels have been disposed of. Our potatoes are not so abundant; they are small, but good; we have not had to buy any since the beginning of August and have been able to send a few barrels to Vernon Street. The barberry bushes are laden; many bushels have gone to the houses desiring them. Next month please God, the winter apples, the cider and the vinegar will be ready for "shipping," as businessmen term it. Of course, we do not sell; fear of taxation holds us back: all that has been sent out went to our sisters and other friends, who keep this Establishment going. We have just become possessors of another lamb; it comes from the same kind friend as did its predecessor, Mr. McDonald; may the Lord reward him. This arrival closes the month of September.

October.

The month of the Rosary and of the Holy Angels opens with an announcement similar to that with which September closed, viz. the arrival of a lamb; now we have 3: this is the gift of a father's grace to Sister Mary Bernard. The old barn is disappearing by degrees; the purchaser can devote only 2 or 3 days a week to the pulling down and taking away; consequently we have to put up with the unsightly mess of the surroundings; and we do it cheerfully, for we are glad to part, even by piecemeal, with what has so long been a positive eyesore to ourselves and everyone else.

Up to the 18th, there was nothing to record out of the ordinary way. On that day, about 140 pupils of the upper grades at Vernon Street came for a nut gathering party. They were accompanied by 8 sisters. The weather was cool but charming; after a most

enjoyable day they started for home with their lunch bags or baskets well filled; not, however, with nuts, for numbers of men and boys had forestalled them, leaving little of this desirable fall fruit on the trees or the ground; barberrys, apples, pears, acorns, autumn leaves, etc. were put in, pressed down, and in many cases flowing over.

About this time, 7 of our sweet little white ducks and 3 or 4 hens died, one after the other; inquests were held but no one seemed able to discover the real cause, a day or 2 after, the lambs straightaway and after a long and from the search, they like the sheep of Little Bo Peep, "came home, wagging their tails behind them." Some days later, they took the road again, and search was made again, and they walked home again; then it was wisely decided to "let them alone" in future.

Today, Friday the 26th, the date appointed for the formal opening of Trinity College, we are praying in a special manner and have lights before all the statues for the success of the great undertaking. This A.M. and every Friday A.M. since the beginning of the month, we have had Mass, our confessor being the celebrant. He commences by hearing our Confessions; then Holy Communion, Mass and Benediction follow. During benediction he recites the Beads and Litany; the work begins about 6:40 o'clock and 8 o'clock finds us at the breakfast table.

Our apples are fast disappearing from the trees and the ground; legitimate and illegitimate gatherers are busy. About the middle of the month we had what may be called "the Taxation Scare." A bill of \$170 for property taxes was sent to Msgr. Griffin; he returned it informing the official that the estate was incorporated; then kindly acquainting Sister Superior with the fact advised her to communicate with the lawyer who was employed at the time the business was transacted; this was done, and after some delay and deliberation, the affair was settled, permanently, please God.

We had an amusing experience about the same time. We all, from Sister Superior down, pride ourselves on our men's apartments; and not without reason, but they are as convenient and complete as could be constructed in a barn. Besides a reception room, a sitting room, smoking room, a reading room, a drying room for their own and the houses drapery when caught in a shower, a boiler room in which water for razor operations, weekly ablutions etc. is heated, and potatoes and other food for the cattle cooked; besides these, each man has his own dormitory. It may be advisable for clearness sake to mention that the aforesaid 6 rooms are all within the same 4 walls, under the same ceiling and lighted by the same solitary window. Each of the 4 dormitories has its own bed, chair, washstand, basin, picture, towel, drinking and shaving mug, etc. etc. Our farmers of course do their own chamber work; a sister, however, makes a weekly visitation to change sheets and towels and attend to other matters that may have been overlooked by the chamber maids. As I said, we are all justly proud of these apartments and equally so of their devoted, trustworthy and hard-working occupants. Generally all visitors to the farm are invited over.

It happened on several occasions, that things were not found in a good order as we would desire; the beds had the appearance of not having been made, or if made, made badly. Sister Superior was mortified and determined to call the boys to order. Fortunately it escaped her memory and in the meantime, the chief source of the disorder came to light. Our 3 lambs, God bless them, had learned the way upstairs, and early on a bright forenoon, one of the men, entering his room found to his intense amusement a young sheep sweetly sleeping in his bed. Good-naturedly he did not disturb her, but passed into the next dormitory and there found another in the bed, fast asleep; anxious to know whether the 3rd had been as good to himself as had his fellows, he opened the adjoining room door and sure enough there he was.

Now the dear boy, instead of giving the alarm and having the beasts rested kept their secret; and while he did nothing to encourage the intrusion, he let it go on, enjoying their innocent enjoyment. But alas, the goosy [?] Sheep told on themselves; there visits became too frequent to escape discovery and now the men's dormitory doors are carefully closed. It was a laughable thing to see how sheepishly they walked downstairs, when driven from their comfortable beds.

2 barrels came to us from Cambridge port, filled as barrels were never filled before. They were books, comforters, letter paper, [chambers?], Shoestrings, envelopes, to powder, candles, mats, magazines, packages of pictured prayers, photographs of our mothers, pass books, record blanks, a young barrel of velvet and plush matte rags etc. etc. We had a most enjoyable recreation while one article after another was brought to light. As soon as the supper dishes were washed, the work of unpacking commenced; it was 9 o'clock before the bottoms of the precious barrels were reached.

Another barrel of treasures came from Salem a little later in the month. Tucked away in a blanket, was a sweet figure of the infant Jesus, and a most natural reclining posture. Please God, we will use it for our Christmas crib. Sending barrels full of gifts is truly a practical Notre Dame style of which we highly approve, for empty barrels especially at harvest time are as scarce as money. Our sisters of Berkeley Street were the 1st to use this means of conveyance. A short time after our settlement here, a barrel arrived labeled "Old Clothes" and for truth's sake some blue check bed curtains were pressed in. Parlor knives, forks, spoons, butter plates, salt cellars and a host of other useful and beautiful things fill the barrel to overflowing.

From Peabody we received mosquito bars, handsome pictures, one of which, Pope Leo XIII hangs in our lady's corridor near the Chapel; another, a graceful stag, is in the men's reception room; magazines, hectograph, a back rest for the sick, a pile of newspapers, (very welcome auxiliaries) etc., etc., etc. May God bless and richly reward all those loving donors.

One afternoon towards 5 o'clock, 2 sisters were coming from the dentists. After leaving the electric cars and commencing their long walk to the house, a heavy team lumbered up behind them and the familiar voice of George, one of our men, asked if they would like to ride home. He was one of those, who last summer gave some sisters arrived in the hay wagon. This time he was coming from the city with 5 empty whiskey barrels to be filled with cider, as the road was private they accepted the invitation; and seated on a board, the only seat in the wagon, with the barrels rolling to and fro, often coming in contact with their backs, they arrived at the convent gate. They enjoyed their ride, notwithstanding the whiskey barrels thumps.

We have now in our service to brothers by the name over O'Connor: Denis, who has been with us from the onset and Patrick, an older brother here only a month. John, another of the same family is employed by the Xaverian Brothers, at their Industrial School, Mount St. Joseph's, Millbury. This good brotherhood, in concert with the Notre Dame Sisterhood, tries to make it pleasant for the O'Connor brothers. Every other Sunday all 3 dine and spent a good portion of the day here; and our 2, take turns in spending the intervening Sundays at Mount St. Joseph's. Thus Worcester can boast of 2 Brotherhoods and I believe half a dozen Sisterhood's. God bless all.

On the 29th, 14 chickens (live) were expressed to us from Newton St., Waltham; next day to sisters arrived from the same house. Both were well up in fowl science, and brought much valuable information for us and our men. Sister Joseph Anthony remained one day, but Sister Georgianna was kind enough to allow Sister M. Stanislaus to stay 3 weeks; during that time she gave invaluable assistance to dear Sister Mary Bernard and the Harvesters; so much so that it was with reluctance departed with her. Please God she will be provided to come again next year, and perhaps become a permanent resident. Thank God.

November.

On the Feast of All Saints, 4 fattened hens from our own Coop were served at dinner. These were the 1st fruits of our rearing, and please God, they will not be the last, as the creatures are waxing old; however being well prepared, they made a savory and ample dish for all of us. We were 12, our men, 5, as it was the turn of Mount St. Joseph's O'Connor brothers to visit here.

The following Saturday our cook made her 1st cheese; that too, please God, will not be the last. In the week commencing with the 11th we had Mass in the House every day, except Sunday; and somewhat strange to say, each day it was said by a different priest. On Monday we had Father Foley; Tuesday Father Walsh our pastor; Wednesday a Father Boyle, one of Worcester's many Rev. boys, now in Maine; on Thursday Msgr. Griffin came; on Friday Father Sullivan and on Saturday father O'Brien: this pleasing peculiarity we consider worthy of record.

On the 12th, there was an increase in our sheep fold; and adolescent ram was sent to us by the Brothers at Mount St. Joseph's, Millbury; there are now 4 in the flock, thank God. We have at last a means of communication between the convent and the barn; an electric wire, the button end of which is in one of our dormitories and the bell end in one of the men's. As a security against accident from the weather, a post to which the wire is attached has been planted midway between the buildings. This necessary convenience was put in on the 17th; since then there has been no oversleeping in the barn.

On the 20th, after a 3 weeks loan, Sister M. Stanislaus was returned to Newton Street; Sister Mary Bernard accompanied her and remained till the 27th, bringing a very bad cold home with her. On Thanksgiving day, the 29th, we kept our Superior's feast. The day was a very enjoyable one; our Berkeley Street sisters contributed not a little to our pleasure and profit, by sending on the Eve well filled baskets of substantial and thoughtfully selected presence. The kind Superior at Vernon Street called here during the forenoon. As no one ever comes from that house empty-handed (and rarely from any other) she arrived with a heaping basket of goodies and a bountiful treat of ice cream, for us and our men. May God bless them and increase their store.

The month of the holy souls, which closed on a Friday and it for us without mass, confession or benediction which for some time back had been our spiritual portion on Friday mornings. The next day however we had the 1st and 2nd of these blessings: thank God for all he gives us as well as for all he withholds.

December

The last month of the year and of the 19th century opened on plantation Street with dear Sister Mary Bernard quite ill. The cold she brought home after her week's visit to Waltham and Boston increased so that on Saturday the 1st she was obliged to go to bed. She became worse and the physician was called, Dr. O'Callaghan who had attended her years ago when she was Superior at Vernon Street. He found her as never before; the heart weak, the right lung filling and other alarming symptoms. He considered it prudent to have the last sacraments administered, which was done on the 7th, by Msgr. Griffin. As the day was pleasant and a storm was predicted, both Msgr. and the doctor deemed it advisable to have the dear sick one removed at once to Vernon Street where she would be within reach of a priest and doctor and have many comforts the farm could not afford her. Accordingly within the hour after being anointed the admirable patient was dressed and brought down to the front door. It was dinner hour and our 4 men left the table and were standing outside to get a last look at their directress. They had the satisfaction of carrying her to the hack; 2 of them crossed hands making an armchair on which the good simple soul sat resting a hand on the shoulder of each; one of the others held the carriage door open and the 4th held the parcel that was to go with

her. She was comfortably seated among pillows and blankets. Sister Superior and Dr. Mary O'Callaghan road with her to Vernon Street. On the way the dear invalid pointed out different places, remarking such a one lives there and the like; her companions were struck with amazement. This is the ---- time Sister Mary Bernard has baffled the skill of the physicians and she bids fair to "do it again." Thank God.

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, as is usual on Sundays and Holy Days, we had to go out to Mass. That afternoon while we were reading our Vespers and express wagon drove in from Paxton: it stopped at our door and let down to large boxes of live Wyandot hens, a gift from Rev. F. Scully of Cambridgeport. He had been staying in Paxton for his health, and falling in love with these beautiful fowl, he thought of us, purchased the flock, 31 in number and express them to the Farm. They are all of the purest white and their feathers are like down.

On the 9th Sister Superior was forced to take her bed with a very bad cold. We were without her for a week and asked her recovery was gradual it was 2 weeks before she got to her duties. Our dear Cambridgeport sisters sent once we may well turn a host of Christmas gifts, on the 12th. A fine oil stove with a large metal tank, 2 handsome gift crosses for the house, boxes of thread, yarn, worsted silk, twine, etc. etc. A splendid pair of overshoes buttoned to the knees and a comfortable knitted jacket to be worn outside; of these last there was one for each of us. May God bless and reward them. A week later the crosses were put up; one on the gable end of the house, the other over the little porch that leads to the front door.

A few days after the arrival from Cambridge port one of the city Hack drivers called us through the telephone to ask if we would accept a foot warmer for our carriage. Of course we were polite enough to say, "Yes, most graciously." Next day the carriage was stopped at his stable and not only a foot warmer was put in but a large box of the wherewith to keep it going.

On Sunday the 16th, we had a scene, a visitation, and an escape never to be forgotten. If "Thanks be to God" was said once on that day and for days after, it was said hundreds of times by every hand on The Farm. The man, having charge of the fire in their apartments, forgot when retiring to regulate the dampers; the consequence was that in the morning 3 of them were well nigh asphyxiated. Their electric Bell had been wrong before 5 o'clock as is usual on Sundays, that the carriage might be ready at half past to take us to mass. As it did not make its appearance and there was no light or sign of life in the barn, one of the sisters went over and the sight that met her gaze will not soon leave her mind. One man, more dead than alive, stood leaning against the horse he was vainly trying to harness. He had risen when he heard the Bell, and crawled down to the stable, he did not know how. The others, still upstairs, were even in a worse condition. It was then almost 6 o'clock and snowing so that the early Mass. to which half of our number go was out of the question. Sister hurried over to the house and soon went back

with a companion, and emetic and stimulants. All the Windows were thrown open, and both sisters went from bed to bed trying to rouse and relieve the sufferers. It was only by force they succeeded in making them rise, and keeping them awake: the pain in their heads is almost unbearable. We telephoned to 3 different institutions where we thought we might find a doctor and get some advice as to what ought to be done. God permitted that at 2 of the places there should be no resident physician; the line of the 3rd was busy. Finally about 7 o'clock we succeeded in finding one at St. Vincent's Hospital. I told him briefly what had happened; he asked what we had done for the men; and we were relieved and thankful to learn that we could have done nothing better. He said they must not be allowed to sleep; in the air, walking, as much as possible; and as a kind of sedative, he ordered black coffee.

Sister Superior, who was sick in bed, was not told of the accident to all danger was over. 3 of the sisters who were best able to walk went to the Children's Mass at Temple Street. They had to walk the long distance to the cars, through the falling snow; the other 4 could not be dispensed with at home; as it was they had their hands full between the dear patient in the house and the 4 in the barn. Slowly but surely the dear gas stricken patients came to themselves. Notwithstanding the snow, we kept them out all day, as much as prudence would permit. They presented a droll spectacle as they staggered from the barn to the house and from the house back to the barn, hands in their pockets and shivering. One was wrapped in a large carriage robe; another had a great horse blanket pinned around his shoulders and so on. By noon they were able to take some nourishment and before night they realized what they had escaped: they and we bless God that we had not a fourfold funeral.

The Berkeley Street branch of the Tabernacle Society made our Chapel a valuable offering on the 20th. An exquisitely finished gold and white Chasuble and Benediction Veil; a very fine alb and several Corporals, Purificators and finger towels. The 2 Mrs. Graces, sister and niece of our Superior, were the bearers of the handsome gift.

As 2 of our men were to spend Christmas at their homes, Sister Superior thought well to give them a little surprised on Sunday the 23rd, at their suppertime. A huge grotesque figure to represent Santa Claus was put up in their dining room. On the outstretched arms hung stockings, filled to overflowing with good, bad and indifferent articles, each wrapped carefully in separate pieces of paper: a scapula, and Agnus Dei, some metals, statuettes, pious pictures, pocket handkerchiefs, shaving soap, etc., found themselves side-by-side with a lump of coal, a stick of wood, some candy, a potato, and Apple, a carrot, etc. etc. The name of each man was on a card attached to the toe the stocking intended for him. Besides the stocking full each received an interesting story book: "Robinson Crusoe," "The Black Beauty," Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "The Sketchbook;" also a small portfolio furnished with paper, envelopes and a blotting pad. When as they entered the room and caught sight of the giant figure, their surprise and merriment were great. Sister Superior was there to greet them and distributed the gifts; she then

left, that they might enjoy themselves freely and this they did, with the noise of 10-year-old boys. There was no thought of supper to each had reached the toe of his stocking.

At noon on Christmas Eve, the 2 who were to spend Christmas at home took the train from Boston. We had a very natural and devotional Midnight Mass arranged in our front entry, where dear St. Anthony has been standing since his arrival here last July. He and his table were moved into the parlor for the time being. The reclining figure of the Infant Jesus sent us from Salem was used for the Crib. It would be useless to attempt to describe our modest little fixing; suffice it to say all who saw it pronounced it devotionally natural; and we could not but believe their opinion for it was our own.

On Christmas Day we had the coveted blessing of mass in the house. Our Chapel was of course in its best; the new vestments were used for the 1st time: Rev. F. Foley was in attendance, and as he had to say another mass in St. John's, his not staying for breakfast gave us a long morning. The day passed without callers or interruptions of any kind, thank God.

3 days after, we sent out our new years letter; it was not convenient to have it ready sooner. On the same day we heard of a sad accident that befell John O'Connor, a brother of 2 of our men, Patrick and Denis, the former of whom was to enter the Xaverian Novitiate with John, on New Year's Day. John had been at Mount St. Joseph's Millbury for several months, working on the Farm; there he found his vocation to the Brotherhood. He was not aware that his brother Patrick was inspired with a similar inclination, had applied for admission and been received; neither were we: nor was Patrick aware of John's intention. (It is wonderful how men folks can keep secrets.) So when the aims of both became known, there was mutual astonishment and joy. John went home the day before Christmas to take a little rest and make preparations. Their mother, a good Christian widow, the pride of her children, who in their turn are a credit to her, took the announcement of her beloved sons Holy Call in a spirit of grateful resignation. John, unwilling to spend his week in idleness, undertook to shingle the roof of their little house; taking a false step, he slipped and fractured his kneecap so badly that he had to be taken to the hospital. This of course put an end to the fulfillment of his pious purpose at New Year's. On that day he was visited at the hospital by Patrick, who, nothing daunted, started the day following to the Baltimore Novitiate. When parting, John said, "I wish I were going with you, Pat, but God wills otherwise just now; however if he wishes me to go he will take me out of this soon."

I omitted to say in its proper place, that all the farms male hands had the privilege of attending midnight mass on the last day of the year and century; they were most grateful for the favor: all had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion. May God bless and keep them in his love. We now have 2 men in our service; Michael Sullivan and Denis O'Connor. They suffice during the winter months. Thus far, the weather has been remarkably mild, a great blessing for us.

January 1901.

The new century opened for us with Holy Mass in the house, a blessing we were far from expecting; as Sundays and Feasts of Obligation are days in which we are always prepared to go out to Mass. The weather, thus far, has been unusually mild; we have had but few wintry days, thank God.

On the 9th, Sister Georgianna paid us a visit: she was accompanied by the Superiors of Vernon and Pond Street. They came in time for dinner and remain after 4 o'clock.

2 of our fine pigs were killed here on the 11th. It was the 1st work of the kind that on the farm S. N. D's took possession: please God, it will not be the last. One of the victims was divided between ourselves and Vernon Street; the other was shipped to Berkeley Street.

We have a \$13 sleigh. It was used for the 1st time on Saturday the 12th in the afternoon to take 3 sisters to Vernon Street where they stayed overnight the lightening the load for Sunday morning. Sister Superior made a business trip to Boston on Monday the 14th. Denis, our boy went the same day to visit his brother at the hospital in Boston. He found the poor young man in a very suffering condition; cheerful, with all. His leg is still too much swollen to admit of surgical treatment. The physicians have given him the poor consolation that by 4 July he will be better.

We have but 2 men now in our service; Michael Sullivan and Denis O'Connor; they suffice during the winter months. The weather is far has been remarkably mild; a great blessing for us. Sister Mary Bernard and the Portress a retreat at Vernon Street, from the 18th to the 21st.

A letter received from the sister of our Denis, noted the 20th brought most encouraging news from their brother John. We had sent a copy of "The Novena of Grace" in honor of Saint F. Xavier, exhorting him to make it; he commenced it a few days before the doctors were to open like to set the bones. He seemed dubious, hardly knowing why; so they decided call and others and hold a consultation and examination. To their astonishment found that the broken bones were knitting together of themselves; all they could do was to pronounce it a very odd case; of course they knew nothing of the supernatural interaction. His mother went to see her boy, after as she supposed the operation had been performed: her amazement and delight may be imagined which he found out of bed, which he had not left for over 3 weeks; he was seated with the injured leg resting on a chair. Thanks and praise to St. Francis Xavier; he has ever since been steadily improving.

On the last Sunday of the month we had the rare and highly appreciated privilege of Mass in the House. We are on the way, please God, to having the same favor every Sunday and Holy Day of Obligation in future.

February.

1st Friday and 1st day of the month. Confessions, Mass, Holy Communion and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, by Rev. F. Sullivan. The day was unusually quiet and kept in real 1st Friday style. Thank God.

On Candlemas day we had the agreeable surprise Mass and Holy Communion, the 1st extra granted by our esteemed confessor: may it not be the last. Mass again on Sunday. (3rd) it would be difficult to explain how highly we all appreciate not having to go out to Mass on Sunday. None but ourselves understand what it is to face the road for a 3 mile drive at 5 o'clock on a cold, frosty, raining, snowy or blustering morning. We hope that before long some permanent arrangements will be made to secure the blessing of Mass in the House on all Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation; and at least 3 times each week: thus we will be enabled to receive the Holy Communions allowed us by Rule. All this of course we cannot expect without some remuneration for whoever may be appointed, which we are confident will be forthcoming from the source whence flows the wherewith to supply our material wants; Notre Dame's Coffers. Yes; from all sides we hear - "get a chaplain; we will help!" Good souls! Pious souls! Poor souls! As it is, they are faithfully following dear Sister Superior Julia's motherly request, - "Make sacrifices to aid the Farm." And notwithstanding their limited resources, they are willing, ready, even happy to come forward, unmasked to help us out of this difficulty. God bless: and God be praised for the noble spirit of dear Notre Dame.

Monday the 4th. This day opens a week that will ever be memorable in the Annals of the Farm. It commenced quite early to snow and kept up steadily sometime during the night. Towards evening, a strong gale of cold wind swept over the hills and whistled through the branches of the trees, taking with it the light snow and vast clouds which are deposited on the roads filling them so completely that before morning they were impossible: the apertures in our 7 doors and 32 windows took in all they could: but alas, it was not missed. Although the sun shone brightly from Tuesday morning, the gale continued its rude frolic with the snow, till Thursday afternoon.

We took advantage of a partial cessation on Wednesday morning to notify the street commissioner and request him to have the roads cleared, for we were snowbound; no vehicle or foot passenger had been able since Monday to come within a mile and a half of us on either side. 10 men, 6 horses, huge snowplow and shovels made their appearance just before dinner on the road leading from the City Farm. They had started from that and plantation Street as it was more practical than the other. They halted at our barn to water and rested tired horses. Finding that the poor fellows have the hardest part of their work before them, and in all probability they would get no dinner supertime, Sister Superior sent them an ample meal of bread and butter, soup, meat and coffee; their blessings and thanks were unbounded. We heard later, when about 4

o'clock, they had passed our property they came upon a vast of snow, so high and unmanageable that they could not turn plow and were forced to leave it there, under which the horses and take them and themselves back in hopes that from the opposite side they might be able to make an opening.

On Friday morning we had mass for the 1st time since Sunday. Mr. McDonnell our ever thoughtful friend telephoned on Thursday afternoon kindly offering to send to Temple Street next morning for the priest; we gladly and gratefully accepted the offer.

Before the close of this eventful week, we had an experience of another kind. Among our horses there was one of a questionable age, called Jimmy Curtis, from the name of his last owner. He had been purchased during summer to work on the place; soon a peculiar disease revealed itself, and as all remedies failed to check it, and it was feared of the horses might take it, we were advised to put an end to the poor creature.

On Saturday, Denis left at 6 o'clock to bring the priest for mass. The round-trip which is usually made in our took nearly 2 on account of the irregularity of Plantation St. road. Priest, driver and horse were chilled through when they reached here.

For Sunday's Mass. we availed ourselves of Mr. McDonnell's generous offer and had father Foley, celebrant driven out by one of his men in a covered sleigh. We did not ask for mass on Monday, in hopes that traffic during the day would improve the road; the street commissioner sent his ploughman that afternoon so that between the traffic and the plowing, there was passably good going, and we were in expectation of mass on Tuesday. But "man proposes and God disposes:" Msgr. informed us in the evening that they were to be for High Masses the next day at St. John's; consequently no priest could be spared for the Farm. We thank God and his reverence and put up our telephone.

About 6 weeks ago, a Mr. Nicholas power, contractor of concrete walks, roads, etc. called to ask if we would exchange for fueling some of the numerous chestnut trees on the place. A satisfactory agreement was made and before commencing the work and Sister Superior a welcome but what he termed a small donation to the Institution (\$25). During the time he and his men have been working here, he has rendered us many services. Interest takes in the place and all connected there with astonished us: in fact, at 1st some of us were doubtful as to the motive that could prompt such unexpected acts of kindness and attention, for though a Catholic, he was an utter stranger to us all. He gave useful advice to our 2 men, one young, consequently inexperienced; the other old and more so: these advices regarded the treatment and management of horses and other animals and their work in general. He got us in exchange for our canopied top which proved unsuitable for bringing the priest out here for Mass a new light covered buggy, himself paying the difference. When one at the horses was ill, he accompanied Denis to the doctors with him and pay the bill. He's been cut and piled in ache in your place all

the wood he gave us for the chestnut, which amounted to dozens of cords. By these and many other such unlooked for services, we felt we had and him a true friend.

Among the men employed by Mr. Power, was a very bigoted Protestant, from the provinces; an excellent workman but not over choice and his language; at times it was grossly profane. Mr. P. Told one of the sisters that the change which took place in the poor man's habits and sentiments, after he had worked around the premises a week and had occasion to meet or speak to her sister was simply marvelous. He gradually dropped his habit of swearing and acknowledged to a fellow workman hardly knew himself and could not tell why: he had often in his country met those women dressed in black clothes but never knew who or what they were; these here had shown kindness and civility to him and it was his intention to let them know before he would be the place that he was grateful. For our part, we felt sufficiently repaid for the warm drink given him occasionally, when we heard of his having given up swearing.

Our dear Lord saw fit on the night of Tuesday the 12th, to fill up the roads partially cleared 2 days before by traffic and the snowplough. Nevertheless we had mass on Wednesday; our boy took the road bordering on the Lake, which he found to be better than plantation Street. The wind blew fiercely all day and night, taking the snow with it; the heights were leveled in the hollows filled, so that mass on Thursday was out of the question.

Our dear Vernon Street sisters are less fortunate than we in regard to health; several of them have colds and more serious ailments. Last week a sister from here was loaned them; she returned today but it all probability will go back soon.

On the 15th, we had Mass, Holy Communion and Confession, thank God. Quinquagesima Sunday brought a great change in the weather. It was so warm in the Chapel during mass, that an open window was desirable: we had fire, it is true; but very little.

Our dear Sister Clarissa has spent miserable for some days. She is unable to attend any of the little duties she has been fulfilling; still she manages to be at mass and most of the community exercises.

3 incidents of widely different character occurred on Monday the 18th. Denis, our Boy, and our right hand man, was taken sick during Sunday night. He arose next morning but was obliged to return to his room. A severe cold and fatigue of mind and body (what gives himself most earnestly to his work) kept him there, the greater part of the week; he was not able to go out till Friday. As our other man is quite inefficient and cannot be depended on, Denis was very much missed.

Joe, one of our horses, had been ailing for some time; the doctor pronounces trouble lung fever. On this memorable Monday, she became worse and in spite of all that was done to relieve him, he died in his stall at 7:00 PM. Mr. Powers, knowing that Denis was in bed, spent the greater part of the afternoon with the suffering animal, only leaving when he saw there were no hopes. At his request we telephoned soon as Joe expired, that might send the ambulance to remove the poor horse.

The 3rd occurrence was most amusing. Denis was sick upstairs and Joe downstairs; when it came time that evening for the sheep to retire, they made their way, unperceived into the barn and up the stairs, the senior on the place taking the lead and the ram bringing up the rear; this is always their order of march. They did not, this time, venture as far as the beds, a place themselves comfortably on the landing; it was no easy matter to force them down to their own quarters.

Tuesday the 19th was election day: Worcester's 1st Catholic mayor was put in by a majority of 511 votes: Hon. Philip O'Connell. Great rejoicing among the Democrats, thank God.

The 1st Ash Wednesday at Notre Dame Normal Institute, Rev. F. O'Brien said Mass after blessing and distributing the ashes. The next went that marks our 1st Lent here was the arrival of a black baby pig, the size of a grown rat, for which reason he was named "Rattan." A city friend sent him to us; the poor little thing was toothless and of course could not eat; and though he had a mouth, he did not know how to use it to drink. His box occupies a corner and one of the cow stalls where he is cared for by our old man, who is doing his best to teach the little black feet to keep out of the pan of milk placed there for his food.

As sorrows seldom come alone, so it is with Joyce. Next morning our old Michael found his surprise a new baby calf standing by its reclining mother: "another mouth to fill," was his ejaculation.

This A.M. the devoted Mr. Powers sent Sister Superior \$50 towards replacing our lamented Joe: besides this generous act he offered to take Nettie, Joe's mate who is not well; for a rest and chance of treatment, hoping thus to build her up: God bless him and his.

On Washington's Birthday we heard from Vernon Street that Sister Superior Julia would be in Boston on Sunday next. What glad tidings of great joy with this to us all! 2 flags were hoisted here in honor of the day and we had recreation at dinner.